

# ORACLE



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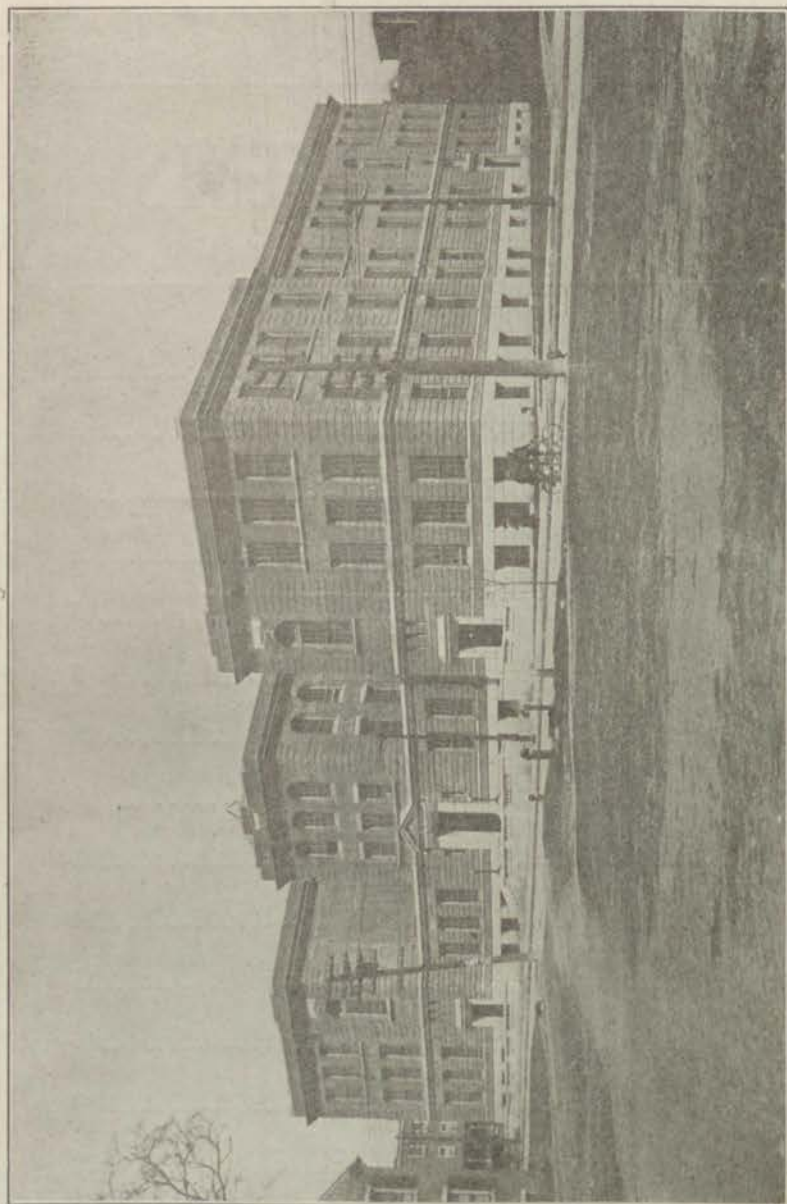
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ALMA MATER

# 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 H. DEANE BENSON, 90 Grove 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. XXXIII

NOVEMBER, 1924

NO. 2

## The Oracle Board



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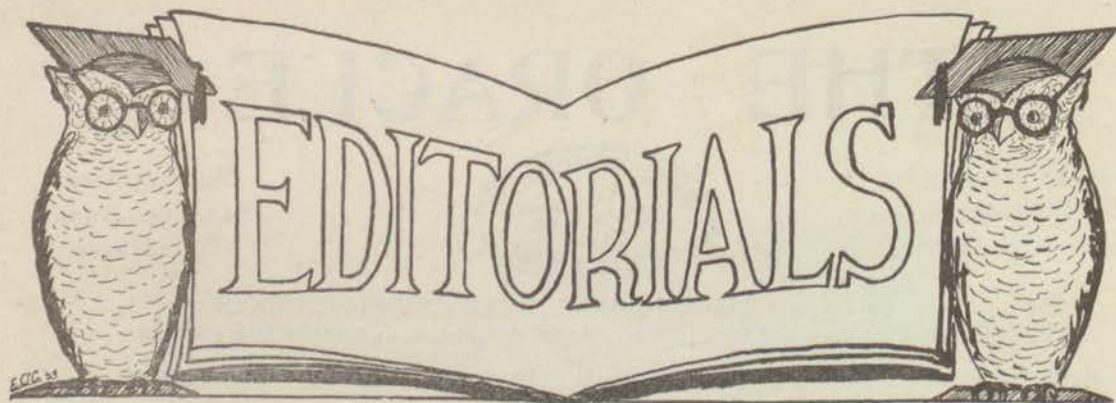
Prescott Dennett, '25

Guy Rainsford, '26

Charles O'Connor, 25

Bruce Cunningham, '27





This month's Oracle is not only the football number but also the Thanksgiving number. To many of us young

**Thanks-** people, when we think of  
**giving** Thanksgiving, the thought up-

permost in our mind is that November dinner, which comes only once a year. A family reunion is planned, and after days of hustle and preparation the hour approaches and then after a merry meal together, with fun afterwards, each goes his own way again for another year.

But to some it is different. To them belongs the real joy of Thanksgiving Day. They, too, may have a family get-together with a big dinner, but they have also, provided for, and made some other family, who are not so fortunate, happy with gifts of food and clothing. And when they gather around the table a prayer of thankfulness and gratitude is offered to the One Creator who has brought them safely through another year and blessed them with prosperity.

While reading the other day, I came across a poem which says, what I am trying to say, in a very charming manner:

"When the odors from the kitchen,  
Tantalizing and bewitchin',  
Set a feller's palte itchin'—  
Aggravates your appetite;  
When you smell the turkey bakin';  
See the cake your Ma is makin',  
Covered thick with icy flakin'—  
Ain't you dying for a bite?

When the pumpkin, fat and yeller,  
An' the cider from the cellar,  
An' the apples, sweet an' meller,  
Start appearing' on the scene;  
When you sniff the scent o' spices,  
An' o' canned fruit cut in slices,  
An' the freezer's freezin' ices—  
Can you guess what it may mean?

When you see your Ma a bastin'  
O' the turkey, an' a-tastin'  
O' the luscious pastry pastin'  
At this magic time o' year,  
Don't a funny sort o' feelin'  
Come into your heart a stealin';  
Don't you kind o' feel like kneelin'—  
Giving thanks Thanksgiving's here?"

As this is the Football Number, a few words ought to be said about this year's team. Headed by Terry Sullivan, it has proven a bigger success than was expected by anyone. With an exceptionally

**Football** hard schedule ahead of them and with only two regulars from last year's team, they brought back wins over Portland twice, something that hasn't been done since 1912, and a win over Portland Catholic High, another crack team, which had been winning about everything till they came up against Bangor.

With twelve games on the list, the team has won six, tied two and lost three, two of these three to Prep. schools, heavier and older teams. The results of all these games will be found in the Athletic department of this issue, including the line-ups of both teams and an account of the plays.

The team has worked hard and some very fine material had been found for next year's team, which by all indications, should be another success.

# LITERARY

*We cannot all be masters  
Nor can all masters be followed.  
—Shakespeare.*



## SANDY.

By Charlotte Bowman.



THE ground was covered with snow, the first snow of the season. Sandy MacTaggett watched the big flakes as they drifted past the hospital window. The very sight of those white crystals set Sandy to thinking of his little cabin nestled in the heart of the Canadian wilderness. Here he was, in the Boston City hospital recovering from a very serious operation, while up there in the wilderness his two beautiful Scotch collies were left alone to cruel and relentless nature. Day after day, month after month, Sandy had laid upon his cot with an ache in his heart that was not caused by pain.

Then one day a young man had come to fill the empty bed beside Sandy's. During the days which followed, Sandy and young Frank Prescott became the best of friends. Thus it came about that Frank learned of Sandy's pitiful story.

"Weel, it was this way," said Sandy, "you see, my wife and little girl were both tuk from me during that terrible epidemic o' influenza," then he stopped and seemed to be lost in his own sad thoughts.

Softly Frank said, "Sandy, tell me about your little girl."

