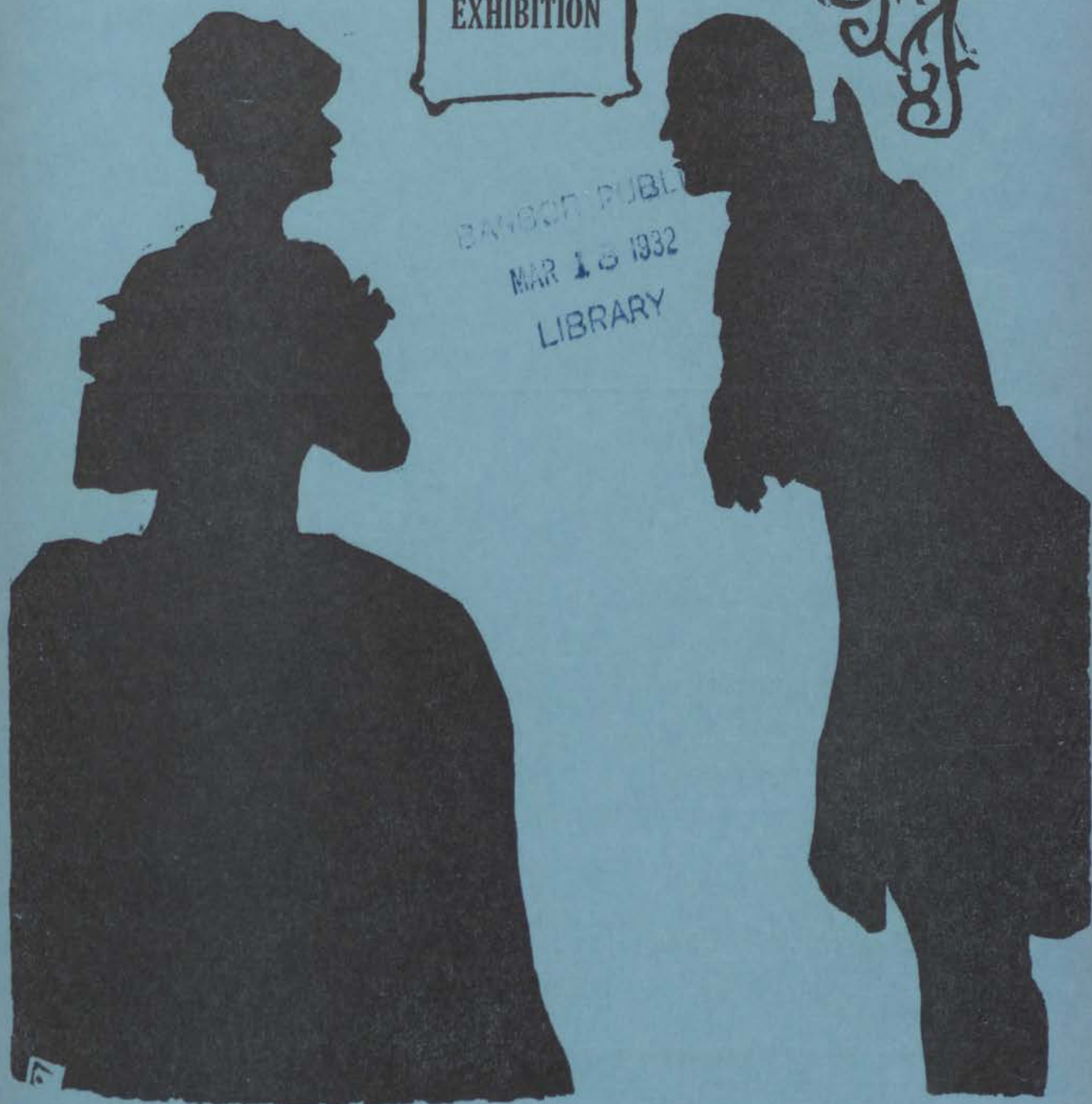


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Vol. XLI Number 5

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As Gin descended the stairs, Barry eagerly came forward to meet her.



Introduced by Piglet

Helen Tibbetts, Constance Hedin, Eleanor Clough

PART II

SYNOPSIS

Barry Kent Lambourne, returning from America where he has been studying the "current crop of debutantes" in accordance with the wish of his parents, Lord and Lady Lambourne, meets on board ship Ginger Stanhope, one of a group of art students on their way to the Bohemian Art Club in Paris. Barry, needless to say, extends his journey to Paris, also.

At the Club, one day, there is much discussion of the famous Alison Lloyd exhibition which some of the girls have just been to see. Gin, recovering from a misunderstanding which she has just had with Barry over his sudden determination to return to England, listens for a time to the girl's destructive criticism of the exhibition, finally announcing her intention of going to see it herself. Barry calls up shortly after in no hopes of persuading Gin to hear his explanations. On learning of her departure he immediately leaves for the studio where the exhibition is being held, and, after, searching several of the galleries, comes upon Gin just in the act of cutting the canvas from one of the pictures. Folding it up, and tucking it under her arm she goes on her way.

THE Gare du Nord in Paris is just as much of a melting pot as is our own Grand Central in New York. Thus it was not too hard at first for Barry to

lose himself in the fascinating job of picking out each individual and trying to decide where he had come from, what he was doing in Paris, and where he was going. There were farmers from small farms out of Paris, who had come in during the very early morning hours, and who were returning home, since they had sold all their produce. There were merchants from northern countries who were impatiently waiting for trains to take them back to their home cities, until another six months warranted another shopping tour of Paris. There were military men from all parts of the world. All was well until a group of American tourists, although so different, reminded Barry of someone who was causing all his trouble.

Nervously Barry looked at his wrist watch and discovered that it was exactly one second to twelve. Barely making his train—because it was no easy job to collect his luggage—he went to his drawing room. He tried to read

but after looking at a best seller for five minutes before discovering it was upside down, he gave up the attempt and decided to come to a decision about Ginger.

First of all there was Ginger, herself—just as he knew her. The more he thought, the more he discovered that he didn't know about her. It was going to be rather tough, getting Mother to invite her down, because all he really knew was that she was an art student. And Gin did such funny little things, like taking down that picture in Alison Lloyd's exhibition. That couldn't be explained! And here he was, returning home, and supposed to have some soap king's daughter all lined up.

Of course Gin couldn't understand his having to marry for his family. Most peculiar that way, these Americans. Think everyone has an individual right to his own life. No need of sacrificing one's self for his family. Why couldn't people live without having to worry about their material welfare? Thinking in circles, however, didn't seem to offer much of a solution to his problem; so Barry tried to picture what kind of environment such a person as Gin had come from. She was so utterly different from anyone he had ever known, he couldn't imagine where she could have come from. Was she like her mother? Of course, no one could be quite like Gin! Did she come from an old New England family and Boston or from a middlewestern farmhouse? She seemed to know about prominent people, but didn't every one in America know about all the prominent people? They always seemed to. There were some things that simply didn't go together. Her social poise was perfect, yet the girls he knew didn't mutilate pictures in art galleries.

PART III

"Good afternoon, sir. Yes, sir, most of the guests came yesterday, sir."

"That's great," said Barry to the family chauffeur who met him at a station some five miles from his family's isolated country home.

Barry spent the ride through the country in answering questions about those peculiar people called Americans, and wondering how he

would explain his failure to bring home the story of a fiancée, living somewhere in America, with the stipulated millions.

His parents were duly met, and Barry escaped from their inquiring eyes, on the pretense of going up to dress for dinner.

When he came down, dinner was announced. Barry found himself between Ivonne Pendergast, whose sole passion was the hunt, and Lady Eleanor Dorcestshire.

Naturally, the conversation centered about Barry, and he did his best to entertain, without putting his heart into it. He talked about New York's latest whims, and answered a hundred inquiries about friends. Fortunately he had spent two weeks of September at Saratoga, thus furnishing,—after he had talked to the others in a general way,—an evening of safe conversation with Ivonne. And could he be expected to help it if his answers were a bit vague at times? As the evening progressed, the eyes of his parents became more inquiring, and Barry began to wonder if it might not be a good idea to break the news gently.

"Oh, yes, Ivonne, Red Spade is a true Morgan. Takes his jumps with that typical swing, you know."

But had he or hadn't he invited Virginia down for the weekend? He came to the conclusion that he had, and she wouldn't expect a formal invitation from his mother. When—

"No, that's right. They seem to enjoy racing the most, shoot about from place to place. Of course in October and November there's the fall hunting in Virginia. She's wonderful. Oh what I mean is—"

Oh heavens! Now he was in for it. But Ivonne was so interested in the fact that people in America did hunt a bit, she didn't even notice his embarrassment. For Ivonne, strange as it may seem, had never left England except for brief trips to the continent, so much in love was she with her own countryside. When Barry had got to the point where he was thinking about death in its various forms and hoping it would be a dreamless sleep, Smythe—a butler—called him out into another room. There was, he said, a telegram being fetched for him from the station, and it was expected

at any moment. In fact, as he was saying this, Simpkins—a second man—came in with a yellow envelope. Barry took it and in a moment his worst fears were confirmed. It said—"Arriving at 1 A. M. Gin."

As the hunt started very early the next morning, Barry was faced (shortly after this message came) with two hours alone with his parents.

By mutual consent the three retired to Lord Lambourne's study.

"Well?" said Lord Lambourne.

"I had a very nice time," said Barry.

"So we gathered at dinner," said Lady Lambourne.

"Most interesting er—place," said Barry.

"We have been there several times," said Lord Lambourne.

"Oh, yes, the Stewarts, and Rockwells and a lot of people whose names I've forgotten asked for you."

"Very nice of them I'm sure," said Lady Lambourne.

"Now, sir," said Lord Lambourne, "Since you seem to have nothing to say, are we to assume that your trip was a mere waste of money?"

"Oh, no sir, I learned a great deal. Why, our dole system for ex—"

"You know what I mean."

"Well, there's a Miss Stanhope coming out by train at 1 A. M."

"What?"

