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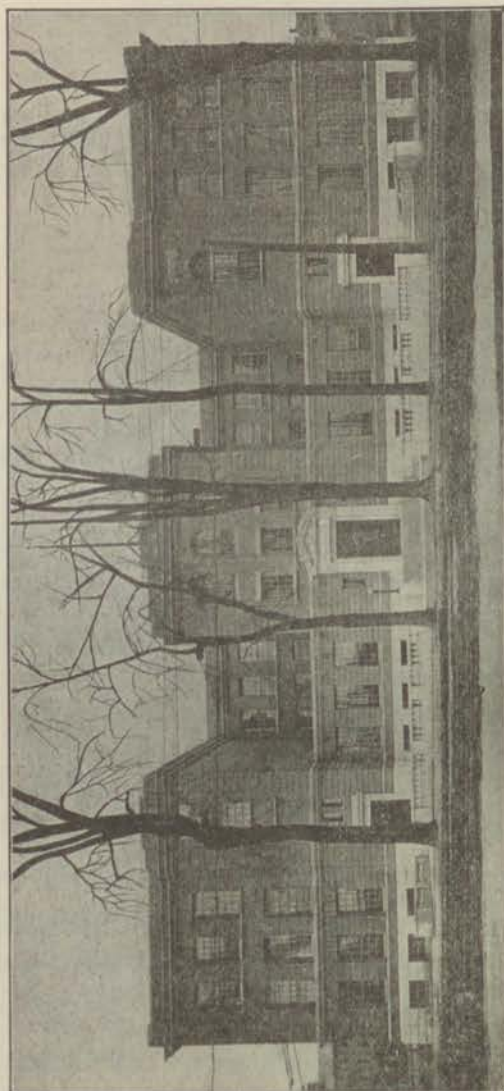
BANGOR'S LEADING STORE

GEO. C. DORR, Manager

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ALMA MATER
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THE ORACLE

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the Students of
Bangor High School



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No 1.

The Oracle Board



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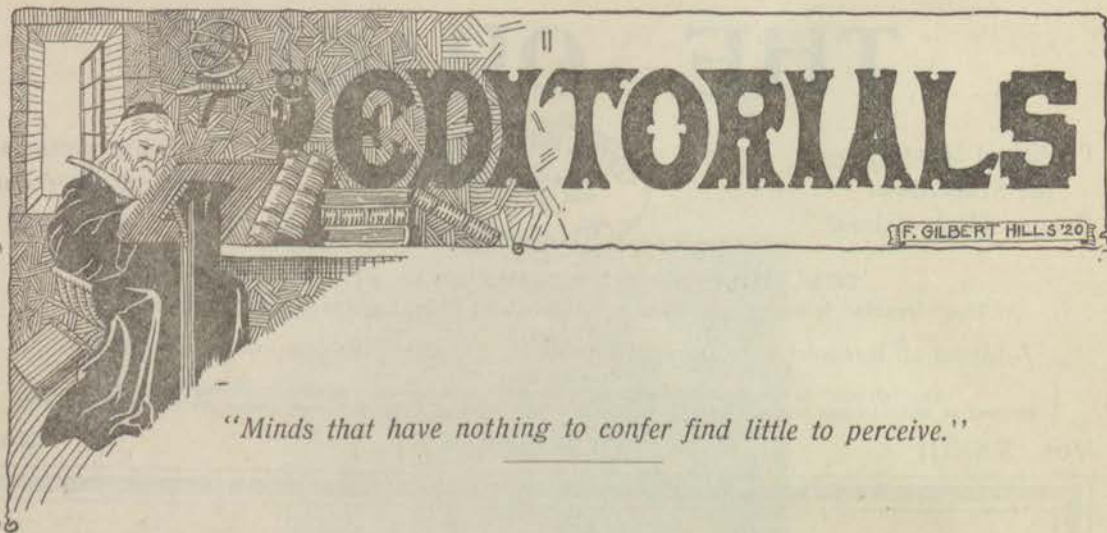
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"Minds that have nothing to confer find little to perceive."

The spirit of a place or institution is its genius, its atmosphere, its dominating influence. It may be depressing or uplifting. One feels it through suggestion. The spirit of a prison is always unhappy and saddening in its effect. It suggests crime, the violation of law, the failure of life. The spirit of a church is different.

"All seem to feel the spirit of the place,
And by the general reverence God is
praised."

In a church we are awed by the greatness of the thoughts it inspires, we are made better and feel nobler because of the friendship it suggests and the good and holy things it brings to our minds. The spirit of a school is the dominating influence which "pervades and tempers the conduct and thought" of its students. That dominating influence may be good or it may be bad; it may be helpful to the great body of the students or it may be unhelpful.

What determines a school spirit? Where does it come from? A wholesome school spirit comes from the attitude taken by the members of a school toward the ideals for which the school exists. The main purpose of a school is intellectual development. Low standards of honesty in work, cheat-

ing in examinations or the wish to do so, rowdiness, cheap, coarse rowdiness, create an atmosphere in which ideal scholarship is difficult. Another ideal of the American school is to train good citizens, citizens who will frown upon what is unfair and dishonest. Low methods, the meanest kind of ward politics, the formation of cliques which work by underground scheming, introduced into school conduct, create distrust and harmful factions. They defeat the purpose of a school. They put those into positions who are not best fitted to represent the school. It has been known in the past that some students of Bangor High school have refused to stand for school offices and for positions in athletics because of the way in which the elections and the tryouts have been conducted. This means indifference to the success of the school. It means discord and disunion. It means that the school is weakened. It means the want of genuine, loyal, hearty support.

Only by application to work, by co-operation between teachers and pupils, by simple honesty in classroom work and in examinations, only by good humor and an atmosphere of fair play and high minded sportsmanship can the best school-spirit prevail.

Again we come together to learn from Lady Knowledge. Class of '28, it means a **Class of** big step toward the completion '28 of your education. At first you will enjoy the novelty of it, but after a while you will see that it is not a novelty and a place for fun but a source of learning and for the betterment of yourselves.

Don't misjudge us, however, and think that we mean not to have any enjoyment at all, for you can and will. The school has many social activities during the year, at which you may have the time of your life and where you can meet your friends and spend a happy evening.

Then, if you have time, we urge you to respond, when the call for candidates of the various teams is issued. Help your school all you can and you will never have occasion to say that it ever failed to treat you right.

Your first year at Bangor High will be a notable one in your life; if you shirk, you will not amount to much the next three years, and maybe have to take your work over. But if you work and study as you should, you will have a foundation for the next three years that will always be a great help and comfort to you.

EXPENSES

Unpaid Bills, 1922-23.....	\$ 15.00
October Printing.....	205.40
November Printing	157.00
Postage	75.00
December Printing	174.00
Cuts	27.66
January Printing	163.35
Cuts	12.37
February Printing	153.00
Postage	1.00
March Printing	169.00
April Printing	133.00
Cuts	26.50
Senior Cuts	221.58
May Printing	93.00
June Printing	200.95
Cuts	105.22
<hr/>	
Total Expenses	\$1,928.03

Balances\$63.87

INCOME

Balance, 1922-23	\$116.69
Season Tickets	445.00
October Ads.....	267.05
Sales	2.50
November Ads.....	66.50
December Ads.....	100.50
Cash Sales	1.50
Interest25
January Ads.	62.50
Interest25
February Ads.....	60.25
March Ads.	68.50
April Ads.....	58.00
Senior Cuts	66.31
Senior Cuts	271.16
May Ads.....	64.14
June Ads.	238.80
Senior Cuts	2.50
Senior Covers	25.00
Cash Sales	34.50
<hr/>	
Year Ads.....	\$40.00

Total Receipts\$1,991.90

LITERARI



THE BATTLE OF THE ENTERTAINERS

By Prescott F. Dennett

WHEN I shipped with Captain Berson many years ago, our crew was much amused by a certain Joe Laffay, an entertainer by trade, who used to travel a good deal from the United States to England and as our ship plied between New York and Liverpool, we were favored with his company a good part of the time. How that boy could tickle the old banjo! He used to sit on deck banging out ragtime music, making the banjo turn somersaults and all the time keeping his fingers in the fourth or fifth position. Many of our sailors were negroes and nothing delighted them more than to lie in the fore-castle listening to Joe and his old banjo. The music recalled old plantation days and not a few eyes were wet as the old songs came forth, but Joe Laffay was an entertainer who could make you laugh and cry at the same time. With a joke and a laugh for all, he was easily the most popular man aboard our vessel until—but that comes later.