"Weel, Sally was the fairest wee lassie, I dinna know a' fairer, wi' her yellow curls,

her laughing eyes, her cheeks as red as roses, and her wee lips just made for sweet kisses. Sally hae twa' dogs I bought to please her.

"When she left me, she said, 'Now, Dadda, take good care o' Lassie and Laddie.'

"But I lo'e the dogs as much as Sally, so when my health began to fail I tuk the twa' dogs wi' me to the great Canadian wilderness, awa' from the dirty city"; then Sandy fell to dreaming again.

There came the day when Frank was ready to leave the hospital. Sandy took a map from a little tin box and together they marked the trail over which Frank would go on his way to Sandy's cabin. Just as soon as he was able, Sandy was to follow his young friend.

"God bless you, laddie, an' may you fin' the twa' fine dogs. If I dinna come, laddie, all I hae is yours."

So Frank Prescott started on his long journey to find that lonely cabin and the "twa' fine dogs."

Had Sandy but known, he had no cause to fear, for his two dogs had responded to the call of the wild, that is, killing those beasts smaller than themselves, and avoiding those larger. One might have taken them for their ancestors, the wolves, had it



not been for their golden, tawny coats with the characteristic white ruff.

Sandy would have been surprised had he known the secret of the cave under the big pine tree, held safe from prying eyes. Four hungry little mouths to feed, kept Lassie and Laddie hunting day and night.

The day after the big storm, Frank Prescott arrived at Sandy's old log cabin. Wearied with the long days of tramping through the wilderness, and faint with hunger, that lonely cabin, buried in the midst of the mighty forest, seemed to welcome Frank, for the door was open to receive him. The floor was drifted with snow, snow everywhere.

But Sandy had left dry wood in the wood box and provisions in the cupboard, so smoke, mingled with the odor of fried bacon, poured once more from the chimney of Sandy's little cabin.

Frank had been there almost a month, yet not a glimpse of the two dogs had he seen. He did not know that two gleaming eyes had watched him ever since his arrival. Hatred shone in those eyes, for Lassie could see only a strange man who was living in her beloved master's cabin.

Then one day while Lassie was away hunting for a plump grouse, a little round head appeared in the opening of the cave. Two bright eyes looked at the snow which covered everything with a pure white surface. Then the puppy crept cautiously out of the cave. The sun made him blink, the cold wind made him tremble, but his curiosity overcame these discomforts. The cave was not a great distance from the cabin but it was so effectively hidden by a thick growth of fir trees that one would not have noticed the small entrance to the cave. Somehow the puppy found his way out of this fir grove until he was in sight of the cabin. Frank, who was chopping wood, looked up just in time to see a tiny animal walking toward him.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Frank, "you poor little tyke, where did you come from? Say, you look like a collie pup," he said, as he picked the dog up.

"Little pal, I'm going to keep you, perhaps you will help to keep away this terrible loneliness. I am going to call you 'Sandy' in memory of one of the best men God ever made, Sandy MacTaggett."

Furry Sandy had not yet learned to fear

man so he nestled down, contented to lie in his new friend's arms. Frank stood there, still thinking of his old friend.

Then he remembered Sandy's last words, "May you fin' the twa' fine dogs," so he started with little Sandy in his arms to trail the tiny tracks in the soft snow. Frank was so engrossed retracing Sandy's tracks that he did not notice a slender, yellow body rushing toward him from the edge of the clearing. As he turned to see the cause of the slight noise he had heard, a flashing, yellow form hurled itself through the air, springing directly for his throat. With a cry of pain, Frank fell to the ground under the force of that tawny body. As he fell Frank hit the ragged stump of a tree which he had just felled the day before, cutting a great gash in one side of his head. The force of the blow knocked him unconscious.

Lassie, seeing that the man did not move, picked the frightened little Sandy up by the scruff of his neck and trotted back to her cave with him. She had been watching for just such a chance to attack this man who occupied her master's cabin, she had saved her baby from harm and had guarded her master's property.

When Frank at last regained consciousness, he found himself on a bunk in the cabin with his head swathed in bandages. He started to get up but as he glanced up his hand was seized in a strong grip while his old friend, Sandy MacTaggett, was speaking words of welcome.

"Why, Sandy, old pal, it surely is good to see you. What's happened to my head?" Then in a flash it came back to him how he had been attacked by Lassie.

"Weel, my lad, you seem to be weel banged up. What happened to you?"

But Frank did not need to tell Sandy the story for just then Lassie trotted over to Frank, placing both forepaws on his arm, looking at him with such sorrowful eyes that he took the dog's head between his hands and looking into those expressive eyes, said, "Lassie, I forgive you." Then as if giving a peace offering, Lassie carried furry Sandy to her new found friend, who took the tiny puppy from his mother.

Sandy looked at Frank with astonished eyes, as he witnessed this silent drama.

"Weel, I'll be durned if that dog dinna know more than sa' people."



## CHOCOLATE VICTORY.

By Harold S. Schiro, '25.

GREAT excitement reigned in Nashville. All darktown was in holiday attire for today was the great day, anxiously awaited by all—the day of the championship football game, played for the colored championship of the country. The Chicago Terriers, victors of the east and middle west, had invaded Nashville, to play the local Whirlwinds, winners of the Southern League, and reported to have a team skilled most proficiently in aerial attacks.

In the office of his "Autos Washed Stand" sat Skimp Watts, flashing end of the local aggregation. He was smiling. Opposite him was "Doc" Phileas Muggs, manager of the colored gridders.

"We'se a gona sho eat 'em up today, brother Muggs," said Skimp, "them Terriers ain't gonna have a ghost of a show."

"Ah, hopes you is right, but them Cheecagi boys can play ball. I knows, cause I seen 'em when they beat Boston."

"Don't matter to us. Us boys 'ell throw fo'ward passes all 'round 'em. Ya know our new play, 6-1-8-3-11, just watch us reel that one off. Why, 'fore them colored chiles 'now it, I'll have that ball right in ma arms, travelin' down that field sixty miles per hour. I don't like to brag, but bruder "Jos," Ah, sho am the clev'est, fas'est colored bo' that ever had a pigskin under his arms. Just you watch me."

Biff! The game was on. Captain Alec White, quarterback of the Terriers, had booted the ball to the Whirlwinds, who had lined up as follows:

Watts, L. E.

Tripp, L. T.

A Scott, L. G.

Nuff, C.

G. Scott, R. G.

Irving, R. T.

Knut, R. E.

Capt. Brown, R. H. B.

Smith, L. H. B.

Bragg, F. B.

Holman, Q. B.

The ball landed in the waiting arms of Smith, who was downed in his tracks by two Terriers. A howl arose from the Chicago stands. The Whirlwinds elected to kick and Captain Brown booted the ball out of danger. Back and forth the battle

raged—the Whirlwinds using their aerial attack to good advantage—but the fierce tackling and the kicking toe of Captain White boldly resisted and forced back the flying foes. The first quarter ended without either side scoring. In the second period, by a long pass of 50 yards to Skimp Watts, the Whirlwinds got first blood, scoring a touchdown. Bragg missed the try for one point. The third quarter brought no further scores.

Now it is the last period. Both teams are on their toes. The Whirlwinds confident of victory,—the Terriers fighting back, determined to overcome the six point advantage of their opponents. Five minutes to play. The men are sweating, tired, exhausted, fairly overcome by the heat, and bodily exertion. It is the Whirlwinds' ball on the Terriers' 40 yard line. A few rushes. No ground is gained. Bragg drops back for what is expected to be a punt. Unnoticed, Skimp takes off his brown headguard and tucks it under his arms, making it appear like a ball. The ball is snapped back to Bragg. But instead of kicking, Bragg starts off at an end run around to the left—he passes the ball to Skimp, who has already the headguard tucked under one arm. He crisscrosses and is off around right end, with the ball under one arm and the headguard under the other. In order to confuse the opponents he is supposed to drop the headguard, causing them to think it is the ball. But in the excitement the unfortunate happens. Skimp, overcome by his hard playing, together with the noise and the heat, **drops the ball, not the headguard.** He continues to run thinking he has dropped his headguard.

