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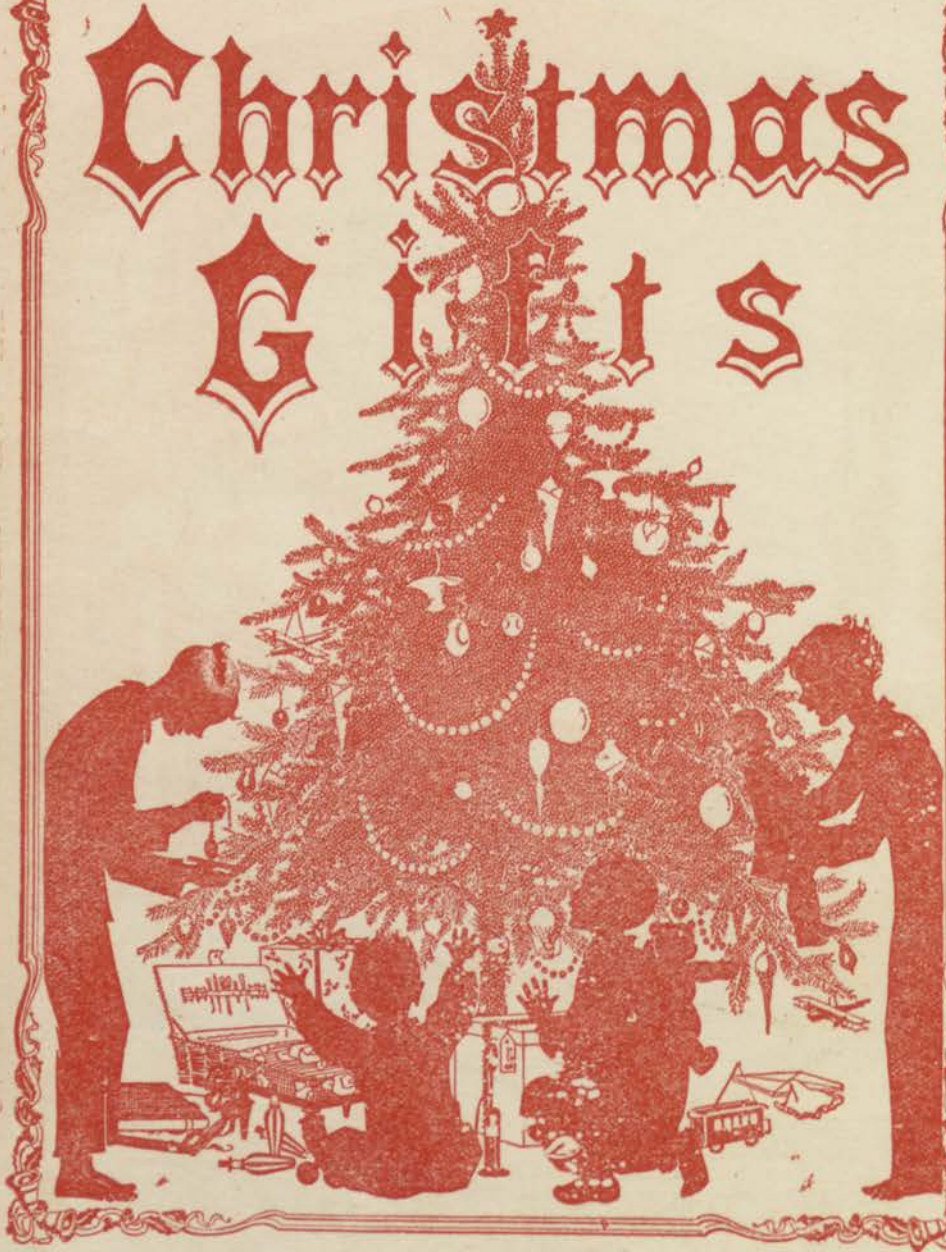
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Christmas

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Christmas Gifts



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The Oracle Board



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**Christ-
mas**

That day of holly, presents, glittering decorations and excitement

Christmas will soon be here, now, with all its joyful anticipation and good cheer. will hold the attention of the civilized world for a little while and then it will be forgotten until next year at this same time.

But shouldn't we hesitate during all this celebration and ask ourselves just what we are commemorating? Then it may be that we will see something that we did not see before that we are honoring the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ in the little town of Bethlehem, in Palestine, just one thousand nine hundred and twenty-four years ago.

Thus, we hope that with all the joy and pleasure shown at this glorious time of year, a little room may be left for the reverence we ought to show, for this day of days.

The Oracle Board wishes to extend their best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the faculty and students of Bangor High school, to our alumni, subscribers and advertisers and to our exchanges and readers, wherever they may be.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," These words, spoken by Him whose birthday we shall soon be cele-

brating, seem to tell the story of the spirit of the season.

Christmas, like many other holidays, is often celebrated without much regard to its real meaning.

We are told that at the birth of Christ, Wise men came from the East and presented gifts to Him. Although we cannot do exactly the same, He has said, "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, you have done it unto Me."

Perhaps if, instead of giving to those of our friends and relatives, we should reach out to our neighbors, to those who are unfortunate, or to those from whom we could not expect recompense we might be able to experience the true joy of giving.

Moreover, it is well to keep in mind that material gifts are the only ones. To those around us, we might be able to bring greater joy by rendering some kindness in word, deed, or act. In this way, individual talents become the most pleasing of all gifts:

"To your neighbor and brother be a mentor,

Make yourself in life a little center,
From which charity, love, and kindly peace,
Shall shine and radiate and never cease."

LITERARY

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



THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE

By W. D. H., '27.

MRS. RILEY was all alone in the world. Her husband at his death had left her enough money to get along comfortably, and she was content. Her only son had now been gone from home nearly two years, and she felt confident that he was succeeding in getting a start in the world. On the day of parting, Jerry had promised to be home for Christmas in two years. With full faith in his promise, though she had had no word from him in the entire time, she was now preparing in great anticipation for the joyful holiday now only three days away. The chicken was fixed all ready to be popped into the oven; the plum pudding was all prepared, and she was ready to receive her Jerry with open arms and hear him tell of his experiences. She sat at the window of the little white house all day, waiting, expectant. But he didn't come. She silently and sorrowfully ate a small part of the feast she had prepared, and retired early to bed to let sleep drive away her sorrow. But before she retired, with true mother's faith, she placed a candle in the window to light the pathway should he come during the night.

The next day he did not come, nor the next; but Mrs. Riley kept the candle burning in the window each night, though the neighbors laughed and whispered when she entered church on Sunday morning.

Meanwhile, in the psychopathic ward of St. Barnabas' hospital in Newark, was a dreamy-eyed young man, whose identity had been for months a mystery. He had

been found in the down town district early one morning, unconscious from a blow on the head, and robbed of all but the clothes on his back. In the hospital, he had largely recovered, but it was found that he had suffered a lapse of memory, and by no attempts of doctors or nurses, could anything be found out concerning his past. He remained there for a year and a half, supported by the charity of the institution, slowly regaining his physical strength, but not his memory.

One day in the early winter, the doctor was standing near him as he read in his room, idly talking with Miss Terrill, his nurse, about vacations. "Really, though, Doctor," said Miss Terrill, "you should visit Brandon next summer. I was there on my vacation last year and it— Why, what is the matter!" There was their patient risen half out of his chair, staring at them with wide open, wondering eyes. "Brandon!" exclaimed he, "Brandon!" Then he sank back into his chair, and resuming his absent look, refused to speak another word.

This, however, roused the interest of the nurse, so alive to anything that affected one of her patients. She wrote to a friend in Brandon, the little village nestling away among the hills, and describing in detail her patient, asked her friend if she could find out anything about a man connected with Brandon who answered this description. Her friend, knowing the story of Mrs. Riley and her absent son, found that he answered the description of the man in the hospital. Miss Terrill, after finding

out about her patient's past history, proceeded the next day, December 23rd, to make her plans to take him to Brandon to see the old lady whom she now felt confident was his mother.

They arrived at the little village of Brandon just as dusk was falling and the clouds in the west were turning from gold to gray. The nurse had been given directions as to the location of Mrs. Riley's home. As they turned in at the gate of the little white house in the rapidly increasing dusk, they saw a small candle burning low in the window. The nurse rapped on the door

and a motherly old lady, her face, though lined with worry, radiant with love for her fellow men, opened it to the travelers. On the long journey, Miss Terrill had formed in her mind what she would say at this moment, and was ready to speak when the door opened. But she was interrupted by her patient, who ran up the steps and clasped the old lady in his arms as she gave a gasp of astonishment and recognition. All Miss Terrill could hear were sobs of "Mother!" and "Jerry!"

The Christmas candle had not burned in vain.

A SANTA CLAUS OF THE NORTH

By Rachel Foss, '27.

ABOUT a month before the holiday season, Jean Anderson, a young member of the Royal Mounted Police, was sent with his family far into the North. He was ordered to bring back, dead or alive, a criminal who had escaped prosecution for many years. Anderson's future service in the Royal Mounted depended upon this important case.