We were in New York harbor when I got my first squint at Sam Laster. Our craft did not take many passengers, so when we were favored with one we gave him a good look-over. Sam was the most peculiar individual I had ever set eyes on. Crowned with a stove-pipe hat, and clad in a white

vest, blue coat, and brown pants, he presented a whimsical appearance. His sole possessions were an old carpet bag and a much worn banjo case and instrument.

Nearly all the crew were watching him, but it didn't jar Sam a bit. As he was walking down the gang plank I noted that he limped a bit which made his funny appearance the more exaggerated. He asked the crew whether or not anyone could tell him where he might find New York City. We soon discovered that Sam Laster, like our old friend, Joe Laffay, was a professional entertainer. He took out his banjo and, tuning it, broke out into the opening strains of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." You should have seen those negroes' eyes pop out! I guess they had thought before that Joe Laffay was the only white man that could play good banjo music, but here was one who was nearly his equal.

Happening to look up just then I was more than surprised to see Joe Laffay himself coming toward our ship. I wondered what he would say and think when he saw another man amusing the sailors. Joe advanced toward the fore-castle with a puzzled look, slapping an old negro friend on the back. "Hullo," he said. But the old negro was so much interested in the negro spirituals which the other entertainer was rendering that he failed to respond.

Then Joe, cut to the heart because of the lack of his usual warm welcome, took his banjo and started playing ragtime in direct opposition to Sam's songs. When Sam heard that, he stopped, took out a pair of dusty spectacles and with a most ludicrous gaze gave the intruder the look-over. There sat the two entertainers exchanging frowns and from that moment I knew that trouble was being planted. The two performers continued playing, each as far removed from the other as possible. Now the crowd of sailors divided, part going to join their old friend Joe, and the remainder listening to the lofty songs of Sam.

That night one negro asked his companion: "Are you far Joe or far Sam?" And when he received his answer he said, "You're on the wrong side."

Then I realized that two factions had arisen on our little ship—one supporting Joe and the other, Sam. We had gotten along perfectly well with Joe as the sole entertainer, but when there came to be two entertainers making the trans-Atlantic trip I could not affirm that matters would be as pleasant as before. In fact, the rivalry between the supporters of the two banjoists became so intense that a negro from Joe's gang actually attempted to attack the other entertainer. That caused an extremely anxious look to cloud Captain Berson's brow.

"You don't think anything serious will come of this, do you, Captain Berson?" I asked the captain later.

"Well," he replied, "there's quite likely going to be a little trouble. I think one entertainer's a plenty to have on a ship. Everything was correct before this Sam Laster arrived, but now everyone's divided against his friend and the work is slacking up."

"You don't think anything like murder will come?"

"I've known such things to breed a mutiny. Something's got to be done," he said.

Next day matters were not showing any signs of improvement. Every sailor on board the vessel had either lined up with Joe's gang or with Sam's. What a time they had at night! From one end of the ship came Joe's rollicking music and at the other issued forth the old spirituals.

After the fourth day in open sea the captain called a sort of mass meeting in which he rendered a statement of the case and im-

pressed upon all of us that we would have to decide on one entertainer and one only and that the other would have to withdraw from the business. He suggested that we vote that night for the one we wished to keep.

Then started a campaign greater in its way than any gubernatorial campaign ever staged. From one end of the vessel to the other were collected little knots of men, white and black, discussing the merits and defects of the two entertainers. The candidates themselves worked the hardest, filling the air with music. They did not confine their attention to the banjo alone, for they told jokes and stories and performed a little magic.

That night there came a hush on the little ship for the first time in four or five days. The two candidates fingered their banjos nervously waiting for the election. The captain had instructed the first mate to act in the capacity of vote-counter, and then proceeded to "swear him in."

"Put up both hands," he said, "and take this Book of Psalms of my grandmother's between your lips and swear that you will perform your duties in a right manner."

A difficulty was encountered in the voting because of the fact that the greater part of the negroes could neither read nor write, and Captain Berson, a believer in equal suffrage, wished to have the negroes vote as well as the whites. It was finally decided to let the number 3 represent Joe Laffay and the number 9 represent Sam Laster. When finally the votes were prepared they were collected and counted.

The night was peaceful and a full moon dipped far down into the water. The faces of all were strained. The mate announced in a deep, sonorous voice that the result of the voting was a tie. There was nothing to do but vote again.

However, the result of that last vote was never known, for a sailor happening to go below into the cabin, came back immediately with the word that water was fast flowing into the cabin through an immense hole! The election was broken up without any formal proceedings and a wild scramble was made to reach the boats. I could just make out our old friend, Joe Laffay, jumping into the last boat with his banjo. In another instant he was about to cast off when a limping figure ran across the deck with a banjo case and a carpet bag. This

figure cast himself into the boat. Joe Laffay and Sam Laster, the two rival entertainers, were alone in a single boat in the wide sea. I watched them drift steadily farther and farther away from the other boats.

* * * * *

Well, there isn't much left to tell except that two men on a desert isle can't find much to fight over. You can depend upon

it that when they sighted the first sail that came their way they were pretty good friends. In fact they had decided to form a company all of their own—Laffay and Laster. If you ever want to see a really good show always see Sam and Joe when they come to town because remember that a perfectly good ship had to sink before these two boys came together.

CONCORD AND LEXINGTON

By Philip Whitman

AT Concord and Lexington, the sites of the first two battles of the Revolutionary War, in which the colonies of England gained their freedom from the mother country, there are many interesting places to visit; not only from the historical standpoint, but from the standpoint of the nature-lover. Lying just a few miles out of Boston, they form a most decided contrast to the confusion of the city.

On the road to Concord, the tourist sees a tablet at the foot of a small hill, saying that this is the hill upon which the British rallied after their battle of April 19, 1775, with the American patriots. In the village is a common where there are several tablets and monuments. The largest monument is in the middle of the square and is dedicated to the men killed in the Civil war. Beside it, is a gold star, with (25) inscribed upon it. On the northern side of the common rests a tablet in memory of those who died in the Spanish-American war, and near the walk that bounds the common are two more tablets, one marking the site of the first meeting house and the other the site of the meeting of the Provincial Congress in 1774.

The road beyond the square leads to the Concord bridge. It was here that, under the orders of their officers, for the first time, the Americans drove back the British. The bridge is made of cement and is an exact replica of the original one.

On the other side is a small, but picturesque park, in the center of which is a good sized monument, on the top of which is a statue of a patriot ready for battle. On the front are engraved the following words of Emerson:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,

Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard 'round the world."

On the opposite side is inscribed:

1775
nineteenth
of
April,
1875

Recrossing the bridge, the British monument stands before you. It has the following inscription:

"Here on the nineteenth of April, 1775, was made the first forcible resistance to the British. On the opposite bank stood the American militia. Here stood the British and on this spot the first of the enemy fell in the War of the Revolution, which gave independence to the United States. In gratitude to God and in the love of freedom, this monument was erected in 1836." A few yards from here is a tablet marking the graves of the British soldiers who fell in this battle. It bears the following verse:

"They came 3,000 miles and died—
To keep the past upon its throne.
Unheard beyond the ocean tide,

Their English mother made her moan."

Two other points of interest in Concord are the Colonial Inn—provincial storehouse in 1775, and the Orchard House, the home of the famous authoress, Louisa May Alcott. About ten miles from Concord is Lexington, the site of the first battle of the Revolution. Battle Lawn, a large green, is the location of most of the monuments. On one end of the green is a bronze statue of a minute man, mounted high on a pile of boulders. Near the ground on the front of the base is a cement water trough and on the back underneath the following words, is a tiny fountain of pure, cold water for people to drink:

The Bequest
of
Francis Brown Hayes
to
The Town of Lexington
Erected in 1899.

Directly back of this statue is a large granite pulpit with a bible carved on the top. This marks the site of the first three meeting houses in Lexington. On the front of this is carved these words:

1st Meeting House
Built in 1692, when Lexington was a parish
of Cambridge.

2nd Meeting House
Built in 1713, on the incorporation of
Lexington.

3rd Meeting House
Built in 1794. Burned in 1846.

On the back of this pulpit is carved the names of the seven pastors of these three churches between 1692 and 1846.

