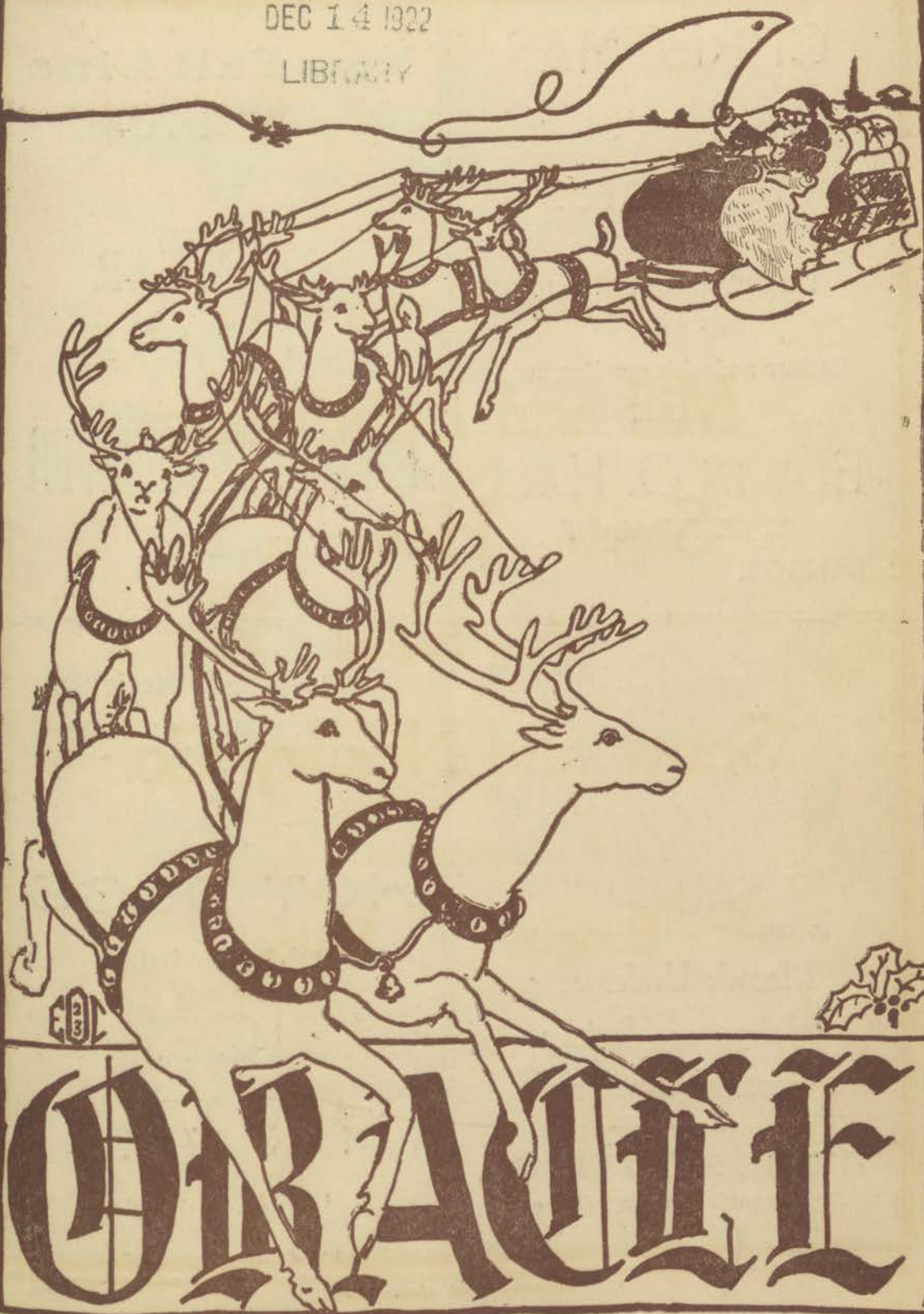


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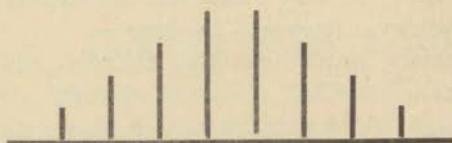
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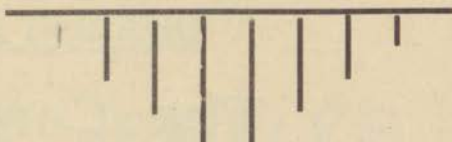


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The Bangor High School Oracle, issued by the pupils of Bangor High School has a regular time and date of issue and therefore does not come under the agreement of the business men against advertising in publications and programs not regularly issued as a periodical.

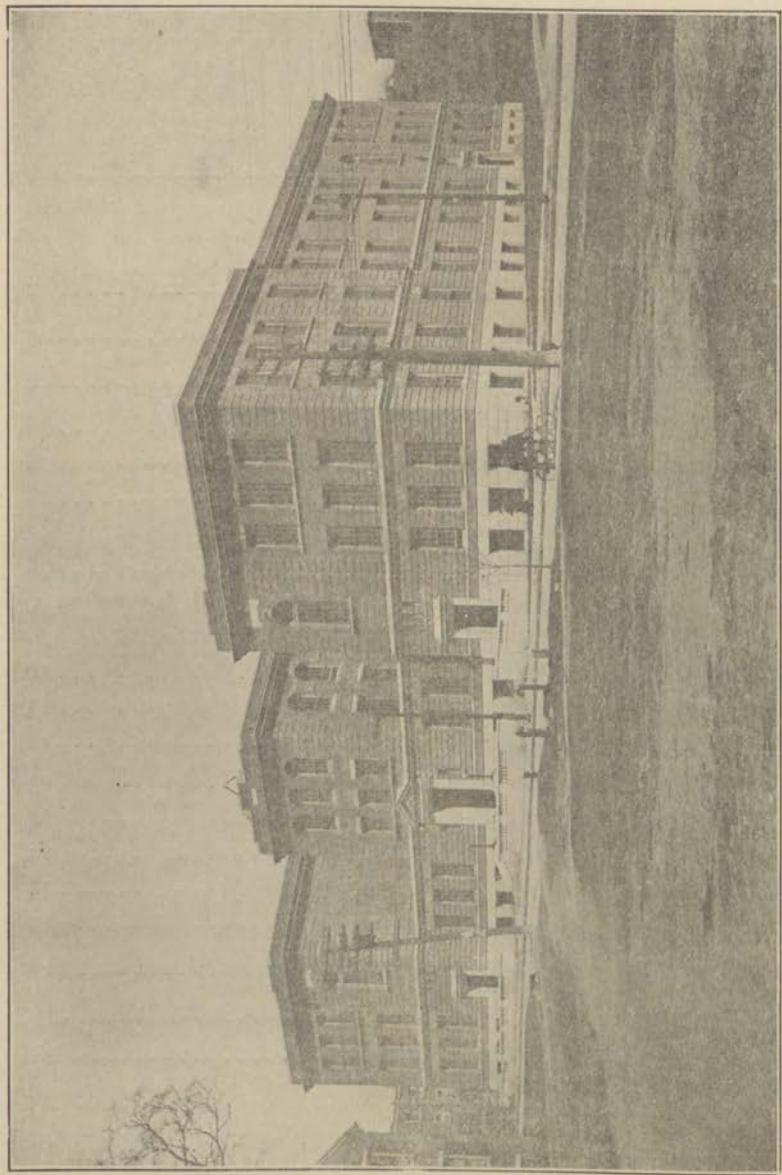
(Signed) W. A. Hennessey

Secretary.



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ALMA MATER.



# THE ORACLE

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Bangor High School



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VOL. XXXI

DECEMBER, 1922

No. 3

## The Oracle Board



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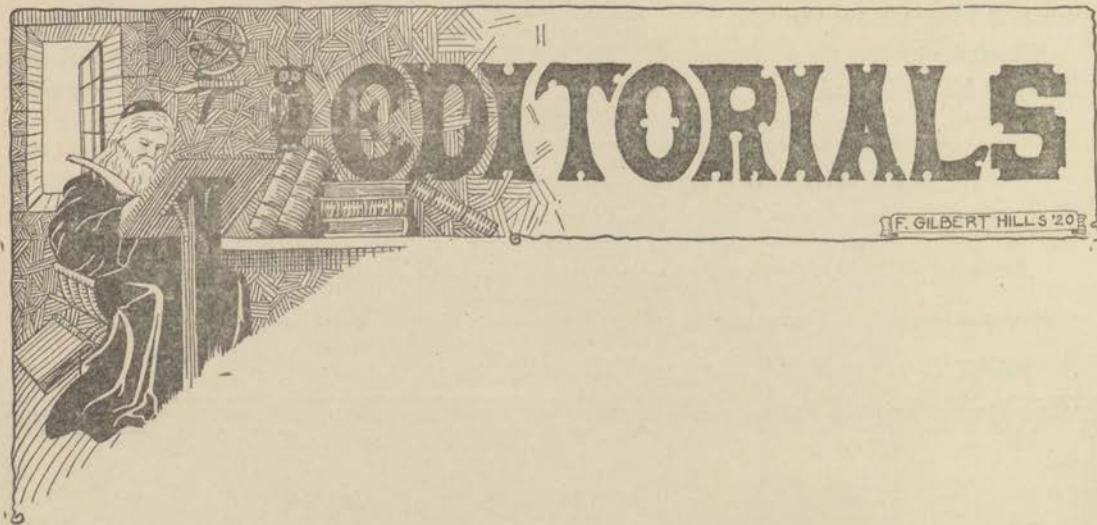
H. Deane Benson, '25

Arthur Waterman, '23

### ART CONTRIBUTORS

Benj. Rosen, '24

Edith O'Connor, '23



The football season for this year is over and Stephen Casper has had a very successful season. The work of the **Football Is Gone!** manager, Benson Davis, in giving the school and the team its **Is Here!** place and name among the leading high school teams of this state and even of New England has been much appreciated by the student body. The football coaches, Mr. Edward Trowell and Mr. Everett Strout, have developed the team and the individual players in a remarkable way. Although the schedule of this season has been a very tough one we have had no one seriously laid up. The credit of this should be given to the coaches, and the coaches may feel assured that they are given credit for it.

