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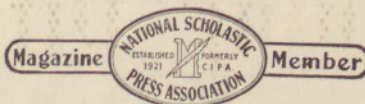
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The Oracle



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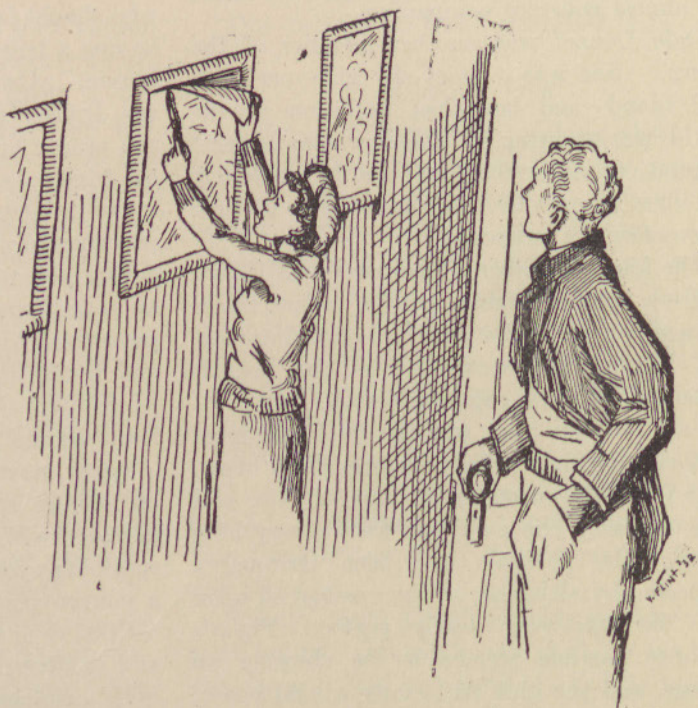
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BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Introduced by Piglet

Helen Tibbetts, Constance Hedin, Eleanor Clough

*She took something out
of her pocket and began to
cut the canvas of the
picture.*



GAZE upon the standard-bearer of the royal house of Winsor;" said Ginger. Translating this bit of Yankee dialect, Aunt Trudie replied, "How do you know he's an Englishman, Gin?"

"Did you ever see anyone but an Englishman pull off an outfit like that—brown tweeds and a blue shirt?"

"Errr-errr-we'll take that up later," interjected Babs, another member of the party.

This bit of conversation was taking place in the dining-room of the "Minniekadick"—a cabin ship on its way to Paris,—and was addressed in the direction of one, who, at the first casual glance, seemed to be a Zebra—in Gin's language—a sport model jackass.

The party was composed of four young things, plus Auntie Chaperon, who were on their way to Paris for art careers and "what have you," and incidently to take in the famous Alison Loyd Exhibit to be given during the Christmas holidays.

Virginia "Ginger" Stanhope, a young thing of about twenty, was the most lively and most alert of all Aunt Trudie's charges. It was always Gin who was planning some escapade, or was at the bottom of some mischief.

In spite of Gin's love of adventure and excitement, she was the prop of the party. She criticized their work, their clothes, and even themselves, when they deserved it, and praised them when they earned it. In return, Gin's companions loved her, when she praised them, and even prized her criticisms, although more than once they wondered where Gin had acquired her great wisdom, which indeed, was sometimes frightfully annoying—it was so true.

Another member of the party—Barbara Ross, otherwise known as "Babs"—was a pert youngster of eighteen—always carefree and gay—and was the real niece of Aunt Trudie. Babs chief ambition in life was supposed to be sketching, but really, dearest to her

heart, was the international occupation known as chattering. Babs adored Ginger and was her almost constant companion.

Dale Dennet was another member of the group. She was a quiet shy girl—very tall and blond—and her chief ambition in the world was painting. She had many weird inspirations and with Gin's aid in producing her ideas on canvass, was some day to become internationally renowned.

The fourth member of the party was Hilary Hall—a small energetic person, whose tastes seemed to lean in the direction of sculpturing, but whose chief occupation at the present time seemed to be enjoying herself.

Last but not least was the final and most exclusive member—Piglet—a tiny black chow. Piglet was the proud possession of Gin, and was the only one everyone knew everything about. His pedigree had been thoroughly inspected by all hands, and it was agreed upon that he was very nearly perfect. Piglet's favorite pastime seemed to be chewing up things, and the girls had many a wild chase, more than once, before they could recover the object of their search from Piglet, and before they could chastise the offender. But it was not very often that Piglet was punished, for the girls found it terribly hard to punish him when the tiny mite looked up at them with such pleading eyes, and wagged his tiny black curly tail.

* * * *

"For all you say about the English, Ginger Rockwell Stanhope," said Babs, "I bet my first selling sketch against your first selling portrait, that you can't add that son of Oxford to your list of others, from Princeton, Yale, and other collegiate homes of America's budding youth."

"Even Rome fell ! ! ! ! !" quoth Ginger, and looked extremely wise.

Chapter Two

Barry Kent Lambourne, M. P. K. G., D. S. O., B. B.—the young gentlemen in question—was returning home from America, where he had been making an extended survey of Ameri-

ca's current crop of debutantes. He was returning, however, without having decided who should be the lady of his choice, although having a title had made him a "catch" of the season. Owing to the present insolvency of the British peerage, Barry was hunting for the proper heiress, who would save him from the frightful disgrace of having to work.

On the fourth day out, as Lord Lambourne was languidly strolling on deck, and was wondering just what he would give to his parents as an explanation for not having secured the proverbial American heiress, he was suddenly and rudely upturned, by a wee furry object, which had cleverly managed to entwine its leash around Barry's long lanky limbs.

Barry started to express his feelings, when on looking up the chain which connected the intruder with his owner, he met the brown sparkling eyes of Ginger Stanhope, and heard a merry voice remark,

"Oh! I'm so sorry! Are you hurt?" Rising and readjusting his slightly askew tie, Barry hotly demanded, "Does that errr—thing err—belong to you?"

Clapping her hand over her ears and looking properly shocked, Ginger replied in her usual upright manner, "He most surely does!" Name's Piglet — weight's twelve pounds — lengths, sixteen inches, age is three years, and if you want further information, apply to the captain."

"I suppose his claim to the name Piglet lies in his curly tail," commented Barry.

"That was the original idea," stated Ginger, as she turned and walked off.

"And with that, the fair Senorita departed," quoth Barry.

* * * *

A few evenings later, while the sounds of fun and frolic could be heard from the dining-room, and the strains of a popular fox-trot blared forth, a solitary couple strolled on deck, the tiny figure of a girl in flame colored chiffon and a tall blond Adonis.

The captain, standing on the bridge, watched them as they turned the corner, and muttered, "Returning straight to England is he—that!

Humph—I bet he spends the rest of the season in Paris."

For in spite of the rather rude introduction by Piglet, Barry had been sufficiently interested to follow Gin's advice, to apply to the captain for a proper introduction. They had spent many pleasant hours together on the voyage—the American girls enjoying Barry's Oxford air and his English twang, and he, enjoying their originality and slang.

Chapter Three

"Go open the door will you please, Dale," said Hilary Hall, as she stuck on the arm of the miniature "Phidias", which she was sculpturing in white plaster of paris.

As Babs entered the workroom of the Bohemian Art Club in Paris, she was gleefully received by her industrious fellow workers, who scented excitement in her attitude.

"What's the dirt?" shouted Hilary, as she gave "Phidias" an extra punch in the eye.

"Plenty, darlings, plenty!" said Babs, "Just listen to this! While I was sketching Michael Angelo in the park this afternoon, I saw Gin and Barry walking along toward me. I was just going to call to them, when Jimmy Colfax came along and dragged me off to the Place Vendome for a bite to eat. As we were going down the boulevard Haussman, whom should we see but Gin and Barry strolling along, and they seemed to be discussing something quite important."

By this time all her fellow students had deserted their various works of art, and had gathered around about Babs, to hear more of this exciting tale, but Babs, a real gossip, enjoying her own tale immensely, slowly and nonchalantly continued her story.

"We were just going to stop and give them a lift, when they turned into that large red building on the corner—funny I never noticed what that was before,—but as we drove past, I noticed the sign in the window which said 'Justice de Pax.' "

"Justice of the Peace!" exclaimed Hilary. "Well, to think that Gin would ever fall for such a sap as that—a man who fell for such

an old, old trick as she played on him through Piglet on board the ship!"

"Oh! he's not so bad," remarked Babs.

Chapter Four

As Gin and Barry were walking along the boulevard, they were to the passerby a striking pair, because they were so vividly contrasted, and so strikingly good looking. Gin was a vivacious, dark-eyed little beauty, while Barry was tall and blond, and both had the distinctiveness of being well bred, which only the proper background can furnish. However, it was obvious that they were having a disagreement.

"But I tell you, Dear, I must return to England at once. It's really most important. If I could, I'd explain, but I just simply can't! Won't you believe me? I just can't!" Barry was pleading.

"Really, Barry, I can't possibly see why you must return; you say no one is ill, no one has sent for you, and you certainly had no intention of returning before today, yet you say you must return at once, and you can't give me any reason at all—really, Barry, it's extremely odd!"

Barry glanced at Gin anxiously, and as they passed the foreign office, to break the conversation, and change the subject, he tactfully suggested they go in to see Monsieur Courbrieux—an official whom they both knew, as he had returned from New York on the same boat with them. Barry thought that Gin might be interested to see him at home, and Gin, diverted for an instant, heartily agreed.

The argument was resumed, however, on the way back to the studio—Barry steadfastly refusing to make any further comments on the subject other than he must return to England immediately—and Gin sorely puzzled about his attitude.

Their parting was none too pleasant either—Gin, refusing to be put off with an indefinite invitation to visit the Lambourne estate the following weekend—and Barry a bit peeved that Gin, who usually was so generous and understanding should get so upset.

Gin burst into the studio with flaming cheeks to be greeted with:—

"Here comes the bride,
Short, fat, and wide.
Where is the groom
Riding his broom."—

Gin gazed from one to another of her friends in amazement and her eyes flashed as she listened to the congratulations and heard snatches of,—

"Sly one—trying to keep it a secret—but Babs told us—she saw you go into the office of the Justice of Peace—thought you'd put one over on us, did you?"

Not being in a especially good humor, this reception struck Ginger the wrong way, and she flung disgustedly at them,

"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched," and disappeared into her room.

"Whew",—ejaculated Hilary, "guess you put your foot in it this time Babs—I think we'd better clear out for a while, don't you?"

Babs, genuinely sorry, rapped on Gin's door to apologize, but received only a muffled "Go 'way."

Thinking best of Hilary's suggestion, the girls decided to go to the Alison Loyd Exhibition which was being held in the "Museum D'Obral."

The identity of Alison-Lloyd was the liveliest question in the art world at that moment. Was it a man or a woman who was creating this furore of admiration on both sides of the Atlantic? How could any one with such greatness disappear so mysteriously and leave no clue? The experts knew the workmanship, and could as readily identify a real Alison-Lloyd as a real Rembrandt, but to the majority of artists, the signature of the mysterious genius was merely a peculiar little marking in the form of curves or circles in the lower right hand corner of each painting.

Well, where everything else failed, the Bohemian could always get a thrill from an Alison-Lloyd exhibition and the various speculations it involved. So to the exhibit they went!

Chapter Five

"I say, Dale, did you see that quaint old gentleman with the white beard and red cap? He looked like Santa Claus"—

"Hmm—do you suppose—Hmm—no! Why! girls! Do you think? ?—He *might* be that picture thief Barry was telling us about last night!—remember? ———. No one knows whether it is a man or woman but he always does his dirty work in the day time! Oh! What if it were!" exclaimed Babs, becoming more and more excited. "He certainly was an odd looking creature to be at an art exhibit," remarked Hilary.

