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# The Oracle



**Vol. XLI Number 6**

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

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

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

**April, 1932**

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## Introduced by Piglet

Helen Tebbets, Constance Hedin, Eleanor Clough

*"I crept out into  
the night."*



### 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 until he feels it an absolute necessity to return to England. Gin, accepting Barry's invitation, arrives at "Lambourne Hall" only a day later than Barry himself. A grand week-end follows. Then, the night of the "party," comes the announcement of the theft of a famous Velasquez portrait, stolen from the family art gallery, together with Gin's decision to leave immediately for St. Moritz, Engadin. Ready for departure, Gin is suddenly stayed by a wild desire to discover the origin of the mysterious light she spies from her window, and, thus, bags in hand, she creeps silently down the hall and thence out into the dark night.

(Here the story continues)

### PART III

**T**HE following noon a large Isota-Fraschini drove through St. Moritz, Engadin, and drew up in front of the Holtenplatz, — the Waldorf-Astoria of Switzerland. The couple who stepped out and walked up the steps of the hotel seemed

terribly happy about something. A tiny breeze blew the girl's fair hair in waves around her face. Her cheeks were already a rosy hue from the cool mountain air. Her deep, brown eyes sparkled with excitement, and an adorable smile was frequently allowed to express itself. Her escort, a tall, American youth with a perpetual boyish grin, seemed equally as delighted as his companion. The two had scarcely entered the lobby of the hotel when they were sighted and pounced upon by a motherly lady who, one might find on looking in the hotel register, was the Mrs. Saxton B. Smith of New York City, U. S. A.

"Ginger Rockwell Stanhope!" she gasped. "Where did you come from? I thought you were in Paris studying the art of Bohemians."

"Oh, Grace," laughed the boy, "you've got it wrong again. She's merely one of those high-faluting Bohemian Art School students."

"It's of little importance. Gin's here, as lovely as ever. Where did you find her, Jim?"





Have you been here long? Oh, for goodness sakes! Do come up to my sitting room and tell me all about it."

By the time they had arrived at Grace's suite, Gin had run into several more of her old friends—a thing only to be expected, as most of the "crowd" did come over to spend a few months every winter in Engadin. They had been in the apartment several minutes only, when the maid entered to announce that a number of Madame's friends had just arrived.

"News travels fast, even in Europe," said Grace as she arose to greet her guests. "I believe, Gin, that it has already spread all over Engadin that you are here."

A flippant girl burst into the room. "Gin, you little pig," she cried, "why didn't you tell us you were coming? But never mind, I'll forgive you 'cause you're a heaven-sent angel. I feel certain that if I had to spend another day with that—oh, here he comes. Well, anyhow, you know how any town hums when you're around and is simply dead when you're not."

"Precisely," quoth John Van Horten, entering to greet Gin. "Little Jane, here, tries hard enough but she just can't fill Virginia Stanhope's place."

"How did you happen to come?" broke in Alice Bigelow.

"Umhum," added Tom Carleton, "I thought

you were supposed to be in Paris, studying. Don't you know I've got better things to do than waste sympathy on you when you're gadding about the country?"

"Please, please," laughed Ginger, "just sit down a minute and I'll tell you all about it."

"Wouldn't he just!" said Roger Mathers when she had finished. "Why couldn't I have been hanging around the airplane field when you landed? Why does Jim always have to be 'Johnny-on-the-spot' instead of me? But I'll have the privilege of taking you to the carnival tomorrow, won't I?"

"Is the carnival tomorrow? Grand! I see I've come just in time."

"I should say so," said Jim, "and to celebrate, let's all drift over to the Trocadero. You don't mind, do you, Grace?"

"I should say so, if it's going to be as bad as I think it is, but run along, run along. If anyone inquires your whereabouts, I shall say I just saw you skiing down Mt. Blanc."

The morning after the party, "Lambourne Hall" was the center of much commotion. "But, Mother," Barry was saying for the hundredth time, "I tell you Gin didn't do it, she's not that kind. What would she want of an old, fool painting? You read her note. She was just fed up with us and left—little wonder, you were about as hospitable to the poor kid as a cold potato."

"Barry," said Lord Lambourne, "I shall not have you speaking to your mother in that tone. We are only trying to do our duty in taking all possible steps to find the thief."

The butler entered to announce that the detectives from the Holmes and Watson Agency had just arrived.

"Send them in," said Lord Lambourne.

"Holmes and Watson!" shouted Barry. "This has gone too far. I'm leaving!"

About dinner time that night a young man entered the Holtenplatz and inquired for Miss Virginia Stanhope. The clerk rang her suite. Mademoiselle Stanhope would see him at once.

Had Barry not been so mentally entangled



with the affairs at home, he probably would have been more "at sea" concerning Gin and the queer things she did, and he would undoubtedly have wondered about her hotel suite. As it was, he merely noticed that it was an unusually attractive living room to which he was taken—a room predominated by an air of simple grandeur. A brisk fire casting gigantic shadows hither and yon, burned on the hearth. Tall candles, burning in their King George holders on the mantelpiece, lent a stately charm. A bowl of white chrysanthemums on the refectory table added the final note of grace.

Barry was enjoying its cheeriness when Gin entered and expressed her pleasure at seeing him. The two sat in sleepy-hollow chairs before the fireplace, and talked of the world-carnival to be held in St. Moritz on the morrow, of Barry's sudden excursion by plane and even of the weather—a fatal sign as regards a conversation's trend.

At the mention of the party, Barry's face twitched, and once again took on a set expression. Having talked with him for a time, Gin could scarcely help noticing that Barry was not his usual, cheery self—something was worrying him. Tactfully she said little. The conversation grew intermittent till the stillness was finally broken by the blare of a phone. The reaction on Barry was such, that if someone had set a giant firecracker off under his chair, he could have left it no faster.

"They've followed," he murmured in a husky voice. "Oh, Gin, come away with me—come while there's still time. You know I've always loved you! We can escape and get married and then everything will be all right. We'll be safe."

Ginger stood and stared at him, not understanding. For a brief moment she thought Barry was in trouble, and her natural instinct was to help him. Again the phone rang. Gin answered it while Barry kept beseeching.

Her belief that Barry was in trouble was even more confirmed by the phone message. "What," she thought, "can the Holmes and Watson Detective Agency want of Barry?"



There was very little time before the detective reached the apartment; hence in that brief space Barry was hardly able to tell Gin what had really happened but continued to urge her to leave with him at once, as he blurted out a confused and broken tale. Then she realized her mistake in thinking that something was wrong with Barry and inwardly called herself a fool in many different languages. What could happen to the beloved son of the Lambournes—born with a silver spoon in his mouth! She realized also that Barry had been offering her his name as a protection. Her American pride made her reject rather than see the proposal as it was meant—that would come later. For the present she was hurt that everyone, his parents in particular, should suspect her because of her sketches of the Lambourne Velasquez.

Ginger may have been peeved for a short time, but her quick sense of fair play changed her temper into a smile. Her humor couldn't desert her for long, and she laughed in spite of herself at the funniness of the situation.

She was only too ready to give herself over to the detective. Already she had put two and two together and made five. She had decided not only the cause of the theft but also the character of the thief. She would be only too glad to attend the private trial at "Lambourne

(Continued on page 41)

## Historical Facts About the Oldest House in Bangor

Helen Bond, '35



**I**N 1771 Thomas Howard first built a little square frame house, later known as the Thaxter residence, over-looking the Penobscot River. The original building was quite small as it contained only five rough rooms and a large woodshed at the back.

The one room upstairs was small because of the decided slant of the roof. Hand hewn, native oak timber, put together with wooden pegs, gave the interior of the rooms an unfinished appearance. The ceilings were so low that a small person could scarcely stand erect. Rooms of this type were more easily heated with the fuel used in those days. The two chimneys in the house both contained fireplaces which were more useful than ornamental.

There is an interesting story connected with this house, about the war of 1812. A single birch tree, which was the only shade tree in that vicinity, grew at one side of the banking, and one day, as Mrs. Howard looked out of the window, she was astonished to see some British soldiers coming up the river. Soon they landed right in front of her house and began to spread their belongings under the famous tree. Mrs. Howard thought quickly, and because of her ability to act in an emergency, she not only saved the house from destruction but also thwarted an attempt of the British soldiers to capture her husband. When

the soldiers asked to come in, they were told by Mrs. Howard that they might enter if they promised not to annoy a very sick man in the house. One look at the person in bed was enough, for so cleverly had Mrs. Howard treated her husband's face that the soldiers were convinced that he was suffering from small-pox. Without further examination the British moved elsewhere to camp.

When Mr. Thaxter bought the house, he originally intended to use it for a stable, but, because of the beautiful location, he changed his mind and remodeled the building for a home. It stood right in the middle of a dirty sheep pasture where the sun beat down all day. Because of its loose and heavy construction the rats ran through the house at will. With a great deal of difficulty these pests were finally exterminated. One of the front rooms had a curious paneling on it that the Howards brought there from England, but, sad to relate, during the remodeling of the house, it was torn off.

Mr. Thaxter was a great hand to build over and remodel. His biggest job was the building of an extra room on every floor. A cupola, with the date of the original structure engraved on the top, surmounted this addition.

As the Thaxter family increased, so many

*(Continued on page 41)*



## I Look Ahead to College

Aphrodite Floros, '34



**I**HAVE been told (commanded) to write an essay on the subject of looking ahead to college. In the first place it pains me deeply that anyone would believe that I can enter college. But, what of it? Such trivial matters need not be discussed. Let us assume that I could, in some unknown manner, enter college.

It will be rather hard to be a freshman. After being one myself in high school, I can testify to that statement. When elevated to the high and honorable position of sophomore, I looked down with contempt on such creatures as freshmen. Perhaps I had better define that word freshmen. Such animals are a little above the worm of the species.



Expert (seniors in college) botanists (or whoever it is that studies worms) sometimes disagree on this point. They say that freshmen are not above the worm of the species. To settle this momentous question, I refer you to "The Volume Library" on page seven eighty-five, in the first column. There are several conclusions reached here, and you may have your choice. ("Personally," as a well known senior says, "Freshmen are of negligible quality except—and here's the point—when they receive a box from home.")

