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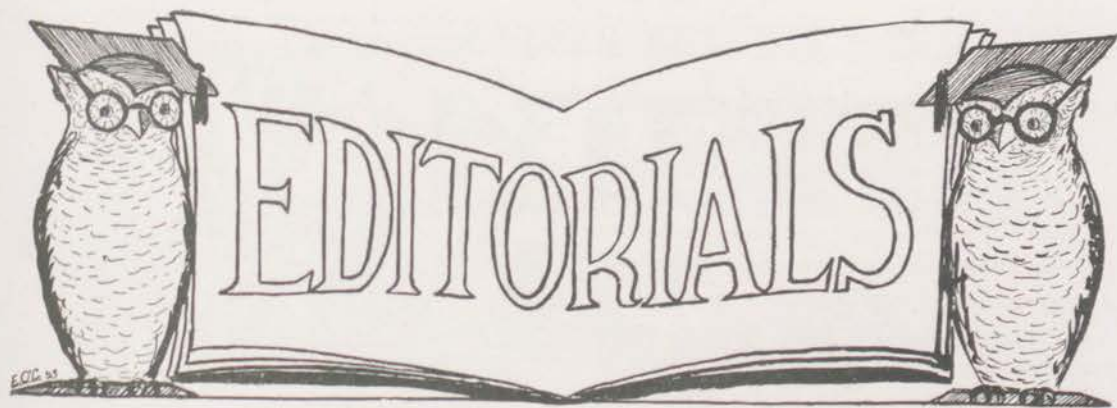
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CHRISTMAS

Christmas, the greatest holiday of the year, will soon be here.

On this Christmas day let us try to get a little nearer to the underlying idea of the festival and remember that we are celebrating the birthday of our Lord who said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" these words express clearly the Christmas spirit and our celebration of the holiday should strive to embody what our Lord defined as the true spirit of giving.

Don't give expecting something in return. We should rather lend a helping hand to the less fortunate fellow-beings, from whom we can expect nothing in return. Carrying on in this spirit we shall celebrate Christmas in a living, truthful sense.

According to one of the beautiful legends of the past, three Wise men, or Magi, as they are sometimes called, (representatives of that Sublime Lodge which has sent out so many teachers into the world) saw His sign or star in the East, and following it came presently to the lowly birth-place in the city of David. There with gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh they paid their symbolic tribute to a King. The gold and frankincense signify royal state, and myrrh is the symbol of Death. This was a fitting tribute to One who was thenceforth to rule in the heart of man as the Lord of Life and Death.

To us in this day there remains no direct tribute to pay to a royal child. We serve Him in serving our fellow-man. He has said, "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the

least of these, my brethren, you have done it unto Me."—Assoc. Ed.

WHERE IS YOUR WORTH?

Have we gone so far that we can trample under foot any of the precious things that the Creator has endowed us with? It's only a question, but it's a good one to ask ourselves once in a while in order to sort of check up on our attitude of mind. Are we allowing others to trample under foot any of these precious things? That's another good one to check up on the quality of our courage.

How beautiful and precious is the rose! And yet some heedless or careless person can tread it into the dirt or wrench from it its petals and cast them to the wind, because they can be ignorant or careless of the wonderful beauty that the Creator has tried to reveal there.

How majestic and precious is the shade tree that stands by the way, towering toward the sky in its wonderful symmetry! And yet there are some who, forgetful of the majesty of that tree, can chop into its trunk, hack at its roots, break off limbs, or even cut it down entirely.

Now such actions are obviously contrary to what everyone feels, or can understand, is right.

Are not we girls and boys by far more precious than even the rose and the shade tree? Where, then, are they who know that they are their sister's keeper or their brother's keeper, and who ought to dare to say, "Her beauty must not be ground into the dirt, or his character must not be toppled to the earth?"

Each one possesses pearls of great price which are his who keeps them, pearls which can be sold or cast away but which cannot be restored by money. Therefore, how wise is the exhortation: "neither cast your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you."

A strong body, a clear mind, a clean, courageous heart,—these are the pearls which, if used aright, will gain other pearls also in the market of life.

