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A bank is an institution which receives deposits and makes loans of money. Small sums from a multitude of sources are thus gathered into one fund and employed to finance all forms of business.

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With an Account at this Bank*

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# The Oracle

Published Monthly by  
the Students of  
Bangor High School



Subscriptions :  
\$1.00 per Annum  
in advance

THE PRICE OF THIS NUMBER IS TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

The "Oracle" is for sale at Bean's, Clare's and Eldridge's and at the High School

Address all business communications to RICHARD F. BILLINGTON, 502 French Street

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

VOL. XXXIV

OCTOBER, 1925

NO. 1

## The Oracle Board



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### BUSINESS MANAGER

Richard F. Billington, '26

### LITERARY

Charlotte H. Hubbard, '26

### TATLER

Bruce E. Cunningham, '27

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### ASSOCIATE EDITOR

### ART CONTRIBUTORS

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Bruce Cunningham, '27

### ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

George B. Bryant, '26

Bruce Cunningham, '27



YES, WE ARE—

Back from vacation once again.

Back, now 'tis cool.

Back to pick up the idle pen.

Back to practice every good rule.

Back with a ruddy look and tan.

Back more a woman, more a man.

Back at High School.

Through the long summer days that have so suddenly come to a close, our Alma Mater has rested like a colossal being, in quiet repose. There was not the least indication of life or activity. But lo, on the morning of September 14, what a change was taking place! The days of reposing were over; new life, school life, was returning to our school building.

Now that several weeks have passed since that first and best day of all, it seems to us as if our summer had been but a pleasant dream. Yet as we consider our predicament we cannot help but notice that certain definite changes with us and about us, like mile-stones, indicate that we have advanced upon our way.

Those who were Seniors are now gone out to higher institutions in college or in life. We who remain have taken a step higher. Looking down, we see below us an eager band of "fresh ones" looking up. Somehow such rapid changes must cause us to think whether we have developed any since those Freshman days, and how.

You of the class of '29 are entering upon a new experience. Suggestions from those who have preceded you will not seem amiss, we are sure.

You must not think of the teachers as task-masters, and of school as a period of drudgery. Instead you will find your teachers are helpers who make pleasant your learning, if you are willing to cooperate. After a short time, you will find that there are other things going on in connection with learning your lessons. You will find that your judgment will have to be used to determine how much athletics you shall engage in, and how many clubs or other social circles you shall become a member of. By all means, give some of your time to these other things, for everybody needs a balanced amount of building material: it would be foolish for pupils to gain a vast amount of knowledge and allow their physical condition to become such that they could not use it to a good advantage, and likewise it would be an unfortunate thing for one to be a scholar and an athlete and not know how to associate with his fellowmen.

In a nutshell, this entering upon your high school life means that you are beginning the happiest days of your life. There must be an aim; there must be judgment; there must be willingness to work and cooperate. If you possess a desire for these, then our Alma Mater can with pride welcome you; if not may she inspire you to do your best!



## Receipts and Expenditures

### 1924 - 1925



Receipts		Expenditures	
Balance Forward .....	\$63.08	Oct. Cuts .....	\$5.32
Season's Tickets .....	400.00	Salary .....	5.00
Ads. Prepaid for Year .....	375.10	Acct. Book .....	2.50
Adds. Oct. ....	175.00	Pres. Assn. ....	3.00
Cash Sales .....	2.25	Nov. Cuts .....	2.00
Nov. Ads. ....	67.25	Printing, October and November ..	320.10
Dec. ads. ....	25.00	Cuts Dec. ....	6.53
Dec. Ads. ....	19.75	Stamps. ....	1.00
Jan. Ads. ....	7.00	Paint .....	1.45
Feb. Ads. ....	37.50	Dec. Printing .....	162.25
Senior Cuts .....	319.50	Jan. Printing .....	135.08
March ads. ....	87.25	Postage .....	3.00
May and June ads. ....	201.03	U. of M. Conference .....	15.00
Cash Sales .....	3.50	Feb. Printing .....	149.25
Senior Cuts .....	139.50	March Cuts .....	17.00
Cash Sales .....	32.50	March Printing .....	139.75
June Ads. ....	19.50	Refund .....	1.50
		April Printing .....	148.00
		May Printing .....	132.50
		June Cuts .....	345.33
		Binding June Issue .....	68.60
		June Printing .....	678.53
			\$2,342.69
		Deficit .....	299.88

Respectfully submitted,

H. DEAN BENSON, Business Manager.  
HAZEN NUTTER, Auditor.

Owing to delays, partly in the matter of proof correcting, much overtime work had to be done in printing the *Oracle* of June, 1925, thus half as much again expense as usual was necessary. The board, therefore, was confronted with a printing bill 55% larger than any other in the history of the paper. The

financial department was thus unable to meet its obligations in spite of the fact that more ads were sold in 1924-5 than ever before. It is only due those who worked and sacrificed to make the paper a success that this explanation be printed.



## THE HAUNTED HOUSE

By Florence Ryder, Constance Osgood, Sylvia Snowden, Sylvia Kirkpatrick

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jacquiline	} two	} Billy—little brother
Betty Howes		
	sisters	Kenneth—The
		Mystery Man

### ACT I

Scene I. A room in the home of a poor family. The family is seated around the room discussing their future plans. Beth is reading the paper.

Beth: Did you ever see such luck? Here's just the thing. You know we have to be out of this house by Saturday. Listen while I read this to you.

(Read). The owner will let, free of charge the house at thirteen Arlington Heights to any person who will live in it for three months to prove that the suspicions that this house is haunted are groundless. Call Number 3095-W between four and five P. M.

Billy: Gee! I really hope there are ghosts there.

Jackie. Yes, Beth that is surely luck, I'll go down now and call them up.

While Jack is gone Beth continues to look at the paper. Billy is thinking. Ten minutes later Jack comes back excited.

Jackie: Hurrah! We'll move Friday.

Billy: Hey sis, did you know Friday was the thirteenth?

Curtain.

### ACT II

Scene II. Jack is reading. Beth and Billy are working the ouija board. The scene is in the living room at Arlington Heights.

Billy: Gee! this is some swell joint.

Beth: Oh do be quiet Billy, we'll never find out anything about this haunted house.

Billy: Oh Gee! You make me tired, you're always fooling with that old ouija board.

(A few minutes later).

Beth: Oh Jackie, the ouija board says the west wing is haunted.

Jackie: Oh Beth, don't be so silly. I'm not worrying about any ghosts. We ought to be thankful that we have a place to stay. I think it's time to go to bed now, because we want to get up early in the morning.

Curtain.

Scene II. Same room at twelve o'clock P. M. Jackie hears a noise and comes into the living room with a revolver, she turns on the light and sees a man searching in the bookcase.

Jackie, what are you doing in this house at this time of night?

Kenneth: This is my house and I'll take what I want.

Jackie: You will not. (He starts to leave. Jackie in her nervousness shoots, he falls).

Beth and Billy rush in.

Together: What's happened Jackie?

CURTAIN

Scene III. A week later. Same room.  
The family are sitting around the room.

Kenneth: We have been together a week now and you haven't asked who I am nor what I was doing here the other night, so I am going to tell you all about myself.

Billy: This will be a good story, were you hunting for ghosts too?

Kenneth: My name is Kenneth Harlowe. My uncle Henry Stevenson, who died last year, left me this house. I was abroad at the time, and came home as soon as I heard of my good luck. My uncle left me a secret formula—

Beth (interrupting): O! Isn't this exciting.

Kenneth: For the last month I have been

searching for the formula and that is what I was doing when you found me.

Jackie: It's getting late now and I think we'd all better go to bed. (Billy and Beth go out.) Jack starts to go. Kenneth speaks.

Kenneth: Wait a minute, I want to tell you something that I have longed to tell you ever since I saw you that night. (Kenneth goes over and sits on the couch by Jack. He takes her hand.)