But now the football season is over only to give basketball its turn in the school. This year we, the student body of the school, are looking forward eagerly to the Friday night when the Bangor five meet the leading teams of the state in the Bangor City hall.

This year the manager, Wilbert McInness, has a very fine schedule and the school very sincerely appreciates his work thus far. With the material which Captain William Seavey has there is no reason why

Bangor High should not have a team that will keep her name still on the map as a leader in this exciting game, also.

Now, let's think what is our part of the game. Not all of us can play and some of us know that we can't, but there is something that we can do; we can all buy a season ticket and go to the games—not merely the dances that follow the games. This year let's show the team that we can cheer and let's also give the visiting teams a few cheers when they show that they deserve them, but cheering is one thing and hissing is another. Think it over. Were any of us guilty of a thing so disgraceful as that last year. We know that the school got a lecture in one of the morning papers following a game two years ago. Well, maybe we were not guilty of the disgrace but some one was. The result was that the school was given a black eye and we all know that black eyes are a disgrace. This year let's not have any black mark on our list at the end of the year. Let this apply to all who read this editorial. Even if you are not a member of the school be a sport and don't do any hissing, we students are the ones who get the blame in the morning paper—not you.



Again, let us determine to buy our season tickets and attend the games, for the sport of the game and not for the dance that follows. And let us also again congratulate the football captain and manager and coaches because of their successful season and hard work. We also hope that the basketball team will have a success equal to that of the football team.

Vacation is almost here and that means that Christmas is approaching. We all know that Santa will be kind to the Freshmen this year because "the war is over." Yes! children, he will be here again now in a few days, and Oh! how glad we'll all be when he comes.

But this is not a joke. Christmas and vacation is almost here and we, the members of the "Oracle" board wish to extend to the student body and faculty of Bangor High and to all who read these pages our sincere best wishes for a pleasant vacation and a Happy Christmas.

The "Oracle" board wishes to thank those who so kindly contributed material for these last three numbers of the "Oracle." Some of the material that has been found in the "Oracle" box is very good and we shall appreciate all the contributions. It gives us much encouragement, also, because we feel that you are taking an interest in the paper. Let us again repeat that we appreciate these contributions very much.

We have found many things in the "Oracle" Box which we have not been able to print, for instance, many cartoons. We know that you, the student body, feel that the "Oracle" Box should be repaired, but, although we have made a few attempts to have it repaired, nothing has yet been done.

We promise that at the beginning of next term it will be repaired and, therefore, be patient.

We wish to say that, although some of the contributions have not been printed, the contributors should not become discouraged and stop passing in material, because the reason for not printing this material is that either it was passed in too late or the book was made up for that certain issue.

Therefore, do not stop handing in your slams. Keep it up and make this paper a live one.

Do not fail to give a Christmas present, however small, to the members of your Christmas family. The receiver of the Thoughts present never thinks of the price, or rarely the value of it, but the idea that they were remembered in the hustle and bustle of Christmas will be sufficient to compete with a prize costing several thousand dollars.

Best of all are the gifts which you make yourself. A small box of molasses candy which you had spent half an hour or more making, would please your grandmother or any other member of the family more than a five dollar box of the best chocolates.

One of the best presents you can give your mother and father is the knowledge that their son or daughter is making good in school. If they have this satisfaction it will mean more to them than a dozen gifts, for they know that you will be fitted, when the time comes, to carry on life's work where they leave it. Good rank is also a wonderful present to give yourself for it will mean endless pleasure and success in later years.

Therefore, don't fail to remember yourself to your relations and friends at Christmas. Remember it is not the material value of the gift but the satisfaction of having been remembered that counts.



## NEVER AGAIN!

By Esther Whitten, '25.

WHEN Father went to college his roommate was Uncle David Scott, who had a photograph of his sister with him. When Father saw it he liked it so well that he wrote to her. They corresponded for some time; then one vacation, Uncle David took Father home with him—and two weeks later Mother and Father were engaged.” Molly Coburn, talkative and mischievous, told the story as she knitted.

“Oh! How interesting!” murmured Pansy Allen, a dainty brunette. She was from South Carolina and very romantic.

“I don’t think that I could think of anything to write to any one whom I had never met,” said Nina Browning, seeing the practical side. Nina was good looking, intelligent and “nice”—very studious and quiet.

The three girls were juniors at a girls’ boarding school in Virginia. Just now they were in Nina’s room, Pansy and Molly having dropped in to try some of Nina’s fudge and get some directions for the sweaters they were knitting. The conversation drifted to other subjects but it was to be remembered again.

That evening Pansy joined Nina in her room for help in her French lesson.

“Get me my fountain pen on my desk before you sit down,” said Nina.

As Pansy’s large, soft brown eyes searched the desk for the pen, their glance fell un-

intentionally on the following close of a letter, written in a large, masculine hand: “Do be a good girl, think of me often, and write soon.—Your ever affectionate Ted.”

Pansy rather guiltily lifted her eyes and found them gazing into another pair in a large photograph, under which was written “Your pal, Ted.”

Forgetting the pen, she turned to Nina: “Oh! Nina, this boy in the picture is the best looking boy I ever saw! How lucky you are to be corresponding with him—I couldn’t help noticing his letter on your desk,” she added—almost wistfully.

Nina glanced up surprisingly—then a mischievous look came into her gray eyes.

“The photo just came this afternoon,” was all she said.

Strangely enough Molly’s story flashed into both their minds and Pansy exclaimed, “How I wish he wrote to me, too!” as she handed Nina the pen.

A few days later Nina told Pansy that she had heard from Ted and that he was going to write to her. Pansy was pleased and the next day she received a letter that delighted her.

“Nina has told me all about you,” it ran, “and I feel as if I had known you for a long time. I have had some snapshots of you for over a year—if we are going to be good friends we mustn’t be too formal, so please let me call you Pansy and do call me Ted. And, by the way, I’ll call it a favor if you



don't show Nina my letters. Write soon.

"Yours till the college seal swims,  
"Ted Mason."

Thus was the beginning of a long and interesting correspondence, a novelty to Pansy and, by Ted's letters, it must have been more than interesting to him. His long letters came regularly once a week and were answered as often. Books, plays, music, sports, studies and their own personal experiences were discussed. To Pansy's mind this Ted Mason must be a very wise person. Weeks grew into months and she was regarding him as one of her closest friends. A photograph, similar to Nina's, now stood on her writing desk in place of a popular moving picture star's.

Just before Christmas Pansy was chosen to play the leading part in a school play. On the afternoon of the event several girls were in her room, talking about the play and also planning for the coming holidays, when a messenger boy entered with a box. Pansy blushing opened it, displaying two dozen lovely roses and dropping a small card on the floor. Most of the girls just couldn't help seeing: "So sorry I can't come—for I know you will be splendid. Please wear at least one rose for me. From Ted." Those that didn't see, heard—later. That night Pansy not only wore **three** but she fastened one in Molly's curls.

After the play there was a dance and Pansy very tired, didn't stay, neither did Nina but—Molly did.

Nina had invited Pansy to spend the holidays with her at her grandfather's and Pansy had accepted. They were to leave the afternoon following the night of the play, and that morning Pansy was busy packing when Molly burst into the room, extremely excited.

"Oh! Pansy, I had a marvelous time last night. You should have stayed. My brother drove over in his car to surprise me and brought two of his college chums with him—one of them was—Ted Mason!" Here

she stopped, eyeing Pansy, doubtfully.

"Yes? Go on," she murmured.

"Well, Tom introduced me to him, and of course we danced, and while we were dancing he said that the rose in my hair looked lovely. I thought I'd make a hit so I said it was one he sent to you. He looked surprised, asked where you were, and said he'd never heard of you till he saw you in the play."

"Molly, Miss Chase is looking for you." It was Nina, standing in the doorway.

"Did you hear?" half whispered Pansy.