"Not Miss Stanhope of New York?"

"Oh," thought Barry, "they think she's one of The Stanhopes."

"No, I'm afraid not." And then he idiotically added, "She comes from the United States though."

"Where?"

"Who is she?"

"Well—er—I really don't know."

And although they talked until Gin came, they said nothing, because what can one say of that which he knows nothing?

The next morning Gin was called early enough to get ready for the hunt. She arose and entered the dining-room and found the

entire company assembled there. She was duly presented and such was her charm that she immediately won the admiration of all; that is, of course, with two exceptions, namely, Lord and Lady Lambourne, but we must consider them prejudiced.

Barry was delighted, and even more so later in the morning, when Gin was the only one,—except of course Ivonne,—in on the kill. Ivonne said that she had never seen such horsemanship. This statement, although an exaggeration, was well strengthened by Ivonne's statement later in the day, that she was sailing for Hot Springs the next fall.

After lunch, Barry took Gin for a ride about his father's (and his to be) lands. They came back in time for tea, and Gin again received many compliments on her ability to handle her horse. On hearing Gin's statement that there were many riders better than herself in America, Ivonne announced that she was leaving on the next boat. After tea Barry showed Gin the family pride, a portrait by Velasquez, of one of the Lambournes' much removed ancestors.

This immediately commanded Gin's attention. In fact, Barry wished that he had never shown it to her. But as it was, she immediately began to make sketches of it. As this picture was an exceptionally good one, Virginia was especially careful of her sketches.


Gin had a marvelous time during the week-end. She loved people, and to be in a group of all English was one of the most amusing experiences she had ever had. Not only did they like her as much as she did them, but also they thought her quite as amusing as she thought them. So great was her charm that Lady Lambourne asked her to extend her visit for a few days, although she reassured Barry that the girl was "quite impossible."

There was an exception in Gin's likes. That poor lad was Charles Andrews, nephew of Lord Lambourne. With a true artist's perception, she saw through the sallow skin and somewhat dissipated eyes into a character which allowed for worse things. Gin couldn't

(Continued on page 45)

Camp Perry

John Bartlett

AMP Perry, located on the shores of Lake Erie, which provides an excellent backstop for the many thousands of rounds of National Match ammunition which are fired there each year, might be appropriately termed the "sharp-shooter's paradise." There are found all types of firearms from the German Mannlicher with its microscopic sights down to the simplest .22 used by some member of the Junior Division of the camp.

The country around Camp Perry differs greatly from that which we are accustomed to see here, in that there are very few hills and it is a flat rolling country. The climate is warm with very frequent rains, and the combination of these two elements makes it very unpleasant at times for the men on the firing line. We all remember the numerous rains here last summer which spoiled many of our plans. At Camp Perry the weather differed very little and there was about a foot of mud all over the reservation.

On arriving at camp, one first catches a glimpse of the water tower which is painted very conspicuously to provide a landmark for the pursuit planes which are there for machine gun practice. Then it is necessary to register and be assigned to a tent, or if one is a member of a team, the team captain registers at headquarters and draws equipment for the members of the team. This equipment includes cots, blankets, a rifle, and other articles.

During the first week at camp, everyone is required to attend the Small Arms Firing School which is held in the open under the supervision of competent Army instructors and includes lectures on all types of firearms and their use and especially on the best methods of instructing others to shoot. This school lasts one week and after the completion of the week those who are considered competent are awarded Instructor's Diplomas certifying that they have attended this

school and that they are capable of acting as instructors in the use of the rifle.

The rest of the time at camp is spent on the firing line which covers over five miles of territory. There are ranges varying from two hundred to one thousand yards. There are ranges for pistol shooting and for machine guns. The firing lines are at all times under the supervision of army officers who are detailed for this work. All the manual work such as scoring the targets, pitching the tents used as sleeping quarters by those at camp and other work is done by members of the regular army. The telephone lines which provide instant communication with the target butts are laid by members of the Signal Corps, detailed especially for this type of work. These lines must be laid before the arrival of the shooters and removed after their departure.

Of course many will wonder how it is possible to score correctly the targets at these ranges, all of which are too far from the firing line to permit one to go down and personally inspect his target. The scoring is accomplished by means of colored disks which are raised after each shot to indicate the result of the shot. For example, a white disk indicates a bull's eye while a red flag waved across the target indicates a miss. In slow fire, that is with no specified time for the firing of the shots, each shot is scored immediately after it is fired. In rapid fire, in which a certain time is specified for the firing of the total number of shots, the score is indicated after the targets are dropped from sight.

It can readily be seen that since there are a great many matches to be shot, there is not a great deal of leisure time; however there are very many ways to enjoy a limited amount of free time. There are dances held at very frequent intervals at the Clubhouse which is the center of attraction. There is also Commercial Row where there are many interesting and instructive exhibits sent there by such

concerns as Abercrombie and Fitch, Winchester Arms Co. and many other reliable companies. Altogether much time could well be spent in looking over these exhibits. During the pleasant days the bathing beach there is very popular, especially if the weather is hot. There are fine roads leading into the surrounding cities, and there are busses running into them at frequent intervals. The N. R. A. service company made a hit when it distributed about 3000 souvenir pencils bearing in complete detail all the wind deflection dope for the 1931 National Match Ammunition. It happened that these pencils were the only source of this

information available at the camp and consequently were in very great demand. The information shown was personally checked by Colonel Waterbury and it was found to be accurate for all the ranges.

Teams representing practically every military organization in the United States, and some civilian teams, were there. The State of Maine sends a team there each year paying all costs out there and back. This team is chosen from competition held at the State Rifle Range at Auburn under the supervision of Colonel Charles Savage who is State Ordinance Officer.



Skiing Thrills

Lorna Chadbourne, '34

WHEW! What a thrill! I think my stomach is coming up to meet my Adam's apple. As I go down a steep hill, I catch my breath and fly through space over a four-foot jump. Then comes the landing. I shouldn't mind it at all if I were to land on my feet with my skis under me, but, when one ski points up and the other goes sailing down the hill at top speed, I just can't express my feelings.

Now for another try. I trudge up the hill puffing, wheezing, and blowing. As I gain the summit, I drop my skis and sit down to rest, trying to catch my breath before the next thrill.

Sufficiently rested, I make ready for the start. Getting one foot securely fastened, I stand up and scrape the frozen snow off the foot place on the other ski.

At last I stand erect on both feet with my skis now fastened securely; I pause to gain courage. Now for another thrill! Suddenly by some unseen force my feet start slipping down the hill. Clutching at the air frantically, I stretch myself with all my might and finally gain my balance.

On I sail across the glistening snow field; then the jump-off looms up gigantic and daz-



zling before my vision like an iceberg of the Antarctic.

Up and out I fly into space! The old saying
(Continued on page 43)

The Sauna

Elna Gustafson, '32

BATHING is even a greater necessity today than it was in the time discussed in an essay we have just been reading, "The Saturday-Night Bath." And Saturday night is still the usual time during the week to polish oneself especially.

When I was a child, I had the privilege of living in the country. I can always look back with a great longing for the little red school-house, the skiing and sliding over the mountainous hills, and the swimming that nature had furnished for us in excellent lakes near by. But above all, I loved to take my bath Saturday night and sometimes Wednesday nights, too.

As my parents were born in Finland, they had brought with them the Finnish way of bathing in the Sauna (meaning bath-house) which, in my estimation, is the best and healthiest way of bathing.

Our Sauna is similar to a modern log cabin. The inside is divided into two sections: one is the dressing room, whereas the other serves as the bathroom. The bathroom has but one

window, and there is a hole in the roof which permits the smoke to escape. In the corner, is a large fireplace or stove made of large stones. The stove has no chimney. The stones are first heated to a high temperature; then the fire is permitted to die down, and cold water is thrown on the stove, filling the room with steam. There are two or three shelf-like platforms where the bathers sit and wash themselves from a pail or wash basin. We use twigs or small branches of birch to beat our bodies. This treatment makes the blood circulate and gives the body a beautiful pinkish coloring. After having plenty of steam, we usually throw cold water over ourselves; then we are ready to dress. It always gives me a thrill to step from the steaming bathroom into the almost "cold" dressing room. I can guarantee than one feels like a different person after having a good steam bath.

I have always looked at the Sauna with a great satisfaction and especially enjoy it during the winter; for in the summer, I find that swimming serves as my daily bath.



The Infant Prodigy

Robert Kurson

THE freshman was perplexed. He had to get home by Friday and the vacation didn't begin until the following Monday! Of course he couldn't get excused. The college would excuse nobody under any circumstances unless the parents' permission was procured.

What to do? Why was it that his parents wouldn't give him their permission? Why couldn't they understand that it was imperative that he come early?

It was Saturday already! He had only five days to get an unwilling permission from his parents. Those five days passed slowly but

surely. As the minutes formed hours, and the hours became days, he thought he could never stand another week-end on the campus. The idea of getting home early became an obsession with him. The lordly sophomore and junior, and even the 'know-it-all' senior was asked, but all in vain. At last as the fatal time drew near, he had an idea!

There was no doubt about it, the plan would work. His father was always very economical. There was no danger of his saying too much on a telegram to his son.

"Shall I come home by way of Montreal, or

(Continued on page 41)



THE MARCH WIND

Eleanor Clough

It frolics hourly with the clouds
 It frisks and capers 'mongst the trees
 It sails and rallies, dips and dallies,
 Rolls the ships on stormy seas.

It wafts the kites toward billowed heav'ns
 It taps each morning on the pane
 It blows and blusters, fools and flusters,
 Moans and whistles in the rain.

It tosses clouds across the moon
 It lingers sharply on the face
 It flaunts and fluries, haunts and hurries,
 Spring along her way of grace.

BUSINESS

Paul Burke

WITH newspapers under his arm, the boy stood on the street corner crying, "Paper, sir?" He was an unusually small boy to be selling papers, seemingly only nine or ten years old. He made exact change for one customer while keeping a sharp lookout for another. Suddenly he darted to a nearby fruit stand to purchase a pear. Upon returning to his post, he stooped and picked up something from the gutter; then with papers under his arm, a large pear in one hand, and the portion of a lighted cigarette in the other, he continued, "Paper? Paper, sir?"

