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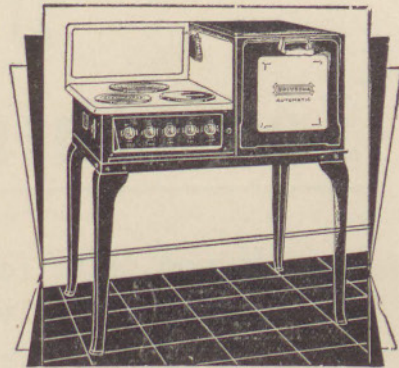
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Tommy, Alias Junior

Eugenia Savage

*He crept into the hall and softly
down the stairs.*



POOR little Tommy. He felt suddenly very, very free, and again very lonely. He was all alone now, for his father had just been killed in a drunken brawl; he didn't even have a place to sleep.

The little boy got up from the steps on which he had been sitting and looked about him. He was hungry, and even a seven year old boy knows that when one is hungry one buys food to eat, but to buy food one needs money. He walked down the street and at last found himself down town. It was the busiest time of day. People were scurrying by, automobiles honking and screeching, newsboys yelling—

Tired and discouraged Tommy stood in a door way to keep warm. Nearby were two boys, he heard them talking.

"Say, fella, how much money you getta' that bowlin' alley every night?"

"Oh boy, I gets a lot. It's easy, too. All you hafta do is pick up tha pins an' roll the balls back. You oughta come over tonight. They kin always use boys."

"Guess I will, buddy. See ya over there."

"O. K. So long."

Tommy listened attentively, and determined to try this wonderful money-making scheme. He buttoned his thin coat tightly around him and started out. It was after the supper hour and Tommy had had none, but he knew he would soon earn some money with which to buy something to eat.

The bowling alley was on a dark side street, and it was a long way off. When he had gone

about half way, he suddenly felt faint and, oh, so very cold. A large open automobile stood parked near by. Tommy crawled into the back seat and snuggled down among the blankets. It felt so nice and warm, even though he could only stay for a few minutes. At once he heard a noise. Looking up he perceived a man lifting something with great difficulty from the car. Shivers ran up and down Tommy's spine, but he cried out,

"Who are you?"

The man quickly put the something down and ran away. Tommy was right. He had guessed that the man was stealing something and sure enough, he had been. Then another man walked swiftly up to the car, looked down in the front seat, and whistled softly to himself. Up jumped Tommy.

"He came, mister."

"Who came, and who are you?"

"I'm Tommy," was the reply. "The man came and almost took somethin' 'way, but I scared him and he beat it."

"Well, Tommy, I certainly am very much obliged. You see it's this way. That man who ran away was my assistant. He was supposed to be guarding a large sum of money that I have in this box. Only a few moments ago I learned that he was really a crook, but that discovery would have been too late if you hadn't been here to spoil the thief's plans."

"Gee, that's some story, ain't it? I didn't know what was in it," exclaimed Tommy.

"Oh, I see. Well how did you happen to be in my car?"

"It's so cold out, mister, an' I just wanted t' get warm a little. I ain't had no supper, an' I'm goin' now to get some work at tha bowling alley."

"Haven't you any family to give you some supper?" questioned the man.

"No, my pa died th' other day, an' I ain't got no one else. I don't ever remember a ma."

"I see," replied the man thoughtfully. "I think I will take you home with me. You certainly deserve something after saving the money. You jump in front with me, and we'll start now."

Tommy's eyes sparkled, and he looked at the man with admiration, for no one had ever been so nice to him before.

"Gee, mister, thanks," he said. "You're awful nice."

Soon, the car turned in a long driveway and drove up to a large white house. There were lights shining from every window as if to welcome poor little Tommy. In the house a lovely woman came from a room to greet them.

"This is my wife, Mrs. Carter," said the man. "And I'm Mr. Carter. Elizabeth, this is Tommy."

"Howd'ya do m'm," shyly spoke Tommy.

"Why, hello Tommy dear. Come right in, and in no time we'll have some supper for you. You look quite hungry, both of you." As she spoke, Mrs. Carter gave her husband a wondering look. He quickly answered that look with a smile. He led the way into a large living room where a fire was blazing briskly in the fire place. To Tommy the room seemed like a dream, and he gazed around him with awe. Never before had he seen such a fire. While Mr. Carter warmed his hands before the friendly blaze, he told his wife the story of Tommy and the money. As he concluded, a maid appeared wheeling a tea tray on which were laden steaming dishes of good food. A pewter pitcher poured forth its vapory odor of hot chocolate. In another dish were waffles, the largest, most golden brown waffles ever seen. In still another were big, puffy pop overs that seemed to melt in your mouth when spread with the freshest butter possible. Tommy ate and ate until it seemed as though his stomach must be ready to burst. He felt like a king and certainly no hungry king could have wanted a more tasty meal. During the meal Mr. and Mrs. Carter learned, bit by bit, of Tommy's life.

Tommy was tired, for, when they had finished talking and eating, it was quite late, so Mrs. Carter told him he was to stay all night, and she took him upstairs into a room really meant for a boy. There were pictures of cowboys and Indians and horses all over the walls. A little white bed all nice and

warm just seemed to be waiting for such a boy as Tommy. He certainly did like to get into that bed, and he was no sooner in than he fell asleep.

The next morning Tommy awoke bright and early to see a little boy about five years old looking at him with his blue eyes wide open and looking right into Tommy's brown ones.

"Hello, Tommy. I is Billy," chirped the youngster. "Mummie said you were here, and I came to get you up. Want to see my choo-choo train?"

"Hello," said Tommy. "Sure I do." Then he climbed out of the bed and the two boys pattered across the floor into Billy's room. There Mr. and Mrs. Carter found the children, and they all went down to breakfast where Tommy struggled through the meal, for his table manners were limited to a very few. After breakfast Mrs. Carter called him to her and together they went into her room.

"Tommy. How would you like to live here?" she asked.

There was a long pause; then, "Always?"

"Yes, always. I want you to be a playmate for Billy. He would love to have you, and I want you to teach him lots of things."

"Well," said Tommy dubiously, "I kinda think I would 'cause—well—gee—you're awful nice."

Later she took Tommy down town to buy clothes. They bought all sorts of things, but what made Tommy most happy was his riding boots—sort of funny, too—because he had never heard of them before; nevertheless he adored them, and the minute he reached home he put them on. Billy donned his little ones, too, and together they ran out to the stables where Tommy had his first riding lesson. To be sure he had to be boosted on the horse. No sooner was he seated than he grabbed the stirrups in his hand and held on for dear life. Oh, how Billy laughed at that! Soon he was settled and off they went, the groom keeping very close to Tommy. That young boy, however, noticed the groom's crop and wanting it he asked the groom to let him hold "dat stick."

Thoughtless groom! Many times after he wished that he had left "that stick" at home, for no sooner had Tommy procured it when he started hitting the horse with full strength. Away went horse, much startled at the sudden turn of affairs, and away went Tommy on his back. The horse decided to stop, though, as quickly as he had decided to go—but Tommy didn't stop, no-sir-ee. He kept right on riding through the air with the crop clutched tightly in one hand. Down he went and made a perfect landing in a mud puddle. Such a sight greeted the groom and Billy as they came galloping up! Not much was said on the way home, but didn't Mrs. Carter laugh when she heard the story. Mr. Carter, too, thought the incident amusing. As for Tommy, he was ever so careful how he rode after that.

Thus the days passed. New things for Tommy to learn and do every day. It was hard for him, harder than the Carters guessed, but Billy was in a state of bliss, for he never knew any one as wonderful as Tommy—Tommy could do any thing and everything. Tommy, however didn't find life all sunshine. Through a haze of bewilderment he saw rows of terribly mixing forks, knives, and spoons, rows which never seemed to straighten out, even if he did begin outside and work in. Every night after supper and after Billy had gone to bed, he had to sit patiently while Mrs. Carter taught him how to read and how to speak correctly. Tommy loved Mrs. Carter. She was so good to him and his numbed soul seemed to awaken when he was with her, but those nightly lessons were so hard. They haunted him all day long when he was playing. So life wasn't all heaven for poor Tommy, and it grew harder and harder for him to bear. Billy knew which fork or spoon to use. Billy liked to sit still and color pictures, and Billy knew how to talk pretty! At last Tommy could no longer stand it; so one night when it was dark, he got up and dressed himself quietly that he might not disturb Billy. He crept into the hall and softly down the stairs. As he walked across the hall to the big door, he heard

(Continued on page 46)

The Red Cross

Mildred Sawyer



At a time when the Red Cross is in the minds of everyone because its work in time of great national distress, it seems natural to wonder how this society originated.

To begin at the beginning, we must go back to the close of the battle of Solferino, in 1859, when Napoleon III of France won the victory which freed northern Italy from Austrian bondage. The number of killed and wounded was horrible; fifteen thousand soldiers who needed medical attention, lay on the battlefield for days afterward, without relief because of the insufficient number of surgeons.

Henri Dunant, a young man from Switzerland, happened to be passing through the unhappy region, and was much affected by the sufferings of those who survived the long wait for the doctors. From a nearby Italian city, he collected a band of volunteer women nurses, who helped him in caring for the wounded, both friend and foe.

As a result of his experiences, Dunant wrote a pamphlet describing the horrible scenes he had witnessed. The pamphlet reached the right hands, and in 1864, an international conference was held at Geneva where fourteen nations adopted what is known as the "Red Cross Treaty." It was revised in 1906 at The Hague. It provides for the protection, in time of war, of relief societies organized in the various nations. As a compliment to Switzerland, the Swiss flag, with its colors reversed, was chosen as the emblem of "neutrality" and humanity.

Relief had been employed in the Crimean War by Florence Nightingale and in our own Civil War by a Sanitary Commission. Representatives of this commission attended the Geneva conference and supplied information as to how they should go about organizing societies for relief. Ever since then, the Red Cross has held a very important place in all periods of suffering, in fire and flood, earthquake and famine, pestilence and war.

As, of course, nearly everybody knows, its most tremendous task came with the World War, but according to their usual custom, the workers of the Red Cross were ready. Corps of nurses, ambulances, and hospital equipment were sent to the fields of battle in a surprisingly short time. Everyone helped: women were busy all day long, knitting stockings and sweaters for the soldiers; children saved their money and bought Thrift Stamps; a Junior Red Cross was organized which carried on the work like the older group but which made a special effort to aid the children of the stricken countries. Some even made toys and scrapbooks to send to less fortunate children in distant lands to make them acquainted with the customs of other countries. This latter work did not stop with the end of the war, but is still carried on today and is a means for promoting international good feeling.

Contrary to the popular belief, the Red Cross is not an international society. Each of the nearly fifty organizations is independent, though there is an International Committee at Geneva by which the various groups keep in touch with each other.

In any account of the Red Cross, the name of Clara Barton, under whom the American branch of this society was organized in 1881, must not be omitted. In the Civil War, she won the title of "The Angel of the Battlefield," so wonderful was she in caring for, and comforting wounded soldiers. She became the first president of the American Red Cross.

The Johnstown and Galveston floods, the San Francisco earthquake, the Omaha tornado and the Ohio floods are only a few of the disasters in which the Red Cross of America has played an important part.

It is interesting to note that in Mohammedan Turkey, where the use of the cross was disapproved of, the society was allowed to substitute the crescent and it is known as the Red Crescent Society.

I Fly To Portland

K. S. Hassen



LD Sol came up clear and beautiful Wednesday Morning, September 30, when I took my first airplane trip to Portland. When I arrived at the Bangor airport, I found that chief Mechanic Guide-man had already started the motors of the Sikorski amphibian. In a few minutes the manager of the airport dropped the flag, the signal for the airplane to take off, and we taxied down the field.