The little cabin, their future home, was built of logs, just as they were hewn from the mighty trees of the forest. It stood in a little sheltered nook, surrounded on all sides by the dark woods. Its sole connection with civilization was a narrow wood road, leading back to a tiny settlement, twenty miles away.

At once Jean began on his man-hunting career, according to orders received from headquarters. Each day armed with his gun, he diligently searched the surrounding woods, for the criminal was supposed to be hiding in a hunter's cabin, somewhere deep in the forest.

On one of these trips, he came to a small hut, occupied by an old hermit. The old man was pathetically eager to talk to Jean for he had not conversed with a man for a long time. As they smoked together before the fire that evening, Jean related to his interested companion his mission in the North. Jean did not notice the hunted look which appeared in the faded eyes of his listener.

The old hermit as he fed his dogs, lifted his face to the gleaming stars, whispering,

"The time has come to leave God's country, for even in this wilderness the hand of the law seeks those who in their eyes, commit crime. How would they believe that I killed Jim Haines, my brother's partner, because he had broken the trust of friendship and robbed my brother of the precious gold that had taken him years of hard labor to accumulate from the gold mines of Alaska. Then, he left him in a lifeless heap on the snow. It has taken years for them to find me in this Canadian wilderness, so far from Alaska." With a sigh, the hermit entered the cabin.

A week before Christmas, Jean and his wife decided that he must go to the settlement for toys for the children. Years ago the foundation of childish faith in Santa Claus began and even in the wilderness of Canada, they could not be disappointed. So that their simple trust in this personage should not be broken, Jean prepared to go to the settlement for the toys. He intended to return early in the forenoon of the day before Christmas.

During the fourth day of Jean's absence the sky began to grow dark and by nightfall, the first white flakes fluttered down. Throughout the night the blizzard raged on. The children clung terrified to their mother, as the snow piled higher and higher. Meanwhile Christmas crept nearer and nearer.

That night as well as every night that followed, the little woman placed a lighted candle in the window, hoping that it would guide the husband and father safely

home. Day by day, food and fuel were slowly diminishing. The storm had ceased but the snow like a blanket drifted in huge drifts around the cabin.

The night before Christmas was certainly dismal. The children, unable to give up their childish ideal of Christmas, hung their tiny stockings before the huge fireplace. The little ones were crying piteously for food, a fire and a Santa Claus. The fire had gone out and the last bit of food had been eaten.

Sighing, Mrs. Anderson put the children to bed to keep them warm. Then she sat before the fireplace, praying aloud that from some source, food and warmth would come for her little ones. So earnest was she in her prayers, that she did not hear the sound of snowshoes outside.

Christmas morning broke clear and cold. Just as the children started to cry in disappointment over their empty stockings, they heard approaching bells. A moment more and the door was thrust open. There on the threshold, stood Santa Claus. His costume was nearly perfect as he wore a fur cap and long fur coat. His face was round, red and jolly and even his beard was long and white. Santa carried a pack upon his back which bulged suggestively.

The children screamed enthusiastically as he started to unpack his gifts. He gravely presented Mrs. Anderson with a rabbit and two partridges, neatly dressed. To each of the children he gave a tiny pair of snowshoes, a birch bark canoe, filled with bright red berries and green moss, and a small box of maple sugar candy and spruce gum. At Santa's whistle, four dogs, wearing bells and harnessed to a sled, trotted up to the door. He piled some wood inside the door, then like the veritable Santa Claus himself, he jumped onto the sled and dashed away.

The same night after the happy children had been put to bed, the worried wife again sat down before the window, thinking constantly of her husband. She was so worn with anxiety that she soon fell asleep. Later in the night, just as the candle began to flicker, Mrs. Anderson was startled into sudden action by heavy breathing outside the door, like that of a tired and exhausted beast. Instinctively, she reached for the gun, hanging over the fireplace for she

thought it was some wild beast. Suddenly, with new-born courage, she opened the door. There tumbled into the room a snow-covered creature in whom she recognized her Jean.

When he was revived by the heat he told her that he had lost his way in the woods during the storm and had wandered around for many hours. Throughout everything he had remained true to his children for he still had the bag of Christmas goodies securely strapped to his back.

When Jean learned from the lips of his wife, the story of the children's Santa Claus, he knew there could be only one person in that wilderness who would hold precious the innocent faith of children—the hermit.

A few days later, when Jean went to thank their kind benefactor, he found the man peacefully asleep forever. A piece of birch bark on the table, addressed to himself, caught Jean's attention. It was written in the quaint old script of bygone years. Reverently he picked it up and read it carefully. The hermit had indeed proven himself a great man for he had written:

"I know I have not long to live because as I entered the cabin after my trip to your home, I had a serious attack of heart trouble, which has been bothering me for many years.

"Years ago I avenged the death of my innocent brother and then fled to God's forest for protection for no man would understand my crime. I think I have lessened my deed by saving from death the wife and three children of the man who was sent to bring me back to the civilization that I hate.

"Robert St. Clair."

As Jean stood in the cabin with this confession in his hand, he said to himself: "I think there are some things which happen in this world that are above the power of man to judge. This is one of them. We must leave it for Him to decide."

Thus, Jean, his mission completed, returned to civilization with his family, taking with him the evidence against Robert St. Clair, written on a piece of birch bark. The police force permitted Jean to leave the Santa Claus of the North back there in the quiet wilderness he loved, not in the civilization that he hated.

A TRANSFORMATION

By Paul F. Martin, '25.

GEORGE M. WRONG lived in Merrywood Valley. How the good Lord could have deposited so much moping melancholy in one person his neighbors could never understand. Wrong had come to Merrywood Valley years before and had always been connected with the interests which had first brought him there.

It was now, at the time of our story, the season of Christmas. It might have been any Christmas since. Mr. Wrong took up his residence at Merrywood Valley, for they had been all alike to him through these years, but the incident of our tale was when he was fifty years old. It was his birthday. He had been born fifty years ago that very Christmas.

To enter upon our story directly would be difficult. To make it clear we should know to what type George M. Wrong belongs: To be rich is not in itself wrong, although many rich people are very poor. This was true of George M. Wrong. He was rich because he had amassed an enormous fortune he was poor because he had no friends. He cared not to have friends, and no one cared to be his friend. He rarely walked, although he had a beautiful estate. He seldom talked because he had no one to talk to, and no one cared to talk to him. He was of the house of Longface, Wrong & Company, which dealt in real estate, bonds, stocks, mortgages, and these were his gods. To them he offered incessant worship. His name for the happy people of Merrywood Valley was "Laughing Hypocrites." These were a joyous people, who rejoiced in their social festivities, and George M. Wrong saw no time or place for merrymaking or joy. This introduces George M. Wrong of Merrywood Valley.

It was Christmas Eve and the subject of our story had seated himself in a comfortable chair before a huge fire. As was his habit, he was ruminating over stocks and bonds. Without the air was crisp and clear and nothing within hearing was stirring. Mr. Wrong sat on into the night, figuring and pondering. He had but one pursuit in life. It was money, and for many, many years he had pursued this with absorbing zeal. Tonight, his thought was of money. The quietness seemed to deepen

his thought. He leaned back in his chair in calculating reflection. Just then the bell in the not distant church tower struck the twelfth hour.

"December 25th!" exclaimed George M. Wrong, as the last stroke came vibrating over the icy air. It was Christmas. It was also his own natal day. He sat gazing into space. The papers he had been figuring on slipped from his hand and dropped to the floor. A vapor began to encircle each object in the room. The silence was horrifying. Gradually everything was enveloped in thick mist. George M. Wrong shuddered. Deeper and deeper, grew the vapor. It twirled round and round and round! Then out of its depths slowly emerged an apparition. Its presence radiated a brightness unearthly. George M. Wrong's flesh crept, but he could not move. The longer he gazed the more he was fascinated. Such beauty he had never beheld. Sparkling jewels sparkled rich colors. He rose stupefied with wonder. Then as through the apparition appeared the form of a beautiful girl. She was adorned in a magnificent gown of pure white, which hung in folds from her delicate shoulders. One of these long, flowing folds of her robe she had caught up a little in one of her dainty hands. In the other waved a cluster of palm branches. Beautiful auburn curls clustered about her head. Her eyes were a benign gray, her nose straight and regular, her lips and chin were so formed that they dimpled into something sweeter than smiles. Yet, about her there was that which was strangely like what he had met before. He stood entranced. Then the form of a woman gradually came to view behind the beautiful girl, as though she was sustaining her in her ample lap and with her benevolent arms. The lines of her countenance were strikingly like those of the charming girl. George M. Wrong received their look of recognition and stood amazed and speechless. Then the whole apparition vanished as it had come.