Kenneth: Even though dearest, I didn't find the secret formula, I have found something dearer to me. I love you Jackie. Will you be my wife?

Jackie: Murmurs softly, "I will."

---

(This was written for the *Oracle* Assembly by Charlotte Hubbard, '26.)

Here I stand, shaking and shivering,  
Quaking and quivering

In front of all of you folks.

I'm not at all witty

So please take pity

On me for my lack of jokes.

The brilliant brains

And oratorical strains

Belong to the others here;

But please hand me your story

For the honor and glory

Of the *Oracle* this year.

Or if you're a poet

And also know it

Give me a poem or two.

If an exciting tale

Should appear in the *Oracle* mail

I know t'would please all of you.

And 'twould interest all ages

To have serials on some of the pages

Not breakfast, and literary, you know.

Shall we have help from you

To put the *Oracle* through?

Be sure you don't say "no."

I think that each scholar

Can afford one small dollar

To buy our school magazine.

Last year I was a dunce

I didn't want to spend a dollar all at once

You can see I was very mean.

One number I bought

Then the *Oracle* for June I sought

So t'was eighty cents I spent.

This year I'll do my part

And buy a ticket at the start

For on saving money I am bent.

So just remember that one dollar

From each and every scholar

Will help the *Oracle* this year.

We'll ask you to prepare

To do your own share

So decide about the dollar *right here!*



## THE WHITE TURKEY

By Dorothy Bradford, '27.

Doris Black hummed a tune as she finished tying the rope around the crates on the big red truck. She was about to take her yearly flock of turkeys to the exhibit to be held in town. Every year on the day before Thanksgiving, Doris drove a truck load of turkeys that she had raised herself to the village. This morning, she was extremely happy, for she had raised a new lot of turkeys different from the ones last year, and in this lot, she had one large white turkey, in which she took great pride. Doris started the engine, bringing a chorus of "gobble-gobble-gobble" from inside the crates. She had about half an hour in which to reach her destination, and the distance was ten miles.

She was about eight miles from home when she heard a rattle and a thump above the roar of the engine. As quickly as she could, she stopped the truck, climbed down to the ground and walked to the rear. What she saw made her laugh. The crate that contained the white turkey had jiggled loose, falling from the truck, and now it was upside down in the road with the turkey on his back, "gobbling" so loudly, that it seemed as if he was scolding Doris for laughing at him. She hurried to the crate and dragged it back to the truck. Suddenly she grew worried. How was she to lift that big turkey on the car? Her two brothers had done it at home, but no brothers were here now. As she was deciding what to do, a horn sounded around the curve just ahead. She rushed out to signal the driver, hoping to get help. It happened to be her father coming home from the village, so he helped Doris put back the white turkey.

"You will have to speed up some if you get there in time", he told her.

"It is only a couple of miles farther and

I can make it in ten minutes," she replied.

Starting again, she put on full speed, and reached the turkey show one minute before time. The manager told Doris he would wait for her turkeys as they had to be transferred from the truck to the exhibit grounds. After this was over, Doris went to view her crates of turkeys, and eyed them critically.

"I guess you will do", she decided. "And as for you," she added to the white turkey, "you are quite dusty from your fall, but I can't clean you now, so you will have to stay as you are."

The time came for the judge to give the prizes. How the owners of the turkeys did crowd close to the crates! Their hearts were almost in their mouths with expectancy. Crate after crate, the judge eyed over slowly and wisely. Doris' turkeys were the last in the row, having come on a little late. As the judge reached the last crate, he whistled in amazement. Doris turned pale. Had anything happened to her white turkey? She saw the judge stand there, apparently in deep thought. In a moment he turned around and looked at Doris with a smile.

"Miss Doris Black receives first prize on her white turkey and second prize on her other turkey."

There was a loud shout, and crowds gathered around Doris, whose heart was beating fast and whose face was flushed. Pushing his way through the people, the judge came up to Doris and presented her with a check of thirty-five dollars.

That night, at home, Doris was the center of attraction in the family group.

"This," said Doris, pointing to the check in her hand, "will get my turkey eggs for next year, and I am going to aim to have a still better flock of turkeys than this year."

## A MODERN RIP VAN WINKLE

By Rachel M. Foss, '27.

It was a sunny morning in October, about nine o'clock, when Jim Evans began his great adventure. He played hookey from school

and started with his gun and faithful dog for a day in the mountains, free from bothersome lessons and cares.

Jim climbed a steep mountainside, brilliantly colored by the bright autumn leaves. He reached the top after a strenuous climb. By this time he was very thirsty and cold as he was near the clouds.

Looking about him he saw, in a little hollow, very near the mountain top, a tiny log cabin. Jim approached the hut and knocked loudly upon the door. As he leaned carelessly against the door, it abruptly swung open and he was thrust unceremoniously into the cabin.

Before the fireplace sat a very old man with a very long white beard. He wore a toga and looked like a Roman noble. Jim asked for water but the hermit shook his head and spoke a few words in Latin. For the first time Jim heartily wished he could speak Latin fluently. After many motions he was given water. The hermit returned to the fire but continued star-

ing at Jim. Finally, the atmosphere was so unpleasant that Jim made his escape and went to the very highest peak of the mountain.

As he stood there, a rope whistled over his head and tightened beneath his arms. He was rapidly pulled upward, until he was pulled into an aeroplane. He leaned over and looked below him. It seemed as though the ground was rising up to crush him, but a moment later, the aviator made a safe landing.

The first thing he saw was Mr. Proctor, a truant officer, and a policeman coming toward him. Jim looked wildly about for escape, but he was abruptly seized. Then he awoke with a start, not to hear the strident voice of Dame Van Winkle but the imperious tones of the teacher in Bangor High School, Room 400, demanding his attention.

## A SHEET OF PAPER

By Barbara A. Smith

There sounded through a quiet forest of Maine a crunching of the crust and snapping of twigs with the sound of men's voices.

A stately spruce lifted its thick boughs toward the sky and towered a little above the other trees on the summit of the hill. "Oh Dear!" sighed the spruce, "can't be that I see axes on those men's shoulders?" and the poor tree groaned at the thought of being carried from its home. Soon the axes began to ring and chips began to fly. First one spruce and then another fell crashing to the ground. A few poplars had their vain glory injured and likewise fell with somewhat less crash, and occasionally a fir tree was cut from its solid foundation. These trees moaned within their tree hearts but said nothing. They were just beginning a long journey.

After a great pile of them had been cut and trimmed they were carried several miles on sleds. Soon they were yarded in a large pile near a great set of red brick buildings. For sometime they stayed there until one day the spruce felt itself slowly moving until it struck

a smooth surface over which it fairly shot. Then, splash, it landed in a great vat of boiling acid. The poor tree shivered and shook and finally began to feel its coat coming off. Suddenly a crude sharp thing pierced its smooth surface and lifted it from this boiling acid to a pile of logs like itself. Some other logs were placed on top of it and many others were beneath.

For sometime nothing seemed to happen but suddenly something underneath gave away and the poor spruce fell into a grinding machine which ground it into small pieces. Slowly a stream of ground wood flowed from an opening into another vat of acid which turned a yellowish white. Here it remained for several days being constantly stirred until it looked not unlike corn meal mush. The poor spruce could hardly remember itself, and what happened when the stirring suddenly stopped and the mass of pulp began to flow into another vat, still larger than the rest. Here it was mixed with a pulp made of rags and turned a fluffy, white-like base of new-



blown cotton. Another acid was added little by little, until the cottony appearance disappeared and a shiny substance was formed. Then one end of the vat opened, and slowly this mass flowed through heavy hot rollers which pressed it very thin and smooth.

From one set of rollers to another the spruce passed, but it was no longer a spruce now, it had become a part of a long strip of raw paper material. Each set of rollers were a little hotter than the set preceeding and each rolled the paper a little thinner.

