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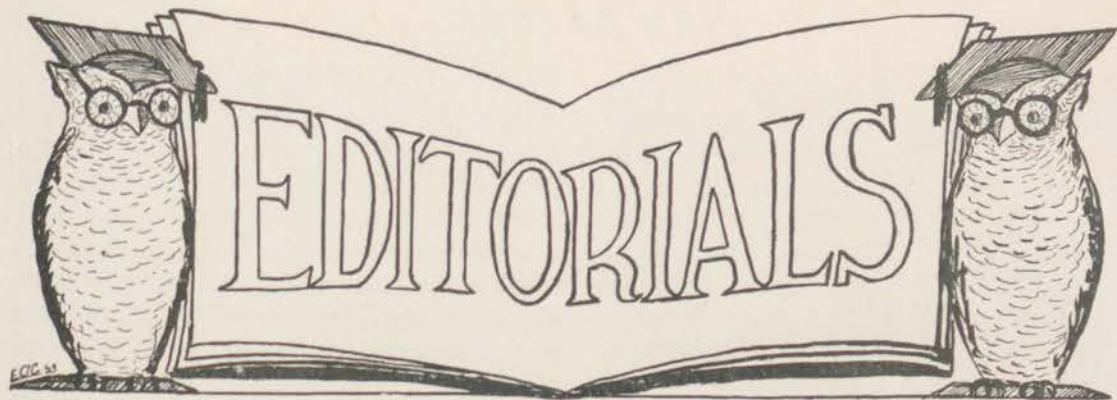
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THE NEED OF SPORTSMANSHIP

All departments of our school demand that noteworthy trait of true sportsmanship. Groups as well as individuals ought to imbibe it, and they can. The important thing of course is to first get a good mental picture of a real sportsman plying his art.

For illustration, the sportsman in the woods is not as some energetic young hunters suppose, a man free to shoot off his ammunition carelessly or to kill wild creatures wantonly. But the true sportsman, when he goes hunting, is not senseless or careless, neither is he intent on taking a wild creature's life; for oftentimes he would rather see the victim alive again after it is all over.

The true sportsman, looking for diversion from the ordinary humdrum of life, sometimes shoulders his gun and starts off in search of his game. A short experience teaches him that the wild animal uses strategy in self defense with which he must compete. And so a somewhat fair and square battle ensues. If the animal wins by escaping, the hunter is a sportsman still, but no more so if he gets his game.

Nobody should consider himself a sportsman until he attempts to use skill in discerning and executing the best way to get the most enjoyment out of any sport for the most people concerned; the vexation of others will he always avoid. Who could be so rude to think a sportsman can have *his good time* at the displeasure of another or of others? In our actions we must 'go fifty-fifty' and display real *sportsmanship* or otherwise we *ship the sport* of doing the thing right!

OUR RIFLE CLUB

Perhaps too little attention is paid by the students of B. H. S. to the institution known as the Rifle Club. How many students of Bangor High know of, or the purpose of, this club? Surely when you learn more about the club you will believe that it deserves some attention.

The members of this club work hard for a position on the Rifle Team. In this way the club resembles the football-squad, or any group of men all of whom are striving for a position on some team. Gradually the best marksmen are weeded out, and these men comprise the Rifle Team.

Do you students realize what fame the Bangor High Rifle Team has won throughout Maine, New England, and the United States? For several years the team has maintained an excellent standing in all the competitions in which it has taken part. The small-bore rifle championship of the world was won by a graduate of Bangor High and a former member of the Rifle Team. The high standing of the team has won renown for Bangor High throughout the United States.

Should you not evince some interest in the Rifle Club? There are few students who do not know the results of the track meets, football games, and basketball games that Bangor High participates in; yet there are none who are interested enough in the club to find out what matches are going to be shot and the results. The team wants you to know what matches it shoots, and how hard it strives for

success for the glory of the school. In short, it wishes to be recognized by the student body.

Unfortunately, the members of the Rifle Team are not able to display their ability in a contest as in the case with the participants in competitive games. The Bangor team shoots its matches in the school gymnasium; the opposing team, it might be of any high school in the United States, shoots its matches in its own gymnasium or place provided for rifle shooting. The final scores are marked and the schools exchange targets, thus each school learns the result of the contest. If our team had some way of demonstrating its abilities in an open contest, everybody would be interested in it. But of course such a contest is impossible. Nevertheless you should show some interest in the club. You should find out what matches are to be shot and when. Perhaps you don't realize the big effort these men are making for the school: it takes weeks of practice to make a good marksman; but it would be a big incentive toward more enthusiasm and better marksmanship if the team knew you were interested in it and were behind it.—John Cutler, Assoc. Ed..

WORLD DEMOCRACY—WORLD PEACE

By recalling a bit of history, we are reminded that in the month of November in the 17th century A. D. a peculiar band of people came to anchor on the coast of Massachusetts. These people were the Pilgrims by reason of the fact that they had wandered about for many years seeking a place for a permanent home. They were contemptuously called, by those not in sympathy with their ideas, Puritans; because they, being men of noble thought and character, were displeased with the functioning of the religious sect of which hitherto they had been communicants.

The Pilgrims finally planted a colony in Plymouth, Massachusetts, at a time when America was being sown with all kinds of human seed. How fortunate was this nation of ours in the day that such precious seed as the Pilgrims was sown on American soil!

As in a garden where all kinds of seed are planted and every one produces some useful vegetable perchance, making it hard to say that one vegetable is more important than another; yet one kind, because of its thrift or the greater demand for it, makes the garden worth while, and in that sense only, is most important; so it is as we review the planting of our commonwealth. Colonies settled all up and down the Atlantic coast which later were to play an important part in the affairs of state, but somehow this little colony at Plymouth had the spirit that was to permeate finally the constitution of a great nation—the spirit of democracy.

The democratic idea of government got its start through the convictions of men who pondered on the truths of the Bible. These Puritan-Pilgrims took the Bible first-hand and, according to directions found therein, appropriated the truth to the needs of men. The Bible is at the heart of a safe democracy, for no democracy can long endure where there is not a predominant measure of brotherhood; and what way has man ever found better for instilling the spirit of the best type of brotherhood in the heart of man than through the study and teaching and practice of the truths of the Bible? Therefore let every lover of democracy honor and reverence the Bible as the keystone of democratic brotherhood which is democracy.

The democratic idea of government was fostered as we remember, by common people—not extremely wealthy nor miserably poor, not supremely wise nor basely ignorant. They were a people acquainted with toil and hardship, lovers of home-life having great interest in rearing their sons and daughters, and a people of honesty and integrity. Of course nobody would be so foolhardy as to think they did not have their mistakes and imperfections. The Pilgrims were of that type that most always has been used to do the most good in the world for the most people for the most time—the common people. There are of course at least the two fringes of extremes, but we believe the body of common people is the

largest. So we believe the ideal democratic government will always be administering for the welfare of the common people.

We who are living in this twentieth century have seen this Pilgrim idea of government adopted and put in practice. We have seen forty-eight separate states, peopled with a mixture of nearly every people under the sun, joined together and working together, compelled by no power save that of the people themselves, in such a way as to justify the name of The United States. As observers of all forms of civil government, we would exchange ours for no other except, perhaps, for a more perfect development of our own,—when government will no longer mean that which keeps the strong from oppressing the weak, but when every man will have been able to rule his passions and to think in terms of common sense, so that our government will mean all the people ruling a^d the people; then can it be said of any man, as this man governs himself so the people govern themselves.

Other peoples are adopting this democratic form of government; everywhere men are seeing more and more the freedom of ruling themselves, and understanding the good of harmony and the waste of discord. Is it not time to establish concord among the nations of the world on some satisfactory basis which shall become a power for peace among the nations of the world as our democratic form of government has become a power for the greatest good among these forty-eight states?

This is the issue, fellow students, that we of the rising generation are facing. It is not for us to disregard the League of Nations or the World Court, but rather it is for us to support the attempt that has already been made.

Nations never were in such close contact with one another. By the use of modern inventions, we have made the world a smaller place, in one sense, than was our United States a century ago. But in the practice of settling difficulties by mutual agreement, we have not yet come so close as to fully trust one another.

The art of war is not necessary to make virile men. War is as out of order among nations as fist-fighting is among neighbors, the gain can never repay the loss; war is waste. We don't want war; we want peace and prosperity. We want the spirit of brotherhood and generosity to prevail so that home life and home ties will not be crushed in sorrow of loss, and so that the face of the earth will not be devastated by the waste of war. Let us not say it can't be done, it can. The prospect is just as bright as was that of the American Colonies in 1776, because we are on the right track; and right will win when the great body of common people everywhere get their eyes open.

Let it be resolved on this Thanksgiving day that we be thankful for the Pilgrims who "broke the ice that others may follow;" for the blessings of liberty and opportunity that we enjoy: and let it be resolved that we, Young America, will do all in our power to propagate world democracy and world peace.





School Spirit

I. Rubin, '26

Harold Smythe was just an ordinary high school boy who enjoyed sports of all kinds. He was always a booster of athletics. He did not belong to any of the school athletic teams but he would have given everything he owned if he could only have played on the football team. The reason he could not play was because his heart was weak and any violent exertion might prove fatal.

The football team had been having a very hard season losing four out of five games and it had apparently played its very best. The trouble was not with the team, however, it was with the student body who were failing to support their team with that most essential thing, school spirit.

The big game of the season was now only two days away and everything was pointing to defeat for the local eleven. That night Harold felt very gloomy. His big sister Rosa noticing his condition asked him what was wrong. He replied, "Gee the big game only two days away and our team doesn't even stand a show." Rosa looked at him and smiled a moment then asked, "What would you do if you could help your team to win?" "What would I do?" he cried, "Why I would do anything."

She then said, "You know I've been going to all of the games lately and I know why your team's been losing. "Why?" he cried excitedly. "Because your school lacks a good peppy cheering section. Why when I went to

high school our team was the best in the state simply because it had a real live cheering section to back it up in every play. Now think over what I've been telling you and use your own judgment as what is best to do."

Harold didn't sleep very well that night because the words, "*A real live cheering section*" kept running through his head. In what little sleep he did get he dreamt of himself as a cheer leader and that his section was making more noise than all of the rest of the school combined.

The next morning Harold awoke with his mind made up to form a *real live cheering section*. He told his two best friends, Vernon and Charlie, of his plans and both promised to help him as much as possible.

Before school started they went into the principal's office and told him of their plans, then asked him if the school could have the last period to practice cheering. The principal assented and said that they were the type of boys that the school needed.

It was announced in chapel that the last period would be given over to practice cheering for the big game. A loud buzzing sound arose for a minute as the pupils whispered to each other. Most of them took it in a half hearted way as though they thought it was a waste of time and energy to cheer for a team that was going to lose.

There were at least three boys that didn't accomplish much that morning. Their teachers

were greatly puzzled as they all usually did good work.

