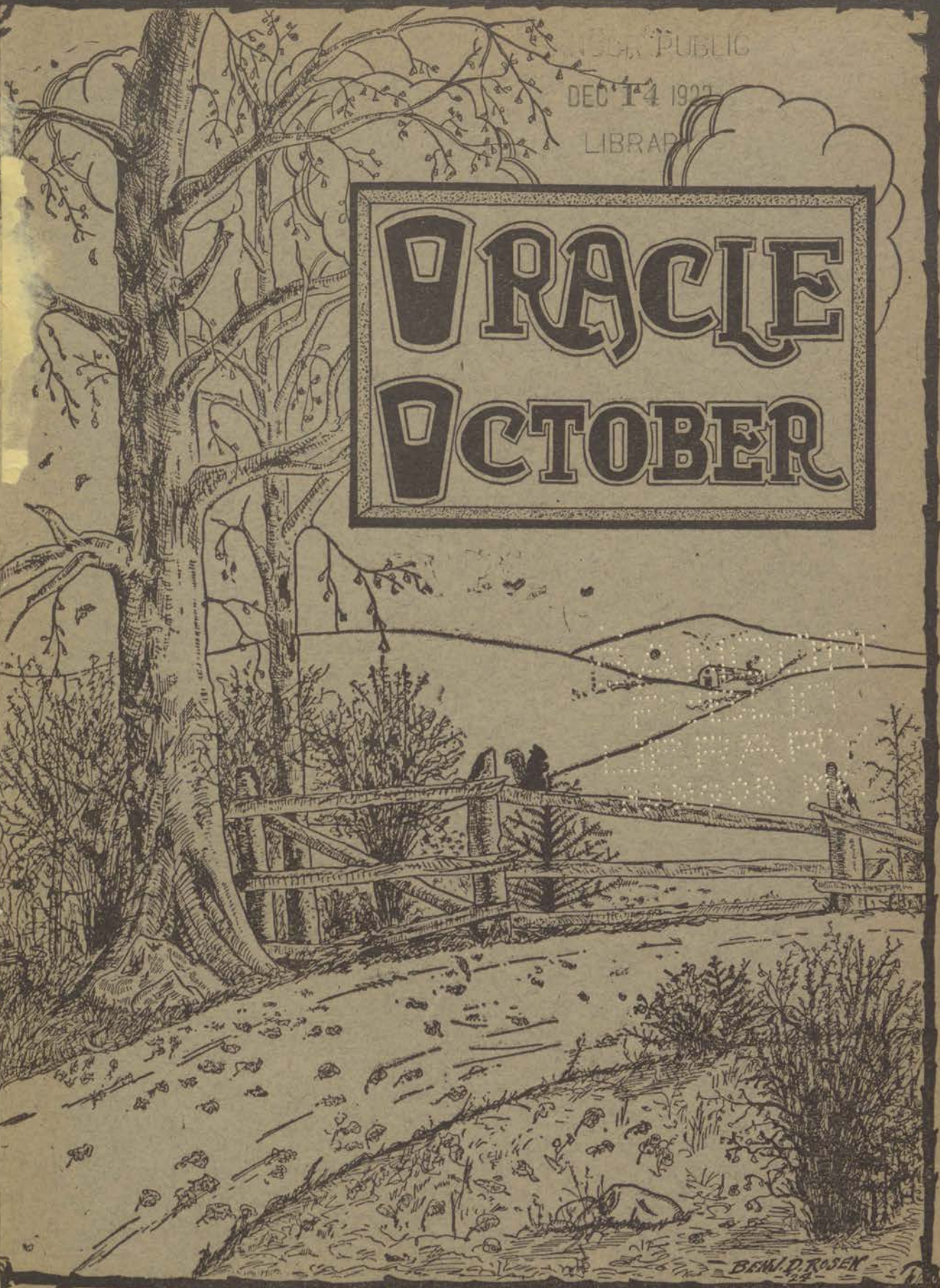


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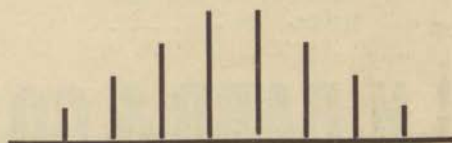


Prescriptions

Fine Chocolates

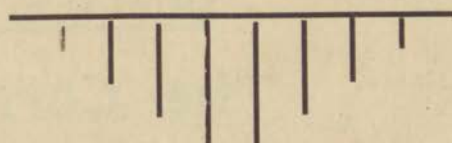
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REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION

Graduates of Bangor High School who have included Algebra to Quadratics and Plane Geometry in their courses of study are admitted without examinations.

EARNINGS

The earnings of the students for their services with co-operating firms vary from \$250 to \$600 per year.

APPLICATION

An application blank will be found inside the back cover of the catalog. Copies will also be mailed upon request. These should be forwarded to the school at an early date.