Finally the spruce was rolled so thin and felt so little that it thought it would crumble. But now the end of the rollers had come and the paper came forth to the light again. Here it was cut into large sheets and piled on a rack until about one hundred pounds were piled up. Now a clasp was fastened over one end of the pile and it was laid in an empty tank. Each hundred pounds were separated by a wide rack and finally the tank was filled with a hot fluid. Here the paper remained until the fluid cooled and then it was carefully lifted and

placed on a hook in a warm room to dry.

In this room a warm breeze kept blowing which reminded the spruce tree in the paper of the April breezes it had enjoyed on the hillside. How delightful it was to hang there unmolested. The spruce in the paper went to sleep, soothed by the warm breeze, and slept for some time. When it awoke it felt a soft brushing motion going over its surface and a smooth liquid flowed from the brush here and there. For several days this continued and finally the sheet was placed very carefully in a frame behind a glass and hung in a great gallery among scores of others similar to it. Every day people came to see the galleries and always the picture which contained the spruce was praised the most. This was the last resting place of the spruce and each day its injured pride rose until it remembered the old hillside no more.

This is an explanation of how the paper which the state of Maine produces in great quantities is made and used by artists to paint their famous pictures on.

## A LETTER

By Ruth White.

Dear Mary:

Jane walked as far as the corner with me last night. She's awfully blue. Someone has been telling her that life isn't worth living and has succeeded in making her accept that theory. Jane tried to sell me that idea but she didn't have any luck.

Do you know Mary, I can't seem to believe that sort of thing. It seems to me that it depends on who's living it, whether or not life is worth living. It seems as if life can not only be made worth living but also very enjoyable. I do not remember seeing an idle person very happy.

To most people, life is very enjoyable if they have something to do which is useful and in which they are interested. Nothing will keep one's troubles away from his mind so well as being preoccupied in doing something worth while.

Such work and the association with a few faithful and loyal friends will bring contentment into anyone's life.

It is quite wrong to think that riches will bring happiness. In fact, it often proves contrary to this. The people who find happiness are those who work. Doing their work is more entertaining than any pastime they might find.

A person with something to do and an honest ambition to help others will get far more out of life than one with riches, who is burdened with selfishness and is without ambition.

The person's individual life is inside and not out, and it's pretty much what you make it. The greatest happiness comes from helping others, and from the consciousness that you are of some good in the world.

Sincerely,

Ruth.



# LOCALS



School days have returned again and we greet the old as well as the new teachers. There have been a number of changes in the staff this year.

Miss Hope Norwood has come to us from the University of Maine, where she received a B. S. degree. She will fill the vacancy in the Home Economics Department. Miss Norwood comes to Bangor with the finest of recommendations from the authorities at the University.

James E. Mitchell, a former editor of the *Oracle*, graduated from Bangor High School in 1918 with honors, is also added to the list of new teachers this year. He graduated from Bowdoin in 1922 with an A. B. degree. He also holds a degree of L. L. B. from Harvard. At Bowdoin, Mr. Mitchell was assistant instructor in Government and Spanish. He comes to Bangor to teach Civics.

We do not need to introduce Miss Rachel Connor, who for the past two years has taught English in Bangor High School. Miss Connor has been very popular with the students and we are greatly pleased that she has been chosen as dean. Miss Connor is well suited for her task as she took a special study of her new work as dean at Smith College this summer. She fills the place of Miss Robinson who has been dean of Bangor High for six years since the office was founded. We are pleased to have Miss Robinson still a member of the faculty.

A welcome addition to the English Department is Miss Cora Russell, who, for the last two years, was head of the English Department of South Paris. Miss Russell is a gradu-

ate of B. H. S. and of the University of Maine, where she took special Post Graduate work in English.

Miss Hilda Coady, who was formerly the physical director of Brewer Schools, has taken the place of Miss Janice Goodwin, who left us to go to Glens Falls. Miss Coady graduated from Eastern State Normal School. She also had special courses at Harvard University. We all expect to like her very much.

From Old Town High School comes Miss Delia E. Hilton to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Miss Alyne Harmon. Miss Hilton graduated from Bay Path Institute and also took a Summer School course at New York University. We are sure that Miss Hilton will do excellent work in the Commercial Department.

Harrison E. Small, a teacher of Mathematics, English, History and Science has received an A. B. degree from Colgate University and also has graduated from the U. S. N. Academy of Annapolis. Mr. Small has also taken special courses at Harvard and Colorado State University, and Colorado State Teachers' College.

Herbert St. John Torsleff comes to us this year as a mathematic, history and General Science teacher. He is a graduate of Bangor High School and University of Maine, where he received a B. S. degree. Mr. Torsleff also was an Ensign in the United States Navy. He will be an Assistant Athletic Coach. We are very pleased to welcome Mr. Torsleff to our staff of teachers.

Ishmeal MacKechnie, who has been a teacher for the past three years, came to us to teach



General Science and coach football. He is a graduate of Sanford High School, Hebron Academy and University of Maine where he was active in athletics, being especially good in football.

The first meeting of LeCircle Francais was held Monday night, September 21. This meeting was devoted to business and the taking in of new members. Any Senior is welcome who is in sympathy with the aims of the club. This club was formed last year by Madame Beaupre to promote higher interest in French. After the business was discussed, the members read in French. Everybody entered into the sport and criticized each other's reading. A very agreeable evening was enjoyed by all. Although quite a few are enrolled for this year, we want to make it a Banner Year and have LeCircle Francais of 1926 better than last year and the best for years to come.

The *Oracle* regrets to learn that Miss Alma L. Davis was unable to come back the first of the term on account of trouble with her eyes. She expects to return in a few weeks.

Miss Faye P. Devereux of Castine, a graduate of B. H. S. and of Mt. Holyoke, is supplying Miss Davis' place in her absence. Miss Devereux has also studied in Columbia and has taught in Connecticut.

Gladys Staples, B. H. S., 1919, and a graduate of U. of M. with two years' teaching experience is teaching history in place of Mr. Goggin who resigned.

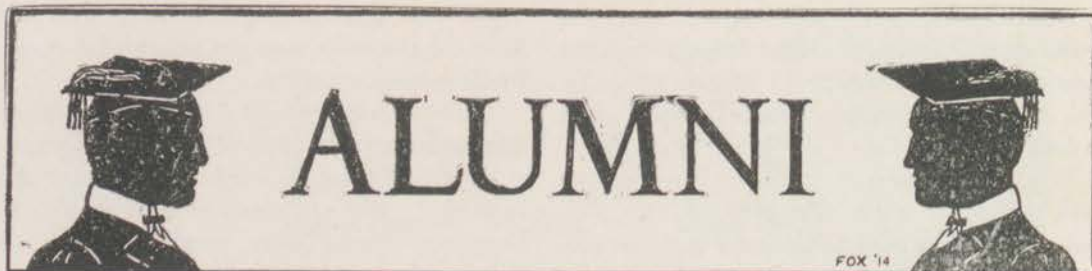
Miss McSkimmon has leave of absence for a few weeks on account of an injury which she received last summer. We all hope that she will entirely recover and return to us soon.

We were glad to welcome back Miss Marjorie Greene who was not able to be present the first week of school.

The 400 freshmen at University of Maine were given a psychological test, and the names of the ten who got the highest marks were read in chapel. Arline Palmer topped the list and Gretchen Hayes was number four. Both were on last year's *Oracle* board. The same two girls and Evelyn Kennard were in the list of the ten best freshmen in the English tests.