Rollins, right halfback of the Terriers, immediately scoops up the ball and darts down the field for a touchdown, tying the score. The stands are roaring. Skimp and the rest of the Whirlwinds are downhearted. And look! Captain White has dropped back for a drop kick for the deciding point. He poises the ball, gauges the distance—he lowers the pigskin, raises his leg. The ball is off, sailing straight as an arrow between the goal posts. **THE TERRIERS HAVE WON, 7 to 6. CHOCOLATE VICTORY!**



## A TRAGEDY

By B. W. M.

FOR the past fifteen years I have been employed by the Yellowstone National Park as a warden. It was the duty of myself and eleven other men to prevent the predatory animals from gaining a foothold on the government property. During the fifteen years of my work in the park I have seen many incidents of which the following may be interesting:

One morning I was called into headquarters and told that reports were coming from fire wardens in Grass Valley that a great lynx was killing many deer there. These killers occasionally wandered down across the Canadian border to play havoc among the wild life of the park. I was quickly despatched to the valley and ordered not to return until I had killed the lynx. This trip might last two days, it might last two months, according to the craftiness of the great cat.

One morning about a week after my arrival in Grass Valley, I lay on a ledge overlooking Beaver river. The frosts had come and the brilliantly painted leaves were sailing about everywhere; some whirling through the air above the tree-tops; others scudding along the surface of the beautiful, reflecting water of the stream, which could be seen winding its way for miles through the brown meadows to the base of the promontory on which I lay. The water, which seemed to be almost under me, slid giddily past to a great sixty foot fall, which roared and threw its crystal spray into the crisp fall air. Directly across was a white sand beach extending part way across the stream.

My mind was brought from the beautiful things of nature with a sudden jerk. I had seen something grey move on a great rock

just to the left of the little point. My hopes were set to bounding when I trained my glasses upon the spot and discovered the object of my trip, the lynx, stretched at full length on the rock, evidently waiting.

He was out of rifle range. The impassable stream was between us. How was I to fill my mission? I had been in Grass Valley a whole week; set traps, put out poison baits and hunted continuously but had not caught sight of the animal until then.

These discouraging thoughts were suddenly interrupted. A small spike-horn buck trotted out onto the point. As he drank of the cool, clear water he was a perfect picture, the sun causing the shadows of the leaves to dance on his smooth brown coat.

I turned my glasses to the rock. The lynx was gone. I watched the shore excitedly. There he was at the very base of the point. He moved slowly out on the point, nearer the deer and incidentally nearer my gun. The little buck's head came up with a jerk, his nostrils dilating. He had got the scent of his worst enemy. The deer turned, saw the fierce cat crouching for its spring, and with a wild bleat, rushed into the sliding waters of the stream and was swept over the falls to its death without uttering another sound.

The lynx, foiled, stretched himself lazily. It was a long shot, but my only chance. I took long aim and pressed the trigger. With a wild shriek the animal jumped into the air, fell dead, rolling down the bank into the water, and as I afterward thought lived up to its relentless disposition even in death by following the deer over the falls. I then returned to the headquarters, my mission fulfilled.

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Charles (Bucky) Erswell, Jr.

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# LOCALS

On October 16, Miss Greene explained to the members of the club the different stage terms.

Miss Greene began working with the Juniors for the Junior exhibition, September 29, two weeks after school opened and the first tryouts were held two weeks later.

In order to make students better acquainted with the French language, a club has been formed, "Le Cercle Francais," for that purpose. It has now a membership of about seventy-five, with the following officers:

President, John White; vice president, Marion Blaisdell; secretary, Norman Winch, and treasurer, Albert Whittier. According to the constitution, which was adopted October 13, all seniors who are in sympathy with the aims of the club are eligible to membership. The name of an applicant for membership shall be presented in writing to the club by a member of the club and indorsed by three other members.

At the meeting on October 13, Mrs. Meade recited a French poem and Dorothy Clough read a story in French.

A third meeting was held October 27. After the business meeting, Miss Dorothy Ireland told us a story in French; then Rose Stone conducted a spelling match, she giving out English words and the contestants responding with the French and the spelling of the French word. A French playlet, "La Recreation Perdue," was presented by Ruth Hasey, Priscilla Sawyer, Edith Bowen, Arline Palmer, and Eunice Copeland. The play was excellent, but the French of the hearers was not quite up to understanding it.

On October 23, Professor Chase of the University of Maine, spoke before the Latin club, and the Debating societies. He began by conveying the greetings of the U. of M. Latin club to the one of B. H. S. He went on to mention some of the discoveries that have been made in recent years with the pick and shovel in the lands where Rome held sway, one of the most important being the finding of the lost volumes of Livy.

The main subject of the evening, though, was Roman coins. Professor Chase first told of the early Roman coins, weighing eleven ounces or so. By means of his collection of coins, he illustrated how Roman customs changed and what effect Virgil's Aeneid had in changing the story of Aeneas' wanderings in some details. After the talk all gathered around the desk and examined the twenty odd coins there with great interest while Professor Chase answered questions and told more about the coins to those who were interested in them.

On October 2, the Dramatic club had its first meeting with about seventy-five present. The officers elected were: President, Robert Crowell; vice president, Marion Schriver; secretary, Ruth Meservey, and treasurer, John Townsend.

The boys of the club put on a very well-presented play at the Teachers' convention, "Christmas in Turkey Hollow," written by Eugene Rowe, '22.

This year the Dramatic club is not only going to put on plays, but is also going to make a study of dramatics and how to put on and coach a play.



We find we omitted to mention some of our new teachers in our last number. We apologize and hereby introduce them:

Clifford S. Reynolds is a B. A. of University of Maine, 1924, but this is not the first place in which he has taught history. In fact, he was principal of the high school in Canaan, Me., in 1922-23, where he taught history, English and mathematics. He is a young man of course; but if you don't think he means business, you have made a mistake.

Miss Doris Townsend took Mrs. Carroll's place during the first quarter. She is tall and pretty, a graduate of B. H. S. and of Wheaton. She substituted for us before leaving with her parents for a winter in California.

We understand that the afternoon students feel indignant, and we acknowledge they have a right to that feeling, because nothing was said in the last Oracle about their new teachers. Here they are:

That tall, pleasant lady, who teaches the afternoon Commercial how to make their p's and q's, to say nothing of A B C's and X Y Z's, is Miss Janice Moore. She has taught in Machias, Rockland and Brewer, and she studied at Shaw Business College and Simmons College of Methods.

The handsome man with the fine manners, who has Room 308, is Howard S. Emery. He's a U. of M. man but has also studied, previous to his college course, two years at Farmington Normal school and a year at Harvard Radio school. He will surely be able to teach English to any afternoon student who is willing to learn.

The afternoon Girls' Debating society has organized, keeping the name of Snapdragons, which was adopted last year. A very snappy meeting was held, during which the following officers were elected: President, Cynthia Jones; vice president, Charlotte Brown; secretary and treasurer, Esther Flynn. The debaters for the next meeting are Eleanor Brown, Betty Spangler, Doris Waterman, and Ruth Nye.

On September 25, the Latin club held its first meeting at which the constitution was discussed and adopted. This constitution states that the object of the club shall be to promote interest in Latin literature, history, and government along intellectual and social lines.

The article on membership reads as follows:

All seniors of Bangor High school who are in sympathy with the aims of the club shall be eligible for membership.

All juniors who have attained an average of 85 per cent. or above for the first month or for any quarter preceding their proposed admittance to the club, shall be eligible for membership.

All sophomores who have attained an average of 85 per cent. or above, the first quarter or any quarter preceding their proposed admittance to the club, shall be eligible to membership.

The offices of the club correspond as closely as possible to those of the Roman state.

Dorothy Clough and Paul Martin are the consuls for the first half of the year; Gretchen Hayes, the praetor; Leo White, the quaestor; Marion Schriver, Charlotte Bowman, Deane Benson and Richard Babb, the aediles; Elizabeth Martin and Prescott Dennett, the tribunes, and Miss Webster and Mr. Bryant of the faculty, censors.

This club has made a good beginning, having a membership of forty before the end of the first month.

October 9th, the club had a social evening, playing charades in which Latin words were used and doing other interesting things. Refreshments were served by Emma Townsend, Marion Schriver, Leo White and Richard Babb.

A business meeting of the Boys' Debating society was held Monday, October 13. The election of officers resulted as follows:

President, Edward Stearns.