CATALOG

For a catalog or any further information in regard to the school, address

**Carl S. Ell, Dean
School of Engineering
Northeastern University
Boston 17, Mass.**

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THE ORACLE

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Bangor High School



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VOL. XXXI

OCTOBER, 1922

No. I

The Oracle Board



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Kenneth S. Field, '23

BUSINESS MANAGER

Charles H. Sawyer, '23

LITERARY

Louise M. Ayer, '23

Mary P. McManus, '24

PERSONALS

Robert Cochran, '23

Leonora E. Hall, '23

Dorothy F. Clough, '25

LOCALS

Madeline K. Heath, '23

Morris R. Robinson, '23

ATHLETICS

Walter Whittier, '23

Philip R. Cohen, '25

EXCHANGES

Roderick Hurlbert, '23

ALUMNI

Kathleen McCann, '23

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Donald R. Taylor, '24

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

Robert S. Harrigan, '24

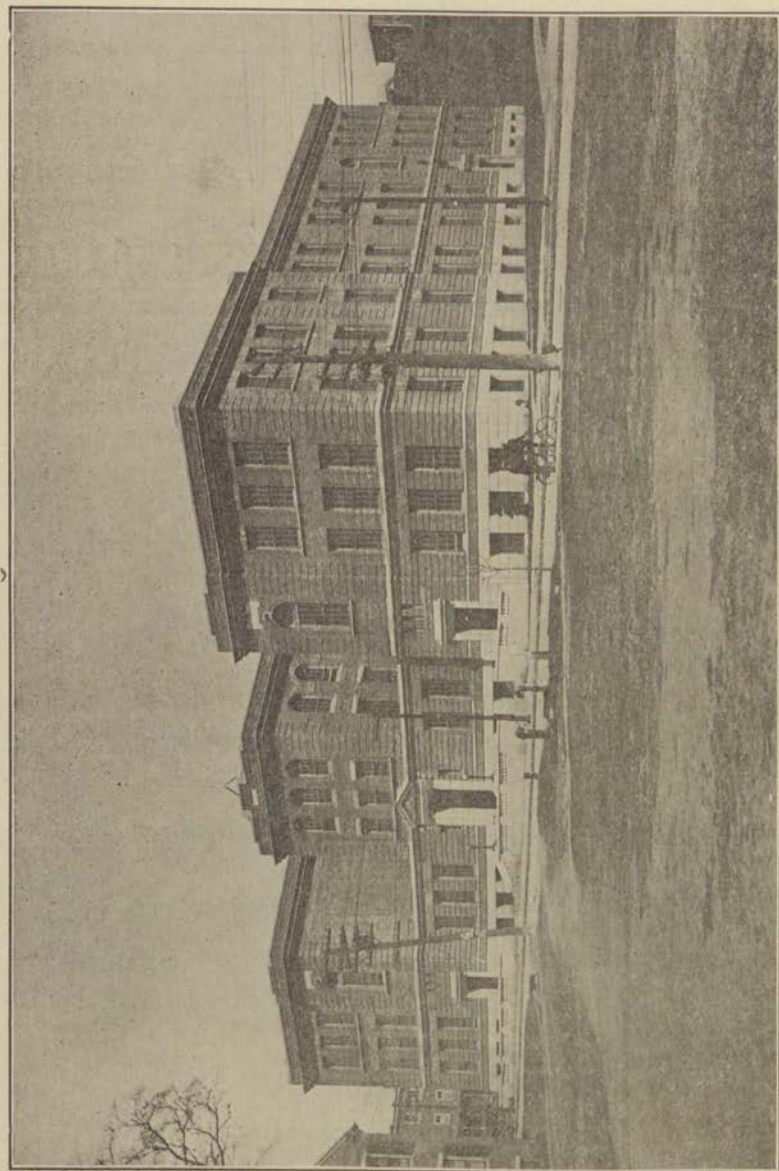
H. Deane Benson, '25

Arthur Waterman, '23

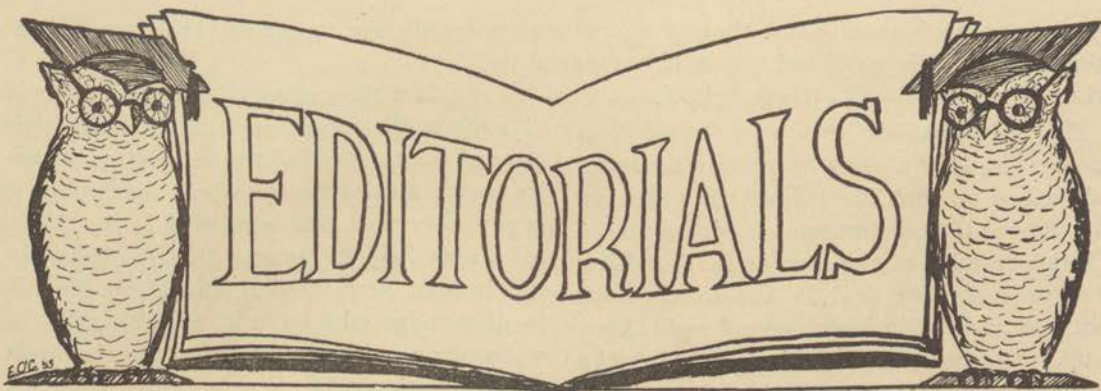
ART CONTRIBUTORS

Benj. Rosen, '24

Edith O'Connor, '23



ALMA MATER



September 11, 1922 was a great day for the High School students of this city, as a whole, but seems that the Freshmen were the happiest of us all.

The Class Of '26

They have no troubles so they are, therefore, full of pep and life, but before the spring of '26 this old stone building will, we all hope, become something more than just a novelty to them. Their faces will lose that careless smile and they will begin to realize that it is about time to look serious.

Class of twenty-six, you have left your easy school life and are now preparing for something bigger. Forget your foolish "kid" games and take this school seriously. Don't become discouraged at the little failures that you make here, but let them be lessons to you,—profit by them. You have come here not because you know everything, but because you wish to learn and prepare for the larger, bigger things in life. You will find during your next four years that most of your study and preparation for recitation will have to be done outside of the regular school hours. If you could only realize the fact that your first year, this year, is your hardest, that it makes or breaks you, because your next three years depend largely upon the foundation you obtain this year, you would gladly dig into your work.

Athletics and social activities in a school are great things, but don't let them inter-

fere with your work. Remember that you are here for work not play. Think it over and remember that you only hurt yourself here if you shirk. "Let's go." Make a name for yourselves and your class as well as for the school. Learn how to work and then, if you have time, go into the other activities of the school.

Last year it was necessary to run a story contest in the school to obtain material for **What's your paper,—not ours.** Is that **The** going to be necessary this year **Matter?** or is the student body going to help the board to make this volume, which is the school's thirty-first, one of the best ever published? The board is capable of good work this year and therefore we are not going to run a story contest unless it becomes necessary.

The Oracle box will be repaired and it will be for the purpose of any department,—not personals alone. Use it the way it was intended to be used this year,—not a waste basket. If you have any ideas that will tend to better the paper don't be backward in coming forward. Tell us about them and in that way the Oracle will be raising its standard of quality. What we want this year is ideas. Let's have them.

The other day a story, the work of a Freshman, was found in the Oracle Box. Let that be an inspiration to you upper-classmen. This year's paper is to be

wholly a school paper,—not that of a certain few. "Let's go," and make it something this year, Bangor High School.

The subscriptions this year have been good. The four classes have done well and subscribed so that the board will not have to cut down the number of copies to be printed because of the lack of funds. Now give us a square deal in the other ways that you can. You have started right, keep it up. The two sessions this year will make more work for the board, but we are glad to do our part when we know that we are having some support. This year it has been almost decided that the Oracles will be given out at the close of school at noon and at night, because the short recess does not allow time for this work.

Statisticians have estimated that with just an elementary education a young man's chance of notable success in business life is one in 41,250. **Education and Success** With a high school education it is one in 1,608. With a college education it is one in 172. There is a much closer relation than one realizes between high standing in school or college studies and success in one's life work.

Usually education is essential to success, but in some instances people are born with inherited qualities which give them a desire to succeed, and they naturally rise to the top, by ability and the training they get for themselves.

Many are no doubt spoiled by education. It is an excuse for leisure which unfits young men for the hard work they must do to achieve success. Education is not a substitute for work, it is a mere tool which we

must wisely use to get the best possible results.

It is a fact that many of our greatest men arrived at their success without the assistance of a thorough education but nevertheless with allowance for every exception, it is probably true that education is the greatest single help to success that is offered to the human race. What education does is to give those who have it, whether with or without unusual talents, a start in the great race of business life.

Nature is truly very partial, giving only a few great gifts and the majority very little. Education is not so. It is an extremely democratic thing, for everyone has an equal chance to use it to his own best advantage.

No matter what position in life's game a person is playing there is always some type of education available. The large state universities have no limitations on numbers, they are easy to enter, and expenses are small; but there are a large number, who having had to work from early youth are unable to attend a regular school. For these are provided night schools which are run by the city universities and such organizations as the Young Men's Christian Association. Then there are those living in the country districts who are unable to obtain an ordinary schooling. To meet this problem correspondence schools have been established so that courses in practically every subject are available.

Therefore in summing up we find that anyone who really wants education can get it. There is no magic about it, and no one should be without it in life's struggle for success. Unlike all inherited gifts Nature has put no limit on it.

D. T.

THE ORACLE

RECEIPTS

Received from Outstanding Bills..\$	25.80
Received from Season Tickets.....	782.40
Advts., and Cash Sales, Oct.....	244.19
Received from Subscriptions.....	5.00
Advts., and Cash Sales, Nov.....	248.93
Interest27
Advts., and Cash Sales, Dec.....	125.26
Interest33
Advts., and Cash Sales, Jan.....	190.36
Advts., and Cash Sales, Feb.....	217.26
Received from Seniors.....	131.50
Received from Seniors, Mar., and April	57.80
Advts., and Cash Sales, Mar. and April	134.82
Interest76
Advts., and Sales, May and June..	436.30
Total Received.....	\$2,600.98

EXPENDITURES

Cuts and Printing, Oct.....\$	189.16
Nov.	277.05
Dec.	229.92
Jan.	189.96
Feb.	158.00
Mar. and April	243.36
May and June	893.54
Salaries	30.00
To F. C. Chalmers for pictures	2.10
Total Expenditures	\$2,213.09
True Balance	387.89
Deficit for 1920-1921 ..\$	171.50
Balance in Bank	216.39
	\$387.89

Respectfully submitted,
 RICHARD P. DENACO,
 Bus. Mgr. 1921-1922.

Note: There were unpaid bills amounting to \$15.00 which must be paid by the 1922-1923 board, reducing the balance to \$201.39.

K. F.-C. S.



TROUBLED WATERS

By Mary R. McManus, '24

OF ALL the memories of my summer at Camp Worthy, none shall stand out more clearly in my mind, than the time I went rowing alone.

The pond looked so inviting, so smooth and calm, that I was not daunted when the girls each refused to come rowing with me.

"It's going to rain," said Meg, "You'll surely be caught in a shower."

"Yes," echoed Frances, "The pond is always calm before a thunderstorm."

The temptation became too great for me to resist, however, so I set out, keeping my own company.

The pond was like a mirror. It reflected the sky so perfectly, that I, (insignificant creature) felt that I was suspended in mid-air, between two ethereal worlds.

Suddenly the waters became rough. I rowed in vain against the tide. Great peals of thunder resounded from behind the mountains. I looked upward. The Heavens were no longer beautiful. A sinister black cloud spoiled their purity, like a single dark sin disturbs the serenity of the soul.

Then the burst came. The rain fell swift and fast, and I wondered if the angels were weeping.

Realizing that it would be useless for me to try further to reach the shore I decided to make the most of the opportunity, and to observe nature at first hand.