EXTRA CURRICULA ACTIVITIES

Special effort has been made this year to systematize our extra curricula activities, by practical distribution of offices, or of time-using participation in these activities, among the students. The following is the report of the committee (composed of the highest officers of each organization) who represented the school; it is, therefore, official and must be heeded by all:

COMMON CLUB INTERESTS

1. Clubs should stand for simplicity in all matters—entertainments, refreshments, expenditure of money.
No club should give entertainments for money to be used for any purpose except defraying expenses of said entertainment.
2. Each club should arrange and conduct one Assembly each year.
3. How much publicity should be given to proceedings of clubs in city papers?
4. No pupil shall hold more than one major office during a school year. A major office means the highest office in each organization.

SCHEDULE OF MEETINGS

Weeks—2, 4, 6, 8, etc.—even

Monday	1	(p. m.)	
	2	(Eve)	French
Tuesday	1		Band
	2		
Wednesday	1		Orchestra
	2		Library

Thursday	1	(2.30)	Dramatic
	2	(4.15)	Geometry
	2		History

Weeks—1, 3, 5, 7, etc.—odd

Monday	1		Debating
	2		Chemistry
Tuesday	1		Band
	2		
Wednesday	1		Orchestra
	2		Commercial
Thursday	1		
	2		Latin

CLUB MEMBERSHIP—POINT SYSTEM

Each student should carry at least one but not more than *nine* points. The aim is to include everyone in some extra curricular activity, but to limit those who might let clubs absorb too much time. It is the student's responsibility to choose those activities in which he is most interested to make up a total of not more than *nine points*.

Athletic Managers	4
Assistant Managers	2
Athletic Captains	3
Athletic Squad Members	3
Class Presidents and Treasurers	3
Class Vice-Presidents and Secretaries	2
Ring Committee, etc.	1
Home room officers	1
Debating, French, History, Latin, Chemistry, Geometry, Commercial, Dramatic, Library, Rifle, Officers', Honor Council, and similar clubs:	
President	3
Other Officers, including permanent chairmen of committees	2
Members	1
Members of band and orchestra	3
Members of Glee Club	1
Dramatic Club—parts in plays	1½-2
Editor of "Oracle"	4
Business Manager of "Oracle"	4
"Oracle" Board	1½-3
Debating Team	3
Junior Semi-finals	1
Junior Exhibition	2



Christmas vs. Circumstances

By { Kenneth Robbins
Richard Billington

Scene I. The kitchen of an old fashioned hunting lodge. Three chairs and two windows at back-door, at left, stove, table and old clock.

As the curtain rises Charlie, a boy about sixteen, who has a twisted leg, is seen hobbling about on crutches getting supper for two.

Charlie (looking at the old clock). Well, it's about time that Bill was hauling in. But then I suppose he'll be later than usual to-night on account of the storm. Gee! it certainly is some blizzard. Bill shouldn't have gone out to cut wood to-day. Boy! I almost forget to-night is Christmas Eve, I hope Bill doesn't forget a tree.

(Stamping outside). Enter Bill, an old man about ninety with white hair and an enormous pipe stuck in his mouth so that only the bowl shows, brushing off snow.

Bill, Son, this is certainly some storm, I guess that old man Claus won't have any trouble getting 'round tonight. Regular typical Christmas Eve. but no night for a man to be wanderin' 'round the world alone. Son, what's on for supper.

Charlie. Oh, bread, beans and coffee for first course, beans, coffee and bread second course, and coffee, bread, and beans third course. Draw up and grab. (The two seat themselves at the table.)

Charlie. I say, Bill, did you get a tree?

Bill. (Slapping his knee). I knew I forgot something and I had my pipe in my mouth so I knew it must have been something else.

But never mind son, I'll get one after supper. There's a dandy down the river path a ways. (Silence).

Charlie. Let's see, it was three weeks last Tuesday that that last crowd of men were in and its been nearly three weeks since we got any mail. Last Christmas I was at home and oh what a time we had! Say we certainly did feed that day. Bill, here's the line up for to-morrow. Tomato soup, roast venison, baked potatoes, and apple pie. Some feed Bill, but there ought to be four more of us to really enjoy it. Gee! but I'd like to see the bunch.

Bill. I guess that dinner will make some hotel look sick. In regards to the bunch, why next year you'll be well and strong and can be home with the gang. I know mighty well that they would have come today if it hadn't stormed.