He glanced at the pear, then at the cigarette, at the same time watching for those who might wish to buy an evening paper. It seemed a question in his mind which should receive his attention first, the pear or the cigarette. But the faint light of the cigarette decided the question.

My heart was filled with pity for this little waif. "Here," thought I, "is an opportunity to tell this boy the evils of cigarette-smoking." So, while selecting my paper, I explained to him that if he ate pears, he would grow up to

be a large man, but that if he smoked cigarettes, he would never grow.

He listened intently, dropped the cigarette at his feet, and handed me my paper.



I passed on, thinking that I had done one good deed that day, anyway. Suddenly I turned. The pear had vanished; and between puffs of the cigarette I heard, "Paper? Paper, Sir?"

Your Error, Mr. Webster

Bettina Brown



YOU know, there was a time when I believed that dear old Noah Webster was the *dernier cri* when it came to the definitions of words, but now I am sadly disillusioned. Mr. Webster, with an air of erudite wisdom, tells us that "compact" means an agreement, and that if we don't agree we can look up "contract." Having thus done his share to lighten the shroud of darkness and ignorance surrounding this puerile world, he skips lightly on to "companion."

I am unable to find any excuse for such abysmal ignorance in so eminent an authority, the guide and helper of countless thousands. Why, the compact has been one of the world's firmest institutions since the descendant of the amoeba first swung down from his favorite tree and learned to make fire and *spiritus frumenti*.

One of the earliest references to compacts that I have been able to find dates back to the biblical story of Esther. I must admit that the Bible makes no specific reference to compacts. It infers it. Inference is circumstantial evidence. Men are hanged on the strength of the latter. May I not therefore affirm the presence of the compact in Something B. C. on the strength of the former? Have you the effrontery to believe that after undergoing an intensive beauty treatment of twelve months Mademoiselle Esther would have dared await the pleasure of the king without some last minute aid-to-beauty? The idea is absurd.

And Cleopatra, did she not use a compact? Of course, history does not tell us this in so many words, but here are the facts. History tells us that she was the world's most radiant beauty. Besides this, she was noted for her intelligence. She did not glitter only when attending an afternoon tea or dinner dance in memory of some drawn and quartered ambassador. No indeed, her perfection was present whether she was gliding up and down the

Nile in the royal swanboat, or making a tour of inspection into the heart of some newly constructed pyramid. The secret of her beauty, disputed by so many senile scientists, could be solved in a split-second by any individual of that class known as Young America. She had a compact.

In the times of long ago, the compact was an accessory of the wealthy and the powerful. Now it is the necessity of every female of the species from her first ride to her last. Long ago its use by a member of *hoi polloi* would have been declared sinful by the church, the instrument of evil would have been confiscated, and its owner forced to do penance in a pillory. How times do change!

The compacts of today are of wondrous and endless variety. Their use is universal in civilized countries. They supply irreproachable complexions and bulges in her partner's coat pocket.

There is no walk of life into which the compact does not enter. It is to be found in the pocketbooks of shop-girls, and of debutantes; in the coat pockets of high school students, and of men-about-town. The holy compact of marriage has more than once been broken by a less holy but more concrete compact in the pocket of a tired business man returning from an "evening at the club."

Modern compacts vary in size and capacity from simple containers of powder and puff to resplendent, though not much larger, holders of rouge, lipstick, mascara, stamps, chewing gum, coins, combs, handkerchiefs, keys and bathing suits. Some compacts have even captured the rays of the summer sun. In less time than it would take a chorus-girl to accept a diamond necklace, a sylph with damask skin is transformed into a windblown sportsgirl with a cocoanut tan.

Vive La Compact! Or, to quote Caesar (with apologies), *Et tu, Cleo!*



THE TRUMPETERS OF SPRING

Ruth Currie

Spring is waiting 'round the corner!
March heralds far and wide.
With gallant steed and golden chariot
She'll soon be at your side.

Balmy breezes are her artists
Who escort her on the way;
She assigns each one a task
To begin now any day.

One takes her brush and palette,
And flutters here and there,
Arraying all the daffodils
In golden yellow rare.

Another takes a blue brush,
And with some fleecy white,
Arrays the sky in garments fine,
And bids her stay in sight

And so each herald lets us know
That winter-time has gone;
And bids us usher in the spring
With gaiety and song

An Unexpected Pleasure

Elizabeth Schiro



ALL days are lovely in the South, but this day seemed especially delightful. From the ocean came a gentle breeze which swayed the stately palms. It was a perfect day for sailing.

With this purpose in mind, we rode to the Causeway which joins Miami with Miami Beach. All along the Causeway various vessels, yachts and speed-boats are anchored. After a little thought, we decided to take a trip around Biscayne Bay in a Glass Bottom Boat.

This boat was a small craft which had two decks. Upon entering the lower deck, we came to a small room on the floor of which was a built-in five foot square of glass. Through this glass, the mysteries of the sea were revealed. The first deck also contained the room where the motors were, and another small room where refreshments were sold to the passengers. The upper deck was surrounded with benches where the passengers might sit when they were not gazing into the sea.

By the time the boat started, it was filled to capacity with tourists like ourselves. The crowd soon grew congenial, and through conversation, we learned that from the thirty-five passengers on the boat, sixteen states of the Union were represented. We were the only ones from Maine.

It was not possible for everyone on the boat to look through the glass at once; therefore it was necessary that we remain on the upper deck until it was our turn.

It seemed like visiting fairy land to look down into the ocean's blue depths and see fish, of all colors and kinds, swimming leisurely in the water. Some of them were red snappers, yellow tails, blue fish and sun dials. The sponges, moss and water flowers were of incomparable beauty.

At this time one of the men on the boat, dressed in a diver's suit, went down into the water and under the boat where he washed the window, upon which moss had gathered, so

that we might be able to see more clearly. We were now quickly approaching the Coral Isles.

These isles are a group of all colored coral, a fossil which appears as exquisite castles in

TELL HIM NOW

Helen Tebbetts

If with pleasure you are viewing any work
a man is doing,

If you like him or you love him, tell him
now;

Don't withhold your approbation till the
parson makes oration,

And he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow,
For no matter how you shout it, he won't
really care about it;

He won't know how many tear drops you
have shed.

If you think some praise is due him, now's
the time to slip it to him,

For he cannot read his tombstone when
he's dead.

More than fame, more than money is the
comment kind and sunny,

And the hearty, warm approval of a friend.
For it gives to life a savor, and makes you
stronger, braver,

If he earns your praise, bestow it; if you
like him, let him know it

Let the words of true encouragement be
said;

Do not wait till his life's over and he's un-
derneath the clover

For he cannot read his tombstone when he's
dead.

the water. Coral is very porous, forming archways through which the little fish swim. We remained anchored here for some time, as we were all fascinated by this phenomenon of the sea.

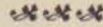
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THE
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EXHIBITION

CLASS OF 1933

March 18, 1932

PROGRAM



Processional: March, "Semper Fidelis".....	<i>Sousa</i>
HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA	
"Let Us Have Peace," Adapted from "The Evolution of Peace".....	<i>Levi Pennington</i>
ROBERT CUMMING	
"Mansions".....	<i>Flannery</i>
GENEVA HIBBARD	
"Abraham Lincoln".....	<i>Johnston</i>
FREDERIC NEWMAN	
Nocturne	{ Words by Lilian Vandevere Music by Edwin H. Lemare
JUNIOR CHORUS	
"The Dream Girl".....	<i>Anon</i>
RUTH HUGHES	
"Out of the Valley".....	<i>Davenport</i>
ELWOOD BRYANT	
Song of India, from "Sakdo".....	<i>Rimsky-Korsakoff</i>
HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA	
"Wooring Scene from King Henry I".....	<i>Shakespeare</i>
ALYCE TUCK	
"A Plea for Justice," Adapted from "Justice".....	<i>Galsworthy</i>
ROBERT KURSON	
"A Mysterious Pup".....	<i>Kimball</i>
FRANCES JONES	
"Hark! Hark! the Lark".....	{ Words by Shakespeare Music by Schubert
JUNIOR CHORUS	
"The Living Democracy".....	<i>Kissling</i>
HAROLD GRODINSKY	
"The Forgotten Witness".....	<i>Kimball</i>
NANCY CONNERS	
Two Waltzes, Op. 39.....	<i>Brahms</i>
HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA	

Decision of Judges.

Judges: Principal Charles L. Smith, Orono High School.
Principal Eugene B. Gordon, Brewer High School.
Mrs. Arthur Stevens, Orono.



ROBERT CUMMING



GENEVA HIBBARD



FREDERIC NEWMAN



RUTH HUGHES



ELWOOD BRYANT



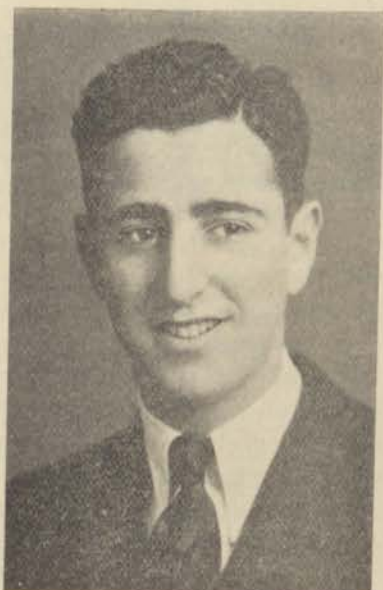
ALYCE TUCK



ROBERT KURSON



FRANCES JONES



HAROLD GRODINSKY



NANCY CONNERS

Miss Darthea Rideout, instructor in public speaking at B. H. S., is once again capably directing ten speakers who have been selected from the Junior Class through a series of elimination tests, for the annual Junior Exhibition, which takes place March 18. Her willing cooperation, excellent tutoring, and careful supervision will doubtless bear fruit in another brilliant Exhibition to be added to her long list of successes in this department.