The Sikorski lifted beautifully from the ground, and we rose rapidly some four thousand feet. The first part of the trip was over the hills and along the Penobscot river. Below me I watched the river winding serpentine like through the wide valley.

Farm houses were nestled in smooth green carpeted squares and looked like tiny doll houses. Smoke from chimneys vanished in the atmosphere long before it reached a quarter of our altitude. In the Penobscot Bay I saw the Boston Boat headed for Bangor.

The air was so smooth that it seemed as though some giant had tied a rope to the plane and held us in suspension. I did not seem to notice any speed at all and became aware of it only by the heavy drone of the motors. I sat in the front seat in back of the pilot and saw that we were making about one hundred and

twenty miles an hour. Somehow it seemed as though the land below was moving and we were standing still.

Directly ahead of the plane, the steward pointed out Rockland. We sailed over the city and circled to drop gracefully to the surface of the bay and taxied to the wharf. Here we waited for a few minutes for passengers and then took off for Portland. Spray covered the entire cabin and for several seconds it was impossible to see anything. Then the plane lifted and we were in the air. The water was clear and smooth, and, as we rose, I could look down to the bottom and see the various formations. Ahead of us lay the coast line and to the west huge arms of the sea cut the coast-line leaving a myriad of semi-barren islands apparently floating on the surface.

We soon arrived at the Portland Air Port where I was privileged to observe the many activities at that port. The Fokker, a twelve passenger plane, arrived from Boston and I made the return trip on this Pullman of the air piloted by Chief Pilot Musick, who has over eight thousand flying hours to his credit, after a most beautiful cross country trip that ended all too quickly we arrived home safe and sound to be greeted by the genial and efficient Traffic Manager, Mr. Lowell W. Lee.



The Amateur's Incentive

E. D. Bryant



HEN explorers go into the Arctic or Antarctic, into jungles of South America, and to other remote places of the earth, they have learned to depend upon radio amateurs to find their signals in the ether and to establish communication with them. Boys operating short-wave stations in their homes as their hobby, have talked with Byrd's operators at Little America, with MacMillan

and Bartlett in the Arctic, and with Dickey in his search for the source for the Orinoco River. Since 1923 the amateurs have won new laurels by contacting with explorers who make history.

When the call flashes out from the Arctic region, the operator little realizes where the short waves may fall to earth amid civilization. These waves have a peculiar way of

shooting up to an ionized layer, high up in the sky, called a "radio roof" or "mirror" that reflects the messages back to the earth. So the operator is often surprised to hear his call answered by a boy in New York near the skyscrapers, by an amateur near Pike's Peak, by a youthful listener along the Californian coast, or perhaps no one in America will pick up the signal, because it dropped back to Mother Earth in England, France, Japan or some other country where a boy with earphones capped over his ears was on the job to pluck the fascinating signals from space.

Now, the amateurs who cooperate with the expeditions are to be rewarded and recognized

by the American Radio Relay League, the national amateur organization which plans to issue an Expedition Certificate of different classes and grades. It will be granted to the operator of an amateur station who establishes a definite service to some expedition. The certificate will specify and commemorate that service. The award will be given to amateurs "who stand watch, hours on end, night after night, in a frequently vain effort to help the harassed radio operator of some struggling part close on to the ends of the earth, to get messages from the isolated men to their bases and homes, to get news of the world they left behind."



Richard Cochrane to Samuel Johnson, Esq.

431 Main Street,
Bangor, Maine,
November 25, 1931.

Dear Johnson:

As I sit here in my study writing you this letter, I wonder if you still remember me after these five long years. I beg you to forgive my long silence which probably would have continued today had I not by the merest of luck glanced over an English newspaper and read with a forlorn eagerness that you had mapped over a thousand miles of that treacherous Africa. I can well imagine the hardships you have endured, and I marvel that you fare so well in that hideous country. It must be your undying love for Africa that carries you on where other men have left off.

Five years must seem an eternity to you. Can you remember how we graduated from Harvard and you left for the unknown while I returned and found my father on his death-bed? Three months after you left, Johnson, my father died. He left me enough money to set me up in business, and early in 1927, I opened a law office. In a year my business was remarkable. I had three assistant lawyers that cared for the largest part of the cases. And so it was that I, as so many other fools, played the stock-market.

In 1929 the crash came that wiped out my business along with that of numberless other unfortunate gamblers. Without doubt, if I had remembered you then, I would have sailed for Africa.

However, I struggled along for a few months until I finally got a "lucky break." A progressive young lawyer, as I had once been, needed a partner having a good reputation, and I got the job with him.

WIND

Betty Brown

The wind was a dragon abroad last night,
Spitting the snow from its frozen jaws.
It raked the trees with ice-sharp claws,
And smothered the earth in a death-cold
blight.

The horizon is brightening again, and I feel safe in saying that I have a good steady position. At present there is a general depression over the country, but our business is going strong, and with the help of God it will continue.

Perhaps you have wondered what has happened to your numerous friends. George Wil-

(Continued on page 43)

Chanford Manor

Robert Cumming, Philip Jarvis, Woodford Brown

It was her ring which he caught sight of as she freed herself.



SYNOPSIS

On Christmas Eve the peacefulness of Chanford Manor was shattered, for the lord, Sir John DeMontaigne was murdered as he was making a confession to his secretary, Frank Holmes. According to Mr. Holmes, a hand had stolen through the curtain; there had been a flash; and his employer had died instantly.

PART II

CONSTERNATION was paramount in the old house that night, and, as nobody thought of going to bed, a fire was lighted in the drawing room and the badly frightened servants followed Frank and Alice there, where the crackling and warmth of the fire dispelled some of the fears lurking in their minds. Yet there was still a tenseness in the air. When all were seated, Frank rose and addressed them deliberately. "We're all

in one boat in this house," he said slowly, "and will be until the murderer of Sir John is found. The only thing we can do now is to wait for morning and then telephone Scotland Yard for a man to investigate the case. I hate to say this, but suspicion may fall on any person here, even me; so, when the inspector arrives in the morning, tell the truth and try to give an accurate statement of what you have heard and seen." With that he sat down again and gave Alice a reassuring look, which she responded to with a faint smile.

The rest of the night was spent in a desultory manner, but in the early morning, Frank telephoned to Scotland Yard for an inspector. Then he collared Maria, the cook, and marched off to the kitchen with her to prepare some hot

tea. Later they were sitting in the drawing room and were supping the beverage. The only sound was made by the butler Michael, as he sipped his tea in a hearty manner, all the while making a sucking noise. This evidently did not please Peter for he rose to his feet and growled: "Stop that noise or get out of the room. Can't you drink tea without making more noise than a pair of magpies." Michael being a timid little man quickly subsided, and Peter, with much grumbling and muttering, dropped into his chair. Suddenly the air was cut by the clanging of the big brass knocker, and Frank sprang up and went to the front door to find a soldierly-looking man upon the threshold.

"I am Inspector Wainsworth, of Scotland Yard," he stated quietly.

"Yes, yes," said Frank eagerly, "come right in. There has been a terrible murder committed here. My—"

"Save your story for later," interrupted the inspector. "First gather the servants into one room."

"They are all in the dining room now," returned Frank, and he led the inspector into the room.

Immediately upon entering, the inspector, producing pencil and notebook, ordered all to be seated, and asked Frank to give the names of everyone present—Frank Holmes, Alice Smyth, Peter Simons, Michael Johnson, Mrs. Burleigh—the house keeper, Maria and Maria's helper, a simple-looking rustic lad, named Oliver Crockett. After he had finished this notation, he glanced about the room, and his eyes finally rested upon Michael who squirmed in his chair with uneasiness. The inspector then walked over by Michael's chair and planted himself in front of it.

"What do you know about this?" he asked.

"Not a thing, sir, nothing at all," declared Michael nervously. "The first I knew anything had happened was when I heard Oliver pounding on my door and shouting for me to get up, which I did in a jiffy. Then I ran down to the library where all the excitement seemed to come from."

"You're sure that is everything," demanded Wainsworth.

"Yes, sir," answered Michael. "Ask Oliver—he woke me up."

"What he says is true, sir," answered Oliver, "I am very fond of reading, and I had just finished a book and was preparing to go to bed when I heard the shot. Opening my door, I ran down the hall and pounded on Michael's door shouting for him to get up. After that, I hurried on down to the library, where I found the others were arriving—all except Mr. Holmes and I were partly dressed."

The inspector then turned to Frank, "Tell me what you know."

"Well, Sir John and I were talking in the library, when suddenly a hand appeared through the door; there was a shot; and Sir John was dead—That's all. But I can't understand why anyone would want to harm Sir John," he added sadly. "He was always so kind to everybody"—He paused—all were silent.

Then Peter said sullenly, "Huh, you say Sir John was always kind to everybody. Why don't you tell the inspector of your quarrel with your employer yesterday?" At this statement the inspector straightened slightly and turned to Frank expectantly.

But Frank sat stunned and looked at Peter. "You don't think I killed Lord De Montaigne?"

Peter shrugged his shoulders and only sank deeper into his chair. "Come, come, young man," said Wainsworth, "what is this about a quarrel with your employer?"

Frank looked morose and glanced at Alice. "Well, Alice and I love each other and want to get married. Yesterday I went to my employer and told him of my intention to marry Alice. He got very angry and said that if I married Alice, he would cut me off in his will. Then I told him I'd marry Alice whether he objected or not, and perhaps a few angry words passed between us. Evidently Peter heard us. You had better question him; he seems to know everything about the case."

"Yes I've noticed that," remarked the inspector. "Peter, tell us what you know."

Peter seemed to be in any mood but in a talkative one; in fact, he seemed to be all out of sorts, but finally he straightened up and began: "Last night after the celebration, I left early for bed and soon was asleep. About midnight—I should say—I woke with a feeling that I had heard something, and as my room-window looks over the grounds in front of the house, I arose and looked out. At first I saw nothing; but then the moon came out from behind a cloud, and, directly beneath my window, I saw Mr. Frank. He seemed to be uncertain over something and even as I watched, he started toward the front door entrance, only to turn back after a few steps. I wondered greatly at his conduct at the time, but now—" and he looked meaningly at the inspector.

"Continue," said the inspector.

"Well, I stayed there and watched him for quite a while, and then suddenly he made for the door and I saw Oliver there beckoning for him. He entered the house and a few minutes later, I heard the shot, which everyone has described. I rushed to the library and there found Mr. Frank bending over Sir John. A few moments later Oliver and then the other servants arrived."

"That throws much light on the case," said inspector Wainsworth. "In the first place Oliver and Mr. Holmes were the only ones that were dressed. In the second place Oliver, a simple country lad, claims he was dressed because he had been reading—especially strange that one should be reading after a late Christmas celebration. I suppose Oliver is accustomed to running errands for Mr. Holmes?"

"Aye, that he is," interposed Maria, "the laziness of the little brat, but he is as willin' and cheerful with Mr. Holmes."

"That certainly is something," continued the inspector with a grave nod of the head. "Furthermore, I am to understand that all of you are old servants with the exception of Mr. Holmes—and that the rest of you know nothing of his past. But the most striking evidence of all is the fact that Mr. Holmes has confessed

to knowing that he was to get a half of the property in case of Sir John's death."

"Aye, so he is," affirmed Maria. "Sir John would never leave us as have slaved for him, a cent. But I had my hopes when I heard him telephoning his lawyer yesterday and heard him say something about a will too."