I dare say very few people would think of observing nature, adrift in a row boat, with no protection against the elements. But what cared I for wind or weather?

The pond was in a kind of hollow with mountains on all sides. With the rain had come a mist, which hid all but the tops of the mountains. The raindrops were so sparkingly bright, that they looked like huge diamonds, showered by a Kindly Giver to adorn this earth.

The sky was grey, and my imagination impersonated a veiled lady, whose finger tips like those of Circe's hand-maiden were dripping.

At last the veil was drawn, the sky became fair again, and once more the pond reflected its beauty then, seeing Iris' rainbow chariot, and knowing it to be a symbol that the storm was over, I rowed for shore.

The bright colors of the rainbow were just fading, when the sun appeared again. The purple and violet of the rainbow blended with the golden rays of the sun, while a pinkish tint of sky finished the harmonious effect. Only for a few minutes, did the picture stay thus, for the sun began rapidly to sink, leaving a great careless streak of scarlet and gold.

"The End of a Perfect Day," said I to myself.

"God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world."

AN EVENING WITH AN AUTHORESS

By Helen Benner, '23

OF COURSE, everyone knows of Kate Douglas Wiggin, for who has not read "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "The Village Watch Tower," "Timothy's Quest," or "Waitstill Baxter?" But not every one, perhaps, knows that a lovely old farmhouse in Hollis, near Portland, Maine, is her summer home. Twenty-eight summers she has spent there now and the scenes of over two-thirds of her famous books are laid there on the banks of the Saco.

To the townspeople she is known as Mrs. George C. Riggs, or, to her childhood friends, she is just Kate.

Mrs. Riggs is not the kind of summer resident who holds herself aloof from the little town and its activities and people. She is known and loved by all the village folk through the summer kindergarten and the Dorcas Society, which she has organized, and through her self-sacrificing participation in all the activities of the town. She has a kindly, friendly interest in all the village children. She takes special interest in the little High School in the century old Tory Hill Meeting House, made famous as the scene of her "Old Peabody Pew."

Very often, of a lovely summer evening, she "drops in" to call on her neighbors quite as casually as though she were not a celebrity. It was my good fortune to be present on one of these evenings.

A gentle knock, a cheery "Good evening,"—there was nothing formal about Mrs. Riggs' entrance. She is a charming woman of about medium height. She has soft, graying, light hair, and gray eyes. Her beautiful voice is token enough that to appreciate her stories to the utmost one must hear her read them.

Thoughts of the town's centennial exercises, to be held the next week, were uppermost in everyone's mind then, and so,

quite naturally, that was the most important topic of conversation. Both Mrs. Riggs and her sister, Nora Archibald Smith (the townspeople's beloved Miss Nora) were working indefatigably for the success of this historical event.

After a time conversation turned to kindergartens and to teachers, as it is apt to do on such occasions, for Mrs. Riggs and Miss Nora were the first women to carry kindergartening beyond the Rockies.

A certain Miss P—, who is doing kindergarten work in the slum district in New York, was mentioned. Mrs. Riggs had just heard from her, and said:

She told me of such an amusing and yet rather repulsive story of an incident in her work. One day she noticed that a certain small boy was chewing gum and spoke to him.

"Now, Patrick, you know we do not chew gum in kindergarten. Go put that in the basket."

"I can't, mum," he said. "This is Mickey's gum!"

Mrs. Riggs' has an inimitable charm in story telling. One simply cannot but enjoy it, however simple the tale may be. And, moreover, Mrs. Riggs loves to tell stories. She appreciates all the humor and pathos and beauty in the incidents of every day life.

"Quillcote," Mrs. Riggs' summer home is, of course, one of the town's show places but it is also, one of the most beautiful homes in the country. Many, many visitors come there each year.

"One of the quaintest visitors we have had at Quillcote this season," Mrs. Riggs told us, "came, oh, about six weeks ago, I think. It was one of those days when I came in from Portland completely worn out after a hard day proof-reading the screen version of 'Timothy's Quest.'"

My secretary met me at the side door as Carl drove into the yard. She told me a

gentleman wished to see me. It was super time and I was so tired I asked her to see him for me, but he seemed very insistent so, finally, I went to him. He was a queer, little old man.

'Be you the lady that writes?' he asked.

"When I told him I was he started off down the road toward a dilapidated old car which was occupied by two elderly ladies, shouting, 'Hi! Hannah! Here she is!'

So Hannah and her friend came up with him and I chatted with them a few minutes and then asked to be excused. My guests were reluctant to depart. They asked my secretary all manner of questions. Supper was waiting so we sent out a maid to relieve her. It so happened that this maid

was a young Swedish girl whom I had recently employed.

'Well, now, how many maids does she keep here?' The old man still had plenty of questions.

The girl told him.

'Are you one of them?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Are you American?'

'By adoption. I was born in Sweden.'

'Oh, you don't speak English then?'

That after she had been answering his questions for a good five minutes!"

A little more village talk and Mrs. Riggs left us with a feeling in our hearts that this was one of the red-letter days of our summer!

AN ADVENTURE

By Victorine Bailey

ONE DAY while in the country, tired of the house, I took my book and pillow and set out to find a shady nook in a corner of the old orchard. Because of the heat it seemed a relief to find a place as comfortable.

All at once I felt uneasy and found myself walking through the fields. I climbed three fences and then went into the woods. I saw many things of interest and plucked many flowers.

After walking perhaps two miles eastward I came upon a clearing in the middle of which was a rude hut where someone probably had lived, but it was evident that no one lived there then, because bushes had grown up around the hut and there was no sign of life anywhere. I looked around and discovered that there was one window on the south side. Looking through this window, I saw an open fire place, a rude table, one or two rude chairs and except for a few boughs in one corner of the room this completed the furnishing of the room.

Leaving that I walked farther into the woods. All at once I heard a noise, which seemed to be over my head, looking up, I saw two young cubs and a mother bear eyeing me furiously. I started to run, which of course was the wrong thing for me to do, and upon looking back I found that I was being pursued by the old mother bear. Of course I could not keep ahead of her very long but nevertheless I kept on. At last I came to the edge of a cliff when the bear was almost upon me and there was no means of escape, at the bottom of the cliff was a river running swiftly over a bed of rocks. I jumped and was about to plunge into the water when I felt something cold on my cheek. It was the nose of my dog, Nero, who had come out in the orchard, to find me, I suppose.

Sitting up with a start I found my book thrown carelessly to one side and my neck cramped so that it hurt to move it. I had been dreaming.

MYSTERY AND ENLIGHTENMENT

By Louise A. Cutler, '23.

RONALD Dane is quite beyond my powers of comprehension!" exclaimed Angela, indignantly. She was seated before the open fire pretending to study but in reality she was pondering over what had happened early that morning. Her brother raised one eyebrow—an art of which he was a perfect master—and inquired casually, "Had a tiff?"

Angela looked at him coldly and then sighed. "It didn't have the dignity of a quarrel; he cut me dead this morning, the worst snub I ever received."

"What for?" Tom looked more interested.

"How should I know? I was introduced to Mary Dane this morning and happened to ask her if she knew Ronald. She misunderstood me for she asked, 'Daniel Dane' and said 'No.' I didn't have time to explain because I saw Ronald coming so we started toward him. He looked at us for about a second and without a sign of recognition walked past.

"Mary looked rather queer—as if she wanted to laugh—and remarked, 'What a delightful acquaintance he must be!'

"I tried to explain but as I know practically nothing about Ronald except that he dances exceptionally well, I couldn't say much. I've never even seen his family."

Tom whistled,

"King Myst'ry and Enlightenment

Had a game of hide-and-seek,
For the King desired a Queen.

So Enlightenment dared not speak.

King Myst'ry grew impatient

As the time wore on and on—"

He broke off, as a sound next door caught his attention, and asked, "By the way, Angel, did you know that a new family is moving in next door?" Receiving a negative answer, he continued: "Mother said she saw a boy and a girl and"—breaking

off—"why this is the first of May! The poor things will be lonesome their first night from civilization; surely we ought to hang them each a Maybasket," he said, with much seriousness.

Angela looked at him in amazement. "Why, Tom, dear, you do have brilliant thoughts once in a while, don't you?" Tom nodded with great modesty. His sister continued, "Run upstairs and get the tissue paper and bottle of paste—they're in my desk."