EDITORIALS



ROOM 005

RANDALL J. CONDON

Presumably, the seekers after knowledge, and whatnot—mostly whatnot—in this, our almissima mater, have heard of the existence of that subterranean chamber—the lunch-room. Yet not one-tenth of one per cent of them understand the whyness and thusness of it all. So, for the edification of these and others who know naught of this right and worthy undertaking, certain facts have been ascertained and are hereby set.

Once upon a time, long ago, even before nineteen twenty, those investigated with supreme authority decreed that there should be set apart in this institution of dire learning, an enclosed space to be used expressly for the purpose of supplying the needs of certain youths and young ladies who possessed bottomless pits in lieu of digestive organs. Thus, thank goodness, it has been delivered to the present generation of schooldom with little mutation save for a new rug which, two or three years ago, hastened the pulse of business by some seventy-five iron men.

As for the financial status of this organization, it is above reproach, with its four thousand five hundred dimes tucked away as a comfortable bank balance. Its twelve dollars, daily taken in from eager hands, stands as a tribute to the hunger of young manhood and womanhood of Bangor High School.

And the waitresses of this hallowed body deserve honorable mention. Do they not labor unceasingly for fifteen minutes every day to appease our ten-thirty famine? And what do they get in return? But four bits a week is each and everyone's share of that all-important wherewithal.

Those slabs of ham, well surrounded by two E-normous slabs of the baker's pride, are manufactured by the very able digits of the matron.

Now that the vast majority of the students of this high school are well informed on its grub facilities, let them munch on their next sandwich with a bigger, better, and fuller realization of what they are getting.

Though Dr. Condon was born, as so many others of Maine's most capable public servants have been, in rural surroundings, his career led him from his home farm at Hatchet cove, Friendship, Maine and from his own educational beginnings in the rural school nearby to the position, at the time of his retirement, of one of the leading public school superintendents of the country. Dr. Condon was born at Friendship, Maine, in 1862, and was graduated at Colby College in 1886.

The old farm at Friendship has long been Dr. Condon's summer home; and on a hill overlooking, on three sides, a broad sweep of ocean and islands, his brother built for him a bungalow. The materials came from old-growth trees which Dr. Condon had never allowed to be touched until a winter storm blew down a number of them. In this bungalow are housed treasures of foreign travel, gifts, books, rugs, and other treasured possessions. The writer remembers in particular Dr. Condon's mother's spinning wheel all threaded and ready for use, a Brittany peasant costume, a volume of Boswell's Johnson bound in leather by a well known publisher especially for Dr. Condon, and the great cup given him by the National Educational Association.

In front of the farmhouse the land slopes to the land-locked harbor. On the shore is located an attractive summer house with its wainscoting of red Brittany-peasant cloth.

Near the building a little brook has been dammed to make a pond for some rare pond lilies, in which Dr. Condon took a special interest. An adjacent house is occupied in the summer by his daughter, Mrs. Foster, and her young grandson, "Randy," at whose home in Greenville, Tennessee, Dr. Condon died on Christmas Eve.

"His was a spirit which could not be satisfied with anything that bordered on the sordid or the mean or the low."

Contributed by Miss Ervine.



LOCALS

ASSEMBLY

Not long ago our assembly hall was graced by no less person than Miss Alice Mansur, famous reader, who captivated all the students with her delightful presentation of several poems. Miss Mansur is deeply interested in poetry, and has studied it with many of the poets themselves.

The play "General Washington," produced by the Dramatic Club, cooperating with the history department, was presented on Feb. 19, the last day of school, amid general rejoicings. Special honors are due William Fraser for his impersonation of General Braddock. He must have been pretty well padded with cotton batting by the time Wilfred Flanagan, as Dr. Craig, finished with him. The play was terribly exciting, and everybody expected to see Indians rushing around and biting the dust at any minute.

The awards of the Lions' Club for the best essays on the subject—"What Can a Civic Service Luncheon Club Do for My City Which Is Not Already Being Done?" were given to Newell Avery and Lena Merrill, both juniors, and to Frank Fellows, a senior, with the first prize, \$10.00 in gold, going to Mr. Avery; the second, \$5.00 in gold, going to Miss Merrill; and the third prize, \$2.50 in gold, going to Mr. Fellows.

FESTIVAL CHORUS

The B. H. S. festival chorus, which means the grand combination of the boys' and girls'

glee clubs of this school together with singers from all Eastern Maine, took their corresponding parts in the concert for the benefit of the unemployed of Bangor on Tuesday, February 16. The auditorium was well filled with our citizens who came to enjoy an evening's performance of the chorus, Bangor Symphony Orchestra, and the guest soloist, Miss Helene Mosher, who is a distinguished graduate of B. H. S. The chorus and orchestra were under the direction of Mr. Adelbert Sprague, who worked diligently to make it a big success. The money obtained from this concert swelled the fund already collected, thus bringing work and happiness to several families of Bangor.

SNAPDRAGONS

Though we have not been hearing so much from the Snapdragons lately, that is no sign that they're not still going strong. They are busy preparing for the try-outs for the inter-class debates, and just wait and see. They'll surprise everyone.

OFFICERS' CLUB DANCE

Another matinee dance was held in the school assembly hall under the auspices of the Officers Club. There is one thing wrong however, with the dances so far, and that is that there are not enough boys there, and the majority of those present do not want to dance. At the last dance the ratio of the girls to the boys was about 5:1. However, girls, this is leap year so you all should know what to do.

We hope that at the next dance, which will probably be held on March 19, there will be more boys present. The credit for these dances should be given to Lieut. Donald Scanlin and Capt. Eugene Johnson.

CURRENT EVENTS

Lloyd Johnson

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

1. What historic policy has Great Britain finally abandoned?
2. Who is presiding officer of the Disarmament Conference at Geneva?
3. What country does he represent?
4. What noted bill passed by Congress will liberalize credit and strengthen the nation's system?
5. Who at present heads the United States Delegation at the Disarmament Conference?
6. What plan does Russia propose at the Geneva Conference?
7. What New York politician was recently ousted from office?
8. Is the general result of the early returns of the Literary Digest Poll wet or dry?
9. Has the "Lame Duck" amendment been passed by Congress?
10. What remains to be done to make it an amendment to the Constitution?
11. What is the most primitive specimen of the human race?
12. Who was recently appointed Governor of the Philippines?
13. What new position has Andrew Mellon just accepted?
14. Who will fill his place?
15. Who was recently elected President of the Irish Free State?
16. What is his policy in relation with England?
17. What was the first state to vote dry in the Literary Digest Poll?
18. Who established a new American record for the mile in the N. Y. A. C. meet?
19. What village has been called the Verdun of China?

20. What is Germany's purpose in the Disarmament Conference?
21. What Chinese fortresses have held out against the Japanese?
22. What is the largest broadcasting system in the world?
23. Who is the new Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States?
24. What are the names of the two factions in Japan?
25. Where is Ankuo?

The correct answers may be found on page 41.

MILITARY

During the past month, instead of the regular drill classes in the gym, a course in the school of the soldier and in military etiquette have been substituted for the upperclassmen of the cadet battalion. These classes are conducted by Maj. O. M. Baldinger in the Military Office while the Sophomores are drilling in the gym under the careful supervision of Sgt. Beckert. These subjects should prove of great help to anyone who intends to continue in military life, and they also will be of help to those who are going to continue in civilian life. And speaking of a military career, from the present outlook of the Sino-Japanese affair we may all be over there sooner or later. It would appear that Japan's attitude toward China is "Get all you can out of China" and the Chinese attitude is "You can all get out of China."

The Rifle Team has finished shooting the Corps Area match and all the targets for the four different stages have been sent in to the Corps headquarters in Boston where they are scored and the results will be announced very shortly. A match was to be shot with Enfield High School of Connecticut when it was found that that school was a Senior unit, and since Bangor High is a Junior unit the match was cancelled. The members of the three teams are practicing for the William Randolph Hearst Trophy Match which was commenced early in March.

The results of the First Corps Area match have been received at the Military office. The

match was won by Gloucester High School with Bangor High placing third. Gloucester High certainly has a wonderful team for practically all of their ten men shoot above 90 in the offhand stage which is easily the most difficult. They easily defeated every college varsity team including the Norwich Rifle Team, reputed to be the best in New England. The coach of this team should certainly receive credit for his splendid effort in developing such a team. And this win was not a close contest when it was announced that Gloucester led Bangor by more than 200 points!

STUDENT COUNCIL

At a meeting of the Bangor High School Student Council on February 17, 1932, the following officers were elected:

President—Joseph Mullen.

Vice-President—Leona West.

Secretary—Thelma Sullivan.

Treasurer—Malcolm Flewelling.

Executive Committee—President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer.

Senior Members—Franklin Burke, Thomas Reed, Thelma Silke, Jacqueline Johnston.

Junior Members—Ralph Wilson, Arthur Stewart, Doris Chalmers.

Sophomore Members—Robert Hussey, James Morse.

The members of the student council are as follows:

Donald McKinnon, Norman Carlisle, Frederick Littlefield, Paul Harper, Max Epstein, Franklin Burke, Earl Hartt, Benjamin Rolsky, Jacqueline Johnston, Helen Tremble, Doris Chalmers, Leona West, Constance Hedin, Elizabeth Schiro, Rena Allen, Joseph Mullen, Thomas Reed, Lloyd Johnson, Eugene Johnson, Claire Libby, Fred Merrill, Margaret Lynch, Bernard Cust, Harold Marr, Betty Brown, Hilda Smith, Thelma Silke, Linwood Barker, Robert Kurson, Elwood Bryant, Phyllis Bates, Cecil Burleigh, Maxine Nason, Arthur Stewart, Alice Tuck, Ralph Wilson, Robert Hussey, Edward Farwell, James Morse, Ruth Sanders, George Corey, Fern Lewis,

Faculty Members — Miss Irene Cousins, Dean Rachel Connor, Principal Charles Taylor.