"Um, that would be shortly after the quarrel," muttered the inspector. "Of course I am not passing a verdict, but there seems to be no doubt in your minds in regard to the identity of the murderer." He glanced around.

Frank, who had been in deep thought, sprang up. "Peter, your story has made me out as being the murderer. But my hesitation last night on the grounds was not due to what you thought it to be. When I had left Sir John, after our quarrel, yesterday, I decided that as long as he was alive, I owed it to him not to marry Alice, but I realized that he would not live a great while longer. However during the celebration last night, I decided that it would not be fair to Alice to keep her waiting. That merry crowd was not a suitable place for thought, and, when Michael left the room, I felt that sufficient excuse for me to leave also. In the garden I paced back and forth for several hours, once starting up to Sir John's room. Then Oliver came to the door, beckoning. He told me my employer wanted me in the library; I went up; you know the rest."

"You have made a very good story out of a very poor case and it may be true as far as you went. Two facts remain—you are the only one that would profit by the will, and you may have quarreled again with Sir John De-Montaigne over Alice. But you let drop that Michael also left the room. How about that fact, Michael?"

"Oh, good sir, good sir, I left to say Merry Christmas to Sir John."

"Please Inspector," interrupted Oliver, "I don't want to see any of us convicted, and Mr. Holmes least of all. Maria sent me for an errand and I saw Michael go into Sir John's

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The Rescue

Robert Cumming

THREE miles from Seal Harbor, Maine, lies Little Cranberry Island. Great Cranberry is separated from this by the Gut, a narrow and most treacherous neck of water whose rocky ledges are covered only at high tide, protruding at other times like the bones of some mighty dinosaur. Only at high water or in time of pressing emergency do the hardy fishermen of the islands venture thru the Gut. The myriad pleasure-crafts which in summer dot the harbors of the two small islands steer clear of this stretch of water. Beyond the Gut lies the open sea.

At dusk of a November afternoon, the wind blew shrilly across the deserted harbor of Little Cranberry, a place that had teemed with life and gaiety scarcely two months before. The sea, which with the on-coming darkness was rapidly growing rougher, would have appeared strange and bleak to the rusticators could they have seen it from their busy offices in the smoking cities. All the floats had been taken up. The water, which a short while ago had been alive with racing-boats, was void of any craft save a small sailboat.

In the homes of the fisherfolk along the shore, life had resumed its pleasant, orderly routine, after the hectic days of summer. The men, no longer at the beck and call of the summer colony, had been working all afternoon at the mending of their nets or the repair of their lobster-pots. The women sat sewing in their shining kitchens, glad of the comfort of the roaring fires. Shores and wharves were deserted save by a few lads, of whom I was one, who stood surveying the dismal outlook, recalling the joys of the summer, and keeping fascinated eyes all the while on the pitching sail boat, now almost invisible in the darkness. Suddenly we saw her jibe and, evidently out of control, make straight for the seething waters of the Gut. Another moment and she capsized; overturned and bottom upward she kept on her mad course toward the Gut.

From the homes on the shore and from the Coast Guard Station at the farther end of the island for more than an hour, other eyes than ours had been anxiously watching the course of the boat. In a moment the wharves and shore were alive with men, women and children and in that moment darkness closed down like a pall. Down the one road of the village came clattering the Ford, laden with men from the coast-guard. The coast-guard boat put out in the twinkling of an eye. A score of other boats were as quickly launched and all were soon swallowed up in the darkness.

A PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR

Eleanor Clough

I

Encased in icy sheath,
Corralled with soft, white snow,
The cool, crisp air, a wreath,
'Tis a frosty world we know
As the New Year starts to grow.

II

The shrill, North wind sweeps 'round
A vast, grey earth its prey;
The air is sad with sound
Of voices far from gay,
Youth, youth deprived of play.

III

Hope springs anew to life
In this our glad New Year;
Heaven bring an end to strife;
Heaven lend our wonted cheer
To us in darkness here.

Mack Frasier was the ne'er-do-well of the island, a youth who scorned to live laborious days, but such a hero in the eyes of the younger

(Continued on Page 41)

Across the Atlantic

Evelyn Golden



BREATHED a sigh of relief as the Statue of Liberty grew more and more indistinct, at last fading away in the distance. It was May, 1925 and after all the confusion and hurry, I was at last on board the S. S. Cleveland sailing for Germany.

After I had tired of watching the great expanse of blue ocean, I went to my cabin which was in great confusion, for my mother was unpacking the trunks. The steward directed me to the play-room which gratified my heart's desires for it held everything a child could wish for.

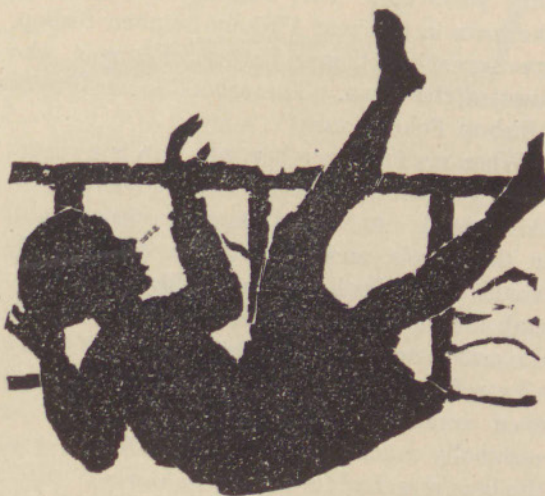
When I had visited the small library, the steward led me to the lower deck and through a large doorway. I looked around in astonishment and dismay, for how different were these halls and cabins from the thickly carpeted and luxurious ones I had just left! Indeed, they were little better than cellars. The floors and walls were a dirty cement and the bunks were most uncomfortable looking. I left this place and ran up to the main deck.

On the fourth day of the voyage I was awakened by the rocking motion of the ship, and I learned that a great storm had arisen during the night. I made my way to the dining room with difficulty for the lurching movements of the vessel hurled me from one side of the hall to another.

After breakfast I went out on deck where the steward told me to stay in the closed portion, for the wind in the fore part of the open deck would blow me from my feet.

I was strongly inclined to doubt his statement for no wind I had ever experienced had been so strong that I could not stand against it, and, while my mother was occupied in reading a book, I opened the door of the glassed-in part of the deck and walked boldly towards the forbidden ground. At each step the velocity of the wind increased, and it was with difficulty I reached the fore part of the deck where I grasped a pole. Alas, the wind was stronger than I! In a split-second my feet shot

from under my and I fell—hard. Just then the ship gave a sickening lurch and I went sailing down the recently washed deck. How I managed to get to my feet I do not know.



When I appeared at dinner I noticed that many places were empty. Scarcely had I finished a smart remark about the folly of my fellow passengers yielding to that purely imaginary disease, mal de mer, when I experienced a most unpleasant sinking sensation in my stomach. White faced I slid from my seat and bolted for the door. Blind to the sympathetic looks of my fellow diners, I stumbled to my cabin. While I lay stretched across the bed suffering intolerably, the steward came in, burst into rude laughter, and told me that I would feel much better if I went on deck. I shot him a glance of malice, but finally I followed his advice and very unsteadily made my way to my deck chair where I spent the remainder of the voyage.

One afternoon as I gazed languidly at the ever disappearing and reappearing horizon, my weary eyes saw in the distance what looked to be the walls of a city. They were very beautiful and I learned afterwards that they were the walls of Cherbourg, France.

What a School!

Dot Raymond '34



TWO miles and a half from the village in a small Maine town is a schoolhouse that is one hundred and seventy years old. This building was given to the town in the year 1761 by Stephen Bishop, great-great-great grandfather of a man who lives in the town. The school is named the "Bishop Schoolhouse."

When my foster mother, who now is seventy-three years old, was a small child, she went to this school. At that time many bears lived in the woods, and frequently a curious bear would visit school. Then the big boys would grab their guns from the corner of the room or the entry and chase the animal while the girls all ran for a corner of the room. Bears would even come peeking in the windows, and occasionally a sniffing sound could be heard as the bear searched for something to eat.

When I went to school in this schoolhouse in 1919, it was in a run-down condition. Few houses were near the small unpainted building, and a large forest bordered the rough country road that passed near by. In front of the schoolhouse ran a broken board walk under which was a deep hole full of mud and water. The steps were old, cracked, and broken.

The schoolroom door was split from top to bottom, and, when it was opened, you could see within, a cement floor with sloping sides. The middle of the room was much lower than

the sides, and directly in the center was the teacher's desk, an immense tree stump topped by a large planed board. Her chair was a kitchen chair from a nearby farmhouse. Beside the teacher's desk was a dunce stool made of a tree stump, and on this stool I used to spend most of my spare time. The pupils' seats were long planed boards placed in circular position around the room and supported by rough tree stumps.

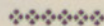
The blackboard was an old irregular piece of slate discarded by the village school. When first I saw this blackboard, it was decorated by a grotesque picture that could hardly be recognized as either an animal or a human being. Under the drawing was poorly written the word "Teacher."

The teacher was a very old fashioned woman who wore high black boots, dresses down to her ankle, and a beaded neck piece.

The children were dirty-faced and barefooted. The girls wore gingham dresses, the neatest of them wearing also small checkered aprons. The boys wore checkered shirts.

I went back to the old school two years ago and found it had been changed so much that I could hardly recognize it; it has been repaired, painted, and equipped with modern desks and blackboards.

I am glad it is up-to-date, but I shall always remember the good times I had in the rough old schoolhouse.



Among the Trees

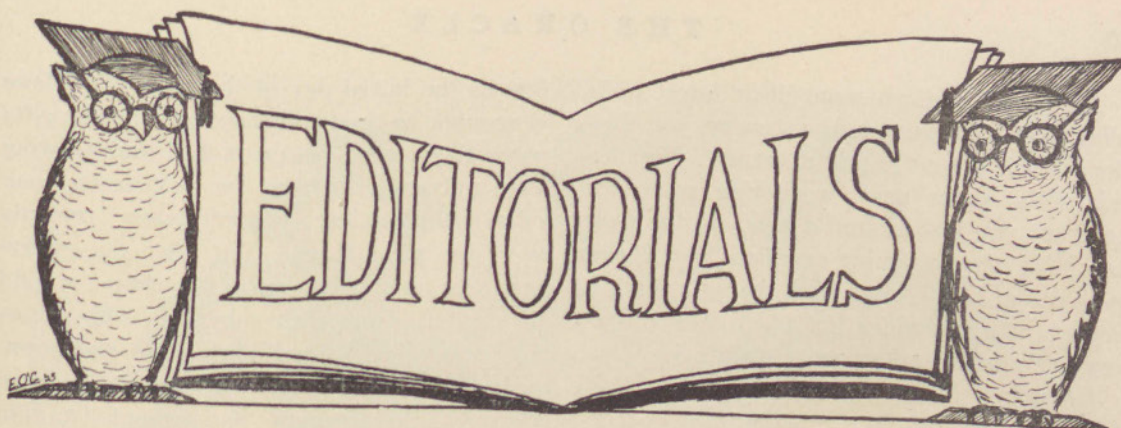
Paul Burke



BRISK walk brought me to the forest. From the entrance the hard, black pathway, barren of people, stretched out in the distance. Night was fast approaching, and the air was already quite chilly. Black against the crimson of the sky, stood out the

tall, bare trees. To the rushing wind, they protested loudly against the intrusion they had borne throughout the day; to the solitude of the approaching night, they waved a welcome; but to me, though I too loved solitude,

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STUDENT COUNCIL

By a vote of 985 to 54 the students of Bangor High School, on January 5, chose to adopt a student council. Already the members of the different classes have met and each has chosen four representatives to help draw up a Constitution and by-laws. Just what will be the method of election to the new council and what will be its duties are matters yet to be decided.