Angela proceeded to disengage herself from the books and papers scattered about and went to the kitchen. Then a busy hour followed while Tom and Angela alternately cooked candy and made Maybaskets.

That evening with two fluffy, befrilled paper baskets filled with fudge, the two tip-toed up the steps of the house next door. Having rung the bell they ran from the steps into the arms of a boy and a girl. Tom escaped but Angela was held fast. With her heart in her mouth, she looked up and then—gasped. There before her stood Ronald and Mary Dane! Laughing, they helped the astonished Angela into the house and explained the enigmatical events of that morning.

Ronald and Mary were, indeed, brother and sister. Mary said that she and Ronald talked so much when they were together that they had decided to see which could go the longer time without speaking to the other.

Ronald explained that he had not noticed Angela, rather to that young lady's discomfort, as she thought the matter over somewhat later, but being a philosopher the "angel" decided that his invitation to the dance for the next evening was sufficient reparation and promptly forgot the unintentional slight.

ANOTHER BLUE DAY

By Helen Benner, '23.

"Lo, here hath been dawning another blue day!

Think! Wilt thou let it slip useless away?

Out of Eternity this new day hath come;
Into Eternity, at night, will return."

Phebe Marshall stood at the open window of the old tavern, the cool, fresh morning air on her face and all the joy and promise of "another blue day" in her heart. This was the last day of her vacation. It had been such a pleasant month—the long days filled to the brim with all sorts of delightful doings. Phebe intended to make the most of this one last day. A walk down the picturesque old Indian Trail, a farewell swim, a picnic lunch, a ride in the car and a jolly neighborhood dance in the big hall in the old tavern in the evening—one day was hardly long enough to do all she longed to!

As soon as breakfast was over Phebe started up the lane to find her cousins and finish making plans for the day.

The old tavern stood a little under the hill on the crest of which was the big old farmhouse where the Kimballs lived. Poor Mrs. Kimball scrubbed and churned and sewed and cared for her family. Mr. Kimball and the oldest boy worked hard in the fields and yet, the Kimballs did not "get on," somehow. There was always an empty grain bin, or flour barrel, or the need of shoes for the eight little Kimballs and there was never time for holidays. Mrs. Kimball's mother lived with them, "old Aunt Aphy," folks called her. Aunt Aphy was very lame now, but her wits were as nimble as ever, in spite of her eighty-nine years. If anyone needed cheering-up they had only to drop in and hear old Aunt Aphy tell about the old days in Salmon Falls.

When Phebe was half way up the hill

she met Mrs. Kimball coming across the field, a pail of water in each hand. Phebe stopped a moment to talk with the tired little woman and learned, in the course of the conversation, that the Kimballs had planned to go to Cornish Fair that day; but this was a busy day for all the Salmon Falls people and no one could be found to stay with old Aunt Aphy, who was too lame to be left alone. At sight of Mrs. Kimball's discouraged, disappointed face, Phebe forgot all her glorious plans and impulsively offered to stay, herself. Mrs. Kimball and all the children were overjoyed.

It was not until they had driven out of the yard that Phebe fully realized what she had done. She felt ready to cry at the thought of losing all the good times she had hoped to crowd into this one last day, but she resolutely decided to make the best of it—perhaps the Kimballs would get home early and then there would still be the evening left.

Old Aunt Aphy sat by the window in the pleasant, old-fashioned living room. That was where she loved best to sit, for the front windows commanded full view up and down the road. Phebe stopped in the kitchen to pick up the clothing the small Kimballs had scattered in their haste and to get rid of the lump in her throat. But Aunt Aphy was not to be robbed of having someone to talk to.

"Been havin' a nice vacation, have ye, Phebe?"

Phebe could do nothing but hide her disappointment and sit down and tell Aunt Aphy about all the gay times they had been having. "And I've got to go home tomorrow!" she finished resentfully.

"Well, now that's real too bad. You haven't seen half the sights yet. Just for instance, you see that block there?" Aunt

Aphy pointed to a block of granite about two feet high in the Wells' meadow across the road.

Phebe nodded and Aunt Aphy was started on the stories of the past she loved to tell about.

"Didn't know there was a date on it, did you? Well, there is. February 17, 1837, That block might have been the cornerstone of the great mills that were built, instead, in Lowell and Lawrence, Mass. 'Twas just an accident. Salmon Falls was a thrivin', growin', town then. There was ten stores, two sawmills and up at the turn in the road the old Gupper Block, where the shoe factory was. 'Taint even a village, today but I don't know but 'twas better this way. Folks are more neighborly, and they're happier today. 'Twas because Aaron Lambe had cruelty and suspicion in his heart that the mills never were built here. Folks would've called Aaron a promoter today. Sixty years ago this spring he came down here and wanted to build the mills. Silas Locke was runnin' the tavern then and 'twas a good business, too. The Saco stage used to put up there each night and 'twas on the main road, anyway. Well, Silas owned 'most all the land along the river bank from here to the Point and that was where they wanted the mills. Aaron was so sure folks would sell he built him a place on the top of the hill and put that stone over there to mark the beginning of the mills.

No one ever knew just what 'twas but something happened one night at the tavern that made Silas vow he'd never sell an inch of his land to Aaron. Silas was dead in earnest about it and pretty mad, too. Aaron was mad but he treated the vow as a kind of joke and still staid on hoping that Silas would change his mind.

One day, my older sister and I went down by the Lambes' place ('twas right next the tavern). I was only six but I remember that day as the biggest incident

in my childhood. As we came by the Lambes', we heard Aaron talking. His voice was shrill and his face red he was so mad. "Carolus," his negro, stood before him. He was only a boy but Aaron expected a man's work from him and now he was accusing him of stealing supplies and planning to run away. Carolus was sullen and scared and wouldn't confess he did it. At last, Aaron got so mad he took up a horse whip and began to beat Carolus with it with all his might. Then Ann and I started up the road as fast as we could go. We got up to the tavern and met Silas Locke. We, told him and rushed down to Lambe's. He didn't know it but Ann and I slipped back after him. Aaron didn't see him comin' and Silas wrenched the whip out of his hand before he knew it. Carolus got out of the way as best he could and hid somewhere. Silas stood over Aaron, the whip in his hand.

'Now, you can take that punishment and see how you like it!'

Aaron was scared. His face got white and he trembled a little.

'You wouldn't do that, now, Silas. A man's got to punish his nigger. That's different.'

'Not a bit! A black boy is far better than a yellow coward like you. Think we want a child-beater like you down here buildin' up mills and employin' our folks? Guess not! Get out of town on the next stage and stay out, or I'll whip you within an inch of your life!'

Aaron went that noon. He took his family with him and never made any explanations to anyone. Silas never told anyone and Ann and I kept our secret so no one really knows why the mills weren't built here, 'ceptin' me—and you!"

Aunt Aphy had a happy day. A patient, interested listener was all she needed to make her happy, for all her thoughts were on the dead, dear past.

The Kimballs came about six, tired but happier than they had been before in a year. Phebe hurried down the hill to the tavern just as the sun slipped down over the Ossipee Hills. For the second time that day the lines from the beautiful poem were in her mind.

"Think! Wilt thou let it slip useless away?" She thought that, perhaps, after

all, she had derived the most pleasure she could from her day. Aunt Aphy's stories were entertaining and she had learned much about the old Salmon Falls. Then, too, the happy light on Mrs. Kimball's face, alone, had been worth it all. No, her wonderful blue day had not slipped away useless and there was still one last glorious evening before her!



Louise M. Ayer, Literary Editor

It is quite evident that there is a three-fold purpose in having a literary department in the Oracle; firstly, it is a benefit to the school; secondly, it is a benefit to the pupil; thirdly, it creates interest in literary work.

The reputation of our school is largely dependent upon the kind of work the students produce. In fact, it may be judged entirely by the comparatively few pages of the school paper. Therefore, it is your duty to exert every possible power to make the paper educational, uplifting, and, at the same time, interesting.

Quite often students are given topics to write upon; but their knowledge is so limited that they are obliged to resort to the

library for information. Surely this is a benefit to any student to be given such a task, moreover, he should consider himself fortunate for having been chosen for, "a well-developed mind is nature's greatest gift."

If those who are naturally gifted in the literary line would kindly submit some of their choice bits of material, it would undoubtedly create sufficient friendly rivalry to supply the department indefinitely.

The members of the different departments will do all in their power to make this year's Oracle the best in years; but they must have the interest, enthusiasm, and cooperation of every student to produce satisfactory results.