Down on the other end of Battle Lawn is a tall, vine-covered granite monument. It was erected by the inhabitants of Lexington under the patronage and expense of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the memory of their fellow citizens who fell on this field of battle on the 19th of April, 1775, the first victims to the sword of British tyranny and oppression. "The die was cast." The blood of these martyrs was shed for the cause of God and their country. Victory crowned their arms and the peace, liberty and independence of the United States of America was their glorious reward.

Just a short distance from here lies the Old Boulder, which marks the place where a small band of untrained farmers, about 50

or 60 strong, under the leadership of Captain Parker bravely withstood the attack of 800 British troops, the very flower of the British army. Carved on the front, is a musket and powder horn under which is the following:

"Stand your ground,
Don't fire unless fired upon;
But if they mean to have a war
Let it begin here."

Captain Parker.

Across the street from the common is the old Bucknam Tavern—headquarters of the minute men on April 19th, 1775. Another interesting old building is the Old Monroe Tavern—Earl Percy's headquarters and hospital, April 19th, 1775. It was built in 1695. A short distance from the green, at the foot of a hill, is a sign with "The Old Belfry" on it and a hand pointing up a series of stone steps. They ascend through a clump of small trees but suddenly come out into a clearing in the center of which is the Old Belfry. It is a plain, square, wooden building, about fifteen feet square, with a door in one side. It is not very high and has a short roof, sloping upward to a little cupola, which also has a sloping roof and has a flag pole in the center of it. The following words printed above the door, give interesting information:

"This belfry was erected on this hill in 1761, and was removed to the common in 1768. In it was hung the bell which rang out the alarm on the 19th of April, 1775. In 1797 it was removed to the Parker homestead in the southern part of the town. In 1891 it was brought back to this hill. It was destroyed by a gale in 1909 and rebuilt in 1910."

Lexington Historical Society.

MICHAEL'S DREAM

By Paul Martin

THE sun was slowly sinking. Old Michael Simmons came plodding along the narrow path leading to his fisherman's hut down by the sea. The tints of the sunset made no effect upon old Michael's heart. Doleful thoughts preoccupied his mind. Finally he reached the top of the slope at the foot of which was his hut. Here he stopped, raised his head, and stood for a moment gazing upon the exquisite view. The last

rays of the sun were casting their hues of azure and gold upon the white-capped waves of the sea, and tinted the foam-fringed islands which lay nearby. But all this beauty had no message for Michael this evening. His spirit was depressed and his face reflected his depression.

The shades of twilight faded. The stars began to stud the firmament. The moon rose from behind the pines. The day was done. Michael ate his meagre evening

meal, lit the fire in the rusty stove, seated himself near it, lit his pipe, took a magazine from a pile of papers which lay in a corner of his one-roomed hut, and established himself for the evening.

But his restlessness prevented him from enjoying, as he usually did, his lonely thoughts. "If the catches were only good," he said to himself, "if the leak in the bow of my boat would only stop leaking, if the pains in my back would only stop, if my bad luck would only change I could not complain." And thus he sat, bemoaning his fate.

Michael knew from the sporting parties which landed on the little island and from the yachts which had spent many a safe night in the harbor which ran well into the heart of the island, that there was a far different life from his. He yearned for what was beyond and grew envious with discontent.

The evening drew on. The fatigue of the day's labor soothed his mind. His worries and his cares left his thoughts. His body slumped in his seat. His head rolled back on his chair. His breathing became heavy. His eyelids closed in slumber.

In his sleep he dreamed a dream.

The door of his hut opened and in walked a strange, elderly gentleman. His face was stern, deep-lined, rough, sad. On his ankles and on his wrists were wings. As he entered he chuckled to himself and then sang in low, weird tones:

I roam the world from sea to sea,
I have seen her joy; I know her woe.
I watch her plan and plot and scheme,
Come on with me and you shall see.

As he sang he fastened wings on Michael's wrists and ankles. Then taking him by the hand, he led him out of the hut. Almost before they got out of the door, as though a gust of wind had lifted them from the earth, they began to rise higher. During the flight neither spoke to the other, but like birds they flew swiftly over vast stretches of water. Presently they hovered over a huge city. The street lights beneath them flickered like the stars above

them. Soon they began to descend till the roofs of the houses could be seen plainly. In a moment they circled and paused over a stately mansion. The sound of music reached them. They flew lower and came so near that through the windows Michael saw gay couples sweep in one mad whirl around the great hall. He saw them feasting and drinking until their wits left them and their behavior was lower than the beasts. Then they began to rise again. But Michael could see nothing but the banquetting hall and its reveling, gluttonous inmates. Soon the great house began to rock. A mighty wave arose in the distance. Presently it dashed upon the mansion, bore it on its brow for a few moments, then the whole mass, mansion and merrymakers, rolled from its brow into a bottomless abyss.

Then the stranger led Michael to another city. It was the capital of a great empire. They stopped over the roof of the capitol building. It opened and before Michael's eyes were a body of diplomats. They were seated around an oval table, leaders of their country, ambitious for power and wealth, plotting war. Again they flew upward, but all Michael could see was the chamber with the group of politicians greedy for gain.

Suddenly from every side burst a great fire. Its flaming tongues leaped higher and higher. Mighty rumblings were heard like distant thunderings. Then more fires until the whole world was aflame, engulfing the diplomats and their people.

Such strange things caused Michael to shudder, and he drew close to his guide. As he was about to question him concerning the whole matter the stranger vanished from his sight. Michael felt himself fall.

Startled, he opened his eyes. The magazine had fallen to the floor. The fire in the stove was out. The first rays of dawn were peeping above the horizon. The chug-chug-chug of fishing smacks could be heard.

It was nothing but a dream, but it caused Michael to think. He philosophized. Here is his simple philosophy. Peace goes with a clear conscience, happiness with honest toil.

WHY THE SKY IS BLUE

By Gretchen Hayes

IT was long, long ago, before the world was. Mother Nature was wandering about in her vast storehouse, thinking. This house was truly a wonderful one. The walls were a fairer white than pearl and shone brighter than burnished gold. The rooms of this wonderful palace-like storehouse numbered more than the stars.

In each room was stored an illimitable quality of powers, all waiting to be called into use by Mother Nature. In one room were stored the waters; another room was full of vast paint pots, each containing a great quantity of some pure color. There was a room where gravity was stored; another where life was kept. There were yet other rooms filled with powers that have not been named and are yet unknown to man.

Only two rooms had been opened. Out of one had been taken light and heat; out of the other, rock. These powers had been combined to make the stars which were then heated, vaporized, whirling masses of rock.

As I said before, Mother Nature was thinking. She was planning a home for man. She had started making the stars which she could watch now as they whirled through space.

She had already decided to break off a piece from one of the stars and cool it for the home of man; and then when that should be cool, to paint it in a mixture of all the rich colors she had. She had thought of the grass and the trees. She would paint these green, for that was the color of peace and rest. She wanted him to love peace and know the value of rest after work.

But she couldn't think what color to make the sky. It must be some color that would make him think of Heaven, for he would ever have to be pressing towards it.

She looked about her to see what colors there were in her realm for her realm was a part of Heaven and shared in the grandeur of it. But, no, none of these colors would do. They were all too bright for the eyes of man. The color she would choose would have to be a softer color than any of these, and yet it must be full of the thought of Heaven.

Finally she decided to call in the four

winds who were her counselors. She went to the room where they lay waiting her call. When she opened their door they exclaimed, "Is it time for us to go to work? We have waited so long!"

"No, not yet. I want you to help me, though, in deciding an important question. What color shall the sky be?"

Up jumped South Wind and said, "Let it be the color of the setting sun; a deep gold, which will tell man of the splendor of Heaven and the majesty of God. Nothing is like the shining brightness of gold."

"No, that will not do. You must remember, at first the eyes of man will be weak and such dazzling glory would blind them. What do you say, East Wind?"

"I think the sky should be a rich crimson, a color which will remind him of the deep passion of love with which God will endow him and will remind him, too, to love his fellows. Love is the greatest thing man will know, so I think the sky should be the color of love."

"Crimson would be a good color if all it would remind man of were love, but crimson is more the color of passion than of love, and man will know the passion of hate as well as of love. We must not remind him of hate. No, I am afraid crimson will not do. Is there another color which you think would be good, North Wind?"

"I speak for white. It will remind man of the perfection towards which he should be striving. It will remind him to keep from all that soils the pure white of a perfect character."