But at this point Dale informed her companion that the old gent was none other than Anthony Pillitier, the famous and eccentric art critic.

"Well," said Hilary. "Al's work must be pretty good to attract *his* notice, because he very seldom praises anything, and his presence anywhere is as good as praise."

"But Bab, wasn't that picture odd of that old man in grey? It looked as if it had been taken out of the funny papers and stuck up there as a joke—Gin ought to see that!" and Babs became serious a moment.

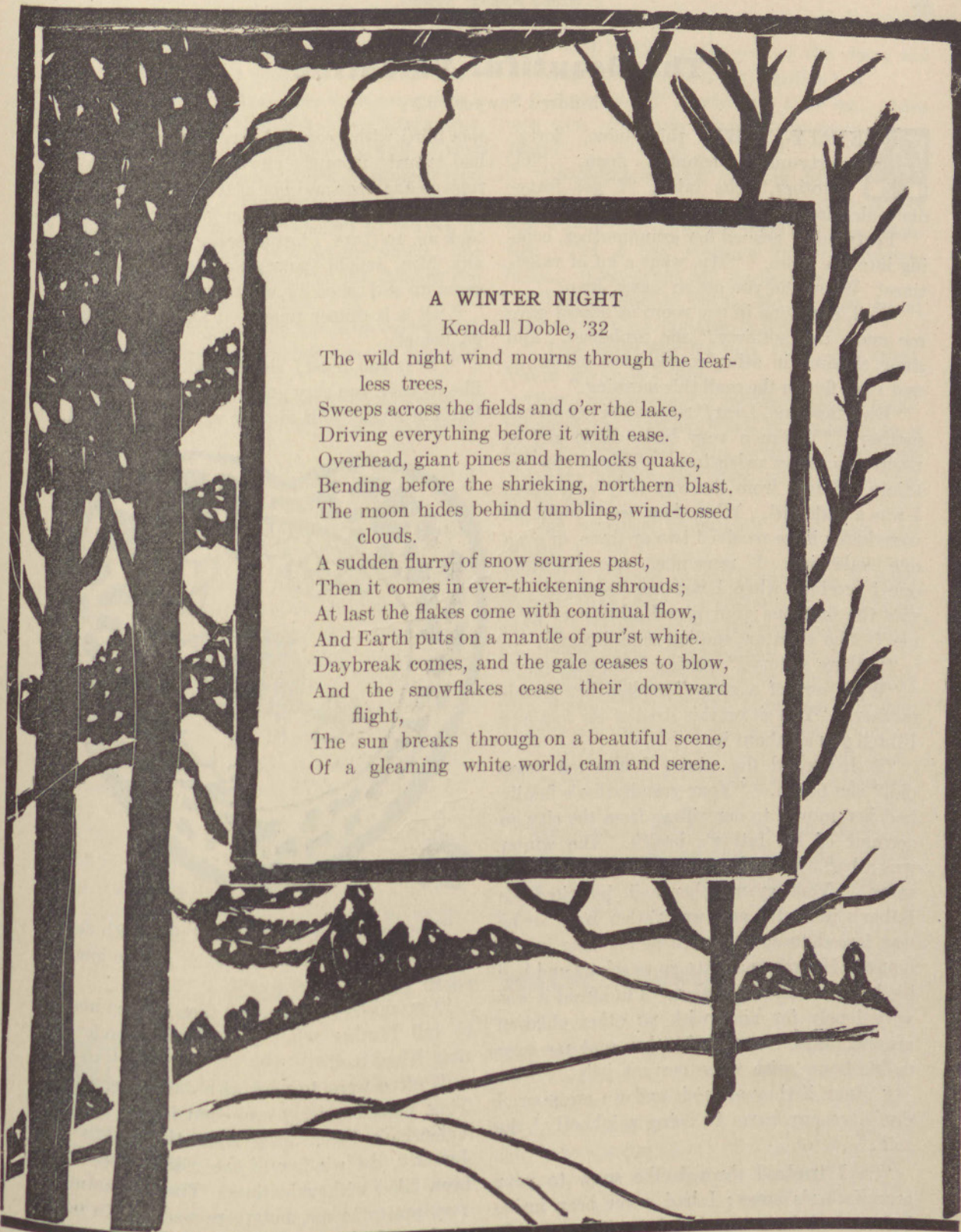
"I wonder how Gin is," she mused; "I hope she's better than she was when we left her."

But Bab's fears were almost groundless, for when they returned to the studio, they found Gin almost her usual self, except for a bit of restraint whenever anything was mentioned which was in anyway connected with Barry.

The girls asked no questions, a fact for which Gin was thankful, although afterward she told them the whole story. They chattered gaily of the exhibition which they had just been to, and assured Gin that she must go at once to see it. It was marvelous, except for one picture which was quite impossible.

"It was such a funny picture,—it really ought to be put in the comics," Babs announced—"the man's nose was as red as a beet—his ears looked like cabbage leaves"—and Babs continued, proceeding to illustrate her

(Continued on page 46)



A WINTER NIGHT

Kendall Doble, '32

The wild night wind mourns through the leaf-
less trees,

Sweeps across the fields and o'er the lake,
Driving everything before it with ease.
Overhead, giant pines and hemlocks quake,
Bending before the shrieking, northern blast.
The moon hides behind tumbling, wind-tossed
clouds.

A sudden flurry of snow scurries past,
Then it comes in ever-thickening shrouds;
At last the flakes come with continual flow,
And Earth puts on a mantle of pur'st white.
Daybreak comes, and the gale ceases to blow,
And the snowflakes cease their downward
flight,

The sun breaks through on a beautiful scene,
Of a gleaming white world, calm and serene.

The Beautiful Valentine

Mildred Sawyer, '32

THIRTY-EIGHT, thirty-nine, forty, forty-one," counted Jean. "O, Mother," she cried, "I got forty-one valentines!"

"Forty-one!" echoed her grandmother, coming into the room. "My, what a lot of valentines! Where did you get so many, Jean?"

"Well, everyone in my room at school gave me one,—that's thirty," she explained, "and some children in other rooms gave me some, and I got five in the mail this morning."

"Isn't that fine, Dear," responded her grandmother. "You're a very lucky little girl to receive so many valentines. Things are certainly different from the way they were when I was a little girl. Why, then, we thought we were lucky if we received two or three, or even one valentine. I remember one beautiful one I received when I was ten years old. It was the first one your grandfather ever gave me." She went on, smiling reminiscently.

"Is there a story?" queried Jean, eagerly.

"Well, sort of a story," replied her grandmother. "You sit on this stool at my feet and I'll tell you all about it."

"It happened the winter I was ten years old," she began. "Your grandfather's family had just moved to our village from the city on account of his father's health. The winter was a bad one, with many storms and a lot of snow. Your grandfather had inherited his father's ill-health and was rather frail, so he was forced to spend much of his time in the house. He was unable to go to school and had his lessons with his mother. I'm afraid it was very lonely for him, with no other children around, until one day, Mother sent me over to his house with some currant jelly."

"Even if they are rich and we are poor, I don't see any harm in being neighborly," she said.

"So I trudged through the snow to your grandfather's house; I had never been inside before and how wonderful it did seem! It

was filled with beautiful furniture which they had brought from the city and there were soft rugs on the floor and fine pictures on the walls—and the playroom! When your grandfather took me up there, I lost all sense of time. Finally, Mrs. Arnold (your grandfather's mother) came up and asked me what time I had dinner.

"O, is it dinner time?" I asked. 'I must go home!

"Yes, you must," she agreed. 'We would like to have you stay and have dinner with us, but I'm afraid your mother would be worried.



"She invited me to come and play with Jack again, soon, 'for,' she said, 'Jack gets so lonely all by himself.'

"I promised to come, and then hurried home to tell Mother what a perfectly wonderful time I had had."

"I often went to play with Jack after that. Time passed quickly and soon it was almost Valentine's Day. Ever since the middle of January, the window of the village store had been filled with valentines. They all seemed very pretty to me, but there was one, in particular, which took my fancy. It had pretty

lace and flowers on it and little pictures of birds. It wouldn't show up very well beside some of these you have here," fingering Jean's pile of valentines, "but it was beautiful to me.

"O, how I wished I might receive it! Every time I went by the window I stopped and looked at it for a long time, wondering who would be the one lucky enough to receive it. But it almost seemed as if no one would. No one bought it. It was still in the window the day before Valentine's Day.

"The next day some of my little friends and I exchanged valentines, but no one had the beautiful one.

"O,' I thought, 'Wouldn't it be awful if no one bought it at all! What if it should be wasted!'

"That night on the way home from school, I passed the village store again. My eyes immediately sought the place where 'my' valentine, as I had come to call it to myself, had lain. It was gone! Had some one at last bought it? I determined to find out.

"Walking into the store, I said, 'Mr. Smith, did someone buy that valentine with all the lace and pretty pictures on it?

"Do you mean the one you always looked at when you went by?" he asked. "Yes, someone bought it. Why, did you want to buy it? Pshaw, if I'd known that, I'd have kept it for you.

"No, no,' I said, hastily. 'I didn't want to buy it. But it was awfully pretty. I wish somebody had given it to me, but I've got one from everybody who ever gives me

one,' and I went sadly out of the door, not noticing the twinkle in Mr. Smith's eye.

"Everybody?" he shouted after me. "Are you sure you have received one from everybody?

"I couldn't imagine what he meant. As I walked slowly home, I thought over everyone who would be likely to give me a valentine. Yes, I had received one from everybody. What could Mr. Smith mean?

"When I reached home, Mother met me at the door with an envelope in her hand.

"I've something for you, Dear,' she cried. 'Guess whom it's from.

"But I was so eager, I couldn't stop to guess. Reaching up, I pulled it out of her hand, in a most impolite way, I'm afraid; and, with trembling fingers, tore open the envelope and pulled out—

"The beautiful valentine!" cried Jean, excitedly.

"Yes, it was the beautiful valentine, looking prettier than ever," confirmed her grandmother. "And, as you have probably guessed, it was from Jack. On the back it said:

'To Eleanor, with love from Jack, who is very grateful for all the happiness she has brought him during his lonely winter.


"O, isn't that a lovely story!" cried Jean. "Thank you so much for telling it to me, Grandma."

Then, cocking her head, "Is that Daddy?" she cried. "I must go and show him all my pretty valentines." And, gathering them up in both hands, she ran off.



Evening in the Maine Woods

Robert Hussey, '34

HEN the sun has disappeared behind purple hills in the west, the curtain is drawn aside and an entirely different and much more beautiful world is revealed.

We were paddling along the shore of the lake hoping to see some of the wild life that abounds in our state, when suddenly gripped

by an appreciation for the silent beauty of the place, we paused. All was quiet except the gentle lap of the waves against the side of the canoe. From far over the moonlit water the high, eerie, quavering cry of a loon, broke the stillness. In a second or so an answering cry

(Continued on Page 45)

The Shipwreck

Robert Cumming, '33

QNE day last August a beautiful four masted schooner came to anchor in Spurling's Cove. She was a large boat though narrow in proportion to her length; her rusty black paint was well worn; her railing was chipped and scarred, but her canvass was her glory. The rigging and sails, floating forth from her four tall, straight cedars, would set the heart of any boy aflame. Admiringly I had rowed around her massive form and envied my chum, Nat Bowditch, who was making a cruise on her. It seemed tough that I could not go along, and it was life's darkest moment when I watched, from dry land, her tack out the Western Way, headed for Prince Edward Island.



The following days were sweltering hot with scarcely a breeze on land or sea. Then on the day, when I thought possibly the four master might heave in sight again, the skies darkened and a southeaster began to blow, creating quite a bit of excitement along the water front. With the fishermen I took the skiffs and punts from the wharf and hauled them high up on the beach. Later as the storm

grew worse, some of us put a second rope on our mooring chains. Then murky darkness settled down over everything. What a night! Reverberating thunder, crashing winds, tearing billows filled the air with deafening noises. The slip went and there was no chance of recovering it; no one dared trust his life to the rotting piles of the village wharf. Up in the store the men gathered before the old stove and smoked, occasionally getting up and going out to look around, but the storm showed no signs of abating.