The wealthy but unhappy man spent the rest of the night in agitated reflection. He recalled how many years ago he had toiled as a boy to support his widowed mother and his invalid sister. Christmases then

were strangely happy though the home was very, very poor. Of late years Christmas was just one of three hundred and sixty-five days in the year to him. Since the death of his mother more than thirty years ago and later the death of his sister, he had struggled to attain wealth. Wealth he had attained, but in the struggle he had forgotten the way to secure happiness. Again and again, that night he lived over the Christmases of his boyhood in that old home, so poor in the goods of this world, but so rich in love. The munificence about him now stood out in striking contrast to the poverty of his boyhood. For hours he kept the contrasts of his present life with his old life in the old home with his mother and sister before his mind. Then he lived for others and had deep joy. Now, he lived for self and was wretched. He pondered. For thirty years he had failed to see that the secret of happiness is a condition of mind and not outward circumstance. He de-

scried the mistake of his life. He was deeply moved and sat down to think his way out of misery to peace. Just then the church clock struck six.

George M. Wrong arose from his chair as by impulse. He walked to the window. It opened out. He unlocked it and pushed it open. The weather was clear and the dawn promised a beautiful day. The chimes from the church bells came across the vale bearing the old familiar carol:

"O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant."

In the distance, too, a chorus of children's voices was heard singing:

"Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright."

A new purpose was formed in the life of our subject. The Spirit of Christmas had done its work in George M. Wrong's soul. From that morning he lived for others. From that morning he was happy. The deep joy of his boyhood returned.

BARK.

By Gertrude Ebbeson.

BARK was what is called a good-for-nothing alley dog. An ordinary person would see only a small dog with a drooping tail, long tangled hair and fierce, small teeth; but a lover of dogs would see in his eyes that he longed for a master.

One day when Bark was scurrying down an alley, a boy pounced upon him. He barked fiercely and tried to get away but the boy held on and called to some other children, who were playing nearby. They all came running and with their help the boy tied a can to Bark's tail and then let him go.

Filled with terror, Bark ran down the alley with the can, making a terrible noise behind him. The cruel children ran after him, howling with glee and also throwing stones at him. This frightened the poor dog all the more, so he ran as fast as he could to get away from the children and, turning the corner, was lost from their view.

Evening came and Bark still ran on. Towards morning he had left the city far behind him. While he was crossing a car track, the can got caught. Just then a car came and ran over the rope, cutting the

can from Bark's tail; so now he was free from this inconvenience.

The next evening when it began to grow dark, he looked for a place where he could find food and a resting place for the night. Soon he saw a light and advancing to the place, he found that it was a house. When the light disappeared, Bark explored the region around the henhouse. He discovered a hole and just as he was about to enter a dark form slunk out. Bark saw that the creature had a chicken in his mouth, and being very hungry, he attacked him. Too late he discovered his mistake. With smarting eyes and drenched in a terrible odor that persistently followed him, he fled.

A short distance behind the henhouse was a stream toward which Bark fled. Jumping into the water, he tried to wash off the fierce smell but the water only made it worse. Getting out of the water, he rolled in the dirt and being very tired, soon fell asleep.

Early the next morning he hunted around the farmhouse and found some scraps in the hen yard, which he ate. He soon found out that here the smell was worse so he departed when he finished eating.

In the afternoon he arrived in a small village. As the day was very hot the smell was intolerable. Every time he advanced towards anybody, they would hasten away as fast as they could.

Suddenly an idea came to him. That queer beast could steal things, why could not he? Both had the same queer smell.

That night, Bark, with this reasoning, entered one of the neighboring henhouses, killing and carrying off several hens. The next evening he raided the same hen house, this time carrying off some small chickens; but the next time his luck changed, for the farmer, who was determined to find out what was stealing his chickens, sat out by the henhouse with his gun and when Bark came he shot at him. With a yelp Bark fled from the henhouse and ran down the road and into a nearby wood. When he was a safe distance away he lay down and licked his leg where the bullet had struck him.

One day shortly after his accident, Bark, while wandering through the woods, heard voices. Slinking through the undergrowth, he approached the place. A man was holding on to a small boy's arm and the boy was crying.

"Shut up, darn you!" he muttered and gave the child a jerk.

A low ominous growl rose in Bark's throat but he restrained it. Suddenly the man snatched a switch and hit the boy. The stick rose but it never fell for, from the bushes, a dark form sprang straight for his throat. With a yell of terror, the man turned and fled, thinking that a whole pack of hounds had been turned upon him.

After the man had gone the child lay down and soon fell asleep with Bark standing guard over him. In the middle of the night Bark heard voices which were coming nearer. With a growl he stood up over the child and waited. Three men appeared with a light. A relieved light transfigured the face of one of the men. The dog's bark aroused the child, who sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"Daddy," he cried, and springing up, ran into his father's welcoming arms.

"Son, you had us mighty worried, but what do you call that?" he asked, pointing to the dog.

"He is my dog," the child answered, and Bark wagged his tail happily, in confirmation to the child's answer.

IN THE LAND OF THE INDUS.

By Paul F. Kelley.

JACK BLAINE'S father had been sent to India by his firm, the London Tea Co. Just before he left, he promised Jack that he would send for him that winter. True to his word, when this story begins we find Jack at the ranchhouse.

Jack had been glad to leave cold, dreary London behind for this land of sunshine and tea leaves. The weather was ideal and he took many trips of exploration. In fact, only this morning, he was setting out for a ranch about 25 miles away.

He rode along leisurely at first, admiring the fields of tea plants in all their stages of development. But by and by it began to pall, and he quickened the horse's pace by a touch of the rein.

Soon he was cantering along at a rather high rate and the inevitable happened. His horse stepped on a loose stone, fell, throwing Jack off, and then galloped away, terrified.

Jack sat up and found that he was bruised but not seriously hurt. A feeling came over him that he must turn his head. He could not understand it, but a magnetic power seemed to be forcing him to look around. A loud, sibilant, hissing sound attracted his attention.

Turning his head slowly, he looked straight into the snapping, jet black eyes of the largest snake he had ever seen. It was a diamond-backed rattler, coiled for the strike. Its head was swaying slowly, and its rattles were working convulsively.



LOCALS

Again this month, the clubs have been busy. Each meeting of the various clubs is more interesting than the one before, and the students, who are members of one or more clubs, find it well worth their time to attend the meetings.

On November 3rd, the Chemistry Club held its third meeting. Miss Robinson told those present something about the pictures in Room 211. These were given to the school by the class of 1888 in honor of Miss Jennie Philbrook, a former teacher in Bangor High school. Afterwards refreshments were served in the physics laboratory. Catherine Buck, Geneva McGary, Allison Hill and Paul Kelly were on the committee.

At the fourth meeting of the French Club the members had the privilege of hearing Professor Kuney of the University of Maine speak on the subject: "Rural Life in France."

Professor Kuney began by saying how pleased he was to see such a large thriving club. Then, going on to his subject, he told those present that many people seem to think that Paris is the first and finest city in France and he stated that there are many other cities equally beautiful and some much older.

He also told of the peasant life in France and said it was very similar to the life of our farmers.

The population of France is thirty-nine millions. Three-fifths of this country is plain and two-fifths is mountains. In driving along the railroads Professor Kuney said that it reminds him of sections in Africa. France is about self-supporting in wheat. The villages in France are not scattered but all the people live together. He also said the French are very shrewd and saving people.

The Latin club has been quite busy with

interesting meetings, too. On November 6 a social evening was enjoyed. Two weeks later, November, 20, Miss Robinson told the club, as she had told the Chemistry Club, about the picture in room 211, but she also told the Latin Club the histories of the statues in the library and explained the frieze and the Holy Grail pictures in the lower corridors.

All juniors and sophomores whose ranks for the first quarter were 85 per cent, or over are now eligible for membership to the Latin Club, if they present their names endorsed by those members of the Latin Club to the praetor.

The Girls' Debating Society has been working hard lately. During the month of November two meetings were held, both of them with debates. The question for the first meeting was the child labor law and for the second, the question of whether the federal government was gradually getting too much power away from the states. The speakers for the first debate were Mary Quinn, Edith Bowen, Edith Burrell and Frances Maloney.

Those who spoke in the second debate are Alice Benner, Dorothy Brady, Helen Carson and Eunice Copeland.

The Snapdragons have had three meetings so far this year. At the first meeting the officers were elected and thirty-nine afternoon pupils became members.

The second meeting, which was on Oct. 28, the first debate took place. The debaters were Eleanor Brown and Betty Spangler (affirmative), Doris Waterman and Ruth Nye (negative.) The question was: Resolved, That the child labor laws be passed. The negative side won.

The third meeting was on November 19. The question for the debate was: Resolved, That a bridge be built connecting Broad and Exchange streets. The debaters were

Charlotte Browne, Annie Proctor (affirmative), Eleanor Cross, Dorothy Sullivan (negative.) The affirmative side won. The debate was very interesting and the debators were greatly assisted by a map on the board which was drawn by Charlotte Browne.

For the last few years it has been the custom of the school to have a night session Education Week so that parents might see the work that is being done.

This year, instead of that, on Nov. 21, (for the benefit of the parents) the orchestra rendered a short concert and the Dramatic club put on a short play, "Convincing Grandma," by Madeline Wesley, '25, with a cast consisting of Dorothy Allen, Catherine Buck and Richard Baldwin. After the play, the teachers were to be found in their rooms and the parents went around trying to find out why their children got a D in Latin or an F in algebra, and other things of equal interest. It was heard that some students actually tried to persuade their parents not to attend the meeting.