No essay on college would be complete without some mention of sororities, initiations and all the requisite additions. When I go to college, I would like to form a society or group, called "Asphyxiating Aspirants." Don't ask me why it's named that. I received one of those rare inspirations and unfortunately for college I held onto it. This society would specialize on making the faculty comfortable (That's a lie.) 'Twould be cruel indeed not to include them in our line. (I forgot to say before, but the real purpose of the society is to make life miserable for the faculty via the practical joke method.) It is agreed, in well known circles, that the faculty are understanding, sympathetic and helpful. Thus they are perfect recipients of practical jokes.

Police and fire officials agree that the faculty are a menace to society. They are constantly on the lookout for them; so, if you see suspicious looking characters appearing strangely like a member of a faculty, notify the police immediately. If you cannot reach a policeman, call a nearby store. The storekeeper will be anxious to help you, if you make your errand known. If the proprietor is stubborn, use tact. Say you use Ivory Soap (if it's a grocery store), or that you always buy Squibb's Tooth Paste (if it's a drug store). He will immediately fall on your neck and weep, saying he has nine children at home starving, and would you buy the article you mentioned. If you haven't cash, charge it. (If you can.) This method does not often fail, being guaranteed a rust-proof, automatic, refillable, eighteen carat method.

"Reducere idem" which, being freely translated, means to get back to the original subject, the "Asphyxiating Aspirants." The officers of the club are (1) High Imperial Aspirant (President) (2) High Aspirant (Vice-President) (3) High Scribe (Secretary) (4) Treasurer. Besides all this, there is a committee to take care of any rush work. For instance if we decided to kidnap the faculty, we should call on this committee. They must be ready at all times for anything short of murder. When in need of refreshment, we called on this committee. Of course, there would be the usual midnight parties where one virtually starves.



There is a case on record at the infirmary of Blank college which narrates the woeful experiences of six girls participating in a "late lunch." It consisted of three chocolate layer cakes, two quarts of ice-cream, six hot dogs, six chocolate eclairs, one can of sardines, six bottles of soft beer, one jar of olives and half a loaf of bread. They were unconscious for ten hours, and when they awoke simultaneously shouted, "We're hungry." Which all goes to show the marvelous endurance of these intrepid pioneers in the field of "late lunches." Sad to relate the resistance of boys is twice that of girls. For instance, if they ate the afore-mentioned items, they would only be unconscious five hours. But statistics at the Government

(Continued on page 39)

## Our Predecessors

Communicated to

M. C. R. by Miss A. M. Wilson



IN March, 1862, seventy years ago, a class of eight girls was graduated from the Bangor Girls' High School, in Abbott Square. A high school for girls and another for boys had existed in Bangor at least ten years before that time but this was the first class to receive diplomas. These girls had studied more Latin than is now taught in our high school, reading Horace beside Caesar, Cicero and Virgil; in addition to Latin they studied French, algebra, geometry, history, chemistry, mental philosophy and rhetoric.

Before graduation there were two or three days of examination, and each girl wore on these examination days a black silk apron trimmed with black velvet.

Following is a list of the class:

Martha Burbank (afterward Mrs. Payson Palmer).

Laura Farnham (afterward Mrs. Sidney Thaxter).

Fannie Foster (afterward Mrs. Jenkins—She lived many years in Switzerland).

Columbia Fuller (She went to Massachusetts and married, but her married name is not at hand.)

Emma Littlefield (afterward Mrs. William Duren).

Mary Thurston (afterward Mrs. Hall Walker).

Ella Walker (afterward Mrs. B. B. Thatcher).

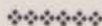
Amanda M. Wilson.

Miss Wilson still lives in Bangor, a lady who has had a long and distinguished service as teacher in the schools of Maine, Bangor High School, Bath High School and Eastern Maine Conference Seminary; she is honored and loved by all who know her.

Each girl wrote an essay for graduation and delivered it. Miss Wilson's essay was part of a debate upon "Do we derive more pleasure from anticipation or possession?" The girls all wore dresses of figured thibet at graduation, and each had on her head a wreath of ground pine which she had gathered in the woods.

The principal of the school, Mr. R. B. Shepard, resigned before the close of the term to enlist in the Civil war which was in its dreary second year. For a time he was stationed in a training camp on Thomas Hill and his pupils visited him there, carrying him a present.

The standard of scholarship in Bangor Girls' High School was high. No women's college was then in existence, with the possible exception of co-educational Oberlin in far-off Ohio, which from the first admitted girl students on equal terms, but, if women's colleges had been accessible, no doubt every graduate of the class of 1862 would have been welcomed to their classes.



## Sherlock Holmes, Prohibition Agent

Robert Cumming



WOULD recall the facts of a very strange drowning accident—facts, not only gleaned from the newspapers, but still stranger things observed by one who just missed being an eyewitness.

On the twenty second of August, two brothers, having imbibed rather deeply—it would seem so from their actions—were dismissed

from a dance at the Standall House of Croton Harbor. The two fellows had come from a yacht anchored in the harbor, and were returning by skiff, when their boat overturned. While one swam to the yacht for a life preserver, the other—unable to swim—clung to the bottom of the overturned skiff, giving what ought seemingly to have been his last words:



"I'm all right; but hurry." When his companion returned he found no sign of his brother. That's his story!



You remember the newspaper accounts of the drowning; how another brother flew across the continent to supervise the dragging operations; how the parents rushed to the scene of the disaster; how a large reward was offered for the recovery of the body; and how, in two weeks time, the drowned individual appeared at his home in Detroit; and the whole thing was accepted as a boyish prank. That's the newspaper's story!

Several smaller incidents, called to my notice, sufficed to make the story appear even more strange. To illustrate: a slicker bearing the initials of the drowned individual was found, neatly folded under the bridge of the

float. Maybe I was under the influence of Sherlock Holmes, but at any rate I decided to study up the case, and laboriously I collected numerous facts, and one day, piecing the bits together, I worked out my story.

On the evening of the twenty-second, when Inspector Decker of the S. S. Siwash asked Captain White of the Romeo, if he intended to leave the harbor that night, the captain replied that at present he had no orders to do so. On his return to the yacht the captain evidently had something serious on his mind. (When a man on the dock spoke, he failed to notice him.) The captain had good reason to be worried, for on board his vessel were some of the finest wines, which were on their way to the owner of the yacht. Apparently the inspector from the Siwash had intended to examine the yacht but had postponed it to the morning, because he learned that the Romeo was not leaving that night. To depart from the harbor under any ordinary pretext would excite suspicion, so the Romeo's captain hatched out a crude plan with his boss's two sons, who were also on the yacht.

That night the two boys went to the dance at the Standall House, and were apparently highly intoxicated. (However one girl remarked that they were merely showing off.) After being "kicked out" of the dance, they supposedly capsized the boat, while returning to the yacht.

But why did the missing person remove his slicker, tucking it in under the bridge? If he

*(Continued on page 37)*

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## What About Superstitions?

Aimee Barnes



Through the books of Aeneid, there is a certain dumbness of Aeneas and the Trojans, when they so trustfully believed all the visions and signs and portents which were continually coming to them. However, when we come right down to the price of beets, so to speak, we find that we ourselves are just as superstitious, and that

superstitions just as ridiculous exist today.

Take earthquakes. The Romans always believed that an earthquake was a mark of the disfavor of the gods. Now back in 1906 in San Francisco there was an earthquake, a terrible one. And a great many people, who probably couldn't give the geological reasons

*(Continued on Page 35)*

## Two Planes Are Better Than One

Betty Sullivan, '32

**P**OP—POP—gr-r-r—rr—and one hundred pursuit planes were rising into the sky. One hundred propellers were flashing through their shining arcs to fuse into one roaring disc of light. The scraping noise of tail skids churned up the dirt to a blinding dust; the even throb of perfectly



timed engines filled the air and the National Air Races at Mines Fields, Los Angeles, had begun.

In the foreground were three whirling dervishes, hanging head down by their safety-belts, spinning, squirrel-cage looping, and barrel diving; they were the "Three Sea Hawks," crack acrobatic team of the U. S. Navy.

Lieutenant Tomlinson,—"Tommy" to his friends,—was the leader, the greatest daredevil of them all. He led the squadron through one gyration after another, as easily as if you or I were merely turning over in bed.

The Navy was trying to outdo its old enemy,—the Army. Tommy kept his eye peeled on his squadron, and on a little pad which he kept within reach, for the purpose of recording the names of delinquents; any one who was a second behind time would find his name listed, and afterwards would receive an A-1 call-down.

Forty minutes later, Tommy gave the sig-

nal for landing. However, as usual, the Three Sea Hawks went off by themselves, and, as soon as the air was cleared, over the field, they flew in their own special death-defying stunts—and to cap the climax—finished their feats by looping to a landing—and a three-point landing at that.

Suddenly, Tommy's heart sank! Who was that glowering at them from the side-lines? There was a Navy two-seater on the line. In his excitement, he had overlooked it. His hair stood on end—it was Captain Jack Towers, in command of the "Langley," an airplane carrier and the lair of the Three Sea Hawks.

But the Captain said never a word. The three daredevils caught him looking out of the corner of his eye at them—but that was all.

They sneaked on board the "Langley," not happy, as victors of an Air Circus should be, but expecting the worst. Immediately they encountered the captain.

"By the way, Tomlinson," he said, "I saw several of your planes over Mines Field this morning. They pulled some rather low acrobatics. I think the Army has been sufficiently impressed. You'd better discontinue that sort of flying. I couldn't get the number of the planes. Just see that it doesn't happen again—that's all."

Imagine! Captain Jack Towers never came so near being kissed by a lieutenant in his life. He couldn't get the numbers! He didn't *want* to get the numbers! !

Off on a lone excursion one day, as a result of twenty-four hour leave the crack acrobat leader suddenly became worried. Something was the matter with his engine, and he certainly couldn't land within a radius of ten miles, or he would be brought up for court martial for "not maintaining altitude in accordance with navy regulations." About twenty-five miles farther on, he stopped and



had the engine looked over and pontoons put on. Sputter, p-u-r-r, pop, pop — BANG! ! It happened so quickly that Tommy was bumped back to earth with a jolt. It was growing dusk and a thunderstorm was coming up. He could hardly see. That engine was dead again. Far be it from him to ever borrow a plane from anybody again. But it *was* queer about that engine. He had looked at it himself, and it seemed to be intact. Well, he'd have to fix it. Thank goodness he had had pontoons put on his plane. Trying to land, he found that the wind was extremely strong on the right rudder and nothing he did seemed to do any good.