Suddenly amidst the roar of the thunder came the unmistakable sharp crack of a gun. Everyone started to his feet. From the south a rocket shot skyward—then another. Pity the ship in such a storm! Clambering into a Ford truck, we shook over the only road southward and arrived at Gott's Head. Here the inky pall of night, broken only by the glare of the rockets and an occasional jagged streak of lightning covered everything. Some well-meaning summer folk had built a huge bonfire on the shore; however its light only seemed to increase the darkness. Instantly the cool headed fishermen grasped the situation. Already the doomed ship was on the rocks. No coast guard boat could ever get to her through the breakers. If any help was to reach the sailors on the wreck, it would have to be from the shore—

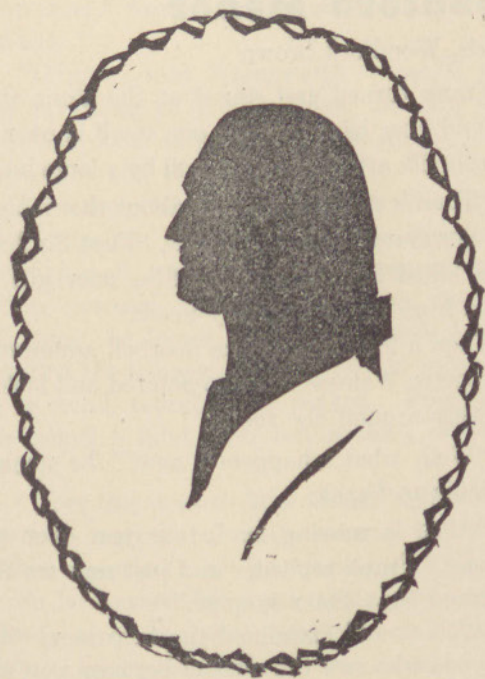
"Boys, what about Frank's cannon?" some one shouted.

"Get it" came the answer from a dozen throats, "and rope at Lou's and the bait-tub in Henry's shed."

We were scarcely in the old truck, it seemed, before we were back again with our life-saving equipment.

But would the old cannon stand the strain? Anyway we hurriedly crammed her with powder, while Henry brought the bait-tub. Then down came old Frank himself, the patriarch of

(Continued on page 45)



THE TOAST

Paul Burke

Washington held a glass of wine
 (The war was over now
 The lords and ladies smiled at him
 And made a great pow-wow.)

"The King of England", gallant words,
 George added with a wink,
 "In all good health may he stay there
 Across the briny drink."

OUR COUNTRY'S FATHER

Frances Jones

George Washington, that noble man,
 Worshipped alike in every land,
 Fought bravely from England to set us free;
 Worked nobly to establish a strong country,
 A man of courage, and honor, and strength,
 A man who would go to any length
 To serve a cause he thought was right
 And work for it with all his might;
 Our Country's Father—a glorious name!
 Ah, may his memory never wane.

MAGNI NOMINIS, UMBRA

Eleanor Clough

The boy who would not tell a lie
 Has lived through song and story
 As worthy of a Nation's love
 Revered by Whig and Tory.

That boy, a man, his country ruled
 At home, among his own.
 Nor craved frail glory overseas
 Nor envied any throne.

Ambition is the pride of kings.
 He knew a law innate;
 That life is love and fear of God
 While hon'ring man's estate.

Was ever man so revered
 For precepts he had won?
 So honored for the Truth he taught
 As our George Washington.

WITH APOLOGIES TO GEORGE
WASHINGTON AND OLD KING COLE

Barbara Bertels

Young George Washington, merry of soul,
 Called for his axe,
 And he called for his bowl
 Of cherries.

Young George Washington, bright of soul,
 Called for his music,
 And danced the maypole
 With the ladies.

Old George Washington with suffering soul
 Watched his army
 Through winter's col'
 At Valley Forge.

Old George Washington, grim of soul,
 Ferried his army,
 And he paid no toll
 Across the Delaware.

Old George Washington, tired of soul,
 Called for Mount Vernon,
 That restful knoll
 In Virginia.

The Phantom of Chanford Manor

Robert Cumming, Philip Jarvis, Woodford Brown

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 confidential 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.

The next day—Christmas Day—was spent answering the questions of an inspector from Scotland Yard. Towards night Frank had been called by Alice and told to follow her. He followed her down the hall and saw her disappear into the library. Then, as he entered the room, he heard Alice scream. The ghostly laugh which haunted Chanford Manor rang forth clearly—Alice had vanished.

PART III



FRANK rushed into the library and for a moment gazed blankly about the empty room. Then, rushing to the 'phone, he called Scotland Yard. In the few minutes between the call and the arrival of the police he assembled the servants in the library and told them of the mystery.

"I heard the scream," volunteered Michael, "but I didn't think anything of it as there are so many queer doings around this house anyway."

"I'm not going to stay in this house another minute," avowed Mrs. Bussell, the housekeeper.

Suddenly amid the babel and uproar a fact impressed itself on Frank's mind—Peter was missing!

"Where's Peter?" he shouted above the uproar.

"I haven't seen him since noon," answered Michael.

"It's lucky that I phoned the police," Frank began, "or we'd all—"

Suddenly he stopped and glanced swiftly around the room.

"Did someone laugh?" he demanded.

Only blank half-frightened faces met his gaze.

"I—It sounded in back of you, sir," quavered Mrs. Bussell.

Frank turned and stared at the stone wall behind him, bare save for one small banner of purple silk attached to the wall by a large hook.

"There's something queer about this room," he murmured half to himself, "First Sir John was killed here and now Alice, poor girl, is gone from under our very noses."

Then a loud ring of the doorbell announced Inspector Wainsworth who entered and looked sharply around the room.

"Well, what's happened now?" he rasped, turning to Frank.

"Alice is missing as I told you over the phone," Frank replied, "and just now we discovered that Peter is gone."

"Peter, eh!" exclaimed the inspector, "he's the one who saw the quarrel between you and the old man!"

"After Peter mentioned that the old man had threatened to change his will," continued Wainsworth, "I went to his lawyer's and saw it, and, Mister Holmes, you've some tall explaining to do."

"W-W-Why?" stammered Frank.

"Because Sir John left his whole estate except a few thousand to you."

"To me," echoed Frank stunned. Then his face lit up as he said eagerly, "What if I can prove that the estate belongs to me anyhow?"

"What?" barked the inspector.

"That's what I said," added Frank coolly, "I am Sir William de Montaigne, eldest son of Sir George de Montaigne, and rightful owner of Chanford Manor."

"Well, what do you know about that!" ejaculated Wainsworth.

Frank, or Willie as we must now call him, continued, "In the war my face was terribly cut so I spend the last few years in a small hospital in Switzerland getting patched up. Then I came back here. I was so changed that no one knew me. I decided to have some

fun after I learned that uncle had claimed the Manor."

"O hum," said Wainsworth rising, "I must be returning to London, now, but I'll come back as soon as possible to aid in the search for Alice and Peter."

Five days later, a very much discouraged and hopeless Willie was leaning against the library wall, when he became aware of something pressing painfully against his shoulder. Turning, he found that he had been leaning against the banner. Willie lifted it and stared at a small, round, white button. Pressing it, he heard a faint click, but nothing else happened.

"I bet this is what Alice found," Willie murmured, staring curiously around the room, "there must be a hidden opening somewhere."

So he pushed the knob again, and started slowly along the wall pressing it as he went. After a while, he returned to the knob.

"There's some trick to this," he remarked half-aloud, "I wonder what it is?"

Willie began to twist and turn the smooth button. Suddenly he felt himself falling thru space; then there was a blinding flash and he knew no more.

Slowly Willie came to his senses. At last he realized that the same thing had happened to him, that had happened to Alice—the button had opened a trapdoor in the floor and they had fallen thru it into a secret passage. Cautiously he rose to his knees groping blindly in the dark for a wall or ceiling, but in vain. Suddenly he thought of his tiny pocket torch. Lighting this, he found himself in a long, damp passage. Overhead, he could see in the feeble ray, the trapdoor thru which he had fallen. For a few minutes he wondered which way to go. Finally, he decided to go to the left. After a few steps, he came to a short flight of stairs. At the top of these was a door in which was a well oiled bolt. Sliding this, he pulled the door slowly inward, disclosing the library into which Willie hurried. Behind him the door swung slowly to, and closed with a faint click.

Suddenly he noticed that the banner had been moved about two feet to the right. He

gave it a tug and it slid slowly into place over the white knob.

"So that's it," muttered Willie, "the knob's just to drop you down and stun you, while the hook that holds the banner does the trick of opening the real door."

He hurried up to his room where he got a large flashlight and a small automatic which he assured himself was loaded. Then he called Inspector Wainsworth and told him of the discovery.

"I'll be right out with my men," snapped the Inspector.

Returning to the library, Willie pulled the banner to the right, then pushed the wall beneath, which swung slowly in. He braced it thus with a chair. As he started slowly down the stairs he heard a shrill scream that was drowned by a heavy crash, which shook the very floor. Willie hurried down the dark corridor as fast as he could. Suddenly he came into a dimly lit chamber.

A low groan came from one corner. Willie flashed his light in that direction. There, half crushed beneath a huge slab of stone, was Peter. Willie rushed over and knelt beside the old man.

Then faint shouts announced the arrival of the police. Soon Wainsworth appeared in the doorway followed by several officers.

"What have you found?" he demanded. Then he saw Peter and hurried over. With the help of his men and Willie, the inspector soon moved the huge slab. But it was evident that Peter was beyond help. Suddenly he began to mutter in a strange language. An officer bent over and listened. Peter fell into a coma. The officer straightened up.

"He says that he's the Grand Duke Petrofsky of Russia and he wants to tell you something."

Suddenly Peter opened his eyes and said in a loud voice, "I killed Sir John de Montaigne." Then, uttering a familiar, ghostly laugh, he died.

"That's that," muttered the Inspector, "now where's the girl?"

At the moment Willie heard a thump from

the opposite side of the chamber. He rushed over, and there in a little alcove lay Alice—bound and gagged. Swiftly with his knife he slashed her bonds and ripped the gag from her mouth. It was a minute before she could speak.

"Is he dead?" she asked.

Willie nodded silently. Then she began to cry.

"Why, what's the trouble?" Willie asked, amazed.

"H-he-he's m-my f-father!" she sobbed.

Alice soon recovered and told her story.

"After I saw you, I went back into the library and pulled the button under the banner. The next thing I knew was that I was here as I was when you found me and Peter was standing nearby. You know the ring I had, don't you?"

Willie nodded. Often had he noticed the curious ring with the engraved coat-of-arms.

"Well, he had that in his hand, and was laughing and crying. Then he said that I was his long lost daughter, and that he was the Grand Duke Ivan Petroffsky and I was the Duchess Olga Petroffsky. He said that the whole story was written in a letter near him.

"You're the niece of the Czar!" exclaimed Willie.

"Yes, Frank, but I love you just the same," and she burst into tears.

"I've some good news for you, too, Olga, darling," Willie said. "I've a title, too. My real name is Sir William de Montaigne, and I'm the Lord of Chanford Manor."

"Darling!" she fell into his arms.

They were brought back to earth by a loud shout from Wainsworth who had tactfully left the alcove. They hurried to him, amazed, they stared at the hole left by the fall of the granite slab. There in the large cavity, gleaming and glowing in the faint light was a huge heap of precious gems set in gold and silver ornaments.

"Here's a letter!" shouted Willie, extracting it from the king's ransom. "It's addressed to the 'Discoverer of this Fortune.'"

