



ORACLE.

December

1931

Compliments of

Bangor Motor Co.

**Goodyear Tires
Gas, Oil and
Storage**

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

Herman Y. Dyer

Herbert Rounds



Dyer & Rounds

PLUMBING AND HEATING



Telephone 2-0019

27 FRANKLIN ST. BANGOR

**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



Christmas Greetings

LET

Jonason's

11 Main St., Bangor, Me.

Help you make your dearest friends or pals happy on Christmas Day, with a box of their pure home made sweets.



High grade chocolates in beautiful unique, one, two or three pound boxes. A very pleasing gift for your friends.



Pure sugar extra fancy ribbon candy, and a large variety of pure home made candies.



Jonason's

invites you to make their shoppe your shopping, dining and resting place during the holidays.

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY

THE Oracle



Vol. XLI Number 2

**Published Monthly by the
Students of
Bangor High School**

**Subscription \$1.00 Yearly
Single Copies 25 Cents**

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.

December, 1931

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Thomas F. Reed

BUSINESS MANAGER
Lloyd S. Johnson

LITERARY
Arlene Merrill

STAFF ARTIST
Virginia Flint

STUDENT ACTIVITIES
Aimee Barnes

GIRLS' ATHLETICS
Leona West

MILITARY
John Bartlett

ALUMNI
Bettina Brown

BOYS' ATHLETICS
Donald Scanlin

MUSIC
Donald Rollins

REVIEWS
Faith Holden

PERSONALS
Geneva Epstein
Richard Higgins

STAFF TYPISTS
Helen Tremble
Frances Foss
Thelma Butterfield

ASSISTANT EDITOR
Newell Avery

**ASSISTANT BUSINESS
MANAGERS**

Betty Dill
Albert Gass
Harold Taylor
Frederick Newman
William Ballou
William Wright
William West

TABLE OF CONTENTS

LITERARY

The Phantom of Chanford Manor	page 7
May God Help "The Tribune"	page 10
The Making of December	page 11
Summer's End	page 12
By the Hearth	page 12
The Box	page 13
French	page 14
The Spirit of Christmas	page 15
Reminiscences	page 15
Algy and Art	page 16
Noel	page 18

EDITORIALS	page 19
REVIEWS	page 20
STUDENT ACTIVITIES	page 21
ATHLETICS	page 25
ALUMNI	page 30
PERSONALS	page 31

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY



DAY DIVISION

THE SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

In co-operation with engineering firms, offers curricula 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 Phantom of Chanford Manor

Robert Cumming, Philip Jarvis, Woodford Brown

Reflected in the mirror, he saw a mysterious hand that had stolen through the curtain.



THE decaying "good-families" of England present an interesting study. In that country there are many broken remnants of those feudal days when the lord of the manor was the head of a unit composed of the good lord himself, his family and several households of cottagers. This little kingdom—as it was in fact—was independent, meeting the rest of England only in time of war. Feudalism went with the Middle Ages; gradually these units disappeared, but, although his landowners had forsaken their little plots of ground for the tenements of the city, in many cases, the lord of the manor remained, trying desperately to keep up the name and honor of his family. The World War removed many of those stalwart sons of

the manor whom England needs so greatly today, and the aristocratic families of England were left in an impoverished state.

Seven sturdy sons of Chanford Manor had marched away to that great conflict; none had come back. The father, who was an old man when the boys had left, died before the peace was concluded. The mother had followed him to the grave shortly. After her death an attempt was made to discover if any sons of the family had survived; no information could be found. At this crisis, appeared a man recognized by the older inhabitants of the village as the brother of the deceased lord. An old centenarian of the village could tell of the scrapes which this brother had gotten into as a boy, and how his father had gotten

him out. However, as the old codger continued, when the lord had returned from a trip to court to find his son entertaining the youths and maids of the village at a questionable party, he sent his son out into the world. The household, touchy on points regarding family honor, had never spoken in public of that boy.

Rumor had it that he had gone to the continent and to the court of the Tzar, where some stated he had even married the beautiful Princess Tolotsky—but that was rumor. Upon identification he had entered upon his inheritance unquestioned. Before we go further, it would be well to discover what this inheritance was.

The manor itself was a low, dark building rambling over many acres, having once boasted not only of being the oldest, but even the largest manor house in England. It had been built by a favorite of William the Conqueror, by an unscrupulous, wizened, old man, who was thought to have dealings with all the devils. The huge library or study of the building had been the center of many a plot, and it was in this very room that the first lord received his death wound from an old partner whom he had ruined. The house had received a more respectable name upon passing to a distant relative whose family had kept the estate until the time of our story. Desolation had demolished the greater part of the structure, and, when Sir John moved in, it had left only a small part inhabitable.

At first the new lord, Sir John DeMontaigne, had no servants, but it was not long before a man, Peter, appeared, offering his services for room and board. The household force was further strengthened by several others, among whom was a young girl, Alice Smythe, who was far too fair for the mouldy kitchen of Chanford Manor.

One day a young man appeared at the great door of Chanford Manor. Stating that he had been well educated but was in impoverished circumstances, he asked for position as secretary. Sir John accepted the young man, perhaps because he felt in need of protection in his old age.

When the new-comer had been there only a few hours, an old servant, Peter, had taken him aside advising him to flee while he could, for there were strange doings in the old house. On the first night, when Frank Holmes—the name the young man had given—was retiring, a note was slipped under his door. He opened the door immediately and looked out to see Michael, the butler, shuffling down the hall. The note reaffirmed Peter's warning, but Michael denied having written it. Could it be that Michael, although he seemed such a timid, inoffensive man, desired to further some plan which was hindered by Frank's presence in the house? The butler would bear watching.

Despite these warnings Frank decided to remain, probably from love of adventure, or perhaps I should give a different reason, for he seemed singularly affected by the pitiful yearning look, which he saw in the frightened, blue eyes of the young kitchen maid who had opened the door.

But I think even his love of adventure, or love of blue eyes, was shaken by the events of the ensuing weeks, especially by something that happened three months later. He went into a room to take dictation from Sir John. Suddenly a laugh broke forth from nowhere. Sir John started back, stepping on the cat's tail; the animal uttered a feline howl; then Sir John collapsed. "You'll have to get used to that laugh," muttered the old man as he recovered, "but although I've heard it many a time, it still startles me."

"But what is it?" put in Frank.

"God knows!"

* * * * *

It was Christmas Eve, but the Christmas spirit could not penetrate deeply into the old manor, and all the festivities of the servants were conducted in silence, for the old man forbade frivolities. The servants had been indulging in subdued mirth, when Michael, the old butler, had left the crowd and had gone to his master's library. He entered finding Sir John in a dejected state: "Master it would do you good to come down."

"Michael, you know how I hate the hypoc-

risiness and foolishness of the Christmas spirit," roared Sir John.

"God help you then, Master—Merry Christmas," and the butler left the room.

The evening's mirth grew more boisterous, and Sir John with harsh words on his tongue descended the stairs. He paused to look through the massive curtain, and unseen, watched the festivities. The mistletoe had been hung up; he saw Alice and Frank begin the good, old custom. He ought to be angry, he thought, for had he not told Frank to have nothing to do with the servant girl whom he felt had naught to recommend her but good looks. Then why was he not angry as he looked in and saw them meet under the sprig, faces kindled with the glow of the fire and—love?

Perhaps Sir John recalled the day his father had first encouraged filial disobedience when he had punished young John and had dismissed the girl after they had done that very thing. He looked back. She had been a girl very much like Alice, and what good times they had had together—his father had expelled her because of him—he had cried—the last time he had ever cried—funny he had not thought of her before. He turned from the past to look at the scene before him. Frank and Alice were still in each other's arms!

Ah, he had a grand idea—he would find his old playmate—they would renew their romance—he would be young again. He was about to call for his coat when he thought of her name; no, he could not think of it.

Ah, he was an old man! He looked in—Alice and Frank were still in each other's arms, but they were far away from him. He turned and went back to the study, throwing himself down and crying—the first time he had cried in thirty years when the only person he had ever really loved, had been torn from him. He had led a wild life after he had lost her. He had forgotten; she would have forgotten. Ah, yes, he was an old man!

Later that same night Frank was told by a servant to go into Sir John's library where his master had need of him. "Frank," said his employer, "that start I had this afternoon

is taking me to the grave. To be sure many and stranger things have happened before, but my stepping on that black cat's tail—did you notice the scream the cat uttered—I've heard that scream before;" and then his employer poured forth a story of the wrongs he had committed on a man—once his partner and friend. The pitiful words of the heart-rending story were sinking into the mind and heart of young Frank Holmes who had turned his back on his employer and was looking into the fireplace, hands clasped behind him.

He wondered what Sir John wanted him to do; why should his employer darken the life of a young man by telling him such a story? Perhaps Sir John intended that he, Frank Holmes, should remedy these wrongs. It would be a great sacrifice on his part. But he would make it, if that was what his employer wanted, for he had grown to care for the clammy, wizened, old man. Still the story went on, but Sir John was reaching no conclusion; it was still a further recital of the wrongs. Frank was not certain what the ramblings were driving at; he was even uncertain that his employer wanted these misdeeds remedied.

"Ah, my boy, but I have not told you the name of the man whom I certainly ruined and destroyed. But he never fought back! If he had followed me—as it is, only my conscience has followed me, and it has gotten me tonight. I suppose he is dead, but in any case half my fortune goes to him, or his heir, and half to you."

All the while, Frank, as we have noticed, was standing with his back toward his employer, looking into the burning embers of the fire. He was unable to turn and look at the wretched creature that was his patron; but youthful curiosity forced him to glance in the huge mirror above the fireplace where he could watch his companion indirectly. Frank glanced up. He stood frozen with terror, for, reflected in the mirror, he saw a mysterious hand that had stolen through the curtain—there was a flash! Sir John de Montaigne slumped in his chair—murdered!

(Continued next month)

May God Help "The Tribune"

Sylvia Alpert

THE "City Tribune" was in a state of excitement, albeit a most suppressed state of excitement. From the editor to the customary lowly office-boy, no word suggestive of it was expressed, there was a strain of extreme tension, for the "Tribune" was on the verge of springing, as they themselves whispered in tones too low for any outsider to hear, "the biggest publicity stunt ever staged."

Four crisp one thousand dollar bills were drawn from the bank; four one thousand dollar bills were placed in envelopes upon whose respective upper right-hand corners was neatly typed "City Tribune," City, Iowa, and the four thousand dollars went on their journey in the worthy mission of enabling the populace of this fair city to learn from the pages of the favorite newspaper that "Honest people are still left in the world."

O'Brien, a cub-reporter, was assigned the job of distributing the envelopes. Casually

he strolled down the main street; just as casually he let one of the envelopes flutter from his hand near the foot of the big policeman, Reilley, and sauntered away. The officer of the law turned about very quickly, quietly, and seeing no one observing him, softly dropped his hat over the paper, and picked them up together. Next, O'Brien went down the fashionable "Valley Avenue" and left the second envelope on the running-board of a long, low roadster,—the roadster of the son of the G. F. Marion, who, at this auspicious moment, was winding his way through a group of cars with a very worried expression on his face. The other two envelopes were dropped in different parts of the city near two rather poorly dressed people, one a man, the other a woman.

Reilley came home. Taking off his hat he opened the envelope and, with a start, drew out the one thousand dollar bill. Calling his wife, he said gleefully, "See, Mamie, a grand. Can you imagine; and me installments comin'

*He licked the envelope,
sealed it, dropped it into
the nearest mail box.*



on the first and you in silks an' satins all paid for, can you imagine?"

"But, John, it ain't right, it's them 'Tribune' people's money—see the envelope. They lost it and it might get you into trouble," replied Mamie fearfully.

"That's right, but about gettin' me in trouble they—they'll never know—they dropped it—they'll never know where they lost it either. And besides," Reilley groped for the nearest excuse, "they don't need the money as much as we do."

Mamie, glad to be able to have this as a balm for her conscience, added, "And we've bought the 'Tribune' every day of our life and that squares us up."

G. F. Marion Junior came home. He was again in trouble—gambling debts. "Curse them," he murmured vehemently, "if only Manning weren't so insistent. I told them I didn't want to play, curse them." Throwing himself on the huge upholstered chair, he suddenly wondered absently about the contents of that 'Tribune' envelope he had found on the running-board. Becoming unbearably curious he opened it, and there lay a one thousand dollar bill—why, why, it was just as much as he needed to keep Manning quiet until his monthly allowance came.

He gloried in his easy means of escape of the dreaded subject, but then squaring his shoulders said slowly, "I am a man now. I'll not lower myself to become a thief too. I'll tell Dad; he'll probably kick me out, but it can't be helped. I'll probably lose Avis too, but that can't be helped either, and I'll deserve it, but, if he gives me one more chance, I'll work my fingers to the bone." Fearing lest he lose his courage, he strode resolutely to his father's study. "Oh, I say, Father, hello."