"Yes," answered Nina. "Oh! Can you—will you ever forgive me? I'd never have thought of it, if you hadn't thought that the Ted in the picture and the Ted that wrote the letter were the same ones. You see, ever since I was a tiny girl, I've just idolized—my grandfather, and I call him Ted! He wrote the letter that you saw and he had just sent me my cousin Ted's picture.

"Cousin Ted's college is in the town where Grandpa lives so he knows everything about the college and what Ted does. When I wrote to Grandpa, I told him about the mistake you made and he suggested corresponding with you. The correspondence has amused him and Grandma and helped to pass away the time for them. But oh, Pansy, I'm so sorry!" There were tears in Nina's eyes.

Pansy's voice was cold. "Thank heavens you told me before I went to visit him—Oh! I couldn't bear it. I'm sorry I have to decline your invitation now, b-b-but leave me alone—just a—a little while—p-please—!"

Half an hour later the remains of a package of letters and a photograph were in the bottom of a certain waste basket. Pansy was curled up in a crumpled little ball in a Morris chair. "Weeks!—months!—wasted on Nina's **Grandfather**—Oh! hateful old picture. I'll forgive Nina, it wasn't her fault—Oh! I'm such a little fool—but—never again!"

## A WORLD RENEWED

By Dorothy Bell, '24.

**O**DIN, that supreme god, was displeased. His children, the Aesir, were sorrowing. What was the world coming to?

His son, Tyr, the bold, daring god of the sky, bewailed the disappearance of the old bravery and honor in sports and warfare.

Balder, the beloved and wondrously fair son, lamented for the former joyous peacefulness and happy gaiety.

Thor, the mighty thunder god, raged. For who stopped in this impetuous whirl to think of the gods. Who paused to think of consequences? Who? Very few.

The earth was rushing madly upon a course of evil and crime. Something must be done to prevent it! But what?

A meeting of the gods was called to find a plan. Each tried to think of one. Finally, Odin suggested that some necessity be taken from the disobedient race of men.

Immediately, Thor caused a huge thunderbolt to rend the atmosphere, annihilating the whole law of gravity, thus plunging the whole earth into chaos. Instantly, the trees were torn asunder; the buildings were rent; the ships at sea were cleaved and sunk; the whole human race from pole to pole was thrust into the most terrible confusion, while the strong north winds raged and battled nothing remained fixed. Families were parted. Everyone was colliding and

crashing into everyone else.

All save those very few, kind, sunny souls who had tried to keep up the old, righteous practices, whom the gods gathered together, not permitting them to see that which was going on but keeping them in a hazy, indefinite condition.

Veritably could those wicked ones say: "The judgment of the gods is upon us!" and cringe with awful terror.

Finally, the confusion calmed; the north winds were quieted and those virtuous were restored to their former existence, filled with the joy of living, by a trick of memory not remembering the rest and so we hope they continued.

But the wicked ones. What befell them? Some were caused to wander disconsolately and alone, starving, cold, throughout the uninhabited spaces, beseeching and crying out. Others kept falling forever into bottomless chasms.

Once more Odin was happy. The earth again was surging onward in its happy, cheerful way.

Tyr watched the old, precious, manly sports with pleasure.

Balder was contented for the world worked in harmony, and Thor, the mighty, smiled softly at the respect once again of the gods and the striving to make life upright and merciful.

## THE COSTUME OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDER

By William Snow, '24.

**T**O the English speaking people, perhaps the best known of all the so-called national costumes is that of the Scottish Highlander. Although this is no longer worn generally, being usually confined to men of high rank and birth and to Scottish military units in the British service, it still remains a na-

tional costume and is recognized as such by the British court.

The chief distinction from the clothing of other races is the tartan or plaid, which is the heavy woolen cloth of which it is made. The word plaid is derived from a Gaelic word meaning sheepskin, which shows that in all probability hides were used instead of



cloth at one time. There is one prevailing color in the plaid, with slight checks and stripes of other colors by which the different clans and septs can be distinguished. For instance: The tartan of the clan of MacDonnell has a green background with black checks, while that of the Gregarach clan is red with yellow stripes. They all differ sufficiently so that they can readily be told apart but there is a sameness in the designs that shows the union of all the clans into one nationality.

The most important part of the whole costume is the kilt or short skirt. Where most other people wear trousers of some sort, the Scotch wear this skirt. The word kilt is derived from a Danish verb meaning "to tuck up," which goes to show that at first a long skirt was worn and tucked up when necessary. Since nearly all of the Highlanders were, and in fact still are, shepherds and cattle drovers, they found that the short skirt was much more sensible and convenient in walking through the wet heather in their daily work.

Next to their bodies is a light woolen tunic and outside of that an object much resembling a vest is worn. Over all is a wide, heavy scarf, which is wrapped around them and the ends are usually fastened by a brooch on the left shoulder. Up until the sixteenth century, the scarf, vest and kilt

were all in one piece, held together by the brooch and belt.

✓The sporran or spleuchan is a large pouch, often used as a purse, which hangs in front of the kilt suspended from the belt. This name comes from the Gaelic word, purse or pocket, and formerly was a very simple affair, being made out of plain leather but now it is covered with sheepskin and decorated with shiny metal ornaments.

The cap or bonnet is a small thing, shaped very much like our overseas caps and made of the same cloth as the other parts. The stockings only come up part way to the knee and even in winter the knee is left bare. Inside the right stocking a short dirk or dagger is usually worn, presumably the same principle as that of the modern Albanians.

The striking part of it all is the fact that it has been handed down for centuries without any great modification, except the changing into several separate pieces and sometimes the substitution of tartan trousers or short pants for the kilt. The principle is the same still, however, and it will undoubtedly continue so for a long time to come. Summing it all up, it is a very striking costume and the Scottish people are justly proud of it as a national institution.

## HISTORY OF THE STONE OF SCONE

By Agnes F. Ebbeson.

THE Stone of Scone was brought from Scotland to England by Edward the First. By his order it was put into the present Coronation Chair. This Chair was made in 1307 and is perhaps the most precious relic in Westminster Abbey.

There are several beautiful stories told about the Stone of Scone. One story says that it is the stone on which Jacob laid his

head in Bethel, when he had the vision of angels ascending and descending on a ladder which reached from the earth to heaven. The sons of Jacob took the Stone into Egypt. After many years it was taken to Spain and then to Ireland, where it was used for the coronation of Irish kings. The Stone was placed on the sacred hill of Tara, and was called "Lia Fail" or the "Stone of Destiny." If a true king sat upon the Stone

to be crowned, it made a noise like thunder, but if the king-elect was only a pretender it was silent.

Another story says that the Stone was carried across from Ireland to Scotland about 330 B. C., by Fergus, the founder of the Scottish monarchy. It was placed first at Dunstaffnage and then at Iona. In 850 A. D., the Stone was brought by Kenneth the Second to Scone, where it was enclosed in a wooden chair, as it is now at Westminster Abbey. The kings of Scotland, from Malcolm the Fourth to John Baliol, sat on the Stone to be crowned. Edward the First, himself, is said to have been crowned King of Scotland on the Sacred Stone of Scone, after he had defeated John Baliol at the battle of Dunbar in 1296. Whether or not this is so, Edward the First carried off

the Stone of Scone to Westminster Abbey. He placed it near the Confessor's shrine.

In the last year of his reign, Edward the First ordered a chair to be made in which the Stone was to be enclosed. All the Kings of England were to sit in this chair to be crowned. In this chair every English sovereign has been crowned, from Edward the Second to Edward the Seventh. It has only been taken from the Abbey once, then it was taken into Westminster Hall for the inauguration of Cromwell as Lord Protector of the Realm, on December sixteenth, 1653. In King Edward the Third's reign, the Scots tried very hard to get the Stone back. The king very nearly allowed them to have it. But the people of London would not hear of such a thing for they would not part with the Stone.

## LIFE IN THE OLD SCOTTISH CASTLES

By Charlotte C. Drummond.

THE old Scottish castles, with their picturesque towers and battlements, their whole aspect of rugged, impregnable fortresses, must have been conducive to real pride and enjoyment. Certainly one can well imagine that life in such surroundings would be both interesting and entertaining. The castles were, for the most part, furnished very luxuriantly, and the nobles seemed to take pride in keeping up the most showy and expensive menages. One duke, it is said, was in the habit of having six Scottish lords (each of whom had a castle of his own), in attendance upon him when he dined,—to say nothing of his other numerous retainers.

The castles of Glamis and Cawdor were rather prominent, I believe, and there is an interesting little story of how Cawdor acquired its present name. Originally the name was Calder. The last of the Calder line was a little girl, and John of Campbell, chief of a neighboring clan, decided to take

advantage of this and seize the lands of Calder for his own. So one day when little Mary was walking in the garden, she was abducted by John Campbell and a troop of his followers. Her nurse, who was with her, managed to bite off a joint of the child's little finger, for future identification. She then raised the alarm, and a body of retainers rushed to the rescue. They would have succeeded in their attempt to get the girl back if it had not been for the resourcefulness of one of the elder Campbells. He inverted a huge kettle, as if the child was under it, and charged his seven sons to defend it to the death. His sons all bravely fought and bravely died, while he rode on with the prize. When the trick had been discovered it was too late, and the Campbells had made good their escape. When Mary grew up she married John of Campbell, and they changed the name of Calder into that of Cawdor.