HOME ROOMS

This year the school has had several people of different vocations speak to various groups of Junior and Senior students on their chosen vocation. Miss Mary McKay, superintendent of nurses at the E. M. G. hospital addressed 36 Junior and Senior girls on hospital training.

Training is becoming harder every year and the requirements have been raised. The requirements are:

Four Years of High School Study.

7½ units required	units
1. English, four years.....	3
2. Science, two years (including biology or general science and a second science preferably chemistry or applied chemistry).....	2
3. Mathematics, one year (algebra, general mathematics or commercial arithmetic).....	1
4. History, one year.....	1
5. Civics one-half year.....	½
6. Electives. It is recommended that at least two courses in home economics be included and two years of a foreign language.	7½

15

Miss Mabel Hammans, a private secretary in the Bangor Hydro Electric Co., talked to 32 Senior girls on Girls in Business. She emphasized training, character, and cooperation as essentials in the make-up of a successful business woman.

A lecture on normal schools will be given some time in the near future.

DEBATING CLUB

On March 11 a non-decision debate was held between B. H. S. and Foxcroft Academy on the Bates League question. Bangor upheld the affirmative and Foxcroft the negative. Speakers for the affirmative were Bernice Braidy and Barbara Bertels; for the negative, John Rideout and Dorothy Webber.

BOYS' ATHLETICS



CONY HIGH DEFEATED

An undefeated Cony team from Augusta was overcome by a snappy Crimson five in the second half to lose 22—27. The first half was slow with Cony taking advantage of a small lead, but the second half found both teams used to the floor, playing fast ball.

Cony jumped to the front in the first quarter, Mudge making two fouls, Merrill one, and Dow a basket. Bangor's only score in the opening period was a basket by Manning, making the total 5—2, Cony.

The second period found the teams playing a close defensive game. Consequently, the scoring was small. Cony scored a basket and a foul, while Flewelling's two baskets brought the Crimson total to six.

The third quarter was the best of the four, keeping the crowd in an uproar. Don MacKinnon led the Crimson attack, pushing them into the lead with two baskets. Although hard pressed, this lead wasn't taken from the team for the remainder of the game. Bangor scored thirteen points that quarter to Cony's ten, and, when the whistle ended the period, the score stood 18—19 in favor of the Crimson.

The final quarter was fast and furious, both teams fighting hard for victory but the old Crimson rallied and came through on top 27—22.

The Cony five was no mean team, and, when the Crimson visit the Capitol City, there will be a struggle worth seeing.

The summary:

BANGOR H. S., (27); CONY H. S., (22)

Leavitt, lf, 1, (1).....	rb, Webb
Flewelling, 2.....	
Burke, rf, 1, (1).....	bl, Brown, 1
MacKinnon, c, 4.....	c, Dow 1
Manning, lb, 2, (1).....	rf, Merrill, 2, (3)
	Roderick, (2)
Rolsky, rb, 1, (2).....	lf, Mudge, 3, (3)
Referee, Mahan, (Augusta).	

BANGOR BOWS TO SOUTH PORTLAND

The Crimson set out on the second trip of the season, invading South Portland and Augusta. The first game was with South Portland on Friday, and, although the team set out with a do or die spirit, they were the losers by a 36—13 score.

It was an entirely different Caper team that met the Crimson five there and never once did they give way for a Crimson lead.

The Caper five started off at a fast pace and piercing the Crimson defense ran up a score of 7—1 before the first period ended.

The Capers kept their pace during the second quarter, and, when the whistle for the half blew, the score stood 17—4.

The Crimson came out after the half a stronger team and outscored their opponents four to five during the third quarter, the score reading 21—9, South Portland.

With the game speeding along, the final

quarter found the Crimson trying hard to break down the lead. Nevertheless, when the game ended, South Portland was ahead 36—13.

The line-up:

SO. PORTLAND (36); BANGOR HIGH (13)

Elliot, lf, s.....	rb, Rolsky, 1 (2)
Pride.....	
Hayes, rf, 4, (1).....	lb, Manning, 2, (1)
McPhee.....	Morse
Priffin, c, 5, (2).....	c, Brown
	McKinnon, (1)
Jones, lb, 1, (1).....	rf, Burke, 1
McCarthy.....	
Doughty, rb, 1, (4).....	lf, Flewelling
St. John.....	Knowles, (1)
	Rittal

Referee—Mahan. Time, 4 8's.

CONY TAKES CRIMSON

Playing their final game away from home this year, the Crimson of B. H. S. lost to a fast Cony five in the Capitol City 29—18. Bangor has had bad luck on her western trips this year and has yet to bring home the bacon.

Play started off at a fast pace with Webb scoring the first basket of the evening for Augusta. Both teams then settled down to close defensive playing, and, when the first period ended, the score stood 7—4, Cony.

Bangor tried hard to get the lead in the second quarter, Frank Burke and Don McKinnon leading the attack; but Cony held and at the half the Crimson were trailing by three baskets.

Evidently the rest period had little effect on the Crimson players or the team outplayed itself during the second period, for, when the teams took the floor for the last period, Cony was far in the lead.

The final quarter was the best for the Crimson, but Cony had a sufficient lead to withstand the assault, and, when the closing whistle blew, the score was 29—18.

The Crimson players did well during the first half and final quarter but a weak third period spelled defeat.

The summary:

CONY HIGH (29); BANGOR HIGH, (18)

Webb, rb, 1.....	lf, Leavitt, 2, (1)
Merrill, (2).....	Flewelling
Brown, lb, 4.....	rf, Burke, 1, (4)
Dow, c.....	Flewelling
Hitchborn, rf, (2).....	c, MacKinnon, 2, (2)
Mudge, 1, (3).....	lb, Rolsky
Foyt, lf, 2, (2).....	rb, Manning, (1)
Roderick, 2.....	

BANGOR BEATS AUBURN HERE

Bangor played the return game with Edward Little High School of Auburn at the Chateau because of painting being done in City Hall. The floor was rather slippery and the lighting poor; consequently the game was slow. The substitutes seemed to be the stars of the evening, bringing the Crimson colors out on top, 24—20.

The game started off with both teams trying hard to get used to the floor and at the end of the first period the score was 3—0, Auburn.

Play speeded up during the second quarter. Knowles, substituting for Flewelling, gave Bangor their first basket with a beautiful shot. Auburn made a basket; then Rolsky scored a basket and foul for the Crimson, bringing the score to tie at the half, 5—5.

As the third period opened, Reidman tallied a foul for the Eddies followed by a close shot by McKinnon, putting Bangor in the lead. Bangor scored twice more and Auburn three fouls and basket before the quarter ended still a tie, 11—11.

The final period found both teams driving an attack, but Bangor gained a small lead that was held until the game ended.

The summary:

BANGOR HIGH, (24);

EDWARD LITTLE HIGH (20);

Flewelling, lf.....	rb, Nichols, 2, (1)
Knowles, 3, (2).....	Goldman
Burke, rf, 4.....	lb, Scribner, 1

(Continued on page 37)



GIRLS' ATHLETICS

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

As the girl's basketball season closes it is made known that they have an undefeated team. They have played seven games and were very fortunate in winning all of them by large scores. The girls on the squad have been very faithful in attending. Miss Oltar is proud, not only of those girls who earned their letter, but also of every girl who tried to make up a successful team both for her and for the school. We all hope that next year the girls will have just as successful a team as they have this year. There are quite a few sophomores and juniors who look very promising and are willing to work hard.

There are ten girls who are making their letter this year, three of whom are juniors.

They are as follows:

H. Tremble, (Capt.)	C. Reynolds
T. Silke	H. Howe
E. Doane	L. Chaison
R. Allen	L. West
T. Sullivan	J. Johnston, (Mgr.)

The schedule for next year has not as yet been made out but you may be sure that under the able management of Louise Hastings (our future manager) a convenient schedule will be arranged.

Tremble, Silke, Allen and West have been awarded four letters in the last two years, but instead of getting two large "B's" for hockey and two large "B's" for basketball, they have one large block "B" for hockey and a star; for basketball they have a large "B" and a star. The star is given so that a girl may wear two awards on her sweater at one time.

BREWER'S FIRST DEFEAT

On the eve of Jan. 29, 1932, the fierce orange and black basketweavers set out for Bangor. Of course, as is always the rule for Brewer, they were out to win and ready for a real battle with their rival school. Bangor had also been practicing for this game as neither team had been beaten. When the whistle blew at 7:30, there was much hollering and cheering from the sidelines, and a great eagerness on the part of the players to begin as quickly as possible.

Although Bangor had the lead all during the game, at times it seemed as though they would have to fight much harder than they were even to keep up with the Brewer lassies. But as everyone knows who attended this exciting but slow game, the score at the final whistle was Bangor 27, Brewer 14. Silke was the star for Bangor as was Reid for Brewer.

Summary:

BANGOR, 27;	BREWER 14
Tremble, r. f. 2, (1)	r. g. MacDonald
Silke, l. f. 7, (4)	l. g. Maddocks
Landon, l.	Kelley
E. Toole, l.	Sargent
Reynolds, C.	C. Igo
Hawes	
Chaison, s. c.	s. c. Sargent
West	Chute
Allen, r. g.	r. f. Reid, 1, (1)
Doane, l. g.	l. f. Vary, 4, (3)
	Hinckley

Referee: Roger, U. of M.

Time: Four 8-minute periods.

BANGOR AGAIN VICTORIOUS

On Feb. 5, about fifteen of the B. H. S. lassies left for Charleston where they were to play the famous Higgins Classical Institute. Last year when we played them, the score was about 35—7, and this year we had decided to make it just about as large.

In some ways the Higgins girls played better than we did but it seems as though it is the score that counts the most. Coach Oltar used some of her second team players who proved to be nearly as good as the first team. The final score was B. H. S. 27, H. C. I. 12.