"Here's the note your father left, Miss."

"Let's take them upstairs and read them," suggested Olga, and, suiting action to words, they went up to the library arm-in-arm.

A few minutes later she opened the letter.

"My darling daughter," it read, "When you read this, the story of a broken life, I will be dead and gone. You never knew your mother, the most charming of all the ladies in the court of the Czar. A year after you were born, a fine stalwart Englishman about my own age, I was thirty then—became my partner. A year later, my heart was broken! My partner and my wife ran off taking my whole fortune. Leaving you in the care of my sister, I set out for vengeance. But they had vanished. Many hours I cursed them and prayed for their downfall. I almost lost my mind. One day in London a few years ago, I saw my enemy; I learned who he was. My heart beat glad for the first time in twenty long years. I was to have my vengeance!

"I became a servant in his employ, for I was so changed by grief and the years that he did not even suspect who I was. One day I discovered these passageways. I tried, with their help to frighten the servants away, but of no avail. Then came this young man. I knew he would discover my secret. I knew it! At last came my chance and exactly twenty years after his flight, my honor was avenged. Now I may die happy.

Your loving father,

Ivan.

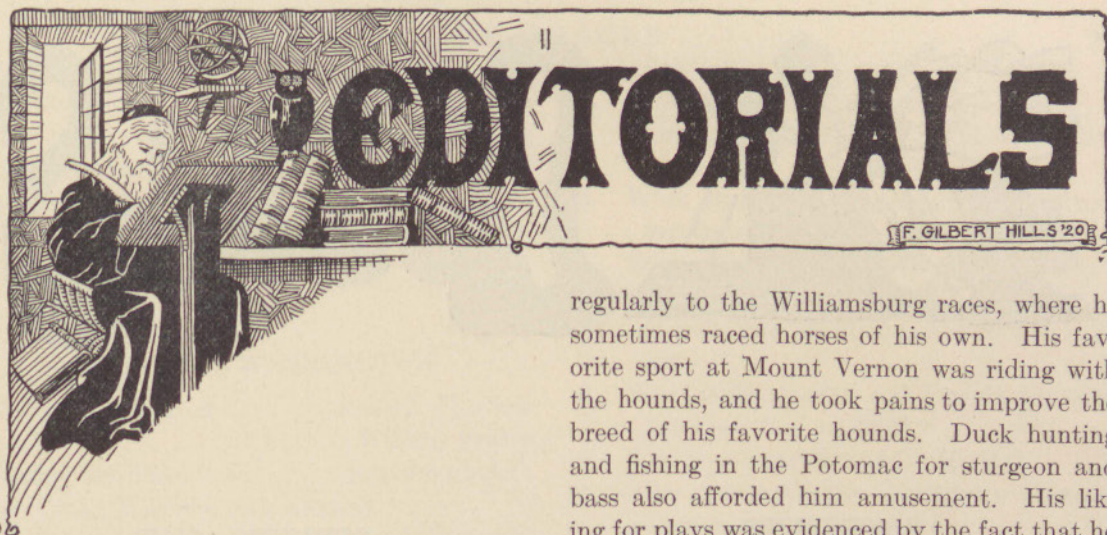
"P. S. Marry that young man, Frank, if you love him as he is the one I would choose for you.

When Olga lifted her head, her eyes were brimming with tears, and Willie's voice was husky as he began to read this letter.

After a few sentences he said, "Guess I'll read this to myself as it's very long and tiresome and I can give you the main points.

"Well," he said some minutes later, "Uncle sure was a bad one. Your mother didn't run off with him. She found him leaving with the jewels so he forced her to come with him. She died three days later in Berlin. His money

(Continued on page 37)



GEORGE WASHINGTON

Washington's light shines in no way more distinctively than as one of the richest and largest Virginia tobacco-planters. Industrious, punctual, efficient, and economical, it is small wonder that he was so successful. He disliked slavery for economic and social reasons, and not on moral grounds, but he made the best of it, took good care of his slaves, and called a doctor for the sick. He varied his products to raise enough food for all his people, and raised breeding horses and cattle. For fruit trees, he had a peach and apple orchard, and he grafted many cherry, pear, and plum trees.

Until after the Revolution, Mount Vernon was a small house of only eight rooms, but he spent much of his time improving and beautifying the grounds. Washington carefully superintended the education and property of his stepchildren—Patsy Custis and John Parke Custis. He engaged a tutor for them, made special efforts to cure Patsy of epilepsy of which she died, and sent John to King's College in New York for a few months.

In the social life of Tidewater, Virginia, Mount Vernon played a great part. Washington's mansion was always full of guests or casual travellers. House-parties and afternoon tea on the verandah of Mount Vernon were frequent social diversions. Throughout his life, he enjoyed dancing and very often went ten miles to Alexandria to attend balls.

As late as the age of sixty-four, three years before his death, he still danced. He went

regularly to the Williamsburg races, where he sometimes raced horses of his own. His favorite sport at Mount Vernon was riding with the hounds, and he took pains to improve the breed of his favorite hounds. Duck hunting and fishing in the Potomac for sturgeon and bass also afforded him amusement. His liking for plays was evidenced by the fact that he hardly ever missed an opportunity to see plays at Alexandria or Williamsburg.

Thus in his private life we find Washington, the great national figure, exercising the same efficient, punctual industry that won the Revolution and put the constitution into operation. Ever alert to the pulse of public affairs, ever mindful of his countrymen's welfare, Washington watched from his beloved Mount Vernon the greatest republic the world has known grow, in unity and prosperity.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

No one has ever lived who has left a more distinct and lasting impression on the minds
(Continued on page 43)



LOCALS

ASSEMBLIES

"What's that noise?" asks one citizen of Brewer. "Bangor High's having a rally," is the laconic response. We should not have been surprised to hear such a conversation a short while ago, in fact just before the Bangor-Portland basketball game, for it was at that time that we had one of our best rallies.

The 1200 students of B. H. S. shouted their loudest, stopping only long enough to hear the short speeches made by Dean Rachel Connor, and by Archie Kamenkovitz, one of Bangor's star basket ball players. The band did a great deal to increase the school spirit by getting everyone roused up with patriotic music.

Now the scene changes.

The time is just before the Bangor-South Portland game; the place, good ol' B. H. S. Assembly Hall, and the participants every one in the place, who can make a lot of noise. This rally was successful in rousing school spirit, but we didn't make as much noise as we could have. Maybe we were too sleepy (it was only 8:15) or maybe we couldn't recover from the ill effects of getting our rank cards the day before—or better still, and I'm sure the Freshmen will agree, we were weak from the lack of their help.

One of the skits presented in Latin Club was so successful that it was given in Assembly.

The winner of the June "Oracle" for the best solution to the serial, "The Phantom of Chanford Manor," was Helen Gould.

DEBATING CLUB

Following on the heels of the two victories at Hallowell, the debating teams lost to Portland 5-4. The question debated was: Resolved: That Maine should export its surplus water power. The speakers were: Constance Hedin, Bernice Braidy, Barbara Bertels, (Alternate); Robert Kurson, Robert Cumming, Woodford Brown.

Mr. Prescott, under whose guidance the Debating Club is progressing so favorably, expects to have the team for the Bates question picked by February 1.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION

The pupils chosen to exhibit their talent in the Junior Exhibition are:

Girls	Boys
Alice Tuck	Frederick Newman
Nancy Connors	Robert Cumming
Frances Jones	Elwood Bryant
Ruth Hughes	Robert Kurson
Geneva Hibbard	Harold Grodinsky

The speakers are at work now choosing and practicing their pieces under the direction of Miss Rideout.

DRAMATIC CLUB

To commemorate the bicentennial of George Washington's birthday, the Dramatic Club, in connection with the history department, is going to present a one-act play, General

Washington. Now don't be alarmed. The play is free and is going to be given during Assembly on the last day of school. The play is taken from the story of Braddock's defeat. (In case you don't remember Braddock, look him up.)

The cast is as follows:

GENERAL WASHINGTON

George Washington..... Russell Hawkes
Braddock..... William Fraser
Shirley, Braddock's sec..... Bunny Saunders
Dr. Craig, Washington's surgeon.....
..... Wilfred Flanagan
Bishop, Braddock's servant.....
..... William Mongovan

HOME ROOMS

Did you know that in Room 309, way up in the wilds of the third floor, there is a beautiful state of Maine flag? Well, there is. It is the gift of Mrs. True's Commercial Division, class of '31. This division won the scholarship banner for the entire year 1930-'31.

The State of Maine flag is, in case you have never seen it, a rather deep purple with the Maine insignium in colors, on it. The banner is very striking and doubtless has been drawn again and again by talented students looking for something to do (you know a good many school books haven't good pictures in them).

Speaking of the third floor, I imagine that the Freshmen by this time know it fairly well, and don't get lost so often.

The home room which got the scholarship banner this quarter was Room 201.

CURRENT EVENTS

Lloyd Johnson

How much do you know about what's going on in the news of the world?

The correct answers may be found on page 37.

1. What great inventor died recently?
2. What prominent statesman recently visited President Hoover?
3. What office does he hold?
4. Who is prime minister of England?

5. Is Adolf Hitler president of Germany, a German scientist, or a national socialist leader?
6. What stand has he recently taken concerning German's debts?
7. What office does Mussolini hold in Italy?
8. Who was appointed by President Hoover to head the Unemployment Relief Committee?
9. What political office was Dwight Morrow holding when he died?
10. Who is now speaker of the House?
11. Who is to head the Emergency Finance Corporation of the U. S.?
12. Who is our Secretary of the Treasury?
13. The president of Germany is: Hitler, Hindenburg, Ludwig?
14. On what conviction was Al Capone sent to prison?
15. What internationally famous man recently visited England in the interest of India?
16. What happened to him shortly after his return to India?
17. What Justice of the Supreme Court recently resigned?
18. How long do the justices of the Supreme Court of the U. S. hold office?
19. What movement has recently been made against Mellon?
20. Who is the foremost candidate for the Democratic nomination for president?
21. What political office does he now hold?
22. What country now has possession of the Schneider cup?
23. What two Americans recently received the Noble award?
24. What deadly economic weapon is China using in warfare against the Japanese?
25. What bill concerning war reparations recently passed Congress?
26. Bruening, Ludwig, or Hitler is now Chancellor of Germany?
27. What announcement did he recently make which seemed to be in opposition with his former policy?
28. What measures did he take to prevent socialists demonstrations?

29. What two countries now have most of the world's gold?
30. What financial measure was adopted in England last fall?
31. The Conservatives, Labor party, or a Coalition ministry is the leading party in England?
32. What Italian statesman recently visited Hoover?
33. What office does he hold?
34. Who is our Secretary of State?
35. Japan went against a decree of what international group when she advanced into Manchuria in December?
36. What was the decree that Japan broke?
37. The League of Nations came as a result of what event in the world's history?
38. Who was instrumental in forming the league?
39. What office was he holding at the time?
40. William Borah is a Republican senator, President of a State University, or a Democratic senator?
41. Are the Phillipines now independent?
42. Is President Hoover a candidate for re-nomination?
43. What important Chinese city was captured by the Japanese troops on New Year's day?
44. Who is the newly elected president of China?
45. What insult was recently made upon an American consul in China?
46. Who was the consul?
47. What New England woman is a member of the American Delegation to Geneva?
48. What office does she now hold?
49. What was recently voted the most sensational news story in 1931?
50. Piccard made his altitude record in a dirigible, airplane, free balloon, or helicopter?

three teams have been "holding 'em and squeezing 'em." A match with the Technical High School of Atlanta, Ga., was shot and won by Bangor High with a score of 3323 to 3299.