This incident (besides being interesting), goes to show how lawless those times were.



There were so many murders and other crimes committed that it seems almost incomprehensible to us, whose country is ruled by law and order. To be sure, the offenders caught were summarily hanged or burned, but comparatively few were ever punished.

In those days, an outstanding feature of life in Scotland seemed to be dissipation. Drinking was the favorite pastime of high and low alike, and was indulged in to the exclusion of many better and wiser occupations. It was the custom, at those banquets given so frequently by the nobility, to force a guest to drink even if he was not so inclined. Toasts were very popular, indeed, almost indispensable, and as each toast was proposed every guest in turn would be required to state his or her sentiment. Most of these sentiments were hackneyed expressions, such as "When we

are going up the hill of fortune may we never meet a friend coming down," and so forth. There are innumerable incidents and anecdotes which I will not try to tell.

Jousting, of course, was one of the favorite sports, and was watched eagerly by young and old, rich and poor, all who could manage to be present at the tournaments. Even in those days there were horse races and fire works at some celebrations, though I do not suppose that either amusement was developed to any extent. Dancing was also practiced among the nobility, though it was somewhat frowned upon by the church.

To sum up, war and pleasure, seemed to be the main features of life in Scotland, yet there were noble deeds done, and great sacrifices made, as there will be while the world endures.

## A CHRISTMAS REVERIE

By Raymond G. Worster.

IT was Christmas eve. I had retired to my study and there decided to enjoy for a few hours the comradeship of a book. After selecting a novel from the shelf I seated myself comfortably before the hearth. There the Yule log blazed cheerily, and the flames painted pictures of the past and future, for those who sought them. After gazing a long time at these mystic firelight portraits, I opened my book, then skipped a few pages as I was wont to do, arriving at a passage which seemed to attract my attention. I read thus:—

"Awake, awake!"

"What is it?" they all asked in one voice.

"See!" cried the watchman, 'the sky is on fire!' . . . . .

"They covered their eyes, and dropped upon their knees. . . . .

"A voice said to them, 'Fear not,' and they listened.

"'Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.' . . . . . For unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!' . . . . . Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.'"

I closed my book and through the silence that surrounded me, in accordance with what I had just been reading, I heard the strains of that beautiful hymn, "Silent Night, Holy Night." I sat motionless until one verse was finished, then crossed to the window. After a slight pause the second verse followed:

"Silent night! Holy night!

Darkness flies, all is light,

Shepherds hear the angels sing,

Allelulia! Hail our King!

Christ the Saviour is born,

Jesus the Saviour, is born!"

The night was cold and clear. The stars

twinkled in the heavens and the moonlight glistened on the white crust. Below, in the street, stood a group singing Christmas carols.

I went back to my chair and sat silently considering these things, and as I thought of Christmas and its origin I saw, in the dancing firelight, a picture of the rough clad shepherds of long ago, keeping watch over their flocks. Suddenly there was a blinding light in the sky and the Heavenly Host appeared singing and praising God in the highest.

Then the picture changed and I now saw the three wise men following a shining star; and as they journeyed the star stood still over a stable in Bethlehem. There they found the Babe lying in a manger and beside Him sat His Mother, Mary, and near by stood Joseph. The wise men laid costly incense, myrrh, and spices at His feet, and offered Him precious gifts, praising God, and glorifying His works. My picture faded and with it passed the holy joy of the first Christmas.

This was followed by another picture portraying the merrymaking, the dancing, drinking, and giving of gifts at the Roman saturnalia and the cruder celebrations of the people farther north, as they glorified Odin

and Thor. Then appeared the high revelry of the Anglo-Saxon Christmas in the ninth century, and the grotesque mummary of the later English times. There was much eating and exchanging of gifts at these convivial celebrations, but little or no thought of anything deeper.

In what way is our Christmas in America different from these? God is not usually thought of, but everybody takes part in merrymaking and eating, forgetting the true meaning of the day. Our joyful celebrations, exchanging of gifts and family reunions on that day are certainly most desirable. Christmas is not complete without the turkey dinner and the Christmas tree, but sometime during the day let the Christmas story be repeated that the true spirit may be instilled into the hearts of all.

There is a legend that on Christmas eve the little Christ-Child wanders over all the world, and passes by every house, rich and poor. If the people welcome Him a lighted candle can be seen shining in the window, and He is invited into the warmth and splendor of their homes. Beautiful as is this legend still more beautiful is the desire to light our hearts with welcome and thankfulness to Him who so graciously bestowed the greatest gift on us.

## NIGHT

By Mary Reid, '24.

"O mysterious Night! thou art not silent—Many tongues hast thou."

**J**UST how many tongues night has one does not realize till he is out alone in the woods or better still, alone on a pond.

I thought I knew quite a few of the wonders of night but as I pushed the canoe off the bar and sprang after it, I realized what folly it is for anyone to think that he knows very much about nocturnal phenomena.

Sugar Loaf, a large white rock, looked like a mirage. In fact, everything seemed

unreal. A thin white mist softened the moon, the trees and the mountains, making them look very much like big puffy white dreams.

Even the shrill, weird cries of the owls as they swept down on unsuspecting mice, were softened into harmony with night's orchestra. The frogs, birds, fish, and animals seemed to play different little melodies, while the water and wind played the accompaniment, or—was it that the wind and water took the main themes, and the living, moving things were only there for



emphasis? It was all too deep for me. That big white night made me feel quite the little nobody I was, so I turned the canoe and added a drip-drip-drip to that melodious masterpiece, *Noises o' Night*, by Nature.

About six months after that spring night, I spent another night on the same pond. Yet what a different scene! It was all alive, sparkling and laughing, and yet so strangely black for all the snow. It seemed to shut us, our bonfire, and the frozen lake, from all the universe. Only the moon, that

"silver footed queen," and her most brilliant followers, the stars, were admitted.

All nature seemed to hold its breath as though it were waiting—waiting for something we can not sense.

"The stars are forth, the moon above the tops

Of the snow shining mountains—Beautiful!  
I linger yet with nature,—

—and in her shade

Of dim and solitary loveliness,

I learn the language of another world.

## A SEAPLANE RIDE

By Philip Whitman.

ANYONE who has never been up in a seaplane cannot imagine the sensations experienced in a ride out over the ocean. I will endeavor to describe to the best of my ability the feelings of an inexperienced passenger. The huge plane has to stop a few yards from shore on account of shallow water and you step into a rowboat which takes you out to the seaplane.

You then nervously climb over the side and in a shaky voice ask the pilot where you are to sit. He points to a cushioned seat and you gingerly seat yourself, all the time trying to look as calm and unruffled as possible. The seat is so low that you can barely hang your arm over the side when sitting, but the pilot straps you in just the same.

The man in the rowboat then spins the propeller and the noise that follows almost deafens you as the craft is swung around, and before you know it you are moving over the water. As there is little motion, you settle back a little and say to yourself that it is not so bad as you thought,—when all at once the speed increases and your heart misses a beat as the plane begins to move at a fast clip. Then before you have time to collect yourself the plane seems to vi-

brate and tremble as you fairly fly over the water at sixty miles an hour.

Then, to your horror, it increases to seventy, eighty and finally ninety as you sit rooted to your seat. Then gradually you begin to rise slowly but evenly until you are skimming over the craft in the bay, while you hopelessly try to wet your dry lips with a dry tongue. Not succeeding, you get up your courage to speak to the pilot when to your amazement not a sound passes your lips. You try again but it is of no use because the wind takes the breath right out of your mouth. In a final burst of courage you look over the side and seeing some people on the ground, waving, just as you leave the bay, you put your hand over the side to answer and get the surprise of your life when it is hurled back against a stanchion. For a while it is straight going only interrupted by "air-bumps," which every now and then cause you to grasp the rail harder than ever.

Then the pilot begins to turn around and you gaze fearfully at the water and ships as they seem to come slowly up to meet you, as the plane careens to make the turn. But as it does not last long you shut your eyes and count the seconds until it is over. Some more straight going and you are now

entering the bay. You do not mind the second turn as much as you do the first and this time manage to keep your eyes open as the pilot skillfully maneuvers the craft to

make the landing. In a few moments you are safely on land again with ringing ears as the only bad effect of your ride in a seaplane.

## TENTING

By Mary Reid, '24.

**H**AVE you ever opened your eyes in the morning to look upon a whitish gray canopy with gold and crimson leaves peeking in at one end? If you never have been tenting in the fall you cannot understand that glorious quiver that goes through one when he wakes. Everything is in harmony with the world the lap, lap of the lake, the chattering of the squirrels and chipmunks, the splash of a fish jumping for an early morning breakfast, and the distant call of a moose. Even a sweet smelling, springy fir bed could not keep me more than a minute from such a glorious sparkling universe.