(Both pause a moment to think.)

Charlie. Bill, when I was sitting on a stump up to-day I got to thinking about this Christmas. In years gone by I've always bought my presents but this year I've made 'em. I made a rustic chair and table for mother, an oak-briar pipe for dad, and an ash match case for each of the gang. I'm not wishing for any presents but I do wish old man Claus would pile the bunch into the sleigh and bring 'em down, that's all a fellow wants, is a word from home once in a while.

Bill. You're right son. That's what most of us want once in a while. Speaking of the

woods makes me think. When you go out to-morrow that place in the lake at the end of the road is open to-night, watch out! I ought to put a fence up 'cause somebody might miss the house some night and fall in. Specially on a night like this, (rises). Guess I'll saunter out and get that tree. (Bill goes out and Charlie starts to clear off the table.)

Charlie. Gee, I hate to do dishes, I wish somebody would invent a machine to do them. (Reaches for a cup but it glides from his hand and smashes.) Boy, my mother always said that's a sure sign that somebody's coming hungry. Wonder who it is? Well here's hoping. (Curtain.)

Scene II. The living room of a house in a small Maine town.

As the curtain rises Don and George, two of Charlie's best friends, dressed in winter sport clothes with heavy coats and caps on a chair, are seated.

Don. I bet we surprise Charlie tonight.

George. We ought to. I wonder what he's doing now.

Don. He must have plenty of time to think anyway.

George. You said that Paul got the books and Jack got a turkey and some fruit and nuts. Say, I bet he'll be glad to see something besides canned stuff and venison.

Don. This is some storm to have to go sleigh-riding in but I, for one, will be glad to see good old Charlie again.

George. Same here. Say the boys ought to be here pretty soon. (Sleigh bells faintly at first, gradually growing louder, and then stopping.)

Don. (Jumping up). Here they are, let's go.

Curtain.

Scene III. Same as first scene.

As the curtain rises, Charlie is sitting with his feet on the stove.

Charlie. Gee! in years gone by I've always had a dandy Christmas. It doesn't seem that old man Claus would pass me by without giving Bill and me some diversion from this monotony.

Last Christmas, let's see, I was at home and we had a tree early in the morning for the youngsters, that was lots of fun. Tomorrow when Bill and I have our tree I'll make believe that there are lots here. That will help some.

Gee! what a dandy time we had at dinner and then that night the old bunch came over and sang Christmas carols and old songs. Couldn't they harmonize "Carry me Back to Old Virginny." Oh Boy! wouldn't I like to hear a good Christmas carol or hear the old gang sing any song. I'd give———. (Sleigh bells tinkle in the distance and a group of young voices sing, "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here," gradually growing louder.)

Charlie. (Grabs his crutches and rises instantly.) I knew they'd come! The good old gang, they wouldn't pass me up even on a night like this, a night like this——. (With a groan) Good Lord! The open spot in the ice at the end of the road. What if they can't see the house. (Hobbles to the window and looks out.) They can't see it. I must get to that road some way, plague these crutches. I must hurry or it'll be too late. (Hobbles to the door and disappears outside leaving door open. (Voices from outside.)

Paul. Hey you gang, can any of you see the house? It ought to be right here somewhere.

Jack. We're a great bunch of Santa Clauses, can't find the house let alone the chimney. (Laughter.)

Don. It's down the road a little more 'cause here's the tree where I shot that crow, last summer, from the kitchen door.

George. (A little in advance of the others.) Here's that bunch of lilac bushes now we've got to be careful which road we take or we might get out on the lake.

Paul. Hallo! A light! Who's there? What! Fellows it's Charlie. (Loud shouting.)

All enter.

Charlie. (Panting), I knew you fellows would come but when I heard your sleigh bells I thought that you might start out on the lake. The ice is gone and you might get wet. Gee! I'm sure glad to see you.

Jack. Some night, but we wouldn't have missed it for the world, would we fellows?

Chorus. No.

Jack. If we hadn't come it would have been the first Christmas for years, ten to be

exact, that we haven't been together.

Enter Bill with tree.

The Bunch. Hurrah for an old fashioned Christmas with all the trimmings!

Curtain



By Means of a Violin

By Gertrude Ebberson, '27

In an obscure part of Canada, not very far from the Hudson Bay, stood an old weather beaten cabin. It seemed to be avoided by everyone and the few who had been there never went again.