Of course the primary purpose of a council is to form a closer cooperation between the student body and the members of the faculty; the principal, the superintendent and the school board. The council is a kind of advisory board to represent the students in the decision of school affairs. The members of the council, being themselves students, can understand and realize the viewpoint of the student body perhaps better than could others, and they have the power to present this viewpoint to the faculty. This primary duty can be added to in some ways. The council can regulate the social functions and can promote school spirit and improve scholarship. It may also assist in the general supervision of extra-curricular activities.

However, too much power should not be taken by the council at the outset; rather it should start from a small beginning and gradually undertake more serious problems. Neither should the council be a haphazard affair. To be successful it must take considerable time in its formation and much attention must be given it by its members. In fact its success

depends to a large degree upon the ability of its members and upon their active interest in the council.

One thing that must be given considerable thought in establishing the council is the fact that although a student council gives considerable privileges to the students it also entails many obligations. In order to keep these privileges the student must show his ability to make good use of them. He should be ready to obey the rules of the institution whether it be in studies, in athletics, or in other activities. It is useless for the student to expect to make innovations in the social affairs of the school if he is unwilling at the same time to make himself responsible for the orderliness of the school. It is equally useless for him to attempt to solve some other student's problem when he himself fails to maintain a satisfactory standard of conduct and scholarship.

FOREST TRAILS

Philip Jarvis

A day tramping through the woods is a restful variation from the noise and grind of the city. Walking in the city is an everyday occurrence, but, in winter, plodding through the deep snows of some forest is a fascinating pastime.

There are many trails in the forest; some are made by animals and others by lumbermen. Whichever one you take will be interesting.

As you glide down some silent forest path, alert to every change in the scenery, you wonder what is around the next corner. Wondering what comes next, wondering what will confront you just around a bend in the trails is one of the intriguing questions that is ever present in life. From such inquiring minds comes the spirit which builds empires, discovers new worlds, and overcomes obstacles.

Columbus had that quality, Marco Polo, Clark, Roosevelt, and multitudinous others; all these were endowed with that desire, and they became great men. They succeeded, by discovering what lay around the bend of the trail, and always, it was something new and fascinating.

And so, the trail of life is akin to the trail of the forest. Never fear to explore what is coming next. Never shirk your duty for fear of its result; always progress.

The trail of the forest is a symbol of the trail of life.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

One peculiar fact about New Year's Day is that it has been celebrated on at least ten different dates. Even now, Russia and Greece commence their new year on our thirteenth of January. September the twenty-first was New Year's Day for the Persians and Egyptians, while Greece held the opinion that December twenty-first was the proper start for a new year. The twenty-fifth of March was the usual date for most christian peoples in medieval days. The Jews even reckon their years from the first day of the month of Tishri. At the Norman conquest, William the Conqueror—harsh ruler—commanded that New Year's should begin at his coronation, and thus it was. It was not until fifteen hundred eighty-two when Pope Gregory changed the calendar that the first of January was definitely decided upon by most of the civilized countries as New Year's Day.

The Romans' New Year was kept as a general holiday, after Julius Caesar had adopted the Julian calendar which had placed January

first as the initial day of the year. Sacrifices were made to the two-headed god, Janus; gifts were given, and masquerading and feasting were universal. Since the magistrates took office on this day, congratulatory presents were also given them. But when the emperors came along, they exacted a pound of gold as a tribute from their subjects. This "present" was called "strena" because it was popularly supposed that a certain King Tattius (now proved to be legendary) had presented to him a branch of an herb called vervain gathered from the sacred Grove of Strenua, the goddess of strength. The emperors became so fond of this "strena" that Claudius, one of the later emperors, was forced to limit the amount.

From the first, the Church discouraged Christians from sharing in New Year's Day observances. Christians were expected to spend the day in quiet reading. But about the fifth century A. D., the first of January was celebrated as the eighth day after Christmas. The most exciting event of the day was eating. As a day of feasting, it is still prominent in some parts of the Eastern and Western Church.

The custom of giving "strenae" for luck at the new year is practiced in France, (where the day is known as the day of New Year's gifts) and on parts of the continent. In Scotland, where New Year's is more popular than Christmas, the habit is carried on yet. In England the Christmas-gift is supreme. The Persians commemorated the beginning of the new year by exchanging presents of eggs. The Druids—Gallic priests—distributed as New Year's gifts sprigs of mistletoe. In Anglo-Saxon and Norman England, gifts on this day were common. Matthew Paris, an historian, writes that Henry III, followed the Roman idea of extorting New Year's gifts from the subjects. In later times, however, these became voluntary, but nevertheless, if one wished to be "in good" with the king he gave a present to that sovereign. Around fifteen-hundred, the custom reached its climax. A certain Wolsey one New Year's Day gave Henry VIII, a gold

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CAST OF "THE HIGH HEART"

Front row, left to right—Frances Reynolds, Ella Wallace.
 Second row, left to right—Temple Smith, Paul Sawyer, William Mongovan.
 Third row, left to right—Thomas Reed, Donald McKinnon, William Fraser.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION TRYOUTS

The Junior Exhibition semi-semi finals were held Thursday and Friday, Dec. 31 and Jan. 1, with the boys speaking on Thursday, and the girls on Friday.

The speakers were:

Helen Brountas, Eleanor Clough, Nancy Conners, Joan Cox, Virginia Gordon, Louise Hastings, Geneva Hibbard, Ruth Hughes, Lucille Jenkins, Frances Jones, Mildred Kincaid, Barbara Lancaster, Miriam Landon, Mildred Rolnick, Gladys Smith, Kathleen Smith, Alice Tuck, Emma Tweedie, Linnea Westin, Newell Avery, Edward Baker, Woodford Brown, Edward Bryant, Paul Burke, Cecil Burleigh, Norman Carlisle, Earl Craig,

Robert Cumming, Paul Fairley, Harold Grodinsky, Phillip Jarvis, Robert Kurson, Frederick Newman, Harold McCann, Edward Redman, Alfred Schriver, Richard Stevens, Ralph Wentworth, Bennie Viner.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club's two plays, Elmer, and The High Heart were both great successes. The former, a comedy, was acted with a great amount of naturalness. Bunny Saunders (Elmer) was especially good, but we think that it's because all he had to do was act natural—just like he acts at home.

The High Heart was a drama, and did it

keep us going? One of the high spots was when Tommy Reed blew a piece of his false whiskers off. The whole audience was terrified by Temple Smith and William Mongovan who looked exactly like pirates. Temple's eyes were glassy and he looked so cruel.

This play was difficult to put on but made a big hit with the audience which showed that it certainly appreciated good acting.

"TO SATURNALIA"

Another Saturnalia has passed into history. For the sake of the *vulgus ignobile*, who know not the language of the Caesars, let us say that the Saturnalia in ancient Rome, was a period of feasting and revelry, lasting for several days in the month of December, of which occasion, the god Saturn was the presiding deity. In the giving of gifts and the spirit of goodwill which everywhere prevailed, the Saturnalia was much like our Christmas. In Bangor High School, in this year of grace, 1932, the Saturnalia is the grand yearly festivity of that hoary but exceedingly virile institution, the Latin Club. Just as during those days in old Rome the slaves were temporarily freed, so, for this glorious occasion, we, who at other times may be slaves to word-forms and constructions, are free to *revel* in Latin. And revel in Latin we surely did, on the first night of the New Year, in the Assembly Hall, where even the curtains of the stage yielded to spirit of the time and moved briskly *mirabile dictu*!

Geneva Epstein was the presiding deity of the evening, while Mildred Sawyer was the *dea ex machina*, behind the scenes. Robert Kurson told of the origin and meaning of the Saturnalia, and read excerpts from Roman writers, in which recipients of gifts scoffed at or complained about those gifts, in a tone truly modern.

The evening's events opened with a Latin play, entitled "*Io Saturnalia*." Cox, Tsoulas and Seigal were Roman Slaves, whose time was spent in abusing and berating the cook (Alpert) and in cunningly trying to get on the good side of the master, (Zoidis). For, dur-

ing the Saturnalia was not one slave made *rex familiae*, whose delight it was to control the family purse and to lord it over all the other slaves. Truly the last shall be first; for the downtrodden *coquus* is made King! Long live the cook! We would seriously suggest the stage as a career for these youths.

Several Latin Christmas carols were sung. *Stille Nacht*, originally German, loses nothing of its haunting sweetness when sung in the majestic tongue of the Romans, while *Adeste Fideles* does lose much in translation from the original Latin. The Latin version of "America" was sung with much gusto, Sidney Aplert having discovered just in time, the tune belonging to it.

Charades and tableaux, illustrating well-known characters and incidents of mythology, formed a delightful part of the evening's program. Tantalus, Atalanta, Midas and Diana, Hylas borne off by the Nymphs; Aeneas leading his family from stricken Troy; Dido giving forth her last tragic utterances, and then plunging the dagger into her breast; Roman knights and Roman gladiators followed across the stage in not-too-quick succession. The three black-garbed Fates sat solemnly spinning, measuring and cutting. The fair Penelope gently repelled her ardent suitors. A most judicial Paris solemnly weighed the charms of Juno, Minerva and Venus. Gods and goddesses, nymphs and graces mingled with mere mortals in a spirit of perfect camaraderie.

Feasting there was and the giving of gifts, accompanied on the piano by an important member of Clyde Lougee's orchestra,—none other than Leo Lieberman.

One of the high spots of the evening was the greeting from former Latin Club members, whose lights now shine in the collegiate world. Catherine Epstein, Minnie and Sylvia Alpert, Josephine Thompson, Phyllis Lorimer, Frances Clough, Bill Newman and Kenneth Kurson all spoke out of their wider experience of at least half a year at college. Even little Kenzie forgot to be shy, as he spoke to his friends of yesteryear.

Thus ended another Saturnalia, and "home, well-pleased, we went."

LATIN CLUB

At the fourth meeting of the Latin Club, sixty-two shining faces greeted Mrs. Cumming (we'll say 62, though a few were late). We met in our familiar old room, 101.

Professor Bradshaw, from the Theological Seminary gave a very interesting account of his travels in Italy, describing the beauties of the country and his impressions of the people and cities. A rising vote of thanks was given to Professor Bradshaw.

The fifth meeting of the Latin Club will always be remembered by certain Sophomores—of course I'm referring to those who were admitted into membership then.

LIBRARY NEWS

Mrs. Barker, the school librarian, has been presented with several books for our school library. Miss Hutchings' class gave "Living Authors" by Delly Lante. The book contains short biographies of a great many modern authors, and has the added advantage of being bright green; its vivid greenness will show up well on the library shelves—no frantic hunting for this book.

"Daniel Webster," a two volume set by Claude M. Fuess, has been presented by Miss Thomas' class, and Mrs. Carroll's class gave "Sodagee Silhouettes" by R. Manley Grindle. Mr. Prescott's Debating Club has presented four copies of "Compulsory Insurance," by Buehler, the "Stability of Employment," by Johnson, "Government Fund for Unemployment" by Muller, and four copies of "Compulsory Unemployment Insurance" by Western Reserve.

DEBATING CLUB

The Debating Club has been divided into three sections which are at work on the questions (1) Resolved: That Maine should export its surplus water power; (2) Resolved: That

the several states should adopt legislation providing for compulsory unemployment insurance, and (3) Resolved: That efficiency, as represented by mass production, has become a deplorable fetish in modern life.