Summary:

B. H. S. 27;	H. C. I. 12
Tremble, r. f. 6, (2).....	r. g. Dyer
Silke, l. f. 4, (1).....	l. g. Dow
E. Toole, l.....	Willey
Landon, l.....	Burnes
Reynolds, c.....	c. Rich
Hawes.....	Keith
West, s. c.....	s. c. Bragger
Chaison.....	
Wiggin.....	
Sullivan, r. g.....	r. f. D. Crowley, 3, (1)
Allen.....	
M. Toole.....	
Doane, l. g.....	l. f. Gillison, 2, (1)
Sanders.....	H. Crowley
Time: Four 8-minute periods.	

BANGOR DEFEATS E. M. C. S.

Although the E. M. C. S. girls were at a disadvantage because of the floor being so large and playing three sections instead of two as they were accustomed to, they were out to win! The score at the game in Bucksport had been 41—35, Bangor; and both teams wanted to win by a larger score.

Bulmer seemed to play around our guards during the first part of the game, but soon Edna Doane caught on to her few tricks.

Capt. Tremble outplayed the guards from E. M. C. S. in this game as she did her opponent in hockey.

The game as a whole was fast but nothing compared to the one played at Bucksport.

Summary:

B. H. S. 33;	E. M. C. S. 15
Tremble, r. f. 7, (4).....	r. g. Brown
Landon.....	
Steeves.....	
Silke, l. f., 6 (3).....	l. g. Barnett
Hastings.....	Jones
Reynolds, c.....	c. Mercer
Hawes.....	McClure
Morrison.....	
Chaison, s. c.....	s. c. Eddie
West.....	
McAvey.....	
Sullivan, r. g.....	r. f. Jewel, (1)
Allen.....	
Doane, l. g.....	l. f. Bulmer, 6, (2)
Sanders.....	
Referee: Rogers, U. of M.	
Time: four 8-minute periods.	

THE LAST VICTORY OVER THOSE
HAUGHTY ORANGE AND BLACK

On Feb. 19, the last girls' basketball game was played with the fast, haughty enemies of Brewer. The Brewer girls were out for flesh and blood, and they certainly put up a good fight for it but were outdone.

Bangor was determined that their last game should not be a defeat, and made every effort to roll up a score to be proud of. This game was about the fastest game of the season and was much more exciting than many of the boys' games.

Peggy Reid made all the points except two for those fighting orange and black, but Thelma Sullivan was with her most of the time to see that she didn't get very many baskets.

Thelma Silke certainly found the rim of that basket mighty quick, for it didn't seem as though there was enough time during the game for her to shoot all the baskets she wanted to.

Christine Reynolds sure can jump, and Lillian Chaison is always where the ball is except when it is over the boundary line. Edna Doane can also guard anyone at any time and

(Continued on page 37)

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE
DEPARTMENT OF ATHLETICS, BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL
FOR THE FOOTBALL SEASON
ENDING DECEMBER 18th, 1931.

	LOSS	GAIN	
Balance at end of Baseball and Track Season			\$511.93
Expenses on Athletic Field	\$540.60		
INCOME:			
Patron tickets		\$195.00	
Student tickets		367.75	
Miscellaneous		37.02	
EXPENSES:			
Football equipment	\$743.71		
Miscellaneous	228.65		
SCHEDULE:			
Bangor vs. Millinocket at Bangor		\$154.30	
Bangor vs. Brewer at Brewer		141.15	
Bangor vs. John Bapst at Bangor		288.77	
Bangor vs. Portland at Bangor		378.04	
Bangor vs. Waterville at Bangor	90.80		
Bangor vs. Belfast at Bangor	79.25		
Bangor vs. Portland at Portland	158.30		
Bangor vs. Brewer at Bangor		398.75	
Banquet for Portland	87.50		
Reception for Portland		7.75	
Sweater Dance and Class Games		18.80	
	\$1,928.81	\$1,987.33	
		1,928.81	
Gain for Season		\$58.52	\$58.52
Balance at end of season			\$570.45
Represented by:			
Checking Account	\$161.52		
Savings Account	408.93		\$570.45

There is due January 1st, \$578.48, on account of Bleachers at Athletic Field.

Bangor, Maine, December 22, 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

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA

Eugene O'Neil

"Mourning Becomes Electra" is one of the much talked of plays on the New York stage this winter. It is based on the Greek tragedy, "Electra." The setting is a New England seaport town after the Civil War.

In "The Homecoming" Ezra Mannon returns from the war to his wife and daughter. The son has not yet returned. This family is not united by love; the wife hates the husband and her daughter, and the husband and son disagree. This hatred brings tragedy upon them.

The second play, "The Hunted", pictures Orin's arrival, and all through the play Christine and her daughter fight for his love.

"The Haunted", the third play in the Trilogy, shows the selfishness of the brother and sister. Both are in love, but neither wants the other to marry. Their plots against each other succeed all too well. The sister is finally left alone among the memories, ghosts, and portraits of the old mansion.

Eugenia Savage.

LADY HELENA

By Gaston Leroux

"Lady Helena" is an excellent detective story written by Gaston Leroux. In it the adventures of a young French lawyer, Antoin Rose and Lady Helena, an accomplice of the master criminal, Mr. Flow, who is better known to the police as the "Man of a Hundred Faces", are told in the way only Gaston Leroux can tell them. Rose, acting under the misapprehension that he is legal adviser to an unknown man, later finds out that this man is in reality Mr. Flow. While helping Lady Helena to achieve certain dangerous tasks for Mr. Flow, he falls in love with Lady Helena, and she repays him by nearly delivering him into the hands of the police.

John Bartlett.

DUSKIN

Grace Livingston Hill Lutz

Carol Berkeley, secretary to the president of a construction company, is sent to Chicago to fire Philip Duskin, a young architect who is falling down on the job of erecting a large office building.

Two crooked architects, representatives of a rival company, interfere with Miss Berkeley's plans in various exciting ways.

Arriving at Chicago, she finds a harassed young executive working day and night to outwit the company's rivals.

After Duskin has rescued Carol from a fire, she stays to help him and to share his victory.

Lena Merrill.

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

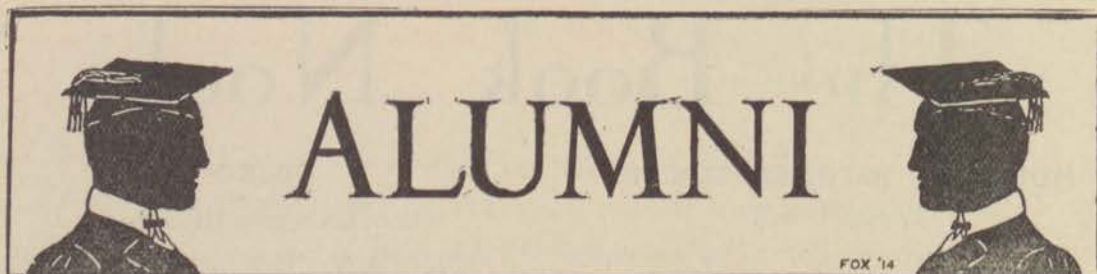
By Lieutenant D. W. Tomlinson

Probably one of the most interesting stories of aviation is told in this vivid tale of a young naval aviator who rose to fame as one of the famous trio of navy stunt flyers—the "Three Sea Hawks." Told in a fascinating manner, this book expresses the hopes, joys and sorrows of a young aviator who first makes an attempt at flying in an old second-hand Jenny, and on his first flight, crashes on a beach and mends parts of the engine with an old watch-spring.

Read about the time his engine stalled over a small town and he had to land on the main street going ninety miles an hour. Read it and wonder that he is alive today, the only surviving member and former leader of the "Sea Hawks," whose incredible stunting in the air have never been equalled.

It is an enjoyable biography of a happy-go-lucky boy, now vice-president of the Transcontinental Air Lines, into whose crowded years have come almost every conceivable experience of aviation.

Jane Sullivan.



The engagement of Miss Josephine Ramage, of Alexandria, Virginia, to Robert C. McCann, formerly of Bangor, has been announced by the bride-to-be's parents. Mr. McCann is the son of Mrs. Mary E. McCann, and the late Dr. Daniel McCann, of this city. He was graduated from Bangor High School and Georgetown University, and is now in the employ of the Bell Telephone and Telegraph Co. in Richmond, Virginia. The wedding will take place in the spring.

On Tuesday morning, February 9, the wedding of Miss Madeline E. Sullivan to William C. Barker took place at Saint Mary's Church. The bride is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Sullivan. She was graduated from Bangor High School and has been employed as service observer in the offices of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company in this city. Following the wedding ceremony, a wedding breakfast was served at the bride's home, after which Mr. and Mrs. Barker left for Washington, D. C., where they will make their home.

Gerard P. Collins, Bangor attorney, and Madeline B. Taggett, an employee in the business office of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company of this city, were united in marriage at Saint Mary's Church. Mr. Collins is the son of Mrs. Elizabeth A. Collins of Bangor. He is a graduate of Bangor High School and the Georgetown University Law School. He is a former newspaper man, and at one time was city solicitor. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Taggett of Houlton.

Two former Bangor High boys are taking part in "The Hut," a play to be presented by the Hebron Triangle Club. They are Gorham Levenseller and Leonard Ford. The Triangle Club is the Hebron campus organization sponsoring dramatics at Hebron Academy.

The engagement of Miss Beryl E. Bryant to Norman F. Plouff, of Dexter, has been announced. Miss Bryant is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph H. Bryant of Seventh Street. She attended Bangor High School and the University of Maine, where she was a member of the Chi Omega Sorority and the honorary psychological fraternity, Sigma Mu Sigma. While on the university campus, Miss Bryant was prominent in social and athletic circles. Since graduating she has been a member of the staff of the Bangor News. No date has been announced for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Braveman of Grove Street announced the engagement of their daughter Gertrude to Louis Todolsky of Brooklyn, New York. Miss Braveman was graduated from Bangor High School. Mr. Todolsky is a medical student in New York City. No date has been sent for the wedding.

Barbara Whitman, '31, gave a pianoforte recital at the Conservatory. Miss Whitman is taking a post-graduate course in pianoforte this year.