BANG! CRASH! The water hit him like a block of cement. Heaven only knew what gave way under that crash. Even though it was extremely hard to judge distances at night he ought to be ashamed of himself—one of the Sea Hawks doing anything like that. He hoped his pals wouldn't hear about this.

Here he was thirty miles from nowhere along the Pacific Coast. Perhaps no help would come for hours, and he was due on the "Langley" at eight-fifteen the next morning for formal inspection. Well, maybe the damage wasn't so serious as he thought. But how could he find out? Good! There was a small beach near the woods, toward which the rapidly rising water was carrying him. *Scratch bump!* He was on the beach.

Jumping out he waded into the shore, and with the aid of a flash-light and the lightning which was coming in frequent flashes he could see what was the matter. The rudder was gone; fuselage torn; outer rear interplane strut broken, and the right aileron just hanging by a thread.

Experience taught Tommy to carry most of the spare parts; however, this wasn't his plane, and Heaven only knew what was in the crank-case.

On investigation, he discovered a screw driver, two drills of different sizes, screws, nails, and plenty of wire. Good! He could fix everything but the rudder—the most important.

Working feverishly he completed the task and took a look at the motor. The trouble lay in the carburetor which needed a cleaning out. Now the plane was complete except for a rudder. What would he do?

After thinking hard for almost an hour, he suddenly realized he was shivering with cold. He gathered some wood and built a fire, sitting down beside it to get dry and warm. He took some blankets from the plane and made a tent to shield him from the rain and cold.

About midnight he woke up with a start. What was that crash! Jumping up he rushed out and there, one hundred yards from his own plane lay an Army plane slightly tipped on its side.

Calling, he ran down the shore and a weary voice greeted him.

"Hi, buddy. Some picture, isn't she," he greeted. "And the mail's due in P—in two hours and fifty minutes. Humph!"

"Well," said Tommy sarcastically "of all the presents Heaven sent me, *why* did it have to be an Army man!"

Seeing the tired face of the wet pilot slowly rising to his feet, he immediately forgot his own troubles.



"What's wrong?"

"Propeller gone and stick broken," answered the tired voice.

Sleep had made Tommy's mind clearer, and perhaps he dreamed it, or perhaps something guided his eyes toward the woods. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Got a knife?"

(Continued on page 34)

## Timely Topics

MISS ETTY-KETT—WHAT'S WRONG?



### TROPHIES

Our newly formed Student Council has already decided upon an improvement to be instituted in our school; namely, that the trophies now lodged in convenient nooks and crannies about the "office" and Mr. Taylor's *sanctum sanctorum* shall be combined. The doorway into the principal's office from the main entrance will be torn down, and in its place a recess will be substituted—a recess ample enough to accommodate all our many trophies.

And we have many trophies—some short and squat, others tall and rangy. It almost seems as if half of them are cups or plaques won by the band, but perhaps that is not to be greatly wondered at, after all.

Then, there are two stately cups won by our past baseball teams. It is fervently hoped that yet another will repose beside those two, ere the spring is over.

Another cup—the only winter sports trophy we have won—is tarnished and old, but what memories must be centered around it. The inscription reads "Winter Carnival—1923."

(Continued on page 34)

### AT THE BANQUET

Seniors, intellectuals and athletes, April marks the perennial return of the banquet. Why not let Miss ETTY-KETT help you avoid that funny sickly feeling which too often mars the good time of the student, ignorant of "what to do and when to do it."

The lady always sits on the right of her escort. The man should assist his dinner partner by holding out her chair. No polite person seats himself before the hostess has given the proper signal. Correct position at the table requires that the feet be on the floor and the hips against the back of the chair.

It is an outstanding mark of rudeness to do any of the following:

1. To lean upon the table.
2. To talk with food in the mouth.
3. To drink with greasy lips from a glass or cup.
4. To begin eating any course before the hostess has given the proper signal.
5. To place the napkin anywhere except across the lap.
6. To drink from a cup with the spoon standing in it.

(Continued on page 34)



# Junior Exhibition Winners

## MEDAL WINNERS



ROBERT KURSON



RUTH HUGHES

## HONORABLE MENTION



ALYCE TUCK



ROBERT CUMMING



# LOCALS

## DEBATING CLUB

The Debating Club is certainly giving great proof of its astounding ability, and the members are doing themselves proud. On March 18, at Mattanawcook Academy, in Lincoln, Maine, the negative team won a three to nothing victory on the question;

*Resolved:* That the several states adopt legislation providing for compulsory unemployment insurance. The team was composed of Andrew Cox and Leo Lieberman, with Morris Rubin as alternate.

The affirmative team for the same question won a two to one victory. This team consisted of Berenice Braidy and Barbara Bertels with Esther Fenlason as alternate.

The teams are now eligible for the semifinals, April 15 and 16, at Bates College.

The question for the inter-class debates is, *Resolved:* That mass production has become a deplorable fetish in modern life. The debates (probably finished by the time the magazine goes to press) take place on Wednesday, Thursday, and perhaps Friday, April 6, 7, 8. The Seniors and Sophs hold the affirmative; the Juniors and Frosh, the negative.

The participants in the debates are:

- |             |                            |
|-------------|----------------------------|
| Freshmen:   | William West.              |
|             | Artemus Weatherbee.        |
|             | Lucille Epstein.           |
|             | Esther Randall, alternate. |
| Sophomores: | Virginia Oberton.          |
|             | Morris Rubin.              |
|             | Andrew Cox.                |
| Juniors:    | Constance Hedin.           |
|             | Woodford Brown.            |
|             | Robert Kurson.             |

Seniors: Abraham Kern.  
Ella Wallace.  
A. S. Landers.

Mrs. McGinley is the coach for the Freshmen, Mrs. Cumming for the Sophomores, Mr. Prescott for the Juniors, and Miss Robinson for the Seniors.

## SNAPDRAGONS

On Friday, the last day of exams, your reporter was wandering around the third floor recuperating from an attack of hard studying, (?) and came upon four children (Freshmen, she found out later) apparently muttering aimlessly. She thought that perhaps their tests had been too much for them, but it was soon discovered that they were rehearsing for the inter-class debates.

The Snapdragons will hold their last meeting on Tuesday, April 5, when all in the Club who have not yet debated will do that little thing.

## STUDENT COUNCIL

The executive committee of the Student Council—that venerable body—approved of all the acts of the Council. They resolved to bring up the question of having a dance after the graduation exercises. All in favor please say “aye.” Don’t all speak at once.

## SENIOR CLASS

One of the liveliest debates of the season took place impromptu, at the Senior Class meeting, the last of March. The boys were the only participants, since the question concerned the wearing of white flannel trousers





#### CAST OF THE FRENCH PLAY

Back Row—Jacqueline Johnston, Geneva Epstein, Vera Fenlason

Front Row—Mildred Sawyer, Arlene Merrill, Faith Holden, Betty Dill, Sylvia Hamm

and blue coats by the males at graduation. A vote was taken on the question and the "ayes" had it. We also voted on our class motto which is "Know Thyself."

#### JUNIOR NIGHT

The winners of the Junior Exhibition are Ruth Hughes and Robert Kurson with Alyce Tuck and Robert Cumming winning second place.

#### FRENCH NIGHT

Once again a Senior class is giving a French Night, bigger and better than ever. Why not? It's the members of the Class of '32 that are giving it and Madame Beaupre who is directing it. It has every reason to succeed.

First there will be a salute to the flag by twelve pupils. Next a piece by Thomas Reed, who is followed by Betty Sullivan, singing La Marseillaise, with a choir of twelve students. Then there will be a piece by Aimee Barnes, followed by two more songs by Miss Sullivan. The evening will be closed by a play—a comedy. The actors (actresses rather) are Arlene Merrill, Sylvia Hamm,

Jacqueline Johnston, Geneva Epstein, Vera Fenlason, and Betty Dill.

As a finale, the Star-spangled Banner will be sung.

Betty Brown and Abraham Kern are the accompanists, and the stage-directors are Faith Holden and Mildred Sawyer.

#### LATIN CLUB

Latin club meetings for the month of February were put in the tender care of the Juniors, who presented some excellent programs.

A new set of officers has been elected, as follows:

Consuls: Geneva Epstein, Robert Kurson.

Praetor: Alice Crowell.

Quaestor: Barbara Bertels.

Tribunes: Frederic Newman, Dorothy Neally.

Aediles: Andrew Cox, Thelma Spearen, Constance Hedin, Woodford Brown.

Everybody should turn out in big numbers in March to see the sparkling programs the Seniors are putting on. And in April, the rainy Thursdays will be brightened by a brilliant debate on Julius Caesar, by the Sophs

Then we're all looking forward to a party to be held at Connie Hedin's, as well as to the Latin Club banquet, which will probably be held in May.

The Latin Club meetings during March were in the hands of the lordly seniors, and even the critical Sophompres had to agree that they did a good job. The subject was "The Religion of the Romans." Jacqueline Johnston gave an introductory paper, showing the relation between the beliefs of the Romans and those of the Greeks and Trojans. Betty Dill spoke on the reality of the Roman faith and its influence over every phase of their lives. Hebrew traditions and Hebrew heroes were compared with those of the Romans, by Abraham Kern. Betty Brown gave a carefully worked-out paper on "The Roman Belief in the Future Life."

At the second meeting of the series, Marcia Allen spoke of the gods of the Romans, their nature and power, emphasizing the legalistic attitude of the Romans toward them, and how they bargained with their deities. Evelyn Golden showed the power of the Oracles and the Fates, and how even the gods had to bow before the pitiless *Fata*. Aimee Barnes gave a talk on Roman Superstitions which have persisted to the present day. Elizabeth Wiggin explained the two different systems of thought which the Romans inherited from the Greeks, Epicureanism and Stoicism. A minute description of a Roman sacrifice, followed by a summary of the main characteristics of the religion of the Romans, was given by Frances Reynolds.

The meetings were well attended and much appreciation was expressed.

### BAND

In the recent death of John Philip Sousa, the world's greatest bandmaster and composer, American musician and lovers of music everywhere have suffered a distinct loss. For many years he was the eminent leader of the United States Marine Band, retiring only when advanced age made it necessary. Most of his compositions were band marches which were remarkable for their spiritedness. The

B. H. S. band dedicated one Wednesday morning assembly to his memory. At this meeting the band played his well known march "The High School Cadet." Even though his soul has gone to eternal rest, the rhythm of his marches will remain in the hearts of the people forever.