A large number of the class of 1922 are enrolled this fall in higher institutions:

Baldwin, Virginia	Colby
Barakat, George	Harvard
Bean, Carleton	Bowdoin
Brown, Dorothy	Lasell Seminary
Campbell, LeRoy	Harvard
Clough, Elizabeth	Mount Holyoke
Corning, Howard Jr.	Harvard
Coyne, Robert	Georgetown
Davis, Charles	Bowdoin
Denaco, Richard	Bowdoin
Dowst, Henry	Bowdoin
Gordon, Franklin.....	N. E. Con. of Music
Grant, Luvie	Farmington Normal
Hurlburt, Marion	Defiance College
McGary, Donald	Coburn
McLeod, Robert	Coburn
Miller, Emily	Sargent
Murray, Marguerite M....	Lasell Seminary
Nutter, Hazen	Bowdoin
Patten, Ester	Abbot
Patten, Eugenia	Vassar
Prescott, Edward.....	Eastern School of Music
Rideout, Darthea	Leland Powers
Ryder, Evelyn	Farmington Normal
Smith, Ruth	Farmington Normal
Spurling, Marion	Castine Normal
Stanley, Ella	Castine Normal

Sullivan, Margaret	Simmons
Weiler, Arleen	Farmington Normal

Such a large number of the students are planning to attend the University of Maine that they have a place by themselves:

Anderson, John
Atwood, Paul
Baker, Franklin
Bell, Walter R.
Berson, Maurice
Blethen, Paul E.
Burns, Robert
Clark, Frank T.
Cleary, Josephine
Cohen, Ada
Everett, Faye
Gillen, Madeline
Graffam, Pearl
Greely, Ethel
Harris, Joseph
Hutchins, Robert
James, Wilson
Jones, Clyde
Kane, Maurice
Kelly, Irving
McLaughlin, Christine
Maddocks, Warren
Mann, Sylvia
Morrison, Frank

Noddin, Harold
 O'Connell, Kenneth
 Raichlin, Samuel
 Rollins, Willis
 Sawyer, Simear
 Somers, Vernon
 Stevenson, Clifford
 Street, Malcolm
 Thompson, Ester
 Walsh, Edward
 Wheeler, Gerald
 Willert, Frances
 Worcester, Embert

Besides the class of '22 a large number of the familiar faces of the undergraduates are missing. The following have joined other schools:

Bragg, Helen, ex-'23Lincoln School
 Fowle, Helen, ex-'23Winchester High
 Fogg, Elton, ex-'24Coburn
 Parker, Edwin, ex-'25Hebron
 Mason, Donald, ex-'24Hebron
 Odiorne, Charlotte, ex-'24Gracie
 Sawyer, Maxine, ex-'24Walnut Hill

Harold Green, John McCann, James Mitchell, and John Vose, former students of the B. H. S. are attending the Harvard Law School this year.

Many friends wish success to Oliver G. Hall and Miss Helen Small of Bar Harbor who were united in marriage in that town on September 8. Mr. Hall graduated with the class of 1916.

Fred Eaton '17 and Miss Analaiide Chalmers of Pittsfield were married in that town on September 7.

The engagement of Miss Frances Leonard '20 to Carl Catell '16 was recently announced at a party given at Miss Leonard's home.

Miss Marjorie Driscoll having completed

her course at the Pratt Institute has taken up her duties of librarian at the High School.

Miss Pauline Miller has gone to Bar Harbor where she has a position with the faculty of the Bar Harbor High school as head of the English department. Miss Miller graduated with the class of 1917.

A great deal of success is wished Miss Winifred McIsaac, a member of the graduating class of last year, who will teach dancing in Orono and Old Town this winter.

Miss Rosemary Allen, '21, a former student at Jackson, will attend the Emerson School of Oratory the coming year.

Miss Doris Bowles, '21 has entered Jackson, Tufts College, and Merrill Bowles has entered the University of Pennsylvania.

Miss Ella Hicks, '21, who graduated from the Forsythe Dental School has taken a position with Dr. Briggs of this city.

Frank Gillen '17 has taken a position with the government in Washington.

John White, ex-'22, who left high school to enter Worcester has now entered Coburn.

Miss Pauline McAlpine of Bangor, has gone to Monticello where she has accepted a position as a teacher of the graded school. Miss McAlpine graduated from Bangor High School with the class of 1922.

The Misses Miriam Hall, Elizabeth Robbins, and Margaret Simpson, all of the class of '21 entered Wellesley College this fall.

Bernard Russell, a former student of Bangor High school and a member of the High school band, has taken a position with a New York orchestra, which is at present making records for the Columbia victrola people.



LOCALS

Marjorie R. Driscoll is a B. H. S. alumna whom we cordially welcome back, as librarian. She has attended Pratt Institute where she won all sorts of honors and her smiling face and efficient training will make the library, as ever, a favorite spot for students to frequent.

Friday morning, Sept. 15, we held our first assembly. This year the three upper classes are able to meet together, which is quite an improvement over last year's arrangement.

As has been the custom in past years, this first assembly was given over to the Oracle Board. We spelled Bangor the long way led by Phil Cohen and then listened to a speech from our business manager Charles Sawyer, who told us that we, as well as the advertisers, must help support the Oracle financially. Louise Ayer spoke in behalf of the literary department and gave us some ideas as to what kind of stories will be acceptable. Robert Cochrane asked the aid of the student body for making the personal department what it should be this year. Kenneth Field, our editor, called upon our school spirit, saying that each and every one must get behind the board and do his or her share of the work in order to make this the best and finest paper ever.

We regret that some teachers who were with us last year are not back to teach in our school this fall. In this number are: Miss Vivian Skinner, instructor of mathe-

matics, who has accepted a position as teacher in New Bedford, Mass., Mr. Leland Whipple, former teacher of chemistry, who is now managing the Bangor Radio laboratory; Miss Hope Buxton, for the past year instructor of expression, who is now teaching the same subject at the University of Oklahoma; Mr. Alden Hayes, mechanical drawing instructor, who is to become superintendent of schools in Woodstock; Mrs. Herbert Scribner, formerly Miss Ethel Harrigan, head of the Household Arts Department, who has left the teaching profession; Miss Lena Perkins of the English department, who has returned to teach at Oxford, where she formerly held a position; Miss Leota Jacobson, also of the English department, who has accepted a position in Nashua, N. H.; Miss Pauline Aiken, for the past year our school librarian, who will shortly make a trip to Pennsylvania with relatives; Miss Marjorie Hornung, instructor of English, who has gone to New York, where she is taking advanced college work, and also doing a little teaching. Mr. Stanley M. Spratt, teacher of mathematics and former assistant coach of the football team; Mr. Lloyd Wiles, instructor of mathematics, who has gone to New Hampshire; Mr. Otis H. Ginn, who had charge of the machine shop and who is now foreman at the Union Iron Works.

We are all glad to have Miss Bernice Dunning back at school again as instructor

of mathematics. Miss Dunning has spent the past year in travel throughout the western part of our country and Mexico, and in advanced study at Columbia.

Mrs. Margaret Carroll we welcome back, after a year's absence. Mrs. Carroll is an alumna of B. H. S. and U. of M. She always made English a joy and her classes will doubtless still find it so.

This year, due to a change of schedule, our faculty has been increased by a number of new teachers.

Miss Helen Harrigan, a graduate of B. H. S. and U. of M., is teaching in the department of Household Arts. Miss Harrigan is a capable instructor and her classes are sure to benefit from her teaching.

Miss Dorothy Butterfield, as teacher of expression makes us feel that study in this subject will prove most interesting and satisfactory this year. Miss Butterfield, whose home is in Brooklyn, received her training at the Leland Powers School, Boston, and has taught at the Washington State Normal School.

Miss Louise Leonard of Bangor, who has recently taken her M. A. in French, is teaching the same subject here at High school. All who study of Miss Leonard are sure to find their course interesting.

Mr. E. C. Megguier comes to us as a teacher of mathematics from Oxford High school where he has been principal for the past few years. At present, Mr. Megguier has a freshman home room. We hope that they appreciate you, Mr. Megguier.

We welcome Miss Annie L. Roney, for many years a teacher at the Hannibal-Hamlin Grammar school, to our faculty. Miss Roney is teaching English. How glad her former pupils were to see her!