"Oh, Son, you're just the fellow I want to see. I'm so proud of you. Can you imagine that for three months you haven't been gambling? Mother and I are more pleased than you can think, and that means that Avis will marry you too. Poor girl, she stood enough, but now she will have her reward, a clean,

upright, non-gambling husband-to-be. We know that you won't gamble again and that it was just a craze. Oh, Avis called and she's coming to dinner. Mother and I are going to the theater so you can have the rest of the evening to yourselves. Is that all right with you?"

"Oke, Dad, oke. You'll excuse me, I'm going to dress for dinner," and hurriedly he left the room.

Upstairs again he sank into the huge upholstered chair. Lifting the receiver he dialed 2600. "Hello, Manning. I'm sending you one thousand dollars; I'll mail the rest Monday. Don't ever let me see your stinking hide again, because I promise you I'll kick you all over town. Good-by!" Dropping the receiver he murmured, "I couldn't hurt them that one way; I couldn't hurt them, and I've learned my lesson. May God forgive me, I needed the money more than the 'Tribune.' "

Sally came to the boarding-house which she called home. A gentle voice called, "Is that you, Sally? Did you get work?"

"Not exactly, Mother," replied Sally with an effort at gaiety, "but I'm bound to get some at the end of the week. Mr. Burns practi-

(Continued on Page 49)

THE MAKING OF DECEMBER

Thelma Sullivan

The leaves have fallen from the trees,
December's ushered in.
All the birds have disappeared,
The streams by ice are rimmed.

The stars at night are clear and white,
The moon is riding high,
A wind goes rustling thru the trees,
As a patch of cloud floats by.

Although the snow has not yet come,
The wind is biting cold.
The weather man predicts a storm
Before the month's grown old.

Summer's End

R. C.



THE summer colony, on our bit of the Maine coast, consists of three families. Girls there were in the other two families, but I was the one stalwart youth in the group. Milk was one of the necessities of our existence, and the nearest cow had her domicile across the bay, a mile distant by water. Clearly the responsibility for the milk supply rested upon me.

There were two alternatives offered me. I could either row over and bring the cow back, milking her at our respective doorsteps; or I could row over with one of the girls to help tote the numerous milk bottles. It was a grave problem as to which would be less awkward to have around the boat, a cow or a girl, but I finally lapsed into the latter choice. Maybe the cow would have been more awkward to manage, but certainly the girls took more time than any cow would have. As it transpired, my evenings were largely given over to this milk business.

The summer passed till only one more trip remained to be made. There had been glorious sunsets, marvellous moonlit nights, heavy rain storms, which had forced us to take refuge in the cabin of the nearest launch, yet all the voyages had failed to produce the supreme thrill my lady craved. Once the fair maiden stepped upon an oar, but the remaining paddle was there to get us home. Once we were lost in the fog, and adventure seemed to beckon, but, after we had tied to a racing flag for a few hours, a coast guard boat came up and towed us ashore, since we had no ready excuse to offer as to why we should stay longer. Once in some mysterious way our five bottles of milk went overboard, and we were compelled to do a little deep sea diving for them. When we found that the milk was not spoiled by the salt water, we thought that we had discovered a new source of amusement, but diving for milk bottles soon became monotonous. So we arrived at our last night.

On this last night, returning in the motor-launch from Bar Harbor at dusk, I found one of the girls at the wharf waiting for me. As it was the last evening, I had donned my second best suit, my Sunday shoes and my sole surviving necktie; the girl also had done honor to the occasion, and was garbed in a suit of some white wooly material. Because of the rocky ledges near shore, the moorings had to be some little distance out. Ours lay in some fifty feet of water. We went out to the mooring in the launch and were further delayed in tying down a refractory sprayhood. When we were able to leave the boat, it was quite

BY THE HEARTH

Evelyn Golden

Listening to the roaring flames,
Looking at the fire-glow,
Sitting near the cozy hearth
Is the greatest joy I know.

Listening to the howling wind,
Seeing pictures in the flame,
Conjuring up some visioned fancies
Stories, all without a name.

First I see a tournament:
Arrant knight, at trumpet's blare;
Marches out to vanquish foes
And triumphs for his lady fair.

Next I see in blazing fire
Fairy, elfe, and dancing sprite
Goblin, brownie, magic creatures,
All this in the flaming light.

Finally, in dazzling splendor
All the colors dance about
Then grow dim, misty, and hazy....
I rouse with a start—the fire's out!

dark. I got into the punt; the girl handed the bottles down to me; I started to help her in. The next thing I knew, I was either hurled or hauled under the water. Coming to the surface, I found that my companion was there ahead of me, and together we swam to the drifting punt, now almost obscured by the darkness. I boosted her in on one side and swam around to the other to steady the punt and get in myself.

The rest is not a part of this story! How she sneaked home and had the clothes washed and pressed by a neighbor; how the same clothes were hung in the neighbor's kitchen; how the girl's mother paid her first visit of the summer to that neighbor and found that her


neighbor's line looked very familiar. Well, we were caught!

But here is where I need assistance. Was the upset executed on purpose by the girl? (First, let it be understood that I had made no wise remark to cause her to contemplate suicide.) I have sat up many a night trying to come to the decision through the medium of mathematical calculation, but even now, after I have added logarithms to my knowledge, I am unable to decide. In my wandering and perplexity, I come to you who perhaps understand these females better than I. Was the girl guilty of impetuously upsetting the punt to furnish us with the thrill which up to that last night the summer's experiences had lacked?



The Box

Betty Brown

 HE Family was in a state of great excitement. Here it was, two weeks before Christmas and they had received a package "instar montis"—bet you don't know what that means—all gummed up with seals. Huge seals that said "Do Not Open Until Christmas". There were two courses open to them—the street called straight and the other one that we all know so well. It was a torturing question. Should they or should they not obey the commands of the seals? It was doubly torturing, since they had expected but little from these particular cousins, the cousins every family knows,—well-meaning, staid and stolid, the backbone of their community, but disapproving of, and therefore, disgusting to, the Family; humorless, unable to see through the execrable but harmless puns pulled in their presence: she, the type that would wear stocking guards in rainy weather and put her husband into red flannels with the coming of cold weather; and he, the kind that would welcome red flannels. And from them had come a package bigger than any received by the Family for years.

A council was called and debated long.

They all assured each other that they had will-power enough not to open it until Christmas, but still—. The Son suggested that he open it and tell them whether it was worth bothering about. The Daughter immediately vetoed his suggestion, demanding that if anyone should do it, it would be she. When they had finally been quieted, the Father spoke thus: "We'd better wait. It may be disappointing, and at least we'll have a week or two of anticipation."

To which the Son replied thus, "But a Box of that size couldn't be disappointing."

Suddenly the Mother, with praiseworthy resolution, said, "I'm going to put this box away."

The fateful day drew nearer; other packages arrived, but none were given much attention.

The fateful day drew still nearer. The family ate, worked, and even slept the Box. Indeed, the Son was heard to murmur sleepily one night, "I bet that's it, I bet it is."

The fateful day came. With bated breath the family surrounded the Box. The Son cut the strings, the Daughter took them off, the

(Continued on page 50)

PAGES FRANÇAISES

PREMIER PIERRE LAVAL

Par THOMAS F. REED

Dans son enfance Pierre Laval aidait son père, qui tenait une auberge, en conduisant un omnibus de la station à l'auberge. Le cheval connaissait si bien ce chemin que Pierre n'avait pas besoin de tenir les rênes. Alors il les laissait tomber et il étudiait un livre, soit Latin ou Grec. Un jour, il eut pour seul passager un prêtre qui s'intéressa à lui et l'aida dans ses études.

Plus tard il étudia la loi et on l'admit au barreau. Il eut grand succès dans cette carrière et fut élu maire d'Aubervilliers, tenure qu'il occupe encore. Il fut choisi pour membre du Parlement en mai, 1914 et deux fois il fut membre du cabinet, la dernière fois comme ministre des travaux publics dans le cabinet de Tardieux.

Il fut dispensé de s'enrôler dans l'armée pendant la guerre mondiale bien qu'il n'eût que trente neuf ans, car il était député et il était aussi socialiste prononcé. En 1919, il fut défait dans les élections pour députés. Un an plus tard le parti socialiste se formait en deux divisions distinctes, un parti restant comme auparavant et l'autre se joignant aux communistes de Moscou. Monsieur Laval ne put décider à quel parti il voulait se joindre et par conséquent depuis ce temps il ne s'attache à aucun. En 1924 il fut réélu député et un an plus tard il devint Ministre des Travaux Publics dans le cabinet de Painlevé. Dans la même année il fut nommé Garde des Sceaux dans le gouvernement de Briand. En 1927 il passa de la chambre des députés au Sénat. Maintenant Monsieur Laval occupe la plus haute position dans le gouvernement de la France. Il est Premier.

Il possède une grande fortune et il est propriétaire du plus grand journal d'Aubervilliers. Il y a quelques semaines il est venu en Amérique mais maintenant il est de retour en France.

UNE AVENTURE EN FRANCE

Par FAITH HOLDEN

Pendant la Guerre Mondiale, un jeune lieutenant américain fut envoyé avec quelques soldats pour rencontrer une patrouille française. Ils devaient se cacher sur le bord d'un lac afin de pouvoir ainsi mettre les Alliés en éveil au cas que les Allemands fissent voile sur le lac pour les surprendre. Les Américains arrivèrent de bonne heure à l'endroit convenu, mais aucune patrouille française ne les y attendait.

La nuit était très sombre, et la terreur de la guerre régnait dans toute cette région. Les soldats Américains étaient inquiets, craignant qu'après avoir pris les Français, les Allemands ne les attendissent aussi tout près de là.

Subitement, en face du lieutenant, apparut un nègre colossal à l'air féroce. Les cheveux du jeune Américain se dressèrent sur la tête; il n'y aurait aucun espoir pour lui si ce géant était un ennemi.

Cependant, à l'instant, le nègre expliqua qu'il était l'officier commandant des soldats Français. Ensuite les deux patrouilles s'avancèrent au bord du lac, et remplirent leur mission avec succès.

Mais le jeune Américain n'oubliera jamais ce moment épouvantable en "No-man's-land."

LE FOYER FRANÇAIS

Par SYLVIA HAM

Les maisons françaises sont aux mères. Les filles ou les fils ne peuvent inviter leurs amis
(Continué à la page 47)

The Spirit of Christmas

Hester Billings, '34

CHRISTMAS will soon be here," was the song that I heard sung by everybody about two weeks before the Christmas of 1930. I couldn't seem to see anything to be so excited and happy over, because I had made up my mind that I was going to save my Christmas money this year, for depression was being preached everywhere.

A few days after making this decision I had occasion to go down town on an errand. The windows of the stores had been decorated very beautifully, and I couldn't resist the temptation of looking around at them all. While I was in front of one of them, I saw a pitiful little face looking up into mine. There seemed to be tears in her eyes. The reason for their being there was soon apparent to me, for in the window of that store was the cutest baby doll I had ever seen. The child seemed to be alone, so I asked her if she was waiting for someone. She did not answer me but kept her sparkling eyes fixed firmly on mine. Then I asked her what her name was, and she uttered in a faint voice, "Mary Anne." Further questions revealed that she lived at 6 St. James Court and that she had four brothers and sisters. The more I looked at her, the warmer my heart

grew. All that I could think of was how she longed for that doll. Gradually a plan began to take form in my mind. As it grew, a feeling of unknown happiness filled my heart.

In the midst of all my thinking a small old lady came up and stood near us. I felt instinctively that she was the child's grandmother. In a moment Mary Anne called her by name. Then the old woman said, "Come along now dear, because Santa Claus can't bring you that big doll this year, for he wouldn't have money enough if he had to buy all the little girls one of those. You just wait until next year for yours. Times won't be so hard next year perhaps."

Reluctantly Mary Anne followed the sad-faced woman down the avenue of glittering shop windows. As they walked off together, Mary Anne looked mournfully back at me.

Almost before they disappeared from sight, I found myself in the store pricing that very doll, because I was sure that it was the one that would please her the most. With the doll tucked safely under my arm, I slipped out of the shop and found my way to St. James Court, thankful that I had been permitted to share in the spirit of Christmas.



REMINISCENSES

Harold M. Grodinsky, '33

EVER since I was able to walk I had dreamed of becoming an airplane pilot. On my fortieth birthday, just sixteen years ago, I took my first lesson. This may sound like an autobiography, but all of us famous flyers like to make youth air-minded.

For my first instructor, I had Colonel Lemual Q. Stoopnager. He taught me many of the tricks that have since made me famous. When the Colonel said I was ready for my first solo

flight, he sent me to Professor Henry Burbick, for an examination.