The last period did finally come and the assembly hall was rapidly filled with pupils. The three friends were already on the stage. Harold stood on the front of the stage and motioned for silence. After everyone had quieted down Harold gave a heart to heart talk to his fellow students that soon changed their attitude towards their football team. He told them of school spirit and of what it meant. He also told them what his sister said. If ever *real live cheering* was done it was done during the practice that followed. More

than one mother wondered what was making her children late for dinner that day.

The next day at the field the biggest crowd of the season turned out. Cheering like that which was done during the big game was never known in the state before or since. With the extra pep given to them by the cheering the eleven did some playing that would do credit to any college Team.

Did Harold's team win? It won by the largest score that was ever known in the state and why?

A real live cheering student body.



The Bates-Oxford Debate

By Mary C. Robinson

For a period of at least three years it has become the custom for a team of Oxford University men to come to Bates college and debate upon some great question of public interest. This year the question was that of government prohibition, meaning of course the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

The practice of debating has been carried on in the two institutions somewhat differently. It was interesting to notice this year that the methods of each had been somewhat modified, by the influence of the other. In Oxford Union, the debating forum of the English university, there are few set rules. The question is known and everybody who likes catches the president's eye if he can and says what he has to say, the object being to learn what can be said upon the subject, each speaker presenting his views as acceptably as possible. At the close of the meeting the audience votes on the question, not upon the skill of the speakers.

In this country, as represented by Bates and nearly every other college and secondary school, the purpose of a public debate has been

more like that of a football team, to win the game, a board of judges giving the decision.

The good side of the Oxford method is that the speeches are more easy and interesting, more humorous and far less fatiguing to listen to; the side that is not so good has been that the speakers were apt to ramble, that two speakers on the same side might contradict each other or might say practically the same thing.

The merits of the American method are that by the team work of the speakers their arguments supplement each other and form a perfectly interlocking defense of their side of the question with no rambling, contradiction or repetition. The defects of this method are that the speeches often give the impression of a very dry oration learned by heart, bristling with statistics and tiresome in the extreme.

In the debate of October 11 both sides were at their best. Each speaker was given twenty minutes to present his side with no formal rebuttal and no second opportunity to speak.

The Oxford men were evidently at least three years older than any of the Bates men

and two of them, active politicians. They took the negative of the prohibition question and the Bates men the affirmative.

Governor Brewster presided and opened the debate with a very appropriate speech, telling of the advantages of friendly international contests of this sort.

Mr. Googins of Bates opened for the affirmative. It is interesting to know that he was a distinguished debater in Deering high school where he was the pupil of Mr. Bryant of our faculty. He hit the humorous note in the beginning by hoping the debate wouldn't prove too "dry." He spoke with ease and fluency, referring to pronouncements by scientists with regard to the poisonous nature of alcohol but keeping clear of statistics and tiresome details.

Mr. Wedderburn of Oxford began for the negative: he is a very tall man, well over six feet, and spoke with the ease of a practised public speaker. The papers say that he is a conservative in politics and he certainly looks like one of the Englishmen Du Mourier used to draw.

Mr. Walker of Bates was particularly pleasing as he carried on the argument. One might have supposed from his easy manner that he had just happened to think of something to say on the subject and was saying it modestly to a party of friends; for all that, his speech was closely reasoned and every word was in its right place.

Mr. Lloyd-Jones, the next English speaker, was a short, dark, nervous man, a typical public speaker. In England at political speeches it is customary for the audience to ask questions of the speaker and try if possible to confuse or embarrass him; this is called heckling. Mr. Lloyd-Jones would be very skilful with an audience of hecklers one could easily see. He made people laugh and got his points in with keenness rather than depth of thought.

Mr. Davis, the third member of the Bates team, is from Washington, D. C., while not so polished a speaker as his colleagues he was very effective, making a very powerful and subtle argument to the effect that prohibition

increased personal liberty instead of taking it away.

Mr. Bernays, the last speaker for the Englishmen, was very earnest and thoughtful, yet he based his argument on the half truth that the slums caused drunkenness, not drunkenness the slums.

In beginning their speeches each of the visitors addressed the governor as "Your Excellency," and made very complimentary remarks about America and Bates college. The Bates men were very courteous to their opponents, speaking with great appreciation of their visit to Oxford last summer, but on the whole were not so effusive. Both teams addressed the audience as "Ladies and gentlemen." The Americans, according to our debating rules, sat down as soon as they had finished their sentence when the time keepers gave notice that the time was up; two of the Oxford men quite casually overran their time five minutes.

The programs were each furnished with two votes, affirmative and negative, attached with perforated lines, and at the close of the debate each member of the audience detached one of these votes and cast it into the hat of an usher. The votes were very quickly counted and the result was something more than six hundred in favor of national prohibition and more than one hundred opposed. No other result could possibly be expected of a typical Maine audience; but it is manifestly unfair to say that the vote meant a victory for Bates. It meant a victory for neither team but was simply a register of the conviction of the audience on the merits of the question. There were no judges upon the merits of the argument.

It seemed to me that the debating showed characteristic qualities of the two methods; Bates unquestionably kept nearer to the subject and did better teamwork. The men certainly did not show the fault of which they have been accused in the past, a cut and dried argument without human interest. The Oxford men did ramble, and their arguments did not perfectly interlock; but I heard Lewiston people who had listened to all the international

debates say that this fault was much less noticeable than ever before. The Englishmen spoke, however, with that ease and dexterity which comes of much practice in actual political contests and therefore were delightful to hear.

Miss Ervine, Mr. Bryant and I decided that we had spent the time very profitably in list-

-ening to the debates, and our pleasure was increased by an invigorating ride home in the crisp air through the autumn woods. Near Farmington we caught an unexpected and most beautiful glimpse of the snow-covered White Mountain ranges, its peaks and shoulders gleaming in the morning sun.



The King of Sebois

By Bruce E. Cunningham, '27

To the man slowly toiling up the rocky trail it became apparent that a bad storm was brewing. Time and time again his alert ear had caught the low mumbling of thunder and even now he started at a louder peal. Abetted by the stormy sky the evening dusk grew still darker and the woodsman knew that the time had come to pitch camp. The point of destination still being a mile off, he squared his broad shoulders and swung on into the night. Ceaselessly on he tread. Deer bounded over the trail ahead, but were unheeded. At last the plodding figure stopped at a small clearing and eased his pack to the ground. He had arrived at camp.

A short time afterwards, while the storm raged outside, he lay asleep on his bed of boughs. Midnight came and passed, and still he slumbered on. At last as the first pink streaks of dawn crept over the peak to the east of the camp, he roused himself, prepared a simple repast over a tiny fire, shouldered his tremendous pack and moved on toward the high ridge five miles to the west.

Two hours later to the dot, the same man appeared on top of the famous Geoffrey Pitch, Sebois Stream. For a time he stood looking over the black ledges covered with thundering, leaping waters. A smile lit up his dark handsome face and his white teeth shone forth in glee.

Bert King was happy. Never before in his twenty-four years of guiding, trapping, hunt-

ing and fishing had the conditions been so promising or excellent to land a big one.

Again he pitched camp, this time close to the rushing waters, and an hour later he is fly fishing in front of his spacious leanto.

Before we go further in the story, let we explain what so excellent a guide as this man would be doing up on the pitch of the famous Sebois Stream—alone.

For more than a year, sports, natives and even guides had brought back to town, the reports of a trout, the king of all others, that made his home in the waters of the Geoffrey Pitch. Four feet long he was, they said and although hooked, snagged and even landed several times, the biggest trout of them all had fought his way to freedom. Thus we find Bert King, one of the greatest guides of all times, master of the rod and reel and king of fly fishermen, alone at the pitch. As one old timer might have put it, "workin' on his own time."

By ten o'clock the veteran angler had landed twelve good sized trout. As the three flies on his leader seemed to be what the trout wanted, not once had he changed them. By now he had sixty feet of line swirling through the air and at this moment the flies landed in a whirling pool in the very middle of the gorge. Drawing them swiftly across the top of the eddy he noticed a large trout swooping up for a rise at his second fly, a Silver Doctor. There followed a splash, but as luck would have it the

speckled beauty was a trifle too slow and as Bert set himself for another cast, he knew the outcome of his whole trip depended on this throw. Far out into the waters flew the little feathered bait, and as they settled lightly on the pool a monstrous trout traveling at a tremendous clip struck the Silver Doctor and tore on up the stream. At the end of the line, he felt himself snagged and with the fly in his mouth, shot to the top of the rapids and leaped a good eight feet in the air. With deadly calmness the guide waited until he hit the water, then reeling in skilfully, and firmly, he, himself, struck, noticing to his great satisfaction that the King of Sebois was still hooked. Again the trout leaped, this time at least ten feet, separated the water from his lashing tail and as he shot down again he shook fiercely to lose the clinging fly, but still the slender steel held him fast.

A half an hour passed and the king of all brook trout still leaped, fought and sulked, until only twenty-three feet of silk separated Bert from his prize. Slowly, carefully, with the patience born of years experience, the fisherman drew him up to the ledge, already his hand was upon the net, when suddenly taking the remaining eight feet of line, the King of Sebois made a last heartbreaking leap for freedom and as his great, gleaming body shot up through the air, the swivell holding the line to the leader broke apart, and the big fish slammed up the stream, leaping fall after fall in glorious triumph.

Bert's body sagged; he sat down and thought a minute, then wonderful sportsman that he was, he grinned and throwing back his powerful head he laughed—long and loud, until the

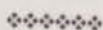
forest rang with the weird, mirthful but unhappy laugh of the famous guide.

Not once that afternoon did Bert raise his head from his pipe and as dusk drew on, he arose, cooked supper, and turned in.

As the first light appeared the next morning, he awoke, breakfasted and in an hour was back at the Pitch. This time we find him much differently equipped. Instead of the slender and brilliant flies, he carries a thick pole six feet long and a plain snell hook, swathed the most sumptuous of all worms. Down to the ledge Bert strode and lighting his pipe, he threw out about ten feet of line and sat down. An hour went slowly by, not a thing moved by the pool except a passing bird. The hour changed to two, still all was silent and still, the stolid Frenchman sat puffing at his pipe. The third hour passed as uneventful as the first two. As the first five minutes of the fourth hour drifted by, Bert sat up with a start, he scrambled to his feet and stood tense and expectant. Something had bumped his line and had bumped it hard enough for Bert to know just what it was. Again he felt a shock and as he sensed the fish about to make a real strike, with all the power in his huge body he whipped the line straight up in the air and stiff heeled the King of Sebois over his head far back in the woods.

And there he was. The foundation of so many good fish stories gasping and flopping with all the power of his seven pounds. Conquered by a man.

Then to cap the climax the jovial Frenchman stepped to the highest ledge, threw back his powerful head and laughed, and the forests rang with the mirthful and happy laugh of the famous guide.



A Rescue

By Doris J. Richardson, '26

A cry of terror was heard as though coming from the sky. Two boys standing near the shore started fearfully as the cry reached them.

"What was that, Jim?" asked one of the boys with lowered voice as though fearing something supernatural.

"I don't know, Bill," said Jim, "but it sounded from the direction of the lake."