The line-up for the match was as follows:

B. H. S. 3323	TECH. H. S. 3299
1. Thayer, R.	1. Gardner, P.
2. McNeal, V.	2. Huey, J.
3. Bartlett, J.	3. Farris, F.
4. McNulty, J.	4. Tomlin, S.
5. Johnson, L.	5. Jackson, R.
6. Haney, R.	6. Parham, L.
7. Donovan, K.	7. Brazell, H.
8. Gleszer, R.	8. Black, C.
9. Getchell, S.	9. Doyle, H.
10. Brown, W.	10. Neeson, H.

The targets for the match were shot in the respective gyms under the supervision of the military instructors.

The annual First Corps Area Match is now being shot with military schools throughout New England. The first stage, prone and sitting, has already been sent in and the other stages, prone-kneeling, prone-standing, and prone-prone are rapidly being completed. The lineup for the match will be probably the same except that Charles Barrett, winner of last year's first place medal, will replace one of the men.

The medals won by the three members of the team were awarded them privately.

When the Corps Area Match has been completed, the William Randolph Hearst Trophy Match will be shot and after that the annual match with the U. of M. freshmen.

A rather novel custom was introduced on Sat., Jan. 26 when the Officers' Club held a matinee dance. There was a large crowd in attendance and everyone pronounced the affair a huge success. It is planned to have a series of these matinee dances and the date of the next one will be announced soon. A feature of these dances is that they are open to members of the student body only, or at least that was what was announced in Assembly but several alumni were present. If this is

R. O. T. C.

Rifles have been blazing in the high school gym for the past month under the direction of Staff Sgt. Beckert and the members of the

supposed to be for members of the student body only, why not make it so and admit no one else? These dances were started primarily to enable the students to get together and not for making money. As a matter of fact after all expenses were paid there was left less than two dollars profit from the first dance. So what say, fellow students, let's get together and make everyone of these matinee dances a great success. The editor of this department wants to see everyone at the next dance whenever it is!

MUSIC

BAND

The first half of the 1931-32 school year is now behind us, and we find the musical organizations of B. H. S. in excellent shape. Earnest effort, combined with unusual ability, has placed these groups in a position to equal if not excell those high standards attained by former classes. During the last few weeks, the band has made rapid strides forward, and we hope it will continue its good work until May when both the Maine state and New England contests will be held. The New England contest number has been chosen by the judges and copies sent to all class A bands of New England. The title of this composition is "Zamba" by Herald. Probably this will be the assigned number for the state contest also.

The usual custom of having the band play in city hall at the inaugural exercises of the mayor and city government was omitted this year on account of the new form of city government. In former years this occasion gave the general public an opportunity to hear the band with all its sections balanced. The band is still featured at the basketball games and helps to encourage school spirit.

FESTIVAL CHORUS

The Festival Chorus will cooperate with the other choruses of the city to make the Benefit Concert for the unemployment a success. This concert, featuring a former gradu-

ate of Bangor High as guest artist, will furnish an evening of worth while enjoyment and at the same time help a worthy cause.

ORACLE BOARD

If you want to please any member of the *Oracle* Board greatly, just speak of his new pin (if he has it on.) Not long ago a special meeting of the O. B. was called, and 17 senior members were presented with gold and enamel pins, having a miniature of B. H. S. mounted on it.

STUDENT COUNCIL

A committee of representatives, four from each class, six faculty members, and the principal met Jan. 18, and drew up a constitution and by-laws for a student council.

Since it was considered impractical for the classes of both the morning and afternoon sessions to be represented in the same council, it was decided that the afternoon students, consisting of the freshmen and sophomore commercials, should have a council of their own which would be represented in the upper-class council by two members.

It was also decided that the council should consist of one representative from each home room and representatives from most of the different organizations of the school. However, for legislative purposes this body will be lessened to an executive board of fourteen members.

The constitution also sets forth in detail the duties of the council, its purpose and its activities. As set forth in the constitution, the chief duties and activities of the council will be to supervise social functions, and extra-curricular activities, to raise the standard of the school, scholastically and athletically, and to create in the students a sense of responsibility for the general appearance and order of the school.

This constitution has been approved by the school committee and formally accepted by the student body. As yet the representatives to the council have not been chosen, but in the

near future we will see a student council functioning in B. H. S.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS OF THE STUDENT ASSOCIATION BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

ARTICLE I.

Name and Purpose

Name

Section 1. The name of this organization shall be the Student Association of Bangor High School.

Purposes

Section 2. The purposes of this association shall be:

- 1.—To unify all student organizations under one general control.
- 2.—To aid in the internal administration of the school.
- 3.—To develop a strong morale by soliciting the cooperation of every individual of the student body.
- 4.—To encourage high grade work.
- 5.—To promote in all ways the best interests of the school—Scholastic, Athletic, Social.

ARTICLE II

Membership

All students, teachers, and the principal shall be considered members of the association.

ARTICLE III

The Council

Section 1. The executive body of the association shall be a council and shall consist of:

- A.—One member elected by each home room.
- B.—As there must be two interlocking associations, one for the morning students and another for the afternoon, the Sophomore Commercial and Freshmen shall be represented in the council by one member each.
- C.—Presidents of the Senior and Junior classes.
- D.—Captains and Managers of football, baseball, basketball, track, and field hockey teams.
- E.—President of the Debating Club.
- F.—President of the Band.
- G.—President of the Orchestra.
- H.—President of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council.
- I.—Editor and Business Manager of the "Oracle."
- J.—The Student Major of the R. O. T. C.
- K.—The principal, dean, and another faculty member elected by the faculty.

Section 2. If any official holds two posts, in one of the posts the next in rank shall take his place.

Section 3. Elections shall be held not later than the third week of each school year.

ARTICLE IV

Officers

Section 1. 1.—The officers of the council shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and an Executive Committee.

2.—The President shall be a boy from the Senior class.

3.—The Vice-President shall be a girl from the Senior class.

4.—The Secretary shall be a girl from the Junior class.

5.—The Treasurer shall be a boy from the Junior class.

6.—An executive committee composed of the above mentioned officers and *four* representatives from the Senior class, *three* from the Junior class, and *two* from the Sophomore class.

7.—All officers must be members of the Council.

8.—All officers shall be elected by the Council.

9.—Officers shall serve for one school year.

10.—The principal or some other faculty member shall always meet with the executive committee.

Duties of officers

Section 2. 1.—The President:

- a. Shall preside at all meetings of the council.
- b. Shall call extra meetings if necessary.

2.—The Vice-president shall take the place of the president in the absence of the President.

3.—The Secretary shall keep the records of all meetings.

4.—The treasurer shall collect all money due the association and hand over the same to the principal, who shall deposit it in the general account, under the heading Student Council.

ARTICLE V

Meetings

1.—Regular meetings of the Council shall be held on the second Monday of each month at 11 o'clock A. M.

2.—Regular meetings of the Executive Committee shall be held on the third Monday of each month at 8 o'clock A. M.

3.—Special meetings may be called by the President by arranging with the principal.

ARTICLE VI

Powers

The Council shall have the power:

- 1.—To make and enforce any rules necessary for the betterment of the school, its life, or interests.
- 2.—To grant charters to clubs and organizations.
- 3.—To supervise in matters concerning the extra-curricular activities of the school.
- 4.—To recommend the appointment of necessary committees.

(Continued on Page 37)



GIRLS' BASKETBALL SQUAD

Front row, left to right, Kelly, Lovejoy, Toole, Toole, West, Hastings, Landon, Allen, McAvey.

Back row, left to right, Coach Oltar, Sanders, Wiggin, Tremble, Morrison, Reynolds, Hawes, Doane, Chaison Kennedy, Steeves.

The girls' basketball team started its season by playing on the M. C. I. court at Pittsfield, Jan. 8. As this was the first game of the season the girls were quite excited and ready for a hard fight.

As the floor of the Pittsfield Town Hall is very small, we were informed that we were to play two sections. Some of the girls on the squad didn't know what this was all about, but Coach Oltar soon made it clear to them.

BANGOR'S FIRST GAME WAS A VICTORY

From the start until the finish this game with the M. C. I. lassies proved to be very exciting as it was a "tie" most of the time. The M. C. I. girls were the first to get a basket, but once Thelma Silke and Helen Tremble found the rim of their basket the M. C. I. guards couldn't hold them down. Of course the passes which our girls had been practicing didn't work very well on such a small floor, but they got together and it wasn't long before they had something fixed up.

The girls of the M. C. I. team were about the size of our girls but their forwards, Bailey

and Tozier, were exceptionally fast at dodging in and out between our guards. Bailey was undoubtedly the star of the M. C. I. team.

Summary:

BANGOR 31;	M. C. I., 29
Tremble, r. f. 5, (3).....	Tozier, r. f. 3, (2)
Silke, lf. 4, (3).....	Bailey, l. f. 7, (4)
Reynolds, c. 2, (2).....	Stacy, c.
Chaison, s. c.....	Warren, s. c.
Sullivan, r. g.....	Wren, r. g.
Allen, l. g.....	Garrity, l. g.

Substitutions: M. C. I., Rutherford for Garrity, Andrews for Rutherford; Bangor, West for Chaison, McAvey for West.

Time: Four 8 minute periods.

BANGOR DEFEATS M. C. I. ON HOME COURT

On Jan. 15, B. H. S. again met the M. C. I. sextette but this time on their own court. Of course both teams were ready for a much harder fight than before and it certainly turned out to be one of the fastest games of the season. From the very beginning both teams tried to out do

the other but try as they would the score remained very close.

Bailey played forward for the M. C. I. team and every time she shot it seemed as though the ball slid through the net.

Thelma Silke knew pretty much where the rim was Saturday night and made a score of twenty-two points.

Summary:

BANGOR, 32

M. C. I., 24

Tremble, rf, 4, (2).....Tozier, r. f. 3, (1)
 Silke, l. f. 8, (6).....Bailey, l. f. 6, (5)
 Hawes, c.....Stacy, c
 Chaison, s. c.....Warren, s. c.
 Allen, r. g.....Garrity, r. g.
 Doane, l. g.....Andrews, l. g.

Substitutions: M. C. I., Kenney for Bailey, Rutherford for Barrity, Wren for Andrews; Bangor, West for Chaison, Kelley for West, Toole for Doane.

Referee: Mildred McGuire of Bangor.

Time: Four 8-minute periods.

BANGOR GOES TO BUCKSPORT

Jan. 22, the squad from B. H. S. went to Bucksport Seminary with the hopes of playing a hard but victorious game.

As at M. C. I., the floor at E. M. C. S. was too small for a three section game; so we had to play two sections. By this time, Christine Reynolds, our center who plays forward in a two section game, had been practicing shooting baskets. Helen Tremble, our able captain played all around the E. M. C. S. guards and succeeded in making a score of twenty-one points.

Jewel of E. M. C. S. made a score of twenty-three points, and "was she fast!" Most of the time it seemed as though she hardly got her hands on the ball when the whistle blew and the score was raised two points.

At the end of the half the score was Bangor—22, E. M. C. S. 9, but at the end it stood Bangor—41, E. M. C. S.—35.

Summary:

BANGOR

E. M. C. S.

Tremble, rf, 7, (7).....Bulmer, rf, 2, (1)

Silke, l. f. 4, (4).....Eddy, l. f. 3, (1)
 Reynolds, c, 4.....Jewel, c. 9, (5)
 Chaison, s. c.....Mercer, s. c.
 Allen, r. g.....Brown, r. g.
 Doane, l. g.....Jones, l. g.

Substitutions: E. M. C. S., Scribner for Jones, Toole for Doane; Bangor, West for Chaison.

Referee—Miss Rogers from U. of M.

Time: Four 8-minute periods.

At the home game Jan. 15, much credit is due to the audience which was there. It was a good beginning but the gym can still hold about three times as many people. If you have never seen a girls' basketball game or haven't seen one this year, why not come to our next game! It costs only twenty-five cents with a seat for everyone. You can get your ticket from anyone on the squad or you may "pay as you enter." If more people would only come to the game once I'm sure they would want to come every time, and, moreover, our girls could probably run up a much larger score in every game.