"You speak well North Wind, and as befits one who is preparing for such work as yours, for your work will be to purify the air and to bring snow flurries from the North. But white for the sky would have to be the purest white there is and that would be too dazzling. Besides, so much reminding of purity would make man want to separate himself from his fellows in trying to keep himself pure. White is not just the color I want. What do you say, West Wind? I don't know to whom I can turn if you fail me."

"Blue is the color I should choose for the sky. It will remind man of the truth for which he must ever be looking. When he looks at the blue sky he will not be able to help trusting in God, for blue is the color

of faith, too. Let it be a rich blue and of such a depth that to look at it will set man to thinking deep thoughts. Let the blue be soft as well as deep that it may turn man's heart from hardness to tenderness. Make the sky blue."

"Blue is the right color, I think! In addition to what you have said, blue shares the good qualities of gold and crimson and white. Blue is a royal color which will tell man of the majesty of God and the splendor of Heaven as well as gold could, South Wind. Blue is the color of love; not passion of love like crimson, East Wind,

but the tenderness of love in action. It is, as you said, West Wind, the color that speaks of truth, and truth is akin to purity. In the search for truth man will throw off the evil and false which retards his progress.

"There will be gold in the sunlight, South Wind; I will make white clouds which will cover the sky at times, North Wind; when the sun rises and sets, East Wind, I will color the clouds a deep crimson. But the sky itself shall be blue; deep, rich, tender blue."

THE LAKE POETS

By Ruth Hasey

ABOUT the year 1799, Elizabeth, granddaughter of Colonel Lloyd, was visiting him at his home in Grasmere. It was in her honor that the Colonel gave a house party to which he invited a great many of his neighbors. Among those invited were three young men who seemed to remain somewhat apart from the others. The young hostess noticing this, asked her grandfather who the young men were.

"Those young men? Why they are the Lake Poets, replied the Colonel.

"'Lake Poets,' Grandfather?"

"Yes," he replied, "that's what we call them around here. Their real names are William Wordsworth, Samuel Coleridge and Robert Southey—but come, the music has started and we must dance. I shall tell you more about the poets later."

And so the party progressed. It was late when the guests had departed, therefore, Elizabeth knew that her grandfather could not tell her any more about the "Lake Poets" that night but was content to wait till the next day, because she, too, was tired, and sorely in need of rest.

The next day dawned, fair and cloudless. The birds sang happily and the world seemed indeed a good one.

When Elizabeth came downstairs the Colonel was waiting for her in his study. As the day was fair he had arranged for a sail. They would have Mary put up one of her famous picnic lunches, and when they reached the island at the head of the lake, they would stop and spread the lunch which they had brought with them.

When they were well on their way,

Elizabeth broached the subject of the three young poets.

"Yes," replied her grandfather, "I, too, have been thinking of them. Do you not call to mind the young woman with whom Coleridge danced, also the one with whom Southey danced? Did they not resemble each other?"

"Yes," responded Elizabeth, "they did look very much alike. Are they closely related?"

"They are sisters," said the Colonel. "It is rather singular. You see, both of the young men were brought up in the church. Southey attended Westminster school, but was dismissed for a satirical paper on flogging published in the school journal. He then went to Oxford to study medicine but left there a few years ago and formed an acquaintance with Coleridge whose father was the vicar of Ottery St. Mary. When Coleridge was a young man he was sent to school at Christ's Church Hospital, but was always rather dreamy. However, he made considerable progress in classical studies. From Christ's church he went with a scholarship to Jesus' College, where he remained two years, after which he enlisted in the 15th Dragoons. His friends got him out of that and then he and Southey became acquainted, as I said before. Through Lovell, a young Quaker and friend of Southey's, they met the three Misses Fricket of Bristol. The three boys married the three sisters."

"My, how interesting. Is that all?"

"Not quite. I have not yet given any reason for their being called poets. Robert Southey has published several poems, in-

cluding a violent, democratic piece called, 'Wat Tyler,' but now he has gone to the opposite extreme. As for Coleridge, he started a periodical, *The Watchman*, soon after his marriage, but it did not last beyond the ninth number. Three years ago he took a cottage at Nether Stowey and wrote some really good poetry. The best he has written is the 'Ancient Mariner.' They say he has started another good one which he calls 'Christabel.'"

"I think I have read the 'Ancient Mariner,'" said Elizabeth.

"Probably. I think I have a volume of it at home," replied the Colonel.

They now neared a small island covered with trees and many beautiful flowers.

"Oh," exclaimed Elizabeth, "Is this where we are going to lunch?"

"Yes. Isn't this a perfect fairyland? Did you see that dear little flower? Do you know what kind of bird that is?" inquired Elizabeth.

"Halt, I'm not a monster with so many tongues that I can answer all those questions at once," said her grandfather.

They both laughed happily and after eating their lunch and exploring the island, they started back down the lake. A little breeze sprang up and the return trip was made in considerable less time.

"Grandfather," Elizabeth said, "You have not told me one single thing about Mr. Wordsworth. He's one of the 'Lake Poets,' is he not?"

"Yes," said the Colonel, "he's one of them. In the first place he went to St. John's

College. He took his degree there and afterwards crossed to France, where he showed strong sympathy with the revolution. When he returned he published his 'Evening Walk' and 'Descriptive Sketches.' A few years ago he received a legacy. I am not certain where it came from but some say it came from an old friend whom he nursed in his last illness. After that he devoted himself entirely to poetry. About two years later Coleridge went to them and induced them to come to this section to live. They came and last year they published 'Lyrical Ballads' in partnership. In spite of the fact that no one paid any attention to that volume they say Wordsworth is going to devote the rest of his life to literature. He has just returned from a winter spent in Germany and now he proposes to write a great philosophical poem on Man, Nature and Society. We shall see how it all ends."

"Well," said Elizabeth, "I hope he succeeds."

"He is not very popular," said her grandfather, "he has been ridiculed greatly. His poems are different from those of modern poets. He writes about nature and the ordinary affairs of daily life."

"Here we are, at home again," sang out Elizabeth. "I've enjoyed this day very much, grandfather, but how do you happen to know all about these men?"

"My dear child, I consider it my duty to know all about my neighbors," replied the Colonel.





LOCALS

May 11

If you should see a rather slight little lady with a touch of gray in her hair, whom you are not acquainted with, either in Room 203 before school or in the corridors, you will know that she is Miss Edith Knight. She comes to us from Norway, Me., where she was head of the Commercial department in the High school of about two hundred. Last summer she was the office manager at Camp Kineo.

Up in 308, there is a rather dark young lady, who is also one of the new teachers. We would make her known to you as Miss Margaret Mullen and hope that you will like her because she used to be a student here and has come back, after securing an A. B. at Trinity College and an A. M. at University of Maine, to begin her teaching here.

Miss Dunning and Miss Webster spent most of their summer vacation in Bermuda. They sailed the Monday after school closed from Halifax on the "Chalemon" Royal Mail Steam Packet and returned to St. John the first of August, coming home by automobile from St. John through Fredericton and Houlton.

Miss Cousens spent her summer at Southwest Harbor with the exception of ten days which she and Miss McSkimmon spent in Quebec and Montreal.

Miss Hutchins, head of the English department was in Springfield, Mass., for a few weeks this summer.

The first of the summer Miss Robinson was in Washington, where she had the pleasure of hearing President Coolidge

speak. Then she attended Harvard Summer school, where she took up a course in Public Speaking and got the first report card she has received since she was a student in school. We wonder how she felt when she received it. Needless to say, the rank was "A."

Once again, Arline Palmer has brought honor to Bangor High school, this time being that she again had her essay selected as the best one in Maine in the Firestone contest. We are wishing her the best of luck and hope that she may be chosen winner this year.

The lunchroom opened Wednesday, September 17, with a rushing business. There was the usual display of tempting eats.

Joseph Harold Asnault comes to us from Porto Rico, and probably has quite a number of interesting things to tell us. He ought to be quite an addition to the Commercial department, since he is a graduate of the well known Bentley School of Finance.

Mrs. Meade needs no introduction as she is a graduate of Bangor High and the wife of a Bangor dentist. She will teach French in the school. She studied at Vassar college and abroad at the University of Paris.

As a further introduction to our new teachers, we would mention that Charles W. Annabel is dark, of medium height and so good looking that he is often taken for Mr. Proctor. He has five children and lives on Kenduskeag avenue. Mr. Annabel is absolutely new to our school as he originally came from Massachusetts and has

been teaching in Pittsburgh, Pa., for the last twelve years.