They scanned the lake carefully but at first saw nothing when suddenly Jim clutched his companion's arm and cried out. "See! there's a boat overturned out in the middle of the lake." Just then a head appeared beside the boat and another cry rang out over the lake.

Jim, the older of the two boys and the best swimmer exclaimed, "I'm going out after him!" He quickly pulled off his shoes and coat and dived into the cold water. It was a long enough swim to test the best of swimmers. Jim ploughed his way rapidly through the water by means of his powerful overhand stroke. Bravely he fought his way through the waves of the rough lake and rapidly neared the drowning boy. As he reached the boat, the white scared face of the boy went down out of sight for the third time. Jim took a deep breath and then dove after the lad. He snatched him by the hair and kicked his way to the top again. Grabbing the boat, he held on and rested for his return trip.

As the senseless lad was a dead weight Jim

knew he would have a job to reach shore. The lake was getting rougher, so he started for shore, carefully holding the unconscious boy's head above the water. His load became heavier and heavier at each stroke; his arms and legs became more difficult to move and it became harder for him to keep his head out of water.

Jim thought wearily of his home and how nice it would be to sit before the warm fire. He stopped swimming and by treading water managed to keep his head above water. He was almost ready to give up and drop his load which seemed to be pulling his arms out of their sockets when he heard Bill's voice near by, "We're coming, Jim! Hold up just a minute more." Then just as he felt himself sinking, strong arms lifted him and his burden into the boat.

Half an hour later he came to himself and after drinking some hot broth he felt fit as ever. He went into the next room where the lad he had saved was lying. The rescued boy stretched out his hand and Jim knew by his handclasp that the boy fully appreciated the service he had rendered him.



One Little Ray

By Hester Belh

Tony Gesparro walked out of the huge factory where he was one of hundreds of machine-tenders. Usually he came soberly out, with a round-shouldered walk and a weary air. Tonight he was straightened up. He would have told you in his broken English, "dat dis United States no bad place." For wasn't the thing he had planned for so long coming true tomorrow?

Tony was one of the many foreigners who come to this country and shut themselves up in factories. The little money he made went for Mrs. Gesparro and the six little Gesparros. As he was always in need of money a holiday was an unknown thing to him but he had heard of a place where families took lunches and

spent a whole day in the open. He had saved for months with this in view, and now everything was ready.

The next morning dawned clear and warm. The Gesparro house was in a hustle and bustle by five o'clock. At six the dingy, little, hired Ford truck which was to take them arrived at the door. They all piled in and were rushed away.

About nine o'clock they came to the wide open fields kept by the city for picknickers. Six children tumbled off the car almost before it stopped. Tony and the Mrs. would not be far behind.

The day was one glorious success. Tony talked and explained all day, comparing the country to his beloved native Italy.

But as all good things come to an end six o'clock came, bringing the Ford truck. A happy, tired crowd drove to the door of the squallid tenement.

The next day Tony went to his work with the pleasant memory behind him. Already he was planning another picnic the next year—maybe the next.



Why Latin is so Popular

By Rosamond Taylor

There is no pupil in either High School or College, who studies Latin, who could not or would not tell you why Latin is so popular.

Of course the first and foremost reason for its great popularity is because it is so easy. Anyone, no matter how good a student he may be, really likes an easy subject like Latin.

The prepararion of Latin is very simple. One merely sits down with a Caesar, Cicero, or Virgil, or some other excellent book of this kind and by merely putting it into his own language, reads the story.

The teacher usually gives a certain number of lines for a certain day, because she knows that if she didn't do this the pupils might read the whole story at one time and thus lose interest in it as the plot was taken up from day to day. Nevertheless, I fear that pupils sometimes go against the teacher's wishes in this respect, getting so interested in the plot of the story that they read on for pages and pages before they realize that they are beyond their assignment.

Of course the most popular part of a Latin course is the composition work. This, if it is possible, is easier and especially more interesting than merely reading from a Latin book. The study of this composition work is nothing more nor less than an exciting game. The first thing to do is to pick out the English word which one thinks should come first in the Latin sentence. After searching one's own brain for the Latin derivation it is lots of fun to play hide and seek with the word in the vocabulary, until its meaning is unearthed. But that is not the most fun in the game, for afterward one hunts through all the grammars that hap-

pen to be nearby until the proper construction is found. Sometimes, however, the game grows dull for a moment for one discovers that he already knows the right construction for that sentence; but the interest only drops for a minute for then he starts on a quest for the correct endings and so forth for all the nouns and verbs, and for all their modifiers, in that construction.

Each pupil then goes to class with a Latin Composition book clutched triumphantly in one hand, assured that his translation is right and he has won the game. Sometimes this is true but it is queer how often the teacher's opinion differs exceedingly from the pupil's and how thoroughly convinced she is that her method is correct. But usually, as you all know, you will find when the period is over that the pupils are fairly beaming with the happiness of their triumph, having convinced the teacher that they and their work are absolutely correct in spite of all the proof that she has found in grammars, that tends to point out that she was right in the first place.

This all goes to show that Latin is not only very pleasant but also that it is very beneficial to both pupils and teachers. I think that any Latin teacher will tell you that every day she sees new Latin constructions, brought in by the pupils that never have appeared on the printed page. There is a possibility that she may not be convinced that all of these constructions are correct, but no doubt she will soon change her mind. She should, anyway, for this is called the "Age of Progress," and why shouldn't the widely spoken Latin language progress as other things are doing.



BANGOR, 23; RICKER, C. I., 6

Bangor High School opened its football schedule, Saturday, Sept. 26, at Bass Park, with a win over the highly rated Ricker Classical Institute of Houlton, last year's champions of Aroostook county.

The Crimson completely outclassed the heavier Ricker team. Coach McKechnie gave 29 men a chance during the game, practically using the second and third teams the last half.

Bangor scored four minutes after the kickoff, when Curtis was nailed behind his own goal line for a safety. Shortly afterwards Turner picked up a fumble and sprinted 35 yards for a touchdown. Turner kicked the goal, the first period ending 9-0. Neither side scored in the second period, frequent fumbles and penalties proving disastrous to both teams.

In the third period, after an exchange of punts, Bangor carried the ball down the field in a series of line plunges and end runs, sending McGinty around the end for a touchdown. Turner kicked the goal. The score 16-0.

In the last period, McKechnie started his rush of subs in the game. R. C. I. then commenced a successful aerial attack and aided by a 30-yard penalty went over for their only score of the game. Curtis failed to kick the goal. Bangor scored again, when Valenta crashed through center. Turner kicked the goal. This ended the scoring of the game, the final count being Bangor, 23; R. C. I. 6.

Bangor presented a strong, heavy line, and as fast, shifty backfield. There were no individual stars, the whole team playing good ball for the first game of the year.

BANGOR, 0; PORTLAND, 0

Bangor High and Portland High played a scoreless tie at Bass Park Saturday, Oct. 10. The game was played under the worst conditions possible. A cold, driving rain and sleet together with a sea of mud robbed the game of many spectacular plays.

The Crimson completely outplayed their opponents, time and again nailing the Portland backs for losses. Bangor's line played exceptionally good, opening great holes in the Portland line, so that play after play the Crimson backs reached the secondary defense, before being stopped.

Bangor threatened the Blue goal line twice during the game. In the second period, the Crimson had the ball on the Blue 20-yard line and first down, when the whistle blew for the half. Again in the third period, with the ball on Portland's 25-yard line, Turner, Bangor's stellar back, broke loose around left end for 35 yards, being downed on the 10-yard line. But a Bangor man was discovered holding on this play and the ball was brought back and Bangor was penalized 15 yards, a total of 50 yards being lost on the play. The remainder of the game was a punting duel between Turner and Halgren with Turner on the big end of the yardage.

"Packer" McClay, the Crimson leader, played a wonderful game, smearing the Portland backs many times for losses. Hickson and Richardson also starred in the line. "Pick" Turner played one of the best games he has ever played for B. H. S. His punting, passing and running was the big noise of the game.

For Portland, Kochian, Halgren and MacGuire carried off the honors.

About 2500 people attended the game, a small crowd for the annual classic, but a good one considering the circumstances.

The summary:

BANGOR—(0)	(0) PORTLAND
McGinnis, l. e.	r. e. MacGuire
Richardson, l. t.	r. e., Abbott
Finnegan, l. g.	r. t., Smith
McClay, c.	r. o., Ives
Sullivan, r. g.	c., Fairweather
Hickson, r. t.	l. g., Donahue
I. Raichlin, r. e.	l. t. Conroy
Chapman, q. b.	l. e. Pettis
McDonough, q. b.	q. b., Stevens
McGinty, l. h. b.	r. h. b., Halgren
Turner, r. h. b.	l. h. b., Welch
M. Raichlin, f. b.	f. b., Kochian
Valenta, f. b.	

BANGOR, 6; CONY, 6

Bangor High and Cony High of Augusta battled to a 6 to 6 tie at Bass Park, Saturday, Oct. 16. The game was played under almost as bad conditions as the Portland-Bangor game of a week before.

Bangor tore the Cony line to pieces but lacked the punch to carry the ball over. Cony could not gain thru the Crimson line but opened up a deceptive arial attack which resulted in a score. Cony used the huddle system and caused the Crimson a little trouble as this was the first team to use this system against them.

The Crimson lost a valuable chance to score in the first period, when they had the ball on Cony's 1 foot line, but a penalty lost them the ball and their chance to score.

Bangor scored in the second period when Chapman tossed a pretty pass to McGinty, who raced to a touch down. Turner failed to kick the goal.

Cony scored in the third stanza, when Stiles on a trick play, circled right end for 20 yards, carrying the ball to the 10-yard line. Three trys at the line netted no gain and on the same trick formation, Stiles scored. Lapi-

dus failed at a try for the extra point. In the last few minutes of a play Cony blocked Turner's drop-kick and the game ended with the ball in their own possession on their own 10-yard line.

Capt. McClay, Richardson and "Izzy" Raichlin starred for the Crimson in the line. Turner, Chapman and McGinty, shone in the backfield. Chapman's 35-yard runback of a punt being the prettiest run of the game.

For Cony, Capt. McCauley, Lapidus and Stiles starred.

BANGOR H. S., 0; LEWISTON H. S., 0

Bangor and Lewiston fought to a scoreless tie, Saturday, Oct. 23, at Bass Park, in one of the cleanest and best games ever witnessed in Bangor.

Neither coach entered a substitute, but 22 men playing the entire game. The Crimson threw a scare into the State Champions and came the nearest defeating them, than of any team in two years.

Bangor's one chance to score came in the first period when "Izzy" Raichlin recovered a fumble on Lewiston's 30-yard stprie. Three trys netted Bangor no gain and Turner's place-kick failed.

The Blue Devils threatened to score twice. The first came in the second period when Lewiston had the ball on The Crimson 20-yard marker, but the time-keeper's whistle ended their chance for a score. The second chance came in the fourth period, when Lewiston carried the ball to the Crimson 25-yard line and Melvin's kick from placement failed to carry.