Vice President, David Rudman.

Secretary and Treasurer, Leo White.

Manager, Jacob Gross.

At assembly, the 13th, Congressman Upshaw from Georgia, spoke on "Progress." He was a very interesting speaker and showed us how grit would get a person wherever he wanted to be.



The first and annual appearance of the Oracle Board was made at assembly Monday, September 22. Philip Whitman introduced the speakers. There was a series of fine speeches delivered in excellent fashion. The speakers were as follows:

Philip Whitman, our editor and first speaker, made some fine talk about the Tatler department. In his speech he explains very clearly why the Oracle must have the support of the students. He emphasizes that the Oracle is our paper, it is what we make it and it is our duty to do all we can to support it. His concluding sentence is: It is not a question of can you afford it but a question of can you afford to be without it.

Arlene Palmer, head of the personal dept. and second speaker, delivered a fine speech, witty and humorous, telling us that one of her assistants is so small that if he gave a speech it would be difficult to tell where the noise was coming from. She urges everyone to contribute to the personal department. Miss Palmer says, "When there is a joke or something funny about somebody, bring it to us and let us put it in the Oracle, then you will be helping to support your school paper."

Paul Martin, the third speaker and on the Literary department, says that many have literary ability but do not use it. Mr. Martin asks everybody who has this ability to write for his department. In the morning Mr. Martin seemed exhilarated but by the time of the Freshman and Sophomore assembly he became much quieter. Perhaps the mad rush of the Freshmen subdued him a little.

The next speaker was Gretchen Hayes of the Local department. She explains the Local department to the infants of the Freshman class. She asks everyone to pass in all the newsy happenings around school as it is impossible for the two people on the department to collect all the news in the morning and afternoon. Miss Hayes ends her speech with "Whatever you do buy an Oracle ticket."

Philip Smith, our fifth speaker and on the Athletic department, does not ask any work of us, which is quite unusual. Phil says we are sure to have some fine results with the assistance of Coach Trowell and Mr. Mitchell. He tells us it will be well worth our time to read the Athletics.

Lucille Buckley, our Alumni editor, says we all must be interested in the Alumni.

Of course everyone wants to know where last year's class went and what some of the older Alumni are doing. Miss Buckley's last words were: "Bring your dollar and buy your Oracle ticket."

The last but not least speaker was Dean Benson. Dean says that people say a dollar doesn't go very far now but a dollar buys an Oracle ticket and it lasts for nine months. He also mentions the fact that the tickets are in one piece this year, which will make it much easier for the Freshmen because they are in the habit of losing them. He wants everyone to get advertisements. The Oracles can be sent to brothers or sisters, anyone who wants them.

There is much promising material for the Boys' Debating society this year. The society is open to the upper classes and we urge boys to join right away. We are sorry to have lost our long and cherished leader, Mr. Miller, but we are fortunate in having another member of our Alma Mater to coach us. The society is in full swing, having a debate scheduled for Nov. 17. The question is Resolved: That Legislature Regarding Child Labor Should be Enacted as an Amendment to the Constitution. The sides are as follows:

Aff.	Neg.
Leo White,	Edward Stearn,
C. Percival,	T. Sullivan,
Alternate, C. Angel.	Alternate, E. Haley.

The society hopes this year to have a regular debating schedule just like a football schedule or basketball schedule but—we need a good team, good material. Help us get it.

The society has no dues which plainly shows that you pay nothing to enter, yet you come out of the society after a year's work, with a clear knowledge of debating and a good heap of fun.

Miss Ruth Daitz, a former Bangor High girl, is now attending the Westchester State Normal School. She is a member of the Moore Literary society and took the part of "Gladiola" in the play, "Daddy Long Legs," which was given by the society, Oct. 4.





# ALUMNI



FOX '14

Don Thompson, B. H. S., '24, and Don Mason, B. H. S., ex '24, were out for football at Coburn. Mason played a guard position in that school's first game.

Mike Trainor is this season trying for a position on the Buffalo All-Americans, a team composed of some of the famous ex-college stars. Several years ago Mike's playing brought more than one football victory for Bangor. In addition to his other duties Mr. Trainor is the coach of the Canisuis Prep College football team.

Phil Jones, a former B. H. S. and U. of M. football player, is coaching the Rockland High team.

Arthur "Swede" Mulvany, another Bangor High and Maine football star, is coaching Kennebunkport High's team.

The present coach of the Brewer High football team is none other than John T. Quinn, B. H. S., '19. Mr. Quinn played football here and at Georgetown University from which he graduated. He and Gerard P. Collins, another Bangor and Georgetown boy, were recently admitted to the Maine bar and will form a law partnership here. These young men were president of their respective high school classes.

Among those to report for the Freshman football team at Bowdoin was Charles H. Sawyer, B. H. S., '23. Sawyer played on the Deerfield, Mass., Academy team last year. During his senior year here he was business manager of the Oracle.

Percy "Bullet" Guptill, a former student at this school, who now attends Deering High, is one of the mainstays of the football team there. Guptill is quite a versatile player, being able to play either a backfield or a line position.

Chesley B. Weddleton, B. H. S., '24, has entered the freshman class at Colby, taking

a medical preparatory course, while William Griffin, B. H. S., '24, is at Castine Normal school.

William R. "Bill" Crowley, a graduate of B. H. S., and of Bowdoin in 1908, has become a football official of distinction. He acts in the capacity of referee or umpire in some of the most important football contests. Because of Mr. Crowley's ability, fairness, and good judgment, he has been chosen for three years to officiate in the Army-Navy game. He is the only official who has served thrice in this important game.

Mr. and Mrs. Myles Thomas Finnegan are receiving congratulations on the birth of a baby girl. "Mickey," a Bangor boy, was very brilliant in local football and also played one year at the University of Maine, being considered one of the best ends in the state. Later "Mickey" continued his stellar work at Canisuis. The couple are now residing at Buffalo, N. Y.

In a thrilling race John Tarbell, B. H. S., '21, won the 300 yard dash of the Bowdoin fall Interfraternity track meet. John is a member of the Junior class and of Beta Theta Pi fraternity.

Edwin "Touchy" Short is playing his second year in the backfield for Canisuis college, Buffalo, N. Y. Last year a New York paper picked "Touchy" for a position on one of the All New York teams. Short, who graduated in '22, was president of his class and a star athlete. John "Red" Lynch, another Bangor High boy, is also on the football team at the Buffalo college. "Red" was a star tackle during his high school days.

Edward "Fat" Sawyer, B. H. S., '24, who played local football, survived the first cut in the Dartmouth frosh squad.



Ruth Hunt, B. H. S., '24, is attending school in Boston.

The vice president of the Maine club at Nason Institute is a Bangor High graduate, Faye C. Everett. Miss Everett is a junior at Nason and her club is the largest there.

Nathan R. Cohen, B. H. S., '21, who is now a senior at Columbia, has recently been awarded the King's Crown, which is the highest activity honor the university confers. Among the activities which entitle Mr. Cohen to this honor are a solo cornetist in the University band for two years, a member of the instrumental clubs for two years, a member of the Glee club, and a prominent character in the varsity shows. His fraternity is Phi Epsilon Pi. Mr. Cohen may have the unique distinction of being the only Maine boy to whom the King's Crown has been awarded. Before entering Columbia Mr. Cohen was a student two years at the U. of M.

A Bangor boy who is advancing rapidly in the musical world is Bernard J. Russell, B. H. S., '22. "Bunnie" was recently signed by Paul Specht to play in the Lido Venice orchestra, London, England. Mr. Russell is a master of the trombone and can also handle the saxophone with ease. He has had exceptional offers to play in some of the leading orchestras of the country. While at Bangor High "Bunnie" played regularly in the High School orchestra.

Horace A. Hilton, B. H. S., '01, John M. O'Connell, B. H. S., '14, and George Ginsberg were chosen recently to be the new graduate members of the Bangor High School Athletic Council to fill the vacancies caused by the resignation of William McC. Sawyer, Frank L. Bass, and John H. Magee.

Miss eBrnice S. Smith, B. H. S., '17, was re-engaged as a teacher of English at the High school of Reading, Mass. During her course at this school (B. H. S.), Miss Smith was prominent in athletics and debating and she contributed to both the Literary and Art departments of the Oracle.