INTERCLASS GAMES

The interclass basketball games start Feb. 3 in the B. H. S. gymnasium. Each class plays six games making a total of twelve games. The class that wins the most number of games during the season receives a silver cup with the class number on it. Each Monday and Wednesday at 4:45 there are to be two games. Every one is welcome to these games and no admission is charged so let's all go!

BOYS' BASKETBALL

PORTLAND WINS

In the first of the two scheduled games with Portland, the Blue won 40-20. They had a big, fast team this year, that played aggressive basket ball every minute. Backer, veteran back, led the Portland attack and with Moran and LaFavor did most of the scoring.

Brown, at center, was not at all idle, continually getting the jump and scoring four baskets.

During the first half, Bangor played the best and kept the score close; but the last half found us up against a machine that raised havoc with the balcony basket.

The game opened with Brown getting the tap and Moran coasted down from a back position to score. After several minutes of scrimmage, Don MacKinnon scored the first Crimson basket. Frank Burke then scored putting us in the lead for the first time in the game. It did not last long however, as La Favor and Backer managed to score a basket and a foul respectively before the period ended 5-4, Portland.

The second quarter opened with Burke scoring, putting the Crimson ahead for the last time. This lead was short lived also, being followed closely with baskets from Moran and Holt. MacKinnon made a long shot from outside the foul line, bringing the score up 9-8. Moran then scored a foul, Backer and Collilo a basket each for Portland. Rolsky scored and MacKinnon shot another long one before the half, which ended 14-10, Portland.

The opening minutes of the third quarter found Bangor trying hard to find the lead again. Rolsky scored a foul and Frank Burke made a sensational basket from the side-line. Portland then swung into action and staged a rally that put the game on ice. Backer scored two baskets and a foul; Brown, three baskets; and Moran and La Favor a basket each. Burke managed to get in a basket and foul, while Rolsky scored a basket for the Crimson. The quarter ended 29-18.

Portland retained her lead in the fourth quarter and added to it five baskets and a foul while Bangor made only a basket and a foul. When the game closed, the score was doubled: Portland 40; Bangor 20.

The Portland team will likely be the largest in size of any team that Bangor will come up against this year besides being fast and, above all, aggressive.

The line-up:

PORTLAND HIGH, (40);

BANGOR HIGH, (20)

Holt, rf, 1.....	Burke, rf, 4 (2)
Johnson, (1).....	Flewelling, lf
LaFavor, lf, 3, (2).....	Leavitt
Cotello, 1.....	McKinnon, c, 2 (1)
Seay.....	Manning, rg
Brown, c, (4).....	Knowles (1)
Bacher, rb, 5, (2).....	Harper
Keeley, (2).....	Rolsky, lb, 1 (2)
Moran, lb, 4 (1).....	

Umpire, Roundy, Colby. Time 4 8's.

GREEN OVERPOWERED

Old Town started off at a fast pace and as a result, Hussy, a green forward, scored from a corner followed by Murray, scoring from mid-floor.

Five minutes elapsed before a Crimson player found the basket although many tries were made. Burke then scored from just outside the foul line. Old Town made a point on a foul and this put them in the lead at the end of the first quarter 4-5.

The second quarter saw both teams striving hard for the lead. During this period, Bangor scored two baskets and a foul, while Old Town scored three points. The half ended with the Crimson leading 9-8.

Bangor rallied in the fourth quarter, and, when Mull thought that the score was large enough to win the game, the second team was put in. The Crimson played a fine game and this victory should give them a boost towards the Maine Tournament.

The line-up:

BANGOR H. S., 26; OLD TOWN H. S., 15	
Flewelling, lf.....	rb, Cust 1, (1)
Leavitt 2, (1).....	White
Burke, rf, 5, (2).....	lb Murray, 1
	Daillargen
MacKinnon c, 1.....	c, Martin, 1
Harper, c.....	
Manning, lb, 3, (1).....	rf, Hussey, 1, (1)
P. Burke.....	
Rolsky, rb.....	lf, Brilliant, (2)
Knowles.....	Bartlett, 1, (1)

Referee, Edwards, Colby; Time, 4 8's.

CRIMSON TRIUMPH

Playing their first game with a prep school team in some time, the Crimson of B. H. S., after trailing the first team for two periods, overran a substitute M. C. I. team in the third quarter to gain a small lead that could not be bettered by the first team, when put in again, and triumphed 26-21.

The first quarter found a faster Prep team slowly running up a lead on an indifferent Crimson five, but, when the M. C. I. coach sent in the second string, late in the second period, new hope dawned on the Crimson side.

The last half was surely a nightmare for a bewildered Prep five as they probably expected, like all teams, not to find any fight or school spirit in Bangor. Led by Frankie Burke, the Crimson rallied in the third quarter and with the wholehearted support of every last supporter conquered a team that at the present time is headed for the Prep School championship.

So, after eight minutes of playing that couldn't be equaled on any court, while the score see-sawed from one side to the other, a final sprint in the last minutes brought the old School out on top 26-21.

The summary:

BANGOR H. S., (26);	M. C. I., (21)
Flewelling, lf, 2, (1).....	qb, Rich
Leavitt.....	Quadros, 1, (3)
Burke, rf, 6, (3).....	lb, Entin, 1, (2)
.....	Calder, Cronis
MacKinnon, c, 1.....	c, Coombs, 1
.....	Reed
Manning, lb.....	rf, Laughlin, 1, (1)
Knowles, 1.....	
Rolsky, rb, 1.....	lf, Kinney, 2, (3)
.....	Brown
Referee, Bachman. Time, 4-8's.	

BLUE AGAIN

Taking their first big trip of the season, our Crimson squad left for Portland on Friday, Jan. 22. It was the second of the two annual

games, and, although striving hard to gain victory, the Crimson five were defeated 54-20.

Portland played that same brand of aggressive basketball that was displayed here, and this one characteristic should place them high in court laurels this year.

The game opened with both teams playing sure basketball. Portland snapped a fast offense that penetrated deeply into the Crimson defense and led by La Favor, ran up a score of 13-5 before the period closed.

The second quarter found the Blue still running up a high score and before the half the score was 29-8.

The Crimson played their best ball in the third quarter, but the Blue offense still raged and the margin was increased to 40-12.

The final quarter was the fastest of the four with Bangor fighting hard to cut their rivals lead. Nevertheless, the Blue, playing their last game of the year with the Crimson, won 54-20.

The summary:

PORTLAND H. S., (54)	BANGOR H. S., (20)
Holt, rf, 3, (3).....	rf, Burke, 2
Johnson, (1).....	lf, Flewelling, 1, (1)
LaFavor, lf, 9, (4).....	Leavitt, 1
Collello, 1, (1).....	c, McKinnon, 1
Seay.....	rg, Manning, 2, (2)
Brown, c, (1).....	Harper, (2)
Backer, rg, 3, (8).....	lg, Rolsky, (1)
Kelley, (2).....	
Moran, lg, (2).....	
Referee, Roundy. Time—4-8's.	

FOULS WIN GAME

Following the Portland game on Friday, the Crimson set out for Auburn where they encountered the Edward Little High five on Saturday evening. From the floor, the Crimson out-scored the Eddies making five baskets to their opponents four but from the foul line Auburn scored fifteen points while the Crimson scored nine. When the game ended 23-19, only one Crimson regular, McKinnon, remained

on the floor, the other four becoming ineligible through fouls.

The Crimson started strong, scoring the opening basket and at the end of the period were leading 5-4.

Fouls sent the Eddies into the lead during the second period and before the half ended both Capt. Burke and Mac Flewelling were on the bench while the score read against the Crimson 16-9.

Although Auburn was never behind in the last half, they were hard pressed. Bangor with a pair of reserve forwards, Reaville and Dinsmore, cut down the margin, but, when Manning and Rolsky were forced from the game in the final minutes, the Crimson's chance of winning was shattered. Still the team fought on, and, when the game ended, Auburn was four fouls ahead, the score being 23-19.

The line-up:

EDWARD LIT., (23); BANGOR HIGH (19)

Towle, lf, 1, (2).....rf, Burke, (2)
Parker, rf.....rf, Reaville
Apsaga, lf, (1).....rf, Dinsmore, 1, (1)
Webster, lf.....lf, Flewelling, 1, (1)
Capano, lf.....lf, Leavitt
Gautier, c, 1.....c, McKinnon, 1
Scribner, rg, 1, (8).....Rolsky, (3)
Wiswell, rg.....rg, Knowles
Nichols, lg, 1, (4).....lg, Manning, 1, (2)
Goldman, lg.....lg, Harper, 1
Referee, Lavallee. Time, 4-8's.

CRIMSON NOSED OUT IN LAST MINUTE

Probably the least disappointing defeat that any Crimson team ever suffered was on one Saturday night last month when the Caper team from South Portland High played here. Coming to Bangor the overwhelming favorites, this Caper five was held to a three point lead in the first quarter, tied at the half, behind at the end of the third period by three points, and, only after a hard fought final quarter, won by a single basket, the score standing 26-24.

(Continued on page 41)

ALUMNI

William F. West, who for the past ten years has been affiliated with Louis Kirstein & Sons, being one of the directors, is in the future to be with Blake, Barrows, and Brown. Mr. West is a graduate of Bangor High School and the University of Pennsylvania. He entered business in the Bangor office of the E. B. Draper Co., going from there to Louis Kirstein & Sons. He is one of the best known of the city's younger business men.

The temporary captain and six members of the Freshman Rifle Team as announced at the University of Maine are graduates of Bangor High School, and received their instruction here as members of the school's rifle team. The temporary captain of the team is Charles Jacques, winner of the Hearst Trophy, won in competition while shooting on the Bangor High team. The other Bangor boys on the team are as follows: Charles W. Dwinal, Vernon C. Morrison, Lewis H. Morrison, Charles D. Pressey, Robert F. Turner and William O. Gould.

Natalie Saunders, who passed the holidays with her parents, has returned to Washington, D. C., to resume her studies at the Marjorie Webster School.

Robert A. Bell, class of '27, is a member of the senior class at Holy Cross.

Merle Hamilton, '28, is attending Castine Normal School.

William F. Atwood, of the class of '27, is a sophomore at Dartmouth.

Minnie Alpert, '31, is attending Radcliff College.

Edythe Rice, class of '30, is attending the College of Saint Elizabeth, in Convent, New Jersey.

Hilda Powers, '27, is teaching in Winsted, Connecticut.

Midshipman Michael Luosey is this year a junior at the Naval Academy in Annapolis.

Ralph Dyer, ex-'33, is attending school in Philadelphia.

(Continued on page 41)

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE
DEPARTMENT OF ATHLETICS, BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL
FOR THE BASEBALL AND TRACK SEASON
ENDING JUNE 19th, 1931

	GAIN	LOSS	
Balance at end of Basketball Season			\$1,077.28
Expenses on Athletic Field		\$116.50	
INCOME:			
Patron tickets	\$129.50		
Student tickets	80.00		
Miscellaneous	55.80		
EXPENSES:			
Baseball and Track Equipment		\$333.51	
Miscellaneous		316.74	
SCHEDULE:			
Bangor vs. Brewer at Bangor	\$5.50		
Bangor vs. Orono at Bangor		4.00	
Bangor vs. John Bapst at Bangor	21.60		
Bangor vs. Ellsworth at Ellsworth		3.27	
Bangor vs. Belfast at Belfast		21.75	
Bangor vs. Belfast at Bangor		21.70	
Bangor vs. Ellsworth at Bangor		13.50	
Bangor vs. Orono at Orono		17.00	
Bangor vs. John Bapst at Bangor	18.16		
Bangor vs. Brewer at Brewer06		
Penobscot County Track Meet		28.00	
	\$310.62	\$875.97	
		310.62	
Loss for Season		\$565.35	\$ 65.35
Balance at end of Season			\$511.93
Represented by:			
Checking Account	\$60.02		
Savings Account	451.91		\$511.93

Bangor, Maine, July 3, 1931.