The team from the Spindle City outweighed Bangor and its backs gained more ground than Bangor, but the Crimson line completely outplayed the highly touted Lewiston's line.

Bangor played defensive ball for the most of the game. Lewiston's backs made no impression on the Bangor line, and they resorted to end run for their gains. The fast and shifty Leighton, brought the crowd to their feet time

Bangor's team work and machine-like play-ing was the feature of the game.



LOCALS

FOK 14



The first meeting of the Dramatic Club was held Thursday, October 8 at 2.30 P. M. in Room 112. The officers elected for this year are: President, Marie Colburn; Vice-President, Faith Donovan; Secretary, Eleanor Byrnes; Treasurer, Thomas Murray. Miss Greene spoke about the purpose and work of the club.

There was a meeting of the Dramatic Club October 22. The business of this meeting was to vote upon a paper concerning Common Club Interests composed by Miss Mary L. Webster and Miss Rachel Connor. The aim of this paper is to include everyone in some outside activity but to limit those who might let the clubs take too much time.

The first meeting of the Geometry Club, organized by Miss Dunning, head of the Mathematics department, was held Thursday, October 8 at the high school. The following officers were elected: President, Miss Ruth Harrington; Vice-President, Cuthbert Sargent; Secretary, Hilda Powers; Treasurer, Jack Mason. Miss Eleanor Peavey, Donald Yates and Miss Hester Bell were appointed to draw up a constitution and Edward Woodward, Henry Cushman, and Jack Mason were chosen for the entertainment committee for the next meeting.

The second meeting of the Geometry Club took place Thursday, October 22. A constitution had been drawn up by Eleanor Peavey, Hester Bell and Donald Yates. It was decided that the dues would be five cents a meeting. Charles Bragg, Viola Purington and Phylis Dunning were appointed for a pin committee.

The Girl's Debating Society met Monday, Oct. 26, at three o'clock at the high school. The new officers are: Mary Quinn, President; Dorothy Brady, Vice-President; Clara Bunker, Secretary; Jessie Fraser, Treasurer. The Constitution and By-Laws were read. The scheduled debate was postponed until next meeting.

The second meeting of Le Circle Francais was held October 5. A few new members were voted upon. French current events were given by Dorothy Brady and Margaret Sullivan. Dorothy Cully recited a French play. The evening was passed very socially.

French Club of Bangor High School had an interesting session Monday night, Oct. 19. After the business was transacted, a program was presented with songs, anecdotes, dialogues, and chorals being given in French. Those taking part were Misses Helene Mosher, Edna Dearborn, Mabel Holt, Catherine Trickley, Mary Quinn, Harriette Cross, Charlotte Hubbard and Ruth Lloyd-Jones.

At Assembly, October 19, Colonel Harry K. Eustace, who has spent the greater part of his life hunting big game in wildest Africa, spoke on perseverance. He said that if one is discouraged and ready to give up to "Hang on for ten minutes and then to hang on for ten more."

Monday, Oct. 26, at 11.45, Colonel Eustace gave an illustrated lecture showing four reels of moving pictures. Everyone was very interested in this showing as they learned new things about Africa.

The Snapdragons, the girls debating society and the boys debating society had a party

Tuesday, October thirteenth at Bangor High School. After a short business meeting, Miss Mary Robinson, the coach of the girl's debating club, showed and discussed the cups that the debating clubs have won in the past. A very interesting narrative of the Bates-Oxford debate was also given by Miss Robinson. She described the three men who have come from England to debate a few of America's leading colleges. She stated her opinion on the skill of both the Oxford and Bates team. Mr. Bryant also said a few words about the speakers. Refreshments and a few games were enjoyed by all.

The result of the final election of class officers is as following: Seniors—President, Donald Finnegan; Vice-President, Barbara Whitman; Secretary, Dorothy Culley; Treasurer, George Bryant; Athletic Council, John Crowell. Juniors—President, Henry Samway; Vice-President, Helen Barker; Secretary, Phyllis Dunning; Treasurer, Alden Denaco; Athletic Council, Gerald McDonough; Ring Committee, Avis Bartlett, chosen from the Classical Course, Virginia Rogers, from the Commercial Course, Burpee Berry, from the Scientific and Technical courses. Sophomores — President, Hugh Connor; Vice-President, Charlotte Brown; Secretary, Eleanor Cross; Treasurer, Kenneth Mason; Athletic Council, William Valenta.

The yearly Freshman Hop was given Friday night, Oct. 23 in the Assembly Hall of the high school for the benefit of high school band. There was a large attendance at this dance as it was our first one. Cobby O'Brien and his famous dance orchestra furnished the music. The proceeds helped to send our high school band to Portland for the football game.

On Thursday evening, the Ides of October, the first meeting of the Latin Club was held in Room 314 of the high school. Mary Quinn, joint consul with Bernard Mann, presided over the business meeting. The paper on common club interests, drawn up by Miss Webster and Miss Connor in behalf of B. H. S. outside school activities was discussed. New

members were admitted. Games were played and refreshments were served. All seniors who are in sympathy with the aims of this club are invited to join and also Juniors and Sophomores may join who have attained the rank of 85 the quarter before entering the club. The next meeting will be held on the Nones of November.

The annual physical examinations have been going on this month. The corridor on the second floor was given up to students who were reading for the benefit of their teachers, rows of capital letters. In the teachers' room the same students listened earnestly to such important whisperings as "twenty-five; nineteen; thirty-six." Some girls learned with pride by means of a teacher's careful measurement that they had grown 3-8 to 5-6 of an inch in height, and lost six ounces in weight.

The Chemistry Club of Bangor High School held an election of officers Monday night in the school building, as follows: Harriette Cross, President; Ruth Fairbanks, Vice-President; Victor Bridges, Treasurer; Adrian Leveille, Secretary; Dorothy Alexander, Publicity Officer and Mr. Pennell, Faculty Advisor. President Cross then appointed the following committees: Program Committee, Jacqueline Clark, Chairman; Charles Silsby, Phyllis Thompson; Refreshment Committee, George Mayo, Chairman; Wilbur Bridges and Rose Tompkins.

On October 10, 1925, the most enthusiastic and largest rally ever, was held at the high school. Principal Proctor spoke a few words about backing up the team. Mr. George Daley next spoke about loyalty. Joe Garland, the next speaker urged the student body to support the team. Coach McKechnie, asked the students to do their share if they expected the team to win and that he would answer for the team. Assistant Coach Torsleff and former Manager Epstein also spoke urging the students to back up the team. Each speaker was loudly cheered. Next some new cheers were tried. Bangor's school song ended the rally.

Edward Stern, President of last year's Debating Society spoke recently in Chapel urging new members to join. In the afternoon, thirteen new members joined and elected the various officers: Edward Stern, President; Bruce Cunningham, Vice-President; Edward Haley, Secretary and Treasurer; Abe Rosen, Manager.

At the second meeting of the Boy's Debating Society, held October 25th, Mr. Bryant, the new instructor, coached the society in the art of debate. The prospects of having a good team are very bright.

A French Club meeting was held Monday, November 2. After the business was discussed, a French play called "La Lecon en Francais" was given by some of the members. This play was well given and understood by the audience as it was very simple French. Games were played and a good time was enjoyed by all.

The second meeting of the Chemistry Club was held October 26, at the high school. The meeting was purely business. The paper on common club interests was discussed and voted on. The present members of the club were divided into sides as a contest for new members is on. Everyone is working hard as the losing team will treat the victors. All Seniors are invited to the next meeting.

The History Club of Bangor High School held its first meeting Sept. 23, in Room 114. The constitution was read by Miss Cousins and was signed by all the members, thirty in number. The officers for the 1st half year were elected as follows: George Bryant, President; Elcina Cole, Vice-President; Dorothy Culley, Secretary; Donald Goode, Treasurer.

The President spoke concerning the past success of the club and its possible future success.

The second meeting of the History Club was held October 8. After the roll-call, the report of the last meeting was read and excepted. It was decided that the dues of the club would be 5c. Four new members were taken in

being Irene Hachey, Marguerite Blackwell, Kenneth Robbins and Charline Andrews. The appointed speaker being absent, Miss Culley read a paper on the Colonization. The Program Committee appointed for next time is: Jacqueline Clarke, Dorothy Culley and Harold McMann.

The History Club of Bangor High School held a meeting Oct. 22, 1925. After the roll-call and Secretary's report were read, it was voted that the Treasurer should give his report directly after the Secretary, but the dues should be collected just before the members adjourned. There were two members admitted Lillian Crane and Walter Downs. Two very good papers were read next. Mr. Harold McMann spoke about the Exploration and Discovery of Maine. He told many facts concerning the exploration that were unknown by some of the members. Next Miss Jacqueline Clarke, spoke on the "Lost City of Nourleega." This was very interesting as Bangor is supposed to be the situation of this mythical city.

The Commercial Club was organized September 30, by Mrs. True and Mr. Annable. The purpose of organizing as told by Mrs. True is to bring the Commercial students together in a commercial and social way.

The first meeting of the Club totalled 48 members. At this meeting committees were chosen and officers elected. The officers for the present year are as follows: President, Edward Haley, Vice-President, Leona Leighton; Secretary, Violet Rubin; Treasurer, Elwin Smith; Reporters, Pearl Brown, and Sponser, Mrs. True.

All Commercial Juniors, Seniors, and Teachers are invited to join the club. There are now 60 members. Meetings of the Club are held twice a month in the assembly hall. The first meeting of each month we plan to have someone talk on the following subjects: banking, civil service, applying for a position, and wholesale and retail selling.

The second meeting the program will be furnished by the club members.



ALUMNI



FOX '14

Walter J. Creamer, B. H. S., '14, associate Professor of electrical engineering and assistant to the dean of the College of Technology at the University of Maine, has taken over the position of Dean of the College of Technology left vacant by the appointment of Dean Harold S. Boardman as acting-president of the College. He will maintain, however, the title of assistant dean.

On the list of the ten students in the entering class of the University of Maine who attained the best showing in the freshman week English tests were four Bangor girls: Gretchen Hayes, Arline Palmer, Evelyn Kennard and Priscilla Sawyer, all of the class of '25.

Mildred Osborne, B. H. S., '21, is teaching Latin and History in the Sheffield High School, Sheffield, Mass.

Pierce Webber, Ex-'27, has entered Phillips-Exeter Academy.

Harold O'Connell, '24, was awarded the gold medal for the highest standing in scholarship in his class at Holy Cross College last June.

Frances Arnold, '19 has returned from a three months trip in Europe.

Sergeant Fred R. Rice, U. S. A., who is serving in the Panama zone with the 65th Artillery, spent part of a three months leave of absence in Bangor. Previous to his appointment in Panama ten years ago Sergeant Rice was stationed in Portland, Me., South Carolina, Maryland, and New York. He has to his credit twenty-seven years of service which includes participation in the Spanish-American war.

Football fans will be glad to hear that Rod-eric O'Connor and George Noddin, are making good on the Maine Freshman football team.