The teams chosen for the first question, which is the Bowdoin Interscholastic League proposition, are, Affirmative: Robert Kurson, Robert Cumming, and Woodford Brown; Negative: Constance Hedin, Bernice Braidy, and Barbara Bertels.

The Club is now celebrating two victories, both over the Hallowell team, once with the Affirmative winning over the Hallowell Negative 8-1 and again at Hallowell, with our Negative winning over their Affirmative 5-4.

Mr. Prescott expects to have the squads for the other two questions picked by the last of January.

Not content with letting the girls get ahead of them, even in one thing, the Freshmen boys have organized a debating club, which is meeting regularly, with Billy West as president.

On Jan. 5 an exhibition debate staged by the two varsity teams for the Freshmen Clubs will be held.

STUDENT COUNCIL

Hurray! At last Bangor High School is considering a Student Council.

The members of this eminent board are as follows:

Seniors	Sophomores
Thomas Reed	Carroll Manning
Paul Harper	Don Stuart
Leona West	Florence Mitchell
Jacqueline Johnston	Carolyn Daly
Juniors	Freshmen
Malcolm Flewelling	Walter Morse
Norman Carlisle	Fred Merrill
Louise Hastings	Lucille Fogg
Thelma Sullivan	Lorna Hawkes

SNAPDRAGONS

The Snapdragons, under the efficient guidance of Mrs. McGinley, are coming along

splendidly. They have had one debate on Installment Buying. Maxine Hathaway, Naomi Blake, Olive Harrington, Betty Betterly, Helen DeCesere and Josephine Cundy, took part.

On Jan. 5, the question Resolved: That efficiency had become a deplorable fetish in America, will be debated by Agatha Milliken, Katherine Pusher, Juliet Spangler, and Robert Smith; and that same day the question, Resolved: That the afternoon session is more convenient than the forenoon, will be debated by an affirmative team, composed of Corinne Adams, Anna Brountas, Eleanor Bunill, Lucille Epstein, and a negative team, represented by Pauline Getchel, Phyllis Graves, Jean Hale, and Verna Howland.

R. O. T. C.

The Rifle Club's second annual match was shot in the gym during Dec. 1-16 and was held under the direction of Staff Sergeant Beckett. To the winners of the match having the best score out of a possibly 300 go the following medals: First place, a gold medal; second place, a silver medal and third place a bronze medal. The medals were won by Ralph Thayer, score 227, Vinal McNeal, 224, and John Bartlett, 221. These medals were on exhibition in the case in the hall and will probably be presented in assembly shortly.

Of course the freshmen had to have a match, too. This was won by diminutive Roland Haney, score 87 out of a possible 100. He will receive a silver medal. It is rather a coincidence that his brother should win the Freshman Medal last year. It appears that at least two of the Haney's know how to shoot.

Now for some real news. All was quiet on the "Western Front" during the meeting of the rifle club on Dec. 19 when, while the targets were being changed, someone yelled "Fire." Sure enough there was a real genuine, dyed in the wool fire in the butts. Immediately everyone was looking for something with which to put out the fire. A bunch rushed

into the corridor only to find the water had been turned off. After a while some one brought in a pail with about three inches of H₂O (as Mr. Thurston would say) with which he evidently intended to put out the fire. Others brought brooms and one even brought his coat. In the excitement James Russell (from Veazie, by the way) discovered a fire extinguisher and in his haste to aid turned it up side down outside the gym door. The "works" started at once, and, when he arrived at the fire, he sprayed everyone, especially Sgt. Becker.

START YOUR OWN COMIC STAMP COLLECTION

A June Oracle, the number dedicated to the Seniors with pictures of them all, will be given to the student of B. H. S. who writes a paragraph of not more than 75 words answering the following questions on "The Phantom of Chanford Manor" that approaches the most closely the correct solution given in the February Oracle.

1. What was the old man's (John de Montaigne) secret?
2. Who was the murderer?
3. What was his or her reason for doing so?
4. Who kidnapped Alice Smythe?
5. Where was she taken?
6. What was the source of the mysterious noises?

RULES

1. This contest is open to all students of B. H. S. (Freshmen included) except members of the Oracle board.
2. In case of a tie the prize will *not* be duplicated but will be given to the writer of the more ingenious answer.
3. Paragraphs will be judged on correctness of solution, neatness of paper, and freedom from grammatical errors.
4. Only one solution will be accepted from a student. The decision of the judges appointed by the Oracle Board will be final.

During the Christmas vacation the target butts have been rebuilt in preparation for the coming year.

The members of the Cadet batallion are now drilling once again after the Christmas vacation. During the vacation the men were

(Continued on page 39)

Have You Read This One?

THE IRISH BEAUTIES

E. Barrington (Mrs. L. Adam Beck)

It wasn't every day that old Mother Carrigan had the opportunity to tell the fortunes of three winsome beauties, bearing themselves like queens, yet obviously in poor circumstances; nor was it any common fortune that she saw awaiting them. The luck was to begin with "The Golden Vanity" and a woman with a man's name; then would come riches, grandeur, and fame for the beautiful mother, Mrs. Gunning; a great duke for violet-eyed Elizabeth; and a lesser nobleman for vivacious Maria.

And sure enough, the three ladies soon found themselves in the highest society of Dublin, then of London. Maria flirted outrageously with all the rich young fops, and her silly mother encouraged her and reproved lovely Elizabeth for her modest reserve.

Elizabeth's brave struggle to overcome poverty and rise above slander makes an appealing story, rich in exquisite Irish humor and pathos.

Faith Holden.

FRANKENSTEIN

Mrs. Shelley

Frankenstein, the recent super-thriller motion picture, is based on a story of the same name. The plot deals with the supernatural. It is the story of a man-created-monster endowed with all the wicked traits of man without any of his fine characteristics. This fiend brings great sorrow to his maker. As Frankenstein dares not tell any one of his unnatural creation, an innocent girl is condemned to die

for a crime committed by the monster.

Filled with remorse for the horrible crimes wrought by the demon, Frankenstein tries in vain to escape the dreadful retribution that he has brought upon himself by probing too deeply into the secrets of nature.

Helen Gould.

HALF A LOAF

Grace Hegger Lewis

Timothy and Susan, two gloriously young people, met and fell in love in a freight elevator in New York City.

The first few years of their married life were spent just laughing and roving together; but, when Tim's successful novel won him fame and money, he became conceited and selfish.

Heartaches and bickerings followed, until they reached the only possible solution to their difficulties.

Nancy Conners.

THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY

Floyd Gibbons

The Red Knight of Germany, Baron Manfred von Richtofen, is thought by many to have been exceedingly cruel, but in reality he was no different from thousands of American youths who took part in the great war.

His letters reveal his tenderness of heart and his love of adventure.

He conquered his eightieth Allied plane before being shot down; a stern foe, but a gallant one, he well deserved the title "Knight."

Milton Vandez.



EXCHANGES

As Others See Us:

The "*Unionite*," Union High School, Grand Rapids, Mich. The Ghost of Knowledge examines the Oracle and likes Elizabeth Schiro's poem "Through Your Years" on the frontispiece. "Evidently Bangor High has a debating society," remarks the Ghost of Knowledge, reading a copy of its paper. "I think Union should have a debating society," she comments. "More interest in debating, more debates, and a championship team would undoubtedly be the result of such an organization."

L. H. S. "*Inkubator*," Lebanon High School, Lebanon, N. H. The "Oracle" is a good all around paper. The pictures and cuts add much to the paper, especially the cut introducing the paper.

The "*Artisan*," Mechanic Arts High School, Boston, Mass. The "Oracle" is a very compact and well-arranged magazine—complete in every detail. We congratulate your advertising manager for his fine work.

The "*Aegis*," Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass. The poetry found in the "Oracle" is especially good. The poem we liked best was "Maine," by Eva Parke, '31.

As We See Others:

The "*Meteor*," Berlin Senior High School, Berlin, N. H. This magazine has a distinctive cover, "The Old Man of the Mountain," and an appropriate poem to go with it. The great appearance of the paper argues well for those suggestions in the Exchanges.

The "*Dial*," Brattleboro High School, Brattleboro, Vermont. Your Exchanges tell us that we are not alone in admiring your departments. Your cuts are "apta."

The "*Unionite*," Union High School, Grand Rapids, Mich. The spook number was very well done. Your poems are pretty, especially the one with the illustration.

"*Old Hughes*," Hughes High School, Cincinnati, Ohio. A wonderfully well-balanced and artistic magazine. The wild animal issue is beautiful in every way. And a German Club—fancy that!

L. H. S. "*Inkubator*," Lebanon, N. H. Your many activities are well reported. Hats off to your genius who writes in Swedish (is it Swedish?) dialect!

The "*Arrow*," Lakewood High School, Lakewood, Ohio. The numerous cuts add to the attractiveness of the paper. You have some of the most attractive covers we've seen, and a rare collection of jokes.

"Whatsa matter; in a fight?"

"Now, a senior at the Barber College flunked his final exam on me."

The "*Artisan*," Mechanic Arts High School, Boston, Mass. Your activities sound very interesting. Those "Highlights" are clever.

The "*Aegis*," Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass. We like your attractive cuts, and find your stories and poems unusually good.

The "*Loudspeaker*," San Francisco Continuation School. A fine literary magazine. The California Indian motif is beautifully executed in the stories and articles, as well as in the artistic decorations.



SENIORS TAKE CLASS GAMES

A horde of prospects answered the annual call of Coach Arthur Mulvaney to report for Basketball early last month. Immediately the process of elimination started and plans got under way for the class games. The Seniors held a big advantage, having both lettermen, Frank Burke and John Libby, from last year's team. Nevertheless, the spirit of the other classes, especially the Sophomores, showed that the title would be hard fought for.

Accordingly, on the evening of December 12th four strong teams took the City Hall floor, after two weeks of preparation, to strive for berths on the A squad.

The Freshmen and the second string Sophomores played the first game. The Frosh played hard, but, being green were nosed out on the short end of 19-10.

The line-up:

FRESHMEN (10)	SOPHOMORES (19)
Wallace, lf, 1.....	rf, Friedman, 3, (1)
Noddin, lf.....	lf Leighton, 4
Copperstein, rf, 1, (1).....	c Charners, 1
Elliot, rf.....	rb, Mazerell
Hurd, c.....	lb, Touslos, 1
Brown, c.....	lb, Zoidos
Gildart, rb, 1.	

Doughty, rb.

Morse, lb, 1, (1).

Diamond, lb.

Hall, lb.

The Senior second team then took on the Juniors. It was a close and fast game for the first three quarters and rather than take any chances, the first string Seniors were put in. This ended the prospects of the Juniors and the game ended with the following score and line-up:

SENIORS (14)

JUNIORS (7)

Scanlin, rf.....	rf Flewelling, (1)
Burke, rf, (1).....	rf, Newcomb, 1
Nissenbaum, lf, 1, (1).....	rf, Gibbons
Reaville, lf, 2.....	c, Tilley
Hunt, c.....	lb, P. Burke, 2
McKinnon, c.....	rb, Wilson, 1
Libby, rb.....	rb, Hawkes
Harper, rb, (1).	
Knowles, lb, 2.	
Rolsky, lb.	

Time—4-5 seconds.

A warmed-up Senior Team swamped a fresh Sophomore five in the title game 20-4. For the first half, the game was close but in the final, Frank Burke, captain of the Senior five,

found his old eagle-eye and consequently the score mounted. The Sophs felt the loss of their pivot man, Gene Brown, who went out on personals toward the end of the third quarter. All the teams showed promise but from the indications at present point toward a varsity Senior five with plenty of support from the lower classes. Earle Jordan of the "News" refereed the games.