At assembly on Nov. 24, the same play was presented to the students.

A history club was organized Oct. 16, with the following officers:

Richard Baldwin, President.
Frank Linnell, Vice President.
Anna Fairbanks, Secretary.
Merrill Kittredge, Treasurer.

The constitution was drawn up and discussed at the next meeting, held on Oct. 28. The program for the term is to consist of papers on the following subjects:

Colonial Maine, Tableaus from Parkman. Maine in the Revolution and Maine in the War of 1812. The last meeting of the term will be of a social nature.

At the meeting on Oct. 28, Clarence Coffey gave a very interesting talk on "The Discovery and Exploration of Maine." He told about the first settlements in Maine along the coast which are today thriving cities. Bernice Jordan spoke on "The Colonization of Maine", speaking of the English land grants and about the first colony which was called Phippsburg. She mentioned also the settlements around Saco river and Casco bay. She also told of the first slavery in Maine.

CHEMISTRY CLUB.

The second meeting of the Chemistry club: First, they called the roll and took names of the new members. The report of last meeting was read.

Barbara Johnson is initiated as president by Miss Griffin of last year.

Miss McGary made a motion that we invite the other clubs to join us occasionally. It is passed.

Mr. Erswell presents Mr. Arto of the U. of M.

Mr. Arto gives a fine lecture and makes it very interesting by giving personal experiences, saying in conclusion:

"If you start anything, finish it." He states that one can get by on 70 at college but in after life one can't make many mistakes.

The new members are initiated, the ceremony being conducted by Miss Griffin. Mr. Erswell makes a short but impressive speech. He states that we can make the club just as good or just as poor as we wish and that we will get no more out of it than what we put in.

William Murphy was elected president of his class. Murphy is very popular among his friends. He is also on the Oracle board and on the debating team. The other second class officers are: Vice president, Helen Baker; secretary, Phyllis Dunning; treasurer, Alden Denaco; athletic councilor, Thomas Perry.

The Boys' Glee club of Bangor High school is making rapid progress under W. L. Cochran. They now have fifty voices and it is expected they will give some kind of an entertainment during the school year.

Strange sights were seen in Bangor High school, October 30 and 31. The corridors were thronged, but not with students. It was teachers this time who were hustling about (as the seniors do on other days), or wandering like lost sheep (something in the manner of freshmen). The very aspect of the rooms was changed. The gymnasium became an exhibit of books and school supplies. A part of Gerrity's was transferred to the sewing room. Room 112 was an exhibit of writing. On the other side of the building several rooms were devoted to drawing exhibits.

On October 6, the debating societies held a get-together party in the sewing room. The room was decorated with flowers and leaves brought by members of the Girls' Debating society. It was discovered that debaters are not always as quick witted as they have the reputation of being, when the game of "Bird, Beast, or Fish," was being played. When, for variety's sake, Miss Robinson changed the game to "Insect, Worm, or Reptile," even more merriment was caused by the blank looks on the faces of those called on.

The game of charades was also played. The first word used was "carpenter," the first syllable represented by a conductor taking fares, the second by pupils asking teacher for a pen, the last by frequent mention of tar roads, and the whole by sawing and hammering.

Another good word was "Debating." For the first syllable all tried to repeat the alphabet and got stuck at "D."

For the second syllable Mr. Bryant, and two boys, amused the other side by sitting on a sewing machine for a wharf and fishing with a curtain rod and bent pin. Although there was no bait in sight, that syllable was guessed. For the "ing," a poet asked for words rhyming with "refreshing." The whole was acted by staging a debate. Refreshments were served by the cooking class.

Early in October the sophomores made the annual pilgrimage to the Public library, where they learned how to use the library and what could be found there, as well as somewhat of the history of libraries in general and this one in particular.

Now that school is in full swing, the Senior Sponsors have begun their work. Several senior girls have been selected for this important duty of befriending groups of freshmen, advising them, and trying in general to make their first year in B. H. S. a path of roses, and the freshies themselves models of propriety. Almost any afternoon, when the freshman girls are not taking gym, one may see some enthusiastic young foster-mother conscientiously instructing her adopted chickens in the ways essay from each state and will award to

have. The youngsters seem to like and admire their "senior friends," and are especially enthused over the hikes and parties given them by their respective sponsors.

The national judges appointed to review the essays written for last spring's good roads contest are: United States Secretary of Labor James J. Davis, President William O. Thompson of Ohio State University, and Mr. Merle Crowell, editor of the American Magazine. These men will read the best essay from each state and will award to the national winner the Firestone Scholarship, a generous award of \$1,000 a year during four years in college. Miss Arline Palmer, B. H. S., '25, was the winner for Maine both last year and this year.

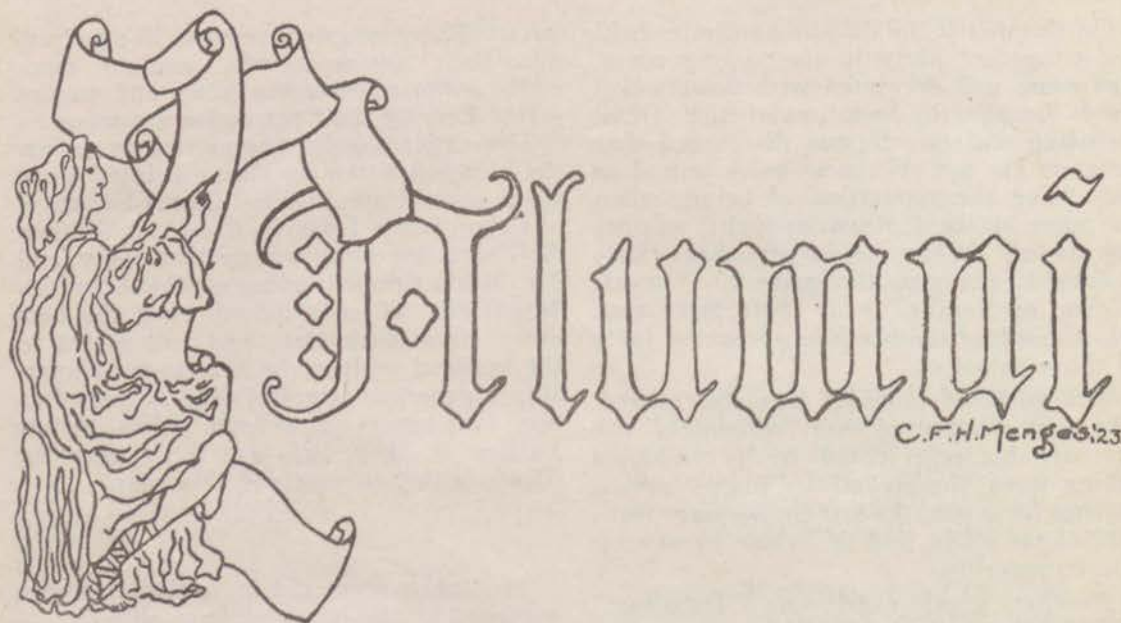
The lunch room did a rushing business, managed by the honor athletic girls.

Some of the students had a real vacation of it all but many others didn't. On Thursday morning the Junior band, Junior orchestra, Glee club, Grammar School orchestra and members of the Dramatic club had quite a large part in the program. On Friday morning, Arline Palmer addressed a group of seventy teachers on the subject of Manners and Conduct.

Then on Friday afternoon many of the girls took part in the Physical Education exhibition. If the students attending the Portland game made as much noise as the girls did while going to and from the Auditorium, they did very well, indeed.

The Snapdragons, the society of Freshman girls, are a snappy aggregation. They hold debates in which there is never a dull moment. When the contest for the Bowdoin cup comes off the upper classes will have to look to their laurels.

The Girls' Debating society held a debate on November 3rd, on the child labor question. The speakers for the affirmative were Edith Bowen and Frances Maloney, and for the negative Mary Quinn and Edith Burrill. There was some peppy open rebuttals, after which Miss Quinn closed for the negative and Miss Bowen for the affirmative. A vote of the club gave the decision to the affirmative.



Rebecca Rudman, B. H. S., '20, is believed to be the first Bangor girl to become a registered pharmacist. She recently passed the State of Maine tests and received her license after spending three years at the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy. At present Miss Rudman is manager of one of a chain of stores in New Bedford, Mass.

Joseph C. Hickson and Katherine R. McCann were married November 15. After their wedding they left for New York and Washington. Mr. Hickson is a B. H. S. graduate.

Roosevelt R. Pease, B. H. S., '21, and Miss Ethel Hart were united in marriage November 24. Mr. Pease is a corporal attached to the 11th Cavalry at Fort Wright, New York. At the completion of his enlistment period he will return to Bangor.

Osmond S. Whiteside, John P. Downing, Lawrence Connor, Sumner Fifield, and Hilton Humphrey—all of Bangor—were recently awarded commissions in the R. O. T. C. at the University of Maine. A large number of former B. H. S. students were on the last Dean's list at Maine.