Miss Harriet H. Wentworth is the name of a business-like instructor who is teaching mathematics at B. H. S., this year, and those who study under her are sure to learn. Miss Wentworth has formerly taught at the Somerset private school.

Mr. James K. Pennell, a stern and sober man with a twinkle in his eye, is teaching Chemistry. Mr. Pennell is a graduate of B. H. S., and U. of M. Your classes are sure to like you, Mr. Pennell.

Mr. Ross, a Bates alumnus was formerly a superintendent of schools, until a period of ill health kept him out of the educational world. He returns to his profession this year and will teach mathematics to B. H. S. students. We'll try to learn of you, Mr. Ross.

That large, pleasant looking man in 103 is Mr. Howell A. Potter. He hopes to bring Mrs. Potter to Bangor soon, and settle here. We hope to hear his daughter play sometime, for she is a student of the harp and will soon give a recital in Boston. His son, a graduate of Dartmouth, is with the Eastman Kodak Co. Mr. Potter himself has taught for a number of years in New Hampshire and is a graduate of New Hampton Literary Institute and Commercial college.

Mr. Byron W. Barker comes to us as a teacher of English after considerable experience in teaching in Massachusetts, New York, and Maine. He is a graduate of Clark University, Worcester, Mass. Like most young men he is a veteran of the World War, having been overseas twelve months, largely on the Meuse-Argonne front, 82nd. Division. Like the rest of the veterans he won't tell about his experiences.

The man who can make the machines run, and incidentally show the boys how to run them is Mr. William E. Russell. He is a graduate of the Worcester, Mass., Boys' Trade school, in which he taught for two years. Mrs. Russell and their sixteen-years old daughter are still in Worcester.

In Mr. Hayes' place we find Mr. Arthur Hauler. He is not new to us, having taught manual training in Bangor last year. Mr. Hauler has a merry twinkle in his eye, as if he found life pretty good fun. He is a

graduate of N. H. State College at Durham.

We are very sorry to learn that Mrs. Dorothy K. Chasman, who will teach English, is ill and will not be able to assume her duties until a later date. Miss Ruth Chalmers, however, a member of last year's faculty is ably taking her place.

Miss Annie J. Gooch is the pleasant looking teacher in 301. She is teaching Commercial arithmetic and penmanship.

Miss Bina J. Currier comes to us as an instructor of English. She studied at Dexter high school and Bates college. She has previously taught at E. M. I., Corinna, Union A., and at Mattawamkeag high school.

The typewriting room over which Miss Kenney presides in the forenoon is under the direction of Miss M. Alyn Harmon in the afternoon. Miss Harmon's home is in Bowdoinham, Maine, and she was graduated from Bridgewater, Mass., Normal School, and afterward from the Bryant and Stratton Commercial College. Before coming to Bangor, Miss Harmon taught in the Maine School of Commerce, Auburn.

That tall, broad-shouldered man whom we see in the Physics laboratory assisting Mr. Varney, is Mr. Andrew E. Strout, a graduate of Portland High school, and of U. of M. Mr. Strout won letters at college both in track and football and was on the varsity eleven. Besides teaching in 313 he will assist M. Trowell in coaching the football team.

If you look into 103 during the forenoon session you will see Mr. Clarence H. Drisko supervising the Mechanical drawing. Mr. Drisko's home town is Columbia Falls and he is an alumnus of U. of M. He has taught in Franklin and in Vanceboro before coming to Bangor.

One of the many changes the summer vacation has worked in Bangor High is the division of the school into two sessions. All the Freshmen, following the proverbial freshman ill luck, attend the afternoon

session from 12.15 to 4. Sophomore Commercials also attend this session.

The Upper Classmen attend a morning session of five periods beginning at the usual time and ending at twelve o'clock. The change was made necessary by the increased number of pupils, there being in all classes 1320 the greatest number ever enrolled in Bangor High.

We have a new superintendent of schools this fall, Mr. Albert E. Garcelon. He came from South Paris, Maine, to take the place of Mr. True C. Morrill who is Superintendent of Schools in New Bedford, Mass.

We liked Mr. Morrill and we shall all like Mr. Garcelon no less for he has a twinkle in his eye that speaks well for his getting on with young people.

A change has also taken place in the Military Department. Colonel Casper W. Cole has retired after twenty-four years in the United States Army and Captain Parks, it is announced will take his place.

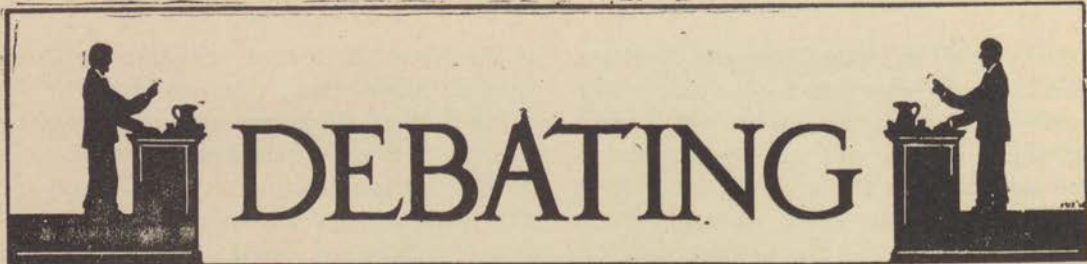
The new officer is not expected to come until November and in the interval Major James of the University of Maine is in command.

The military organization this year will include all second year men and any third and fourth year men who volunteer. It is expected that an exhibition drill will be presented at the Teachers' Convention which occurs this year October 25, 26, 27.

On Tuesday evening, September 19, the famous organization known as the Bangor High School Band held its first meeting of the year.

While the Band will miss the members who graduated last June it is expected that Mr. Whipple who has taken charge for a short time although no longer a member of the faculty, will be able to mould a splendid band out of the material at hand.

On the first floor what was formerly the girls' locker room has been made into a Band Room for the use of members of the Band and Orchestra.



Debating, one of the great necessities of a person's education is now being taught in Bangor High school class rooms. The following briefs are taken from the Senior English classes.

Affirmative Brief

The City of Bangor should obtain a water supply according to the plan proposed to the city government.

Introduction.

1. Bangor should get the water supply from Phillips Lake was the plan.
2. This plan would be very expensive.
3. We shall prove:
 1. Bangor needs a new water supply.
 2. Phillips Lake is the best source.
 3. Bangor can afford it.

Body of Brief:

1. Bangor needs a new water supply because
 1. It will make the people's health of Bangor better.
- II. Phillips Lake is the best source, because
 1. The water is purer.
 2. The clear water would be easier to filter.
 3. The water is among the hills and it makes it cooler.
- III. Bangor can afford it, because
 1. The taxpayers can pay more taxes.
 2. The business men of Bangor can help.
 3. Bangor does not do much construction work and can spend some of it for the water supply.

Conclusion:

Therefore we have proved that:

1. That Bangor needs a new water supply.
2. Phillips Lake is the best source.
3. Bangor can afford it.

We conclude that it would be best for Bangor to take Phillips Lake for the water supply.

By Raymond Peavey.

Debating

Resolved: that Bangor should adopt the recommendations for a new water supply embodied in Engineer Thorpe's report.

The above proposition was the cause of a lively debate between the following teams of Div. N, Senior College English:

The first speaker on the affirmative, Mr. Lobley, gave a very clear account of what his team intended to prove.

The first speaker for the negative, Mr. Kamenkovitz.

The second speaker for the affirmative, Mr. T. Largay.

The second speaker for the negative, Mr. W. Largay.

The last speaker for the negative, Mr. Fairbanks.

The last speaker for the affirmative, Mr. A. Sawyer. He gave a very concise summary of what his team had proved.

Mr. Miller, the judge, gave the decision to the affirmative first, because of their first and last speeches given by Mr. Lobley and Mr. Alden Sawyer, respectively; second because the negative argued the admitted fact that the cost would be a million and a half. Also each of them argued the same points.

Mr. Miller also stated that the form and manner of the speakers was above the average considering this their first attempt.

By M. Clapp.

Div. N. Debating

The fourth period class, Division N. debated the question:

Resolved that the class of 1923 should go to Washington instead of having the usual graduation exercises and social functions.

Leonora Hall was the leader of the affirmative side and was assisted by Elizabeth Collins and Freeman Murray. The negative argument was upheld by Robert Cochrane as leader, the other speakers being Frederick Fogg and Isobel Dow. The class was fortunate in securing Mr. Miller as judge. William Purington acted as chairman.