Final line-up:

SENIORS, (22)	SOPHOMORES, (4)
Reaville, rf.....	
Leavitt, rf, 1, (3).....	rf, Rittal, (1)
Burke, lf, 4.....	lf, Dinsmore, 1
McKinnon, c, 1, (4).....	c, Brown
Rolsky, rb.....	c, Mazeroll
Libby, lb, 1, (1).....	lb, Morse, (1)
	rb, Manning

Time—4 min., 8 sec.

OPENING GAME EASY VICTORY

The regular schedule of the 1931-1932 Crimson's basketball team started with an easy win over Belfast, the score being 35-15. The game as a whole was slow but at times the snappy scrimmage livened it up considerably.

The game started off with both Don McKinnon and Lankey Hitchman of Belfast fighting hard for the tap. It was quite some time before anyone scored and the ball travelled up and down the City Hall floor before veteran John Libby shot the first basket of the season.

From then on the game was an easy win for the Crimson and with more team play the score would have been doubled.

Frank Burke, whom Mull appointed the Captain before the game, led the attack and turned out to be high score man copping 17 of the 35 points. He played real basketball and with a good mate on the other side of the forward berth, the old School should suffer no lack of scores.

Don McKinnon did a fine job at center and with more experience should come up to "Our Sid" Epstein, varsity center last year and also all-tournament at Maine.

Benny Rolsky and John Libby paired up

well in the back positions but unfortunately Libby is nearing the age limit; however Mull has plenty of material in other members of the squad.

Although this is only the first game on the schedule and far from being the old acid test, the prospects look bright for a varsity five that will rival or even outdo last year's team.

Belfast played hard and fought to make the game close. They had a rugged team; the center, Hitchborn, whom we saw on the gridiron, is well over six feet. They also had a pair of fine guards and with development a strong five could be produced.

There were many substitutes who saw action, every man on both teams played.

The line-up:

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL, (35);

CROSBY HIGH OF BELFAST, (15)

F. Burke, lf, 8, (1).....	rb, Larrabee
	rb, Dodge
Leavitt, rf.....	lb, Trundy
Dinsmore, rf.....	lb, Staples
McKinnon, c, 1.....	c, Hitchborn, 1
	c, Cunningham
Libby, lb, 5.....	rf, Littlefield, 1
Flewelling, lb, 1.....	rf, Gray
Harper, lb.....	
Rolsky, rb.....	lf, Carter, 3, (1)
Manning, rb, 1.....	lf, Maisel, 2
P. Burke, rb.....	
Knowles, rb.....	

Referee, Bachman, Springfield. Time, 4 8's.

BREWER SWAMPED IN FAST GAME

A snappier Crimson five that beat Belfast, outplayed a green Orange club from across the ice and ran away with an overwhelming score of 46-7. Although Don McKinnon was out of the game; Barb Manning did a fine job in the pivot position.

During the first half Mac Flewelling led the attack with his uncanny shooting, while John Libby, playing his last game under Crimson colors, was back on the defense. When Frank Burke found that true eye of his about the half, from then on it was he who made the score rise in leaps and bounds.

Bangor opened up shooting for the balcony basket, and, getting the tap, it wasn't long before Benny Rolsky followed up a forward shot to score. The next play was under way, Manning getting the tap again, and with the ball just inside the foul line, Mac Flewelling scored. When Brewer gained possession of the ball, it was always Pat Miles who led the attack and had it not been for him the score would have been far larger. Incidentally, Miles was the sole possessor of six of the seven opponents' scores.

Mac Flewelling scored twice more in the first quarter followed by Manning and Rolsky, respectively.

The second quarter opened with the score 16-1. Manning swung into action and scored two short baskets. Flewelling followed with another and then the attack shifted to the shoulders of Frank Burke who scored six points before being interrupted by the half.

The third quarter found the Crimson in the lead by twenty-two points and left them with a thirty-six to six score. Burke was the only man on either team to score that quarter, shooting four successive baskets bringing his total to eight baskets, or sixteen points. This quarter was the fastest of the four, both teams striving hard: the one to widen the gap; the other to close it.

The game closed with another period of real basket-ball. This quarter Libby came forward and set the pace. He was in on every play and finished up by scoring the final baskets after Manning and Burke had each scored twice. This was John's last period in any sport at B. H. S. Coach Mulvaney will feel the loss of this back and will find it hard to fill the position. Nevertheless with McKinnon back at center, with Manning and Rolsky as backs and with a pair of forwards like Burke and Flewelling, a championship might be brought to the Queen City.

Summary of the game:

BANGOR H. S., (46); BREWER H. S., (7)
Flewelling, lf, 5.....rb, MacLaughlin
Reavill, lf.....rb, Bolster

Burke, rf, 10.....lb, White
Dinsmore, rf.....lb, Sparks
Manning, c, 4 (1).....c, Smith
.....c, Graham, (1)
Libby, lb, 1, (1).....rf, Miles, 2, (2)
Rolsky, rb, 2.....lf, Humphrey
Knowles, rb.....lf, Brimmer
Harper, rb.....
Referee, Bachman. Time, 4-8s.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

During the first week of December there was a call for candidates for varsity basketball. Among the eager candidates are five of last year's letter men: Christine Reynolds, Helen Tremble, Thelma Silke, Elizabeth Wigin, and Leona West.

Miss Oltar has been doing her part by teaching the girls the basketball technique to the best of her ability.

Our capable manager, "Jackie" Johnston, has been doing her best to secure a suitable schedule which is as follows:

Bangor vs. M. C. I.—January 8, at M. C. I.
Bangor vs. M. C. I.—January 15, at Bangor.
Bangor vs. Bucksport—January 22, at Bucksport.

Bangor vs. Bucksport—January 25, at Bangor.
Bangor vs. Higgins—February 5, at Bangor.
Bangor vs. Brewer, February 19, at Brewer.
Bangor vs. Brewer—February 25, at Bangor.

The following girls reported at the beginning of the season: M. Wright, I. Kelley, G. Reynolds, P. Crane, T. Lovejoy, L. Nickerson, M. Anderson, M. White, J. Soloby, R. Ewer, M. Toole, J. Cohen, R. Payson, L. Coslow, B. Katz, M. Rolnick, B. Bickford, C. Daley, B. Maxwell, R. Jones, C. Morrison, R. Sanders, E. Toole, M. Jenkins, E. Kennedy, F. Lewis, T. Bickford, V. Scribner, L. Michaud, Michas, B. B. McAvey, E. Hardison, F. Steeves, J. Sanborn, P. Tate, A. Bartlette, D. Collins, A. Cromwell, L. Chaison, E. Clough, J. Robbins, M. Landon, L. West, H. Tremble, E. Wallis, R. Allen, A. Peavey, T. Silke, D. Chalmers, H. Hawes, J. Henderson, England, A. Sullivan, T. Sullivan, Martin K. Myers, H. Tebbets,

E. Doane, A. Byer, F. Spragg, M. Hass, C. Reynolds, A. Call, A. Cole, M. Chase, M. Dauphinee, M. Rolnick, L. Hastings, G. Smith, M. Smith, C. Fiske, A. Jack, E. Wiggin.

After the juniors and seniors had practised a few times and the sopomores had shown their skill, the squad was cut. The list is as follows:

Forwards—H. Tremble, T. Silke, E. Toole, F. Steeves, L. Hastings, M. Landon.

Guards—E. Doane, T. Sullivan, T. Lovejoy, R. Allen, M. Toole, E. Kennedy.

Side Centers—E. Wiggin, L. Chaison, B. McAvey, I. Kelley, L. West.

Centers—C. Reynolds, C. Morrison, H. Hawes.

The interclass games are beginning much earlier this year than usual. The freshmen have been hard at work for about four weeks. Miss Oltar started them in with many of the plays which the varsity now use. Of course there are always a lot of freshmen who are eager and willing to learn how to play basketball. At the first practice there were about seventy-five of them. They are as follows:

L. Yerxa, D. Steeves, H. Tsaulas, I. Zoidis, R. Thurston, D. Strickland, L. Gray, L. Fogg, J. Fellows, E. Burrill, K. Whitney, M. Sanford, S. Rappaport, G. Wilcox, J. St. Pierre, J. Bullard, B. Whittredge, M. Goding, M. Cyr, M. Barker, B. Baudreau, C. Piper, M. Blinkhorn, M. Telfer, A. Valentine, P. Webb, M. Hathaway, L. Prouty, B. Smith, H. Welch, B. Small, B. Homans, M. Spencer, A. Floras, Veinot, Orr, F. Giles, E. Walmesley, B. Greene, G. Peavey, G. Smith, H. Band, Byer, G. Bartley, Murray, Taylor, A. Wood, N. Blake, H. Wilson, R. Smith.

It is necessary to cut the squad down to sixteen or eighteen players. This task is quite difficult as there are many freshmen who are exceptionally good.

The upper classmen have not as yet practiced individually as most of the time is given to the varsity team. It seems quite difficult to secure a good enough team to beat the normal schools which we play.

(Continued on page 39)

MUSIC



BAND

Tuesday evening after the Christmas holidays saw the band start again in hard and earnest work. It is now working on three new overtures, "At the Spinnet," "In Bohemia" and Beethoven's "Unfinished Symphony." The latter is a very difficult piece for all instruments and much practice must be spent on it. This overture has been chosen as the contest number for the class A bands in the national contest this coming year. The announcement has not yet been made public as to the place where this contest will be held.

The band was numerically increased after the holidays for the junior band under the leadership of Mr. Alton Robinson was disbanded and those who had improved in their playing to the satisfaction of Mr. Robinson were put into the senior band. All the sections are now well filled. This is necessary to have a musically balanced band.

The band did not play at the first basketball game of the season, but it appeared at the second game and will probably continue to produce "harmony" at the games for the remainder of the season.

ORCHESTRA

The student body of B. H. S. had the happy privilege of seeing and hearing the orchestra with all its sections well represented on the opening assembly of the New Year. It must be that the members have turned over a new leaf and started the new year right. The selection "Two Waltzes" by Johannes Brahms was rendered in a delightful manner.

The B. H. S. orchestra is now working hard and diligently on several other pieces which will play an important part in the future, some of these are:—"Song of India" by N. Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Largo" from "Xerxes" by Handel, and the "Overture Misreille," by Gounod.

PERSONALS



Dear Professor Muscledound:

On reading your ad one day in detention room while reading a Western Story Magazine and desiring to build myself up I clipped it and mailed it and received your wonderful booklet for such a paltry sum. Now I am one of the most powerful men in our Alma Mater and am the desire of all women, great and small because of my great physique.

Albert "Moose" Crowder.

The Latest in Excuses

Dear Teacher:

I am sure you will have the amability to excusing Jimmie for not assisting today to school. I need her urgently at home here in the morning and in the evening we have went to Silver City. So please excuse Johnnie at the evening too.

Thanking you anticipately, etc.

Tramp: I haven't averaged more than one meal a day this week, lady.

Lady: Oh, so you are trying to reduce too.

"The stars," said Albert Crowder, are all aglow.

Which ones are evil? Do you know?"

"Oh," replied Virginia Larrabee, "I surely think the evil stars are those that wink.

Max Epstein, Leo Viner, and Abe Kern engaged a room on the 45th floor of a large hotel. During the evening they took in various entertainments and finally reached the hotel much tired out. The clerk in reply to their asking, said that there wasn't an elevator running in the place. So they decided that while

walking up the first fifteen flights one would sing songs, and on the second fifteen flights one would tell a funny story and on the last fifteen flights one would tell a sad story.