The class of 1901, the only class in the history of Bangor High school to hold a reunion every year, recently held its twenty-third reunion at the Penobscot Valley Country club. A general good time was enjoyed and old times were discussed. Forty-nine were graduated from this class, fifteen of whom attended the last reunion. Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Garland were the committee for this year's reunion, and next year Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Pfaff will have charge.

Football is now holding the center of the stage. As usual Bangor High is well represented by its alumni on the various teams.

Miss Madeline Gillen, '22, has entered the Sacred Heart college, Manhattanville, N. Y. Last year she attended the U. of M.

Recent marriages of former B. H. S. students:

Dr. Edwin T. Murray, '12, and Miss Helen Hamilton.

Richard Collins Pendleton and Miss Pauline Woodward, '17.

Stephen D. Tuttle and Miss Arlene Marie Tasker, '18.

Earle John Honey, '18, and Miss Ethel Rose Leach.

William H. Nason and Miss Mildred O. Tweedie, '20.

John P. Downing, '21, and Miss Muriel B. Babcock, '21.

Joseph Gallant, '21, and Miss Eleanor L. Wood, '23.

James Glascock and Miss Doris Moore, '22.

Ellery C. Gebo and Miss Audrey C. Genge.

A Harvard Freshman and Miss Esther Whitten, ex '25.

## IN MEMORIAM

Haraden Spofford Pearl, 98.

Mr. Pearl was business manager of the Oracle in his high school days.

Mrs. Ina Chandler Taylor, '00.

Miss Mary Helena Flanagan.

Miss Goldie Raichlin, '22.



The Oracle wishes to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following papers:

The Spokesman, Plant City, Florida.  
The Vindex, Elmira, N. Y.  
Black and Red Review, Hannibal, Mo.  
The Bowdoin Orient, Brunswick, Me.  
Boston University News, Boston, Mass.  
The Maine Pioneer.  
The Echo, Winthrop, Mass.  
The Bates Student, Lewiston, Me.  
The Springfield High School Herald.  
The Mountaineer, Butte, Mont.  
The Commercial News, New Haven, Conn.  
School Chatter, Wyoming, Ohio.  
Maroon and White, Bridgton H. S., N. J.  
Co-ed Leader, Atlanta, Georgia.  
York-Hi, Elmhurst, Ill.  
The Natilus, Eureka, Ill.  
Valkyrie News, Somerville, H. S., New Jersey.

#### AS OTHERS SEE US.

Oracle, Bangor, Me.: Always a welcome visitor.—The Iris.

Oracle, Bangor, Me.: Enjoyed reading your paper very much. Your Tatler section is quite a novelty.—The Breeze, Milo, Me.

#### AS WE SEE OTHERS.

The Minnewaskan, Glenwood, Minn.: Not very big but right "there" with the athletics and jokes.

The Cactus Chronicle, Tuscan, Arizona: Big, breezy and full of news, The Chronicle is certainly typical of the west. The editorials are great and the Athletic department is a fine one.

Roosevelt News, Seattle, Wash.: A newsy, little paper from the Pacific coast of "ideas and ideals."

Boston University Beacon: A splendid literary magazine. Your editorials are good so why not put them first instead of at the end.

The Northern Lights, Millinocket, Me.: A lively paper which shows the school takes an interest in it. Your stories are

good though rather short. Why not try some longer ones? The Exchange department is rather small.

The Flicker, Gloucester, Mass.: The Senior annual was very complete though the advertisements were poorly arranged, being scattered all through the paper instead of gathered together neatly at the beginning or end.

Stetson Oracle, Randolph, Mass.: Another good paper whose appearance is marred by the advertisements scattered through it.

Ravelings, Decatur, Indiana: A lively, interesting, little paper. The athletics seem to occupy too large a space for its size. The article on "Education," was especially good.

The Iris, Clark High School, Penobscot, Me.: A real live paper. The jokes are good but the cuts might be improved.

The Breeze, Milo High School: A high class school paper. The editorials are good and you have a fine Literary department.

The Venture, Hallowell High School: A splendid Literary department. The jokes are great but the arrangement could be improved on by having the various departments under separate headings. Where are the Exchanges?

The Monad, Belleville, N. J.: One of the best of the smaller papers. The stories would do credit to a much larger paper. The editorials are fine. The Tatler was cleverly written.

Quoddy Light, Lube High School: A paper which is a credit to your school. The article, "Is Germany Getting a Fair Deal?" was very good. A few cuts for the department headings would liven things up.

Oakleaves, Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, Me.: One of our best Exchanges. The Literary department is a wonder and your Exchange list is the largest we have seen. There is nothing we can find to criticize.





This year the prospect of a championship rifle team is perhaps the brightest and most encouraging of any time in the team's history; certainly, since Captain Tribolet has been with us. Under Captain Tribolet's careful attention, patience and enthusiasm, the team has made some real progress, climbing steadily toward the point where they will be recognized as champions, not only in Maine and the other New England states but in the whole United States. That is our goal and Captain Tribolet's ambition. And this is the year in which the goal shall be reached.

When the school year began, the team had only two small backstops or "butts," which they could use in gallery practice. These two furnished space for two or three targets at a time and in that way were nearly as useless as none at all. There was no money in the team's treasury to buy new ones or to have some built, but some were ordered by the city, eighteen feet long, to be built in the gym.

But to have a team there must be a large number of candidates and a few good shots in that number. We have both, such veterans as Rudolph Spurling and Thompson Berdeen have the latter quality, while the number is exceedingly large. Another reason why we shall have a group of sharpshooters in the rifle team is this: Every man in every one of the eight companies of the R. O. T. C., will have a chance to do his best at gallery practice; that is to be a part of this year's instruction. Those who make fair marks will be encouraged to try for the rifle team. Thus, every man of abil-

ity will be doing his part for his team and school.

Weekly inspections are held this year as they were last and are expected to be just as successful and perhaps more. It is useless to say that the company that won the greater number of points in those inspections last year was the company which put on the best exhibition drill. It couldn't be otherwise. No student who is slack in his personal appearance can be a good cadet. Likewise no cadet who wears his uniform in "any old way," can be a capable soldier. It's impossible.

By means of these inspections each cadet is graded on the merit system, which all R. O. T. C. units use. Cadets are ranked on their appearance, leadership, adaptability and military bearing, but personal qualities are the special requisites.

A class of cadets formed of men who have shown their ability and who have been picked out by Captain Tribolet, meets every Monday afternoon. In this class the students are competing for commissions in the R. O. T. C. Weekly lessons on military art and tactics are assigned, which must be learned, recited, and passed, in a written examination. This class will be of great benefit to students who expect to attend college where there is an R. O. T. C. unit, for they will have an idea of their work before they even begin it. At the same time it encourages cadets to try harder because the best man gets the best commission.





## BANGOR, 46.

## ROCKLAND, 0.

Bangor High school opened her football season Saturday afternoon, Sept. 27, at Bass Park, by defeating the Rockland High team by a score of 46-0.

Bangor had everything her own way from beginning to end and her powerful backs tore through the Rockland line at will. Rockland's offense was little better than her defense and not once was the Bangor goal line in danger.

Bangor's first touchdown came a few minutes after the opening kickoff, and it was made in a rather unusual manner. Rockland received and not being able to penetrate the Crimson line, punted. "Shank" McClay returned the punt. The ball hit the opposing quarter back on the head and rolled over the goal line. Turner came down fast under the punt and fell on the ball for a touchdown. Turner then kicked the goal. Bangor's second touchdown followed a poor punt by Chappin, which carried but ten yards to Rockland's 23 yard line. From here after a few rushes Gary swept around the end for 15 yards and a touchdown. Turner kicked the goal. Bangor's next score was due to a brilliant dash by Gary, the fleet halfback, which placed the ball on the visitors' two yard line and from there Gotlieb hit center for a touchdown. Turner kicked the goal. This was the end of the scoring for the first half.

Rockland opened the second half by fumbling the kickoff and a Crimson linesman recovered. Gotlieb hit the line for 12 yards in three rushes and then Gary sprinted around left end for 18 yards and then Gotlieb took it over for a touchdown. Soon after Gary broke through tackle and dodging the Rockland backs, dashed over the goal line. Turner missed the goal for the first time. On the first play after the next kickoff, Turner skirted right end on a criss-cross formation and sprinted up the side lines for a touchdown. The goal was missed. The last touchdown was made on a forward pass from Turner to McClay.