The first Assembly meeting of the year was turned over to the *Oracle* Board, as has been customary in the past. The first speaker was Charlotte Hubbard, of the Literary Department. Her selection was in verse and appears in this issue. She told us the various kinds of stories that we could write. The head of the Athletic department, Burpee Barry, gave us a concise account of the athletics planned for this year. The third speaker, Brenna Blaisdell, of the Personals department, told us seriously the needs of her department. The next speaker, Mary Quinn, spoke in behalf of Alumni. She urged us to tell her about what relatives or friends in former classes were doing, for when we have graduated we would like to be remembered in this department. Next we listened to a speech by our business manager, Richard Billington. He wanted the students to cooperate with the board and help boom the *Oracle*. The last speaker was Guy Campbell, our editor. Mr. Campbell told us how much we would value the editions of the *Oracle* long after we had graduated. He also said that if each one would stand behind the board and help share the work, that the *Oracle* would be the best and most enjoyable ever.





Miss Mary McSkimmon, principal of the Pierce school, Brookline, Mass., has been elected president of the National Educational Association. Miss McSkimmon was vice-president of the association last year. She was also Massachusetts' representative on the board of directors and is now president of the Mass. Federation of Teachers' Clubs. Miss McSkimmon is a graduate of Bangor High School and is the author of several educational works.

Miss Ruth Harris, B. H. S. '16, will sail from Seattle, October 6, on the steamer President Jefferson for five years' work as missionary of the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society in China. She will probably be stationed in Chentu. Previous to this appointment Miss Harris had a position in a real estate office in Chicago.

Grace Frances Coombs, B. H. S., '21, Simons '25, is the first Bangor girl to receive the degree of Bachelor of Science. Miss Coombs received this degree in the School of Social Arts.

Among the 1050 students attending the eleventh annual Boston University summer session were Miss Mary C. Bunker and Miss Grace L. Thomas. Miss Bunker took a course in geology and physics and Miss Thomas specialized in shorthand.

Friends of L. Whitney Elkins, a former teacher of mathematics in B. H. S., will be glad to learn that he plans to publish a second edition of his late book, *The Story of Maine*, entitled *Coastal Maine*.

Charlotte Drummond, B. H. S., '24, was a member of the college glee club which took part

in the festivities of the 50th anniversary of Smith college.

This year has been a record year for weddings it seems:

Webster Brown and Miss Eleanor Hick's, '21. John C. Short and Miss Agnes Cullinan.

Sumner Philips Hopkins and Miss Ruth Holden, '19.

George I. York and Miss Isabel Frawley. Howard Folsom and Miss Rena Baker, '20. Daniel Low and Miss Viola Smith, '24.

James E. Mitchell '18, and Miss Elizabeth Palmer.

James McLeod '18 and Miss Edna Falvey. John Oberg and Miss Marion Stanhope.

Fullerton Webster and Miss Elizabeth Robins.

Harold Casey '13 and Miss Margaret Higgins.

Hugh St. Onge and Miss Alice Hewey '20. Dr. Henry Whalen and Miss Florenda Mountain.

Harry Dewar and Miss Natalie Rogers.

Paul Clayton and Miss Morita Pickard.

Nathan Cohen and Miss Betty Cooper, '21.

Dr. Fisher Randell Jordan of San Francisco, who is touring the United States, Canada and Europe, was a guest at the Bangor House for two weeks in June. Dr. Jordan graduated from B. H. S., more than thirty years ago.

Mirian Bunker, B. H. S., '23, had a part in the commencement play "The Rival" at Mt. Holyoke College.

Arline Palmer, B. H. S., '25, attended the North Star Camp at Wescott, Me., for a week's instruction in the American Red Cross life-



saving course; on her return she was swimming instructor at Bullseye.

Galen Veayo, '23, and for the past year director of the Junior orchestra, attended the summer term of the Institute of Music Pedagogy.

Donald Snow, Esq., '96, has been elected to membership on the athletic council of Bowdoin college.

Arthur L. Jones, a former B. H. S. and U. of M. athlete, graduated from the State Normal School at East Straudsbury, Pa., having completed a course in physical education. While at the Normal School he played football and baseball for three years. Mr. Jones was director of playgrounds at Catasqua, Pa. for the summer and left in September to take up his duties as physical director in Providence, R. I.

Marion Frances Hall attended the five week session of the Conn. State Normal School held at Yale University.

Bentley Hutchins, B. H. S., '20, and U. of M., '25, has taken a position in Boston.

Harold Sherburne Boardman, B. H. S., has been appointed acting president of the U. of M. pending the appointment of the permanent president. Mr. Boardman is Dean of the college of Technology and Head of the Department of Civil Engineering.

The class of '25 is scattered and gone. Some have entered other institutions. Among them:

Richard Babb, West Point; Richard Baldwin, Maine; Helen Bauman, Gorham; Alice Benner, Maine; Elden Benner, Maine; Frances Billington, Eastern Maine General Hospital; Marion Blaisdell, Farmington; Sarah Blaisdell, Farmington; Charlotte Bauman, Maine; Ella Bulmer, Maine; Hilda Bulmer, Maine; Dorothy Clough, Skidmore; Caroline Collins, Maine; Prescott Dennett, Wheaton, Ill.; Edward Flynn, Maine; Theresa Greene, Simmons; Ruth Hasey, Farmington; Gretchen Hayes, Maine; Mary Herrick, Simmons; Beatrice Johnson, Farmington; Paul Martin, Moses Brown; June Mawer, Farmington; Mildred Patten, Penn Hall; Helen Russ, Simmons; Geneva Sawyer, Farmington; Lucille

Spencer, Maine; Helen Stanhope, Machias Normal; Mary Street, Farmington; Rose Stone, Maine; Edward Sullivan, Maine; Emma Townsend, Wellesly; John Townsend, Bowdoin; Marjorie Wentworth, Farmington; Leo White, Holy Cross; Maggie Yerxa, Farmington.

A few undergraduates have left us also:

Ruth Bunker, Ex-'26, Oak Grove; John O'Brian, Ex-'27, St. Anslom's; Elizabeth Martin, Ex-'27, Oak Grove; William Murphy, Ex-'27, St. John's.

The class of 1900 celebrated its silver anniversary by a very pleasant reunion. Nineteen members of the old class were present and the reunion was carried out in replica of the graduation banquet given the class by Miss Mary Snow twenty-five years ago. The roll was called and the class history and prophecy, as they were written for the graduation, were read. After three delightful hours the members of the class of 1900 sang their class ode—an appropriate close to a memorable reunion.

Among the Maine men who received the degree of Doctor of Laws at the Harvard University Commencement exercises were: John S. McCann, B. H. S., '18, and James E. Mitchell, B. H. S., '18. Mr. Mitchell will open a law office in Bangor while Mr. McCann has entered the law offices of Sherman Whipple in Boston.

At a June meeting of the Eastern Maine Wellesley Club a report of the Wellesley semi-centennial was given by Miss Bernice Dunning and a report of the Wellesley commencement by Miss Mary L. Webster.

Miss Ethel Pfaff has received a degree from the University of Syracuse for commendatory work. She had previously received a degree from Bryn Mawr.

Lieutenant Harold Milan, B. H. S., '13, and West Point, '12, visited in Bangor this summer. Lieutenant Milan is, at present, stationed at the Mass. Institute of Technology, having previously spent four years in China. While a student at Bowdoin college Lieutenant Milan received his appointment to the military academy.



We hope that the many papers that have been on our exchange list in previous years will continue to exchange with us, and also that we may have many new friends to exchange with.

#### AS OTHERS SEE US

The "*Oracle*," Bangor, Me. The drawings at the head of each department were very attractive. The Tatler Section is a very interesting addition to your paper.—The *Megunticook*, Camden.

The "*Oracle*," Bangor, Me. A very fine paper. Your exchanges are well worked up.—The *Racquet*, Portland, High School.

The "*Oracle*," Bangor, Me. We join with your other exchanges in praise of the curiosity Corner and the Tatler. Why not sprinkle some jokes through your large advertising section to break the monotony?—The *Gleaner*, Bucks Co. Penna.