Suddenly all that was shut out by wild wails, as, thinking it a shame that every one else was missing it, I had thrown a pillow at Sis and gently but firmly sat on Peg's head. After that there wasn't any time wasted in getting ready for the morning dip because the last one in has to build the fire—quite an unpopular job as usually the wood was wet from the frosts.

After a wonderful breakfast—wonderful because of the quantity not the quality—we started for a walk, taking Rex with us. Little did that happy hunter think that he was going to learn a painful lesson that day on his newly acquired pastime—hunting. We started out singing but hadn't gone far

before we knew that of the singing things we were the only ones not in tune. How could we, with our petty ditties, be in tune with the trees when they were singing songs that have always been? But we did not have long to listen after we had stopped singing, for just at that moment Rex raced past with a dead porcupine in his mouth! We whistled, called, and finally gave chase. When we did get him he'd played with it so long the quills had worked into his nose, mouth and even tongue. It took two of us to hold him while the other pulled the quills out with some pincers that were in the auto.

Why is it that every time you turn your back on a pup he is into some kind of mischief? When I was putting the pincers back in the car Rex began an investigation to see just why that animal hurt him so. I don't think he learned the why of it but he very nearly got pricked again for his questioning.

The rest of the day flew! Just what it flew with I don't know, everything goes so quickly when you are camping—you wake up to greet the dawn and the first thing you know there is a big bonfire on the beach. A banjo and a ukelele are keeping time with the frogs while a big moon makes a path straight over the lake to you.

## THE RACE

By Arline Palmer, '25.

**J**EAN Alvin's new roadster stood before the house. It was a small but powerful machine, and Mr. Alvin had guessed his daughter's wish well when he chose the roadster as her birthday gift.

Presently Lillian Calvert and Jean came gaily out of the house. As they were descending the steps a messenger dashed across the sidewalk, leaving his bicycle at the curb.

"Telegram for Miss Jean Alvin."



Jean signed the book absently, and hastily tore open the message.

"My father—at Wendall!" she cried. "He left for Oakley this morning. Listen: 'Come immediately; James R. Alvin.' Do you suppose anything has happened to him? Won't you come, too, Lillian?"

"I don't know. Mother and Dot are away and I—oh, I can leave a note for Dad."

A few minutes later the Stutz was speeding along the macadamized road to Wendall covering the twenty-two miles in a remarkably short time.

The town of Wendall is entirely surrounded by hills and a railroad runs through the lowest part. In order to enter the town from any direction one must go down a hill.

"This is the last hill," sighed Jean, recklessly taking it on high and at an unusual rate.

As they came to the top of the hill, Jean remembered that there was a railroad crossing below, but she was unable to stop the car. Panic-stricken, she discovered that her brakes refused to work. In her excitement she completely forgot her emergency brake.

James Alvin had reached Wendall when he discovered that he had left some papers which he needed in his safe at home. As he was the only person who knew the combination of the safe, there was nothing to

do but return for the papers. Wendall is a small town and few trains stop there. How was he to get the papers? It was then that idea of sending for Jean presented itself. By riding back with her, he could secure the documents and reach Oakley not much later than he had originally planned.

He did not realize how the carelessly-worded telegram would worry Jean. However, knowing her impetuous temperament, he felt certain that she would come as soon as possible. He was watching from the window of his brother's house, when a Stutz roadster appeared at the top of the hill.

Mr. Alvin gripped his chair. Couldn't the driver see the train coming? It was Jean's car! Why didn't she stop it?

Onward came the little machine—it seemed that it must crash into the train. Jean, white to the lips, with one burst of strength, turned the wheel and drove the car into her uncle's doorstep. The collision threw her and she struck her head on something.

A half an hour later Jean opened her eyes to find her friend, aunt, uncle, Mr. Alvin and the doctor grouped about her bed.

"I guess I broke your doorstep, Uncle," she murmured, weakly.

And James Alvin—staid, middle-aged business man—gave a little hop of joy. Jean was safe!

## A BABY'S PRAYER

By M. P. McManus, '24.

IT was Christmas Eve in 1917. A light shone from the window of the little white house as if to welcome someone. It was a cheerful light, yet it held a gleam of sadness.

Within the house Mabel Young was tucking little Billy into bed.

"And what does my baby want Santa Claus to bring him?"

Billy was thoughtful for a few minutes.

"Mamma, can Santa Claus do anything like God?"

"No, dear. Santa Claus is an old man with white hair and whiskers and he brings all sorts of nice things to good little boys at Christmas."

Billy scowled, "I don't like Santa Claus if he can't bring my Daddy back."

His mother caught her breath.

"Mamma, the little Baby in the crib can

bring Daddy home, can't He?"

Mabel did not answer.

"Let's ask the Little Baby, Mamma."

A cry escaped from Mabel. Then, recovering herself she said, "You ask Him, dear. Tell Him we're lonesome for Daddy and want him, oh, so much. Tell Him that, Billy."

Billy knelt in the bed and prayed for his Daddy. His mother knelt beside him, incapable of speech. Was it wrong to let the child pray for something she knew could not be granted? She knew, but could not believe. There was the cablegram in the bureau draw—proof enough. How could she tell Billy that his Daddy was killed—would never return? She hoped—she prayed—

"And bring him home to Mamma and me."

"Good night, sleep tight," whispered Mabel, trying hard to swallow the lump in her throat.

Then she left Billy and went into the little living room. She drew up a chair before the fire and rocked herself fiercely to and fro. Somehow she hated to begin fixing the tree for the act would recall such memories. How well she remembered that last Christmas! With what happy fun had she and Dan decorated the tree! With what strategy had they smuggled the toys into the house!

Dan was always impetuous. At the first sound of the bugle he was off to war. Her tears were of no avail, his duty must come first. Not even little Billy's clinging hands could detain him.

Of course, letters came, jolly letters, always happy. But still—Mabel had that awful fear hanging over her. The day she got the cablegram was one she would never forget, for it was stamped on her brain with a brand of fire. "Missing in action," those words tossed themselves over and over in her mind. Hoping against hope, she waited for more news—but none came. When she

hung that gold star in the window she yielded to fate. If he died for his country he might at least have the credit that was due him but she resented that star because hope would not die. She could not believe him dead.

The wind was blowing wildly outside. It shook the house and slammed the blinds. Mabel went to see if Billy was warm.

In her previous haste Mabel had left the curtain up in Billy's room. She was in the act of pulling it down when she noticed the sky. It was a very dark blue, and away to the east was a beautiful bright star. She gazed at the star, and wondered if Dan were looking at it. She felt that he was, and with a great feeling of relief, pulled down the curtain. A strange happiness thrilled her, and with a lighter heart she began to trim the tree.

\* \* \* \* \*

In a German prison camp, some fifteen miles behind the lines, were twelve Americans, chief among whom was Lieut. Daniel Young. It was Christmas Eve, and the group were on the verge of despair. Each thought of the home he had left. Christmas Day was their last day to live, and it held no joy for them. Six months in a German prison camp is enough to break even the bravest spirit, and all hailed death as a relief.

Lieut. Young was as downcast as the rest. Through the bars in his prison he looked out into the night. The sky was dark, but high in the eastern heavens, a star shone with joyous gleaming. "Behold, I bring thee good tidings of great joy, for on this night is born a Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord." The angel's words came to Dan's mind like the lines of a long-forgotten verse, and the joy of that birth flooded his soul with gladness. Then he thought of Mabel, his boy, Billy, and he felt a new strength of mind and heart. He felt, too, that Billy was praying for him.

Involuntarily, Dan began to sing the



"Adeste Fidelis." His men looked at him, caught the reckless joy that he felt, and all burst forth into song. A great joy, indeed, that could offset the dread of death!

Now, by a strange coincidence of fate, a new officer had been placed in charge of the prison camp. This new officer was a soldier, a remarkable specimen of German militia. He was, also, a gentleman, a man of exceeding refinement and culture, contrary to most of our ideas of a German officer, and had a wide knowledge of English and French. Seventeen years before, he had played the part of Christ in the Passion Play at Oberammergau, and always he imitated Christ in daily life as far as possible. He was a soldier, because he thought it was his duty to be one, but he hated enmity and bloodshed. All his men loved him, and he loved them as well.

On this Christmas Eve, Major Schillig was thinking. He knew that by a previous order twelve Americans were to be put to death, and the thought saddened him. What a terrible thing it is, that men should kill men. Interrupting this mental soliloquy came the strains of "Adeste Fidelis."

Drawn by the song, and instantly recognizing it, Major Schillig strolled past the

prison door. He saw the heavenly exultation in the faces of the men, and he, too, sang. While he was singing, he thought what a pity it was that these men should die. Love suffused his being, a blessed love for his fellow men. An impulse seized him, and he was once more the imitator of Christ. Ordering the doors to be unlocked, he cried out to the prisoners:

"Thy sins are forgiven thee.' Go! In His name whose praise we sing, I give you your freedom, for Christ is again born in me. Moreover, I shall send escorts to lead you safely across the lines."