This goal was also missed.

This was a brilliant start for the Crimson team and it is hoped that they will have a successful season. Gary, Turner, "Shank," "Packer" McClay, Gotlieb and Striar showed up particularly well.

## BANGOR, 0; OLD TOWN, 0.

Bangor High and Old Town High battled to a scoreless tie at Old Town, Wednesday, Oct. 1. Neither team seemed to have any great advantage, although the Crimson came very near scoring on several different occasions.

The game opened with a punting duel between McClay and Preble. "Shank" seemed to have the edge on his smaller opponent, but to no great advantage. Throughout the first half the ball see-sawed back and forth in the middle of the field with Gotlieb the only man who seemed to be able to gain.

In the second half Bangor started for a touchdown with Gotlieb making most of the gains, but were halted on the Old Town 20 yard line by a fumble. Soon after Turner got away for a nice run of 40 yards but to no avail. A forward pass on last down over the goal line grounded and thus Bangor lost her last chance to score. Gotlieb and Capt. Sullivan were the stars.

## Bangor, 9; Portland Catholic, 0.

Bangor High showed a strong offense and a stonewall defense and defeated Portland Catholic High at Bass Park, Saturday, Oct. 4, by a score of 9-0. The Portland boys had reputation of being one of the strongest school boy teams in the state, but they were completely outclassed by a stronger and more alert Crimson outfit.

Bangor came very near scoring right at the start when Aube, Catholic's big right tackle, was ruled out of the game for slugging and his team penalized 25 yards. But after rushing the ball about 15 yards, Bangor was held for downs and Tom Flatley, a former Bangor boy, punted out of danger.



Once more Bangor started down the field with Racklin, who started in Gary's place, and Gotlieb tearing through the Catholic line, but they were halted once more on Catholic's 22 yard line. Tom Flatley then punted off side on Catholic's 34 yard line and from here by a series of successful rushes Bangor scored a touchdown with Gotlieb carrying the ball. Turner kicked the goal. Punts were exchanged from then until the half ended with "Shank" McClay having the edge on Tom Flatley.

At the beginning of the second half Bangor started a drive from her own 15 yard line, which took her to the Catholic 20 yard line, where the Purple got the ball on downs. Tom Flatley attempted to punt but the kick was blocked and he was tackled behind the goal line for a safety. From then on neither side had any advantage. Many passes were tried, but they were mostly broken up.

Gotlieb, Racklin, Turner, Capt. Sullivan, "Shank" and "Packer" McClay were the shining lights in the Crimson lineup, while the Flatley twins and Deetjan did good work for Catholic.

#### **BANGOR, 7; PORTLAND, 6.**

By a last minute rally Bangor High defeated her old rival, Portland High, at Portland, Saturday, Oct. 11, by a score of 7-6.

Bangor started off in fine form and with their backs tearing through the Blue line, they carried the oval to the 10-yard mark but lacked the punch to put it over. Portland then seemed to gain a little confidence in themselves and held Bangor at bay. But all during the first half the ball was in Portland territory, and the powerful boots of "Shank" McClay were keeping the Blue warriors in the shadows of their own goal post. Gribben threw a scare into the Bangor camp when he grabbed a pass and sprinted to the Crimson 20-yard line, but the Crimson held and a drop kick failed.

It was in the last half the Portlands became a real threat. Their backs with Welch and Halgren leading the attack, found big holes in the Bangor line for long gains. Near the end of the game a long forward pass put the ball on the Crimson's yard mark and on the last rush Gribben squirmed through center for a touchdown.

As the game was nearly over, the crowd began to leave the field but with a few minutes to play, Coach Trowell sent Jim McGinty into the fray. Jim threw three long

passes, the last of which was interrupted by Halgren behind his own goal line. He returned it to his 30-yard line but fumbled when tackled and McGinty recovered. A long pass, Racklin to McLeod, gave Bangor a touchdown. "Shank" McClay kicked the goal, which gave the Crimson a victory.

"Shank" McClay, Capt. Sullivan, and Don Finnegan played good football.

#### **BANGOR, 36; OLD TOWN, 0.**

Bangor handed Old Town a decisive defeat at Bass Park, Wednesday, Oct. 15, by a score of 36-0. The Crimson completely outclassed their upriver rivals who were planning on a victory.

Bangor started right in and after a series of rushes Gotlieb took the ball over for a touchdown. Turner kicked the goal. Soon after McClay punted to the Old Town one-yard line and on an attempt to return this kick. Preble was thrown for a safety. The Bangors tore the Old Town line to pieces and Gotlieb scored twice more. The last touchdown was made by a pass from Daley to Bostrom. The whole Bangor team played excellent ball with Gotlieb and McGinty the shining lights.

#### **BANGOR, 0; THORNTON, 34.**

Bangor High met defeat for the first time this season at the hands of the heavier and more experienced Thornton Academy team at Saco, Saturday, Oct. 18, by a score of 34-0. Bangor was not as completely outclassed as the score indicates and if they had had any kind of breaks might have given Thornton a run for their money.

Thornion scored her touchdowns on wide end runs and skin tackle plays. They found the center of the Bangor line a stonewall, and were held for downs in the second period on the four yard line.

Brownlee and Hammond starred for Thornton, while "Packer" McClay, Don Finnegan, and "Cooney" Striar played well for Bangor.

A Biddeford paper stated that there hadn't been a team composed of better fellows than the Bangor boys, in Saco for many years and they were a credit to their team, themselves, and to their school.

#### **BANGOR, 0; M. C. I., 0.**

Bangor High, with two of her first string men out of the lineup, battled the heavier M. C. I. team to a scoreless tie at Bass Park Wednesday, Oct. 22. Both teams had op-



opportunities to score but lacked the punch to push the pigskin over the last white stripe.

Bangor had her first golden opportunity when Bostrom intercepted an M. C. I. pass in midfield and sprinted 30 yards before being brought down, but rushes at the line failed and the Crimson was forced to surrender the ball. In the third period Bangor stayed her last rally but failed to score by a yard. M. C. I. finished strong.

Gotlieb, McGinty, Striar and Finnegan played strong games for Bangor. Seekins and Ralph Ulmer starred for the Pittsfield aggregation.

### **BANGOR, 3; WATERVILLE, 16.**

In one of the greatest dope upsets of the year in Maine high school football circles Bangor High lost to Waterville High at Waterville, Oct. 25, by a score of 16-3. The Crimson completely outplayed their rivals for three periods, but weakened in the closing moments and were scored on three times.

Bangor made a good start, but after taking the oval the length of the field, they lost it on downs. Soon after "Shank" McClay booted a pretty drop from the 15-yard line. In the final period Donovan, the Waterville fullback, after carrying the ball 80 yards went over for a touchdown. Soon after he kicked a field goal. In the last few minutes Violette intercepted a pass and scored. Donovan was the outstanding star.

### **BANGOR, 6; PORTLAND, 0.**

Bangor High defeated their old rival, Portland High, at Bass Park, Saturday, Nov. 1, by a score of 6-0. Bangor completely outclassed her big blue rival in all departments of the game and despite the fact that they scored but once they were the best team.

#### **FIRST HALF.**

Bangor managed to keep the pigskin on Portland's side of the 50-yard marker during the first period despite the fact that they were penalized 35 yards for offside. The big thrill of this period came when Everett McLeod intercepted a Portland pass and sprinted 30 yards before he was brought down, and on the next play he swept to the 3-yard line but the referee claimed Bangor was offside and penalized them five yards.

"Shank" McClay's attempt at field goal failed.

At the beginning of the second period, Bangor started a march down the field but were halted when Dyer intercepted a pass and ran to the Crimson 20 yard stripe before being dropped. There was no scoring during this half.

#### **SECOND HALF.**

Bangor was determined to score and kept the ball in Blue territory most of the time. About the middle of the third period Halgren, standing on his own three-yard line, attempted to punt, but "Shank" McClay, who played a wonderful game all the afternoon broke through and blocked the boot. The ball rolled over the goal line and "Mike" McGinnis fell on it for a touchdown. This was the only score of the game. During the rest of the half both teams resorted to the aerial game. "Shank" McClay again stepped into the limelight when he intercepted a Portland pass which might have been a score for the Blue and in the closing moments he speared a long heave from Turner for a big gain.