During the last part of April the high school band will hold its annual spring concert and dance to raise money to help defray its expenses at the state contest in Camden. This concert has always been a success and gives the parents and friends a chance to hear the band just before it is goes to the contest. A substantial amount of money to pay the expenses of the trip has always been raised. As in previous years, the officers of the band will comprise the committee to arrange for this affair which will be held in city hall. Working together with the committee, Mr. Robinson has decided upon a program which includes a variety of musical compositions among these are "Zamba," "First Norwegian Rhapsody," and "Serenade Raccoco." The members, as in the past, will appear in their official cadet uniforms which always add much to the attraction of the organization.

A large attendance is expected.

On to Camden!

The dates for the Maine State Music Contests have been decided upon, May 13 and 14; the place is Camden. Both the boys and the girls Glee Clubs will sing on Friday the thirteenth (May it bring them luck), and the bands and orchestras will compete the next day. Although our band has won the class A requirements every time since the State contests were organized five years ago, only two of these times were with competition; hence one more victory with competition is necessary before the trophy can be placed for all time in our school.

Let this year at Camden give us that victory.

### ORCHESTRA

On Friday evening, March 18, the B. H. S. orchestra, conducted by Mr. Sprague, made its appearance at the annual Junior Exhibition held at city hall.



The Junior chorus, consisting of Junior Boys and Girls only, was accompanied by the orchestra. "Hark, Hark! the Lark!" "Nocturne" and "The Thunder Maker" were well presented.

The members of the orchestra are:

**First Violins:** Dorothy Jones, Alfred Schriver, Albert Crowder, Frances Duran, Geneva Epstein, Herbert Brill, Jane Van Dyk, Harold Parsons.

**Second Violins:** Sylvia Alpert, Goldie Braidy, Harold Bragg, Woodford Brown, Doris Chalmers, Bertha Dorr, Althea Hamlin, Lucille Jenkins.

**Violas:** Frances Jones, Russel Springer.

**Violoncello:** Geraldine Watson.

**Contra-bases:** Mary Jenkins, Geraldine Reynolds.

**Flute:** Robert Stetson.

**Trumpets:** Joseph Mullen, Norman Carlisle, Barrett Newcomb.

**Oboe:** Leo Viner.

**Clarinets:** Paul Sawyer, Temple Smith.

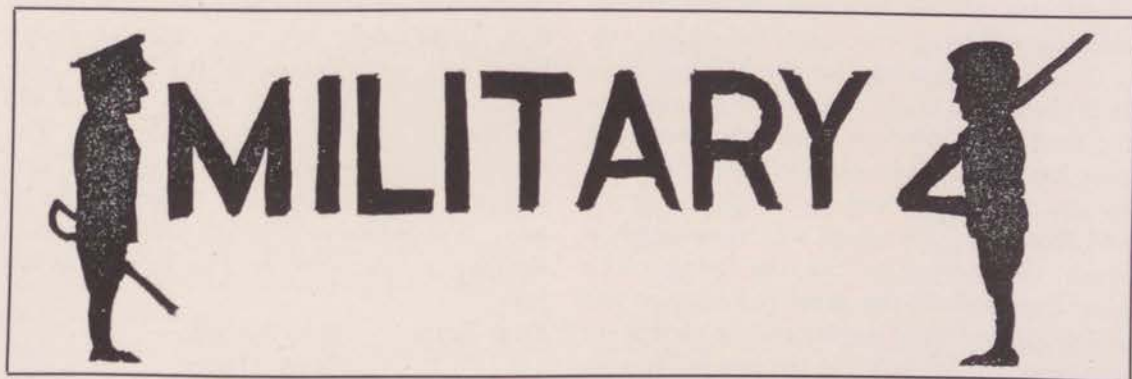
**Horns:** William Saltzman, Harold Taylor.

**Trombones:** Donald Rollins, Edwin Baker.

**Tympani:** Benny Viner.

**Piano:** Eleanor Connors, Louise Hastings.

**Percussion:** Richard Stevens.



Pass in Review! Soon Cadet Major Reed supported by his staff consisting of the other senior officers, will give this command at the annual inspection which will take place at Broadway Park this spring. As far as could be learned the date of the inspection will be May 16. An inspector will arrive from The First Corps Area Headquarters at Boston, Mass., and will be escorted to the park by some of the officers. He will personally inspect each of the companies, and then, as the command "Pass in Review" is given, the entire battalion will swing into a column of fours and pass in front of the reviewing stand. As they go by, each member of the Cadet Corps will do "Eyes Right," and the company and platoon commanders will salute with their sabers. Then, as the companies pass, they will form again in battalion front, and each company will be required to do certain things such as physical drill, scouting, and patrolling, and the like. The officers will be questioned

by the inspector in regard to the various commands and drills. The Bangor High New England Championship band will be there and will probably lead the march before the reviewing stand. From what we have heard of the band in assembly so far this year they seem better than ever, if such a thing were possible, and we feel sure that they will do their best on the day of the inspection. As soon as the weather is warm, and the ground becomes dry, drill will begin out of doors in Abbott Square and in the space between the school and the Public Library. A few days before the inspection the complete program will be practiced in the park in order that there will be no slip up on that day.

The complete list of commissioned officers at Bangor High School is as follows:

Cadet Major, Commanding Battalion, Thomas Reed.

Cadet Captains: Eugene Johnson; Cal-

vin Knaide; Percival Tweedy; Linwood Barker, William Fraser.

Cadet First Lieut: Donald Scanlon; Louis Bowden; Herbert Carr; Vinal McNeal.

Cadet Second Lieut: Charles Marshall; Roland Gleszer; Edmund Laing; Frederick Newman; Cecil Burleigh; Thomas Fowler; Charles Thompson; Richard Glidden; Paul Fairley.

These officers were selected by Major Baldinger after carefully weighing the qualities of each individual, and, when one considers that there were about 60 seniors eligible for commission, it can readily be seen that the choice was not an easy one. These officers certainly will have their hands full on May 16.

Plans are under way for the Military Ball. It is planned to make this one bigger and better than ever before. Those who went last year know how much they enjoyed the drills, by the picked men, and by the picked squad; and those who did not go will remember how much they regretted staying away. This year there will be the usual picked man drill which will consist of the fifteen best men in the unit who will be drilled in the manual of arms by one of the officers. These men will be selected by competition at the inspection. There will also be picked squad drill consisting of one squad representing each company and drilling under the supervision of a sergeant. For the past few years there has been a lapse of interest in the picked squad drill with only about two squads taking the floor. There should be one squad from each company, to make the competition harder. So, what say, you captains, why not get your men interested in this drill? Let's have some real competition this year. As an added attraction there may be a saber drill, open for all officers, to see which handles his saber best. This sort of drill is very interesting to watch and very novel. In addition, if fortune favors Bangor High's Rifle Team, there may be some Hearst Trophy medals to present to the team. However, this affair rests with the gods. May they favor Bangor High. And last but not least there will be dancing from the close of the contest

till midnight with the music furnished by a popular dance orchestra. So let's get behind the Military Ball this year and make it bigger and better than ever before.

And while we are on the subject of dancing, it might be well to mention the fact that there will be another matinee dance held shortly, under the auspices of the Officers' Club. Let's hope there will be an excellent attendance at this one, as it may be the last of the dances this year.

The Rifle Club has finished the shooting for the current year. As a fitting climax for the numerous matches which were fired, a match was shot with Auburn High School Rifle Team under the supervision of Ralph Wagg, last year's captain of the Maine Civilians. Auburn High won with a score of 490 to Bangor's 469 out of a possible 500. The contest was a close one from the time the first shot was fired until the last bullet was on its way. Auburn led most of the time. The men shooting in this match for Bangor were as follows:

**First Team:** Vinal McNeal.  
Ralph Thayer.  
John Bartlett.  
George Cunningham.  
Ralph Haney.

**Second Team:** Woodford Brown.  
James McNulty.  
Lloyd Johnson.  
Stanley Getchell.

The Senior members of the team will probably receive their letter very shortly.

The following have made their letter in Rifle Team:

Vinal McNeal, Roland Barrett, Charles Cunningham, Roland Gleszer, Lloyd Johnson, John Bartlett.

The date of the Military Ball has finally been set: May 20, Friday. Remember, hot doin's on the twentieth of May!

### EXTRA !!

Wanted: Sponsor for the Cadet Battalion for the Military Ball. Apply in person to the Military Editor.





### GIRLS' ATHLETICS

In past years, when the basket-ball season ended, there was no other sport except base-ball. This year, our basket-ball games were finished before the February vacation, so that there was plenty of time for volley-ball. Of course, this is the first year for some time that there has been a volley-ball inter-class tournament, but so far there have been a number of girls from each class.

There will be no baseball this spring as soccer will take its place. Soccer has never been played to any extent in Bangor High School. It is played somewhat like hockey, but the ball is kicked instead of being hit with a hockey stick. We are in hopes to start soccer just as soon as Broadway Park is dry.

On Wednesday, March 23, the Sophomores and Juniors were called out for volley-ball. Most of the girls had played this only in gym classes; therefore each girl had as much chance to make the team as her opponent.

The following girls represented the Junior Class:

A. Sullivan	M. Rolnick
L. Chaison	B. Smith
R. Besen	E. Clough
E. Byer	M. Landon
T. Sibly	D. Chalmers
M. Howard	T. Sullivan
A. Henderson	B. Russell
H. Hawes	F. Spragg
L. Weston	D. Collins
R. Cheney	M. Paul

The Sophomores are as follows:

Steeves	Jones
Michaud	Babcock
Brountas	Cohen
Pertes	White
Merrill	DeCesere
McAvey	Nickerson
Palmer	Giles
Katz	Bailey
Coslow	Lovejoy
Turner	Morrison
Soloby	Burrill
Maxwell	Rolnick
Brannen	Lewis
Lavoot	Kingsbury
Sanborn	Cookson
Price	Jenkins
Stewart	Weston
Pinkham	Floros
Fati	Dickens
Hardison	Springer
Michos	Anderson

Bickford

On March 24, the worthy Seniors and the insignificant Freshmen were summoned to the gymnasium of Bangor High. The Seniors are hardly ever represented by a large number of girls, but on Thursday there were about twelve young women present, whose names were:

Dill	Hass
Wallace	Doane
Johnston	Reynolds
Peavey	Crowell
Allen	Myers

West

The Freshman Class is always represented by a majority of that class; so this year, in order to avoid the mob, Miss Oltar allowed the girls to play volley-ball in class. Thus, she chose the girls whom she thought would make the best players for the Freshman Class.