The first fifteen flights they plodded along listening to Leo singing songs, and on the next fifteen flights they were entertained by Abe's funny stories, and, when they finally arrived at the thirtieth floor, they turned to Maxie and said, "Now Max tell us your sad story."

"Oi! Oi!", replied Max, "And it is such a sad story. I could hardly wait thirty flights to tell it. I left the key to our room down in the lobby!"

CULINARY ATHLETICS

This is a story of a young bride who asked her husband to copy off a radio recipe she wanted. He did his best but got two stations at once, one of which was broadcasting the morning exercises and the other the recipe. This is what he took down!

Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on the shoulders, raise knees and depress toes and mix thoroughly in one half cup of milk. Repeat six times. Inhale quickly one half teaspoon of baking powder, lower the legs and mash two hard boiled eggs in a sieve, exhale, breathe naturally and sift into a bowl.

Attention! Lie flat on the floor and roll the white of an egg backward and forward until it comes to a boil. In ten minutes remove from fire and rub smartly with a rough towel. Breathe naturally, dress in warm flannels and serve with fish chowder!

Exchange.

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J-m-s F-nn-gan, '35, "Shall I take you to the zoo?"

G-y Se-n-ard, '35. "No. If they want me, they'll come after me."

B-nny S-nd-ers: "I paid three hundred smackers for that saxaphone."

J-ack-ie J-hn-t-n: "That's too much money to blow in."

N-r-an C-rl-sle: "I'm choking!"

A-fr-d S-hri-v-r: "Can't I help you?"

ALWAYS BELITTLIN'

Robert L. Ripley mentions the case of a man who has kept the same umbrella for fifty years. We can't help wondering to whom it belongs.

The tourist was making his first trip thru the African game country and had dropped in at dinner time at the camp of a famous hunter. An excellent steak was set before the tired traveler who smacked his lips over its goodness.

"Is this steak a gnu steak?" he asked his host of the verdant veldt.

"No," replied the mighty hunter, "but it's just as good as new."

"I scarcely knew your father today," said the district visitor to a little girl. "He's shaved his beard off again. That's the third time recently."

"Oh! Father don't shave it off," explained the child, "it's mother wot does it. She's stuffin' the sofa."

A preacher says that any girl who employs artificial coloring to become a platinum blond is among the wicked. In other words she won't go to Heaven if she dyes.

Stage Director to Siamese Twins:

If you don't mind boys—I'd like to have your undivided attention.

"The table manners of some rich men are not perfect," says a critic. Yes—many a millionaire was born with a silver knife in his mouth.

"Cece" Burleigh was standing in front of a modern sky scraper, "Land Sakes," he snickered, "that's some of them thar continued stories I've heard so much erbout."

Grabbem and Gippem Co.

Dear Sirs:

I have tried your wonderful Cure-All paste and ointment for my falling teeth, flat feet and cauliflower ears and I have faithfully followed directions for application which read as follows:—probably you know these but I am, just enclosing them to show you that I know them by heart—Apply to ailing parts four times daily and twice nightly and in 24 hours it will be noticed that the ailment is entirely cured. And now I am one of the best athletes in the high school whereas before I tried your wonderful cure I was a nobody.

Yours in debt,

Calvin "Killer" Knaide.

Jack Spratt could eat no fats,
His wife could eat no leans;
Now if they both could vote,
Perhaps they'd compromise on beans.

Ed Laing: What are you waiting for?
Come shave me!

Barber: I'm waiting for something to grow.

Al Landers, while driving with Art Thayer in his Austin: Don't drive so fast Artie, someone might have stretched a wire across the road.

We read that a London man left a hundred clocks in his will—an unusually large estate to wind up.

MERE MATHEMATICS

"For the last time," shouted the sergeant, "I ask you the simple question, 'What is a fortification?' "

The recruits stood fast to a man. No one answered. Striding up to the most intelligent looking man, the sergeant bawled out, "Tell me, what is fortification?" The answer came like a cork out of a bottle: "Two twentifications, sergeant!"

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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.

Farmer: I've arranged for next year's crops so they will not suffer if there is a drought.

Friend: How's that?

Farmer: I will plant a row of potatoes, then a row of onions and alternate them that way. The onions will make the potatoes eyes water and they will irrigate themselves.

"You must not fight. Haven't you been taught to love your enemies?"

"He's not my enemy. He's my brother."

Fl-yd Bl-n-ng: "My watch isn't going."

H-l-n B-nd: "Wasn't it invited?"

"What a charming necklace."

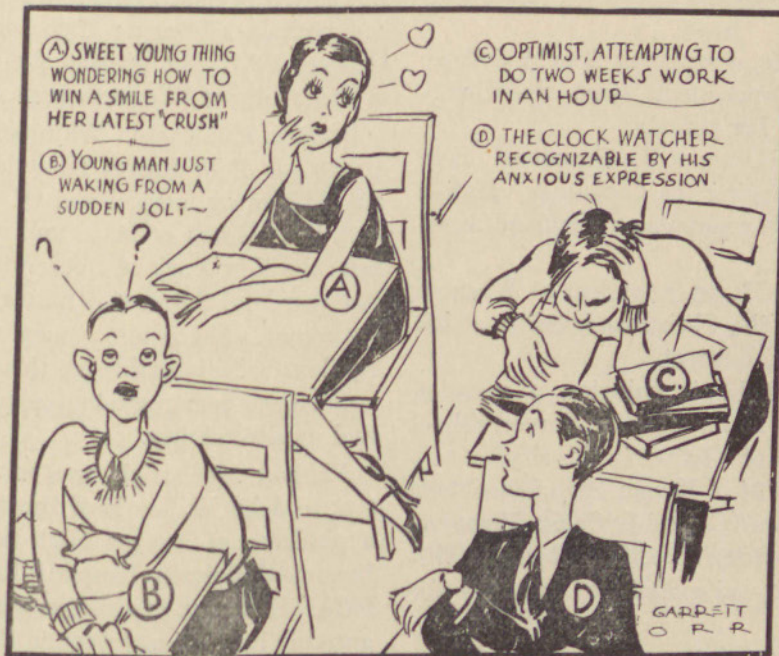
Film Star: "Yes, isn't it adorable? Made entirely of my wedding rings."

"Ira Dole always strikes me as being a rather indolent sort of chap."

"Indolent? Why that fellow is so lazy he always runs his car over a bump to knock the ashes off his cigar."

Head Waiter: Would monsieur prefer French or Spanish or Italian cooking.

Paul Sawyer: I don't mind, I want a boiled egg.



EXTRA

James Morse alias "Sleight-Handed Henry" is put on the spot by Mrs. Leavitt resulting from a suspected conspiracy of two-bit pipes. And, by the way, Mrs. Leavitt would welcome any advice as to the whereabouts of several pipes reported missing from her store.

"Now, children," said the teacher of the juvenile Sunday-School class to her pupils, "Can any one tell me what an epistle is?"

"I can," answered Don Robinson, "an epistle is the wife of an apostle."

Gwendolyn Bartley: My mother sent me down here to get some of those new alligator shoes.

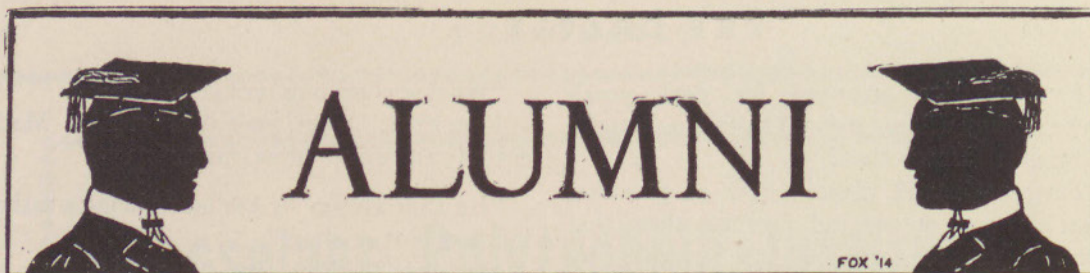
"Mimie" Merrill: Well, why don't you get them?

Gwendolyn: She didn't say what size shoes her alligator wears.

Small Son—"Daddy, buy me a drum."

Father—"But, son, if I get you a drum, you'll disturb me very much."

Small Son—"No, I won't—I'll drum only when you are asleep!"



Woodrow W. Miller, a student at Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, passed the holidays at his home on Blackstone Street.

Howard Kominsky, William Newman, Eugene Brown, and Raymond Prince, of Bowdoin College passed the Christmas recess with their parents.

Marjorie Craig, a senior at Arnold College, New Haven, Connecticut, spent the Christmas recess with her parents.

Miss Evelyn Haney of the Emerson College of Oratory is passing the Christmas vacation at the home of her parents on Highland Avenue.

Miss Frances Hayes, a student at Wheaton College, passed the Christmas holidays at her home, 33 Jefferson Street.

Persis Barnsfield is enjoying a vacation from her duties at Farmington Normal School and is the guest of relatives in this city.

The Class of '24 of Bangor High School held a reunion at the Columbia Coffee House on Saturday, December 26, 1931. Reginald Wilson, assisted by a committee, arranged the affair.

The marriage of George Smith and Miss Augusta Martin was celebrated on Christmas Day. The bride was a member of the class of '28, secretary of her class, and prominent in athletics and student activities. She won her letter in basketball and hockey.

Peggy Somers, '29, who is now residing in Portland, is visiting her uncle and aunt, of this city.

Henry Gulnac, a sophomore at Union College, is one of twenty-five members of the Union College varsity football team to receive an athletic insignia this year. He played right tackle.

Two Bangor High boys, Hugh Connor '28,

and William Flanagan, ex-'31, are members of the Maine Undergraduate Club of Holy Cross College.

Dr. and Mrs. Carl Hedin have announced the engagement of their daughter, Phyllis Lowell Hedin to J. Philip Smith. Miss Hedin is a graduate of Bangor High and of Wheaton College, 1931. At present she is a member of the faculty of Ellsworth High School.

Barbara Huntington Whitman has become a member of Pi Kappa Lambda, Iota Chapter, a honorary musical society. Miss Whitman is a student of piano and was graduated from the New England Conservatory of Music last year, and this year is taking a post-graduate course. She is also a member of Mu Phi Epsilon. Membership in this society is selected from honor graduates possessing unusual musical ability.

Mildred McCarrigle was married, in Boston, to John W. Lewis of Brownville. She is a graduate of Bangor High School and the Boston Children's Hospital in the class of 1926. Since her graduation she has been engaged in institutional work in Bangor, Boston, and New York City.

Catherine Epstein '31, a student at Wellesley College is spending her vacation with her parents.

Edythe Rice, who is attending the College of St. Elizabeth, Convent, New Jersey, is passing the Christmas recess with her father.

The high school library has received a copy of "He Still Lives," a political account of Daniel Webster's life, by Alice M. Shepard of the class of 1887. The poem, a vivid and simple picture of the background of Webster's greatness, is very interesting and well worth reading.

TORTOISE - HARE RACE

"Ho! What have we here," cried a husky senior. "The ingredients for a tortoise and hare race! But where's the hare?"

"My father has a hair," spoke up a meek soph, who had just heard the question.

"Well, have it here at 10:00 to-morrow so the great race of Eesop fame may take place," bullied the oversized senior.

Men were dispatched to all parts of the building to bring the glad tidings of the coming event to be held in the east patio where the tortoise resides.

The next day, obedient to orders, a sniffing soph, sniffing soph, sniffing because the licking his dad gave him for pulling out his last hair,—brought the trophy to his revered upper classman.

"Dad, do they have doctors to treat pigs?"

"Yes, son, only they are not called doctors, but veterinary surgeons. Why do you ask?"