Thus was the baby's prayer answered, and the eastern star lighted the way back to safety. The German escorts, too, seemed to feel that a miracle was being performed and they made not a treacherous move.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Christmas Eve, 1918, Mabel, Dan, and Billy were all together in the parlor of the little white house. Dan had just finished telling the story of his escape.

"So, you see, it's a miracle that I'm here."

"It was the baby's prayer," said Mabel, stroking Billy's head.

## AN OCTOBER PICTURE

By Irma Jones.

AS I look out of my window, I can see a long distance over the landscape. Everything is of a brownish tint with a little green here and there.

In the foreground of this realistic picture, I can see a low green and white bungalow. Three small children are playing about the front of the steps. They are dressed in bright clothes and with their sunny hair and quick movements, they add life and color to my picture.

Back of the bungalow, the ground slopes gradually to a small, singing brook, hurry-

ing along to the river. From the brook the hills rise again, up, up, up, until they are lost in the clouds and the upmost one is hazy and just in outline. These hills are thickly wooded, mostly with maples and beeches, which are so beautiful in their resplendent colors at this time of year. Here and there among these trees are large evergreens, which give contrast and add much to the beauty of the lighter shades.

On this landscape the sun is casting rays of the sunset hour, and everything is quiet, serene and peaceful.



During the second meeting of the Girls' Debating Society, the following new members were elected: Agnes Coffey, Charlotte Drummond, Margaret Spurr and Helen Stewart.

A lively debate, especially fine for the first one of the year, followed the business meeting. The question was:

Resolved: That Bangor Should Get Its Water Supply from Phillips Lake According to the Plan Brought Before the City Council by Engineer Thorpe.

Miriam Bunker, the first speaker for the affirmative, stated that Bangor needs and can afford a new water system, and that the present condition of the water causes an undesirable growth in the pipes. She brought in a large piece of pipe, taken from the Hannibal Hamlin school, full of this growth and other substances. The fact that the mayor sent her this exhibit, showed her enterprise.

Jessie Garland, taking the negative, maintained that Bangor has an ample supply of water, fully as pure as Phillips lake, and that the pipes need only to be cleaned frequently. She also spoke of the expense of a new system.

Ruth Daggett, the second speaker for the affirmative, endeavored to prove that Phillips lake is the most desirable source, as it has good position and gravel bottom. She

suggested that Goose pond could be held as a reserve supply, and that the gravity system could be used.

Barbara Johnson, second speaker for the negative, stated that Phillips lake would not satisfy the increasing demand for water, and that Phillips lake is not superior.

A brisk rebuttal followed. Every member present had a word to say, and argument filled the air. Miss Garland closed for the negative and Miss Bunker for the affirmative.

A vote of the club gave the decision to the affirmative.

Respectfully submitted,

Arline Palmer,  
Secretary.

Some of you have not shown any interest in this function of the school. There was a time when Bangor High was one of the best schools for debating in the state, but at that time the whole student body took an interest in Debating. Surely it will not hurt any of you to inquire into this department. Make it a point next term to join if you have the time. There is much fun as well as training to be obtained here. Especially we urge the two lower classes to join the "House" because it will help them when they try for the Junior exhibition.





# LOCALS

Through the generosity of the Rotary Club, free tickets were distributed to those High school pupils who wished to attend the Marine Band concert, which was given at the Auditorium. Many went and all greatly enjoyed the music.

Leonora Hall and Kenneth Field were the seniors to lead Assembly this month.

An interesting feature of the Teachers' Convention this year was the school music festival. The chorus and orchestra, composed of High school students from Bangor and the outlying towns, was led by Dr. Philbrook, an instructor at Castine Normal school. The band, also composed of High school students, was conducted by Mr. Whipple, a former leader of our High School band. One number especially, on the program, a song, by a quartet of boys from Colby, was received with much applause by the audience.

The sweater dance held in City Hall, was not exactly a monumental success. Perhaps most of the customary dancers had gone to Brunswick for the Bowdoin-Maine game.

Because of the closing of the lunch-room owing to the shortened recess and also because of the band's chronic need of money,

Mr. Proctor has given permission for need'ems to be sold at the entrances to the Assembly hall. The trade is usually brisk.

November 4, the following members of the second year class were elected for officers:

President: Roderick O'Connor.

Vice-President: Priscilla Sawyer.

Secretary: Caroline Collins.

Treasurer: Clayton Gary.

Member of Athletic Council: Harold Schiro.

Committee for Sophomore Reception: Frances Palmer, Clarence Coffey.

At a meeting of the Rifle Club, held a short time ago, the following officers were elected:

President: Ralph Mayo.

Vice-President: Benjamin Rosen.

Secretary and Treasurer: Lynwood Hayden.

Coach and Captain: Eugene Winch.

Both the band and orchestra upheld the reputation of the musical department in Bangor schools at the annual Teachers' Convention, held in the Auditorium. A fine program was rendered by both organizations and everybody, it is hoped, thoroughly enjoyed it.

At last Bangor High has a new school song and it is indeed a credit to its author, Manuel Epstein, a member of the second year class. The music as well as the words, was composed by Mr. Epstein, the former with some assistance from Mr. Whipple. The words are as follows:

# BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL DAYS.

1.

Stand up and cheer,  
Stand up and cheer for good old Bangor,  
For today we raise the Red and White  
above the rest.  
Our men are fighting,  
For they are bound to win the game,  
We've got the might,  
We've got the fight,  
For these are Bangor High School days.  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

2.

Fight, Bangor, fight!  
Fight for the good old name of Bangor  
And make the team the best the school has  
ever had.  
We'll stand behind you,  
We'll stand behind you until the last,  
We've got the team,  
We've got the steam,  
For these are Bangor High School days,  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

3.

Shout, Bangor, shout!  
Shout so the players all can hear you  
And put the spirit of the school into their  
hearts,  
So that they'll fight,  
And fight hard to win the game.  
Let's hear the spirit  
Of all the rooters,  
For these are Bangor High School days.  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

One of the most enjoyable affairs of the early season was the Band dance, held in the Assembly hall on the eve of Armistice Day. A fairly large crowd, good music and clean refreshments made the affair a great success.

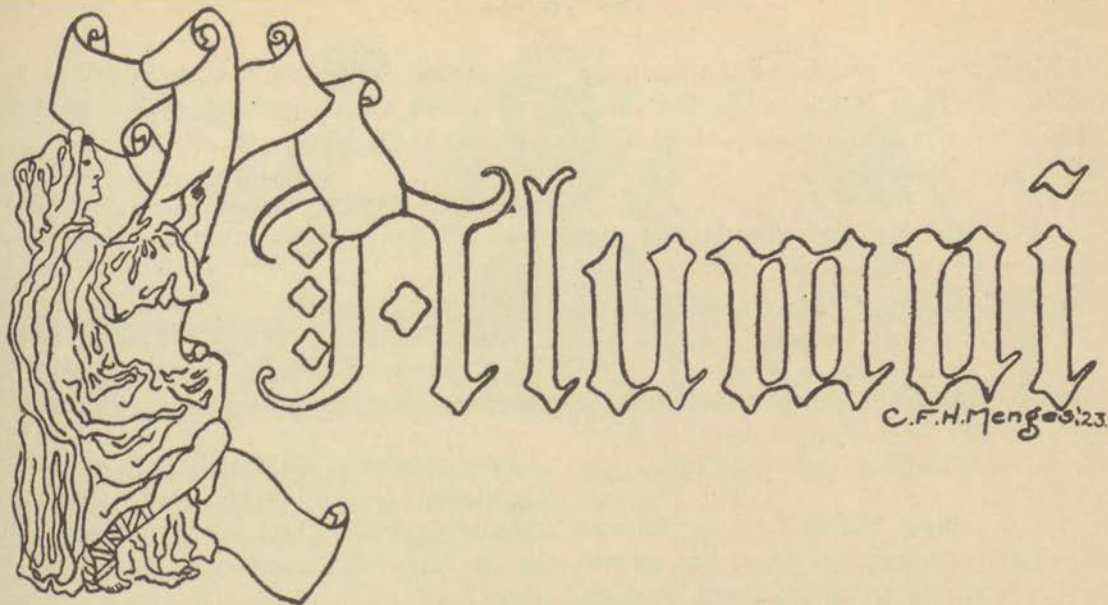
Being a freshman has some advantages for that class had in chapel on Monday, Oct. 30, a demonstration by Lieut. A. J. Fortier, who is a mathematical marvel. Lieutenant Fortier spoke for some moments on mathematics and then gave several remarkable demonstrations of his ability as a mathematician.

Then again, on Wednesday, November 8, Mr. Ralph Littlefield, a member of the famous drum section of the High School Band, gave a short talk on the Band dance, held in the Assembly hall, Friday, the 10th. Mr. Littlefield proved to be a most eloquent speaker, mentioning the start of the Band under Mr. O'Neil, its rise to a high position in musical circles, at one time having been considered one of the best school bands in the county; the lowering of its morale and then of its efforts to climb back to the position it once held.

The conduct of the students of this school has been commented upon by both Portland and Bangor. This city is very proud of its young people because of their excellent conduct while in Portland at the game on November 18, 1922.