Miss Hall as first speaker of the affirmative, brought out the idea of the educational benefit to the student of such a trip and presented a very good argument. The first speaker of the negative, Mr. Fogg, stated that the trip would be financially impossible and gave some good reasons. He also brought out the point that the omission of the graduation exercises would be a great disappointment to the parents. Miss Collins as second speaker of the affirmative, argued that the trip would stimulate ambition in the students. The second speaker for the negative, Miss Dow, mentioned the difficulties on the railroads and also the fact of the expenses being too great. An intermission of one minute was announced after which followed an open discussion for five minutes. Mr. Cochrane, the third and last speaker for the negative, argued that the opportunity of graduating from B. H. S. came only once, while one could visit Washington almost any time. The final speaker of the affirmative, Mr. Murray, gave several statistics to show that a trip to Washington would be no more expensive than the usual graduation exercises.

Mr. Miller announced that the arguments were nearly equal, therefore he awarded the decision to the negative by default.

By Gleason Rand.

Class Debate

The first class debate in Senior College English, Division A, was held in Room 208, on September 21. The question was, Resolved, That school credits should be given to pupils for outside work in music or art.

Kathleen Haviland, the chairman, opened the meeting by stating the proposition.

Walter Whittier, the first speaker on the affirmative, gave a very good introduction, clearly defining what was meant by "outside work."

The first speaker on the negative was Louise Ayer. She gave many convincing points; that, 1. Some have to work their way through school and have no time for outside work in music; others have no talent. 2. It is not fair to give outside credits because some will graduate with many points not won in studies.

Jessie Garland, the second speaker for the affirmative stated that music was necessary for culture and that it took as much care to study music as any one language or science.

Madeline Heath, as the second speaker on the negative side, said that anyone who really wished to, would take lessons regardless of credits.

A rebuttal followed, in which Walter Whittier, Louise Ayer, Jessie Garland, and Madeline Heath took part.

Ethel Mackie was the third speaker for the negative with Anne Clark as last speaker on the affirmative.

Mr. Miller, the judge, gave his decision to the negative because their arguments presented the best arrangement, especially those of Miss Ayer. He also commended the good rebuttal given by those of the affirmative.

By Florence M. Kirk.



FOOTBALL.

The Portland game is only a few days off. You know what that means. The Portland game is the game of the year, we simply can't lose it. It's up to the student body to help win it. The football team has been putting in some stiff practise in preparation for it, every man on the squad is going down to Bass Park with the determination that if he is called upon, he will give everything that he has to help Bangor win. The least that you can do is to give them your support. This doesn't mean just to go down and watch the game, and offer criticism when the team isn't gaining. It means that you must cheer; when the cheer leaders call for a cheer, give it. You were given vocal organs, **use them**. If any student leaves the field without having yelled his loudest he hasn't done his duty to the school and the team. And, furthermore, march down to the field with the student body, for you have no school spirit if you do not.

The call for candidates was issued Tuesday, September 12. Coach Trowell gave the men a preliminary lecture then, the suits were issued the next day, and practise began soon after. Twelve letter men turned out for practise, Captain Casper, Colburn, Janneson, Noddin, Lynch, Gary, Conners, Bond, Murray, Curran, Sawyer, Strout. The first scrimmage was held Tuesday, September 19.

"Eddie" Trowell is acting as coach this year. eH is assisted by Mr. A. E. Strout a member of the last year's varsity team of the University of Maine. Thus an exceptionally fine coaching staff is assured.

Track

Is track a dead issue in Bangor High? There was a time when Bangor High turned out track teams that were superior to any other in Maine. But times have changed, and the school now is not even represented by a track team. We do not believe that interest in track is dead. Something should be done to revive it, if it is. A movement should be started to have an indoor track team to represent Bangor at the Bowdoin meet, and to have an outdoor track team to represent the school at the two state meets next spring.

Football Schedule

- Sept. 23, Brewer at Bangor.
- 26, Higgins at Bangor.
- 30, M. C. I. at Bangor.
- Oct. 4, M. C. I. at Pittsfield.
- 7, Millinocket at Bangor.
- 14, Portland at Bangor.
- 21, Higgins at Charleston.
- 28, Waterville at Waterville.
- Nov. 4, U. of M. (second) at Bangor.
- 11, Caribou High at Bangor.
- 18, Portland at Portland.
- 30, Brockton at Brockton (pending).

PERSONALS



Mother's Attention—Freshman Prize Contest

Professor Varney's Laboratory on the third floor has been fixed this summer for the Lilliputian Bazaar which will be opened November 20, 1922.

"The greatest thing on earth"—a freshman.

A Freshman Bonnet will be presented to

1. Lightest freshman under 10 years.
2. Heaviest " " " "
3. Lightest freshman over 11 under 12.
4. Heaviest " " " "

Miss Katherine Smith, District Nurse, will be in attendance and will address the mothers on the care and proper feeding of Freshmen.

Freshmen can be taken to the department in their carriages via Dugan's rapid transit elevator.

Statue Law, as everybody knows is written Law.. When asked what Statue Law was, a bright young sophomore answered: "When a man conquers a section of land he puts a statue of himself up and this is Known as Statue Law."

Mrs. C.: "Name three kinds of sentences."

Mr. J. Williams, '24: "Three kinds of sentences are, Declarative, Exclamatory, and Inquisitive."

Mother: "Johnny why are you giving Louise yeast cakes?"

Johnny, sobbing: "She swallowed a quarter and I'm trying to raise the dough."

Ikey Colburn, '23, is described as a player with a snappy line of chatter. All's well that goes well with Ikey, in a game especially.

We wonder why Bill Seavey likes Solid Geom. He's sure a shark.

Sung by L. Colby, '25: "'Till my trousers meet my shoes again." Don't miss it.

The boys are being taught dancing. Music by R. Wilson, '24. — — Some music!

Mme. B: Miss R—, what is the meaning of enferme?"

Miss R—, '23: "Shut up."

Here's A Good One

A dollar and a penny met. The penny had a bright, clean face, but the dollar was dirty but proud.

"You think you are gold, but you are only cheap brass," said the dollar.

The penny replied, "I am what I am, and claim to be no more."

The dollar swelled up with pride and said, "I am patriotic, I am trustworthy, I have the emblem of Liberty on my bosom and the United States Government has placed these words on me, 'In God We Trust.'"

After a little thought the penny answered, "I grant you all that, but I go to church oftener than you do."

—Stanley's

EDITORIAL

The Tatler enters Bangor High with a mission to help along the trials and hardships of the Personals Editors and the management of this paper is desirous to place before his patrons a news sheet of metropolitan quality on small town material. Whether or not this paper will meet the approval of the Oracle readers we hope to soon determine; and if it is so the pleasure of our readers, we hope to continue with the publication of this miniature paper. That everyone will find a little interest in the columns of its pages and that the Tatler may be a feature of future Oracles, is the ambition of its editors. Readers are asked to take everything on the pages as seriously as they were written and any contributions will be given prompt attention if dropped in the Oracle Box and marked "Tatler." Lost and Found items and topics of general interest will receive attention. Send in your stuff, and don't fail to see the trained seals as you pass in on the right.

BIG BEAUTY CONTEST WILL FEATURE NEXT MONTH'S TATLER

SEND IN YOUR PHOTO

Everyone is urged to get in on the ground floor of the Tatler's big Beauty Contest which will open next month. There will be two prizes, one for the boys and the other for the girls. In order that the contest will meet the approval of all, each entry will be given individual attention by the Beauty Contest Editor and the Judges will also be extremely considerate in offering the prizes.

Photographs should be mailed to the Beauty Contest Editor of the Tatler and should be accompanied by postage for return. Winners will be announced in the following edition of the Tatler. The prizes for the contest will be a quart of Vermilion Red ground in oil, for the girls and a pair of Golf stockings flounced with pink ribbon for the boys.

Too Late for Classification LOST

Several notes while giving concert at chapel.

Reward for return to
B. H. S. Band.

LATE LOCAL LINES

Friends of Johnny Williams will be glad to learn that he recited in class one day last week.

A small boy, believed to be a member of the freshman class was found wandering on the third floor about six o'clock after the first day of school. Owner may have the same by calling at the Tatler office.