"I was just wondering who cured bacon."

Teacher: "How many days in a year?"

"-rr-n W—ll-ce '35—"Seven."

Teacher—"Wrong; there are seven in a week, but how many in a year?"

W-rr-n, '35—"Seven."

Teacher—"No! How many days in a year?"

W-rr-n, '35. "Seven. Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, and if there's any more, I've never heard of them."

M-r-on W—dm-n: "I've swallowed my liquid rouge by mistake. What shall I do?"

P-yl-is Webb: "Better eat a powder puff."

"What's the first thing you do when cleaning your rifle?" the sergeant demanded.

"Look at the number," said the new comer.

"Oh," barked the sergeant, "and what's the big idea."

"To make sure I don't clean some one else's."

L-u-se H-st-ngs: "Is there any difference between addition and subtraction?"

D-r-s Ch-lm-rs: "Sum."

"Madam" said the polite sailor who was showing a young lady the ship, "this is the quarter deck."

"Oh, how fascinating," beamed the fair maiden, "and could I see what you have for fifty cents?"

Boss (pointing to cigarette stub on floor): Smith is this yours?

Smith: Not at all, sir—you saw it first.

John Libby while running for a touchdown to photographer who is taking his picture: When will the proofs be ready?

Fresh

A Farmer ordered a goose from his neighbor, but had two delivered to him.

"I ordered only one," he protested.

"Those geese have run together for twenty years," said the farmer's wife, "I couldn't bear to separate them now."

Crab—"I say, old fellow, why on earth are you washing your spoon in your finger-bowl?"

Cod—"Do you think I want to get egg all over my pocket?"

Teacher: Why, Donald, these problems are all wrong. What is the trouble?

Donald Graham: I don't no, I worked awful hard before I could even get 'em wrong.

F. Fellows: F. Burke has just had a heavy weight lifted from his mind.

F. Greene: One of his basket-ball opponents just been declared ineligible?

F. Fellows: No. He's had his hair cut.

N-rm-n T-yl-r: That's all right. I eat salt mackerel every day and that keeps me dry.

Bill Mongovern: Thelma, what is the meaning of Veni, Vidi, Vici?

Thelma Silk: Some college yell, I guess.

Glad S—th: Why are you driving up and down in front of this hospital?

Fea-k By-k: For safety; I began driving today.

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Dear Doc:

When I was a freshman in college, I was hit on the head with a paddle and have been deaf and dumb ever since. What shall I do?

Answer: Consult a physician; he may be able to help your deafness.

Uncle (a strict church goer): I am extremely sorry to learn that Eustace is in the habit of visiting a golf club on the Sabbath.

Wife (loyally): Oh, but he doesn't play. He only pops over there for a few drinks and a game of poker.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

(Continued from Page 20)

cup valued at more than six-hundred dollars. On one New Year's Day, King Henry received many thousands of money gifts. At this time, it was customary for the king to give "rewards" to those who presented New Year's gifts. Queen Elizabeth was most particular in this regard. However, these customs died out slowly until now they are not even a memory.

N. A.

R. O. T. C.

(Continued from Page 24)

instructed to wash their belts; this renovation certainly improves the appearance of the various sections. This year there is more discipline than ever in the unit, a fact which should help to a great extent the annual inspection to be held at Broadway Park at the conclusion of the year's course. By the time this issue goes to press, the permanent commissions for the remainder of the year will probably have been published by Maj. Baldinger.

It might be of interest to some of our adult readers to know that it costs each citizen of the United States the very small sum of \$2.77 per year to maintain the entire land defense including the Regular Army, National Guard, the Reserves, the R. O. T. C. and C. M. T. C. This is a lot of protection for a small sum.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

(Continued from page 30)

For each class team there is a student coach who is chosen from the Girls' Athletic Honor Council.

Juniors and Seniors—Helen Tremble.

Sophomores—Rena Allen.

Freshmen—Leona West.

ALUMNAE VS. BANGOR HIGH VARSITY

December 31, the alumnae of B. H. S. played a fast game of basket ball against the varsity. Of course the high school girls hadn't much practice and weren't in fit condition to play. Some of the girls who played for the Alumnae hadn't played for one or two years; so the teams were quite evenly matched. Emily Thompson who graduated in '28, and who is now a junior at the U. of M. made many baskets for the Alumnae. Barbara Stover, one of last years students also played forward with Emily Thompson. For a while the high school girls tied the Alumnae, but that was not for very long. Coach Oltar gave all the girls on the squad a chance to play in this game as it was considered a practice game. The score at the end of the game was Alumnae—27, B. H. S.—17.

Line-ups:

ALUMNAE

L. F.—B. Stover..... L. F.—M. Landon
R. F.—E. Thompson..... R. F.—H. Tremble
J. C.—L. Jones..... J. C.—C. Reynolds
S. C.—E. West..... S. C.—L. Chaison
R. G.—E. Welch..... R. G.—T. Sullivan
L. G.—M. Carson..... L. G.—R. Allen
Substitutions: Alumnae

B. H. S.

Allen for E. West
Haney for Carson.

Referee: Charlotte Thompson; Leona West.

Period: Four eight minute periods.

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AMONG THE TREES

(Continued from Page 18)

they shook their heads in menace, crying out against me. Tall, dark, bleak, they stood, against the sky. Through their almost empty branches leaped the mighty wind, hurling the leaves at me; and, with every gust, the long dry grass before me rose and fell like a vast snake creeping toward me.

But soon I was among the trees. Beneath them, the dead leaves rose about my ankles. No longer did the great trees menace me; rather, they seemed to shelter me. For me, they broke the wind; on me, they dropped softly, like a triumphal shower of flowers, their few remaining leaves. As I stumbled along a few rods farther, I caught a glimpse of water tinged with colors reflected from the sky. All the glorious shades that sunset brings were blended into one harmonious tint that covered the surface of the lake. Then, as the sky darkened with the night, they became fainter, until at last the silver moon arose, and cast a dark band of shadows over the edge of the inlet.

Cold, tired, yet refreshed, I betook myself homeward to dream of nature.

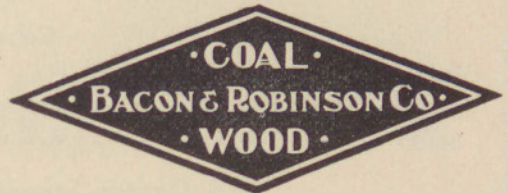
THE RESCUE

(Continued from page 16)

boys! How Mack could swim and dive! How he could handle any kind of boat! How often he had beaten the coast guard to the rescue!

So it was on that day. After a tense half-hour, Mack's boat hove into sight towing the boat, now righted, with a dripping young New Yorker in the cock-pit, not much the worse for his experience of clinging precariously to the bottom of the boat.

Once the young man set foot on shore, the attitude of the group changed. Women scolded shrilly. Boys shouted taunting remarks, while the men cursed fluently at the fool who had ventured forth on such a day. Soon all the boats were back. Through the darkness and the howling wind John van Swike hied himself to his boarding place to pack his bags for New York.



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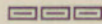
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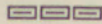
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Richard Cochrane to Samuel Johnson, Esq.

(Continued from page 12)

son has probably fared best in business life. At present he is vice-president of the National Bank. Mr. Wilson retired from the bank and put George in as vice-president.

Most of the boys are married and getting along fine. I have not fared as well in the marriage circle through my up-set in business.

Many things have happened since you left, Johnson, new buildings, new automobiles, and new war threats.

In New York a gigantic building called the Empire State has been completed. It is a mammoth affair, but it greatly adds to that beautiful sky-line of New York.

At present in our own country there is a so-called depression that for the moment seems unsolvable. Numerous charitable organizations are doing what they can to lighten the sufferings of the army of unemployed.

Johnson, it is my hope that you will someday grow weary of Africa. I hope you will return so that we might go on with the carefree life we once lived. If you don't come back soon, don't be surprised to see me some fine day.

If you have any spare charcoal write a few words and send them on to me. Good luck!

Your true friend,

Richard P. Cochrane.

CHANFORD MANOR

(Continued from Page 15)

room. I sneaked up the corridor, and got just a few words they said. Michael was trying to get Sir John to go down stairs. Sir John said something in a loud voice as if he were mad. Then I crept nearer and heard Michael say 'God help you then.' He spoke as if he was going to leave, so I ran down the corridor."

"But I—," began Michael.

"No, we won't have any explanations, Michael. I have an important case in London to be taken care of this afternoon, but tomorrow morning I will be here to continue questioning you. Everyone should be here," and with

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this last remark, he stuffed his pencil and notebook into his pocket, clamped his hat upon his head, and found his way unassisted out of the house.

The servants began to leave the room; Frank sat slumped in his chair noticing no one, but expecting that Alice, at least, would come over to cheer him up. When he finally arose, he found that he was alone in the room. Apparently all thought him guilty; but Alice—it could not be. But who was the real murderer? It didn't seem possible that any of the servants could have done it, yet he spent the rest of the day hunting for clues, and night found him still hunting about the house. Alice, too, seemed to be hunting, especially in the library, and although she didn't look angry she passed him with merely a nod of the head.

Now she seemed to be planning to speak to him as he disconsolately moved about the halls. But as she started forward someone grasped her. It was Peter, who said, "Don't go near him—a confirmed murderer." She blushed red—from shame—from love? She tore herself from Peter's hold. As she struggled, he felt something hard pass through his hand; it was her ring which he caught sight of as she freed herself. It was a signet ring bearing a strange coat of arms.

Peter's actions were very strange after he had seen that ring. For the rest of the day he tried to hover around her and to look into her face; he was trying to remember—to remember something that had been brought dimly to his mind out of the past.

But what did Alice do after she left Peter? Frank thought at first she was going to speak to him, but evidently she had no such intention or had changed her mind, for she passed by him and went into the library.

Night wore on and Frank left the dreary search and sat down in the drawing room. He was dozing off in a sort of lethargy when he thought he heard Alice call his name and say, "Come quickly, I've found it!" He leaped to his feet, wondering if he had been dreaming. No! out in the hall stood Alice. She turned, and seeing him, started running down the hall.

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He followed, wondering if she were running from him on account of fear, or because she had discovered something which she desired that he should see quickly.

She turned into the library, with him only a few paces behind her. He heard a scream; he rushed into the library, the room was empty; he heard the ghostly laugh—Alice was gone!

(To be concluded next month).

TOMMY ALIAS JUNIOR*(Continued from Page 9)*

voices in the library. Mr. and Mrs. Carter were talking. Tommy waited.

"I have thought so often of our Junior since Tommy came," spoke Mrs. Carter softly. "I hope that some one has done for him what we have done for Tommy."

"Yes," answered her husband, "I have thought about it, too. We have done wisely, I think, to keep Tommy. He is a likeable little chap and Billy worships him."

"He has done a lot for Billy, just as our Junior would if he were here, even though the boys don't realize it. I never could love my own son much better. I do hope he's happy with us, Jack."

"I think he is. I hope so any way. I have often wondered, and, if he weren't, I think we would find out."

Tears filled little Tommy's eyes as he stood listening—why he couldn't go away now. They loved him—loved him and wanted him to stay always and be their little Junior. He groped his way back up stairs and climbed into his little white bed. Fifteen minutes later when Mrs. Carter came in as she was wont to do every night, she found him sobbing away as if his heart would break.

"Tommy darling," she cried, "Tell me what is it?"

"N-n-noth-ing," sobbed Tommy. "I-I lo-ove you, that's all."

"Do you dear? I love you, too and now you lie down and go to sleep. I don't want you to cry because you love Mummie." And she left Tommy to sleep and dream.

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