When the Maine Masque presents Bernard Shaw's *Candida* on December 8, Kenneth Field, B. H. S., '23, will play the part

of Lexy. It will be remembered that Field was editor of the Oracle and otherwise prominent at the High school.

Earl Heal, former B. H. S. star, is playing basketball for both the St. Joseph's club of Woonsocket, R. I., and the Boston Whirlwinds. Heal has had offers to play with many teams, being considered one of the best pro players in New England and one of the greatest athletes Bangor has produced.

Walter F. Whittier, B. H. S., '23, was one of the men chosen to represent Bowdoin in the New England intercollegiate cross country event. Whittier was athletic editor of the Oracle.

IN MEMORIAM

Harry Merrill,

J. Joseph Brennan, B. H. S., '10.

Among the B. H. S. alumni who were at home during the Thanksgiving holiday were:

Ralph Mayo, '24.

John White, ex-'23.

Rosemary Allen, '21.

Millard Richmond.

John Angley.

Arthur Mulvany.



AS WE SEE OTHERS.

The Par-Sem, Parsonfield Seminary, Me.: The Literary department is a fine one and the jokes are very funny but the cuts are not so good.

The Weekly Tripod, Thornton Academy, Saco, Me.: Again we meet but this time in peace. You have a good, well-balanced paper, though the arrangement could be improved.

Said and Done, Muskegon, Mich.: Yours is practically our best exchange, with a splendid Literary department, coupled with some fine editorials, in addition to the other cleverly written departments, all go to make up a wonderful paper. The cover on the November number was especially worthy of mention. Why don't you have an exchange list?

Oracle, Plainfield, N. J.: The story, "Pals," was very good. Your poems also showed some talent lurking around somewhere. Why not put your editorials first?

The Early Trainer: Your jokes are funny and the athletics well written up. "The Welcome Man," was deserving of mention. A story and a longer exchange list would improve the paper.

The Torch, Billerica: Your stories and editorials are great and the poems are very good. Where are your exchanges?

Recorder, Winchester, Mass.: Your paper is very complete and well arranged but we did not see any jokes.

The Red and Black, Rogers High School: A very complete and well arranged paper, though it seems that with the talent you have the Literary department could be enlarged. The cartoons are very clever.

The Tripod: A fine paper, with an unusually complete Alumni department, but where are your jokes? More cuts would improve the appearance of the paper.

The Sachem, Old Town, Me.: Our up-river neighbors certainly know how to edit a snappy, interesting paper, though their Exchanges are a bit petit.

The Crescent, Lee Academy: A fine Alumni department, also some good short stories but your cuts are not so good and where is your table of contents?

The Signet, N. H. Fay High School: You have one of the largest and best Literary departments that we have had the pleasure to read. The rest of the paper is equally as good.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Oracle, Bangor, Me.: Each of the departments of your magazine is well developed. Your idea of printing a quotation under the title of each department is unusual and commendable. We do not understand why you give your "Personals" department that name since, at least in the issue at hand, it contains scarcely a joke about the members of your school.



A new spirit is developing in the High school R. O. T. C. Cadets are taking quite a different attitude toward drill and all seem to be really interested in their work. Not satisfied with shining their shoes and creasing their uniforms, they have declared war on black buttons. Within a few days shoes dark, ugly necessities have been turned into bright, shining ornaments, which are destined to be of real value to their owners.

For example, Mr. Dumbjohn is, on Thursday afternoon, wearing out pencils by the dozen, getting ready for that algebra exam, and such a thought as pressing his uniform can't get inside his brain on account of ax's, by 's, etc. So not until the next morning when mother says: "It's time to get up, Dummie, dear," does he remember all those wrinkles in his coat and that little grease spot that just shows on the right leg of his trousers. He sees the look of disgust in the captain's face a dozen times during the first period, when his mind should have been under the influence of his French teacher. At the close of the period he goes mechanically to the gym,

rubbing his shining buttons as he walks to his place in ranks. He was the only one who had brass buttons there. The captain begins the inspection, bowling out some for dirty shoes, others for neglected uniforms and some for both. He clicks his heels together before Mr. Dumbjohn and looks down—down, yes, but only as far as the big brass button at the top of Dumbjohn's coat. This disrespectful piece of metal was looking for fun so it cast the full reflection of the electric light straight into the captain's eyes. Before the captain could look up all the other buttons had done their part—well. Dumbjohn's company won the inspection because the inspector, now half blinded, couldn't count up the dirty shoes.

They say that is really why all the cadets began to shine their metal. But as soon as Captain Tribolet can get a permit from the War department to wear colored glasses at an inspection, his difficulty will be speedily overcome. So don't try to hide a pair of unbrushed shoes under a few brass buttons, for you may get caught!



NEW FICTION!

Our High School library is rapidly becoming modernized. During the summer all the "dead wood," or worn out books were discarded and we are replacing them with attractive new volumes. Our library now has a special fiction collection—books that you will all wish to read. This collection is a very readable one and it includes many "best sellers." A partial list is as follows:

Alcott—Little Women.
Aldrich—Story of a Bad Boy.
Andrews—Perfect Tribute.
Bacheller—Man for the Ages.
Blackmore—Lorna Doone.
Connolly—Out of Gloucester.
Cooper—Spy.
Doyle—Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.
Hale—Man Without a Country.
Hawes—Dark Frigate.
Henry—Ransom of Red Chief.
Hope—Prisoner of Zenda.
Hough—Covered Wagon.
Hughes—Tom Brown's School Days.
Kipling—Kim.
Kipling—Stalky & Co.
London—White Fang.
Major—When Knighthood Was in Flower.
Muir—Stickeen.

Parker—Seats of the Mighty.
Sabatini—Captain Blood.
Sabatini—Scaramouche.
Sabatini—Sea Hawk.
Stevenson—David Balfour.
Stevenson—Kidnapped.
Stevenson—Master of Ballantrae.
Tarkington—Gentleman from Indiana.
Twain—Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.
Van Dyke—Blue Flower.
Verne—Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.

Besides our new fiction we have added some very interesting non-fiction. This non-fiction covers a very wide range of subjects as you can see from the following list:

Beard—Our Foreign Born Citizens.
Bok—Americanization of Edward Bok.
Cohen—One Act Plays.
Dana—Two Years Before the Mast.
Keller—Story of My Life.
Lescarbours—Radio for Everybody.
Morley—Mince Pie.
Parkman—Conquests of Invention.
Parkman—Heroines of Service.
Poe—Complete Poems.
Service—Spell of the Yukon.
Whitman—Poems.



BANGOR, 6; BREWER, 0.

Bangor High defeated Brewer High at Bass Park, Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 5, by a score of 6-0. The Orange and Black outfit showed remarkable strength and gave the Crimson one of her hardest games of the season on the local field.

Brewer started off in fine style and for a time it looked as though they might score, but an attempted place kick by Furlong from the 30-yard line and a drop-kick by Footman from the 28-yard marker, were blocked by Crimson linesmen and thus Brewer lost her only chance for victory.

In the second period Bangor showed some of the power which she had displayed the Saturday before against Portland and with McGinty, McCleod and Gotlieb crashing through the opposing line at will the Crimson marched down the field and over the goal line. Spectacular dashes off tackle, by McGinty, sweeping end runs by McCleod, and crashes through the center, by Gotlieb, were responsible for this score.

At times during the second half it looked as though the Crimson might score again but good work by the Brewer line and penalties stopped the Bangor attack. In the last few minutes of the final quarter, Brewer attempted several forward passes from criss-cross formations, one of which was good for about 30 yards, but the game ended soon after.

The whole Bangor line put up a good game and held the Orange and Black in check most of the time. Clever work by Jim McGinty was one of the features of the game.

BANGOR, 0; LEWISTON, 20.

Bangor High's weakened and crippled football eleven went down to defeat before the crushing attack of the Jordan High outfit at Lewiston, Saturday, Nov. 22, by a score of 20-0.

Bangor fumbled early in the opening period and Lewiston recovered. Then, after a spectacular dash for 20 yards around right end by Leighton, Webber carried the

ball over for a touchdown.

There was no more scoring in the first half, but in the third period following two Lewiston fumbles and one by Bangor, Lewiston got possession of the ball on her own 37-yard line. From here the powerful blue backs marched down the field for a touchdown, Matthews carrying the ball over. Bangor kicked off, following this score and again the Lewiston steam roller got under way and carried the ball the length of the field for another touchdown, Matthews again pushing the pigskin across.

Bangor could do nothing with the low, charging line and powerful backs of Jordan High and too much cannot be said of their withering attack. But on the other hand, the Crimson deserves much credit, especially Aaron Gotlieb. Time after time, the Blue backs broke through the Crimson line only to be stopped by the big fullback, and it is due to him that the Lewiston aggregation did not score more than 20 points.

BANGOR, 6; M. C. I., 14.

Bangor High met defeat at the hands of the heavier and more experienced M. C. I. outfield at Pittsfield, Tuesday, Nov. 11, by a score of 14-6.