"*Oracle*," Bangor, Me.:—You have an exceptionally large list of advertisements.—The *Crescent*, Lee Academy.

Should Bangor's *Oracle* stay away, it's one we'd surely miss.—The *Messenger*, Westbrook Seminary.

#### AS WE SEE OTHERS

St. Joseph's Prep. "*Chronicle*," Philadelphia, Penna.: A very fine school paper. The only section that we missed was the Personals.

Your May number certainly satisfies the aim of your paper.

The "*Broadcast*," Calais, Me.: Where are you artists? We think that a drawing on the cover of your Easter number, and cuts at the head of each department would improve your paper. Les États-Unis was well written.

The "*Argonaut*," Islesboro, Me.: A paper which your school should be proud of. The literary department is excellent. A table of contents would make your paper complete.

The "*Oracle*," Plainfield, N. J.: You have a fine magazine. Come again.

The "*Jabberwork*," Boston, Mass.: A fine cover. Some good jokes would improve your paper.

The "*Messenger*" comes to us from Westbrook Seminary. It is complete in every department, and is one of our best exchanges.

The "*Curntux*," Alexandria, La.: We enjoyed reading this fine paper which came from our far away friends.

*York-Hi*, Elmhurst, Illinois: You have a fine paper. We would like to hear from you again.

The "*Racquet*," Portland, Me.: We missed your table of contents, and the cuts at the head of each section. Your literary and poetic departments were very interesting. You have some good jokes.





Bangor High School shows promise of having one of the best football teams in the state this year. On the average of 45 men have been working out daily under Head Coach McKechnie and Asst. Coach Tosleff.

Practically a veteran line reported, headed by Capt. McClay at center, "Don" Finnegan and "Bill" Richardson guards, Hickson and Sullivan tackles and Izzy Raichlin and McGinniss ends. This promises to be one of the heaviest lines to be turned out at Bangor for many years. "Fat" Dunphy and "Bob" Nickerson are showing up great in the second string line.

In the backfield, Bill Daley and Jed McDonough, both letter men of last year, are alternating at quarter and are being hard pressed by "Clink" Chapman last year's Y. M. C. A. star. "Pick" Turner and "Jim" McGinty are teaming together again in the half-back positions. "Mushy" Raichlin is holding down his old berth at fullback. Brackett and Valenta, two new men show ability for back-field men next year.

Manager Keegan has arranged a hard, nine game schedule, five of which are home games. It is the duty of every Bangor High School student to buy a season ticket and attend these games and cheer the team ! !

## EXCHANGES—Continued

The "*Early Trainer*," Lawrence, Mass.: We enjoyed your paper. Come again.

The "*Gleaner*," Bucks Co., Penna.: An excellent paper. Your "Prize-Contest" is very good. You are right when you say that a short story holds our interest longer than an extended, detailed one.

The "*Radiator*," Somerville, Mass.: All your departments are well organized. Your cuts are especially attractive.

The "*Megunticook*," Camden, Me.: The arrangement of your magazine is excellent, and the material is fine.

The "*Crescent*," Lee Academy: A table of contents would improve your paper. Outside of that, it is hard to criticize anything.

"*Pine Needles*," Mattanawcook Academy: Your May number is very good. Your editorials, especially The Value of a Library, are

excellent. The literary department contains some interesting material. We enjoyed reading Why Go to School. Your personal department is full of good jokes. A cut at the head of each department would make your paper more attractive.

The "*Brecca*," Deering High: It is customary to have the editorials in the front of a school magazine. You have some good stories, but why not bring them under a definite section, headed by the word literary? Pebbles was full of humor.

E. L. H. S. "*Oracle*," Auburn, Me.: The table of contents is lacking. Why not have the editorial staff, and the editorials come first? You have a fine athletic department, and the Asylum is witty.

The "*Stranger*," North Bridgton, Me.: You have a very interesting paper. Where are your exchanges?



Last year at the close of school, Sergeant Cummings, who had been detailed to the R. O. T. C. Unit for several years, was transferred to the Vermont National Guard with the rank of sergeant-instructor. His place in the Unit has been filled by Sergeant Clark. Sergeant Clark comes to Bangor High School from Norwich University and assumed his new duties at the opening of school in September. We all wish Sergeant Cummings good luck in his new appointment and extend a cordial welcome to Sergeant Clark.

This year, as in the past three years, Captain Tribolet will be in charge of the R. O. T. C. Unit. We all expect that Captain Tribolet will achieve the fine results this year that he has during his former years here.

For several years past, a great many of the uniforms, that were issued, have been worn previous to the time of issuing. These uniforms had been thoroughly cleaned and repaired however, before they were issued. This year, the R. O. T. C. Unit will be completely outfitted with new uniforms. About four hundred and fifty uniforms have been ordered and with these new uniforms, the Unit will doubtless make a very fine appearance.

The Unit, this year, will be slightly smaller than the Unit of last year. There are only about three hundred and fifty boys who have signed up to take drill, whereas there were about four hundred in the Unit last year. This

means that there will be about one hundred uniforms that will not be worn and that there will be plenty of chances for more fellows to take the Military Course.

This year an innovation will be introduced into the Military program. Text-books, published by the United States Army Infantry Association, will be issued. These books will be issued only to the Seniors and Juniors first but if there are enough of them, they will also be issued to the Sophomores.

A year ago, Thompson Berdeen attended Camp Perry in Ohio. Attendance at this camp is attained by winning a place on one of the Corps teams from the C. M. T. Camps. This year, Berdeen again returns to Camp Perry and Ambrose Bowden attends also. Both of these boys attended the C. M. T. Camp held at Fort McKinley in Portland Harbor and it was there that they won the positions on the Corps Area teams. Camp Perry is held from August twentieth to September twentieth. We all wish these boys, who shot on the winning Rifle Team of Bangor High School, the best of luck in their efforts at Camp Perry.

At the C. M. T. Camps held all over the country this last summer, Bangor had quite a sizable attendance. About twenty Bangor boys attended the camp held at Fort McKinley and probably an equal number attended various other camps so that there were between thirty-five or forty in attendance.



# PERSONALS



## WELCOME TO THE FRESHIES

Dear little Freshies, at last you have entered this noble place of knowledge. You must learn that there are a great many "dont's" for wee insignificant children like you. You must always be respectful to your betters, the Seniors and Juniors, and at least be civil to the Sophs.

Remember that you can't bring your nursemaids here with you so you will have to learn to wipe your noses yourselves.

Be as happy as possible before you receive your report-cards, for after that most of you will be cast in utter gloom.

Don't eat candy during classes. The teachers have a fondness for it.

At recess you can get your bottles of milk at the lunch-room so you won't starve for lack of nourishment, dear babies.

If you take heed and profit by all this good advice, you will some day grow to be dignified seniors.

## CURIOSITY CORNER

Ques: What is the "Mason and Dixon line"?—N. G.

Ans: It is a line drawn by a Mason using a Dixon pencil.

Ques: What kind of a crime would it be to bury a corpse on the wrong lot?—M. P.

Ans: I don't know what kind of a crime it would be, but I should call it a grave mistake.

Ques: What do people feather their nests with?—Birdie.

Ans: Cash down is the best thing I know of.

Ques: Why are lawyers always considered bad tempered?—Prospective law student.

Ans: Probably, because the papers often tell about their cross examinations.

Ques: What's the difference between the odor of a vase and a counterfeit penny?—A. D.

Ans: One is a good scent (cent) and the other isn't.

Ques: How would you address the Secretary of the Navy?—Worried.

Ans: "Your Worship," of course.

Ques: Who was Simple Simon?—Freshman.

Ans: He was the guy who thought he could get something for nothing.

Ques: What would you name a boy born on the first of the month?—Little sister.

Ans: Bill would be appropriate.

Ques: What are baby pigs called?—O. U. T.

Ans: Hamlets.