The football team and High School band has been well received in Bangor since their return from the Portland trip. They were invited to the Opera House, then to the Chateau and on the twenty-eighth of November, they attended the Bijou in a body.





The marriage of Miss Ruth M. Clark, '14, to Mr. Ernest F. Bodman of Framingham, Mass., took place September 19, at the home of the bride, 36 Charles street, Bangor.

Many friends extend their best wishes to Miss Prudence Robinson of this city, who became the bride of Garret Spiers of Bethlehem, Pa., on Sept. 30.

Everett Roberts, formerly of Bangor, and Miss Carrie Wideawake of Scotia, N. Y., were united in marriage at Albany, N. Y., on September 23. Mr. Roberts, who graduated from the Bangor High school and then the University of Maine, is now an instructor in the electrical department at the college.

Miss Nellie Brown, formerly well known in Bangor as superintendent of kindergartens, has been appointed alumnae group field executive for the Builders of the National Kindergarten and Elementary College of Chicago, a group of nationally known Americans.

Clarence Stetson of Bangor, is now an author of repute. Mr. Stetson, who is sec-

retary to Hoover, has recently written a book dealing with the Colorado River Development. He has become noted for his efficient service in the Department of Commerce.

Paul White, a well known violinist and composer, was recently united in marriage to Miss Josephine Kryl, the daughter of the well known musical director, Bohmme Kryl.

Gerald O'Connor of Bangor, who has been a student at St. Canasin's college, Buffalo, N. Y., has taken a position with the General Electric Company in that city.

Mike Trainor, who was well known as a football player while in High school, is now starring on the Canasin's football team. This is Mr. Trainor's second year at the Buffalo college.

Miss Frances Pearson, who recently completed a course at the Gorham Normal School, is now teaching in Winslow.

Miss Gertrude Kearney has entered the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York City.

Word has been received of the marriage at Kineo, of Miss Halcyon Goodwin, '22, and Benjamin True of the class of '16, Garland High school.

Rev. Charles McKoy recently had the degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him. His friends wish him many more honors.

Miss Vesta Leighton, '22, was united in marriage with Earl Claridge Rand of Monroë, in Belfast, on the 17th of October.

Miss Kathleen Mullen, who graduated from Trinity college last June, has entered the University of Maine for a post graduate course.

A great deal of interest has been shown in the marriage of Miss Laura Jones of this city, to Steven Abbott of Waterville.

Robert Rich of Berlin, N. H., and Ruth Bartlett Chalmers of this city, were united in marriage on October 14. Miss Chalmers is a graduate of Bangor High school as well as a teacher. Her former students and friends extend to her their best wishes.

Frances Pearson, who recently completed a course at the Gorham Normal school, is now teaching in Winslow.

Desmond Daley, '14, a star football player in High school and college, is now a coach at H. C. I.

Doris F. Moore, '22, is studying at Miss Weir's School of Elocution in Worcester, Mass.

Granville Bond, '21, and Carleton Bean, '22, have both entered the University of Maine.

Rev. Charles J. McKay, '95, a New York clergyman, is now a Doctor of Divinity, that degree having been conferred upon him by the National University of Atlanta.

Word has been received of the marriage at Kineo of Halcyon Goodwin, '22, and Benjamin E. True of Garland.

Dorothy Hallett, ex '23, has entered the Abbot Academy, Andover, Mass.

John Edward Buckley died at the age of 77, at his home on Main street. Mr. Buckley was a graduate of Bangor High school.

Donald Mason, a former student of this school, and also Elliot Kimball, are both making good in the football team at Hebron Academy.







The University of Maine second team was played Saturday, November 11, at Bass Park. The score when the final whistle blew was 0 to 0. The field was a sea of mud, and, to make things more enjoyable, rain fell during the whole of the game. The Orono team outweighed the local boys, but the Crimson outplayed them, and that is what counts. During the whole of the first half and most of the second, the ball was in the college lads' territory. The Maine team was penalized many times for offside play, but they were offside many more times. An unusual play was pulled off in the second half. Bangor kicked off, and the Maine man who received the ball immediately kicked it back; Cunningham ran the ball back to about the middle of the field. The "Seconds" got some lucky breaks in the very last of the game, and at the final whistle the ball was on Bangor's five yard line.

The men who have made their letters this year in football are as follows:

Captain "Steve" Casper, Manager Benson Davis, "Touchy" Short, "Red" Lynch, Malcolm Tapley, Eric Jansson, John Lynch, "Ikey" Colburn, "Sharks" McClay, "Bonsey" Curran, Freeman Murray, "Buck" Connors, George Noddin, "Bill" Bond, Stanley Cunningham, "Farmer" O'Brien, Allen Rooks, "Sharkey" Staples, "Pat" Strout, Nathan Epstein, "Jake" Rogan, Ralph Ulmer, "Spink" O'Connell, "Fat"

Sawyer, Clayton Gary, Aaron Gotlib, and James Samway.

The basketball season is approaching, and prospects for a crackerjack team are more than promising. All the members of last year's team, with the exception of Bob Collins, are back at school. With "Eddie" Trowell coaching, a combination should be developed that will take the measure of any team that can be produced by any other school in the state. Manager Wilbur McGinnis has already secured several good games, and Bangor High should have a successful year in basketball, to say the least.

Saturday, October 21, a second game was played with Higgins Classical Institute at Charleston. It had been expected that this would be a hard game, but it turned out to be the opposite, for the Crimson easily won by a 1 to 0 score. The Charleston crew did not have much to offer, and what there was of it was easily met by the Bangor defense. The only time the Higgins team threatened was in the third period, when they worked the ball to the Crimson's 30-yard line, where they were held for downs. In the final quarter practically all of the substitutes were given a chance to show their worth by Coach Trowell. Connors made two of Bangor's touchdowns, the other one was made by Cunningham, and Noddin made a try for point after a touchdown.



### Not the Whole Truth.

Some farmers in a certain country place had noticed that their fowl were being stolen, and reported the case to the police.

A few days later a negro was arrested on suspicion and brought before the judge, who, wishing to know if he ever committed a similar offense, commenced to cross-examine him.

"Did you ever steal a hen?" asked the judge.

"No, sir," came the quick reply.

"Did you ever steal a turkey?" asked the judge.

"No, sir, I never did."

"Did you ever steal a duck?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"Well, since you have never committed any of these offenses, you are discharged," said the judge.

The darkey left the court room and met a friend to whom he related his experience, and added:

"But, golly, if he had said, 'Did you ever steal a rooster?' he would have had me."

A teacher in a lower grade was instructing her pupils in the use of a hyphen. Among the examples given by the children was the word "bird-cage."

"That's right," encouragingly remarked the teacher. "Now, Paul, tell me why we have a hyphen in 'bird-cage'."

"It's for the birds to sit on," was the astonishing reply of the youngster.

Miss Heath (teaching English class, 3rd period): "Mr. Whittier, what is the difference between courage and rashness?"

Mr. Whittier, '23: "Well, I saw a man in Clare's the other day buying a Police Gazette. That was rashness. I saw a man in the library reading Shakespeare. That was courage! !"

### Look Out, Boys, They're Armed.

Rideout in English:

"A scimitar is a curved sword used by the Turkeys."

Pupil: "Teacher can any one be punished for something they don't do?"

Teacher: "Why certainly not."

Pupil, smiling: "Well, I didn't do my arithmetic today."

Freshman: "Pa, can you write your name with your eyes closed?"

Pa: "Certainly, Willie."

Freshman: "Well, then, sign this report card."

### How Did He Do It?

Miss Ayer, '23, translating French:

"La Ramee went out and the eyes of Grimaud followed him."



### Some People.

Teacher in Latin: "Can anybody tell me what the word interim means?"

Brilliant Scholar, '26: "Sure I know what it means. It means the inner rim of a tire."

### The Wild Animal.

"Henry, are you sure that turkey you just shot was wild?"

"Not so sure about the turkey but the farmer is."—Judge.

### Misinformation Column.

#### All Questions Answered.

D. L., '24—Dot, we think that you are foolish to take this step without first lining up some other young man. Besides, we know Henry personally, and understand his side of the case clearly.

J. H., '23—As far as we know there is no such a volume. However, you should govern your parlor etiquette better than you do.

W. L., '23—Of course, William, we have no law that says you can't take another fellow's girl to dances. However, it's not being done this year and you have violated one of society's first laws.

K. L., '24—Well, Ken, all we can say is that walking never hurt anyone, and if you like the girl what else matters?

S. C., '22—Which one do you mean? We seem to have a difficult time in keeping track of your lady friends.

B. S., '24—Yes, Bruce, married life is tough. You are as right as Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean.

Miss '26—Yes, we are sorry to say that both Henry and Herbert are seniors.

Miss '23—Your letter is very interesting. However, we must ask you not to drop any more private correspondence in the "Oracle" box, as several of the other editors have access to it.

J. B., 24—No, Deac, straw hats will not be worn this winter.

H. R., '23—No, Herbert, we do not know of a molasses refinery in Bangor and believe that the Chemistry lab, remodeled for this purpose, would be just about O. K.