Miss Margaret Estes is also a graduate of Bangor High school. She teaches Latin, having previously taught it in Millinocket. We expect to like her very much.

We all are somewhat acquainted with Miss Pauline Miller through her brother, but for the benefit of those who have not yet had the honor of making her acquaintance, we would inform you that she is a rather small person with bobbed hair, who has her home-room in 111, next door to what was Mr. Miller's home-room. Miss Miller taught in Millinocket the last part of last year and in Bar Harbor before that.

Eleven teachers have left us since spring. All are much missed by their former pupils.

Madeline F. Robinson, who helped so many of us to know how to say things in French, may be found on State street, under the name of Mrs. Herlihy.

Ella L. Pennell has taken a position in Portland High school. Portland, we congratulate you.

Annie I. Gooch was obliged to leave on account of her health before the close of the spring term. The Oracle is glad to know that she is much better.

Valentine E. Kenney, who trained so many prize-winning typists, left us to be-

come Mrs. Buckingham. She will reside in Buffalo, N. Y.

Mary Frances McCann, teacher of English, was also persuaded to change her name this summer. She is now Mrs. Kelley and lives in Boston.

Willard H. Eaton, head of the Commercial department, retired from teaching, after long and successful service. His cheery greeting, and his efficient service management of lunch room tickets, are a loss to the whole school.

Isabelle F. Frawley, who taught us Spanish, is taking a year at home for rest.

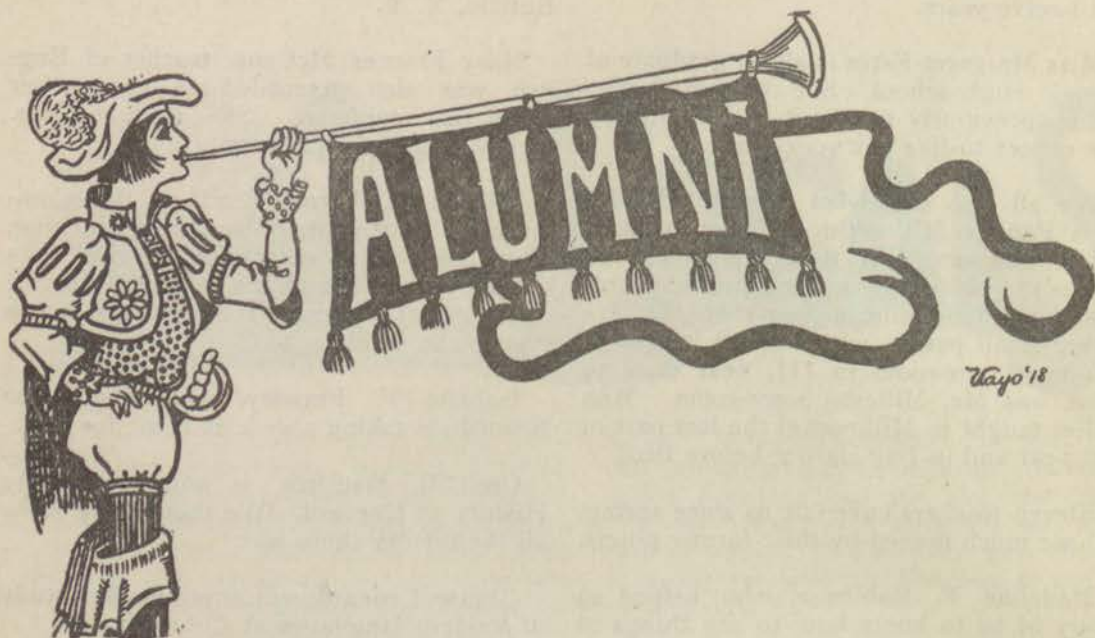
Cecil D. MacIlroy is going to study History at Harvard. We thought he knew all the history there was.

Louise Leonard will continue her study of modern languages at Columbia.

Two more of our best beloved English teachers have left us, Ruth E. Brown to go to New York, where she has taken a position in a large publishing house, and Harvey D. Miller to become instructor in English at University of Maine. We just hope they will miss us half as much as we shall them.

But while we are lamenting the loss of so many old teachers, we must not forget to welcome the new ones.





The memory of Charles Boardman Hawes, B. H. S., '07, the author, who passed away a year ago, was highly honored at a recent meeting of the American Library Association at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. At this meeting the late author's last book, "The Dark Frigate," won the John Newberry medal for 1923, for "the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children." That Hawes' fame will live is realized in the fact that his publishers offer a large prize to any one who writes a novel "worthy of continuing the Hawes tradition." The parents of this late author and many of his friends reside here.

It seems to have been a record-breaking summer for the number of marriages of former Bangor High school students. See if your name is below:

Alton G. Rowe, '17, and Miss Caro C. Trueworthy.

Frank Fell Fungler and Miss Frances Crowe, '18.

Frederick L. Downs and Miss Frances I. Pearson.

Carl C. Wheaton and Miss Antoinette Webb, '08.

Hiram Buckingham and Miss Valentine Kenney.

Austin Walsh Kenefick and Miss Helen Harrigan, '19.

Howard Graham and Sybil Weymouth, '11.

Harris Mower, '12, and Alma Eveleth, '14.

Arthur Robinson and Agnes Gibbons.

Ernest Wheeler and Helen Hanson.

Joseph McManus and Helena Sullivan, '16.

M. Frances McCann and Joseph Kelley.

Reginald Cratty and Miss Mary Hexter, ex '21.

Walter Whitney, Bowdoin, '23, another Bangor High boy, is now associate editor of Everybody's Magazine, New York.

Arthur Waterman, Jr., '23, has returned from Buenos Aires, Argentina, S. A., where he has spent the past year studying French, Spanish and Italian.

The engagement of James Mitchell, '18, to Elizabeth B. Palmer, has recently been announced.

Besides the class of '24, a large number of undergraduates have entered other schools: Frances Palmer, ex '25.....Abbott

Florence Webber, ex '26.....Dana Hall
 Grace Webber, ex '25.....Dana Hall
 Dorothy Spear, ex '25.....Abbott
 Margaret Warren, ex '25.....Abbott

The class of 1924 have passed from Bangor High school. Many of them have entered college:

Donald AllenMaine
 Clara Atwood.....Burnham School
 C. Rogers Bond.....Maine
 Harvey BoydHebron
 Margaret ChalmersMaine
 Warren CreamerMaine
 Andre CushingMaine
 George CuzzoMaine
 Vaughan DaggettMaine
 Charlotte DrummondSmith
 Henrietta FlintMaine
 Philip FriendMaine
 Keith GooginsMaine
 Robert HarriganMaine
 Boardman HaveyMaine
 Donald HuotMaine
 Kathryn Kane.....Maine
 Norris LinnellMaine
 John B. Lynch.....Vermont
 William McCarthyMaine

Elizabeth McGarrigleMaine
 Ralph MayoNorwich University
 Raymond MorrisonMaine
 Constance OsgoodMaine
 Samuel RudmanMaine
 Edward SawyerDartmouth
 Gordon StriarMaine
 Donald TaylorBowdoin
 William SnowAndover
 Donald ThompsonMaine
 Ruth ThompsonMaine
 Georgia Treat.....Savage School
 Philip TrickeyMaine
 William VinerMaine
 Julian WatermanMaine
 Raymond WorsterBowdoin
 Agnes PfaffSyracuse
 Harold O'ConnellHoly Cross
 Neal MillerExeter

Gerard P. Collins, '21, and Thomas E. Gehigan, '14, have recently been admitted to the Maine State Bar. Both are graduates of Georgetown University in the class of 1924. Mr. Collins will begin his legal work in this city, while Mr. Gehigan will practice in Washington.





We expect that Captain Tribolet will have a snappy group of cadet officers to assist him in the R. O. T. C. this year, the big reason for this being that so many students attended the various citizens' military training camps in New England and elsewhere last summer.

Thus, while Captain Tribolet has grown no shorter, and the entering class no taller, the prospects for a big military year are very bright.

The C. M. T. C. at Fort Adams, Rhode Island, offered such an attractive schedule that the following students could not resist its call:

Richard Babb,
Horace Briggs,
Marshall Garland,
Philip Gould,
Basil Ladner,
Nathan Miller,
Stanley Shannon,
Donald Tracy,
Julian Waterman.