I passed with flying colors. Colonel "Lemmy," as he was affectionately called, said I would make my first solo on the following day. It happened that on the same day Captain Frank Hawkes and Major James Doolittle were staging a cross-country race from New York to Los Angeles.

Deciding to play a trick on "Lemmy" and
(Continued on page 45)

Algy and Art

Aimee Barnes and Faith Holden

List of Characters

ALGERNON GOGGINS—a young Englishman.

JUSTIN LUDWOOD—Algy's best friend.

SOPHRONIA AUGHERTON—Algy's betrothed.

PROFESSOR AUGHERTON—Sophronia's father.

MRS. AUGHERTON—Sophronia's mother.

CHALMERS—Justin's valet.

The story is laid in England.

ACT I

SCENE 1

Time—the present, one afternoon.

Place—Justin's room.

Justin is seated at a desk, writing.

Algy: (bursting in) What ho, Justy. I shouldn't wonder if you were somewhat surprised to see me brightening up Villa Ludwood with my cheery presence, what? But the fact is, I have a trifling favor to ask of you.

—He lays down his hat and cane—

Justin: Sorry, old chap, but I'm practically down to my last ha'penny. In short, I was just writing to the gov-nor for a bit of the good old substance.

—He picks up his letter, and begins to read it aloud—

"Dear Fath—"

Algy: (coldly) I have no desire for your filthy lucre. Neither do I wish to hear the tale of your filial devotion. If you would be so kind as to give me a moment of your valuable time, I will enlighten you as to the object of my visit.

Justin: (soothingly) Say on; I am all attention.

—He gets up and rings for his valet—

Chalmers: (entering) Sir?

Justin: Two whiskies and sodas, please.

Chalmers: Very good, sir.

EXIT CHALMERS

Algy: (brightening up somewhat) You know, of course, that I am engaged to Sophronia Augherston, a girl who may have her good points, but who entirely lacks that appealing shyness which I find so attractive in a woman—To be brief, I want to break off our engagement.

Justy: (encouragingly) Well, why don't you?

Algy: My dear good Justy, even you must see that Sophronia Augherston is not a girl to whom one would say: "Phrony dear, I know it's a terrible blow, but I've come to the conclusion that we're not soul-mates. We can just be brother and sister. May I have my ring, please?"

—Chalmers enters, deposits the whiskies and sodas, and glides out—

Justy: (giving Algy a w. and s., and taking one himself) I have always had the impression that Miss Augherston has a distinct superiority complex. But what do you want me to do about it?

Algy: For some time I have been perfecting an idea—

Justy: (alarmed) Good Lord!

Algy: (ignoring the interruption) Today I am going to Augherston Manor to spend the week-end, and I want you to go with me. While there, you will endeavor to give Phrony's

father, the Professor, who—by the way—happens to hold a rather high opinion of my mammoth intellect, the impression that I'm slightly potty.

Justy: (aside) Which ought not to be difficult.

Algy: (suspiciously) What?

Justy: (in a resigned manner) Oh, nothing.

Algy: Just let the Prof. understand that my ancestors were, er, rather peculiar—that is—you know what I mean—

Justy: Well, although it is absolutely against my principles to aid in the deception of so guileless a soul as good old Oggy, I'll consent for Auld Lang Syne.

Algy: (with tears in his eyes) Justy, old companion, I knew you wouldn't fail me.

Justy: (holding up his hand in warning) But only on one condition—that you keep that Augherton female out of my way. I didn't like the look in her eye when we were introduced.

Algy: (fervently) I'll promise anything if you'll only get me out of this. And another thing. Be sure and bring Chalmers. Not that I doubt your powers of intellect, but Chalmers has rescued us more than once when we were in the soup—er, what I really mean—an extra manservant always comes in handy.

Justy: Have it your own way. And now let's off to the club for a spot of brandy to brace us for the ordeal coming eftsoon.

Exeunt
CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE I

Time—The next day.

Place—The living-room of Augherton Manor.

Professor, and Mrs. Augherton, and Sophronia are seated, talking.

Mrs. Augherton: Just why is Algernon bringing this Luddle person here, anyway?

Sophronia: (indignantly) How many times must I tell you that his name is Ludwood—Justin Ludwood a very nice name, I'm sure. And as for why he is coming, it's because Algy

asked me if he could bring him along, and I wanted him to come. I consider him a very fascinating personality.

Mrs. Augherton: (shocked) Sophronia! In my day, a girl who was engaged to one person didn't talk as though she were madly in love with another.

Sophronia: (rising) Well, there's one thing I am sure of, and that's that I'm not madly in love with Algy—a lad good enough in his way, but the height of his accomplishments is his imitation of a dog chasing a cat up a tree.

Prof.: (clearing his throat) In my opinion, Algernon Goggins is a very estimable young man. I'm sure you couldn't do better.

Sophronia: (thoroughly disgusted) Well, all I can say—

—THE BELL RINGS—

Here they are now!

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE II

Time—a little later.

Place—the same.

Justy and Algy are alone in the living-room, talking. Justy is seated, while Algy is pacing the floor nervously, finally coming to a halt in front of Justy.

Algy: Oh yes, old top, there's another little matter I forgot to mention to you before we got here. You know that Phrony's an artist? Well, she is.

He fidgets and blushes.

To tell you the truth—the ghastly truth—she's painted a picture of me.

Justy: Not that!

Algy: (miserably) And what's more, with me, the most modest chap in the world, in a bathing suit which would put Joseph and his coat to shame.

He laughs mirthlessly.

And that isn't all. She's sold the dashed thing to "Cupid's Darts" to be printed on the cover of the July issue.

Justy: (reassuringly) Oh, you must be mistaken. They can't do that. The public

wouldn't stand for it.

Algy: Oh, but they have. She's just finished it, and is going to take it to them the first of the week. Now I had an idea that maybe you'd—

Justy: (bitterly) Desist. I see your beastly scheme. You want me to pop in and use my gentle arts of persuasion with Sophronia. (Defiantly) Well, I won't do it.

He pours himself a stiff whisky and soda.

Algy: My dear old fellow, you have it all wrong. I merely want you to help me steal it.

Justy: (sarcastically) Oh, is that all!

Algy: It's all very simple. We'll wait till everybody's asleep to-night, then sneak down where Phrony has the thing on parade, and carry it off in the woods and bury it.

Justy: (wearily) I'll do it if you'll arrange for me to get out of this place tomorrow. I don't like the gleam in your fiancée's eye when she looks at me.

Algy: That's the spirit. I knew you'd do it. Now let's go and dress for dinner, what?

EXEUNT
CURTAIN

ACT III
SCENE I

Time—late at night.

Place—the same.

The living-room in darkness. Algy and Justy enter, the latter carrying a flashlight.

Algy: (in a loud whisper) Be careful not to fall over anything.

Justy: Stop talking and do something. Open that window while I get the picture.

Algy goes toward a window. There is a loud crash as he trips over a small table.

Justy: Look out!

Algy picks himself up. There is a clatter of feet on the stairs.

Justy: (thrusting the picture at him) Take this and get out—quick!

(Algy takes the picture, accidentally drops it, loses his balance, and steps through it, as the lights go on and the Augherton family bursts in.)

Professor Augherton: (pompously) What, may I ask, is the meaning of all this?

Algy: (extracting his feet from the picture) Well, you see it's like this—

Sophronia: (in horrified tones, rushing toward Algy) Oh, oh, my picture! You brute, look what you've done to it! It's ruined!

Exit Algy, in great haste.

Justy: (coming to the foreground, and clearing his throat) I feel that it is perhaps my duty to make some explanation. During my visit, I have tried, rather unsuccessfully, I fear, to make you understand that my friend Algy is not mentally responsible for the slight eccentricities of his behavior.

Mrs. Augherton gasps, and looks nervously in the direction of Algy's departure.

(Continued on page 45)

NOEL

Eleanor Clough

I

The frost flowers glitter on their crackling stem.

The best of Nature sleeps deep under ground.
Blue spruce parades its crystal diadem.

White, white and still the mound
Of Earth in peace is bound.

II

Staunch firs drawn from their beds of warm pine cones

Create within the symbol of good cheer.

On tingling feet the low cathedral tones

Bring sweetly to the ear

The age-old anthem dear.

III

"Noel!" the angels sing from Heaven's door
And tongues of men on Earth repeat the tale.

How Mary, Mother Mild, the Lord's Son bore.

Love in our hearts prevail,

As now we sing, "Noel!"



OUR NEW CITY GOVERNMENT

On Monday, Sept. 14, 1931, the citizens of Bangor adopted a new city charter which abolished the mayor, aldermen, councilmen government; and replaced these offices with a city manager and a council. This plan has already been adopted in many cities in the country.

The charter provides for a City Council of nine citizens elected at large, without political designation. Each citizen then has a voice in the selection of each councilman. Three members of this council are elected annually to serve for terms of three years; under this election plan some experienced men are always in charge of the affairs of the city. The council is headed by a chairman selected from its number and he represents the official head of the city in ceremonial and military functions. The council appoints the city manager, city clerk, city solicitor, city auditor, members of the school committee, and the members of the various other boards. The council also passes on the acts of the city manager, and can remove him from office at its discretion.

The city manager heads the administrative and financial functions of the city. He is a man chosen for his executive ability and is not necessarily a citizen of Bangor. Subject to the confirmation of the council he appoints the city engineer, city electrician and other

officials and department heads. He also makes out the budget of the expenditures of the city which must be approved by the council. He must always keep the council advised as to the financial condition of the city. He shall receive the reports from the various department heads and prepare an annual report for public distribution. The manager also acts as the purchasing agent, buying all supplies necessary for the city.

The advocates of this plan say that under this new system the business of the city will be conducted in a manner similar to that which has had such success in business organizations and that this will be more economical since it provides for centralized purchasing instead of individual purchasing by the various departments. They also claim that it is more democratic and less political as the officers are not elected according to ward lines nor according to political parties.

CHRISTMAS

To most of us, Christmas means snow, sleigh-bells, happy faces, the exchange of gifts. We wonder what we shall give Cousin Jim, Aunt Emma, or Mother, or how we shall be able to buy twenty suitable presents with but ten available dollars.

But just how many of us have ever halted in our dilemma long enough to realize some of the other sides of Christmas? For instance,

(Continued on page 37)

HAVE YOU READ THIS ONE?

ANGEL PAVEMENT

J. B. Priestley

Angel Pavement is the oddest book in a thousand. It has no hero, no heroine, no real plot, and no less than six principal characters. *Angel Pavement*, which is the setting of the story, is a short, dark, London street, so old and forgotten that people but three blocks away have never heard of it.

The plot, what there is of it, deals with the lives of those associated with Twigg and Dersingham. This company is nearly bankrupt when one of the numerous characters, a Mr. Golspie, wakes it up. For six months the firm of Twigg and Dersingham enjoys unprecedented prosperity. Then Mr. Golspie calmly sails to South America, leaving the company flat.

However, before the unscrupulous Golspie fades from the life of *Angel Pavement*, the hopes, joys and foibles of the characters in the book are intimately revealed. From pink, unbusiness-like Mr. Dersingham to Stanley, the would-be-detective, the author parades across the pages of this book an amazingly realistic group of people.

Helen Gould.

THE SECRET OF SEA-DREAM HOUSE

Albert Payson Terhune

Since 1625, when a Spanish pirate conceived the idea of building a palace in the wilderness, this house had been held in awe by the natives. A thing to be shunned, for two centuries, it stood alone, until Saul Tevvis, wishing to find a quiet place to write a book, leased it for six months.

From the minute he arrived, things began to happen in the old house. Mysterious mes-

sages were found ordering him out of the house, and at night the tread of footsteps was heard.

The lost tribal symbol of a Seminole chief who disappeared two hundred years ago—a priceless manuscript—these caused much excitement to Tevvis and the two strange characters who became his partners.

Philip Jarvis.

UP THE LADDER OF GOLD

E. Phillips Oppenheim

Political intrigue and high finance, combined with love and adventure, form the theme of this book.

The principal character is Warren Rand, the richest man in the world.

Since the war, which took the lives of his two sons, Rand's one aim in life has been to end war for all time.

The carrying out of the audacious plan by which this financial genius persuades the reluctant nations to sign the peace pact makes an intriguing story.

Harold McCann, Jr.

ROYAL ROAD TO ROMANCE

Richard Halliburton

Here is a travel book that is refreshing and full of zest. Written in a not-too-serious, in fact, not-very-serious style, it has quite a different flavor from many of its boring predecessors.

Spurning his father's graduation present, a trip around the world, Richard Halliburton—graduate of Princeton and author of the book—wheedled his chum Irvine, into "bumming" his way around the world with said Richard.