The Omicron chapter of the Sigma Kappa sorority at Tufts College announces the pledging of Miss Dorothy L. Allen, daughter of Mr. Charles M. Allen of 208 Elm Street, Bangor. Miss Allen is a freshman.



JOIN THE ARMY——ENLIST . . .

No One Barred
Not Even Freshmen

Girls May Apply As Nurses

SEE

Colonel Donald Robinson
Home Room 209—Or In Corridors

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN !!

Now is your chance to show your school spirit, love of country, or otherwise.

If our country were suddenly plunged into war, where would she be? She must have a standing army.

If you enlist in my battalion you will not have to drill—you will not have to wear a uniform. No! A thousand times No!!! All you have to do is give me your name and address and stand by for a call to arms.

The only distinction you wear is a red and white ribbon, and I do not even order you to do this; and with one of these ribbons on, you will be considered one of the select.

And so fellow students, I entreat you—Enlist! and save your country in a crisis. I thank you.

Col. Donald Robinson, M. D.—P. D. Q.

P. S. If, before enlisting, you desire to consult your parents, inform them that there is a competent staff of officers and that at all times you are under the ablest staff of supervisors.

P. S. No. II: To the especially keen students: We are forming a secret service corps and need your assistance.

Col. Donald Robinson, M. D.—P. D. Q.

AND THEN WE WONDER WHY THERE ARE SO MANY UNEMPLOYED

Five little grocers
Each kept a store.
One cut prices—
Then there were four.

Four little grocers,
Feeling sad but free,
One wouldn't advertise—
Then there were three.

Three little grocers,
One felt pretty blue,
Failed to dress his window—
Then there were two.

Two little grocers,
All their rivals gone!
One forgot his overhead—
Then there was one.

One little grocer,
Decided he could get
Some lessons from experience
So he's growing yet!

Exchange

DOG EAT HEN

Jones: "Sorry, old man, that my hen got loose and scratched up your garden."

Smith: "That's all right, my dog ate your hen."

Jones: "Fine! I just ran over your dog and killed him."

ALWAYS TWO SIDES

"I'll give you a nickel for a kiss," said the visitor to the little girl.

"No thank you," she replied sweetly, "I get more money than that for taking castor oil."

Whenever I see this ill-sorted conglomeration of hopeful youth (a class of incoming freshmen), they call to my mind the young lady who said to her physician, "How soon will I know anything, after I come out of the anesthetic?"

"Well," replied the doctor, "That's expecting a great deal from an anesthetic."

Officer (stopping Ev-ly-Tr-cy for speeding): "Say, where's the fire?"

Ev-ly—"In your eyes, you great big gorgeous patrolman."

Once there was school that was having a social in a town-hall. All the pupils spoke on the stage. It was the Adams' boy's turn now.

He said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Romans and Russians, will you please lend me your ears and listen."

One lady in the back said to her neighbor, "That's the Adams' boy all right; his mother always is borrowing something."

POLITE

A Scotchman was accosted by a military picket. "Who are you?" challenged the soldier.

"I'm fine," answered Sandy. "Hoo's yer-self?"

B-ll M-ng-v-n to Art Thayer (both viewing Art's Austin:

"How do you get into it?"

Art Th'y'r: "You don't get into it—you put it on."

Max. Ep.: We're going to have a big crowd here, and it'll be some job to keep them moving.

Mr. Somerville: That'll be easy. Take down that rear exit sign, post up the word "Free," and they'll all bolt for it.

DRAMA!!!

DRAMA!!!

THE WONDER OF THE AGES

CAST

ACTORS

The king	Ralph Wilson, '33
The queen	"Fran" Jones, '33
The page	"Spec" Valentine, '35
The salesman	"Sleepy" Fairley, '33
The sheik	"Shortarm" Libby, '32
The monster	"Shorty" Garland, '32
Little Nell	"Bee" Russell, '33
Uncle Tom	John Hartt, '33
Bluebeard	Bluebeard Bryant, '33
The Oracle of Delphi	"Crosby" Patterson, '32
The Immovable Force	T. Reed, '32
The Irrisistable Mass (mess)	Fred Littlefield, '32
Caesar	"Duke" Ford, '33
Brutus	"Al" Schriver, '33
Hannibal	Flash Blanning, '33
Cleopatra	"Peggy" Thayer, '33
Moby Dick	"Speedy" Kendrick, '59
Grampa	"Bob" McAvoy, '82
The King of Borneo	"Nat" Eaton

L-c-lle F-gg, '35: "How long did it take you to learn skating?"

L-c-lle Ep-te-n, '35: "Oh, several sittings."

Diner: Do you serve crabs here?

Waiter: Certainly, we serve anyone; sit down.

YOU WON'T BE MISSED, YOU RASCALS YOU

As some day it may happen that a victim
must be found.

I've got a little list—I've got a little list
Of B. H. S. offenders who might well be under-
ground,

And who never would be missed—who never
would be missed.

There's the chocolate sundae cowboy who is
very, very rough.

He strives for admiration by using cave-man
stuff.

There's the female of the species who at every
Billie smiles.

In efforts to be popular she uses all her wiles.
And there's the pretty maiden who her teacher
tries to charm,

To camouflage a cranium as empty as a barn.
And all the bovine persons who on chewing
gum insist;

They'd none of them be missed.

There's the shining star who dims his light to
stand in with his buddy.

And there's the guy who is so bright he never
needs to study.

There's the simple soul whose wandering gaze
is covered by his hand,

Like an ostrich safely hidden with his head
beneath the sand,

There's the persecuted puppy, victimized by
teacher's grudges.

From this satisfying alibi, he simply never
budges.

And all those crooked, lazy youths who on
writing cribs insist,

You won't be missed, you rascals, you surely
won't be missed.

Exchange.

EVERYDAY THEATER

Arthur Thayer: "I'm going to quit school."

Izzy Leavitt: "If you do, you will have
wasted almost four years."

Arthur Thayer: "And if I don't, I'll waste
five."

Betty Dill: "Is that a dray horse you have
there?"

Jackie Johnston: "No, it's a brown horse,
and stop your baby talk!"

Latin Prof.—If you all have your lesson
tomorrow, what kind of condition will that be?

Voice from the Rear—Contrary to fact.

Judge (to Joe Mullen): You've been speed-
ing.

Joe Mullen: No, sir, I wasn't. The brakes
wouldn't work, so I was hurrying home before
I had an accident.

TALL STORY COLUMN

Mrs. Cumming: Present day slang is not
necessary in conveying one's thoughts.

Mme. Beaupre: Don't try to control
yawning and sneezing. It's bad for one's
nerves.

Miss Robinson: Abraham Lincoln is not
the man he could have been.

Mr. Prescott: No homework tonight, class.

Mr. McGinley: I'll erase the boards.

Mrs. Grindle: One thing I don't believe in,
is giving quizzes.

Miss Mullen: The "Oracle" is a lot of
hooey and it isn't worth wasting time on.

Miss DuBourdieu: Take plenty of time.

"Look out for the worms!" said Don Robin-
son to Ruth McDonough as he handed her an
apple.

"When I eat an apple the worms have to
look out for themselves." answered Ruth.

Oh! Oh!

"Dad, give me a dime."

"Not today, sonny."

"Dad, if you'll give me a dime, I'll tell you
what the iceman said to mama this morning."

"Here, son, quick; what did he say?"

"He said, 'Lady how much ice do you want
this morning?' "

Big Shot Moon: How long have you been
a life saver?

Shrimp McKenney: I began as a small
Buoy.

Easter is here and so is LUFKIN
with all Sweets and Nuts

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26 Main Street - BANGOR, MAINE

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page 29)

Rena Allen is always making some forward miss the basket.

Capt. Tremble seems to dodge most of the guards she has, and usually makes a basket whenever she gets her hands on the ball.

Summary:

BANGOR, 31;	BREWER, 17
Tremble, r. f. 5, (1).....	r. g. Maddocks
Silke, l. f. 8, (4).....	l. g. MacDonald
Reynolds, c.....	c. Igo
Hawes.....	
West, s. c.....	s. c. Sargent
Chaison.....	
Doane, l. g.....	l. f. Carey
Allen, r. g.....	r. f. Reid
Sullivan.....	Symist, Beatty

Referee: Burrill, U. of M.

Time: Four 8 minute periods.

CLASS TOURNAMENT

The class tournament started Feb. 3, and continued until Feb. 19. The class that won the most number of games was to be awarded a silver cup with their numerals on it. Many of the games were close, but an inch is as good as a mile. Although there weren't many practices and some of the girls hadn't had much experience the games were almost as exciting as some of the varsity girls' and boys' games.

The final results were as follows:

Team	Won	Lost
Seniors.....	1	3
Juniors.....	2	4
Sophomores.....	6	0
Freshmen.....	1	5

SCHEDULE

Feb. 3—Juniors 17; Freshmen 12.	Referee: R. Allen.
Feb. 3—Sophomores 10; Seniors 8.	Referee: L. West.
Feb. 5—Seniors 10; Juniors 6.	Referee: R. Allen.
Feb. 5—Sophomores 23; Freshmen 7.	Referee: H. Tremble.

Feb. 10—Seniors 10; Freshmen 6. Referee: R. Allen.

Feb. 10—Sophomores 21; Juniors 8. Referee: L. West.

Feb. 12—Seniors 20; Juniors 5. Referee: R. Allen.

Feb. 12—Sophomores 10; Freshmen 9. Referee: H. Tremble.

Feb. 17—Sophomores 8; Seniors 6. Referee: L. West.

Feb. 17—Juniors 19; Freshmen 15. Referee: R. Allen.

Feb. 19—Freshmen 15; Seniors 8. Referee: R. Allen.

Feb. 19—Sophomores 14; Juniors 10. Referee: L. West.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page 27)

McKinnon, c, 1.....c, Gauthier, (2)

Rolsky, lb, 1, (2).....rf, Towle, 1, (2)

Morse, 1.....