At the freshman class nomination of the U. of M. Bangor was well represented. Rod-eric O'Connor was nominated for vice-president; Annah Fairbanks, Catherine Buck, and Mary Robinson for Secretary; Allison Hill, Paul Bunker, and George Noddin for the executive committee.

Recent weddings are:

Donald Eames, '19, and Miss Frances Bragg, '19, Frederick Jacques, '20, and Miss Ruth Farrington, '20, Lloyd Douglass and Miss Regina Wardwell, Henry Farnham and Miss Vivian MacLeod, Thornton Cousens and Miss Madeline Snowden, Parry Boyd, '18, and Miss Mary Hopkins, John Leacock and Miss Frances Cuncannon, '12, Forrest Deane and Miss Edna Dunham, Alfred Frawley, '16, and Miss Ellen Curley, Earl Staples and Miss Norma Day, '24, Searle Perry and Miss Frances Curran, '22, Ralph Hickson, and Miss Helen Ambrose, Edmond Dillon and Miss Carolyn Wood, '20.

Philip Smith, '25 of Bangor, is making good on the Bowdoin freshman foot-ball team in the position of full-back.

Three Bangor Alumni are on the Maine varsity football team. Their names and positions are: Charles Bond, '24, end; Gerald Wheeler, '22, half-back; Simear Sawyer, '22, guard.

The engagement of Leonora Hiscock, and Rev. Joseph MacDonald, has been announced. Mr. MacDonald graduated from Bangor High in the class of 1911 and was editor of the *Oracle* in his senior year.

Ruth Jordan, '24, and Mary Reid, '24, have entered on a course of study at the Leslie Kindergarten Training School.

At the Maine Freshman class elections which took place two weeks after the nominations: Roderic O'Connor, '25, was elected vice-president; Mary Robinson, '25, secretary and Robert Crowell, '25, treasurer. Paul Bunker, '24, and George Noddin were elected to membership on the executive committee. O'Connor won by 70 votes, Miss Robinson by 53 and Crowell by 70.

Robert Kendall, has returned to his ship the U. S. S. New Mexico, after spending a short vacation in Bangor. Mr. Kendall recently graduated from the U. S. Electrical School at Hampton Roads where he received the highest honors in his class.

In the graduating class of the Arlington Training School for nurses were two Bangor girls: Mary Bodkin and Ethel Lobley, '24.

We were glad to hear that it was a Bangor boy who saved the game for Bowdoin in the Bowdoin freshman vs. Coburn Classical Institute game. This boy was Phil Smith, '25, whose touchdown in the first quarter saved the day.

In continuing our list of last month we find that the following members of '25, have entered higher institutions:

Dean Bailey, Maine; Dean Benson, Georgetown University; Edith Bowen, Maine; Frank Burrill, Maine; John Connor, Wharton School of Finance; Kenneth Downing, Maine; Barbara Johnson, Maine; Carl Larson, Maine; Frank Linell, Maine; Ellen Maloney, Maine; William McCarthy, Catholic University; Geneva McGary, Maine; Byron McPheters, Maine; Mildred McPheters, Maine; Charles O'Connor, Maine; Roderic O'Connor, Maine; Arline Palmer, Maine; Kenneth Robinson, Maine; Mary Robinson, Maine; Albert Whittier, Maine; Alice Webster, Maine; Philip Whitman, Springfield Y. M. C. A. College.

Carl F. Morrison, B. H. S., '20, was recently made advertising manager of the Besse System Co. of Bangor and is Publicity director of a chain of twenty stores in Eastern Maine. Mr. Morrison has been in the newspaper business

for five years. He was recently married to Lois Hodgkins, a former literary editor of the *Oracle*.

Acting President, Harold S. Boardman, B. H. S., 91, of the University of Maine, attended the inauguration of Dr. Clarence Little, former president of the University, as president of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, November 2nd.

Walter Bickford, B. H. S., '25, has been appointed assistant physical director of the Bangor Y. M. C. A. For some time Mr. Bickford has been active in "Y" work and this summer he attended the Y. M. C. A. Summer Training camp at Lake George, New York.

Russell Hobbs, is another member of '25, who has been promoted in Y. M. C. A. work. Hobbs has also been connected with the Bangor institution for several years and has now been appointed desk secretary to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Marcus A. Wills.

Thirteen names on the Dean's list at the U. of M. for the first half of the fall semester were Bangor High Alumni. These are the brightest students in the college.

The Misses Alice Webster, '25, and Mary Robinson, '25, are playing on the U. of M. girls' Hockey team.

Mrs. Carl F. Morrison, formerly literary editor of the *Oracle*, was named by Governor Brewster for the position of chairman of the board of registration of Bangor voters. Mrs. Morrison is the third woman to be named for such an office in Maine.

Malcolm Tapley, a former Bangor High athlete, is a member of the Kents Hill football team this year.

John Tarbell was a member of the senior relay team which took part in the inter-class relay race between the halves of the Bowdoin-Bates game on Oct. 31.

Steve Casper, '24, was especially effective on the defensive in the Kents Hill vs. Bowdoin Freshman game.

Harvey K. Boyd, B. H. S., '24, took second place in the quarter mile run, an event of the annual fall trials of the freshman track squad of Bowdoin.

Donald Snow, '96, was referee of the Maine intercollegiate Track and Field association meet held at the U. of M., Oct. 28.

Helen Stanhope, B. H. S., '25, is playing the cello in the string quartette which furnishes music for receptions and morning assemblies at Machias Normal School.

Acting President, Harold S. Boatdman, B. H. S., '91, and Assistant Dean W. J. Creamer, B. H. S., '14, of the University of Maine, attended the convention of the New England branch of the Society for the promotion of Engineering Education at Norwich University, Barre, Vermont. Dean Boardman is secretary of the organization.

Ensign Roger B. Nickerson, U. S. N., spent a few weeks leave of absence with his parents this month. He came overland from San Pedro, California, from his ship, the U. S. S. Pennsylvania which participated in the recent Pacific fleet manoeuvres.

Robert Cochran, B. H. S., '25, has been added to the faculty of the Bangor Free Evening School for the purpose of teaching commercial art and poster work during the ensuing year. Mr. Cochran has been serving as artist for the Allied theatres of Bangor for the past two years in addition to carrying on other commercial art work.

Joseph W. Beach, a member of the Near East Relief Corps in the Caucasus, and some companions was held up and robbed. The brigands shot but injured nobody. The Uni-

ted States Government has sent men out to investigate the hold-up and to offer protection to the workers. The matter will be taken up by the Caucasian government.

Ruth Harris, '16, was not able to go to China as she intended on account of civil wars in that country. She is, however, stenographer in the office of the American Baptist Missionary Society.

Frances M. Jarvis, '22, recently returned to this city after three years in the Hawaiian Islands. Sgt. Jarvis, enlisted in September, after graduation for Hawaiian Service in the Engineer Corps. While there, he was instructor in the Educational Department of the Post Schools. Due to his excellent shooting among other competitors he was selected as one of the five members of the 3rd Engineer Rifle Team which represented his regiment at the try-outs at Fort DuPont, Del. After the matches were over he spent a two months furlough in Bangor, sailing for Honolulu, Nov. 24, via Panama Canal. He was an interested observer and

participant in the Joint Army and Navy Maneuvers and spent ten days on the Island of Hawaii visiting the world famed active volcano Kilauea. While at High School, Jarvis was active in the R. O. T. C. and rifle Club, being Captain, his senior year. He states that the Hawaiian Islands are rightly called the "Paradise of the Pacific."

Edwin "Touchy" Short, '22, and John "Red" Lynch, '24, are fighting their way to fame on the football eleven of Canisius College. Short is Captain of the team and is the outstanding player. Lynch is covering himself with glory at the position of tackle while Short plays full-back.





Last year the six companies of the R. O. T. C. Unit were composed of junior and sophomore boys who were intermixed among the various companies. This retarded the training of the juniors as the work taken up was a repetition of the former year's work while for the sophomores, it was all new. This was unsatisfactory to the instructors and it was determined to change the unfortunate situation for the ensuing year. As a result, the companies that drill the first three periods are composed of Juniors while the companies that drill the last three periods are composed of sophomores. This change has made it much easier for Captain Tribolet and Sergeant Clark as the first three companies need only a slight review of the previous year's work and then are ready for advanced work while the last three companies have to be instructed in the elements of military training.

On Monday evening, October 19, the first meeting of the Rifle Club was held in the Gymnasium of the High School. From the above date through the current school year, the Rifle Club will shoot every Monday and Wednesday evening on its range in the Gymnasium. The backstop has had new planks placed on the front of it and this will make it as good as when it was first built last year. The Club is well outfitted with rifles this year as they have the five Winchester Model 52 rifles that the first team used last year together with three new Springfields of a special target model that arrived too late last year to be used. Also there are several Winchester Muskets and several Springfields for the use of the boys who

are learning to shoot. The Club has also received plenty of ammunition from the government to supply its needs of this year and probably will have some left to start next year's shooting with.

The Prospects for a championship team this year are very good. Only five of the fifteen men in the club graduated and there are more than enough men ready to take their places. In addition, many new men are turning out for practice and they are being shown the intricacies of target practice. As soon as a man shows ability to shoot well consistently, he is given a chance to shoot with the rifles that the first team uses. If he again shows the same kind of shooting or better, he is kept on the team rifles and then it is up to him whether he makes the first team.

Another thing that will aid the team is the early start that it had. Last year, the club was not active until after the first of January. This did not give them enough time to practice and consequently hindered their chances. This year, as the club started in the middle of October, the chances are considerably improved. This also means that more matches can be shot. The first match is with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology about November 25.

On the evening of October 26, the members of last year's team had a meeting and elected Thompson Berdeen Team Captain. Berdeen, who is a senior, is well qualified for the position as he was the outstanding member of last year's team and in addition he has attended Camp Perry for two summers.



AS OTHERS SEE US

"Oracle," Bangor High School: You have some good stories and a good joke department. You are to be congratulated on your advertisements. Your covers are excellent.

The "Lisbonian," Lisbon, Maine, "The Oracle," Bangor, Me.: We enjoyed reading your paper. Don't forget us next time.

The "Quoddy Light," Lubec High School. "The Oracle," B. H. S. Bangor, Me.—A fine paper. All the departments are well developed.

The "Signet," N. H. Fay High School, Dexter. "The Oracle," Bangor High School, Your paper proved very interesting to us.

The Red and White
Sanford High School
Sanford, Maine.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

We enjoyed reading the "Rostrum" from Guilford High School. All the departments are well worked up, but the order could be improved by placing the Personals last. The table of contents was lacking. The wise cracks were very witty.

Middletown, Conn., sends us the "Orange and Black". The Literary department is excellent but the Editorial section might be enlarged. Where is the Exchange department? The cuts show original talent and are very good.

The students of Lisbon High School have been working hard to edit their annual "Lisbonian". Their efforts were not in vain for they certainly have a fine paper. Every section is complete and interesting. The crossword puzzle is good. The cut for the hits is very amusing.