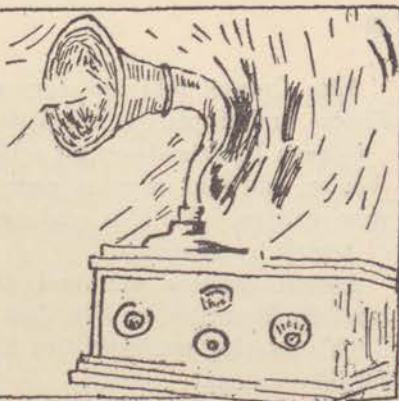
The first leg of their journey was taken up

(Continued on page 43)

BHS ORACLE

BROADCASTING STUDENT ACTIVITIES

F 29



ASSEMBLIES

As usual, just before the Bangor-Portland game at Portland, the school had a rally. All the upper classmen at 12:00 noon, crowded into the Assembly Hall, where even the Seniors forgot themselves and mingled with the lowly Frosh in a manner that could not be called anything but congenial.

The program was opened by a speech from Coach Mulvaney, followed by talks by Fred Littlefield, Mr. Hurd of Dakin's, who offered a prize to the class having the largest attendance at the games, Morris Rachlin, a graduate of Bangor High, and Mr. Taylor. The band played and—oh yes—we cheered. We made a fairly large amount of noise, because the Seniors and Frosh were taking part in the age-old competition of seeing which could cheer louder. Just the same, we could have made more noise; at least, as it was, the window panes only rattled. None of them fell out.

One morning, on entering the Assembly Hall, the students were greeted from the stage by three pupils who all made excellent speeches, extolling the merits of the forth-coming Debating Club dance. These speakers were Hope Betterly, Leo Lieberman and Robert Kurson.

ORACLE BOARD

On Oct. 1, the Oracle Board went to visit the Pioneer Engraving Company, where the owner, Mr. Albert Howard very kindly gave

a speech and demonstration on cuts. He showed us just how cuts are engraved, going through the entire process, and then took us through the whole shop.

LATIN CLUB

Three new officers have been chosen in Latin Club to fill those offices whose holders are lost, strayed, or stolen from the club. These new officers are:

Woodford Brown, Consul.
Carolyn Currier, Quaestor.
Aimee Barnes, Aedile.

At one meeting a few of the most famous classical myths were read. Mildred Sawyer introduced the subject, and Elizabeth Wiggins, Louise Rice, Abie Kern, Robert Kurson, Frances Reynolds, Frances Duran, Faith Holden, Alice Crowell, and Elizabeth Schiro each gave a myth. Betty Brown closed the program by summing up the uses of myths today. Before the meeting adjourned Consul Arlene Merrill expressed the regret of the Latin Club at the departure of Elizabeth Schiro, and wished her a pleasant winter in Florida.

The meeting of Nov. 5 was given over to the general study of Latin literature. Robert Cumming read an excellent paper on why the Latin language should not be called dead, and why it holds such an important place in the literature of all time. He illustrated his speech with an outline of the different periods of Roman literature on the board.

Alice Crowell told the story of the life of Ennius, and his place in the Latin literature.

Geneva Epstein described a Roman amphitheater, and told on what plan the tragedies were written. She also read an amusing bit of poetry by Ennius.

Roman comedy was well explained and carefully illustrated by Adra Jack.

This meeting was short but filled with useful information.

Mrs. Cumming would like to have the fact that any senior, no matter what course he is taking, may belong to Latin Club called to the notice of the senior class. She would like to have a better representation of the seniors at the meetings.

Be sure and plan to come to the Saturnalia, Latin Club members, or you'll be missing a great time. We're not allowed to give away any of the secrets and surprises planned for this entertainment, so you'll just have to come and find them out on the Saturnalia.

Miss Mary Webster has been unanimously elected an honorary member of Latin Club. She accepted the honor with pleasure and we all hope to see her at the meetings.

SENIOR ENGLISH

Just after recovering from the effects of a debate, the members of Miss Robinson's senior English classes were sent into a relapse by the news that each pupil had to write a play. Miss Robinson, however, gave plenty of time for the plotting and writing, and many excellent plays were handed in. None had just the requirements for this year's Senior play, but many were very good Oracle material.

DEBATING CLUB

To the great disappointment of the study rooms all the bright posters advertising the Debating Club dance have been taken down, thus depriving the pupils of interesting reading material which kept them from having to strain their eyes by looking at the small point in their text-books. Why, you ask, have these posters been removed? It is because

the Debating Club Dance, that scintillating affair, is over—but not forgotten. Was it good? It was even better than last year's. As they say in the June Oracle, Nuff Sed.

The members of the Club are starting work on the question, Resolved: That efficiency has become a deplorable fetish in America. There is a great deal of enthusiasm this year among the members, who are being spurred on to even greater efforts, by Mr. Prescott.

The Club has been divided into three groups to which the Bowdoin question, Resolved: That Maine should export its excess water power; the Bates question, Resolved: That the several states should adopt legislation providing for compulsory unemployment insurance; and Bangor High's question, which has been previously mentioned, have been assigned.

The officers of the Debating Club this year are:

President, Constance Hedin.

Vice-President, Robert Kurson.

Secretary, Barbara Bertels.

Corresponding Secretary, Abraham Kern.

SNAPDRAGONS

Well, well, the Freshmen have started their debating club—one which does justice to the class of '35 and which is worthy of its name, "Snapdragons."

The officers elected are:

President, Lorna Hawkes.

Vice-President, Ruth Reevil.

Secretary, Roberta Smith.

These three girls are from room 202.

The club has held no debates yet, but is preparing for one in the near future.

DRAMATIC CLUB

One of the most interesting events in Dramatic Club so far took place when Paul Sawyer entered wearing THOSE PANTS.

On Oct. 22 a meeting of the Club was held in the good old Assembly Hall. Louise Rice read a paper on the Little Theater Movement, with Miss Rideout emphasizing additional

points. Miss Rideout then gave a brief talk on stage management, grouping, and other similar points.

During the special meeting held on Nov. 10, the members discussed the two plays which are to be given before Christmas. They are "One Elmer," a comedy, and "The High Heart," a drama. The casts were chosen on Friday, Nov. 13.

The casts are as follows:

ONE ELMER

Elmer Collier (Fourteen years old)
..... Bernard Saunders
Susan Collier (Sixteen tomorrow)
..... Elizabeth Wiggin
Jeanie Collier (Seventeen)..... Greta Westin
Janie Collier (Her twin) Dorothy Rose
Miss Penny (A dressmaker)
..... Jacqueline Johnston
Mrs. Collier..... Geneva Epstein
Fannie Belle (A colored girl)
..... Prudence Robinson
Hubert Brown (Seventeen).... John Bartlett
Pansy, a nondescript dog.

THE HIGH HEART

Sam Davis, a confederate scout
..... Don McKinnon
The General, commanding the Federal Army
Corps..... Thomas Reed
Major Cranston, engineer on the General's
staff..... William Fraser
Agnes Cranston, his daughter
..... Frances Reynolds
Lieutenant Richards, the General's aide
..... William Mongovan
Mrs. Peyton, a Southern gentlewoman
..... Ella Wallace
Augustus, Mrs. Peyton's Negro servant
..... Paul Sawyer

MUSIC

FRESHMAN HOP

On the evening of Tuesday, October 13, 1931, the Freshman Hop, under the auspices

of the B. H. S. band, was held in the assembly hall. About one hundred couples enjoyed the keen music furnished by the well known Hudson Essex Challengers. The money obtained from this dance sent the band boys to Portland for the annual football game.

BAND

The beginning of the second quarter at Bangor High School saw the band fast rounding into shape. It has made good showings at all the football games and on Armistice Day when it paraded at the head of the R. O. T. C. unit.

As in former years the band has again started to play in assembly this year. As the Freshmen have not yet been admitted to the band, it is not large; however after the Christmas holidays, the junior band will disband, the lucky ones will rehearse with the senior band, whereas the rest must wait to try again next year.

The purchase of new music stands by the band and orchestra has proven a great convenience to the members of both organizations.

Among the latest pieces that have been played and worked upon by the band are: "Straussana," a waltz selection, "The Caliph of Bagdad" and "King Midas" overtures.

ORCHESTRA

Following the custom of the past few years the orchestra, offering selections which were pleasing as well as difficult, has played in assembly on Friday mornings of alternate weeks. Recently, for various unavoidable reasons, some of the orchestra rehearsals have been omitted, but that is no reason why almost all the members should be absent at the other rehearsals. Our conductor, Mr. Adelbert Sprague, desires that each member realize the vital importance of his being present at every rehearsal and appearance of the organization so that this year's orchestra may sustain or if possible excel the high standards set by those of former years. Let's have 100% attendance!

R. O. T. C.

MILITARY

Rifles have been issued to the members of the cadet battalion, and during the last few weeks the cadets have become quite proficient in their use. They have been drilling hard in preparation for the annual Armistice Day parade. The parade, held as has been the custom for a great many years, aroused favorable comment from the spectators in regard to the way the officers and men carried themselves. All the officers did very well and to add a humorous touch to the impressive ceremonies, at least, one captain gave eyes right when the reviewing officers, consisting of Colonel Bowen and his staff were on the left. However, most of the cadets did eyes left so it was not as bad as it might have been. As the weather is now growing inclement, all drill must be held in the gymnasium and physical drill will be added to the schedule.

The officers club has had one or two meetings and has discussed the routine for the coming year. At a future meeting a president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer must be chosen, but at this time nothing definite could be found about it. As was the plan last year all commissions are temporary, the permanent commissions being published in January.

This year, when the time for the annual inspection comes, the battalion should be inferior to none. So let's go men, for nothing can be accomplished without your cooperation.

RIFLE CLUB

The members of the rifle club have been practicing diligently in preparation for the matches which the teams will shoot with schools all over the eastern half of the United States. Two teams for these matches have been chosen and are as follows:

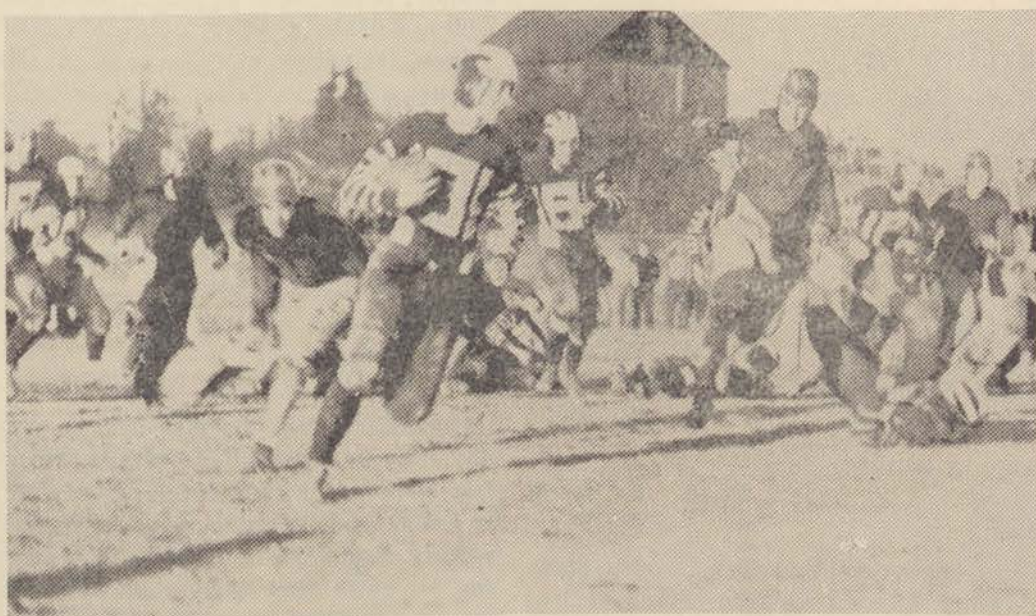
First Team: Charles Barrett, John Bart-

lett, Vinal McNeal, James McNulty, Ralph Thayer.

Second Team: Woodford Brown, Frank Foster, Roland Gleszer, Ralph Haney, Lloyd Johnson.

A third team also consisting of five members will be chosen by competition. The B. H. S. Rifle Team has in the past achieved a reputation rivaled only by military schools. The team this year bids fair to be inferior to none. The members of the Rifle Club will shoot for three medals during December 1-18. A fourth medal will also be shot for by the freshman. From the results of these contests the final teams, to represent B. H. S. in the First Corps Area Match and the William Randolph Hearst Trophy Match will be chosen. The team has already captured a second place and a third place shield, and its ambition this year is to capture a first place shield. Major Baldinger has appointed Vinal McNeal as president of the rifle club and John Bartlett as vice-president. They will have charge of the shooting and all targets submitted for qualification must be signed by one of them. In the previous issue of the Oracle it was erroneously stated that Vinal McNeal was to be treasurer instead of president. There are about forty-five members in the rifle club this year, and, as some of the new members are proving expert shots, the members of the teams will have to watch out for themselves. The target butts are soon to be rebuilt, and it is expected that they will be built of a more durable material. Since there is an average of a thousand rounds fired at each meeting of the club, it can easily be seen that it does not take long for the butts to become completely demolished. The lighting system will be improved.