Of course, some of the other girls may be disappointed, but they will have their chance next year.

#### The Freshmen:

Taylor	York
Cluff	Gray
Byer	Orr
Stackpole	Giles
Murray	Hales
Valentine	Strickland
Smith	Whittredge
Peavey	Burrill
Thurston	MacDonald
Band	Jellison
Fogg	Williams
MacIntosh	Piper
Whitney	Spangler
Smith	Savage

The schedule for the games has not as yet been arranged, but it is hoped that we shall be able to start it right after vacation. Each class will play six games. The class that wins the largest number of games will be presented a scarlet and white banner with the class numerals on it.

### MAINE TOURNAMENT

The Crimson five of our school was again chosen as one of the eight best teams in this section of the state this year. They were matched against Calais Academy, champions of Washington County. The team won, but it was only after a wonderful game of basketball, both teams playing their hardest. Calais had a good team and the Crimson ought to be considered lucky winners with a score of 34-30.

Playing with an indifferent attitude, Bangor started off missing quite a few scores and they were trailing the Calais five at the end of the first period 14-6.

The Crimson came back the second quarter to cut down the lead to one point.

Bangor came out after the half with more

fight and plunged into the game wholeheartedly, which brought them to the front at the end of the quarter.

The final period was packed with thrills from beginning to end, the score waving from one side to the other. The final minutes saw both teams shooting hard to win. Led by Captain Burke, who faced disheartening opening periods, the Crimson rallied and, after being held in suspense for seconds that seemed like hours, won by two baskets, 34-30.

#### Summary:

BANGOR HIGH (34); CALAIS ACADEMY, (30)  
 Burke, rf, 6.....lb. Gleason, (1)  
 Leavitt, lf, 2.....rb, J. Casey, 2, (1)  
 McKinnon, c, 3.....c, Lauridson, 6, (3)  
 Manning, rb, 3.....lf, Trainor, 2, (3)  
 Morse  
 Rolsky, lb, (6).....rf, Wasson, 1  
 Referee—Edwards. Umpire, Brice.

### CRIMSON ELIMINATED

Bangor was eliminated in the semi-finals of the Maine Tournament this year by a fighting Winslow High five from Kennebec County by the score of 16-26.

Both teams started off playing slow and sure, trying to let the other set the pace. Bangor jumped to the lead with two scores followed by a Winslow foul. The score was close for the remainder of the opening quarter.

The second quarter found both teams still sticking to their defensive play, neither venturing to aggressive ball. During this quarter clever floor work was displayed.

Winslow started a rally in the third quarter. They had a way of getting around a man by faking a pass or shot, and dribbling instead to a closer position, which usually meant a basket.

In the final period, Izzy Leavitt led the Crimson on launching an offense. Izzy was in the game from whistle to whistle and through his efforts the Winslow score was kept down. It was he who tied the score, 13-13, just after the quarter opened and with the rest of the team tried to gain a lead that would give them victory.



Nevertheless, in the last few minutes the Winslow five, led by Savassuk, stacked up a lead that put the game on ice and when the time was up the score stood 16—26.

#### Summary:

BANGOR HIGH, (16); WINSLOW HIGH, (26)

Burke, rf, 2.....	lg, Higgins
Leavitt, lf, 3.....	rg, Gagne
MacKinnon, c, 1.....	c, Blackwell, 3, (1)
Rolsky, rg, 2.....	lf, Huard, 3, (1)
Manning, rf, 4.....	rf, Savassuk, 4, (4)

Referees, Edwards-Brice.

### BASKETBALL REVIEW

The longest sport season of the year has just closed with the Maine Tournament which was won by Presque Isle, last year's tourney champs, who gained the State Crown this year with a victory over Portland High, winners of the Bates Tournament.

Although the Crimson won no championship this year, they had a really gratifying season. The call was sounded early in December and the boys have been playing one and two games a week up until the middle of last month. So, you see that besides being long, it is a very strenuous season which the basketball player goes through.

Things started right off on time with the class games, held early in December. The class title was won by the seniors, playing off with the sophs.

Then Bangor started on the regular schedule, playing Crosby High of Belfast. This was an easy victory, 35—15.

The first set-back of the season came during the evening Portland played here. The team tried, but had to give way to the machine, 40—20.

The next game was at Old Town, and after a slow first half, Bangor came through in a fast final period to triumph, 26—15.

Maine Central Institute came down this year with a big fast team that reminded us of Portland. The first team ran up such a lead on the Crimson. that the substitutes were put in, but they were not strong enough to with-

stand a rally, and gave way to Crimson scoring and when the first five saw action again, Bangor was worked up to a point where they couldn't be stopped. They grabbed a 21—26 victory.

Bangor won the next game from Cony High of Augusta, but lost to Portland, Auburn, to South Portland, and Augusta, respectively.

The Crimson came back in the last three games with just that number of victories. They won over Auburn, 24—20; Old Town, 30—17; and wound up the scheduled season before a record crowd in the City Hall by a 20—16 win over John Bapst.

The Maine Tournament then came along and the team went up to the University of Maine. They did not win the tournament but hung defeat over a Calais team that was classed by some as the best team in the state.

Thus, with eight games won and six lost in the regular season, it cannot be said that we did not have a good season. Since we had only one letter man—Captain Frank Burke—left from last year, it is very evident that we had an excellent season.

### SPRING SPORTS

The baseball and track seasons are now at hand. The diamond outlook is bright. There are veterans enough to fill almost every position.

Although B. H. S. will suffer much from the loss of Bernard Jenkins behind the bat, and Guy Flagg on the mound, such stars as Harold Grodinsky and Russell Hawkes will fill the respective vacancies.

On the bases we shall have Eugene Brown, who, due to ineligibility, was not on last year's team, but was a prominent member of the Twilight league, on first; while second and third will be filled by someone who has had plenty of baseball experience.

For the hot corner, short stop, veteran Isadore Leavitt will be present or, if he is shifted to one of the bases, Coach Mulvaney, will find some worthy person to fill the position.

(Continued on page 33)





Two members of Bangor High School class of 1925 who had not met since graduation lunched in New York City the other day. They were John Townsend and Prescott Dennett. Mr. Townsend, a well known figure in Bangor's world of music is continuing his advanced violin studies with Godfrey Ludlow, one of the most distinguished violinists to play over the radio, at his studios, No. 35 West 90th Street. Mr. Dennett, who served as Alumni editor of the *Oracle*, is now directing the editorial activities of Intercity News Service, furnishing some four hundred papers in the United States and Canada with local-angle spot news breaking in the metropolitan area. A graduate of the Pulitzer School of Journalism at Columbia University in 1929, Mr. Dennett spent ten months abroad as winner of the Pulitzer Traveling Scholarship in Journalism.

Florence Borkey, daughter of Frederick S. Borkey, was initiated into the Sigma Theta chapter of the Eastman School of music of the Sigma Alpha Iota, national musical fraternity, on Saturday afternoon, January 13, 1932 at the Eastman Dormitory. Miss Borkey is one of fifteen new members initiated into the fraternity.

Charles O'Connor, assistant dean of men at the University of Maine, and Miss Mildred Guay of Bradley, were married in the Methodist Episcopal parsonage in Waterville. The double ring ceremony was performed by Reverend Harold Metzner. Mr. O'Connor is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Burt O'Connor, formerly of Bangor. He is a graduate of Bangor High School and the University of Maine, where he was active in M. C. A. work and track. He is a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity.

Four Bangor High School graduates were elected as members of the Phi Beta Kappa

honorary scholastic fraternity recently. The elections were announced by Acting Dean Roy M. Peterson of the College of Arts and Sciences. The students were Katherine Trickey, Beulah Bradbury and Arthur Brown. Miss Trickey is majoring in economics and sociology and Miss Bradbury is majoring in French. Mr. Brown is majoring in mathematics. The fourth recipient of this honor is John H. Magee, graduate in the class of 1914 from Bangor High School, and from the University of Maine in the class of 1918. He was recently awarded a master of arts degree by the university, where he is a member of the faculty.

The following members of the class of '31, are at Gilmans:

Helena Hewes, Elizabeth Riley, Dorothy Karnes, Geraldine Graham, Ruth Chaison, Barbara Bailey, Geneva Fogg, Ida Rosen, William Casey, Evelyn Mooney, Elizabeth Gallagher, Genevieve Robinson, Doris Trickey, Alma Jean Utterback, Phyllis-Loyd Jones, Mary McLaughlin, Betty Russ.

Miss Phyllis Lorimer is spending the Easter holidays in Bangor with her parents, Reverend and Mrs. A. W. Lorimer. While she is here Miss Lorimer will fill several speaking engagements at Mount Desert Island. Miss Lorimer is a senior at Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Massachusetts, where for four years she has been an outstanding student both in scholarship and in extra-curricula activities. At the end of her sophomore year she was made a Sarah Williston Scholar in recognition of her high scholastic standing. This year as an honor student in the department of History and Political Science, she has been granted partial freedom from classes to write a thesis on the Nationalist Movement in India. Her

(Continued on page 33)



# The Book Nook



## "THE EPIC OF AMERICA"

James Truslow Adams

"The Epic of America" is the story of the development of the American people. Omitting oft-told details of war and politics, the author gives thoughtful, sometimes surprising explanations of how the American people "got that way."

Material success came to be counted among the moral virtues. As soon as a man had amassed his trifling millions or billions, his picture would appear in magazines, accompanied by pious drivel about early-to-bed, early-to-rise, etc. Why? Because, in the simple pioneer days, success was won by honest toil.

The lawlessness which is menacing the nation, the "bigger-and better" idea that quality must of necessity accompany quantity, the inordinate worship of "boosting" and abhorrence of "kicking"—all these traits, including the "holier-than-thou" complex of the New England Puritans, and many other conditions peculiar to America are traced to their earliest sources in the review of the country's growth. An interesting comparison is drawn between the much-agitated Prohibition question of today and the slavery problems of a century ago.