This was the first time in 12 years that Bangor has beaten Portland both games and they deserve all the credit that can be given them. They entered the game in a crippled condition and every man covered himself with glory. Much credit is due Mr. Trowell and also Mr. Erswell and Mr. Ginsberg. Without doubt "Shank" McClay was the outstanding star but every Bangor man played a wonderful game. Despite the fact they were beaten, Portland put up a wonderful game and such men as Halgren, Conroy, Dyer, Smith, and Porter, are a credit to their team and school.

#### **GIRLS' ATHLETIC NOTES.**

The hockey squad began practice soon after school opened and developed a snappy team in a short time. Colburn is the star center while Gordon also is showing up well in that position. The wings are Shea, Black and Thompson, Richardson and Robinson are insides and the halfbacks are Webster (Mgr.); Files (Capt.); Burrill and Silsby. The backfields are Baker, McDonnell and Salisbury, and the goal keeper is last year's veteran, Haley. Nearly all the girls were on the first team last year and those who were not, played in their class groups.



Manager Alice Webster has tried all over the state to find teams who will meet Bangor but it seems that B. H. S. and U. of M. are the only two schools in Maine having a girls' hockey team.

The hockey season opened Sept. 27, when the B. H. S. girls defeated U. of M. girls on the Alumni field with a score of 3 to 0. Marie Colburn made two of the scores and a third was made by Doris Richardson.

The second game was played at Broadway Park with U. of M. on Oct. 17. This was also a victory for Bangor as we won 3-1. Goals were made by Richardson, Colburn and Black for Bangor and Adams for U. of M.

On Oct. 30, we were again victorious

when we met the U. of M. Freshmen on Abbott Square and defeated them 5 to 0. Scores were made by Gordon, Allen, Richardson, 2, Colburn.

Inter group hockey games have been scheduled and several of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council have been put in charge of these groups: Seniores, Junior Classicals, Sophomore Classicals, Junior and Sophomore Commercials, Junior and Sophomore Generals.

Interclass games followed the intergroup contests. The following girls have been selected as coaches for the various teams:

Seniors—Haley.  
Juniors—Richardson.  
Sophomores—Burrill.  
Freshmen—Colburn.

### CURIOSITY CORNER.

(Students, we'll answer any question. Ask us some about the teachers if you like—they ask us plenty. Address questions to the Personals editor, Room 207. She'll make up answers to your queries when she doesn't know the right ones.)

Q. Is a formal dinner complete without nuts?—Tillie.

A. No. Invite a few.

Q. Did Edith Bowen really say that if i means forty, ff means eighty?—B. H. S. Orchestra.

A. We doubt it. Wait a minute—it says in last month's Oracle that she did. Well, she certainly did.

Q. What's so efficient about Deane Benson?—F. Billington.

A. He knows what to do with the time he saves by his time-saving methods.

Q. When is Eunice Copeland going to have her hair bobbed?—Shingles.

A. She says, "Never." The Useless Club says, "Soon."

Q. Don't you think the Oracle might run a perfect baby contest for the Freshmen?—Little, '28.

A. There are so many beautiful babies in your class that we couldn't find a judge.

Q. What makes apples so expensive?—Merrimac Dawnell.

A. The Eighteenth Amendment.

Q. We notice that last spring it was decided to build a dog-pound between the principal's and the superintendent's offices.

Has this been done?

A. Yes. Just drop in any recess.

### Speeding Up Production.

An old Chinaman delivering laundry in a mining camp, heard a noise and spied a huge brown bear sniffing his tracks in the dust.

"Huh!" he gasped. "You like my tracks, me makee some more."

### Alumni Notes in 1935.

Allison Hill, '25, has left for Greece to take the place of Apollo on Mount Olympus.

Miss Mickey McElwee is fast becoming the most popular dancer of the current Ziegfeld Follies.

Donald White, '25, has opened a beauty parlor.

Dorothy Brady, '26, has originated a new Daily Dozen to be used in the B. H. S. gym, where Miss Marion Schriver, '25, is the popular instructor.

Miss Gertrude Ebbeson, '27, is teaching mathematics at Smith College.

Ruth Smith, '28, has become the matron of a Deaf and Dumb Institution.

### This Hurts Our Feelings.

Madame: Is there anything more interesting out there than this recitation?

Girl (terrified): A spider!—on the window!

Madame: So! A spider is more attractive than we are. However, we'll try to exist.



# CRIMSON CONQUERS SQUEDUNK IN FURIOUS BATTLE

## Garon Hotlips Scores in Last Minute of Play

The fast Crimson team defeated their ancient rivals, Squedunk, in one of the most spectacular battles in the history of football at Batts Park, before a mammoth assemblage of over 50,000. Both teams were evenly matched and every inch of ground was stubbornly contested. Garon Hotlips, veteran fullback, starred for the Crimson.

The game started at 2.30. Squedunk kicked off to Turner, who carried the ball back to his 40-yd. line. The Crimson was unable to gain through the line and kicked. Shakespoke, the Squedunk quarterback, was downed on his 30-yd. mark. Three rushes failed to make first down and the Pink and Orange elected to kick. The ball see-sawed back and forth in mid-field, neither side being able to gain decisively and the quarter ended with the ball in Crimson possession in the midfield.

In the second quarter the Crimson launched an aerial attack that fairly dazzled the upriver boys. A pass, McGinty to McClay, netted 15 yards. A second pass gained 12 more. Then Garon Hotlips tore off eight through center. In this play "Ferocious" Finnegan was knocked out. Second Asst. Mgr. "Lonny" Berson promptly appeared on the scene and dumped a pall of water on the unconscious warrior's face, the greater part of which he swallowed and lay there gasping for breath. Merrill Kittredge, a resourceful boy scout, seeing that "Ferocious" was drowning, ran to the fallen hero and began forcing the water from his lungs by the Schafer method of resuscitating drowning persons. Under this treatment Finnegan soon regained consciousness and gamely went

back into the conflict.

The home team was now on the 20-yd. line and the upriver boys tightened up and took the ball on downs. The Squedunk band struck up the tune of "Taint Gonna Rain No Mo'" and the fighting upriver eleven, inspired by the thrilling strains of their school song, crashed through the Crimson defense again and again for long gains. The local boys fought heroically but were unable to withstand the awful onrush of the Squedunk backs. Up the field they marched, every inch stubbornly contested, to the very shadow of the Crimson goal posts. Here, in answer to the tearful, agonized cries of their adherents, the home team held for three downs. The last down, the ball on the Crimson 1-yd. line, Shakespoke barked the signals, the ball, snapped back, and in the mist of deafening cries of the spectators, the referee's whistle blew, and the half ended. Score, 0 to 0.

After a fifteen minute intermission the game was resumed. Squedunk kicked and the home team carried the ball to their 45-yd. line. Two rushes failed to net anything and the Crimson resorted to strategy. On a trick play, Hotlips hurled a long pass to McDonough, the 75-lb. Crimson pilot, who neatly caught the ball and raced toward the Squedunk goal. But fate was against him; a strong gust of wind blew the petit quarterback off-side. The Crimson now fighting mad, fought furiously but the Squedunk eleven held firm, the pigskin see-sawing in midfield till the quarter ended.

The Crimson entered the last period determined to win or die in the

## LOCAL STUFF

Prof. "Jake" Segal, the handsome cave-man, has organized classes in shelking, to be held daily in Room 322. All prospective students are asked to communicate with the Prof. at once. Phil Cohen need not apply as no advance class has yet been formed.

Mary McAvey wants to know who won the world series. Will some kind-hearted person please tell her?

"Dub" Collins says the world owes him a living. This explains why he's always "bumming" checks in the lunch room.

A committee of admirers are soliciting contributors from the student body to buy a gold medal for Maurice "Brute" Stone. The "Brute" gained five yards against Portland in the last minute of play.