Here we have another paper which is published annually. This paper, the "Signet" comes from N. H. Fay High, Dexter. All the departments are well balanced, but why not have a Personals department and have the jokes all under one heading.

A shining light is the "Beacon"

That we welcome from Gloucester High,
In the drawings it does not weaken
And all the departments comply.

In blue and white comes the "Northern Lights" from Millinocket. The Literary department is very good, but the Exchanges are few. The Personals would give anybody a good laugh.

In colors bright
Comes the "Red and White"
From Sanford High School;
The jokes give us joy
The cuts—Oh! Boy,
Everything obeys the rule.

The "Flicker" is published annually by the seniors of Gloucester High. It is a very interesting paper and we hope that they send us one next year.

The October issue of the "*Tripod*" from Roxbury Latin School has arrived. Its cover design was attractive. The Literary department was rather small and we failed to find any jokes. I am sure that some jokes would add very much to this paper. The Delphic Echoes and the "Observer" are two very interesting features.

The "*Torch*" from Howe High School, Billica, Mass., certainly sparkled in the Literary department but it grew dim in some of the other departments. The Editorial section could be enlarged. The jokes were good but few. The Alumni section was omitted altogether.

"The *Aegis*": Allow us to congratulate you on your October number. Since we all can't read this magazine, I will summarize it as follows: this issue opens with a short poem, the Vanguard, which is very interesting. Then comes the Literary with seven good stories. The jokes which follow, although few, are very funny. Then we have the Editorials, Spectator, Science, Art, Athletics, Current Happenings and Alumni, all of which can be summed up in the true sense of the word good.

An interesting paper arrived the other day bearing the name of the "*Quoddy Light*," from Lubec High School. It had a unique cover design and its Personal department was full of real good jokes. We hope to see this paper again.

We welcome the "*Unionite*" from Grand Rapids, Michigan. Its arrangement could be improved upon by placing the Editorials first. The Literary department was excellent. Dizzy dips were certainly dizzy. Call again.

Full of pep and up to date, every department complete and interesting, cuts excellent; but no table of contents, that is what we have

to say about the *Meteor* from Berlin High School, Berlin, N. H.

From West Paris, Maine, comes the "*Nautilus*" which is a very fine paper. The jokes and cuts are humorous and full of life. The Literary department contains six interesting stories which show that the school has literary talent. We suggest that it would be better arrangement to have the jokes come last.

The 1925 "*Ferguson*" arrived from Harmony High School. Its Literary department has eighteen stories and the French department contains four interesting essays. We hope to receive this paper next year.

Bounding from Milton High School comes the "*Echo*", reproducing the student's views and thoughts. It is an excellent paper, every section being complete and interesting. A Little Hero of a Great War, and a Football Story were well worth reading. Come again.

The "*Spectator*", is edited by the Male High School, Louisville, Kentucky. Boys generally put everything over that they try and this paper is no exception. It contains something about each club in the school, some good stories, and some very witty jokes. We hope that this paper from the "Blue Grass Country" will come again.

A jester was a person who, in olden times, amused the king. Well, the "*Jester*" from Ellsworth High, instead of amusing a king, amuses the students and the public. It is a very interesting paper and contains a great deal of material for one that is published every two weeks.

We gratefully acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following college papers.

The "*Maine Campus*."

The "*Bates Student*."

The "*Bowdoin Orient*."

The "*Boston University News*."

The "*Harvard Alumni Bulletin*."

"He who laughs last
gathers no moss"
Edgar Allan Poe

THE B. H. S.

SEC

VOLUME IV

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SHORT STORY WRITER
GIVES US

"THE PASSIONATE POTATO"

CHAPTER I

Passionate Fanny Fiddleflops left the dance. As it was four o'clock in the morning and there was no where else to go, she started home. Her blue eyes and forty-six of her gold teeth twinkled in the sun and the glare of the street lights made her very happy and simple.

CHAPTER II

The dew was still on the grass. The silent stars blinked sadly down on the dreary desert, showing the shadows of the apple and palm trees. The reflection of the moon on the rippling water made her aware of the music from the parlor of the six aeroplanes far to the north of her.

CHAPTER III

Her two companions were resting in the shade of a crabapple tree eating fiercely the pears falling within their reach. The heat was terrific and the little boys on fur overcoats were swimming about in the old swimming hole.

CHAPTER IV

The temptation was too great. She dived off the canoe striking her head on the ice.

CHAPTER V

After the funeral which was well attended by all the cowboys and milkmen, the band master who had been in love with her wrote a touching little ballad entitled. "She Got in Front of My Steam Roller, so I Left Her Flat."

The End.

FREE! FREE! FREE! BOYS! GIRLS!

We will give to any boy or girl who writes us, a Duplex Special Gold Plated Victrola and 32 Silver Solid Records absolutely free! All that we require is that you sell 15 of our easy selling Ford Tractors. Write to-day to

EDWARD STERN NOVELTY CO.

MISS PHYLLIS THOMPSON WINS TITLE OF MISS LEVANT

Scares other Entrants away from City Hall

Levant, (Special to Tattler). Last night at the Levant Town Hall, Miss Phyllis Thompson was crowned Queen of Love, Beauty and Levant with a Brand new wash board. The contest started at 8. But at 6.30, Miss Thompson was at the



MISS PHYLLIS THOMPSON

Hall with her backers. When the other entrants got a look at Miss Thompson they withdrew from the race.

Miss Thompson was found under a plank in an old barn in Levant, and rushed into the contest by her many friends. She is a beautiful peroxide blonde, weighs one hundred and ninety-two and eats beef stew for desert. She wears a puzzled air and keeps muttering mysterious words to herself. Her favorite flower is Roast Beef. We wish Miss Thompson a merry Xmas.

The Tattler will give a Basketball Season Ticket for the best article written for the December Tattler.

Pass articles to Tattler Editor, Oracle box.

FAMOUS ACTRESS

SPRAINS LEFT EAR

MISS MABEL ROGERS IN DANGER



Yesterday night Miss Mabel Rogers who made herself famous as an actress in Abies Cyekoslavakian Cauliflower met with a serious accident. Miss Rogers is a beautiful young lady of eleven years of age. She has two ears and an exceptionally big nose, around which is built her face. Miss Rogers met with this accident while out in a rain storm, the rain was driving in her face and she sprained her ear while trying to lap the rain drops off her right eye. As Miss Rogers must do a fairy dance in the last act of the play this is a serious hindrance to her dancing. Miss Rogers' conception of a head of cabbage in this famous drama is very clever and unique.

Miss Rogers is convalescing at the Old Ladies' Home.

Moral—(Let it Rain where it wants to.)

"GORY" ROBINSON

MAKING GOOD

Former Fast Veazie Lad Rising to Fame

Bosting. (Special to Tatler).

Friends of Gorham Gloria "Gory" Robinson will be pleased to know that the former ash king is taking his place among such men as Zoney Foster, Napoleon and Buster Brown. "Gory" who is a cousin of Flighty McNutt left for the city 3 years ago and now is on the road to fame and fortune.

Mr. Robinson is 34 years of age, is 6.8 tall and weighs 34.8 lbs. He is becoming famous as a writer of original melodramas; his best three books are: "The Little Chapp that Double Crossed Our Nell."

"The Tiger's Revenge" and "To Are or not To Am."

His first book is known all over the world, the first lines are:

"Under the spreading blacksmith.
The Village Chestnut sat."

TATLER

TION

NOVEMBER, 1925

NUMBER 2

"ROME" CROWELL DEFEATS "HOSS" BRALEY IN ANNUAL RECEPTACLE

Bangor Steenwiches Wreck Forty-six Pianos in Dash for Crown



Last nite at the Auditorium "Rome" Crowell battered his way to the championship of Ivory pokers before a mob of 236-8 people. "Hoss" Braley, the demon tusk mauler from South Newburg, was second and received as prize a beautiful pink wash cloth with the initial (S) on the left hand corner. The (S) stands for second. The receptacle was one of the loudest ever heard and was in no way not a success.

At three minutes past eight to the dot, Mr. Braley was introduced to the audience and the ushers. Never before has a receptacle star received such an ovation, as he would have received if the people had clapped him as he wanted them to. Mr. Braley, keeping cool as a cucumber, jumped at the piano and the receptacle was on. Playing fast and furious with both hands he sent the poor piano to the floor and in five minutes the piano of yesterday was a pile of kindlings for tomorrow. The hungry mob went wild and hissed Mr. Braley's name, until the famous artist took off his brass knuckles and bowed. Mr. Braley smiling confidently, waved his dukes to the thundering applause and crawled off the stage.

But as somebody once remarked in the dark ages. "He who laughs last, is crazy for waiting so long." The great contest was not over. "Romeo" Gutter Puppy Crowell a rivet driver and Asst. Garbage-man from East Orono, a dark horse and rank outsider, was next on the program. For the past six hours Mr. Crowell had been eating spikes, and looking forward to his session at the agony box. So when the gong rang for his turn he was rarin' to go. As the New Yawk papers stated: "With a single bound the Orono pianoer dived at the piano, with a nice left hand sock he lifted the piano off the stage and into the lap of Lewis Larson. (Note—

Mr. Larson being an honest man tossed it back.)

The piano having been returned to the stage the ex-garbage-man became real ugly and started his receptacle in earnest. All went well until the fourth trill, where time was taken out to allow Mr. Crowell to untangle his fingers. This was the last straw for "Rome," wriggling his ears in angle; he reached over and bit the piano and kicked it off the stage. As he bowed to the great mob it was so quiet you could have heard an aeroplane drop. It was a perfect tribute to a great Garbage-man. Then, at first soft then gathering volume the mob cheered and stamped for at least half an hour in appreciation of Mr. Crowell's fine work. Mr. Crowell made a heroic figure as he stood on the stage in front of the crowd, his hands were bleeding and his beautiful unbobbed hair hung down his back on large chunks. As an encore Mr. Crowell played. "The Hen Found a Bag of Flour," with one finger.

PROFESSOR MIKE MCGINNIS DISCOVERS RARE BEAST

Back on Bon-Ton From Trip to Wilds of
South Brewer



Four-Legged Cowslip

Professor Mike McGinnis, who for the past 39 years has been teaching kindergarten in the Carmel Public Schools, today returned from South Brewer where he has been hunting four legged cowslips and red nosed skunks. He has had great luck and when the Bon-Ton steams across the Bay to-morrow all of

"The most difficult thing
in the world is for a fish to
find a dry place to sit
down."

Mike's best friends will be down to see him home.

Professor McGinnis is 754 years old and attributes his old age to the fact that he never indulges in arsenic and always argues with smaller men than himself.

Mr. McGinnis is a tall handsome man with a large nose on the left hand side of his right eye, his hair is beautiful and makes wonderful bristles for a hair brush.

While Mr. McGinnis was in Alaska he discovered the tropical Swiss Island O'Leary. Mr. McGinnis will winter at Plum Beach.