A slight explosion at the chemistry Lab attracted much attention during the first week. It was found that one ambitious chemist had too many elements in his compound or something like that, and was immediately excused for a visit to the tailor shop.

OLD SONG COLUMN

The Tatler will print each month a copy of many of the old and forgotten favorites and subscribers are asked to write in to the Old Song editor for any of the old timers that they would like to see. The first of the forgotten pieces will be in next month's Tatler and will be "All Hail to Bangor High."

TATLER

TIDE

Wet today.

All day.

OCTOBER, 1922

NUMBER 1

LUNCH ROOM CLOSED: HUNDREDS STARVING!

**Popular Feed Station Shut Down
—Situation Serious—Relief in
Sight**

(Special to the Tatler)

1st Floor, September 26, 1922—Excitement had reached a climax here tonight when the lunch room, the popular oasis for starving pupils at B. H. S., had closed down and from all indications intended to stay closed. The reason given out by the lunch room management for pulling down the curtains, was that the two session day at the school had made impossible all efforts to feed their customers. This statement disputes the rumor that the restaurant was out on account of the coal shortage. The number of customers thrown out of a chance to borrow lunch checks had reached way into the hundreds last night and all that remained of the once favorite gathering place was a few memories. The situation has approached a serious stage and it is believed that many will starve for sure if something is not done quickly.

RELIEF IN SIGHT

2nd Floor, Sept. 26, 1922—
In face of the present food

FAST TROTTING ON FIRST FLOOR CIRCUIT

**John R. Freshman Does Trial
Heat in 2.04**

1st Floor, Sept. 25, 1922—

John R. Freshman went the trial heat on the first floor circuit today, at the close of school, in the remarkable time of 2.04. The track was fast and John R. covered the whole four corridors in admirable fashion. At the quarter-mile post on the second heat, the horse was stopped, however, by one of the managers of the track, who claimed that John R. was racing without permission and directly against the law of the school. John R. was then very unceremoniously escorted to the track at Room 201 where he broke all records during the detention period.

Fast trotting is expected when the entries from the Freshman stables enter the Grand Circuit on Chapel days.

crisis here, Bill Largay yesterday announced that he would open a one arm joint in the chemistry lab during the five minute recess. Everyone is assured of the best of service and nothing will be sold at more than 100 per

NO MORE FUN FOR CHALK THROWERS

**C. T. Commission Bars Favorite
Pastime in All Study and Class
Rooms—Tough Luck for The
Sharpshooters—The Story**
(Special to the Tatler)

Like every other sport, chalk throwing has at last fallen to corruption, when some over-enthusiastic athlete threw an ink-well during a contest here last week. Chalk throwers are warned by the Chalk Throwing Commission that as long as chalk is used, the sport is above reproach but when they start to introduce ink-wells into the game, then all is not so well. In consequence Chalk-throwing was banned this week and no more contests will be held. This will cause a lot of disappointment to the members of the various study or classrooms who have followed the contests closely but it's the same old story, the thing was overdone.

cent profit. This is the stand that the management will take and it just goes to show that cooperation will be the keynote in the new restaurant.

1926

STOP!! READ!! STUDY!! HEED!! AND TAKE NOTICE!!
YOU ARE NOW WITHIN THE WALLS OF BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL AND
UNDER THE SURVEY OF YOUR SUPERIORS

1925

LET THIS BE A WARNING TO ALL LITTLE CHILDREN
Coming under the Class of **1926** That from now on you are to lay aside your
CHOO CHOO TRAINS and **KIDDIE CARS** and **TRY TO BE LOYAL** members
of B. H. S. and **FAITHFUL SUBJECTS TO YOUR GUARDIANS OF**

1925

REMEMBER:

ALWAYS tip your hats or bow, as a mark of respect upon meeting in the corridors, on the street, any of the members of **1925** and,

ALWAYS remember that you are the most insignificant class in the school, and
ALWAYS REMEMBER TO LEAVE YOUR TOYS CAREFULLY PILED in a corner where your elders will not trample over them, and

ALWAYS STUDY HARD AND LOOK FORWARD TO THE DAY WHEN
YOU MAY HAVE THE HONOR OF BEING

SOPHOMORES

W. A. R. N. I. N. G.

ANY violations of these laws, or any act of disrespect toward any member of **1925** will be regarded as an open insult by your superiors, and all violators, wise-guys, and trouble makers will meet with punishment in a manner that only the honorable members of **1925** could inflict.

You have plenty of time to grow and learn, but for the present take heed to this warning, and do not cause the wrath of **1925** to fall on your heads. ! ! ! ! !

(Signed)

Klmojht Wojbmen, '25 Chairman

Ackifxt Mofhias, '25

Gohnsjky Golevixz, '25

Alomnxibf Davsjnfi, '25

Committee for the subjection and
training o f Freshmen of the class of
1926.

Cigars.

Miss Chalmers (in English): "What is the number of your book?"

Williams: "7-24."

K. Largay (up back): "B. C. M."

Father to Son: "I don't see why you don't make good. I give you all the advantage I can."

Son: "That's just it, Dad, I don't want to take advantage of you."

1st Cannibal: "I hear the chief has got Hay Fever."

2nd.: "Yes. He ate a grass widow."

In the Corner Pocket.

Miss Chalmers (giving out sentences in English): "They walked across the lawn towards the pool."

Largay: "Across the lawn towards the Pool Room."

Mary's Little Curl.

Mary had a little curl,
It hung beside her ear;
But when she went to bed it hung
Upon the chiffonier.

Mistress: "If you want eggs to keep they must be laid in a cool place."

Bridget: "I'll mention it to the hens at once, Ma'am."

Experienced

A widower was to be married for the third time, and his bride had herself been married once before.

The bridegroom wrote across the bottom of the wedding invitation sent to a particular friend:—

"Be sure to come; this is no amateur performance."

—The Northern.

Tommy: "What does L. L. D. after a man's name mean?"

Jimmy: "I guess it means that he's a lung and liver doctor."

I heard John Keenan in the Freshman class say the other day that a scientist in B. H. S. knows and has classified 400,000 insects.

Then I heard Clifford O'Donnell say he knew a dog that had them all.

P. S.—O'Donnell is a freshman.

Mr. Warren Whitcomb was seen stopping along one of the corridors, the other day, and was making good use of a looking glass and powder puff. He evidently didn't think that there was any one around. I would advise him to "look twice before he leapt," next time.

What more could you expect of a freshman?

A lily flecked border where (he ones) lie,
Morning light paling a lowering sky,
Puffy breeze stirring the birch leaves
aquake,

Hinting of showers and rippling the lake,
A flat bottomed boat and the world is
mine—

A rod in my hand and a bass on the line!
He's the go-getter style with a vim and a
dash,

Full speed ahead hits your lure with a
smash!

The line fairly sings as he shoots for his
lair,

Twists, turns and leaps in the air!

He's chock full of ginger, the king of his
class—

A fighter by nature—the gamey Black Bass.

(Written by a Freshman).

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Lost: All customers who
lost a chance to eat when the
lunch room closed are invited
to visit Largay's Cafeteria.
Eat here once and you'll never
eat anywhere else again.

Found: A boy's college
strip tie. Colors green and
pink. Owner is requested to
claim it at once.

Box 28, Tatler.

Lost: A Caesar book. As
far as the owner is concerned,
findings is keepings.

—Caesar Student.

Lost: All ambition to study.

—E. B. '23

MISCELLANEOUS

I will sell, buy, or trade
neckties with anyone—See me
first before buying your fall
ties.

—Sarah G., '23

A nice young lady of 17
would like to gain an acquaint-
ance with some lonely young
man. Address Matrimonial
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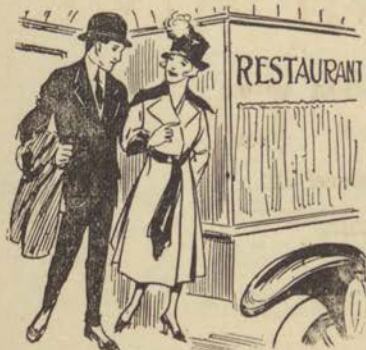
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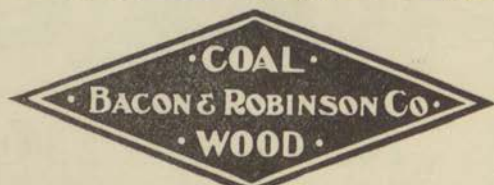
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