The author points out the fact that America is beginning to realize that she must face and remedy the evils, now ignored in a frantic effort to remain blind to the unpleasant truth, for she can no longer evade them by escape to a new frontier.

The story of America's swift, colorful development, carried through on an immense scale, with characteristic zest and daring, is

full of inspiration and hope. The American dream—"life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"—has a refreshing habit of popping up at the critical moment.

"Make way! We are the people!" is a cry to be heeded.

Faith Holden.

## THE BLACK ANGELS

Maud Hart Lovelace

The scene of the story is laid in Minnesota in the days of covered wagons and poke-bonnets, of travelling troupes of musicians, of roving Indians, "restive on their reservations, lonely for their old loved camping-grounds," and of French voyageurs, who took pelts from the Minnesota forests and went singing down the Minnesota rivers.

The tale sketches in rough but vigorous strokes the coming and going, the loves and hates of the whole tribe of the Angels, called "Black Angels" because of their swarthy skins.

Music wields a magic spell over the Angels. Before it everything—home and even love—appears insignificant; and yet the story is not the modern plot of home versus a career, for the Angels think naught of a career. To them money means nothing.

Robert Cumming.

## THE GREAT IMPERSONATION

E. Phillips Oppenheim

Leaving England under suspicion as a murderer, Sir Everard Dominey, after ten years of wandering turns up in German East Africa and is rescued from death in the jungle by the German Commandant, Baron von Ragastein.

(Continued on page 33)



Lost balloonist (as ship swings low over a farmhouse)—Ahoy, there, where am I?

Farmer—Heh, heh, you can't fool me. You're up in that fool basket.

R-l-nd Gl-sz-r "Did the doctor cure your insomnia?"

D-n-ld R-ll-ns: "No, he tried to pull the wool over my eyes."

R-l-nd: "Why, what do you mean?"

D-n-ld: "He told me to count sheep until I went to sleep."

"For crying out loud," explained the toy salesman as he handed the customer the rubber doll.

### THE WRONG OF SONGS

"Honey," "I'm Temporarily Blue," so "Call Me Darling," Just One More Time," and "I Don't Blame You" "If You Refuse," cause "I Don't Know the Music." "I Don't Suppose" you know that "You Were My Salvation," but "Too Late." "You Called It Madness" and since "I'm Guilty," I am "All Dressed up in a Broken Heart" with "Time on my Hands" and "To Be Worthy of You" is "My Desire," but I'd have to "Meet the Missus" and though "She's So Nice" and "It's Great To Be in Love," nevertheless I'd rather "Say It With Violets" and maybe after all it is just "A Faded Summer Love," but be sensible "Georgia" and "I Promise You" that "I'm Blue" when you are "Away from My Side" and "I'm Confessin'" that "You Could Have Been the One Baby," but "Back Home in Indiana" there is an "Old Playmate" who

wouldn't understand which "One of Us Was Wrong" and on "Saturday" "The Bells of Avalon" are to ring for "Mary and Me." "I'm Sorry Dear," but "Please Little Girl," "You Find Somebody Else."

College Humor.

Patrick Henry was the married man who said, "Give me liberty or give me death."

### WAIT OF PESSIMISIM

Dirty days have September.  
April, June and November.  
From January up to May  
The rain, it raineth every day.  
All the rest have thirty-one,  
Without a blessed gleam of sun.  
And if any of them had two and thirty,  
They'd be as wet and twice as dirty.

L-on- W-st: "What do you expect to be when you get out of High School?"

B-nny S-ud-rs: "An old man."

Fr-nc-s J-n-s: "If I said 'I am beautiful,' what tense would that be?"

Ra-ph W-ls-n: "Pretense, my dear, pretense."

"The early bird catches the worm" and he is welcome to it. Who wouldn't rather have a morning nap than a worm?

### Etiquette by O. B. Hayne

What to say at the Literary Club:

First, Make Yourself—

solid by inquiring whether Mark Twain or George Ade wrote "Gray's Elegy."



Insist That Omar Khayyam—  
 invented the limerick  
 Talk enthusiastically—  
 of Whittier's "Snowed Under."  
 Boast of Your—  
 unexpurgated edition of Louisa Alcott's  
 "Little Women."

Deplore the Fact—  
 That Ouida is not in every Sunday school  
 library.

When called upon—  
 for an opinion, tell them impressively  
 that in your mind the most exquisite lit-  
 erary gem in existence is May Irwin's  
 "Thirty-three ways to do a lobster."

(1) A smile on the face is worth two in  
 the throat.

(2) Laugh and the world laughs with you;  
 joke and you laugh alone.

(3) All who listen are not bold.

B-tty D-ll: Will you have a peanut?

T. R-d: Thanks I shell.

Novelettes are short novels but—pantelets  
 are long pants.

Teacher: I take little pleasure in giving  
 you D in English.

Freddy Littlefield: Make it an A and en-  
 joy yourself.

Joe Mullen: My plate is wet.

Waiter: That's your soup.

(Waiter): Are you through with your  
 finger bowl, sir!

Handsome Carlisle: Through? I haven't  
 even started. I'm waiting for some soap.

The height of optimism: Looking in the  
 Cuckoo clock for eggs.

Teacher: "What is a niche in a church?"

Roberts: "Why, it's just the same as an  
 itch anywhere, only you can't scratch it.

It is said that Sir Lancelot had two horses,  
 we wonder how many Sir Galahad.

If a ham hangs around a smoke house where  
 does the veal-loaf?

(Teacher): Why don't you answer, Mr.  
 Landers.

Red Landers: I did shake my head.

(Teacher): I couldn't hear it rattle from  
 here.

Sleepy Sawyer: Did you get hurt while  
 on the eleven?

R-ph W-l-n: No; it was while they were  
 on me.

Bemis Bell: It was so dark last night I  
 couldn't see a foot in front of me.

Duke Ford: Neither could I, but I could  
 feel one in back of me.

"What a unique town."

"Unique?"

"Yes, from the Latin 'unus', meaning one,  
 and 'equus', meaning horse."

"And you don't know why the Zigflot fish  
 swims backward?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Just because it wants to know where it's  
 been and doesn't give a hoot where it's going."

St. Peter could be holding the pearly gates  
 open for some folks we know and they'd want  
 him to wait while they walked a mile for a  
 Camel.

Substitutes are not as good—ask a man with  
 a wooden leg.

If this magazine is dry, excuse our dust.

Anyway, just because you have seen its  
 tracks, is no sign the train has passed.

Some day we hope to see a traffic cop who  
 is one-tenth as funny as he thinks he is.

Garden—a place surrounded by chickens.

Teacher: "What is density?"

Bob Kurson: "I can't define it, but I can  
 illustrate it."

Teacher: "The illustration is good; sit  
 down."

"Do you know Ida?"

"Ida who?"

"I dunno."

"What a dirty look she gave you!"

"Who?"

"Mother Nature."

"Gee, I'm in an awful fix!"

"What's wrong now?"

"I've spelled 'professor' with two f's and don't know which one to cross out."

And then, for that tired feeling—sit down.

"Sheik" Saunders: "Hear about the fella who invented a thing to look through a brick wall with?"

Leona West: "What did he call it?"

Saunders: "A window, sap."

Burke: Why do they always call this the sweet land of liberty? I can understand the liberty part, but why sweet?

R. Higgins: Well, we have our forest preserves and our subway jams.

Temple Smith: I kept my head when I fell into the lake.

Vivian Farnham: How fortunate. It must have helped you so nicely to float.

Mother: What were your sister and her beau talking about?

Brother: Their kith and kin.

Mother: That is a very proper thing to be talking about, how did they come to speak of that?

Brother: Well he said, "May I kith you," and she said, "you kin."

Old Salt: Yes, miss, we've some fine boats around here; can steam 20 knots an hour.

Adra Jack: I suppose they steam knots so the sailors can untie them more easily.

**Conversation between Joe Mullen and Bill Hunt:**

"Hawaii?"

"Chile."

"Are you Hungary?"

"Yes, Siam."

"Well, come along with me and Isl Fugi a Hamburg."

Marge Chase has had her picture taken and it's too cute for anything. Come on boys, avoid the rush.

"Daddy," said Jimmy Morse proudly on his return from church, "the minister stopped right in the middle of the sermon and spoke to me."

"That's nice," said his father. "What did he say to you?"

"He told me to stop rustling that paper," said James.

One of the girls came back to take a test.

The teacher, not being informed that above test was wanted asked, "What do you think I am? Electricity to make these tests when you push a button. I don't look like a wire, do I?"

Boss: What does this mean, Jim? Why aren't you carrying those bricks?

Worker: "I ain't feeling so well, I'm all of a tremble."

Boss: "Oh aren't you? Well then just get busy with that sand sieve."

"Has my boy a natural bent in any one direction?" wrote the proud parent.

"He has," replied the teacher, "He gives every indication of being a great captain of industry some day. He gets all the other boys to do his work for him."

The Boy: "Do you know the difference between a taxi and a trolley?"

The Girl: "No."

The Boy: "Well, then we'll take the trolley."

"What! A little squirt like you a wild animal trainer?"

"My small size is the secret of my success. The lions are waiting for me to grow a little larger."

"Lay down, pup; lay down!" ordered the man. "Good doggie—lay down, I say."

"You'll have to say 'Lie down,' mister," declared a high school bystander. "That's a Boston terrier."



"Is this the brake?" she asked.

"No," he replied, as he adjusted his halo.

"Were you annoyed because I sharpened a pencil with your razor?" asked the attractive wife.

"Twice," replied the patient husband.

"After I had given up trying to shave, I tried to write with the pencil."

Being told to write an essay on the mule, "Spec" Valentine turned in to the teacher the following effort:

"The mewl is a hardier bird than the guse or turkie. It has two legs to walk with, two more to kick with, and wears its wings on the side of its head. It is stubbornly backward about going forward."

### HOW ABOUT FIGURING THIS ONE?



Can you solve this one? It illustrates a song made famous over the radio.

"I think I'm going to shave to-night."

"Shave?"

"Shave."

"To-night?"

"To-night."

"O?"

"O!"

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

Donnie: I dunno. I worked awful hard before I could even get 'em wrong.

A man who makes a small noise is better than the man who is but a big echo.

These limericks, attributed to "One who has been stung by a spelling bee," are intended to show "what can happen to little words that follow the bad example of other words," and are selected from "Spelling."