There they had actual practice on the different guns of the coast artillery corps; namely:

10-inch disappearing carriage rifles.
12-inch disappearing carriage rifles.
12-inch mortars.

6-inch barbette mount rifles.

Besides the above training they learned how to find ranges of moving targets.

The following young men, preferring the Signal Corps, spent the month studying radio and telephone at Camp Vaeyo, New Jersey:

Norman Winch,
John Connor,
S. W. Conrad,
Murray Billington.

Ask them if they enjoyed it.

But those, whose tastes were tuned for the branches of the mobile army, trained at Camp Devens. This roster is larger than either of the other two, viz.:

Donald Finnegan,
Harold Weston,
Alison Hill,
Lee Grenier,
Robert Colson,
Thompson Berdeen,
Ambrose Bowden.

Friday, September 12, at 4 P. M., the Bangor High school band, together with the members of the R. O. T. C., formed at the Auditorium to take part in the nationwide Defense Day exercises. Many of the students, who were in the parade were assigned to various units of the Organized Reserves.



FOOTBALL.

On Monday, Sept. 8, about 35 football candidates reported to Coach Trowell at Broadway Park, and preliminary practice was started at once. The squad this year is rather light, and there are only two seasonal veterans back, but on the whole prospects are very good.

There is much promising material for both the back field and the line, and probably all of the candidates will get a chance before the year is out. In the back field, the veteran, Clayton Gary, is up to his usual form and is showing the way to all the newcomers to the team. Aaron Gotlib, the husky fullback, who saw some service last year, is back at his old position and is expected to go good this year. Ernest Turner of basketball fame, is filling in at the other halfback position opposite Gary, but is hard pressed by Roderic O'Connor, another promising candidate. At the present time "Bill" Daley and "Jed" McDonough are battling for honors at the quarterback position. Rachlin is another man who shows much promise in the back-field.

Capt. Terry Sullivan is back at his old position at tackle and is the only last year's veteran in the line. "Shank" McClay, who has seen more or less service is out and is playing end. Other promising line candidates are: Finnegan and Striar, guards; Duffy and F. Sullivan, tackles; McGinty and McGinness, ends; and "Packer" McClay, center.

Manager Epstein has arranged a very fine schedule, and says that although he re-

alizes that it is going to be rather hard on the team, he thinks it will please the student body as there are six home games.

Coach Trowell also mentioned the length of the schedule and says it will take two full teams in good condition to go through the season, and therefore he intends to give all the candidates a chance. He also says that the squad looks good to him and that prospects are fine for a successful season.

Capt. Terry Sullivan also has much confidence in his team and thinks they will come through and win most of their games. He also mentioned the fact that the team would appreciate the support of the student body, and hoped there would be many season tickets sold and large attendances at the games.

The first game with Portland is at Portland, Oct. 11, and it is hoped that there will be a large delegation go over from Bangor to support the team. Our chances of beating Portland are very good this year, and as Capt. Sullivan says, if the student body gets behind the team the chances are ten to one that we will come through with a win. Portland comes to Bangor, Nov. 1, and if we have already beaten them once we certainly can do it again.

The schedule is as follows:

Date	Team	Place
Sept. 27,	Rockland,	Bangor
Oct. 1,	Old Town,	Old Town
Oct. 4,	Portland Catholic High,	Bangor
Oct. 11,	Portland,	Portland
Oct. 15,	Old Town,	Bangor
Oct. 18,	Thornton,	Saco

Oct. 22,	M. C. I.,	Bangor	also those who received instruction from
Oct. 25,	Waterville,	Waterville	Mr. Search last year.
Nov. 1,	Portland,	Bangor	Among the veterans of last year's team
Nov. 5,	Brewer,	Bangor	are Capt. Coffin, Philip Whitman, "Dan"
Nov. 11,	M. C. I.,	Pittsfield	Kennedy, Oscar Anderson, Ernest Turner,
Nov. 22,	Lewiston,	Lewiston	Donald Pelkey, Donald Finnegan and Raymond Morrison.

TRACK.

For the last two years Bangor High school has taken up track instead of baseball, and on the whole the track team has been very successful. This year track will probably be the big thing during May and June and prospects are certainly very good. Mr. Trowell will without doubt, coach the team again this year and that means it will surely be a success.

There is much promising material, including not only last year's veterans but

GIRLS' ATHLETIC NOTES.

It is expected that the hockey season will be a big success this year as a number of games have been scheduled and already forty different girls have turned out for practice. Although we lost a number of our star players this year, we hope and expect to have others who can do equally as well.

Alice Webster, who has been elected as hockey manager, with her assistant, Marjorie Black, will secure a game to be played here during the Teachers' Convention.

She: How do you know he's in love?

He: What else would make a man absent-minded enough to put his dirty shirt to bed and jump down the clothes shute?—

A hayseed farmer was walking on a mountain road when an automobile went roaring by. The farmer had just recovered from his fright, when a motor cop dashed past, chasing the car.

The farmer wiped his brow and exclaimed, "Wal who'd a thought the durn thing had a colt."

A geometry problem. Given a rotten potato. To prove—It is a beehive.

- 1—A rotten potato is a specked 'tater.
- 2—A spectator is a beholder.
- 3—A bee-holder is a beehive.
- 4—A rotten potato is a beehive.

Why Teachers Rave.

- 1—Shall we write on both sides of the paper?
- 2—I didn't hear the question.
- 3—I studied the wrong lesson.
- 4—I wrote my theme but left it home.
- 5—I didn't get that far.
- 6—May I borrow a pencil. The other class does not have as long lesson as we do.

THE FRESHMEN.

On Sept. 15, 1924, a group of children, varying from the smallest we ever saw to the largest, entered Bangor High as Freshmen. On entering the Assembly Hall many were amazed at the size of the hall and terrified of Mr. Proctor as he slowly wended his way across the stage. Not a sound could be heard except Mr. Proctor's voice, until George Tapley tipped the seat over. Then everyone turned around to see what was the matter, but Tapley picked himself up, appearing none the worse for his misfortune. After five whole minutes the little children were on their way to their respective rooms. Soon the warning bell for the end of the first period was rung and all jumped for the door, but were compelled to sit down again, much to their disappointment. Many were lost, but were recovered before the close of school. Later they were told by their teachers that they could go home, so they walked slowly out the door with their arms full of books and with tears in their eyes, they bade the teacher good bye.

One bright student was heard to remark: "All's well that ends well," such was the end of a PERFECT DAY in the minds of the Freshmen.



This Happened in 1990.

The lecturer (L. F. W., '25), had been describing some of the sights he had seen abroad.

"There are some spectacles," he said, "that one never forgets."

"I wish you would tell me where I can get a pair!" exclaimed an old gentleman (L. Colby, '25), "I'm always forgetting mine."

A. K. H., '25, was under orders never to go in swimming. And mother meant to see that he obeyed. So one day she became suspicious.

"Allison, your clothes are wet," she said. "You have been in the water again."

"Yes, mother, I went in to save S. F. B., '25."

"My brave boy! Did you jump in after him?"

"No, mother, I jumped in first so as to be there when he fell in."

The Heroine of the Pye Cruste.

Recently the noble senior class held a picnic on Abbott Square. In the cheering section were Prescott Den-it, Jon Whyte, Fillis Skryva, L. N. Ma-Low-Knee, Allis Webbstar, Dik Bab, Pol Mahrten, Mildread Macfeeters and Willyum Walliss.

Rooth Hay See and Mayri Strete gave

one of their famous duets, impersonating a couple of bawling kids. Then there was a fight between Lee O. Whyte and R. Leen Pahmire—the decision was a draw because neither of them could hold out any longer. Next on the program was a 20-yard rush featuring L. A'Bulma, Dorruthie Eestmun, Maddileen Rite and Emm O'Townsend. Nobody won because none of them could get started.

The next event was a high jump, won by Treesa Grene, with Marshall Gahland a close second. Then Cahl Lahsun exercised his jaw and his famous you-phone-'em at the same time. That boy has some wind—if you don't believe it, just get him raving sometime, and you'll have to make him stop to give you a chance.

There was an automobile race, including everything from a little last year's Ford to Alvah Nickarson's 1927 Hudson Super-Ten! Nick ran over a butcher knife and burst one of his balloon tires. Everybody mistook the bang for the signal to depart, so the whole class left in a body, singing out (minus) class song in various keys.