We have some very good news for the freshmen. We have not yet reached our quota of freshmen, and we are going to allow four freshmen to join our club. Just think—a chance to join Bangor High's great rifle club! So before it is too late be sure to see Vinal McNeal in the military office any morning during recess. Don't forget. Only four more freshmen admitted. How about it freshmen?



PORTLAND REPEATS

A strong delegation from our neck of the woods journeyed to the Forest City to see the Blue take a hard fought struggle 13-6. It was the seventy-fifth clash of the two teams and the second of the year. Lady Luck played another of her pranks on us, bringing the total to no one knows how many. We thought the old team would come thru when she started that 80 yard fight for victory. Nevertheless the bright flare died down when they missed the point after the touchdown. From then on the Crimson were fighting with their backs to the wall.

Portland started off with a jump that netted a touchdown and point. When Bangor came to their senses, they found the ball on their own 20. With Art Stewart as pacemaker, the backs took turns in carrying the pill until they were on the Portland 2 yard line. There the Blue held for three downs but weakened on the fourth and Art tore off tackle for the score, stopping upright. The try for point

failed and with it went a good portion of the Red spirit.

The Blue found scoring position late in the third period when old Pop Manley, veteran of many battles, proved too much for us. He led the team for five first downs to the four yard stripe and with the first playing of the fourth period brought a touchdown. The try for point failed.

That machine of Crimson started again, too late, in the final stanza when a punt to Don Stuart on the twenty was brought back to the thirty-five. On the next play he gained twenty yards. Portland recovered a fumble and an exchange of punts brought the oval to the Crimson 20. Portland fumbled and Bangor recovered. The ball was rushed nine yards then punted. A fumble was recovered by Bangor; then Portland intercepted a pass while the curtain was falling. Twenty yards for the Blue and the game ended with Portland's ball on their own 45.

It was a great game and the defeat was covered up by the sensational playing of the team

that has suffered plenty from the hands of Fate.

PORTLAND (13);**BANGOR, (6)**

LaPierre, Allen, le. re, Wilson, Myers, Reaville
Koziez, Backer, lt. rt, Knaide
Pistaki, lg. rg, Harper, Robinson
Johnson, c. c, Reed
Seay, rg. lg, Cust, Mogridge
Brown, rt. lt, Hartt
Kelley, re. le, Manning, Myers
Moran, qb. qb, Leavitt, Hussey
Bogh, lh. rh, McDonald
Connors, Skofield, rh. lh, Stewart
Manley, Henry, fb. fb, Stuart

Score by periods:

Portland.....	7	0	6	0—13
Bangor.....	0	6	0	0 6

Touchdowns made by Kelley, Manley, Stewart. Point after touchdown, Manley (place kick). Referee, Butler, C. A. Umpire, Matthews, B. C. Head linesman, Manter, Bowdoin. Time, four 12's.

RAIN SPILLS DOPE

Few people witnessed the Bangor-Waterville struggle for the rain poured steadily from the clouds onto a water-soaked gridiron. The Purple from the central part of the State turned down all indications of defeat and went home with a 13—0 victory.

The mud-soaked players battled back and forth with line smashes and punts. Fumbles and losses were plenty and the winner took advantage of two "breaks" for victory.

One score came when Dusty, the Waterville quarter, carried a punt back eighty yards for a touchdown. The other came early in the first half when a fumble was recovered and rushed for a score. A line rush netted the point.

Line-up:

BANGOR 0;**WATERVILLE, 13**

Manning, Myers, e. Lake
Hart, l. t. Smith
Cust, Merrill, l. g. Goodrich

Ried, c. Charity
Harper, Robinson, r. g. Nimon, Kitchen
Tilley, Knaide, r. t. Saliem
Wilson, Reaville, r. e. Huand
Hussey, q. b. Dusty
Stewart, l. h. b. Paulin
MacDonald, r. h. b. Lemieux
Stuart, f. b. Raincourt
Officials: Referee: Butler, C. U.; Umpire: Quinn, Georgetown. Time-Keeper: Kenyon, U. of M.; Headlinesman: Manter, Bowdoin.

FORFEIT TO BELFAST

A crimson outfit took the field on a Saturday early in the month to whip a strong Belfast team to the tune of 36—6, only to have to forfeit the laurels on account of ineligibility; namely, Reggie McDonald who had been playing for quite some time while over age. It was just another one of those things that have fallen time after time into the Crimson camp.

We scored two touchdowns in the first quarter, a safety in the second, two touchdowns in third, and the fifth came in the final stanza. Four tries out of five were successful for the point after touchdown.

Belfast made her stand in the final chapter when a pass was the motive of her six points.

The line-up:

BANGOR, (36);**BELFAST, (6)**

Manning, l. e. E. Hitchborne
Hartt, Leen l. t. Walt
Cust, Merrill, l. g. W. Hitchman
Reed, c. Dodge
Capt. Harper, Robinson, r. g. Trundy
Tilley, r. t. Cunningham
Wilson, Reaville r. e. Littlefield
Leavitt, Hussey q. b. Horne, Larrabee
Stewart, l. h. b. r. Read, Gray
MacDonald, r. h. b. Dumont
Stuart, f. b. P. Read
Officials:

Referee: Quinn, Georgetown.
Umpire: Manten, Bowdin.
Timekeeper: Butler, C. U.
Head Linesman: Mathews.

ARMISTICE STRUGGLE

Goes to Orange and Black

The husky squad from that place across the water, followed by a fine crowd of supporters, invaded our territory to gain an 18 to 0 victory over what was left of Mull's high hopes. The game was rather one-sided and only once did the Crimson really threaten the Brewer up-rights. Fumbled punts and a weak right side cost the old school defeat.

Brewer grabbed their first touchdown when a punt from Miles was muffed by Izzy and recovered by Orange players on the fifteen yard marker. Joe Wood, Brewer threat, carried the pill in three plays for the six points. In the same quarter, incidently the second, Morrison, a sub, slipped thru our right tackle for a twenty-five yard touchdown. The final tally came in the final stanza, when Leavitt, shouldered with punting duties left by the ineligibility of Reggie MacDonald, kicked offside on his own 36. Brewer grabbed the ball, and Pat Miles passed to Joe Wood for thirty two yards. Pat failed, but Daley swept around end for the goal. It was the first time the invaders have "taken home the bacon" from the old Queen City on this side of the Penobscot and they duly celebrated, although in a destructive manner by ripping up the the goal posts and carrying them triumphantly to Brewer.

On the other hand, our boys put up a gallant stand, and by no means did they shirk. Once a touchdown seemed sure, in the final seconds of the opening quarter, when Nelson, MacDonald's understudy, sprinted along the Crimson sideline for 29 yards as a partially blocked punt came rolling his way. Lady Luck, pranking per usual, closed the quater, and, when the second period opened, Leavitt heaved a pass to Wilson for 10 yards. Then the Brewer line held and, as a second pass failed, Brewer gained possession of the ball, never to be threatened again. The boys put their backs to the wall and tried to hold but something was lacking and an honest to goodness victory went to Brewer.

A final summary:

BREWER, (18);

BANGOR, (0)

Pooler, le.....	re, Wilson, Reavill
Winchell, lt.....	rt, Knaide, Tilley
Graves, lg.....	rg, Harper
Witham, c.....	c, Reed
Grant, rg.....	lg, Merrill
Sparks, rt.....	lt, Hartt
Palmer, re.....	le, Manning
Miles, qb.....	qb, Leavitt, Hussey
Wood, rhb.....	lhb, Stewart
Ivers, Daley, Morrison, lhb.....	rhb, Nelson
McLaughlin, fb.....	fb, Stuart

Score by periods:

Brewer.....	0	12	0	6—18
-------------	---	----	---	------

Touchdowns, Wood, Daley and Morrison. Officials, Butler, Catholic U., referee; Brice, Maine, umpire; Quinn, Georgetown, head linesman. Time 4-12's.

BAPST TAKE SECOND

The Crimson closed the books on football with a post season game for the benefit of charity with that Purple machine from over the hill. The boys played their best game of the year in their last gallant stand for victory. The line showed some fine work bearing the weight of the battle. We missed Wilson on the end, but Reed, playing center, kept the ends well covered while big John Hartt stood out in smearing those Purple backs.

Bapst kicked off and Bangor started strong by making a first down. Then the Bapst wall held and Leavitt was forced to punt. Izzy showed what he had in him that Saturday through his generalship and punting.

The teams hammered back and forth for the best part of three quarters when the Purple, led by McDonald, launched an aerial attack that brought results. Receiving a short punt from the crimson quarter, Dunc ran the oval back to midfield. On an off tackle play that had been used quite successfully throughout the game, the Purple wizard made to the twenty-two yard line. Babine, McPhee and McDonald in three plays netted six yards.

Then "Dunc" dropped back to the twenty-five marker and heaved a beautiful pass straight into the outstretched hands of Tolman who dropped over the goal for the score. McDonald failed to gain the extra point.

Bangor threatened twice, only to be stopped short in the middle of the drive by the whistle.

The first threat came late in the second period when a MacDonald punt was blocked on Bapst's own forty-one yard mark. Stewart and Stuart made a first down and Nelson followed suit for fifteen yards. The ball then took to the air with no effect, and, as the ball reached the Purple twenty-eight stripe, the half ended.

Bangor's final chance for scoring came too late in the game when Nelson nabbed the ball and sprinted sixty yards for a score only to be halted by the whistle.

So, with a long string of defeats balanced with just so much tough luck, the moleskins of B. H. S. will be turned in to Mr. Sommerville and the curtain drawn on school boy football for this year.

Summary of final game:

JOHN BAPST, (6); BANGOR, (0)

Curran, le.....	le, Manning
Doherty, lt.....	lt, Hartt
Casper, lg.....	lg, Cust
R. Clukey, c.....	c, Reed
F. Burke, rg.....	rg, Harper
J. Burke, rt.....	rt, Knaide
Corey, re.....	re, Myers
McDonald, qb.....	qb, Leavitt
Babine, lhb.....	lhb, A. Stewart
Tolman, rhb.....	rhb, Nelson
Geaghan, fb.....	fb, D. Stuart

Substitutions for Bapst: Chamberlain for Tolman, Babine for McPhee, Lawrence for Casper, Clukey, Ayer and Smith substituting in Bapst line in last minute of play. For Bangor; Merrill for Cust. Time: 4 ten minute periods. Referee, McDonough, Lewiston, field judge, Butler, C. U., umpire, Quinn, Georgetown, head linesman: Mathews, Lewiston.

FRESHMEN O. K.

The Frosh of B. H. S. started a late season and finished with a perfect record. They played several games which included scrimmage with the varsity, a 13-0 victory over the third string, 26-6 tally over the Frosh from John Bapst. They also played games with many pick-up teams all over the city. Several on their team include Sophomore Commercial who are not able to try for the varsity. Mull will find plenty of stuff in Andy Grover, Burly Nickerson, Small, and Gildart for the line, and Flynn should prove quite a back along with his punting ability.

A casualty fell in their midst. Walter Morse, brother of Jimmy, broke his collar bone and arm in the game with team C.

All the boys show promise and will be welcomed by the coaches as practically all of the first team are taken by graduation.

CURTAIN FALLS ON FOOTBALL AND BASKET-BALL TAKES FOOTLIGHTS

The Crimson of B. H. S. have lain away their football equipment, and the bleachers along with the goal posts will be put under cover.

As far as scoring is concerned, the season has been a disastrous one for the Crimson players.

They opened up with two great victories: namely Stearns High of Millinocket, 19-6 and the over-water rivals, Brewer, 19-0. These victories set the team on their feet, and they were ready to take over John Bapst, when, out of a clear sky, came the report that Jimmie Morse, due to scholastic difficulties at Bapst, would be out for the remainder of the season and that the games with Millinocket and Brewer would have to be forfeited. This was only the first of many blows.

Games with Bapst and Portland were lost 13-0 and 13-6 respectively. In the latter game Captain John Libby sustained a shoulder

(Continued on page 39)

GIRLS' HOCKEY

Since the last issue of the *Oracle*, our Girls' Hockey season has come and gone.

The weather-man was quite unfair this year for we had to cancel two of our games. With only two games to play, it seemed quite unnecessary to practice three times a week, but it probably did most of the girls good.

BANGOR BEATS BUCKSPORT

The first game of the season took place at Broadway Park, October 9, 1931, against the well-polished team from E. M. C. S.