FAVORITES DEFEATED IN LITERARY CONTEST

Helen McDonald and Jane Murphy Win

The Tatler's monthly Literary Contests are becoming more popular every month. This month the editor received one manuscript, two of which are printed below.

Miss Helen McDonald was unanimously awarded first place by the judges. The vote was 1 to 0. The poem is printed below. It shows great promise for the future great poetess. She was awarded a solid silver pea-shooter.

SUNSET

Helen McDonald, '28

Little Willie in a peeve
Blew his nose upon his sleeve
Willie's Mamma smiling sweet
Paddled Little Willie's Seat.

The second prize was donated to Miss Jane Murphy. Her poem was deep and emotional but the rhyme was poor. Miss Murphy received a beautiful hair ribbon for her poem.

THE SOUL OF SUMMER

Jane Murphy, '28.

Maud Muller on a summer's day
Raked the meadow sweet with hay
You'd hardly expect a girl you know,
In Summertime to be shoveling snow

FOUND—A Two-Cent Stamp

Owner can have same by paying for this
ad. (50c). PHIL COHEN



DON FINNEGAN SPORTING SECTION

Dear Sporting Dips:

I would suggest the following team for the 1925 All American team.

William Richardson, r. e.
Bill Richardson r. t.
W. G. Richardson, r. g.
Willie Richardson, c. b.
William Richardson, l. g.
W. Richardson, l. t.
Richardson, L. e.
Willie Richardson, q. b.
W. G. Richardson, f. b.
Bill Richardson, l. h. b.
William Richardson, r. h. b.

Yours for William Richardson,
Bill Richardson.

Tom Perry, former famous football Bear and now a total wreck was in town this week selling Farmers Almanacs and copies of Hugh Connor's famous song, "Who half shot Pete Clary?"

Mr. Aron Gotlieb, the crashing, dashing, smashing fullback of last year's football team is at the present dealing in seafoods. Mr. Gotlieb wishes to call our attention to the beautiful finan haddie for 25c per pound at his place of bisnes.

Dear Mr. Finnegan:

I wish to call attention to the wonderful game of football played by "Chink" Chapman, in the last Portland game. He was marvelous.

Yours for some athletes
Ruth White.

(Notice). The Bullseye Bridge swimming hole will be closed November 20th. Have you had your November Bath yet?

Grace "Kutthroat" Faulkingham and Cuthbert "Rough" Sargent will indulge in 10 rounds of fistcuffs at the City Hall next Fourth of July.

FORMER WASHWOMEN MAKE GOOD

Kathleen Lynch and Margaret Whalen
Entertain

Last nite at the Sausage Stuffers' Big Hall, Kay Lynch and May Whalen, for-

mer washwomen and queens of the scrub brush, entertained a mob of the Ancient Order of Window Rubbers Society.

The Program was varied and interesting. Miss Whalen was first on the program, she was formerly a waitress at the Greasy Elbow Cafeteria. She sang songs that made the people weep and songs that made them laff loud and long. Her program was as follows:

(1). "Oh Sole Mio and So Are You, and So's Your Old Man."

(2). "We Call Our Baby Coffee Cause She Keeps Us up at Nite."

(3). "Down With the Queen, Long Live the King's Wife."

Miss Lynch came next. She was once an actress, but it was so long ago all records are lost. She, however, is one of the best 204 pound dancing dolls that ever wrecked a hall. She danced on both feet beautifully, until some one hit her in the ankle with a brick. But among great hisses, booes and cat whistles, she finished her dance on one and one leg only. It was sublime dancing and when the crowd could not reach Miss Lynch with their hands they wept, they were so sad.

At 12.225 O'clock Bean sandwiches and Hard Cider was served to the hungry mob.

LONELY HEARTS COLUMN

Dear Mrs. Aggathia Goofenheimer

My name is Minnie Elephant, I am 78, white and unmarried. All my friends think I am extremely beautiful and unnecessary. My uncle died lately and left me a large fortune, consisting of 457 cans of dried beef and 25 two-cent stamps. Hoping to hear from some little sheik, I remain,

Your little icecart,
Minnie.

Dear Miss Goofenheimer:

My name is Avis Kennedy Bartlett, I am six feet, six in my gum rubbers and weigh 28 75-432 lbs. I am considered the village belle in my home town and once played the part of a can opener in the "Thief of Rag Bag." I hope to hear from some young man in the teens.

Yours in love,
Avis.

Dear Mr. Goofenheimer:

All my life I have had dreams of a beautiful brown eyed wife. Now that I am worth 700,000,000 marks, I will be able to wed. Please send me a good 350 pounder to

Gregory Sullivan.
4525 Hancock Street.

BANGOR WIPES PORTLAND

7644 TO 2

Bangor Team Wins in Fast Game

Yesterday afternoon at Bayside Park the great Bangor Sootball Team wiped the Forest City boys off the map. The game was hard fought and the great mob of 60,000 was held in susbence until the last moment of the game. Pick Prescott starred for Portland and Harold Handsome Robinson, the blonde beast from Bangor, was the leading light for the Queen Kitty. There were many exciting moments. Once somebody got rough and pushed a Bangor man, giving them a 35 yard penalty. John Bell drop kicked a nice 98 yard forward pass into the basket in the second inning which was one of the prettiest punts ever seen around here for sometime.

Line-up:

Bangor

Portland

John Bell, r. t. Dick Prescott, r. t.
Edgar Welsh, l. t. "Fat" Gallagher, l. t.
Punk McGinnis, Touchy Short, l. g.
l. g.
Eddie Lowell, r. b. Mickey Finnegan, r. b.
Charles Bunker, c. Frank Merrill, c.
Donald Calhoun, Red Lynch, r. f.

r. e.

George Chapman, Dave Parrin, l. e.
l. e.

Harold Robinson, Horatio Alger, o. b.
o. b.

Earnest Turner, Johnny Buell, r. h.

r. h.

Buster Wise, l. h. Loyd Colby, l. h.

Warren McGinnis, Mike Trainor, f. b.

f. b.

Touchdowns—Robinson, 7-8. Colby, 1-3.

Substitutions—Peenuts for Meat Postum for Coffee. Iodine for Scotch Split for Alcohol. Referee Captain Tribolet.

(Notice). Chester Stewart won his letter as head linesman.

Bangor Wipes Portland.

LOST—A True Story Magazine.
Return to "Rasky" O'Donnell.

We are not giving
away 10,000 copies.
Do you blame us?

B. S. TATLER

For you
For ME
For us

WE HAVE HEARD OF WRITER'S CRAMP, BUT THIS—

Before the days of typewriters, authors were stricken by "writer's cramp." This expression grew into disuse, but lately has been revived by the accident to Bruce Brisbane Cunningham, who broke his hand. It is reported that Bruce wrote so many jokes for this issue of the Tatler, that his hand just couldn't stand the pace.

LESSONS FREE!

in slide rule practice to please
the teacher.

Apply to

Pete Morrison, Cutey Banks
and Tarzan Billington

DID WE FOOL YOU?

Listen my children and you shall hear.
Notice the heading, "B. S. Tatler." Perhaps you thought the crack Jordan-Frost printers made an error and dropped out the "H." Not so fast, Watson. Those initials, "B. S. Tatler," stand for "Besse System Tatler." We thank you.

All roads lead to the Besse System Co.

Do Your
Xmas Shopping
Early
at
Besse System Co.

STUDENTS GOVERN SELF AT BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

GREAT MYSTERY IN ROOM 210

The great detective, Sherlock Crowell, and his "Watson," Andy Gump Bartlett, had a perplexing mystery to solve in 210 last week. A strikingly colored sweater disappeared, and only a button was left as a clue. The two "dicks" are eager to find the sweater. But then, no one blames the guilty one for wanting the sweater, for it is one of those dandy all wool sweaters from the Besse System Co.

Free Lessons in Sheiking

C. DUNPHY

TWO BITS EACH

OPPORTUNITY FOR YOUNG MEN OPEN AT 27 MAIN STREET

Here is something the young men can't overlook. The Besse System recently bought 100 overcoats in New York at big price cuts, the entire stock of a manufacturer being taken. The garments are all high grade, yet priced right. Our \$25 o'coat is a winner. Boys, drop in and look it over.

Wear Besse System clothes.

A NEW SLOGAN

Besse System has a new slogan, which is bringing in the business because it tells the story exactly truthfully. The slogan is: "Gloves that fit your hand and pocketbook." These gloves are fur lined, wool lined, cloth lined and many are unlined. The prices: \$1 to \$5. Let us fit your hand and pocketbook.

Bangor High school has taken a step forward in adopting the new system of student government in the various "home" rooms.

Under this plan, students are elected by popular vote from time to time to supervise the discipline and attendance of that room. The chosen one is chairman or president, and checks up on matters.

Occasionally the president conducts the classes. On the whole, the plan has the support of the students and of the faculty. It relieves the teachers of minor duties, thus permitting them more time for their real work of instruction.

Hampden Academy has also started this student government work, with noteworthy success.

Undoubtedly better discipline would result if all girl students wore uniforms, such as used out west. Time would not be wasted in "primping" and their minds would not be on their dresses. However, since the girls can pick out pretty gowns as yet, they should visit the Besse System Co. on Main street.

NEW CLASS RINGS

Greetings to the Juniors! We hope you will like the new class rings when chosen. The choice is reported narrowed down to five. When you get your ring, get a new Besse System tie or beautiful scarf to match.

The Store of Real Values
BESSE SYSTEM CO.

Do your Xmas shopping at Besse System Co



"Doc" Wilde, a handsome young rascal and a popular member of the Bangor Sewing circle, stunned the elite of society when he rode to school on his roller skates, attired in a beautiful pink and yellow crew neck sweater which he bought at Dakin's Sporting Goods Store for \$6.50.

A large brown pair of leather puttees walked to school yesterday, with the help of K. K. Kimball's legs. They are pretty and big and match the back of Mr. Kimball's neck perfectly. We understand they were obtained at Dakin's Sporting Goods Company and cost Kimball's papa three and a half gazoomaks.

Captain Tribolet (examining recruit for Summer camp.)

"Ever have any accidents."

Robbins '26—"No, sir."

Captain Tribolet—"What's the bandage on your arm?"

Robbins '26—"That's a dog bite."

Captain Tribolet—"Well, isn't that an accident."

Robbins '26—"No, sir, the darn thing did it on purpose."

With basketball season coming on such atheletes as John Bell, and "Ham" Robinson are exercising daily. "Ham" is a stellar athelete, having won his letter passing out attendance slips. For such atheletes as these Dakin's have bicycle bells, knee guards and books on wrestling.

Marie Colburn and "Izzy" Rachlin, both candidates for the Girl's basketball team, wish to announce that they bought their basketball shoes at Dakin's for \$2.85 and wish all the other girls would look over the extensive line of basketball shoes from \$2.85 to \$4.00.

Dakin's Sporting Goods Company is centrally located and near your school. There must be something that you need in the Athletic line. Give them a call and see for yourself if they haven't one of the best collections of athletic equipment in the East.

Allen, '26, (as car stalls.) "Well, of all the X Y Z ? ! ! ? ?"