### They Say—

That Harold Porter, '23, is after a geometry professor's job.

That the Solid-French orchestra will conduct all rehearsals outside of schools until after the ranks are given out.

That Pinky Russell is still registered at school.

That Carroll Dudley will not assist in the Physics course this year.

Wanted: Guides to assist Freshmen in finding their rooms.

Wanted: Position as French tutor, by R. Littlefield.

Mrs. Smith wants washing.

Wanted: Money lenders to accommodate those who forget or lack the money for their daily Needham.

### NOTICE! NEEDHAMS LATEST STYLE!

To be in the swim nowadays, one must eat Needhams, one if not more, any time between quarter past ten and twelve o'clock. The fourth period is the time most in vogue, and Room 113 is the fashionable rendezvous of the Needham eaters. More and vigorous salesmen have been commandeered, and business is brisk. If anyone forgets their daily nickel, we have put in a want ad. for money lenders and hope to have you accommodated soon.

**THE TATLER** wishes you  
A Merry Christmas and a  
Happy and Prosperous New  
Year. . . . .

# THE B. H. S.

VOLUME I

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

## GOBBLERS SAID TO BE SECRETLY ORGANIZING

**Mystic Order Which Suspended Activities Upon Death of Sacred Owl, Have a New Bird that is Alive and Hooting, Says Reporter.---Tatler Gets First Hand Information for Biggest Scoop of Year.**

The Tatler gathered in some interesting information yesterday that led to what promises to be one of the biggest stories of the year, when a reporter overheard a conversation that started him on a little Craig Kennedy last night. After being absent from the office for two and one-half hours, the reporter returned after having been present at a regular meeting and grand reunion of the Ancient Egyptian Order of Gobblers, which had, by all appearances, disappeared from this section some time ago.

### Owl Died.

It was understood that following a highly exciting winter, the Owl, Ramesis I, and sacred bird of the order had developed pneumonia and had applied for admission into the next world. Many remember the impressive ceremony that the members of the order staged in laying the bird on its

final roost. From that day until last night no word has been heard of the Gobblers.

### Reporter Gets An Earful.

Last night the Tatler's star reporter got an earful, and later was asked if he would like to join the order. Not being sure as to just what was up, he made a reasonable excuse and departed. Learning the place of the meeting was to be at a well known Central street hangout, our hero was on hand and gained the following dope: The Imperial Chancellor of New England has received an order from Soudan to resume activities. Ramesis II, the new Owl, has taken the throne "and the planet Orisis has thrice circled the moon." The Hassam Temple at Hong Kong, China, is already reorganized, and reports from Pensacola, Constantinople, Oklahoma City, Buenos Ayres, Porto Rico and Carmel indi-

Continued on Next Page.

## B. H. S. BRIEFS

T. Veayo's Freshman Sereaders will show the Freshmen that Paul Whiteman is not the best in the world on each Monday noon's chapel.

Friends of Bill Largay will be glad to learn that he recently completed another experiment in chemistry.

Some of the Seniors are so anxious to attend school that they lose track of the days, and recently a few well known members of '23 were on hand one Sunday.

Bruce Smith's Merry Men will hold a rehearsal this recess at the Assembly hall. Bruce says he's booked to play for the P. G. reception and the Freshman Prom.

One girl we know waved so much to the boys that she developed a permanent wave in her hand.

Fishing seems to be popular with some of the local sports. Deac Burns and Phil Smith are among the prominent anglers in our midst. Deac said they didn't have much luck on their recent trip.



# TATLER

DECEMBER, 1922

NUMBER 3

THE TATLER wishes you  
A Merry Christmas and a  
Happy and Prosperous New  
Year. . . . .

## K. K. K. HAS NOTHING ON THE SOPHOMORES

Freshman Hero Gets a

Ducking at Abbott Sq.

The Tatler cub reporter, on his nightly rounds recently viewed a Ku Klux demonstration at the Abbott Square pump. The victim of the incident was none other than a highly respected member of the Freshman class, who for some reason or other, was being led through a shower bath sketch at the hands of a crowd of young ruffians that bore all the earmarks of Sophomores. It was learned that the young man's name was Earl Gott. The Freshman Police force arrived on the scene after the excitement was all over. The Keystone Cops have nothing on this bunch. The Chief informed the Tatler that a network is being laid to catch the culprits and a reward will be posted for any information leading to arrests.

## GOBBLERS ORGANIZING

Continued From First Page.

cate that those temples are well along in the process of reestablishment. The Grand Sequestrator will open his office on Tuesday next, and

nobles will be required to pay their dues at this time. The Grand Imperial Wizard is on his way from the Imperial Court to be in attendance at the Gobblers' ball next month. The Grand Worthy Cyclops and Honorable Exemplifier of the Noble Ritual are also expected.

### Members Silent.

Upon getting this information, the Tatler at once got in touch with several who were known to have been in the order at the time it was temporarily disbanded. They all refused to say anything on the subject but were very curious to find out where the Tatler got the information. Big developments are expected, and unless the Imperial Bouncer smashes our press some night the Tatler promises to come forth with another big exposure of this secret organization next month. Absolutely, Mr. Gallagher? Positively, Mr. Shean!

## LOCAL SPORT TODAY

Chalk throwing in all class rooms.

Track meet on first floor under auspices of Freshman A. A.

Latin Translation by Caesar A. C.

## SPORTING DIPS

Now that football is all over, the fans are gathering around the fire and doping out their all-American elevens. Dips received the following in the morning mail, which looks pretty fair.

Name	School	Position
Out of	.....Luck	.....l.e.
Oil	.....of Cloves	.....l.t.
Joan	.....of Arc	.....l.g.
Essence	..of Peppermint	....c.
Right	.....of Way	.....r.g.
Out	.....of Order	.....r.t.
Why	....of Course	.....r.e.
What	.....of It	.....q.b.
Whatteryethink	of That	l.h.b.
That	...of All Things	...r.h.b.
Cumtuthink	....of It	.....f.b.

What's your list?

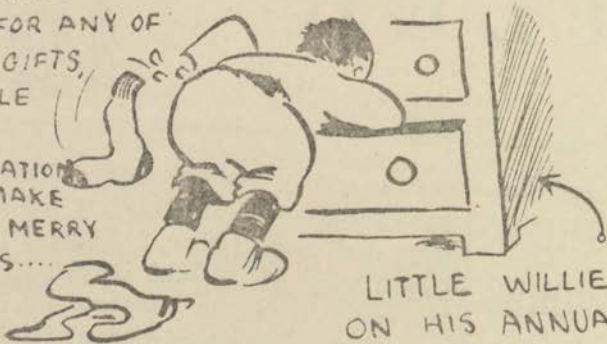
Basketball will now hold the center of the stage for a few months. Several of the football stars will report for practice but I understand that Dub Collins is ineligible.

Ben Davis says he comes in here for a lot of credit for all of the Crimson football victories. Al reasons that if he hadn't arranged the games they couldn't have won them. Clarence, put that down on page 56. !!!

BROTHER GEORGE IS  
NOT HOPING FOR ANY OF  
THE USUAL GIFTS,  
BUT A LITTLE  
CASH  
CONSIDERATION  
WOULD MAKE  
HIS A MERRY  
XMAS....



LITTLE WILLIE IS  
ON HIS ANNUAL  
SEARCH FOR THE  
LARGEST STOCKING  
IN THE  
HOUSE.



ALICE MARIE THINKS  
IT WOULD BE MUCH  
MORE ROMANTIC IF SANTA  
WAS YOUNGER.....

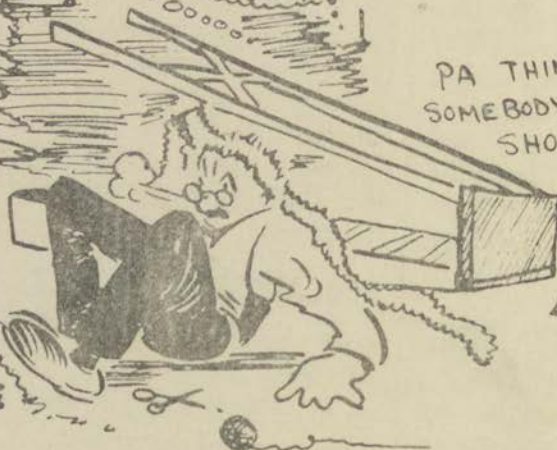


NO ONE  
APPRECIATES  
XMAS  
LIKE  
THE  
POSTMAN..



HE HEARD  
SOMEBODY  
SAY THAT THERE  
WASN'T ANY  
SANTA  
CLAUS....

PA THINKS  
SOMEBODY ELSE  
SHOULD TRIM  
THE  
TREE.....







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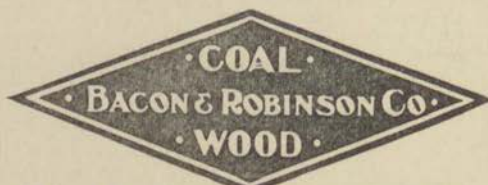
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