All the scores resulted from breaks of the game. In the first period a march down the field by M. C. I. was halted on the Crimson's 23-yard line, and "Shank" McClay punted. The ball hit a Pittsfield man and Capt. Terry Sullivan recovered for Bangor. After three attempts at the line Daley missed making first down by inches but on the next play, M. C. I. fumbled and Everett McCleod recovered for Bangor on M. C. I.'s 8-yard line. A forward pass on last down failed and M. C. I. took the ball. Standing behind his own goal line Seekins attempted to punt. The kick was blocked and Don Finnegan fell on the ball for a touchdown.

M. C. I.'s first score came in the second period. One of Seekins' long punts was dropped by Daley. Luttrell, M. C. I.'s husky tackle, picked up the ball and raced

30 yards for a touchdown. This ended the scoring during the first half.

There was no scoring in the third period, but at the beginning of the final quarter M. C. I. scored her final touchdown. After M. C. I. had been penalized 15 yards for roughing "Shank" McClay when he attempted to punt, Andrews then intercepted a pass and dashed 50 yards for a touchdown. Karkos kicked the goal.

McLeod, Striar, Finnegan, and Capt. Sullivan starred for Bangor, while Andrews, Karkos, Seekins and Luttrell did good work for M. C. I. Bangor lost the services of "Packer" McClay, her powerful center, when he injured his arm during the first period.

THE SEASON'S SUMMARY.

Never before in the history of the school has a Crimson football team faced a schedule as long and consisting of as many strong teams as that of 1925.

When Coach Trowell issued his call for candidates nearly everyone thought that Bangor High school would be represented by a green and inferior team. But Mr. Trowell, with the aid of our friend and teacher, Mr. Charles "Bucky" Erswell, turned out a team which went through the schedule of 12 games with but four defeats and two ties, while on six occasions they brought home the bacon. Therefore, it is easy to see that Mr. Trowell, Mr. Erswell, and Mr. Ginsberg deserve a lot of credit.

But what of the team itself? Terry Sullivan of the class of '25, was the captain and Terry proved himself one of the best linemen the Crimson ever produced. The ends were taken care of by "Shank" McClay and "Mike" McGinnis. All during the season "Shank" was considered one of the best schoolboy punters in the state, and in the last Portland game both he and McGinnis stepped into the limelight by being responsible for the only score of the game. "Mike" will be with us again next year. "Bill" Richardson and Paul Hickson played the other tackle and they both deserve a lot of credit. They will be back next year and great things are expected from them. The two guards and the center made up what was probably the strongest point in the Crimson line. "Cooney" Striar, a senior, was right guard and a real fighter. It was his first and last year with the team and he will be greatly missed another season. Don Finnegan, the other guard, was a

stonewall on the defense and a consistent treat on the offense. He will, without doubt, be back in the same position next year. "Packer" McClay is one of the best centers in the state. Time after time he would break through the opponents' line and nail the back for a loss and on the defense he was immovable. "Packer" is the logical choice for captain.

The backfield consisted of Bill Daley and "Jed" McDonough, quarterbacks, Clayton Gary, "Mushy" Rachlin, "Jim" McGinty, Ernest Turner, and Everett McLeod, halfbacks, and Aaron Gotlieb, fullback. Both Daley and McDonough were excellent men, for their position and will be back next year. Gary and Rachlin were injured early in the season and were forced to quit the squad. From then on, Turner, McGinty, and McLeod did all the work and were consistent gainers as well as good defensive men. Aaron Gotlieb, a senior, played a wonderful game all season at fullback and it was his line plunging as well as defensive work that won many games.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC NOTES.

The result of the hockey games of this season:

	B.H.S.	Opp.
Bangor at U. of M.....	3	0
U. of M. at Bangor.....	3	1
U. of M. (Freshmen) at Bangor....	5	0
Bangor vs. Wilton Academy.....	1	0
Bangor at U. of M. (Freshmen)....	5	0
Bangor at U. of M.....	2	0

Those girls who received their letters for having made the school team were: Doris Richardson, Thelma Shea, Marie Colburn, Mary Robinson, Marjorie Black, Alice Webster, Madeline Silsby, Mary Files, Estelle Burrill, Dorothy Allen, Josephine Salisbury, and Avis Haley.

Thelma Shea was elected for next year's hockey captain and Doris Richardson for manager.

Since school began in September three new girls were elected to the Girls' Athletic Honor Council. These girls were: Mary Street, Katherine Trickey, Mary Robinson. Marie Colburn received second honor.

PERSONALS



TRAVELOGUE.

We have received a moving picture film of Prescott Dennett in China. We have screened it once, and as nearly as we can make out, this is what happened:

When Prescott's raft reached China, he was greeted by the President with a brass band and a couple of coolies, and asked to help the president in his campaign for re-election. You know China is a republic now; that is, she has three great leaders clamoring for a chance to save her. Mr. Dennett agreed to help him, and went so far as to run for office himself in order to split the third party's vote. Contrary to all expectations, Prescott was elected. He was very much surprised, but could not very well refuse the office after he had permitted his name to be put on the ballot.

His first official act was to discharge the Minister of War and install a Minister of Peace. For more reasons than one, he chose a lady for this office. This raised a lot of trouble among the other Chinese women, and in order to keep the peace, he was obliged to fire his Minister of Peace.

Being rather clever, Prescott got along nicely for three or four days. Then he got into hot water an account of the scantiness of his Chinese vocabulary. One day, intending to congratulate one of his advisers on the latter's marriage, he got his adjectives mixed up, and said, "She will make you a ridiculous wife." The man was so angry, that, being unable to avenge himself and his bride, he committed suicide.

Of course our hero was arrested for manslaughter. An able arguer of '25, Paul Martin, being in China at that time, and hearing of his friend's plight, came to Prescott's rescue and defended him at the trial. He lost the case, however, and our noble schoolmates were condemned to remain in

prison until they had learned to translate all the Chinese classics.

Paul and Prescott being ardent supporters of the Oracle, thought they could at least send us the news to print in the locals. They were once more thwarted, for they were forbidden to write one word of English. That is why we were sent a movie of these happenings.

We have despatched a relief expedition consisting of Philip Smith, and Leo White.

Phil is to attract the attention of the women away from Leo, Leo left to himself, will devise a way to liberate the prisoners.

Next Month's Travelogue: Mary Files in Europe.

FOOTBALL.

Lots of fun
More lives lost
Both eyes black
Disposition cross
Knees all skun
Elbows sore
Fallen away
Ten pounds or more
Two teeth out
Swelled up jaw
Shins all barked
Nose so raw
Back so lame
Can hardly walk
Lungs so sore
Can barely talk
One ankle sprained
Ear torn off
Throat so dry
Can barely cough
Get your man
Who's sore as you
Play the game
And laugh it through.

CURIOSITY CORNER.

Q. What shall I do for my big nose?—
H. B.

A. Apply vanishing cream.

Q. Is a cherry ever stoneless?—Peach.

A. Yes. When it's in blossom.

Q. Where can I leave my contribution for personals?—Brainless.

A. Leave the bright ones in our desk in 207 and the flat ones in the waste basket to save us the trouble.

Q. Why did Brastow ask Miss Cousens if she thought he was a squirrel?—'25.

A. Because she asked him to run up the curtain.

Q. Why do you ask us to write our contributions to the Oracle on thin paper?—Contrib.

A. So the editors can see through them.

Q. I read "the night wore on." What did it wear?—Idiot.

A. Close of day.

Q. Why do boys go out of the building so quietly when they are carrying cigarettes?—Girl.

A. Because there is no smoking aloud here!

Q. Why is canoeing so dangerous?—Athlete.

A. Because—as soon as a fellow learns to paddle his own canoe, he thinks the thing is built for two.

One Year's Subscription to the Oracle!
When Silver Dollars Come Back.

How dear to our hearts is the old silver dollar,
When some kind subscriber presents it to view,

The liberty head, without necktie or collar,
And all the strange things that to us seem so new,

The wide spreading eagle, the arrow below it;

The stars, and the words, with the queer things to tell,

The coin of our fathers, we're glad that we know it,

For some time or other 'twill come in right well—

The spread eagle dollar, the old silver dollar,

The big welcome dollar we all know so well.

AUTO SUGGESTION.

My auto, 'tis of thee, short cut to poverty,
Of thee I chant.

I blew a pile of dough on you three years ago,

Now you refuse to go,

Or won't or can't.

Through town and countryside, I drove thee full of pride,

No charm you lacked.

I loved your gaudy hue, your tires so round and new,

Now I feel mighty blue

The way you act.

To thee, old rattlebox, come many bumps and knocks,

For thee I grieve.

Badly thy top is torn, frayed are thy seats and worn,

The croup affects your horn,

I do believe.

Thy perfume swells the breeze, while good folks choke and sneeze

As we pass by.

I paid for thee a price, 'twould buy a mansion twice,

Now, everyone yells "Ice!"

I wonder why.

Thy motor has the grip, thy spark plug has the pip,

And woe is thine,

I, too, have suffered chills, fatigues and kindred ills,

Trying to pay the bills

Since thou wert mine.

Gone is my bank roll now, no more 'twould choke a cow

As once before;

Yet if I had the yen, so help me John, Amen,

I'd buy a car again

And speed some more.