Hilda Powers' 27—"How dare you swear before me!"

Allen, '26—"Pardon me, I didn't know you wanted to swear first."

Don't forget that you will find everything from shoestrings to bicycle tires at Dakin's and above all service, goods of quality and a discount to Bangor High School Students on everything they carry.

We notice that all the local boys are wearing lumberjack shirts. They look very cute. If you feel financially able to invest in one, step into Dakin's and look at the collegiate checks they have for \$4.00.

For those who are somewhat financially embarrassed they have two new style sweat shirts that are peaches. A pure, white one for \$1.60 and a darker one for \$1.20.—Adv.

PERSONALS



A TALK TO THE SOPHS

Some of you Sophomores grew a bit during the summer, mostly as to feet to be sure; but you will find these handy in winter as snowshoes, and during the spring rains as flatboats.

Remember you are only a little higher than the Freshmen, so don't feel too big and wise. Your voting showed that many of you couldn't read, as you put the cross after the name when directions said place it before. You had better go back to grammar school and learn to read or you will never become great politicians.

Study hard while you are young and your brains are soft. When you get older your brains are apt to harden so that nothing makes an impression on them.

Perhaps next year a few of you will be Juniors. I hope so. Anyway if you work hard enough you will get somewhere sometime.

TRAVELOGUE

Edna Dearborn in China

One day as Edna was coming down Spring Street, she slipped and sat down hard. The ground cracked open and Edna fell through to China.

The poor girl was a bit stunned for a moment but she soon recovered her usual poise, and seeing a Chinaman approaching asked where she could get something to eat. (Edna is always hungry, you know.) The man couldn't understand of course, so Miss Dearborn began to make signs. At last he caught on and brought out a large dish of rice which Edna quickly ate, asking for more. I don't

know how much she ate, but soon all the people in the village collected to watch her.

Finally they were afraid that she would eat all the food in the town, so they chartered an airship and sent her back to B. H. S. She arrived just in time for her French class. Edna always was lucky.

CURIOSITY CORNER

Ques: Why does Helene M-s-r, '26 resemble the hermit thrush?—Observer.

Ans: Because she's a tiny songstress.

Ques: Who is that senior who looks so stern? Fresh.

Ans: Edward S-e-n for a guess.

Ques: Who was the writer that was deaf in his left eye? C. A. T.

Ans: Mrs. C-r-o-l can tell you better than I can.

Ques: What causes pyorrhea?—F. U. N.

Ans: Too much pie, maybe.

Ques: Are my shoes ater or niger?—Senior.

Ans: Ask Miss W-b-t-r.

Ques: Why is Jean B. '26 like the early morning? S. A. D.

Ans: Probably because she is sometimes accompanied by Hayes (haze).

Ques: Why did "Glut" Rogerson ask two girls to the Hi-Y.

Ans: Perhaps he thought he could get something to eat twice.

Ques: Why is a man reading the "London Times" oldfashioned?—Curious.

Ans: Because he is behind the Times of course.

USED JOKES BUT AS GOOD AS NEW

- q. Which travels faster heat or cold?
 a. Heat because you can catch cold.
- q. Why do hens always lay in the daytime?
 a. They are roosters at night.
- q. Why is 1920 like 1922?
 a. Because the one is 1920 and the other is 192 (2).
- q. Why has a clock a bashful appearance?
 a. It always keeps its hands before its face.
- q. What evidence have we that Rome was built in a night?
 a. We are told that "Rome was not built in a day."

WHAT GOES ON AROUND SCHOOL

Paulene D. '26 asked Mr. Pennell if the little specks you saw in sunshine were atoms. He said "no, they are dust."

Miss W-b-t-r. 'All tended toward the immediate death of the men.' That reminds me that I must speak about the prose for Monday. (Pity the poor Seniors!)

Madame B. to T. Shea '26. I thought you were the star that rose with the moon last night.

"Given a rt $\triangle ABC$ containing Ls 3 and 4. How much does $L3 + L4 = ?$ " D. Staples '26. "Seven."

Miss Dunning to class. If two \surd equals zero, what does \surd equal?

F. P. One half of zero."

M. Raynes expects to go to the U. of M. but we think she *prefers* Colby.

We are glad to learn that G. Oaks and H. Ellingwood, high school children, have been rescued from the roof of the heating plant and are again able to resume their studies as industriously as before.

Little Constance Chalmers is just beginning to tell the different colors. She is doing very well but the color she favors most is Brown.

Although berries are out of season now, Eleanor Peavey on her way to Mr. Richmonds to take a music lesson last week picked a Berry right in front of the High School.

The custom in High School is, that the Freshmen should look up to the Seniors. But as I look around in both classes I find that some but not all of the Seniors are obliged to look up to the Freshmen. Don't worry Seniors we will find some way, even if it is to walk on stilts, so that the Freshmen will have to look up to you.

All Freshmen sponsors are requested to leave their height in inches, with the *Oracle* staff, in order to find out how many Senior girls will be requested to go around on stilts.

CHIPS FROM OTHER WOODPILES

"Dey's plenny of cibil engineers," says Rastus, "but dey's a heap ob room for mo' cibil conductuks."

Mother: "James, I told you to exchange those kidneys for liver."

James: "I know you did, mother, but when I told the butcher you had changed your mind and wanted liver he said what you needed was brains, so I brought brains."

A Londoner looking over a country estate was startled by a peculiar screeching noise.

"I say, old chap," he asked the agent, "what was that?"

"An owl."

"My word, my dear man, I know that but, what was 'owling?'"

Guest—"What's the matter with this coffee? It looks like mud."

Waiter—"Yes, it was ground this very morning."

First Fresh—"How 'd Jack make out in his mid-years?"

Second Fresh—"He was caught cheating. How come? In physiology the question was asked: 'How many vertebrae are there? and he was caught rubbing his back.'"

B.H.S.

COMICS

A Little
Study of - Loyd
Col by '26, who
wrote that Song
"Wind up your
Beard, Grampa,
Mothers
Serving Soup"



Johnny Atwood '26
"What are you
doing for a living?"
Dan Kennedy '26
"Breathing"



Professor
Harold
Washington
Robinson
Says

"Pepl who live in
glas houses should go
into the florist bishes"



Somebody holds up Norman Brackett '27
"The Star half miler of B.H.S"



By
Boule Cunningham
'27

Tarbell '27 - "I challenge you to
a duel"

Sargent '27 - "Right! - What shall
it be?"

Tarbell '27 - "Cream Puffs at ten yards"

1st. Senior - "Lo, Kid, I ran across
your father this morn."
2nd Senior - "What did you do with him?"
1st Senior - "Took him to the hospital"

Magician (to boy he has called on the stage) —“Now, my boy, you’ve never seen me before, have you?”

Boy—No, daddy.”

A financier was so ill that a trained nurse had to be sent for. When she came on duty her first remark was: “Now I’ll take your temperature.”

“You can’t!” protested the financier, defiantly; “everything’s in my wife’s name.”

LATE LOCAL NEWS FROM PORTLAND OCTOBER 31, 1925

Philip Lynn gave a wonderful exhibition of the Charleston under the spot light in the Pythian Temple this evening.

The boys from Bangor tells us that John “Sappo” McCarthy is quite a sheik.

Izzy Raichlen held his prize as a champion eater at the Bangor-Portland banquet at the Falmouth this evening. Bill Richardson was a very close second.

The associated press tells us that Hugh Connor was awarded the title of Mr. Bangor on the train going to Bangor. The girls just can’t resist him. He also sang a beautiful solo entitled “Come out on the platform, Mary.”

The policeman in the Falmouth patrolled the corridors so well that the boys were only able to get about ten in a room.

Burpee Berry sang a solo called “Sandy Claws will not come tonight.

Teddy McGuigan and several of the boys organized a band and paraded Portland. They left all their instruments home so they had to go to the five, ten and twenty-five cent store for more.

“Punk” McInnis the mighty mite from Bangor painted this town red. The writer saw him at the game with three packages of Irish Confetti in his pocket.

Portland people thought it was wonderful when we told them that John Crowell who is

18 years of age has five fingers and five toes and the brain of a two year old child.

Phil Cohen recently caused a run on a local bank, the reason most of the readers know.

Carr McGinnis says he never had a better time in his life. He had a Jack-O’Lantern and a paper cap with which he nearly scared the people of Portland to death.

Yes, the trip was good, but the best show of all was Bobby Nickerson’s dance the “Impersonation of a Dying Alligator’s Overcoat” at Sweeney’s Ballroom.

THE FRESHMEN’S TRIUMPHAL SONG

The Seniors sure are awful,
The Juniors are a fright,
The Sophomores are a little worse,
But the Freshmen all right.

The Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores
All get C’s and D’s
We Freshman are smartest
For we get A’s and B’s.

Freshmen never worry,
They just study, grin and snore
We’ve always sure of passing,
Either by rank or out the door.
“A Freshman.”

T. Grant, ’29, was so surprised when he was born he couldn’t talk for a year and a half. He is now busy making up for lost time.

Figure This Out

I was early of late, behind before and now I’m first at last.

Chemistry Prof: “Name three articles that contain starch.”

S. A. “Two cuffs and a collar.

English Teacher to a Freshman! “Use comes in the passive voice if you can.”

F. M. “Sure I can. I be-come a man!”

Teacher: “What is a molecule?”

B. B. ’27: “A molecule is something so small that it can’t be seen through a microbe.”

Our Bobby '27, was in the store the other day with his mother. At the request of his mother, the storekeeper gave him some candy.

Mother: "What do you say Bobby?"

Bobby: "Charge it."

N. B. "Who was the slangy chap you were just talking to?"

R. L. '27: "Oh he was Mr.——the best English teacher in B. H. S. enjoying a day off.

Kelley and Hazelton have been given charge of Ohio Street from their homes up as far as Fogg's and Smith's—I should have said Drew's.

We are blessed with two teachers called Mitchell
With their bearing and air quite official,
Their come-backs galore
Make some of the boys sore
But they're some witty fellows, the Mitchells.

Finnegan (reading English History): William landed in England in 1046 A. D.

Teacher: What does A. D. stand for.

Finnegan, '26, I don't know, after dark, I guess.

French teacher, coming into room: "Are you studying?"

Keegan, '26. "Sure we're counting the horse's ribs as they go by the window."

Phil C-h-n '32 (translating Latin) implicit comam laeva,—

He entangled his hair in his left foot.

English teacher (having finished reading a short story in class). Now that story was written last year by a Freshman girl in a western high school. What do you think of it Mr. "Gregory" Sullivan?

Sullivan, '26, What's her address?

Teacher: If your father owed the butcher \$20.50; the baker \$10.25 and the grocer \$15.10, how much would he pay in all. Mr. Nickerson. "Nothin, he'd move."

He is the sweetest of all singers and the hidden soul of Harmony:

"Bill" Daley is the guilty one.

"Mornin, Buster; yo' al comin to the pacifist meeting to-night?"

I doan thing so. I done misplaced my razor.



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