A distinguished old one-legged colonel  
Once started to edit a jolonel;  
But soon, quite disgusted,  
Gave up—he was busted—  
And cried, "The expense is infolonel."

There once was a man who for a hiccough  
Tried all the cures he could piccough,  
And the best without doubt,  
As at last he found out,  
Is warm water and salt in a ticcough.

A small boy when asked to spell yacht  
Most saucily said, "I will nacht;"  
So his teacher in wrath  
Took a section of lath  
And warmed him up well on the spacht.

A king who began on his reign  
Exclaimed with a feeling of peign  
"Though I'm legally heir,  
No one here seems to ceir  
That I haven't been born with a breign."

A merchant addressing a debtor  
Remarked in the course of his lektor  
That he chose to suppose  
A man knose what he ose;  
And the sooner he pays it the bektor.

There was a young girl in the choir  
Whose voice rose up hoir and hoir  
Till it reached such a height  
It was clear out of seight  
And they found it next day in the spoir.

Said the dog. "When that trip to the cup-  
board  
Was taken by old Mother Hupboard,  
Her search was a stall—  
She had eaten it all  
Herself—and I know, for I rupboard."

A lady who deftly crocheted  
A terrible temper displeted,  
On finding, when through,  
That a dropped stitch or twough  
Had ruined the garment she'd meted.

And now our short story is through—  
Though I will not assert that it's trough;  
But it's chiefly designed  
To bring to your migned  
What wonders our spelling can dough.

Diner: I'm hungry enough to eat a horse!  
Waiter: O. K., buddy. You've come to  
just the right place.

An epicure dining at Crewe.  
Found a corpulent mouse in his stew;  
Said the waiter, "Don't shout,  
Nor wave it about,  
Or the rest will be wanting one, too."

"Daddy," said little Angus, "I dreamt last  
night that you gave me a sixpence."

"Well, as you have been a good boy lately,"  
replied daddy, "you may keep it!"

#### Ode to Demosthenes

"Go to father," she said,  
When I asked her to wed,  
And she knew that I knew  
That her father was dead  
And she knew that I knew  
What a life he had led  
So she knew that I knew  
What she meant when she said  
"Go to father."  
(Courtesy of the Maine Campus)

"What's this: honey?" said Mrs. Young-  
brides's husband as he speared a slab from the  
dish.

"Lucifer cake, dear."

"I thought you said you were going to make  
angel cake."

"I was, but it fell."

Interviewer: And what made you give up  
partnership with Red-eyed Pete in your bur-  
glary business?

Two Gun Guss: Aw, he wasn't honest.



## THE GREAT IMPERSONATION

*(Continued from Page 27)*

Realizing that the remarkable resemblance which existed between them during college days still persists, von Ragastein, who has been ordered to London by the Wilhelmstrasse, decides to send Dominey to certain death in the jungle, assume his identity, and enter London as Sir Everard Dominey.

Then follows a love story of charm, a revelation of the German espionage system that thrills and amazes, and a mystery which the reader will not solve until the end of the story.

John Bartlett.

## ALUMNI

*(Continued from page 26)*

outside activities have included leadership in debating squad, in International Relations Club and in her college Forum. For three years she has been a Mount Holyoke delegate to the Model Assembly of the League of Nations, held under the auspices of New England Colleges. This winter Miss Lorimer has spoken for Mount Holyoke College at various student conferences on world affairs.

## SPRING SPORTS

*(Continued from Page 25)*

Chasing flies in the outfield, will be Wilson, Burke, Gibbons, and others who have seen action elsewhere.

For reserve pitchers there will be Manning and Staples with many recruits.

With this team and sufficient support from the student body, the Crimson ought to be able to wrest the championship from the hands of John Bapst.

Manager Earle Hartt has drawn up the following schedule:

Wednesday, May 11—Bapst and Bangor.  
Monday, May 16—Orono at Bangor.  
Wednesday, May 18—Bangor at Belfast.  
Saturday, May 21—Belfast at Bangor.  
Saturday, May 28—Bangor at Orono.  
Wednesday, June 1—Bapst at Bangor.

Saturday, June 4—Bangor at Brewer.

Wednesday, June 8—Brewer at Bangor.

Track mentor, Edward Trowell, has not been idle this year; he has been busy getting line on a track team and sending men up to the U. of M. for winter practice. Although B. H. S. has not had an enviable track record for quite a few years, we feel that, if the enthusiasm shown continues, a few trophies may be brought here and many men make their letters.

Although to date, no schedule of track meets has been made out, there will probably be one or two dual meets, a county meet, and a section or championship meet at Maine.

## TIMELY TOPICS

*(Continued from page 16)*

## MANY A GAME IS WON IN THE LAST MINUTE OF PLAY

Four seconds to play and the score was 29 — 30. Bang—went the gun, but the ball, already in play, travelled steadily toward the basket. In that last minute of play a team picked as a favorite to win saw its less highly rated opponents in a final burst of speed pull out ahead and capture the much coveted laurels of a State Championship.

School life may be compared to a game of basketball. If pupils have gained fairly high ranks in their first, second, and third years, they are likely to drift along confident that they have stored up a sufficient reserve to carry them through the remainder of their stay in high school. Too often this laxity in the last quarter of work has been the cause of one less diploma granted at graduation.

High school represents the preparatory steps to higher education, and the last year is the most important of all because it is the key that will, if rightly used, make one eligible for admission to that wider field of knowledge, college.

Ultimate attainments in the form of college board examinations are becoming more and more the test of what the student has really made of his high school years. Many colleges

are setting high standards for preparatory work by refusing admission to all students who do not stand in the upper third of their class.

"Know thyself" fellow students, and, before the final quarter ends, capture that trophy for which you have been working four years.

Philip Jarvis.

### A FRIEND'S GREETING

Helen Hawes

"I'd like to be the sort of friend  
That you have been to me,"  
I'd like to be the help that you've  
Been always glad to be,  
I'd like to mean as much to you  
Each minute of the day  
As you have meant, Old Friend of mine,  
To me along the way.

I'd like to do the big things,  
And the splendid things for you,  
To brush the grey from out the skies,  
And leave them only blue,  
I'd like to say the kindly things  
That I so oft have heard,  
And feel that I could rouse your soul  
The way that mine you've stirred.

I'd like to give you back the joy  
That you have given me.  
Yet that were wishing you a need  
I hope will never be.  
I'd like to make you feel as rich  
As I who travel on,  
Undaunted in the darkest hour  
With you to lean upon.

### TROPHIES

(Continued from Page 16)

And there is a mystery cup, too. Where the other trophies are tall, this one is short; where they are narrow, this same one is broad. To be vulgar, the writer must say that it most resembles a beautiful soup tureen. On its

thick stem is inscribed "Masks-1914" and around the border "Interscholastic trophy won by Bangor High School." But not another word of enlightenment is to be found.

The most glorious trophies of them all—two statuettes—stand surrounded by cups, between the two windows in the back of the office. Tall—about two feet in height—brown in color, and with their arms uplifted, they are indeed striking. Of course you know all about these trophies. Yes, they are the reward for three consecutive years of superlatively good band music, both in this state and in New England.

It will be of value to you to pause some day before all these mementos of deeds accomplished by those who have come before, and get the spark of ambition to do something great for the school.

### AT THE BANQUET

(Continued from Page 16)

7. To leave the knife and fork hanging half on the plate. (Place them across the upper right hand corner of the plate).

8. To leave the table before the dinner is over without offering an excuse to the hostess.

### TWO PLANES ARE BETTER THAN ONE

(Continued from Page 15)

"Yeh, one in my crank-case," said Pete, for such was his name. "Say, I guess I'm just comin' to. How long have you been talkin' to me, and where did you come from?"

Hurriedly, Tommy outlined what had happened. A lengthy conference followed and finally the two men decided that they couldn't do anything in the dark and in this storm, although it was calming down. After righting both ships and tying them securely to an old tree, they both repaired to Tommy's makeshift tent to await the dawn.

With the first streaks of light, the two inhabitants of the air were working about like ants. The sea was calm and the sky a clear



blue without a cloud in it. Armed with Pete's sharp hunting knife and a smaller knife which Tommy managed to scare up, the two men preceeded to make Tommy's inspiration of the night before a reality. Soon they were whittling very carefully a new propeller, a new stick, and a new rudder. The rudder was put into place with ease and Tommy's ship stood intact.

With the help of Tommy's drill which made the necessary holes in the end, the new stick went into place inside of Pete's cock-pit with comparative ease. Next some of Tommy's screws and wire fastened it securely in place.

The big problem was the propeller. At best, it was a ticklish job. After much pushing, pulling, and grinding of teeth the propeller swung into place.

It was now seven forty-five; in less than half an hour Tommy was due at his post, and in less than two and one-half hours Pete had three-hundred miles to travel.

Shaking hands, and smiling through grimy faces they took off side by side and roared through the sky—buddies.

Soon the "Langley" hove into sight. Tommy glanced at his watch—ten minutes to spare. He looked below. There were his pals—waving and jumping around like madmen, they were so excited.

Gee! There certainly was nothing wrong with the Army. Just what *would* he have done if Pete hadn't "dropped in" on him? Probably he'd still be sitting there bemoaning his fate. No! he'd never fight the Army with the same spirit again.

As he pushed the stick to descend, he looked over his left shoulder. Pete was signalling to him, with his arms and with his face lighted up in a sunny smile. The "conversation of the air" was something like this:

"You made it, kid."

"Yeah, thanks to you."

"Everything okay, Buddy?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

## WHAT ABOUT SUPERSTITIONS?

*(Continued from Page 13)*

for the quake, believed whole-heartedly that God sent it because the people of San Francisco were so wicked.

When we feel like laughing at the Romans' belief that events could be foretold by matching the flights of birds, we should remember that our saying, "A little bird told me"—one probably heard by all of us from an exasperating friend—is probably a relic of the Roman belief. Many people today believe that a raven or an owl is a sign of bad luck, and that if a rooster crows under one's window, his days are surely numbered. Various birds still have a strong significance. The dove typifies peace; whereas all that is fine and great is represented by our American Eagle,—the bird, not the dollar. When we realize that Astrology, the belief that man's destiny is governed by the stars, and that the events of his life are readable in the stars has come to us from a period many years before Christ, we feel little wonder that Evangeline Adams can give us such thorough pictures of ourselves and of our future. Look at the progress the astrologers have made.