The Tatler
Wishes You a
Hilarious Yuletide and a
Joyous New Year.
Let the Tatler drive away your
Heebie-Jeebies.

THE B. H. S.

SEC

VOLUME III

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

SANTA CLAUS IN SERIOUS SMASH-UP

COLLIDES WITH MERLE COFFIN'S FLIVVER ON
CHARLESTON ROAD.

(Special to The Tatler)

A dilapidated Ford touring car, bearing the registration number 1033-S, and driven by Merle Coffin, a well known student of B. H. S., collided with the heavily laden reindeer team of the Santa Claus Distributing Co. of Nowhereinpatikulah, on the Charlestown road late last night. The reindeer delivery wagon was badly smashed up and its contents scattered over the landscape. The flivver, although originally suffering from a bad case of general debility, was a total wreck, sustaining severe injuries to the body and the engine collapsing entirely. However, Mr. Coffin states that he will sue Santa Claus for \$13.43, the value of the car.

The accident occurred at a sharp turn of the road, about midway between Hickville and Charlestown. The Tatler reporter reached the scene just as the town constable and the head selectman arrived and an impromptu hearing was immediately commenced. Coffin stated that he was on his way to Charlestown on a business matter and turning the corner he saw the sleigh team approaching at a lively pace. A hasty application of the four-wheel brakes with which the car is equipped, failed to stop it, and they collided. He also stated that he was traveling at about 7 miles per hour. Santa Claus, a rustic gentleman, quite advanced in age, with a heavy crop of whiskers, somewhat similar to that worn by the Smith Bros., only white, angrily objected to this statement, declaring that Coffin was going at a rate of at least 30 miles an hour.

But the young student, dramatically indicating the ruined auto,

with a sweeping gesture cried, "Gentlemen, I have conclusive evidence that this car was unable to travel faster than 7 1/4 miles per hour." The bearded gentleman shrugged his shoulders and cast a pitying look at the forlorn flivver.

The constable and head selectman then withdrew for a consultation. The conversation was brief and the worthy representative of the law, with a grim look on his leathery face, approached the pair and in deep ominous tones announced, "I arrest ye both in the name o' the law, for bustin' speed laws and obstructin' traffic." The two law-breakers gazed open mouthed at the constable but were unceremoniously hustled into the patrol wagon and soon lodged in the village jail underneath the town hall, where they spent the night.

The next morning before the judge, Santa Claus revealed himself as the mysterious person who each year on the night of Dec. 25, distributes toys among the young kids. He said he was on his way to Bangor with a load of stuff to distribute among the freshies of B. H. S., when the accident happened. Young Coffin told the judge that he was a student of B. H. S., honest, industrious and reliable, and that he had never been in court before. The judge in view of the fact that it was a first offense for both and because of good references, let them off with a warning to be more careful in the future. Outside the court room young Coffin approached Santy and said, "I resolve that in 1925, before turning corners in my flivver I will always repeat to myself ten times, 'wait, you may lose,' then if nothing appears from around the corner, I shall proceed." "I ditto" cried Santa Claus and they shook hands.

TATLER PICKS ALL-AMERICAN GIRL'S HOCKEY TEAM

Bangor Well Represented.

All over the U. S. A. hockey fans have been eagerly watching the columns of the B. H. S. Tatler for the All-American Girls' Hockey team which this illustrious organ of public opinion annually selects. The selections are the result of the most careful deliberation by some of the nation's most prominent hockeyers, including John White and Othello Robinson. This year marks the development of some of the greatest players this sport has ever known. Bangor is well represented on this mythical eleven.

"Eddie" Shea and "Muddy" Black have been assigned the wing positions and these dames certainly can handle a hockey stick, what I mean, "Buck" Robinson is the husky right inside and is some sweet performer. "Dot" Richardson, whose flashy offensive work has been the talk of all the local sewing circles, holds down the other inside. "Buster" Colburn, who knocked Julius Caesar for a row of tin cans last year, is a shining light as center forward. "Joe" Salisbury and "Stubby" Burrill are picked for the forward berths unanimously.

"Al" Webster, who wields a wicked hockey stick, has been crowned right halfback. The center halfback position is occupied by "Mad" Silsby. This rip-roarin' back has made history for hockey and misery for her opponents by her brilliant dashes and sensational defense work. Because of superb generalship, etc., etc., etc. "Link" Files, the sensation of B. H. S. physical culture for girls, is chosen left halfback and captain. The formidable "Tug-Boat" Haley next looms on the horizon. "Tug-Boat" stands like the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor, and guards the goal, therefore, goalkeeper. Our last award goes to Donald "Tootsie" White who carries the position of utility player because of consistent good work on the squad.

TATLER

TION

DECEMBER, 1924

NUMBER 3

FARMER GREEN PREDICTS BUMPER CROPS

Goodale's Corner Citizens
Very Optimistic

"Silas" Leland Green, prosperous farmer of Goodale's Corner, in a speech delivered Wednesday afternoon before the Girls' Debating Society, predicted bumper crops of all farm products, for the coming year. Farmer Green is a recognized authority on all matters pertaining to the tilling of the soil and has the distinction of having won the milking contest at the Orrington Fair for three years in succession. Mr. Green is also quite a politician in his home town and at present is running for assistant janitor of the Orrington Town hall. The G. D. S. are indeed fortunate in having the opportunity of hearing such a distinguished speaker.

The well known rustic was introduced to the society by the president, Miss Cynthia Jones, who spoke in glowing terms of his accomplishments. Mr. Green, blushing furiously arose and addressed the meeting. He spoke enthusiastically of the signs of prosperity for the coming year, and stated that never in all his days had he seen so many contented cows in Maine. In eloquent terms he expatiated on his views on the coming season and the debating society were quite thrilled at his enthusiastic portrayal.

He recalled several incidents of his school days that were very amusing, describing in a very witty manner, how the brindle cow once

Editorials

As we read the last page from the 1924 calendar, our thoughts turn to the coming three hundred and sixty-five days, and a flood of resolutions enter our overcrowded craniums. Resolutions, like measles, come at a certain season of the year. This is the season. Scan these lines with your gazelle-like eyes, Boyo, raise your right hand and repeat after me: "I (your name here), in full possession of my mental faculties, and legally of age, do hereby resolve that in 1925

(1) I will get A's in all my subjects.

2 I will stop "bumming" checks in the lunch room.

3 I will behave perfectly.

4 I will never be late again.

5 Cease using grease, auto oil, etc., on my hair (boys).

6 I will leave all dolls, kiddie kars, lollipops and other filial playthings at home (freshmen).

kicked him over the fence, which story sent his delighted audience into paroxysms of laughter. He concluded his remarks by complimenting the society on its excellent membership and encouraged them to continue the good work with all the enthusiasm deserved by such a good cause. Next week, Mr. Green will address the Teachers' club. The subject of his lecture will be, "Suffering Shakespeare, the Man and the Writer."

"One-lung" Geagan, former proprietor of the Ling-lung Laundry, is now giving Mah Jongg lessons in 207.

Billy Murphy is so short he can use cornplaster for headaches.

The High school library is a very sad place. The books are all in tiers.

We understand that A. K. P. Smith intends to become a doctor. Another good farrihand gone wrong.

The juniors are working hard for the annual oratory exhibition. Oh! Poetry, what crimes are committed in thy name!

Miss Williams has a mania for long geometry assignments. - She gives our problems as if they were German marks.

C. W. PROCTOR'S

AMPHI THEATRE

2 SHOWS DAILY

A Donald "Weary" Willey,
A Son of the Open Spaces,
in
"BOX CARS I HAVE RIDDEN IN"

B "JOHN L." SULLIVAN,
Born and Bred on the Desert,
Wild and Free,
in
"I'm The Sheik of Larrabee"

C The Terrible Trio,
BUCK, BALDWIN & ALLEN,
With Special Spook Chorus,
in
"CONVINCING GWANDMAW"

D OWEN INFIORATI
Whose Sobbing Saxophone Has
Soothed Sultans,
In a Musical Novelty,
entitled,
"BLAH-BLAH"

No advance in prices.

BEAN SUPPER AND ENTERTAINMENT

Auspices of the Latin Club
New Year's Eve, Dec. 31, 1924.

SPECIAL NOVELTY ACT

By Monkey Steeves
No Relation to Tarzan

APE LAHAN RUBIN

The Galloping Fiddle Will Play for the Dance.
Come One!

Admission, 8c.

Come All!

To the Personals Editor:

In last May's issue of the Oracle, the following words appeared in your department: "By 1930 we expect that—" and then followed a long list of expectations about various people in B. H. S., and last was this: "The rest of us will be dead." Now, this is about the slickest piece of advertising for the undertaking business I've seen for many a day. The Undertakers' Association should have paid quite a check to that magazine and to that editor for this little advertisement. Think of it! By 1930, what an increase in trade the members of that profession will have. But another thought strikes me. Perhaps you, the editor, are planning to go into the undertaking business yourself. In that case, you are using your head to the great advancement of yourself, but to the demolishment of us.