Lloyd Coffin is the laziest man in B. H. S. He bought a flivver so that he wouldn't have to knock the ashes off his cigarette himself.

attempt, but the pink and orange aggregation were equally determined. Long and loud the battle raged; time after time the fierce Crimson charges were repulsed. With but one minute to play the Crimson were desperate. The signals rang sharp and clear in the cold autumn air. The ball snapped back and a Crimson flash shot into the melee. Rip-p-p—and Garon Hotlips emerged shirtless from the pile. Pandemonium broke loose as he fought his way through the broken field. Faster and faster he ran, the white lines seeming to flash under his feet, until there remained only the Squedunk quarterback between him and the goal. Could he get by? Grim determination on his handsome visage, head lowered and with the velocity of an express train, he crashed against the Squedunk backs. He was tackled—no, he had broken loose and raced over the goal line to victory.



# TATLER

TION

NOVEMBER, 1924

Weather  
1st Floor.....Very Warm  
2nd Floor.....Warm  
3rd Floor.....Just Right  
(Signed)  
Billy Dugan,  
The Weather Man.

NUMBER 2

## DISASTROUS RIOT IN CORRIDOR AS SENIORS TAKES PICTURES

### 12 Injured in Mad Rush

The B. H. S. Dramatic Club will present the play, "The Four Horsemen of the Applesauce," from the story of that name by Alec Dumbest, in the Assembly Hall, Nov. 31. The leading characters of the play, are the Four Horsemen, Paul Revere, Jesse James, Barney Google and the Prince of Wales. Carl Larsen as Paul Revere, is superb; Ken Fogg plays the part of Jesse James to perfection; in the role of Barney Google, Johnny Williams masterfully portrays one of the most forceful characters in history. The fourth Horseman, the Prince of Wales, is expertly interpreted by Russell Hobbs.

The play itself is a wonderful spectacle, and in the hands of the talented Dramatic Club, will no doubt pack the house.

The proceeds of this presentation will be used to defray the expenses incurred this season by the combined chess and Barnyard-golf teams. The cause is an excellent one, as the teams are not on a self-supporting basis, and deserve the backing of the student body this year, especially, having defeated Portland twice in one season, a feat unparalleled in twelve years.

### The Day of the Game.

"I think it will be quicker if we park the car here and walk the rest of the way to the field."

"No more seats."

"Don't rock the bleachers."

"Bangor the long way—all together, now!"

"Shut up! They're going to start."

"We want a touchdown! We want a touchdown!"

"You're not the only ones! You're not the only ones!"

"Somebody's offside again."

"Well, if it hadn't been for that fumble in the third quarter, and if the other side only hadn't kicked that field goal, we might have won."

## C. W. PROCTOR'S AMPHI THEATRE

Two Shows Daily

A Teddy McGuigan,  
The Bull Thrower from Mexico,  
Will Demonstrate a Bull Fight

B The Dancing Jordans,  
Leola and Bernice,

in  
ST. VITUS' DANCE

C The Annabel Twins  
In a Laughing Comedy Hit  
entitled,

"WHICH IS WHICH?"

D JOHNSON & PHILLIPS,  
Songbirds Supreme,  
will sing

"Tuck Me to Sleep in Room 307"  
5 Reels 5

Of Thrilling Motion Picture Drama  
BEN TURPIN STRIAR

in

"MOSCOW" MURPHY  
Laffs Shivers Thrills

## REPORT CARD DAY

Report card day is here at last,  
The tears are falling wet and fast,  
Each little boy lets out a sigh,  
Each little girl sits down to cry.  
"Oh, dear," they to each other say,  
"Oh I just hate report card day."  
Each time they hope for better rank,  
They promise to give up prank  
after prank,

The boys all say, "We'll study hard  
And next time we'll get a better  
card."

Even the teacher's courage gives  
way

Every time it's report card day,  
For as they meander through the  
halls,

They hear the old, familiar calls,  
"She makes me sick,

She gave me D.

I know I deserve at least a B."

Dear people, don't despair,  
Don't grow old with worry or care,

Work away—

Each night and day

And next time it will surely be an  
"A."

Patronize Home Industry  
Use

OLIVE'S HAM

"THE HAM WHAT AM"

GEORGIE MAYO,

Sales Manager

## DRAMATIC CLUB WILL PRESENT THE FOUR-HORSE- MEN BY IBANEZ

### All-Star Cast.

Wednesday morning a notice was read in chapel that the seniors would take pictures at noon that day. All through the morning session excitement was at fever heat. At 11:40 the bell sounded and the seniors gushed forth from the various rooms. In a mad, headlong rush, all the local sheiks, drugstore cowboys, asphalt arabs, etc., headed toward one objective, the mirror downstairs. Leading the mob, flew Merle Coffin, captain of the track team, his curly hair flying in the wind, a beautiful sight to behold as he smashed all previous records in this memorable mad flight. When the crowd gathered downstairs, the congestion was terrible. Hundreds of excited students pushed and fought for a glance at the mirror. The air was hot and stifling. On all sides men fainted and were trampled on by the hurrying throng. At the mirror A. K. P. Smith had his scalp lacerated by a sharp comb, while attempting to smooth his raven locks.

The police reserves arrived, just in time to save the walls from being battered down, and after a while the seniors finally assembled before the camera. The pictures were taken without mishap to either students or camera, and another page was added to the history of '25.

## EDITORIALS.

Gentle readers, harken to my holler for help. The Tatler, like all other newspapers, is a record of the events happening in our community. There are 1,400 citizens in this community and the Tatler reporter can't watch everybody. Any time you happen to think of some witty wallop about your friend, or some newsy item or local gossip, remember the Tatler. We are the only newspaper in the United States that prints advertisements free of charge.



### The Mustard Plaster.

Mr. Whitman says that if we don't neglect our travelogues, curiosity corner, and other fabrications of this department, we can run this page every month. You all know through painful experience, that a mustard plaster draws things out. Well, the rest of the board won't like it, but that's just what we're going to do to the Oracle; and that reminds us, a lot of dumb students have asked us lately the meaning of a joke we printed last month, namely:

"Do you know Theresa Greene?"

"No."

"Well, they are."

Now, if any person is so lacking in gray matter as not to have observed that trees are green, he (or she) doesn't deserve to be told the point.

We have a lot of good stories this month. Charlotte Bowman's Sandy McTaggett was certainly right—dogs do know more than some people. We suppose that if that furry little Collie pup had strayed into Assembly—but no, a really sensible dog like these Charlotte tells about would know more than to come to school, where people suffer so.

We think, Mr. Schiro, that Skimp is as queer a name as we ever heard. What an exciting game this is! Even the stands are roaring. They must have been stamped upon by the hilarious crowd.

We don't blame Jack for not telling Phil where he caught the fish, but we are glad Phil had spunk enough to hunt up the place and win the prize.

Another dog story this month. But Gertrude, we read that an ominous growl rose in Bark's throat. Bark should have lived up to his name.

We notice that Annie Emple has written a sad poem about Report Card Day; but after reading the first verse we are crying so hard we haven't the heart to read the rest of it.

What a nosey pair of local editors we have! Do you think there are enough clubs in B. H. S.? Don't get too witty with your locals, Gretchen! Leave something for the Personals.

Our alumni seem to be pretty well represented on the college football teams. We have some more good material coming along for them! We notice that a B. H. S. graduate has been awarded the King's Crown. Even if we don't have kings in America, it seems we have crowns.

In the Military Notes we observe that the editor states that "it is useless to say—". Mr. Babb ought to belong to the Useless Club, because he goes on and says it even if it is useless to do so.

Was the Rockland quarterback's brain affected by the football hitting him on the head? We hope not. Were the girls who teach hockey allowed to be present at the Teachers' Convention meetings? We are glad the advisers of freshmen didn't have to go to them.

And last but not least, come the Personals. We cannot see how these can be improved—because we wrote them ourselves, and did the best we could. If you don't think they're good enough, remember it's your fault for not passing in any jokes. When you see Phil Whitman, tell him you like the Mustard Plaster and want it every month. Maybe you can get him so enthused that he will have Sidney Paul write this instead of the Tatler! Then we can pay more attention to our other things and won't have to overwork Frances and the Murphy kid copying our brilliant jokes for us.

### Why Not Take It Home With You?

We had a little vacation over Hallowe'en while the teachers of Maine took possession of our school building. They were entirely welcome to it.

## STEP IN

And let us show you our Smart New Fall and Winter Models of Young Men's Suits and Overcoats, specially priced . . . . . \$24.50, \$29.50, \$34.50, \$39.50

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