The reading of the stars largely governed the actions of the people of Europe in the Middle Ages. By many people today it is pursued with real earnestness. One of our most up-to-date magazines has just completed a long series of articles in which one's whole life is predicted from the positions of the star at one's birth. Even the most skeptical of us speak of our "lucky stars."

Next we can turn to the augurs. When ever any Roman wanted to find out anything, he killed a lamb or a bull, and without the slightest compunction slit its sides open and learned from the entrails whatever he wanted to know. This must have been an extremely

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nasty process. Virgil, a man who not only had a great soul but apparently a strong stomach, goes into descriptions of these sacrifices without the slightest regard for our feelings. On looking it up, I found that Virgil suffered from dyspepsia. No wonder! If the members of Class A Latin period weren't re-enforced with all sorts of unknown gases concocted in Chemistry just before coming down to Latin, we would probably all be suffering from dyspepsia too.

In the middle ages the insides of animals were used to impart magical powers. And in Macbeth, didn't the witches put a man's liver into their tasty little broth? Today people often read the bones of animals instead of divining by livers. Most of us still like to wish on a wish-bone.

The *Oracle*, which we have all heard so much about can be compared to our medicines. By excavations and investigations it has been discovered that the *Oracle* used to burn some sort of drug which brought on a mild intoxication or delirium. She inhaled this drug until overcome and then let all her babbling pass for prophecy. The medium today doesn't babble,—so much have we moderns gained over the ancients;—but I am under the impression that they have all sorts of ingenious devices which can fool anyone into believing that "It's Aunt Matilda talking." They had witches, too, in the days of Aeneas, which I doubt even the witches of Salem could outdo, if we can go at all by Virgil's description.

Thus we can see that many old Roman superstitions have persisted today in forms familiar to most of us.

#### SHERLOCK HOLMES PROHIBITION AGENT

(Continued from page 13)

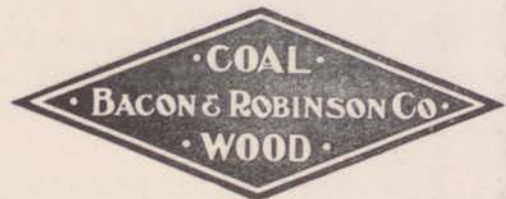
wished people to think him drowned, he should have thrown his slicker over-board! However, were the slicker found under the bridge instead of in the water, it would make people think more strongly that the thing was done, not with a purpose, but as a prank.

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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.



On the next day in the midst of the confusion and excitement the yacht Romeo left the harbor, and no one thought anything of it. Today the two youths are enjoying the fruits (in a crushed and fermented state) of their efforts. Well, that's my story.

### I LOOK AHEAD TO COLLEGE

*(Continued from page 11)*

Printing Office show that girls are gaining steadily on their rivals, and with that "never say die" spirit which everyone admires.

"The Asphyxiating Aspirants" recommend such sports as strengthen the body and improve the mind. The noble sport of football comes under this heading. We attend every football game in a body and devote ourselves to shouting and eating peanuts. If we win, the din is terrific. If we don't, it's still terrific but not on our side.

The fur dealers are encouraging football very noticeably. Perhaps this is due to the fact that football fans favor raccoon coats. As both girls and boys wear them, fur dealers double up with joy at the approach of the football season. One fur dealer advertises, "The crisp air of autumn blowing against your cheeks, the exhilaration in the atmosphere, flaming colors here and there, and one of Hinkletail's raccoons. What more could you ask." Mr. Hinkletail forgets that the so-called autumn wind chaps the skin, that frequently one bumps into people most surely as a result of the general excitement, and sometimes the flaming banners are held up, as if for your inspection, menacingly in front of you.

Alumni are, as a rule, a nuisance, although at times they are useful when buying a new building or when repairs are needed; alumni are generally shunned by college officials. Alumni, not content with managing the rest of the world, insist on running the college (Old Alma Mater). Moreover they insist on reviving certain memories of college which are best forgotten. When I am an alumnus and have long white hair, (the customary

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worn-out phrase) I'll probably do the same.

When reading this essay, discount everything twenty percent, disbelieve everything but the parentheses, and don't take it too seriously. After all this discourse on college, I'll probably not go anyway but become an explorer.

### HISTORICAL FACTS ABOUT THE OLDEST HOUSE IN BANGOR

*(Continued from page 10)*

wings were added that one could easily get lost in the nineteen room house. A young grandson of the Thaxter's remarked, "Grandma's house is awful funny *outside*; it looks like a lot of little houses put together, but it's just boo'ful inside."

An explosion of the furnace in 1925 caused considerable damage to the house, but three of the original rooms still remain. They are the two front rooms on either side of the front door and a large closet off the hall. Today there are more than twenty rooms and several fireplaces.

A picture of this very old house, as it looked soon after Mr. Thaxter bought it, may be seen in the museum of the Bangor Public Library, catalogued as number 173.

Jackie Johnston: "What are the Czar's children called?"

Betty Brown: "Czardines, silly."

### INTRODUCED BY PIGLET

*(Continued from page 9)*

Hall" and solve the mystery, if only to prove to that detestable pair, Lord and Lady Lambourne, that for once in their lives they were wrong.

Virginia Stanhope was easily able to cope with any situation which might arise in life—a fact due to a reserve nature which few of us have; hence she was duly prepared for a cold reception back at "Lambourne Hall." Already she felt the cool glances Lady Lam-

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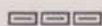
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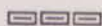
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bourne's friends would cast, and the whispered conversations that would be passed. At the thought she shook her golden head erect, and a deep twinkle of victory gleamed in her dark brown eyes. She loathed the idea of staying at "Lambourne Hall" at all, but Barry had requested it of her, and she could scarcely be rude enough to take a room at a nearby hotel till the trial was over.

After arriving at "Lambourne Hall," relieving herself of the journey's dust, and having tea sent to her room, Gin was descending the stairs when she perceived Lady Lambourne in the lower hall, introducing her son to a guest—one undoubtedly arrived since Barry's recent departure. On seeing Gin approaching, Lady Lambourne excused herself and very obviously dragged Barry off. Their guest was making some remark to Johnny Hinds who had just entered the hall when Gin spied something strangely familiar about her. Evidently she, in return, noticed Gin and had perceived the same thing, for with an exclamation of pleasure, as Gin came nearer down the stairs, she cried, "Ginger Stanhope, is it really you? Ann didn't tell me you were here!"

"Lady Van Horten!" laughed Ginger, amusedly, "how strange to find you here!"

"Hardly strange, my dear: I dare say I'm Ann's oldest friend, but I never dreamed of seeing you. Aren't you supposed to be in Paris, studying? Ann certainly has excellent taste in her guests, though. Let's sneak off and find ourselves some quiet corner where we can talk."

Seated in the old summer house, Gin and Lady Van Horten were chattering about home and friends. Gin was just mentioning that she had seen John in St. Moritz, when Lady Lambourne came hurrying up, excitedly saying, "Mary, you must come meet Count Andrews. He has just come and he's such an old dear." She stopped short on seeing Gin. "My dear Mary," she managed to gasp, "do you know this girl?"

Though slightly bewildered, Lady Van Horten quickly saw that something was wrong between Lady Lambourne and Gin. Gracefully she rose to the occasion, and explained

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that Ginger was an old family friend whose parents she had often visited in America. Certainly Ann knew of the Stanhopes of New York. Gin's father was Henry J. Stanhope whose marvelous collection of old paintings was the most unusual and best known in the world, for his ancestors had started it hundreds of years before, and it had been handed down from father to son each adding his bit to it, until now it was the most famous collection on either side of the Atlantic. Henry J. Stanhope's approval was the last word in the art world. Mrs. Henry J. Stanhope, otherwise known as Florence Morley, was a devoted collector of the unique, and had a collection which was the envy of many a connoisseur.

If someone had bitten Lady Lambourne, she would have been no more surprised. By the time Lady Van Horten had finished her story, Lady Lambourne was all "honey and cream." She couldn't think of enough kind things to say to Gin. The stolen picture was erased from her memory—but not from Gin's.

Pride had taken a jar in the character of Lady Lambourne, but it was to take a real fall when, a few minutes before the trial to be held privately in the library, Mr. Davis, one of the detectives, announced that the painting which he had previously found in Gin's possession was not the original as they had supposed, but a copy painted by the famous artist, Alison Lloyd—a discovery which had been made by the sign of the curly tail—Piglet's tail—placed in the lower right hand corner of the portrait.

Lord and Lady Lambourne were stunned to find that the girl whom they had scorned, had thought too common for their son, had branded a thief, should turn out to be the most famous debutante in America, and the most distinguished young artist in the world.

Barry entered the library a few minutes late for the trial, to see those connected with the theft sitting comfortably around with strange, interested expressions on their faces. He saw that Gin was speaking, and heard her say, "so with several hours on my hands, and nothing to do but nap, I crept out into the night to see if there was anything going on in the old

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storehouse that I shouldn't be missing. When I reached a corner window of the building, the light disappeared, only to reappear from some far corner within. Chinning up to the sill, I saw a figure within just in the act of placing a long roll between the seat and the back board of an old horse-hair sofa. I thought of many things which that bundle might be, and I assure you that a painting was the farthest from my mind until I heard the story of the theft."

Gin did not mention that she had recognized the hider of the painting.

Apologies were offered to Gin. The detectives were dismissed. Lord Lambourne was only too glad to hush the matter up when he found that what Gin had said was true. Moreover, when he had heard Gin's story, Charles Andrews confessed to his uncle—Lord Lambourne—that he had taken the portrait to sell for cash. However, the theft had been discovered before he had had time to take it to London.

Gin left Lambourne Hall immediately following the trial, though she was urged and beseeched by Lady Lambourne to remain. Taking a local to London, there she obtained passage on the "Europa" which was sailing for home on the nineteenth.

On the day of the ship's departure, Gin was confronted on deck by the same tall, young man whom she had met months before on a like spot. This time there was no captain to introduce them, nor did any Piglet officiate, either. Their eyes met, but what messages they held for each other were not meant to be interpreted by the passers-by. Five minutes later the second whistle blew. The boat was sailing in three minutes. Gin and Barry had forgotten and forgiven.

"Let's give Babs a real story to gab about," said Barry. "There are lots of Justices of Peace around here just waiting for couples like us."

"This is where my family pride comes in," said Gin. "We shall have a real wedding at home."



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