Yours, more or less sincerely,

P. F. D., '25.

Mr. P. F. D., '25:

In regard to your contention that we are planning to try our hand at that profession, we will state that the idea had not occurred to us. As the editor of this department, we will state also that we are—or were—the author of that column, but have not seen the check signed by the Undertakers' Association, and we wish that if you have any influence with that organization, you would call their attention to the bit of unconscious advertising we gave them, and take up with them the matter of remuneration.

A. F. P., Personals Editor.

So Sensitive.

Judge: You are an educated man, yet this is a very disgraceful crime you have been found guilty of. Have you anything to say before sentence?

The Educated One: Only this, your honor. Whatever the sentence may be, please don't end it with a preposition.

Off to a Bad Start.

Having obtained his American citizenship, Diogenes arrived in Washington.

"Still looking for an honest man?" they asked him.

"Oh, I gave that up long ago," Diogenes replied. "I am merely looking for that most priceless of American possessions, an iralienable right."

"Better go back to your first love," they advised him. "You'll find it a whole lot easier."

At Least Eight.

Little Boy: Mother, is my birthday on Monday this year?

Mother: Yes, Bobby.

Little Boy: And was it on Saturday the year before?

Mother: Yes, Bobby.

Little Boy: Mother, how many days of the week was I born on?

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Students:

Really, after we get up in chapel and strain our voice imploring you to support this paper and especially this department, and after we appeal to you through these columns to pass in some **original** jokes, it hurts our feelings to get nothing but a bunch of newspaper clippings! We don't like to print stale jokes; and anyway, we read the papers ourselves. Pass your jokes to Arline Palmer in 207, or to Frances Maloney or William Murphy. And **please** be **original**.

A. B., '26: "Oh! Look! The sun is out."

J. G., '25: (From way up front): "Put it in again."

THE MUSTARD PLASTER.

This month we are going to let the other departments alone, because last month we picked to pieces some stories that were cut out afterwards, and the other editors are our fellow-sufferers, anyway. Of course you know that the Oracle has to bow to the great gods, Expense and Lack of Space, and that's why we have so much chopped out every month.

A little over a year ago we began yelling for you to pass in more material for personals, and we've kept up a steady howl ever since. Lately, however, our cruel readers have experienced a change of heart, and within the last two months we have received more help than we have before during our whole administration of this department. We have even been able to harken to the Tatler reporter's holler for help, and to pass some of our cherished contribs over to him. We used to extract

personals from the students by torture—we recall threatening to have some slam about Eunice Copeland printed every month until she wrote something for us; everyone will admit that we were indeed desperate to do that, but the results were forthcoming, and we promise to publish them next month, space permitting. Of course it is a pity that we can't give you more personals and that these two issues have to be cut short just when we are beginning to have adequate assistance. We have argued persistently about the matter of space with the editor-in-chief, although we know he really can't help it, and if the other departments weren't suffering, too, we should make up our mind that he was taking subtle revenge for several digs we had printed about him last year, before he was e. in c. and could do anything to help it. We suspect that he is really avenging himself in the way. Occasionally we write something that is wrong; we know it is wrong and we like it wrong; it's funny wrong, and we're in the business to make you laugh; then, when he reads our stuff he changes it and makes it right; then when our brain-child appears in cold type things are haughtily correct that when we wrote them were nice and wrong.

For example: Last month we wrote something about ourself, and when "ourself" appeared, lo and behold! it was "ourselves." We admit that "ourselves" sounds absurd, but we credit our readers with intelligence enough to see behind the "editorial we" and perceive that the Mustard Plaster could not possibly be the creation of more than one overworked brain, and that we—in other words—are one person.

We hope that contributors will continue to contribute faithfully, and for our part we write our daily thousand, and we will (if likewise; we also promise to fight with the poor, helpless editor-in-chief, and exercise our feminine wit, until he gives in out of sheer exhaustion, and then we will have as much space for the personals as we want. (Nevertheless, in spite of our good intentions, we strongly suspect that Mr. Whitman will continue to be the Big Boss). Phil has agreed to let us have the Mustard Plaster every month, we have decided to have it only occasionally. Our reason is that until we have reached our objective of having all the breathing space we need, some things will have to be cut out. And

we refuse to have our favorites, the Curiosity Corner and the Travelogues, eliminated to make room for this rambling protege of ours.

Remember, contributors, to pass in all your stuff, and we'll use all of it we can. When we were a freshman (we are hiding behind that "editorial we" again) we struggled patriotically to write personals, and each month we dropped something in the Oracle box is a thing of the past, and our wrote was accepted. Now, however, the Oracle box is a thing of the past, and our desk in 207 seems to have taken its place. And we are head of the department that once scorned our youthful efforts!

Among our correspondence this month (yes, about all the Oracle's fan-mail is addressed to our department. Dean Benson gets the bills, Phil Whitman gets the compliments and our department gets the criticism) we found a letter which at first we claimed for ourself, but when we read the last line we knew it must be meant for one of our assistants.

"To the Personals Editor:

"I am enclosing two or three original jokes, and if you can find use for them, you are welcome to them—or to anything else of mine you want. Your eyes are deep pools of Paradise, where my soul wanders aimlessly. Every time I pass by your slender anatomy my heart does a double flop. But oh! your **FEET!** The poor dogs are **not mates.**

"— X. Y. Z."

Apparently X. Y. Z.'s soul wandered to some purpose, for the jokes were good ones. But we think that remark about slender anatomy was a dirty dig at the whole department. How can Frances Maloney and Billy Murphy and we help it if we are all underweight ten pounds or more. Someone did tell us that after we had our tonsils out we would stop losing weight. We have an inspiration! We have been wanting the personals department to grow bigger—well, we will have Frances and Billy have their tonsils out, too!

They All Do (?)

Racey says Nick has brought back a Teddy Roosevelt grin from his summer vacation.



Christmas Suggestions

For Men and Young Men

IN OUR STORE ARE HUNDREDS OF SUGGESTIONS OF GIFTS FOR BROTHER, FATHER, SWEETHEART OR CHUM. WE WILL HELP YOU CHOOSE THEM WISELY.

GLOVES—Made of the most durable leathers in cape and Mocha. **\$5**

NECKWEAR—When it comes to giving Ties, no one can make a mistake in giving one of our fine silk ones. **\$1 to \$5**

HOSE—Our Imported Woolen Hose, in plaids and checks, are sure to please any young man. **\$2**

MUFFLERS—Notice how many of these plaid wool scarfs are being worn! They make ideal Xmas gifts. **\$4**

SWEATERS—Our Pullovers in checks and fair isle designs, are sure to please any young man. They are all imported. **\$5 to \$15**

BELTS and Buckles are always welcome as holiday gifts. Some special sets at. **\$2.50**

"The Men's Style Store of Bangor"

John T. Clark Co.

"The Men's Style Store of Bangor"





ATTENTION!

WE particularly wish to call your attention to the
SPECIAL SALE of Overcoats and Suits that
we are running for the rest of the month.

OWING to the extremely warm Fall we find
ourselves with about 500 High Grade Coats,
which is double the number we should have at this
time of year. To move them quickly we offer the
following inducements:

On Any Coat or Suit from \$25 to \$30.....	Deduct \$6.00
On Any Coat or Suit from \$31 to \$40.....	Deduct \$8.00
On Any Coat or Suit from \$41 to \$50.....	Deduct \$10.00
On Any Coat or Suit from \$51 to \$60.....	Deduct \$12.50
Deduct \$15.00 from Any Coat Over \$60.00	

Choose Early As They Will Go Quickly

John T. Clark Co.



IN THE LAND OF THE INDUS

(Continued from Page 10)

Jack felt a feeling of nausea sweep over him, and found that he could not move a muscle. He was unable to take his eyes from the eyes of the magnificent reptile. He tried to scream but his mouth seemed paralyzed.

He saw the coils squeeze tighter and he believed his hour had come. At just that instant he heard the cr-crack of two shots closely together. The head of the snake seemed to fly into a million pieces. He felt a bit of hot blood touch his hand and he fainted.

When Jack regained consciousness he found himself lying on a bunk in an old cabin. An elderly, gray-haired man was bending over him. He was the doctor, who had a small ranch a short distance from his father's. It was the timely arrival of the doctor with his automatic, which had saved Jack's life.

Later on Jack's father was able to help the old doctor to make a large amount of money out of his ranch. This was done through Mr. Blaine's connection with the London Tea Co.

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES ON

Young Men's and Men's Winter Suits and Overcoats in all the smart models and new Fabrics. See our Sheep-lined Coats and Christmas showing of Sweaters, Shirts, Bath Robes, Neckwear, Gloves, etc.

J. Waterman Co.

Maine's Largest Outfitters
for Men and Boys

A CHRISTMAS GIFT THE WHOLE FAMILY CAN ENJOY

Give "the family" a present they all can enjoy—a Clark Jewel Gas Range with the Lorain Oven Control. Just think—every day in the year Mother can place all the dishes for a Whole Meal in the gas oven and the Lorain Control will do the cooking perfectly without requiring a bit of attention.

Bangor Gas Light Co.

27 Central St.

Phone 555

If It's Done With Heat—Do It With Gas.