The game was hard fought by both teams. The first score was made by Brown, from E. M. C. S., when she took the little white ball past our fullbacks and right between the goal posts. Then Bangor, feeling hurt, took the ball past the players of E. M. C. S. and made a goal without any hindrance. The score was made by our fast "inner", Thelma Sullivan. The next goal was made by Mercer, the right half-back on the E. M. C. S. team.

As is the custom, Bangor again took the ball down the field with Helen Tremble in the lead. Thus ended the first half with the score 2-2.

The second half opened with the same players on both teams. All were ready for a still harder fight. The ball was kept at the fifty yard line for a while until our trusty center halfback, Thelma Silke, decided it was time she got a score. So making up her mind and with help of Helen Tremble, she took it down the field for our third goal. As hard as both teams tried there were no more scores made on either team. So the score at the end of the game stood: Bangor-3, E. M. C. S.-2.

Line-ups:

BANGOR

L. W.—West	Jewell
L. I.—Sullivan	Brown
C. F.—Tremble	Packard
R. I.—Wiggin	Forten
R. W.—Maxwell	Bulmer

E. M. C. S.

L. H.—Allen	Scribner
C. H.—Silke	Crandon
R. H.—F. Jones	Mercer
L. F.—Hardison	McDonald
R. F.—D. Jones	Homer
Goal—Shapleigh	Johnson

Substitutions:

Bangor: Sanders for West.

Wright for D. Jones.

E. M. C. S.: Woodbridge for Homer.

Referee: Miss Rogers of U. of M.

Time: Two 20 minute periods.

BANGOR IS AGAIN VICTORIOUS OVER BUCKSPORT

The second game of the season for Bangor was played with the girls from E. M. C. S. on their field at Bucksport. The Bangor lasses, as well as the Bucksport girls had become more speedy and showed much more fight.

Although one of our fullbacks, Dorothy Jones, was not in condition to play, we went into the game with our hopes high. The minute the whistle blew Bangor started down the field with the ball, but this exhibition of speed didn't last long because the E. M. C. S. girls took the ball from us and raced it through our goal posts. Until about ten minutes before the half ended, the ball stayed in the middle of the field; then our fast "inner" Thelma Sullivan, took the ball down the field for a goal. Things were beginning to look encouraging now, and, before the half ended, Helen Tremble had made another goal making the score 2-1, Bangor.

When the second half began, everyone was wondering whether Bangor would let E. M. C. S. take them over in the second half. It didn't look very encouraging for either team until Thelma Sullivan once again took the ball past the 25 yard line and between the goal posts. E. M. C. S. by this time seemed discouraged, but, nevertheless, the team kept on fighting. No matter how hard E. M. C. S. fought, "Beth" Wiggin was always there to prevent any more scoring on the part of E. M. C. S.

"Beth" took the ball, and after passing back and forth with Maxwell, she shot it past the

eager fullbacks and through the goal. There was a lot of hitting back and forth during the rest of the game but neither team scored. Thus the game ended with the score, Bangor—4; E. M. C. S.—1.

Line-ups:

BANGOR

E. M. C. S.

R. W.—Maxwell.....	Bulmer
R. I.—Wiggin.....	Page
C. F.—Tremble.....	Packard
L. I.—Sullivan.....	Brown
L. W.—West.....	Jewell
R. H.—F. Jones.....	Mercer
C. H.—Silke.....	Crandon
L. H.—Allen.....	Scribner
R. F.—Wright.....	Homer
L. F.—Hardison.....	MacDonald
Goal—Shapleigh.....	Johnson

Substitutions:

Bangor: Landon for F. Jones.

Johnston for Hardison

E. M. C. S.: Forten for Page

Woodbridge for Homer.

Referee: Miss McGuire of Bangor.

Time: Two 20 minute periods.

At the end of the hockey season the Girls' Athletic Honor Council always has a hockey party. The whole hockey squad is invited and refreshments are served. Each year some girls are taken into the "Council." This year there were two girls accepted. They were: Ruth Sanders, and Mary Wright, both of whom are sophomores. A newspaper race, human croquet, ocean waves, and many other games formed the evening's entertainment.

As a closing feature of the party, Miss Oltar awarded letters to twelve girls who have willingly worked not only for their letter but also for the success of the hockey team and the glory of Bangor High School. They are as follows:

Frances Jones, Mary Wright, Elizabeth Wiggin, Helen Tremble, Betty Maxwell, Thelma Silke, Thelma Sullivan, Dorothy Jones, Elizabeth Hardison, Rena Allen, Leona West.

Six of the preceding girls were awarded scarlet and white stars instead of a "B" be-

(Continued on page 41)

ALUMNI

The following letter was received by Nelson K. Ordway, graduate of the class of '29:

My dear Mr. Ordway:

Allow me to present my most sincere congratulation on your winning the New York Yale Club award of the second highest stand in your class. This is, indeed, a very marked distinction, the full significance of which I think anyone could appreciate when consideration is given to the size of the class and the high standard of scholarship which it displayed.

We all feel that scarcely any higher honor could be won in the Freshman Year and believe that this is an augury of further achievement, not only in college but in your whole life.

Sincerely yours,

P. J. Walden,

(Dean of Freshmen).

The class of '29 seems to be "doing itself proud." Arthur Brown, a junior at the University of Maine, won the highest rank in the Sophomore class for the second semester of last year. He received the highest rank that is given by the University of Maine, four points. At the end of his Freshman year Arthur Brown received the Class of 1905 Scholarship for the highest rank in the Freshman Class.

Clarine Coffin has been forced to give up her studies at the University of Maine until the spring semester on account of illness.

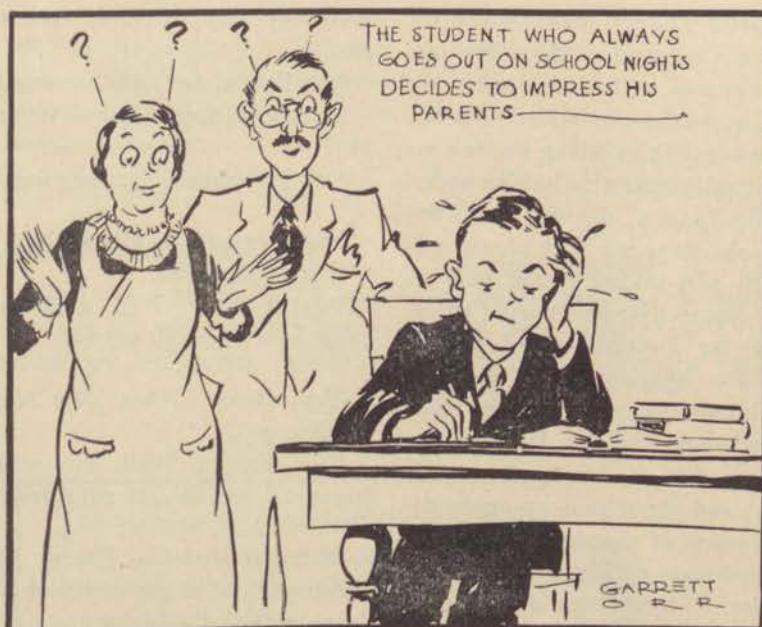
The following members of Bangor High School Class of '31 are attending the Maine School of Commerce:

Elizabeth Riley, Geraldine Green, Helena Hewes, Ida Rosen, Helen Gallupe, Barbara Spencer, Henry Herrick.

The Class of '30 is represented at the Maine School of Commerce by:

Phyllis Libby, Allana Landers, Evelyn Whitman.

(Continued on page 43)



Christmas Is Near

This is our own dear, little Cal Knaide, studying real industriously on school nights; and during his spare hours, he can be found cleaning out the chimney so that Santa Claus will have no difficulty finding his stocking. It's a wise child who studies before Christmas!

Teacher (holding up picture of a zebra): "And what animal is this?"

D-n-ld R-b-ns-n: "A horse in his bathing suit."

Ma-j-r-e Ch-se: "Wake up, your car is at the door."

Ad-a-Ja-k: "I know it—I hear it knocking."

A. Predaris: Teacher may I leave the room 10 minutes before the period is over?

Teacher: Why?

A. Predaris: I need that much time to think what the combination of my locker is.

Benny Rolsky: What was that topic you were talking about 10 minutes ago, I wish to put it in my note book.

Lane: For the last 10 minutes I've been asking you if you had your lesson for to-day.

FAMOUS FICTION

"It ain't the money I care for—it's the principal of the thing."

"I'd be the last one to say anything against her but—"

"I can not live without you."

"Pleased to meetcha."

"Painless dentistry."

"I'm offa that stuff from now on. It's no good. Never again—that's me."

"The police have the situation well in hand. Important arrests may be expected at any moment."

"I'm as fit as a fiddle—just as good a man as I was twenty years ago. I can't notice a bitta difference."

"We are prosperous and don't know it. Prosperity is just around the corner. Anyhow it's just a state of mind."

"If I am elected Mayor, all the crooks will be driven out of our fair city within thirty days. No gambling, no vice of any kind. The crooks must go!"

"This is our golden wedding anniversary—married just fifty years ago today—and in all that time my little wife has never spoken one cross word to me!"

Our old pal, Artie Thayer, was noticed by "Snoopy" Leavitt, the greatest detective our school has ever produced. (He developed along this line by dodging teachers in our noble Alma Mater.) Artie was sneaking along leaving no obstacle unturned and passing no hidden nooks and crannies. So Leavitt, donning his Sherlock Holmes cap, clenching his T. B. pipe firmly between his teeth and taking a last look at lesson 14 of the Super-Extraordinary Correspondence Course for Detectives, set out to shadow Artie. He followed him skillfully for nearly three hundred yards when Art stopped, looking searchingly about. He was seen to look carefully under an old hat that some one had dropped and straighten up again uttering an exclamation of disgust. He talked earnestly a few moments with a couple of fishy looking characters. Then seeing an old pan, bottom side up in the gutter, turned it over and emitted a shout of joy. Art had been searching for his Austin.

Senior: Do you like O. Henry?

Freshman: I can't stand it. The peanuts stick in my teeth.

Abe K—n: What big feet your pup has.

Paul S-wy-r: Yeah, when he grows up he's gonna be a police dog.

"Mother, are chickens hard to pick."

"No, Willie, if well scalded first. Why do you ask?"

"Papa told Uncle Henry that he picked up two of the toughest chickens he ever saw, last night."

The sea was very rough, and the passenger who was discovering for the first time that he was a bad sailor had retired to his cabin. Presently he rang for the steward.

"What's that infernal noise?" he asked when the man arrived.

"That's a whistling buoy," explained the steward.

"Then go and tell the little brat to stop it immediately—my head aches," said the passenger irritably.

In any history class: What happened in 1483?

Any Freshman: Luther was born.

In any history class: What happened in 1487?

Any Freshman: Luther was 4 years old.

Paul S-wy-r: Is this a chain store.

Clerk: Yes, Sir.

Paul S-wy-r: Well, give me sixty feet of chain and make it snappy.

Tom Re-d: What kind of a car has Joe Mullen got.

Sam Fr-s-r: Well, he would be awfully pleased if you should call it second hand.

It seems that Cal Knaide has given up his conquest for the captaincy of the 1931 football team with John Libby.

Miss Rob-n-on: "Now, Mr. Higgins, call out some long words for me."

R-ch-rd- H-g-ins: "Peculiarities."

Tracher: "Good. Another."

R-ch-rd: "Idiosyncrases."

Teacher: "Yes,—another."

R-ch-rd: "Rubber."

Teacher: "That's not long enough."

R-ch-rd: "But you can stretch it."

Miss J-nk-ns (trying to teach the students(?) of the freshman class a bit of knowledge): 'If you had 50 cents, and you lent your father 30 cents, and you lent a friend 20 cents, how many cents would you have?'

G—e-doi-n B-rt-ey: "I wouldn't have any sense."

Visitor: "And wot was you thinkin' of doing wid your boy, Mrs. Smith?"

Mrs. Smith: "Well, 'e's that fond of animals 'is father was thinkin' of making a butcher of 'im."

J-ck-e J-hn-t-n: "Well, how are you at long division?"

B-t-y D-ll: "Swell. It takes me longer than anybody in the class."

Louise Rosie and other graduates of Bangor High who are going to Maine this year as freshman are having a number of extra expenses, one of which is the charging of thirty-five cents by the upperclassmen for a seat in chapel.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

We wonder what Connie Hedin would do if ever this happened to her while delivering one of her famous, hilarious oral themes before the class.

An old colored man was burning grass when a "wise guy" stopped and said: "You're foolish to do that, Uncle Eb, it will make the meadow as black as you are."

"Don't worry 'bout dat, sah," responded Uncle Eb. "Dat grass will grow out an be as green as you is."