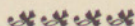
I have examined the above accounts, and found them to be correct and in good order.

Respectfully submitted,

L. L. COOK,

Auditor.

The Book Nook



SAND

Will James

"Sand" is the story of a man and a horse. Both had "sand." The horse was the magnificent black stallion that every cowboy in Wyoming would give half his life to catch. The man was young Tilden, who had never seen real men until he came into the midst of the cowboys. He resolved to prove his right to a place among red-blooded men by catching the wild stallion.

The story of the long duel between the stallion and the boy is a kind of epic of the plains.

Maxine Whitman.

THE GOOD EARTH

Pearle Buck

"The Good Earth" is a novel describing the life of contemporary China. It takes a poor Chinese farmer at the time of his marriage and carries him on through his life. Perhaps the life of an obscure Chinese farmer might appear a trifle dull, but the story is told so well, and it is so utterly different from anything we could imagine, that it is intensely interesting.

"The Good Earth" is the perfect name for the book, for throughout we are conscious of the power that the elements and earth hold over these people. In one year there may be great prosperity, and in the same year starvation and death.

Throughout the book we are conscious of the fatalistic philosophy of the East: death, hunger,—everything is to be borne with no complaint.

Constance Hedlin.

THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST

Carolyn Wells

At the New Year's Eve dinner party, twelve people sat in the spacious dining room of Manning Carleton's Fifth Avenue home.

When dinner was over, a box, shaped like a casket but smaller, arrived for Mr. Carleton. When it was opened, a SKELETON was revealed. On the skeleton was a card with the words:

"Long years ago you murdered me,
As I am now, you soon shall be."

At five o'clock, Manning Carleton was found dead in his library—found dead, in a room with doors and windows locked from the inside.

It takes Kenneth Carlisle's detective powers to reveal the murderer's identity.

Thelma Robbins.

DWARF'S BLOOD

Edith Olivier

"Dwarf's Blood" is chiefly the story of the struggle of a beautiful English lady to understand and overcome her husband's prejudice against dwarfs, but it is also the story of Hans, the child who was perfect in every way except that he never grew.

With Nicholas' refusal to accept his son, Althea left home, only to return later to face her problem courageously.

The elfin-child becomes, in the reader's mind, the toy around whom all grownups cluster that they may learn the secret of his fairy life.

Eleanor Clough.



PERSONALS



UP-TO-DATE

Beneath the spreading chestnut tree
The smith works like the deuce,
For now he's selling gasoline,
Hot-dogs and orange juice!

Exchange

AVIATION

Sambo, when offered a ride in an airplane:
"No, suh. Ah stays on terrah firmah, and de
more firmah, de less terrah,"

An anxious landlord writes—

My new tenant has taken six weeks to
straighten out his home. Don't you think this
suspicious?

Answer: Six weeks to straighten out? He
must be crooked!

Joe Mullen writes—

"I have an engagement to take a theatrical
lady to dinner. What shall I order?"

Answer: A guardian!

Dot Leavitt writes—

"A young man whom I do not know has
sent me a box of silk stockings. What do you
suspect?"

Answer: Are they your size? If so, his
love is sincere.

Dot Rose writes—

"May I serve lobsters and peaches at the
same meal?"

Answer: Sure, if they are properly in-
troduced.

Boss: So you're going to get married. How
long do you intend to be away on your honey-
moon?

Timid Clerk: Well sir-er, how long would
you say.

Boss: How do I know, I havn't seen the bride.

Joe: Sam tells me he first met his girl in a
revolving door.

Temp: Nonsense, they knew each other
long before that.

Joe: Well, that's when they first began to
go around together.

A gentleman farmer's wife once was talking
sympathetically to a tramp and then told the
cook to give him some dinner. As he was finish-
ing his dinner the lady said to him:

"You look as if you had seen better days."

"I have, ma'am," said the tramp. "Once
I dwelt in marble walls."

"O dear," said the lady, "how did you lose
your fine home?"

"My terms expired," said the tramp.

Mr. Newly wed: "Good heavens, what
has happened?"

Mrs. Newly wed: "This cook book says to
use any old cup without a handle for measur-
ing, and it's taken eleven to get handle off with-
out breaking the cup."

Duke Ford: Is your dog intelligent?

Sleepy Sawyer: Very. When I say to
him, "Come here or don't come here just as you
please," he comes or he doesn't just as he
pleases.

Bemis Bill (during study period for quarterly exam.) May I get the pages of our quarter's work from somebody.

Teacher: Certainly not, if you haven't found it out yet don't take the time to look at it now.

It is rumored that a Ballyhoo is a very poor thing with which to study for a French test.

How would the boys in chemistry, 5th period last till dinner if it wasn't for Mrs. Leavitt and the frosh.

Wally Ford (to frosh). Say is there anything in the world any greener than you?

Frosh: Yeah. That seat your setting on 'cause I just painted it!

Lefty Carlisle: Physics isn't hard if you study it.

Jim Blanning: Just common science would tell you that I guess.

Fredy Littlefield. I guess I'll be just as happy if I don't dance tonight.

Ralph Wilson. I guess some of the girls will be too.

B-tty D-ll: "After I'd sung my encore, I heard a gentleman from one of the papers call out, 'Fine! Fine!'"

Fr-d L-tt-e-f-eld: "Dear me! And did you have to pay it?"

An Englishman and an American were having the usual argument as to which country had the queerest dialect. The Englishman was positive that he was the winner of the argument.

"Why, say old top," he said, "you use the queerest expressions I ever heard. The other afternoon I accosted a colored person and asked him if he thought it would rain, and do you know what he said? He said, 'Little dogs it will, and little dogs it won't.'"

The American was puzzled and the next afternoon met the same negro with whom the Englishman had conversed. The negro scratched his wooly head and then said:

"That ain't what ah said. Ah just tol' the man that p'ups it would rain, and p'ups it wouldn't."

FOOLISH ETIQUETTE

By O. B. Hayve

If a Lady's Shoe Comes Untied

When she says—

"My shoes need tying," you should remark gracefully,

"They may be tied but can't be beat,

Although they are so full of feet,"

at the same time displaying your poetic license. Kneel and ask—

if "this is the tie that binds."

If She Resents This—

And pokes you over backwards with her foot saying that she has her shoes made "on her own last," you may retort by saying, "last but not least."

STREET RETORT

Driver of Lorry: Sound your 'orn missus!

Lady in auto: Sound your aitches!

The latest absent minded professor dig:

An absent minded professor called upon his equally absent minded friend and physician, and they spent a pleasant evening together playing checkers and exchanging anecdotes. Finally came the hour for parting, and the visitor exclaimed:

"Doctor, I had some errand here. Oh, yes, now I recall it. Our maid has fainted and we want you to see her right away."

"That reminds me," answered the doctor, "Your wife wanted you on the telephone a while ago. The maid died."

Father: Every time you are bad I get another grey hair.

Son: Then you must have been a corker, look at grandpa.

A celebrated soprano was doing a solo when Donald Graham said to his mother, referring to the conductor of the orchestra:

"Why does that man hit at that woman with that stick?"

"He's not hitting at her," replied the mother, "Keep quiet."

"Well, then, what's she hollerin' about?"

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute

TROY, NEW YORK

A School of
Engineering and Science

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

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

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

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

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

POOR PA.

Woodford Brown

"John! Watch out for that car!"

"Now, John! slow down, you're going over fifty!"

"Oh! look, John, at those beautiful trees, over there on the right."

"Oh! Oh, John! ! you're going to hit that car! Get over on your own side! Why don't you pay attention to your driving, you—you—you idiot!"

"Mamma! I wanna ice cream!"

"Now, Junior, hush right up. Can't you see you're bothering your father?"

"John! can't you go faster? The Smiths passed us just then. I was never so mortified in my life! Imagine, their passing us in that old tin can!"

"John! John! slow down! there's a policeman right behind us! You'll get arrested sure!"

"Ma-ama! I wanna hotdog!"

"Now, Junior, hush up or policeman take bad, little Junior to dark closet."

"Stop! John! Stop! I'm going to drive the rest of the way home before you wreck us."

"Look at the nerve of that man cutting in that way. Isn't that just like a man? Watch me pass him."

"The road hog! He's not slowing down a bit to let me pass him."

"Why didn't that man coming, slow down so's I'd have plenty of room to go by? Men are so impolite!"

"What's that officer behind blowing his whistle for? I haven't done a thing."

"I—I think I'd better stop, John, that cop's getting red in the face."

"W—Why, Officer! I wasn't going over thirty."

"I was going over seventy? You say I cut in on that man back there and nearly forced him off the road?"

"You—you're not giving me a ticket, Officer? John, hold me! I think I'm going to faint."

A broken leg is like a moving picture—they both have "casts."

"Do you know the Indian song—

"Osage can you see by the dawn's early light—"

"Oh, no. 'Cheyenne on, Harvest Moon.'"

"Is your brother wealthy?"

He's worth a thousand dollars in Arizona.

How so?

That's what the sheriff offered for him, dead or alive.

L-u-se Wa-m-n: "Yesterday I fell over 50 feet."

Pr-d-nce R-b-ns-n: "Gracious! Were you hurt."

L-u-se: "I was just walking thru a crowded street car."

Diner: "I know of nothing more exasperating than to find a hair in my soup."

Waiter: "Well, it would be worse, wouldn't it, to have soup in your hair?"

Antique Dealer: "This is an interesting piece, sir—a William and Mary Chair."

Mr. Newlywed: "It's a bit small. Mary must have sat on William's lap."

Caldwell Sweet Co.

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

Your Guarantee of Satisfaction

26 Main Street - BANGOR, MAINE

"Next." "Who, me?" "Yes, sir." "Where were you born?"

"Russia." "What part?" "The whole of me." "Why did you leave Russia?" "I couldn't bring it with me." "Where did your forefathers come from?" "I got only one father." "Your business?" "Rotten." "Where is Washington?" "Dead." "I mean the capital of the United States." "They loaned it all to Europe."

"Now do you promise to support the constitution of the United States?"

"Me? How can I? I've got a wife and six children to support!"

A visitor at a Sunday school was asked to say a few words to the children. He took the theme of the children who mocked Elijah on his journey to Bethel; how the children taunted the prophet and how they were punished when two bears came out of the woods and ate forty-two of them.

"And now my children," said he, "what does this story show?"

"Please, sir," piped up Frederick Newman, "It shows how many little children two bears can hold."

'T WAS EVER THUS

He who knows and knows he knows—A senior.

He who thinks he knows and knows not he knows not—A junior.

He who thinks he knows and knows not—A sophomore.

He who knows not and knows he knows not—A freshman

Nut: How do you like my room this morning as a whole, sir?

Nuts: As a hole it's all right, as a room—not so good.

Housewife: I haven't much to eat in the house but would you like some cake.

Tramp: Yes.

Housewife: Yes—what?

Tramp: Yes, dear.

The overweight woman was being watched by two small boys, as she stepped on the scales. The scales registered seventy-five pounds.

"Gosh, Bill, she's hollow," exclaimed one youth.

"I'm sorry for yer 'avin' a husband that's everlastin' singin'.

"My old man sings once a year."

"In his bath, I suppose."

As the world grows more civilized, we keep right on improving padlocks.

City man: But isn't it unhealthy to have the pig pen so close to the house.

Country woman: Well it's been there for years and we've always had the biggest and fattest pigs.

No wonder the hen gets discouraged; she can never find things where she lays them.

Little sister was entertaining the visitors until mother was ready. One of the ladies remarked to the other with a significant look, "Not very p-r-e-t-t-y," spelling the word.