And No Damages.

Mr. —: "What a wonderful view!"

Mrs. —: "You keep your eyes on the road, Clarence! You can get that view on a post card for five cents."

LATEST!

Tuesday morning, during the heavy rain storm, a horde of men, enveloped in long, yellow oilskin robes, swept down upon B. H. S. It is believed to be some secret order. A riot call was sent to police headquarters, and the marauders were promptly dispersed.

THE B. H. S.

SEC

VOLUME III

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

PRINCE OF WALES DISCOVERED IN B. H. S.

Called Himself James McGinty

A strange escapade of His Royal Highness, Edward Prince of Wales, was revealed at a hearing, held in Principal Proctor's private office, yesterday.

A young man calling himself James McGinty of Bangor, was attracting a great deal of attention among the students and faculty of B. H. S.

It appears that McGinty had stopped to chat with a member of the faculty who was regulating traffic in the corridor during recess. "Aw, bally fine mawning," he remarked. "Uh-huh! Eh, what?" responded the instructor, dumbfounded by the accent and delivery of the student. "How rude!" cried McGinty with a shudder, and walked on, highly insulted.

The faculty member, recovering his wits, hastened to the office and acquainted Principal Proctor with the incident.

One minute after the fourth period had started McGinty was summoned from the Chemistry laboratory, where he was taking a course in Chemistry from the illustrious chemist, Prof. Pennell. He was ushered into the principal's private sanctum by the efficient office boy, Dean Benson. Principal Proctor, in his usual courteous manner, started a grilling cross-examination which in a short time wrung a complete confession from the unhappy student. He stated that he was His Royal Highness, Edward, Prince of Wales, scion of the House of Windsor, and heir to the throne of England. In an endeavor to get rid of the hard luck which he had met with recently, namely, a broken collar bone while riding on horseback, a black eye

while playing polo, etc., etc., he had left his ten personal attendants, and his fifty trunks (containing mostly sport clothes), at his Alberta ranch and struck out for Bangor High school, where he intended to become a football star. One day with the squad convinced him that "discretion was the better part of valor," so he returned to the normal course of school life. He stated that he had been looking for a little excitement when he approached the faculty member.

The prince was attired in a double breasted coat of grey flannel, cut wide at the shoulders and narrow at the hips. The "Tatler" reporter estimated the bottoms of his trousers as 28 inches. He wore the brown suede oxfords, which he has made so popular among the younger element.

The "Tatler" reporter, always eager for information, asked him if the guy whose picture adorns the tin which contains Prince Albert tobacco, was any relation to him. The prince, with pardonable pride, answered in the affirmative.

LOST!

On first floor, between 8-12 o'clock Monday morning, a small, yellow puppy-dog, answering to the name of Sam Levine. Finder please return to Roderick O'Connor, official dog-catcher, and receive reward.

RUDOLPH SPURLING RETURNS TO SCREEN

Popular Screen Star Is Given Rousing Welcome.

Rudolph Spurling, world famous constellation of the silver sheet, has returned to the screen after being absent since June 15.

The popular star was besieged by friends and admirers at his private studio, Room 322. He greeted all with his cheery smile, flushing happily, and expressed his happiness at seeing his old friends again.

He was dressed in a snappy, jazzy model suit of yellow and black checked material. He wore black patent leather dancing slippers and light gray spats. A bright green, jazzy bow, which contrasted harmoniously with his blonde features, completed the star's attirement.

Mr. Spurling will start work at once on the play by Posephine Jatterson, entitled "Monsieur Backstairs." Director John Conners plans to make this the most elaborate (picture) production ever presented to the public.

LIEBERMAN AND WINCH MATCHED AT LAST!

Lloyd Colby Will Promote Great Battle.

"Manslaughter" Lieberman of South Sebec, will meet One-round Winch of Hermon Center, in a 12-round, no decision bout at Hoyle's Dirty Acres, Oct. 13, 1924, according to reports received at the "Tatler" office this morning.

Lloyd Colby, promoter of the Filpo-Pills battle, and many other classics of the squared ring, has arranged the combat after much harranguing over financial particulars. The common report is that Lieberman, the title holder, was holding out for \$1.13, making the statement that he was all through fighting for the benefit of the promoters.

TATLER

TION

OCTOBER, 1924

NUMBER 1

B. H. S. Student Makes Great Discovery

Will Revolutionize Pant
Pressing Industry.

A certain B. H. S. student, name withheld, recently discovered a device by means of which the trousers of students can be kept in constant press, thus increasing the sartorial splendor of the aforesaid student, and at the same time, eliminating the two-bet graft exacted by the Amalgamated Clothes Pressers Of America, better known as the "Pressers' Union."

The discoverer, realizing painfully, the terrible strain on the financial resources of Young America, caused by the very necessary operation of pant pressing, concentrated for weeks and weeks upon this subject, until, at last, his super intellect devised a scheme.

The whole theme of this remarkable discovery is based upon the axiom: "A straight line is the shortest distance between two points." It is applied as follows: First remove pants. Then attach equal weights to each end of the top of the trousers. Next open the top drawer of your dresser, place bottoms of pants into it and shut, thus holding the bottoms of pants secure, and the weights suspended about six inches from the floor. The pressure caused by the weights will pull the pants straight thus preserving the crease in the pants.

This scheme will, without doubt, revolutionize the pant pressing industry and the pressers are in a high state of indignation at being deprived of their means of living. At a recent meeting of the "union"

which the "Tatler" reporter attended, threats of revenge were heard muttered in an ominous undertone against the discoverer of the pant pressing device. He, however, realizes his precarious position and has hired a guard of twelve plain clothes men from "Hawkshaw" Cummings' detective agency, to protect him.

Pruneville Opera House

C. W. PROCTOR'S

Two Performances Daily.

A Dunk O' Ree,

World's Tallest Man, in a song and dance skit, entitled

"ALL BY MYSELF"

B Crowell and Palmer, in a one-act play, entitled, "GOME AND RULIET"

C "Bugs" Berger, MONOLOGIST,

Will talk till audience stops him.

D PRINCESS RAH-RAH (Better known as Anna Fairbanks),

in a wild and weird Terpsichorean Performance.

E Special Photoplay Feature, F. RETCHEN HAYES

in "THE WAMPIRE"

Sporting Section

Steve Casper, four letter man in B. H. S. athletics, has returned to his alma mater under trying circumstances.

Dwight Bassett, the second floor flash, established a new track record Wednesday morning by making the usual race course (lunch room to 322) in three second flat, thus breaking the record established by Julius Caesar in 1903.

The B. H. S. football team started the season with a bang. Aaron Gottlieb was the recipient.

NOTICE!

Robinhood and his band will play for chapel, Wednesday, Oct. 29, coming direct from a successful summer season at the Sherwood Forest Pavilion, Newport, R. I. Positively, no admittance will be charged.

Editorials

Freshmen, your sun of opportunity is rising! You are now taking your first great step in life. Success lies before you. Will you grasp it, or will you look on while the other fellow reaps the harvest?

As you wend your weary way along the flowery path to knowledge, will you lag, will you idle, will you let pleasure turn your head, or will you grasp eagerly at each wisp of knowledge, each luscious fruit of education. Now, is the time when you sow the seeds which in after life will mean your success or failure.

Learn thoroughly all that there is to learn, for knowledge is understanding. Now, is your "plastic age." Will you allow yourself to be moulded into a stoop-shouldered, weakened, shrunken being, whom people shall point at and say, "He is a failure," or will you make a man of yourself, a real man; one who, as he walks along the street, shoulders square, head erect, people shall point at and say, "There goes a man."

And when that inevitable day shall come when you shall depart from this world to realms unknown, men shall say, "He was a better man than I am, Gunga Din." Din."

Poems for Your Scrap-Book

"Try This on Your Piano."

"Ain't gonna reign no mo', no mo',"
Sang Kaiser Bill, loudly,
"My head is bare of even hair,
Where a crown once sat nobly."
"Ain't gonna reign no mo', no mo',"

In piteous tones, he wailed,
"Omnes tempore I eat or snore,
Whom once the whole world
hailed."

TRAVELOGUES.