Mental Specialist (to Jo-n Si-by): And that habit of talking to yourself—there's nothing to worry about that.

Jo-n Si-by: Perhaps not, but I'm such a terrible bore!



Ca-ol-n Cu-ri-r: We're studying all about the American Revolution now.

R-th McD-no-gh: Oh, so you're studying Abraham Lincoln!

Madame Beaupre: Bring your papers to class and we will correct them orally with a lead pencil.

Office Boy: There's a salesman outside with a moustache.

Boss: Tell him I've got one.

Paul Harper, John Libby, and a few other patriotic students who know every nook and corner of B. H. S. have volunteered to act as guides for the freshmen.

An Irishman got out of his carriage at a railway station for refreshments, but the bell rang and the train left before he had finished his meal. "Held on!" cried Pat, as he ran like a madman after the train, "Hould on ye nuthen ould stame injin—ye've got a passenger on board that's left behind."

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute

TROY, NEW YORK

A School of

Engineering and Science

THE Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute was established at Troy, New York, in 1824, and is the oldest school of engineering and science in the United States. Students have come to it from all of the states and territories of the Union and from thirty-nine foreign countries. At the present time, there are more than 1600 students enrolled at the school.

Four year courses leading to degrees are offered, in Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, and Chemical Engineering, in Architecture, and in Business Administration, Physics, Chemistry, and Biology. Graduates of the engineering courses are prepared to take up work in any branch of engineering. Graduates of the course in Architecture are prepared to practice their profession in any of its branches. Graduates of the course in Business Administration are prepared for careers in business or for the study of law. Graduates of the courses in Physics and Chemistry are fitted for research and teaching in these fields, as well as for practice in many branches of applied science. The course in Biology prepares for research and teaching, for work in sanitary engineering and public health, and for the study of medicine and dentistry.

Graduates of any of the above courses may continue their work in the Graduate School of the Institute. The Master's Degree is conferred upon the satisfactory completion of one year's work and the Doctor's Degree for three year's work.

The method of instruction is unique and very thorough, and in all departments the laboratory equipment is unusually complete.

An interesting pamphlet entitled "Life at Rensselaer," also catalogue and other illustrated bulletins may be obtained by applying to the Registrar, Room 008, Pittsburgh Building.

Did you know:

That many a miss makes a hit.

That inimitable persons are the most imitated.

That a man feels put out when he is taken in.

That the closer a man is, the more distant his friends are.

That it is when a story has no point that it bores us.

In Case of Fire

Be a Gentleman—

Let the sparks fall where they may.

The Correct Wear—

For men is an opera hat, a red flannel undershirt and the lower section of a suit of baby blue pajamas.

Wait for Aid—

Nothing is worse form than to show haste. Wait patiently—especially if you are on the sixteenth story.

The Fireman—

Shake hands with him. Pass some pleasant little remark concerning the weather. Ask how his wife is getting along, how business is—in a word, show an interest in his work.

The Rescue—

He may appreciate your courtesy and will rescue you.

Consider the incident then closed.

NOT AUCTION

And then—there was the absent-minded contractor who bid seven spades on a street paving job.

A Londoner speaks over the telephone: "Yes, this Mr. 'Arrison?"

What, You can't 'ear?

This is Mr. 'Arrison—Hactch, boys, two hars, a hi, a hess, a ho, and a hen."

J—M—l—n: I've had this car for years and never had a wreck.

Temp S—i—th: You mean you've had that wreck for years and never had a car.

A word to the freshman: If you want to hide just lie down in the grass and no one will see you.

First Picnicker: "Isn't this an ideal spot for a picnic dinner?"

Second Ditto: "It must be. Fifty million insects can't be wrong."

Head of Firm: "How long do you want to be away on your honey-moon?"

Junks (timidly): "Well, sir—er—, how long would you say?"

Head of Firm: "How do I know? I haven't seen the bride!"

Education By Ear

"Iceland," said teacher in the geography class, "is about as large as Siam."

"Iceland," wrote John at examination time, "is about as large as teacher."

"Willie," said the Sunday school teacher severely, "you shouldn't talk like that to your playmate. Had you ever thought of heaping coals of fire on his head?"

"No ma'am, I hadn't, but it's a peach of an idea!"

Frank Fellows translating Virgil: And the dark gloom came out and sat thinking over the water.

1st. Stude: Could you direct me to the recitation rooms.

2nd. Stude: Sorry, I'm a student here myself.

A few noticeables:

Abraham Lincoln or Julius Caesar (I don't know which):

Abe Kern.

Amos and Andy: Harold Nelson and John Hart.

The Athlete: Cal Knaide.

Baby Face: Art Thayer.

The Red Terror: Al Landers.

Soldier Boy: Micky Epstein.

Shorty: Wayne Garland.

The Sheik: Cecil Burleigh.

Mul is finding it hard to fill the vacancy left by the failure of Gerald Corey to answer the call for football but hopes to fill it with either Sam Levine or Albert Gass.



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.

Mrs. Cumming: The Mayflower must have been a large ship considering the number of people whose ancestors came over in it.

French Teacher: Please translate the next five lines Mr. Cumming.

Goofy C-mm—g: I can't.

First ditto: Don't say that, success comes in "Cans".

EDITORIALS

(Continued from Page 19)

the commercial side; it must be that billions of dollars are spent each year by merchants, manufacturers, and shipping companies for Christmas alone.

But sometimes we wonder whether or not the employees and employers of these great, bustling times of ours really get the spirit of Christmas. When the bus-driver has to work all day Christmas, he no doubt becomes cynical, after being sentenced to two or three years at the wheel. Or, on Yuletide Eve, when the day laborer looks forward only to another day of eternal frozen earth to be dug up, he believes something is wrong somewhere. What can a man think who, at Christmas, is jobless, almost penniless, and willing to work hard, even for a few cents a day?

And how about the "big shots"? A great many of them never have heard much concerning this Christmas spirit. Indolently, they ease back in their chairs and order a big drive, more sales. If they can get along a bit better with a thousand less paid help, then "cut the payroll" is the order. And thus, a happy Christmas is denied a few hundred more people.

It almost seems that Christmas is so highly commercialized that its meaning is being lost.

However, there is, of course, the bright side. Mother and Dad form a conspiracy to bring home presents without being seen. Sister Marjory and Brother John, too, plot evilly so that the source of all those mysterious rattles and cracklings may be found. But their diligence is to no avail. All they can do is to im-

The Easy Washer

AT

\$69.50

Maine

Easy Washer Co.

177 Exchange Street

WHEN YOU WANT THE BEST IN

Shoe Repairing

SEND YOUR SHOES TO

PALMER'S

SHOE MANUFACTURING AND REPAIRING

35 CENTRAL ST.

BANGOR, ME.

CHALMERS STUDIO

PORTRAITS BY PHOTOGRAPHY

23 HAMMOND STREET, BANGOR, MAINE

"Everything for the Table"

Little City Grocery and Market

CENTER STREET

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 PERRY STUDIO Portraits by Photography

CLASS PICTURES A SPECIALTY

193 EXCHANGE STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

RICE & TYLER

Pianos
Radios
Victrolas

CENTRAL STREET

10% OFF TO STUDENTS

J. SCLAIR CLOTHING CO.

181 Exchange 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

Compliments of

Bangor Harvester Co.

Farm, Garden and Home
Tools and Supplies

82 PICKERING SQ.

BANGOR

COMPLIMENTS OF

Stickney & Babcock Coal Co.

MARK EVERY GRAVE

FLETCHER & BUTTERFIELD CO.

Cemetery Memorials

86 Central St.

Tel. 5343

Bangor, Me.

I. M. HUTCHINGS, Optometrist

Thorough Examination Service.
Discount to Students.

Only Standard High Grade Mountings and Lenses.
14 CENTRAL STREET

potently shake the suspicious-looking boxes and guess what is inside. Then, when Christmas morning arrives, two happy faces greet Dad and Mother! And Dad wickedly observes that he must shave, while Mother sweetly suggests that the dishes be washed. Finally, however, the fatal door opening upon the parlor discloses the tree in all its tinsel grandeur.

After all the presents are taken down, Marjory and John gloat over their possessions, but are a bit disgruntled because they didn't get quite as nice gifts as Junior Smith did.

At last, the Christmas dinner is ready. Upon being complimented on her excellent meal, Mother, flushed and pleased, asserts that perhaps the turkey isn't seasoned as well as it might be. Presiding over the turkey is Dad, who, with much gusto, neatly carves the old bird into steaming brown pieces which literally melt in the mouth. Dinner over, everyone seeks the shortest route to forty winks.

Evening finds the family listening in on the new radio to carolling, while Brother John spoils everything by trying to get a station in Florida. But all good things have to come to an end. At eleven o'clock, the house is as quiet as a mouse, but Santa Claus has gone for another year.

N. A. A.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 28)

injury that kept him on the sidelines for the remainder of the season.

Then we went to Portland confident of victory and emerged on the short end of another 13-6 score.

Next came a game with Waterville. The visitors came over here the underdogs with an exceptionally fine line. That Saturday was one of many rain drops, and, while the thunder pealed, Waterville grabbed the "breaks" for the same old score 13-0.

Crosby High of Belfast came paddling up the river to go back with a seemingly bad

Bangor Furniture Co.

Complete House Furnishings

84-88 HAMMOND ST. BANGOR, ME.

DAVID BRAIDY

CLOTHIER OUTFITTER

14 Hammond St. Bangor, Me.



COMPLIMENTS OF

Webber Motor Co.

500 Hammond St.



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

trouncing. But no. It was uncovered that Reggie MacDonald had reached the age limit back in May, and so a 36-6 victory was passed up.

The worst was yet to come. Brewer with a determined and strong aggregation took over what was left of a Crimson team, 18-0.

After the completion of the regular football schedule, B. H. S. and John Bapst played a charity game for the unemployed. Bapst took the big end of 6-0. This was the best game of the year and the old Crimson certainly did go down fighting.

Paul Harper, who plays right guard and who has been acting captain since the injury of Captain Libby, has been elected to carry on the responsibilities of captain next year.

Coach Mulvaney with two veterans will launch his basket-ball ship Friday, December 4. The Crimson will follow a harder season than last year in the following schedule:

Saturday, Jan.—Brewer at Bangor.

Saturday, Jan. 9—Portland at Bangor.

Wednesday, Jan. 13—Old Town At Old Town.

Saturday, Jan. 16—M. C. I. at Bangor.

Friday, Jan. 22—Portland at Portland.

Saturday, Jan. 23—Auburn at Auburn.

Saturday, Jan. 30—South Portland at Bangor.

Saturday, Feb. 6—Augusta at Bangor.

Friday, Feb. 12—South Portland at South Portland.

Saturday, Feb. 13—Augusta at Augusta.

Saturday, Feb. 20—Auburn at Bangor.

Saturday, Feb. 27—Old Town at Bangor.

Saturday, March 5—Bapst at Bangor.

GIRLS' HOCKEY

(Continued from Page 30)

cause they made their letter last year in hockey. This emblem makes it possible for a girl to receive a greater variety of awards.

Everyone now is waiting for basket-ball season to begin. Although we have many more games than we did in hockey, we are hoping to have a very successful season. There

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.

J. J. BOULTER & SON

ELVIN E. BOULTER, Prop.

Electric Welding and Radiator Shop

Oxygen and Acetylene For Sale

293 Harlow St.

Bangor, Me.

TELEPHONE - 7019 - 2-0129

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

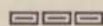
OPPOSITE BANGOR DAILY NEWS

R. B. DUNNING & CO.



PLUMBING

and Electrical Supplies



54-68 BROAD ST., BANGOR, MAINE

THE HOPKINS STUDIO

Mary E. Hopkins

Photographs, Amateur Finishing, Enlargements

63 SIXTH STREET
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

are five letter men left over from last year's team. They are:

Elizabeth Wiggin, Christine Reynolds, Thelma Silke, Helen Tremble, Leona West.

ALUMNI

(Continued from page 30)

In August, 1931, the marriage of Arlene Card '29, to Leroy Whitten was celebrated.

Eaton Tarbell, ex-'31, is attending Deerfield Academy.

Roger Smith, ex-'31, is attending Wasso-keag, Dexter, Maine.

Natalie Sanders, attending Marjorie Webster School in Washington, is a member of the Hockey team. Since she is a member of the team, she becomes a member of the committee for choosing the All Washington Hockey Team.

Sylvia Eames, also attending the Marjorie Webster School, has been chosen one of two to play with the Stratford-on-Avon Players, a group of English actors presenting Shakespearean dramas.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Grace Parsons Rockwood

REVIEWS

(Continued from Page 20)

by a sailor's life on a tramp steamer bound for Germany. From this point they struck out for, and reached, the peak of the Matterhorn, the mightiest mountain of the Swiss Alps, where Irvine attained his life's ambition, that is, being able to spit a mile.