Manning, rb.....lf, Aspega

Reidman, 2, (3)

Referee—Roundy, (Colby).

BANGOR WINS SECOND VICTORY OVER OLD TOWN

Led by Captain Frankie Burke the Crimson team overcame an early one point lead to hand defeat to the Old Town five, 30—17. The smallest crowd of the season witnessed a fast game that was interesting throughout.

Brilliant of the Canoe City scored a foul to put his team ahead, but Bangor soon found the basket and ran up a 7—1 score before the quarter ended.

Bangor retained the scoring during the second period, and, when the quarter ended, the score stood 15—3 in their favor.

Old Town staged a short rally at the opening of the third period, and, before the Crimson defense had settled, Paul Burke had to replace Benny Rolsky because of fouls. Both teams scored six points that quarter.

The final period found Bangor trying hard to run up a high score, while Old Town was trying to break down the lead. Consequently, scores were frequent and fouls plentiful. Rital, Brown, and Paul Harper substituted for

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

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

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

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

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

F. Burke, McKinnon, and P. Burke, respectively.

The summary:

BANGOR (30); OLD TOWN (17)
 Leavitt, rf 2, (1).....rf, Brilliant, 1, (4)
 Flewelling, rf.....lf, Murray, (1)
 F. Burke, lf, 4, (2).....lf, Baillargon
 Rittal, lf.....lf, Levesque
 MacKinnon, c, 3, (5).....c, Martin 2
 Brown, c.....
 Rolsky, rg, 1.....rg, Hussey, 2, (1)
 P. Burke, rg.....rg, White
 Harper, rg, (1).....
 Manning, lg.....lg, Ouelette
 Morse, lg.....

Referee—O'Laughlin.

BANGOR INTER-CITY CHAMPIONS

The Crimson closed their scheduled season with a win over John Bapst, gaining the inter-city crown by a 20—16 score. The largest crowd of the season filled the City Hall to cheer their respective teams. Although the Purple fought hard, they had to give way to their steady Crimson superiors. Both teams were selected among the eight best Fives of this section to enter the Maine Tournament which will be played March 10, 11, and 12.

Izzy Leavitt, who has been in and out of the games all season, played a wonderful game and led the fighting Crimson to victory.

Both teams played a fast, close game during the first three periods, with Bangor holding a slight lead.

The fourth quarter was surely a fitting finish for any basketball season. Bangor was leading at the end of the third period by one point, and in the opening seconds of the final period Tolman, Purple forward, tied the score 15—15, with a foul. Scoreless minutes rolled by, holding the crowd in frenzied suspense which was broken when Leavitt followed up his own shot to score. Leavitt made another basket while Burke scored a foul, and, although the Bapst players missed enough fouls to win the game, Spellman, their center, made one,

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Burdett students last year came from 70 universities and colleges, 356 high schools, 114 academies, and 165 other business, normal, and special schools. Graduates of Burdett College receive the assistance of a well-organized placement service. School facilities are unsurpassed. Students are trained by an able and experienced faculty. Previous business training is not required for entrance. Correspondence is invited.

FALL TERM BEGINS SEPTEMBER 6th

BURDETT COLLEGE

A Professional Business School of College Grade
156 STUART STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

bringing the score to 20—16 before the whistle blew, ending the scheduled season for B. H. S.

The summary:

BANGOR HIGH (20);

JOHN BAPST H. S. (16)

Burke, rf, 2, (2).....lg, Doherty
Leavitt, lf, 4.....lg, Curran
MacKinnon, c, 1.....rg, Julian
Rolsky, lg, 1, (1).....c, Spellman, 3, (2)
Knowles, lg.....rf, Dougherty, 1, (1)
Manning, rg, (1).....rf, Bradley
.....lf, Tolman, 2, (1)

Referee—Roundy.

ANSWERS

1. Free Trade.
2. Arthur Henderson.
3. England.
4. Glass-Steagall Bill.
5. Hugh S. Gibson.
6. Complete disarmament for all nations.
7. "Big Tom" Farley.
8. Wet.
9. Yes.
10. That it be ratified by 3-4 of the states within seven years.
11. "Pekin Man."
12. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.
13. Ambassador to England.
14. Odgen L. Mills.
15. Eamon de Valera.
16. Repudiation of debts to England and abolition of Oath of Allegiance to the King of England.
17. Kansas.
18. Gene Venzhe.
19. Kiangivan.
20. To get armaments increased to those of the other nations or to get theirs decreased to the level of Germany's.
21. Woosung Forts.
22. Columbia.
23. Bery F. Cardozo.
24. Seiyunkai-Military. Minseito—peace.
25. Puppet state of Manchuria under Japan.

THE INFANT PRODIGY

(Continued from page 12)

come home at once?" There were the words on his homeward-bound telegram that the freshman counted upon to save him.

Thursday noon came and still no reply. Perhaps his supposed paternal saviour would not answer. Well, he was all packed if the reply should come. What else could he do?

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If You Can.

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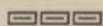
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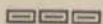
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BREWER, MAINE

Then the treasured telegram arrived. "Come home at once." He was saved!

Fifteen minutes later the freshman left for home. The governing head of the college had readily given him the desired permission after seeing the telegram sent by the freshman's father.

AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE

(Continued from Page 16)

It was not long after we had left the Coral Isles that a strong wind came up, which soon blew us off of our course. As I have mentioned, this was a small craft, and the motor could not withstand the force of the wind together with the weight of the passengers.

An ill wind is an unusual messenger in the Southern Seas, but what did that matter, we were stranded. What were we to do? From such a place it was impossible to roller skate home, or even call the A. A. A.

The attendants were immediately waving distress signals. After being anxiously tossed about for many minutes, which seemed like hours, we observed that our signals were seen by two sea planes coming from Cuba.

Before we could realize the actual dangers of our situation, we were flying homeward in one of the sea planes.

Who would have thought that our afternoon of sailing would turn out to be a trip by airplane?

SKIING THRILLS

(Continued from page 11)

has it, "that you sometimes fly high and light low." All too soon I find myself on my stomach. I fight for breath. Gradually I can straighten out and draw a full breath again; painfully I rise from the ground. Standing erect at last and vowing never to try a jump-off again, I start for home.

Ladies and gentlemen, please do not think that I am trying to discourage your love for the great sport of skiing. But as for me, I have left off flying when I am on skis, for it is positively breath-taking.

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INTRODUCED BY PIGLET

(Continued from Page 14)

decide just what it was about him that made her distrust him so. It wasn't anything tangible.

"All in all, however," Gin reflected, as she was dressing for the big party on the last night, "they are in general, an unusually congenial group of guests, and I can't expect to fall in love with all of them."

The more she thought the more she realized that Barry had become essential to her happiness. If only, she thought, he didn't have such queer ideas on marriage and on family matters. It meant much—just to be near him!

As Gin descended the stairs, Barry eagerly came forward to meet her. As Gin talked with him, she wished that she might remain for weeks, but she realized that her presence was unwelcome to his parents, and that she must leave as soon as possible.

The party was brilliantly successful, a success which was not so strange after all, for very few parties that Ginger attended turned out to be flops.

The party was going at full tilt when Ginger was momentarily "caught" by a fat, old gentleman who had gallantly addressed himself as Pygmythia Cromwell. Hitherto, she had been having too good a time to even think of herself, but now, while having to talk with Mr. Cromwell, or at least look respectfully intelligent at what he was saying, she suppressed a sudden yawn, and rather than attribute it to her etiquette, Gin decided she was bored. Not that it was a new circumstance for her—Ginger Rockwell Stanhope had been bored at bigger and better parties than Lord and Lady Lambourne were accustomed to give. In fact, it was a very easy state for her to acquire, with the exception that, while most people were remaining bored, Gin was planning some alternative. At this particular moment, as P. G. was methodically relating his vast schemes for obtaining health, wealth, and happiness, Gin was wondering what the Holmes Talcotts and the other elite were doing in St. Moritz, Engadin at the present time.

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"Why not," she asked herself, "fly over and see?"

At 3 A. M. the dressing-table lamp in Gin's room burned briskly and time-tables were strewn about. Any of Gin's friends could have told you that she did things quickly, regardless of convention.

"The Raven flies at three" she murmured, "and will land me at St. Moritz tomorrow at noon. It will do."

She crossed over to the writing-desk and began a short note to Lady Lambourne and one to Barry. A tiny laugh escaped as she pictured Barry's face when he found her gone. "He can follow," she thought, "if he's interested."

Gin finished her notes and began collecting her wardrobe. The familiar rhyme hammered on in Gin's mind till finally the words seemed to draw pictures. She went over to the window and drew aside the curtain. Nothing but the black night loomed before her, yet it seemed to send forth some call—some warning. Her senses told her something "was up" long before her eyes showed what it was. Through the darkness of the night there appeared now and then a queer light, coming from the window of some nearby building. Though her knowledge of the building plans was not perfect, she knew enough about them to remember that her room was the large one on the left wing of the house, and she knew she had seen, at some time, a low rambling building from this window. She recalled something Barry had said about an old storehouse. Curiosity prompted her to wonder what anybody would be doing in an unused storehouse at this unearthly hour. A drop splashed on the pane, blotting her vision. It had started to rain. She dashed hurriedly to the closet where her well-worn but comfortable slicker was hanging, a vague excitement bubbling within her. She knew that even with the time taken for packing there would still be several hours to burn. "What a night for a lark!" she thought to herself, remembering the mysterious light. Silently, bags in hand, she crept along the hall and out into the night.

(Continued next month)

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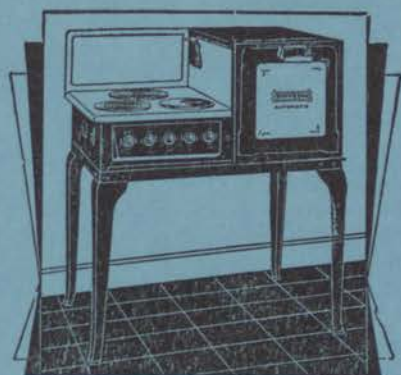
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