A communication has been received from Jack Garland, the class of 1925's most confirmed wanderer. During the summer Jack motored across the Strait of Magellan to South America. He didn't care much for Buenos Aires on account of the blue laws—he says the inhabitants have to have bootleggers to get ice cream for them. Mr. Garland stepped off the continent at Cape Horn and engaged as captain on a fishing schooner bound for Italy. While there he was presented with a pink handkerchief in recognition of his remarkable bravery in secret service work, having several times refused to impart any information with which he had not been entrusted.

Later, as he was rather tired of the vampish attentions of the black-eyed Southern maids, he hopped over to France. Afterwards he left for Russia, although he could hardly tear himself away from Paris because there was a red-headed little dancer there who reminded him of Dot Clough. In Moscow, Jack's good looks attracted the favorable attention of the women voters, and he was elected Chief-of-All-the-Marshmallows. He fled from the Bolshevik stronghold when he learned that there was about to be a revolution removing him forcibly from office.

Jack next appeared in Cairo. He departed from the land of the Pharaohs and Pharaohesses after taking a good look at the Sphinx (which had a great deal more to say than have some students when called on to recite), and traveled south to New Zealand. On that island our hero met a famous explorer, who asked Jack to go to Alaska with him.

From Alaska Mr. Garland went to the North Pole, trying to discover whether or not the sun actually shines there twenty-four hours a day. He was unable to find out whether it really does or not, because he was asleep nearly all the time he was there. He writes that he will soon be in Bangor, bringing with him his beautiful, greasy Eskimo bride.

Next month's Travelogue: Prescott Dennett Tells About His Experiences in China.

Really?

"Do you know Theresa Greene?"

"No."

"Well, they are."

Microscopic.

H. D. B.: I owe all my knowledge to you.

Miss Parker: A mere trifle, don't mention it.

Oh, Yes.

Madame: Avez-vous en un oeuf?

P. F.: Oui, thank you, Madame. I've had an uff and plenty.

Translating Latin—Ow!

W. D. H., '27: Caesar led his veterinary legions into battle.

What's the X For?

Miss Du B— (after explaining geometry problem): Are there any questions?

Suffering Student: Yes, how do you work it?

Nuf Sed.

Fresh—Who left the lid off the trash can?

Fastidious Soph: I don't know. Is that how you got out.

The Ladies' Aid society on next Friday evening, will serve a supper consisting of beans and green apple pie. Immediately after the choir will sing, "Nearer, My God to Thee."

In Memoriam.

Here lies a sweet senior, Gertrude Gray;
She died maintaining her right of way,
She was right, dead right, as she sped
along—

But she's just as dead as if she'd been
wrong.

Here lies Elaine Secor, full of sin;
She played upon her mandolin,
She beat the time, one, two, three, four,
Then went where time shall be no more.

I Cannot Tell A —

Father: "I hear, my boy, that you have lately told your mother several falsehoods. This grieves me to the heart. Always tell the truth, no matter what suffering it may bring upon you. Will you promise me not to tell untruths again?"

Boy (promptly): "Yes, father."

Father: "Very well. Now, go and see who is at the door. If it's the rate collector, say I'm not at home."

Hints to Readers.

"Of all things to read,"

Said E. M., '25,

"The most absorbing
I think is a blotter."

"And for wild fiction,"

Remarked E. C., '25,

"Just read the patent

Medicine ads."

They say that the Useless Club has not yet succeeded in persuading "Useless" Copeland to have her hair shingled.

A BARBER'S NIGHTMARE.

Scene—A Barber Shop. Time—Now.

Mabel enters with two friends.

Mabel: Do you bob hair here?

Barber: Sure—French and Dutch cut, school girl bob, sheik bob, boyish bob, or pineapple?

First Friend: But think what you are doing Mabel! Indulging this passing fad!

Mabel: Oh! Oh! I'm not going through with it. (To barber) Is it going out of style?

Barber: No prospect yet. Get in or get out.

(She gets in).

Mabel: What would suit my face?

Man, waiting for a shave (in undertone): A mask.

Man, waiting for a shave (in undertone): towel.

Man, waiting for a permanent wave: And I'll drop the ether on it.

First Friend: Oh, Mabel! Your crowning glory!

(Mabel gets out of chair).

Second Friend: Don't be silly, Mabel. You've been thinking of this for two years.

(She gets back in).

Second Friend: Remember, Mabel, you'll be sorry. (She gets out).

Second Friend: Fool! (She gets in).

First Friend: Fool! (She gets out).

Second Friend: Fool! (She gets in. The men leave for another barber's).

First Friend: Fool! (She gets out).

Barber: Stop! You make me dizzy. (She gets back in. The barber finds three copies of "Fall Fashions." While the girls are deeply interested in these, he cuts the argument short). There now! How do you like that?

Mabel (bursting into tears): Oh! My

beautiful hair! Gone!

First Friend: Oh, Mabel, your crowning glory!

Second Friend: Never mind, you'll like it when you get used to it.

Mabel (to barber): You horrid brute! I shan't pay you a cent. You've ruined my hair! (She is led weeping from the shop).

Barber (collapsing): That's over! (He takes a stiff drink of hair tonic and revives).

Chorus of Feminine Voices: We want you to bob our hair. (A couple of girls' clubs enter).

Barber (wildly) I can't! Can't! It is—too—much! (With a shriek of dismay, he climbs into the hot towel machine and carefully closes opening after him).

Curtain

Heard Defense Day.

Hildred H., '27: Look, Ma, the circus has come to town; there's one of the clowns.

Mamma: Hush, darling, that's just a college freshman.

Very Good Reason.

Junior: Do you see your soph friend much?

Captain: If anything moves, shoot.

Freshie: Not lately; I lent a bunch of lunch tickets.

H. Stanhope, '25: "Why did you become a tramp?"

K. L., '25: The doctor's fault, mum. He told me to take walks after meals, an' I've been walking after 'em ever since."

Music Teacher: "If f means forte, what does f f mean?"

Edith B—: "Eighty."

L. Colby sat at the foot of a telephone pole with a tin can at his side. S. Brown, '25, glanced first at the lad and then at the can, and exclaimed, "Caterpillars! What are you doing with them, my little friend?"

"They climb trees and eat the leaves," explained the child.

"Yes?"

"And so," Colby continued proudly, "I'm foolin' this bunch by lettin' 'em climb the telephone pole."

I. The freshmen reported to school in fine trim Monday noon and think it is wonderful to be pupils of Bangor High school but we who know, think different.

II. Freshman (entering building): "Hey, Mister, where is the office?"

Mr. Proctor (laughing): "Right in that room."

Later the freshman found that the man he asked was Mr. Proctor.

III. Jack Bell, '28, came to school on a tricycle but found that Kiddycars were more stylish, so he has come on his Kiddycar ever since.

IV. Eleanor Kelliher ('28), came to school with her dolls under her arms and puts them to sleep every period.

V. Evelyn Campbell ('28), had a stiff neck from looking up to find the numbers of her rooms.

VI. Notice to Freshmen: Kiddycars are not allowed in the building.

The English teachers have assigned Aesop's Fables and other Fairy Tales for the Freshmen to read.

CURIOSITY CORNER

(Inquiries should be addressed to the Personals editor, Room 207. If she doesn't know the answer to your question, she'll make up one, somehow or other).

Q. Has the Lost Chord ever been found?—A. E. D., '25.

A. The B. H. S. radio receiving set is now trying to pick it up.

Q. What have the upper classes in common with the freshmen?—A. H., '28.

A. Egotism, brains (such as they are), and colds.

Q. What letter of the alphabet comes after A?—Freshie.

A. They all do.

Q. Do dry books improve your mind?—E. Foster (!).

A. Yes—if there's any left after you get bored to death reading them.

Q. What is the best way to have one's hair cut?—Soph.

A. Off.

Q. I went driving in the rain without chains. I woke up in the hospital. Did I skid?—Mac.

A. You did.

Q. When do you think of the best arguments in a debate?—Al '25.

A. After your speech is over.

Q. Have you bobbed hair? Do you approve of it?—M. Silsby.

A. I have. I do not.

H. D. B., '25: "I can't get any speed out of that automobile you sold me. You told me you had been arrested six times in it."

H. F. H., '25: "So I was—for obstructing the highway."

Tramp (A. Libby, '25): I never tasted better pie, ma'am, would you give me the recipe for the next lady I'm going to call on?

Captain: If anything moves, shoot.

K. D., '25: Yessum, and if anything shoots I move.

The Manualite, Kansas City, Mo.: You have a snappy little paper, full of interesting items but a better arrangement would improve it. The jokes are fine.

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