Ques: What is Hollywood like?—G. A. Y.

Ans: Oh, it's a heavenly place. There are a great many stars there.



## WILLIAM S. DALEY MADE FAMOUS OVERNIGHT

**Invents Silk Ice Pick — Is Offered \$35.00 For Discovery**

William S. Daley, who made the famous remark: "That the people of U. S. would own 87% of the World's automobiles, if they were paid for," is this morning one of the best known men in the world. At eleven o'clock Mr. Daley while hunting up in his closet for a glass of ice water, saw a piece of red silk. By a series of quick thoughts and thinks, he snatched it up, and ran to the pantry, by means of thread, fastened the silk onto the ice pick, opened the refrigerator door and slammed a 40 pound piece of ice full on the nose. "Hurrah," cried out hero, as the ice broke in 186 pieces, "it works." Thereupon he took his invention to the patent office and now he is wealthy, famous and rich.

As another famous man before him, Mr. Daley, in front of a crowd of admiring reporters, snapped out the words, "All that I am to-day I owe to myself."

## BANGOR GIRL SWIMS KENDUSKEAG STREAM

At 4.30 Saturday morning Ruth White of Bangor, defying all laws of gravity, time and tide, started on her way on the famous swim across Kenduskeag Stream. Half way across Miss White was struck on the head by an empty barrel but she fought pluckily on. At six o'clock, she was halfway across the icy waters, and as the band started playing she entered into the mad waves of the hardest stretch. The Band now played cheerful pieces, such as Rachmaninoff's Funeral March and Taps, to speed Miss White on faster to her goal. Goaded by the cheers, Ruth now almost threw herself thro the bounding waves and at eight-thirty she climbed upon the bank, the big stream conquered. After shaking hands with her well wishers and trainers, Miss White stamped out her ear bubbles in time to the music, threw a kiss to the mob and left for home in her shiny Lizzie, where she enjoyed a nice new breakfast of green pickles and milk.

## BANGOR BOY HERO

**Daniel F. Kennedy, by Using His Head, Saves Fair Damsel**

Daniel F. Kennedy of Broadway, while walking down State Street, perceived a fair damsel hanging from the top window of a blazing building. Immediately, he ran across the street to her assistance. Although the flames were high and hot, our Dan dashed on. All the people had fled but Dan and as he shot through the roaring building the throngs cheered for the hero in blue. (I mean grey.) On he dashed and finally he gained the ground beneath the maiden's window. Thinking quickly and calmly he yelled in a loud voice. "Yump, demsel." The damsel, by the way was Winefred Murray and being a brave young lassie she jumped. But! Poor Dan had forgotten that he had no net, but as Miss Murray was rapidly approaching the "terra firma," he dashed into the building, grasped a feather bed and threw it beneath the young lady in time to catch her, thus saving her life. All of Mr. Kennedy's little friends think he is very clever.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

### HOW TO RAISE CAIN

**No. 1. Donated by Margaret Whalen**

Capture a young Cain out in the woods, when it is three or four days old. Feed it spoiled herring the first few weeks, being careful to wash behind its ears when through eating. Bathe its feet nightly in whale-oil, drying them on the guest towel. As soon as it learns to swear let it stay out all night. Later on if it becomes smart and unmanageable, kick it above the left ear.

## SPORTING DIPS

After three weeks of hard practice Coach "Mac" McKechnie turns out the following football team. This team is not final and as several good men are still expected out for the team, we are not going to discourage them, but I will only name the two stars.

Perhaps the brightest of all would be Allison Wise. He at present is playing sub head guard carrier on the third team, but his beautiful teeth and charming smile have done wonders with his playmates and the fans. So, readers, don't be surprised if you see "Buster" playing Bent over on the second team.

The second star is "Punk" McGinnis. Thirty out of every one hundred fans will tell you that McGinnis would have gotten into the Ricker Game, only he forgot his suit. Mr. McGinnis is playing drawback on the fourth team.

The girls' hockey team reported for practice, Saturday. The veterans were Doris Richardson, Anna Burrill, Thelma Shea, Albert Tarbell and Cuthbert Sargent.

## HERBERT ALLAN Butcher BEEF & BOLOGNA

**No. 2. Donated by John McCarthy.**

Macaroni is very soft and pliable after it has been boiled in water.

**No. 3. Donated by Arthur Tapley.**

All men living in the southern states find it hard to remove their shoes without unlacing them.

**No. 4. Submitted by Isadore Rachlin.**

Did you know that Psychologists have not yet found a woman who could yawn with her mouth closed.

(Send all contributions to Tatler).



# TATLER

TION

OCTOBER, 1925

NUMBER 1

## MISS HELEN MOSHER STARS IN GRAND UPROAR

Last night at the Grand Uproar, Miss Helene Mosher singing with all her might and main drowned out the noise of four trucks, sixteen tractors and six icewagons. The crowd went wild and cheered Miss Mosher again and again. Miss Mosher's numbers were as follows:

1. "Mary Ann McCarthy, she went down to dig some clams." Miss Mosher sang this in six keys and only stopped for breath two times. Hearers in the sixty-third row say they heard Miss Mosher clearly above the trucks and tractors.

2. Miss Mosher now sang that famous ballad, "Der Mamma was chasing her boy round the room." The song is beautiful and sad and when the boy was caught after an hour of hard singing, the audience broke down and wept. Witnesses say that seventy-one gallon cans were needed to carry off the tears.

Miss Mosher now sang her last song, "It Ain't Gonna Rain no More." It was her triumph, and as her foot beat out the last note, chairs, books, papers and raincoats came flying at Miss Mosher in sign of appreciation. Helene will sing again next week, and a full house is predicted.

Other singers on the program were enjoyed, but I would give second honors to Paul Hickson who sang the "Coffin Song from the Cold Suite by the Smith Brothers, Trade and Mark." Mr. Hickson also sang, "Waffle I do." Mr. Hickson only got hit with a brick twice last night, thereby breaking his former record. Paul is a great gargler and a great future is predicted for him. He is handsome, has an honest face and an ability to dodge missiles.

The concert ended at a late hour and a good time was enjoyed by all.

Pass All Contributions to

Tatler Editor

Oracle Box

## ORACLE BOARD AWARDED FIRST ASSEMBLY

### Future Websters Orate

The First Assembly at Bangor High School was held Monday the 21st of September. The Oracle Board attired in clean ears, necks, and accessories sat in great glory in front of the hungry students of B. H. S. As Mr. Proctor finished the last announcement, he whirled around to Mr. Campbell, the Editor of the Board, and said: "As has been and always will be the custom, I give this assembly to you, the Oracle Board, do you want it? If you do, I'll wrap it up." Then holding his left hand above his right ear Mr. Campbell, sprang to both his feet and shouted: "Thanks, we'll take it." Thus the orations of the Famous Oracle Board started. The First speaker was Miss Hubbard. She had prepared a nice little four-thousand word poem and she sang it in four tongues to the delighted students. When she finished, she sank to her seat in exhaustion, among the cheers of the crowd. At Miss Hubbard's plea for one small dollar for a ticket, 525 one dollar bills were thrown on the stage. (Oh my!)

The next speaker, Mr. Burpee Berry, recited his little piece like the cunning little boy he is, and all his remarks cut into the chests of all the boys. In fact Mr. Berry pleaded so eloquently, Mr. Horace Briggs, a famous athlete, consented to do as Mr. Berry said, and go out for football. At the afternoon session Burpee's plea for funds brought forth 200 pennies. (Note). The pennies were from Burpee's little friends, Burnham Chapman, and Ruth White.

The next speaker was Miss Brenna Blaisdell. Using entirely new tactics for a Personals Editor, she explained to the audience the serious side of her work to such success that by the time she was done speaking there was a cloth basket full of contributions waiting for her.