"No," answered the child, "But awful smart."

Red Landers: But surely seeing is believing.

Hollis Cole: Not necessarily; I see you every day.

Albie Crowder: What kind of a dog do you have there?

Gordie Smith: Why-er—it's a German police dog.

Albie: Well it certainly doesn't look like one.

Gordie: Oh, he belongs to the secret service. He's disguised.

THE ORACLE

Catherine Nye, '34

A book of fun, a book of glee,

A book plum full of company.

Plum full of stories and funny jokes,

The jokes so funny and so rare,

They will make you "holler and hoot for air."

Answers to Current Events

1. Thomas Edison.
2. Laval.
3. Premier of France.
4. Ramsay McDonald.
5. National Socialist Leader.
6. Germany will pay her private debts, but not her reparations.
7. Premier.
8. Walter S. Gifford.
9. Senator from New Jersey.
10. Rep. Garner of Texas.
11. C. G. Dawes.
12. Andrew Mellon.
13. Hindenburg.
14. Income tax evasion.
15. Gandhi.
16. He was imprisoned.
17. Oliver Wendell Holmes.
18. During good behavior (life).
19. Impeachment charge.
20. Franklin D. Roosevelt.
21. Governor of New York.
22. England.
23. Jane Adams and Nicholas Murray Butler.
24. The economic boycott.
25. Hoover moratorium.
26. Bruening.
27. That Germany could not pay her war debts.
28. He prevented political parades or the wearing of political uniforms.
29. United States and France.
30. The dropping of the gold standard.
31. The coalition ministry.
32. Grandi.
33. Foreign Minister of Italy.
34. Stimson.
35. The Council of the League.
36. That Japan withdraw all her troops from Manchuria before November 16, 1931.
37. The World War.
38. Woodrow Wilson.
39. President of U. S.
40. The Republican senator.
41. No.
42. Yes.
43. Chinchow.
44. Lin Sen.
45. Attack by Japanese soldiers.
46. Culver B. Chamberlain.
47. Mary E. Wooley.
48. President of Mt. Holyoke College.
49. The death of Knute Rockne.
50. Free balloon.

THE PHANTOM OF CHANFORD MANOR

(Continued from page 18)

was soon gone and he couldn't sell this loot, because it was advertised all over Europe. He worked as a day laborer in Berlin for a few years until he got money enough to return to England. After his arrival, he came to the Manor and went down into the chamber—where we found the jewels—by an out-side entrance that he discovered when he lived here as a boy, and hid the fortune. Then he returned to London where he lived during the war.

"When he heard that father was dead, he claimed the estate, intending to get the jewels and sell them, but as he was removing them, he was stricken with remorse and left them there with this note.

"As your father's dead, they are yours," he added.

"No," Olga corrected, "they are *ours*, Darling."

"How did you come from Russia?" Willie finally inquired.

"Oh! just before the revolution Aunt brought me to London, where we lived until. . . ." Here she broke down and began to weep.

"What happened, Dearest?" Willie asked tenderly.

"When my aunt read in the paper that the royal family had been killed, she cried, 'My brother,' and fell dead. That left me alone in the world. I lived on what money she left until it was gone. Then assuming an English name, I answered Sir John's advertisement in the Times for a servant girl."

"Thank heaven, all that's over, Olga, Darling!" Willie whispered, and they sat there in the dark talking of the future.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

(Continued from Page 24)

5.—To investigate and report on matters especially referred to it by any member or members of the association.

6.—The powers of the Council being delegated to it by the Principal, he shall have the right of veto over any measure which the council may pass.

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ARTICLE VII

Activities

- 1.—Care of school and personal property.
- 2.—Lost and found articles.
- 3.—Care of school trophies.
- 4.—Promotion of proper respect for rights of others.
- 5.—Promotion of good school spirit.
- 6.—Promotion of punctuality and attendance.
- 7.—Promotion of good citizenship which shall embody improvement of ideals of order, self-control, voice, courtesy, cooperation, and honor.

ARTICLE VIII

Amendments

In order to amend this constitution, the proposal shall receive a 2-3 vote of the Council and must receive a 3-4 vote of the student body and the approval of the Principal.

BY-LAWS

ARTICLE I

Quorum

Two thirds of members of Council shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

ARTICLE II

Committees

(To be created by the Council as the need is felt.)

ARTICLE III

Elections

The election of members to the council, not provided in Art. III, shall take place by popular vote in the home rooms.

ARTICLE IV

Vacancies

The executive committee of the Council shall have the power to fill any vacancies that may occur during the year.

Any member of the council or committee member may be removed from office for non performance of the duties of that office, also for unsatisfactory deportment. No person shall be removed from office except by a 2-3 vote of the council and the approval of the Principal.

ARTICLE V

Amendments to By-Laws

In order to amend these By-Laws, the proposal shall receive a 2-3 vote of the Council and must receive a 3-4 vote of the student body to be ratified and the approval of the Principal.

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ALUMNI

(Continued from Page 29)

Mary Morse, of the class of '27, is attending the Dextral School, in Philadelphia.

Dearborn Shaw is attending school in Boston.

Eleanor Scanlon is attending Castine Normal School.

IN MEMORIAM

Catherine Kane

The passing of Miss Catherine M. Kane brought sorrow to her many friends. Miss Kane was a graduate of Bangor High School and was a student at the University of Maine for two years until her illness, compelled her to leave college.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

(Continued from Page 29)

The Crimson started off on the defense and grabbed a one point lead when Leavitt scored a foul. South Portland then ran up a five point lead, making three baskets before being checked. Rolsky and Burke both came through with a basket before the period ended 8-5, South Portland.

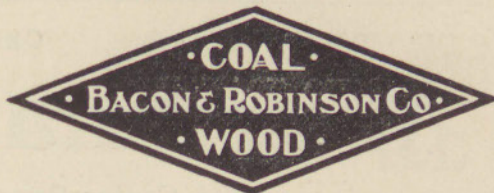
The second quarter found the Crimson fighting at top speed, slowly breaking down their opponent's lead and finishing at the half with a tie score, 13-13.

Both teams came out after the rest period with fight written all over their faces and maybe they didn't mean business. Bangor playing at full strength now rampaged through the Capers defense to finish the period leading 22-19.

In the final quarter, South Portland, with two baskets and a foul, ran up a two point lead until Barb Manning tied the score with a beautiful shot. With no time at all remaining, Capt. Doughty, who started for the Capers, won the game with a shot just outside the foul line.

Although enthusiasm and school-spirit ran high, there was a lack of sportsmanship among the supporters of the Crimson.

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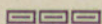
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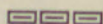
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 Jones, lf, 1.....rg, Manning, 2, (2)
 Hayes, rf, 3, (2).....lg, Rolsky, 1, (1)
 Doughty, c, 5, (2).....c, McKinnon, 2
 St. John, lg.....c, Brown
 Pride, rg, 1, (1).....rf, Leavitt, 1, (1)
 Elliot, rg, (1).....lf, Burke, 4
 Referee, Mahan. Time, 4-8's.

EDITORIALS

(Continued from page 19)

of the world's people than has Abraham Lincoln. Born into a poor family, he had to suffer many hardships—and his patient endurance of these trials strengthened his whole life. With only a meager amount of actual schooling, without influential friends, without wealth, he made his way to the highest office our nation has to offer.

Lincoln had four great assets which aided and guided him in his struggles: wonderful intellectual power, a noble character, a mighty purpose, and a great cause to work for. His mental power needs no proclaiming. Without it he never would have been able to analyze so completely the existing situation; never, with so little education, could he have so rapidly risen to prominence as a lawyer and political leader. Lincoln's character was flawless. He possessed generosity, honesty, judgment, and perseverance—all the qualities of a true statesman. His chief purpose was to save the Union at any cost, and tenaciously he clung to this aim.

In spite of this steadfast purpose, however, Lincoln's efforts and trials might have been of no avail, had he not been working for the noble cause of bringing the rebellious faction of the Union into peace and harmony, of righting the wrong. Thus did Lincoln live, and for this he now holds the deep admiration and respect of all.

"What is your car, a five passenger?"

"Yes, but I can get eight in it if they are well acquainted."

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THE SHIPWRECK

(Continued from Page 14)

the island. He had once been the hero of the coast guard, but he had reached the age limit. Nevertheless he had always cherished the old cannon and that night had sternly refused to let anyone shoot it but himself. We attached the rope to the missile. With steady hands, Frank pointed the cannon's mouth into the darkness where the last rocket had been seen. All stepped back, for the cannon might explode. He fired and shot true! Soon willing hands tied on the bait-tub and pulled it out. A moment later, and the bait barrel was coming back. We pulled lustily. Who should step out of the barrel, but my friend Nat! Of course we were surprised, but we did not speak, for there were others to be brought ashore.

At last everybody was safe, and in the light of the bonfire, I saw my friend coming down the beach toward me. I rather wondered what he would say after the terrifying experience he must have had. "Gosh, Bob, there are some mighty nice girls down at Prince Edward Island."

EVENING IN THE MAINE WOODS

(Continued from page 13)

came from the north. Again quiet reigned. A fish jumped scarcely a paddle-length away. A circle of ripples gradually widening grew from the spot. A deer emerged from the woods on the left and walked daintily down a little sand beach. After sniffing cautiously, it drank from the lake, every now and then raising its head to test the wind. After repeating this once or twice, the deer evidently caught scent of us. Raising its head once more, it tensed, then turning like a flash, plunged into the woods almost faster than the eye can follow.

Meanwhile the moon had disappeared and a light mist was falling on the water. Again a fish jumped. Again the wild, weird, haunting laugh of a loon pierced the growing darkness.

Then as we rounded a point, a glow and crackle from the campfire and a murmur of voices cut in upon our reverie. The spell was broken.

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INTRODUCED BY PIGLET

(Continued from Page 10)

discription by sketches, which were greatly appreciated by her fellow-students, excepting Gin, whose mood was far from humorous.

Suddenly Gin announced her intention of going to the exhibition. The girls singly and as a group, all offered to go with her, but she refused them, saying she preferred to view these works of art alone.

Meanwhile Barry was pacing the floor of his room. What could he do! He didn't dare tell Gin why he was returning home—these Americans—their pride—Why not give up the whole business?—No—He couldn't do that—after all he *did* owe *something* to his father and mother—! At last he could stand it no longer and determined to phone Gin.

"Hello—Hello—Babs?—Is Gin there?—No?—Oh! She's gone to the exhibition—alone? All right thanks!"

In a short while a sport roadster drew up in front of the "Museum D'Obral" and languidly, as a gentleman should of course, Barry ascended the stairs.

But once inside, his attitude changed. Passing through room after room, Barry noted none of the marvelous beauty about him, although he was a keen lover of art. He was searching for something, and at last he found it in the largest room of all, where the most valuable paintings were hung.

A dainty figure was standing before a picture, gazing at it with a critical eye. Just as Barry was going to step into the room and speak to Gin, she ran a speculative finger up and down the frame of the painting, and giving a quick glance about her, she took something out of her pocket and began to cut the canvas of the picture. Barry looked on amazed—what on earth was Gin doing! Why did he suddenly think of that story he was telling the girls the night before—absurd—

But Gin, unaware of the spectator, slowly finished cutting the canvas, and heaving a great sign of relief, she folded it up and tucked it inside her coat.

(Continued next month)

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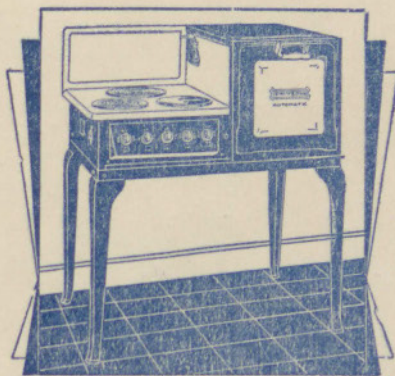
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