From Paris, Dick pushed on alone to Monte Carlo, to Spain, and to Italy, where Pauline, the American lady, got him into, and out of a lot of scrapes; then, lured by the romance of the ever-fascinating Orient, he enjoyed some exciting adventures there.

At last, weary and unshaven, and on a borrowed seventy dollars, Dick returned home, observing that "be it ever so luxurious, after all, there's no place like home." N. A.

Winter Sports Toggery

Correct—For it bears our label

Jackets
Breeches
Sweaters
Gloves
Hosiery
Shirts
Caps

COMFORT

STYLE

**Miller & Webster
- Co. -**



13 State Street

Phone 4576

R. J. SMITH

GLASS REPLACED

DENTS REMOVED

TRUCK COVERS

AWNINGS



DIAL 4679

2 UNION ST.

BREWER ME.

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.

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

W. C. Bryant & Son

INCORPORATED

*JEWELERS**AND**SILVERSMITHS*

46 Main St.

Bangor, Me.

Dakin Sporting Goods Co.

BANGOR - WATERVILLE

LATEST STYLE LOWEST PRICE

ATHLETIC and SPORTS WEAR**Boys' Tubular Hockey Skates****\$3.50**

BEST QUALITY

LEAST PRICE

DAKIN'S

WHOLESALE

RETAIL

ALGY AND ART

(Continued from Page 18)

Justy: (continuing) Hearing him come down-stairs rather stealthily, and fearing the possible consequences of one of his nightly excursions, I reached here just in time to see him step through the picture, and—but you know the rest.

Sophronia: (advancing toward Justy) My hero! And to think that you risked angering that madman just for me.

Justy, looking alarmed, starts to back away, when he is stopped by the Professor, who comes behind him and pats him on the shoulder.

Professor: I'm proud of you, my boy. I always knew—

Chalmers: (entering) Pardon me, sir, but there seems to be a lunatic wandering about the house and threatening the servants with—

Exeunt the Aughertons, with exclamations of dismay.

Chalmers goes out, and returns in a moment with Justy's and Algy's bags, and Algy.

Chalmers: If we hurry, gentlemen, I believe we can catch the train that leaves at 2:45.

Algy: (gratefully) Saved! By all means, let's off at once.

Justy: Yes, let's. I don't like the way these people are welcoming me.

All three climb out the window.

CURTAIN

REMINISCENCES

(Continued from page 15)

filling the tanks to capacity, I left the field gracefully. But instead of merely circling the field, I started for New York. Having an exceptionally fast, low-winged, mono-plane, I was soon skimming above the metropolis. I then stopped for a few minutes while the tanks were being refilled, and there discovered that the Major and the Captain had left about two hours previously.

Taking the air, I followed them. As I passed over Saint Louis, I saw far ahead,—oh, say about ten miles,—the two racers. I kept

The Fashion

For the Holiday Festivities

Evening Dresses

Party Dresses

Sunday Nite Dresses

Five O'clock Dresses

Afternoon Dresses

The New Low Prices

New Parisian Styles

WOOD & EWER CO.



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

COMPLIMENTS OF

Spangler's
Q not Q Food Shop

8 BROAD ST.

BANGOR

FRUIT FOR XMAS

ALSO FRUIT BASKETS

PRICES LOW THIS SEASON

FIGS DATES WALNUTS MIXED NUTS

Bangor Fruit Co.

20 CENTRAL ST.

LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY ON

Outdoor Sportswear

SUITS FURNISHINGS SHOES

Storewide Sale Now Going On

LIEBERMAN BROS.

93 Exchange St.

Bangor

EDWARD I. MORRIS

HEMSTITCHING

PICOT

62 Main St.

Bangor

FRANK L. BOUTILIER

Jeweler

268 HAMMOND ST. BANGOR, ME.

Parker's Market

Noted for

Quality Seafood

If it swims you can get it here

WE DELIVER ON PHONE CALL

Telephone 7353

66 Post Office Square

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

Christmas is Here
and so is

LUFKIN

With all his SWEETS and NUTS

41 COLUMBIA ST.

gaining on the pair and just before we reached the Pacific Coast, I passed them.

Friends and readers, you will keep in mind that this was my first solo flight. As you probably know, nearly all young flyers, on their first flight, are afraid to land. This, also, was my sensation.

As I neared the airdrome, there were millions of people, waiting to acclaim the winner. Becoming "ground-scared," I zoomed above the hangars. Soon I lost my sense of direction and started for the sea. In this state of bewilderment I forgot everything I ever knew about a plane, which wasn't much. I kept going straight across the Pacific and soon passed over a group of islands, then a larger group, and finally a great continent.

Tony, my plane, and I passed over many large cities, and a great number of smaller ones. After flying for several hours we saw still more water.

About eighteen hours after leaving Bangor, I sighted Roosevelt Field in New York City where I finally remembered how to land the plane and came down, to discover that I had gone around the world in seventeen hours, fifty-eight minutes, and four seconds.

And the moral of this essay, as the learned Professor Burbick would say, is never try to tell a fish story until you have first caught the fish.

PAGES FRANCAISE

(Continué de la page 14)

chez eux. La mère seulement peut les inviter. Si un étranger va en France et veut visiter une maison française il faudra qu'il rencontre la mère et si elle veut, elle l'invitera chez elle.

Pendant la dernière guerre, les maisons françaises étaient ouvertes aux soldats. Ceci ne veut rien dire aux Américains mais la maison française est, pour ainsi dire, sacrée. C'était l'honneur le plus grand que la mère française pût offrir et elle l'a fait avec plaisir parce que les Français aimaient les soldats Américains.

Quand une jeune fille Française veut avoir des amis chez elle, il faut qu'elle demande à

Louis Kirstein & Sons

REALTORS

REAL ESTATE
INSURANCE
INVESTMENT } SERVICE

Kirstein Building - - 44 Central Street

BANGOR, MAINE

Young Lady— It Is Important

That your new dress reflect the new trend, and is designed for your type.

Dresses For Every Type

Dresses For Every Occasion

Selected with care Not seen all over town

Here's a New Kind of Comfort Knickerneck Underdress

We cordially invite you to visit our shop—Looking incurs no obligation to buy.

Xmas Suggestions

Smith's Specialty Shop

41 Hammond Street

Opposite City Hall

Soucie Ice Cream Co.

MAKERS OF

QUALITY ICE CREAM

14 Hodsdon St.

Bangor

JORDAN-FROST PRINTING CO.

PRINTING

BINDING

182 HARLOW ST.

BANGOR

To Our Advertisers

Students at Bangor High School are not merely future buying citizens. They influence to a large degree the selection of present day purchases of fathers and mothers.

It is a well known fact that the high school boy or girl persistently expresses his preferences for everything from the kind of cereal that is served at breakfast to the type of automobile that is parked in the garage.

W. H. McPherson

Contractor and Builder

Bangor, Maine

Office
26 Hodgdon Street
Telephone 5842

Residence
6 Webster Ave. North
Telephone 2-1022

Faulkingham's Barber Shop

141 State Street, Bangor, Maine

LADIES' DINING ROOM UPSTAIRS

Goode & Driscoll's

101-103 EXCHANGE STREET

Open Day and Night Bangor Maine

Builders Supplies



Acme Mfg. Co.

Summer and South Sts.

Tel. 2-1623

BANGOR

sa mère de les inviter. Si sa mère n'y consent pas, elle les invite au restaurant ou quelque autre lieu public. On croit que cela est une bonne coutume mais bien que les Américains aiment beaucoup les coutumes françaises ils ne se sentiraient pas libres si la mère seulement avait la liberté de la maison. Une Française ne peut sortir seule. Quelqu'un doit l'accompagner. Les Américains n'ont pas cette coutume.

Pas tous les étrangers ont l'occasion de voir une maison française mais ceux qui sont assez heureux d'y être invités savent qu'on leur a fait un grand honneur et s'empressent d'accepter une invitation qui les mettra à même d'apprécier les coutumes et l'hospitalité du vrai foyer français.

MAY GOD HELP "THE TRIBUNE"

(Continued from Page 11)

cally promised that he would need someone then. And, darling, what did the doctor say?"

"Nothing special, only the same old thing—fresh milk and country air. Was it cold out? I'll wager that you're soaking. It rained all afternoon."

Sally made supper and went to bed. For some unknown reason she awoke about midnight and for some unknown reason she immediately remembered the envelope. She jumped out of bed, found the long, thin, white paper in her coat pocket, and jumped back into bed again. Somehow feeling that this would be her salvation, she waited until morning before she should open the envelope. Then she too gave a start; she too glorified in this easy means of escape from an unkind fate. "But this isn't mine," Sally scolded herself, "I'll bring it back this afternoon." During the morning the doctor called, and after examining her mother drew Sally aside and said in a low whisper, "It all depends on money. If you haven't it, I'm sorry for you. It will take just one thousand dollars. I'll get a place outside the city. Of course, she'll have all the care of home and a nurse, good food, and plenty of fresh air."

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

Compliments of

FRED W. HASSEN

**Insurance and
Real Estate**

9 Broad St.

Bangor, Me.

Bangor Candy Kitchen

FINE CONFECTIONERY
LIGHT LUNCHES

68 MAIN STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

ALLAN P. TRASK

Matches, Clocks
and Jewelry

31 Main St.

Bangor, Me.

MOONEY'S Neighborhood Store

BUY YOUR

Sleds

Skiis

Shoe Skates

Toboggans

HERE AND SAVE MONEY

267 MAIN ST.

DIAL 3493

Free Delivery

Arvid L. Ebbeson

Auto Electric Service

May and Summer Streets

Telephone 3870

Bangor, Maine

Grace Bramhall Howes

Piano and Organ

STUDIO: SYMPHONY HOUSE

Telephone 9632

Organists Furnished

"I—I have the money," gasped Sally, "just one moment, I'll get it." She ran from the room, took the money from under the pillow and half-whispered, "Dear, dear God, I know I'm doing wrong, but please forgive me, I needed the money more than the 'Tribune.' "

Slim Jim, none other than the well-known second-story worker, didn't go home. He opened the envelope on the street boldly. "Well, fer cat's sake, can yah cope it? It must be real, it's the 'Tribune's' money," he remarked, "easy money, that ain't no good. There's somethin' fishy or perhaps it ain't so fishy, but still, easy money ain't never been any good. I've been doin' pretty well on some little jobs lately and this might spoil the luck. No sir, easy money ain't fer me." So saying, he licked the envelope, sealed it, dropped it into the nearest mail-box and remarked, "If they want it, they'll have to pay the two cents, —money, that's come too easy—never fer me!"

THE BOX

(Continued from Page 13)

Father unwrapped and opened the box, and the Mother reverently removed the top tissue.

At last the gift lay revealed. Father tried to light his pipe and broke three matches; the Daughter and Son looked at each other in dismay. The Mother took it most calmly.

There in the box lay revealed a green glass plate of sickly hue, Woolworth's best, and of such horrible design that fitting words evade me. After gazing horror-struck for some minutes, the Mother began carefully removing the dishes. One after another she took out two plates, a saucer, and three cups. She reached for the next cup, but only the handle lifted out. With arising interest she delved deeper. Next came two saucers neatly cracked through the very middle. The fourth saucer was in three pieces and the third plate in five. The fourth plate was in six. She surveyed the remains. "Son," she said, "I appoint you to write to our dear cousins and thank them for what evidently must once have been a breakfast set."

NOW, IT'S TIME TO BUY YOUR FORMAL-INFORMAL FROCKS

The type of gown you can't do without—something distinctly in the party spirit, but casual enough to get away from that "dressy" look. It's the 1931 version of the "Sunday-night frock" and the perfect answer for the impromptu little supper and cinema party, for the late afternoon bridge that lingers on into the evening, for small "at homes" and house dances. We have it in velvet, in satin, and in lace, beautifully styled and moderately priced.

\$8.50 and up.



Iron and Steel Heavy Hardware



N. H. Bragg & Sons
BANGOR, MAINE



Automotive Equipment Radio

We'll Make It Look Like New

Bring your Ford here when it needs repainting. We'll make it so bright and shiny and good-looking that you will hardly know it is your car. A wide choice of colors. You'll be surprised, too, at how little it costs. Our rates for WASHING and POLISHING are also low.



The S. L. Crosby Co.
205 Exchange St. Bangor

Caldwell Sweet Co.

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

Your Guarantee of Satisfaction
—

26 Main Street - BANGOR, MAINE



“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.

MERRILL TRUST COMPANY

BANGOR, MAINE

BELFAST
MILO
MACHIAS
ORONO

BUCKSPORT
EASTPORT
DOVER-FOXCROFT

DEXTER
JONESPORT
OLDTOWN
SEARSPORT

Bank Assets Over \$20,000,000.00