Miss Mary Quinn came next and after a grueling half hour speech, she left the students ashamed of themselves for forgetting the Alum-

nae. However Miss Quinn pardoned everybody for making this mistake and amid great cheers sat down. The crowd was so enthused by Miss Quinn's oration that they gave a cheer for Old Town.

Mr. Billington, the man of dollars, the Business Manager came next and by a series of calculations, he impressed the crowd that the only way to get something for nothing was to buy an Oracle ticket. Mr. Billington spoke so soothingly and oily that 600 dollars were thrown on the stage in front of him. Mr. Billington then called the rest of the Board to attention and recess was called as the Board picked up the Bills.

The editor Mr. Campbell, came next and told of the Oracle's struggle for funds and the usual bologna and his plea brought forth the remaining \$260 for tickets. So the only person to be without an Oracle ticket is Charles Bunker, and he don't get paid till next Saturday. So you can see that it looks like a promising season for the Oracle. That is, if everybody gets busy and reads the Tatler. Remember, The Tatler counts as outside reading.

## LESLIE WHITCOMB HAS SERIOUS ACCIDENT

A man once said that it never rains but it pours.

Leslie Whitcomb, a student at Bangor High School, at dinner Saturday noon, while eating bananas, slipped and fell on his Adam's apple. After much sputtering and coughing Mr. Whitcomb managed to clear his throat of banana, and rinse it with Ivory Soap Flakes and Hot Water. Heeding the advice of a good friend Mr. Whitcomb sat out in the sunlight to heal his poor apple. By 4.30 Mr. Whitcomb's tonsils were so sunburned that he could not speak. Rushing into the house he reached for the telephone, fell over a newspaper and crashed the injured apple into the clothes wringer. His arms wildly swinging, he turned the handle and was rewarded by a gallon of red cider. Mr. Whitcomb is now resting easily.



## ROBERT NICKERSON ELECTED QUEEN OF CHERRYFIELD

### President Nickerson's Yodelling Draws Large Majority to His Side

Robert Gregory Nickerson, M. D.-S.O.L. of Sweden, Maine, was last night elected by a large majority, to the high office of Queen of Cherryfield. Mr. Nickerson who holds the world's record for speed in Spaghetti eating and the world's record for gargling soup in major keys, is a man of great talent and should stop slavery in Cherryfield by next week at the latest. Mr. Nickerson's chief duties as Queen will be to sweep out the City Hall, and wash out the milk bottles.

The Inaugural Program follows:

1. Oration—Why is an Apple—  
..... Hon. Fred Gillen
2. March—Yes we have no  
Bananas..... Orchestra
3. Inaugural Address—Tom  
Swift and his Searchlight  
Queen Robert Nickerson
4. Soprano Solo—Barney Google..... Avis Bartlett
5. Exit—Good Night Ladies—  
..... Orchestra

## VETERAN COACH COMES TO OWN

### Edward Foster Makes Find

Edward "Zoney" Foster, who played halfback for seventeen years on the fast Veazie Grammar School Eleven, yesterday afternoon made one of the most profitable finds ever experienced in this high school. Mr. Foster has been the sixteenth assistant coach on the fast Bangor Team for the last four days, and his plays, which were made so famous, by his radio coaching of Harvard and Yale, have been in constant use by the squad.

Yesterday Mr. Foster while picking blackberries off the telephone wires between State and Ohio streets saw a husky lad indulging in the gentle art of eating gravel. Immediately Coach "Zoney," his instincts aroused, sprang to his number nineteens and dragged the youth, who was "Wild Bill" Valento, all the way down to Bass Park. Thirty minutes later the "Awkward Squad" with Valento, as fullback, Captain, Manager, and water carrier, defeated the regulars, 1492 to 6. The six points were gained by heavy "Jed" McDonough on a

short 99 yard plunge through center.

Therefore fans and rooters of B. H. S., take off your hats and cheer for dear old "Zoney" Foster and his protegee, "Wild Bill" Valento.

## LITERARY CONTEST CLOSES

### Winners are Awarded Prizee

Miss Georgia Mayo is awarded a nickel plated Ashcan for her poem.

### A POEM

Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard  
To get her poor dog a bone  
When she got there  
Strawberries were ripe  
So the poor dog had to eat  
cucumbers.

Mr. George Bryant is awarded a red muslin drinking cup for his fable.

### A FABLE

The king was playing tennis. He missed a ball. "Somebody kick me," cried his majesty in great wrath, and sixteen courtiers were killed in the rush, for 'twas no mean offense to disobey his highness in those days.

## MUNICIPAL COURT

"Farmer" Crawford vs. Warren McGinnis in court Tuesday. Crawford made the complaint that, while he and McGinnis were indulging in a fist fight, he hit McGinnis in the head, thus imbedding 24 splinters in his right hand. McGinnis pleaded guilty and was fined \$2.53 and costs.

Donald Staples of Podunk was in court Tuesday on a charge of kicking the Library. Search of Staples yielded ten empty bottles of iodine. Staples pleaded guilty. Fined \$1.67 and costs.

Isadore Raichlin was in Court Tuesday on charge of assault with attempt to kill on Daniel Sullivan. Theweapon used was a compass. Fined \$500.03 and costs.

Horace Briggs of Squeedunk was committed to the Insane Asylum. Mr. Briggs signed his Hotel Registry as Henry the VIII.

## OLEMON FAIR CLOSES WITH BANG

The big Olemon Fair closed up last night with a bang. The large midway drew big crowds and the racing was of a high standard. All day long the people flocked to Olemon and by noon the metropolis was thronged by almost 250 people. The day was warm and cold, but by the time the races began the grandstand (that's a white lie—I mean bleachers,) was crowded. The first race was the Free for-All. Although the prize was large, ten dollars, winner take all, and the entrance fee only ten dollars, only two horses came to the wire. These horses were John R. Mason, driven by Burpee Berry and Roy Braley, driven by John Crowell. As there was a large field of starters it took a long time to start them. John R. drew the pole and as Roy got mad, the judge gave them both the pole. They started off fast and furious. John R. the little Iron Horse in the lead, but as they neared the home stretch, the fast Roy horse let loose and snapped in a winner in the fast time of 3 min. 45 sec. As the pace was gruelling both horses were too lame to race another heat, so Driver Crowell brought home the bacon. (I mean the ten dollars.)

The second race was called off on account of rain.

At three o'clock, Aviator Hugh Connor and his partner Daredevil Ruth Gordon went up in a balloon and leaped thro space eight feet and eight inches to the ground. This gave the vast mob the thrill it had been looking for and they cheered again and again, but the partners could not jump any more as they had sore feet.

At nine o'clock in the evening fireworks were set off and ice-cream was served to the hungry people.

The fair broke up at a late hour and a good time was enjoyed by all.

**SALE**  
**FOR TODAY ONLY**  
**Fur-Lined**  
**Saxaphones**  
**\$1.98**  
**J. A. ATWOOD CO.**



## CHIPS FROM OTHER WOODPILES

Poet: "Just hear those trees in the orchard sighing in the breeze."

Plumber: "Huh! I guess maybe you'd be sighin' too if you was as full of green apples as them trees is."

## TEE HEE

Zebra: What killed the laughing hyena?

Ostrich: Some Freshmen came in here the other day and he died from over exertion.

"My name is Johnston," one said, extending his hand, "I'm a painter; work in oil colors chiefly."

"Well," exclaimed another, "I'm an artist also; I work in bronze."

"This is fine," a third chimed in, "I'm a sculptor, I work in stone!"

Then the quiet member, who had been inclined to keep apart, stepped up with a smile: "Glad to see all of you, gentlemen, for I have a common interest with you. I'm a teacher in Bangor High School; I work in bone."

"I took the cover off my radio last night and got Cuba."

"Huh; I took the covers off my bed and got Chili."

Hush! little Freshman don't you cry,  
You'll be a Sophomore by and by.

Ma: I played Ma Jong last night with a Solid Ivory set.

Pa: Who were they?

## TO BE OR NOT TO BE

"I'd rather be a Could Be  
If I could not be an Are;  
For a Could Be is a Maybe  
With a chance of touching par.  
I'd rather be a Has Been  
Than a Might Have Been by far;  
For a Might Have Been has never been  
But a Has Been was once an Are."

"So there's a new dog in your alley now.  
What's his name?"

"Ginger."

"Yeh. Does 'Ginger' bite?"

"Naw. 'Ginger' snaps."

## FAIR ENOUGH

"Seen any mysterious strangers around here lately?" casually inquired the detective from the city.

"Waal," answered Uncle Eben, "there was a fellow over to town with a circus last week, who took a pair o' rabbits out o'my whiskers."

## WHY—

Don't railroads kill any but blooded stock?

Doesn't a man with long arms ever catch any short fish?

Do you always look extremely well to a person seeking a loan?

"Have you the right time?"

"Yes. What are you going to use it for?"

"Bait."

"Bait?"

"Yes! I'm going to catch a train."

There are meters iambic,  
And meters trachaic,  
There are meters in musical tone;  
But the meter  
That's sweeter,  
And neater,  
Completer,  
Is to meet her  
In the moonlight alone.

We want more of these each month, so you must all get busy. Let's see which class can get the most names. I'm betting on the Seniors.

Something stunted Dan. K-d-y's growth when he was young. Too bad, he'll probably never be more than 6 ft. 3 or 4 now. Same way with John M-c C-y, '26, it is doubtful if he ever grows much taller.

Edna D-b-n, '26, had better look out and count the calories or a notice will be sent home that she is 20 per cent under weight.

Dorothy B-dy, '26, is still undecided about having her hair bobbed. She decides not to.

Margaret S-ll-v-n, '26, is going to take lessons in conversation; if she hasn't anything to say she doesn't say it and she thinks she ought to learn how.

## SAID AND DONE IN ROOM 101

Many members of Division C, having newly acquired the dignity of Sophomores, have visited their beloved teachers of last year and other scenes of their childhood.

D. Pressey, has graduated from knee breeches, now.

Since her experience in the haunted house Annie Proctor's flash-light has been her bosom friend. It may be found in her book bag at any time.

E. Cross, upon meeting Mademoiselle B. in the hall one morning said very politely. "Vous avez, Mademoiselle."

Dorothy Somers has the best seat in the Latin class—the one next to the door.

R. Lorimer and his old friend and antagonist, Stewart Mead, have been temporarily separated.

Remembering the adage "You can always tell a freshman by the book bags they carry," the Sophomores, not wishing to betray their recent graduation from the B. H. S. Kindergarten have apparently disregarded their old friends. While at home puzzled parents, who last year dug down into their pockets for the money to buy these very necessary articles are laying awake nights vainly trying to discover why at this time last year, that book bag was absolutely necessary for four books while this year six books can be borne on the arm from room to room with perfect ease.

## B. H. S. 1929

Eleanor West will be glad to know that smartness comes in small packages.

Many tears have been shed by Robert Russ

who found that his toy auto must be kept in Abbot Square instead of in the corridors.

Edith Whittemore found that the traffic was rather crowded in the corridors for a Kiddy Kar.

We advise Billy Adams to have three wheel brakes on his tricycle if he intends to race down Spring Street Hill.

Curley hair seems to meet with approval in B. H. S. We wish Francis Allen luck.

Clarice Penny has exchanged her Kiddy-Kar for a faster and noiser Ford.

Phil Christmas, commonly known as "Slicks" will give lessons on How to Keep the Hair Slick.

Not even the excitement of the first day of school kept Chester Arbo awake. Mr. Proctor discovered him walking thro the building in a nightmare.

We are much impressed by Harold Ellingwood's height. He was taken for a Senior the first day.

Have you wondered this year what division you really are in. This will remove all doubt.

a—awful.

b—bad.

c—corking.

d—dumb.

e—excellent.

f—fine.

America Fr-ti, '26, is B. H. S.'s candidate for the title, Miss America.

G. Campbell, '26, told the freshmen he knew they must have taken in what he said, for none of it came back to him.

Jewell R-b-s-n, '26, is a Maine jewel, so he must be a tourmaline.



## Tha Nues

John Bell went to th' Devine Healer and as a result has grown .32 of a centimeter.

Roy Braley returned from a trip to Grindstone where he has been employed by a first class pipe fitter.

Tha ten Annables were separated the other day. Don't seem possible but t'was so. The Ford in which they was drivin' broke in 2. Ed kept on in the former half and Dave remained in tha latter. Hence they were divided.

Hen Willey has been elected as street Kom-missioner out Union St., as far as tha Colburn Home.

Extra: Greasy Banks cleaned his glasses last nite and as a result is seeing things which he had never formerly seen.

John Coffin has decided to study his lessons befor cummin to school, and even every spair minit he has in school.

"Pete" Morrison has entered tha Sublime Movie Co. His first picture will be "Hedded for Hampden". Elcina Cole will play opposite him.

Clyde Tibbutts has just got hum with his Ford. He has just been on a rattlin' good trip to Hermon.

I guess thats all and watch fur tha next episode.

"Henry Hayseed."

## By Gum

Prof. to a sedentary Dumb-bell—"Can you answer me this question: why don't you stand up and recite?"

Dumb-bell—"No, I'm stuck (by gum)."

## All Sand

They—Where were you the night of the full-moon?

He—I went down to the sandy beach of Sandwich and had a sandwich lunch and—

They—Say, were the sandwiches wrapped in sandpaper!

## Cross-Words

She—Why do you use such cross words?

He—I'm a cross-word fan, you know.

## What State

One—In what state were you born?

Other—In the state of innocence, they tell me.

## The Inferente

Mr. P——reads as soon as Assembly quiets down:—"Why do the heathen rage,—?"

## In Chemistry

Informed one—The great Lakes don't freeze over because I've heard that they run steamers there all winter.

Wise one—Aw, that was Stanley steamers.





# Jokes

Advanced dope is that if Jimmie O'Laughlin is as good at football as he is in French, Bangor High should win all its games this year.

Earl Banks is said to be a candidate for the title of Senior Sheik, but thus far he and his Dodge car have made him the Senior Shriek.

Donis Scott often signs his name "D. A. Scott" because some of the fresh freshmen call him "Doris" instead of "Donis." That is their idea of a joke.

But it's no joke about the savings that readers of the *Oracle* can find at the Besse System Co. on Main street. This store deals in fine sweaters, suits, dresses, coats, scarfs and all varieties of clothing—yet the prices are moderate. Besse System buys thousands of dollars worth at a time, and thus obtains its merchandise at low cost. The savings is passed on to you.

Bruce Cunningham is modest and never tells the real reason why he is late to school. The inside story is that he receives so much mail from the New York publishing houses asking for stories, that he needs three or four hours to read all the offers. This coming

young author may some day become editor of the *Old Town Enterprise*. Who knows?

Gee, wasn't it cold at the football game! You needn't wear a stuffy big overcoat, or freeze in a thin slip-on. Besse System Co. has some dandy special sweaters for the boys. For the girls we have the new fad, Wigwam Coats. These are made of beacon blanket material and are just the thing for outdoor sports. Come in and look at them.

"Pete" Morrison, the handsome (?) movie star, doesn't know anything about "old King Cole" but he does like young Queen Cole.

Girls, are you wearing the new Pirate hats? They are very becoming, and are becoming the rage. Mrs. Hill at the Besse System Co. will give you personal fittings.

Lloyd (glut) Rogerson is telling his friends he is now on a strict diet.

After several weeks of practice, Thurlow Chandler announces he will soon be ready to join the school orchestra. His ukelele has become noted.

The French class' famous "17 failures" would be happy again if they wore Besse System Clothes.