Outside the wind was howling and a severe blizzard was raging. Inside before a fireplace sat an old man, sleeping. Suddenly an intense light filled the room, in the center of which a young man stood. At one time he had been handsome but sickness and care had wasted him away.

He spoke in a low voice, "Dad, I am going. For my sake and their mother's come and take Margot and Peter."

The vision faded, leaving the room dark. The old man stirred and woke up with a look of bewilderment in his eyes. Gradually the look faded away and taking an envelope from the table near him, he again read the letter which he had received that morning. This was the first one he had had for twelve long, dark and lonely years. It read:

Dear Dad:—

I fear that by the time you receive this letter I will have gone back to my Maker. Please come as soon as possible and take the children. Margot is not very well and the doctor says that she will die if she is not taken to the country soon. I am sure that my old home will do her good. Peter, poor kid, is lame. The only thing that keeps him alive is his fiddle. He hopes to become some day a great violinist. Oh Dad! Why have you not answered my other letters? I have written to you every month for these twelve long years and you

have not answered one yet! Have you not forgiven me yet?

Your dying son,

Hugh.

In a small room of a tenement house in a small manufacturing town of the South, a man lay dying. His face was haggard and worn from suffering and his eyes were bright from fever. Raising himself up on his elbow, he called, "Peter."

A boy limped over to him.

"Son," the man said, "I am going now. Take care of Margot, poor child. And, no matter what the circumstance, never sell the fiddle. In the neck of it you will find some papers. Do not read these, until a month from to-day. Peter, work hard—and—raise—"

With a long, drawn out sigh, he breathed his last. The boy knelt by his father for a long time, sobbing out his grief and sorrow. Night came and weary from weeping, he fell asleep. Suddenly the door opened and a woman entered. With a glance at the bed, she hastened from the room.

Three weeks later, Peter stood by the window playing on his violin a weird, mournful piece. The door opened and a woman poked her head into the room.

"For the love of Mike!" she exclaimed, "I can't git any since out of your playin' that thing. And such a short time since your pa was buried, too."

The head disappeared and the room was silent. With a sharp indrawing of his breath,

Peter hurried from the room and into the street. When he came to the light part of the city he stopped and watched the people doing their last shopping for Christmas, the next day. A sigh escaped him as he thought of the Christmas he would have; no family, no presents, and he would be lucky if he had any dinner. Suddenly a thought came to his mind. He could earn some money and buy some food, enough for Margot and him and the Wohoskegs.

Putting his violin under his chin he began to play. At first he played well but as he put his whole soul into his music, he astonished the whole crowd who were listening to him. They could see the picture he was making with his music.

A beautiful country appeared before them. Birds were singing, they could hear crows cawing over the fields, skylarks flew high and burst into song. The scene shifted. Now they were walking through cool, green forests. Birds were chirping a good-night to all, animals of all kinds were scurrying back to their homes. Again the scene shifted. A soft blanket covered everything. The wind howled.

Suddenly there came the mournful howl of a wolf. Then a change came. A wierd, mournful melody filled the air. Tears came to the eyes of the by-standers and almost without knowing it, they put far more money in Peter's hat than they had ever thought of doing. Just as he was about to slip away, an old man grasped him by the arm.

"Where did you learn that melody?" he asked gruffly.

"From father," the boy answered, and there was a queer tremble in his voice.

The man did not seem to hear this answer but said, "Let me take that violin a minute."

After a short pause he announced, "I thought so. Peter, will you and little Margot come and help take the place which your father, my only son, had?"

That Christmas was a happy one for Peter and Margot who were speeding away to their grandfather's home which once had been their father's.

Peter by means of his violin had brought happiness to many people on that Christmas day.



Co' Boss

By Peter, '27

"Well, you can go after 'em if you want to, tho' I don't see why you'd want to—Climb 'way up over that hill, 'especially in such a drip as this."

Thus George gave his opinion of the merits of walking over the hill pasture after the cows, in a pouring rain. To add to this, it was late, after 6.30, and growing dark; more-over, the usual fortnightly dance was to be held that night in the grange gall, an event which George and I considered decidedly disadvantageous to miss. This dance was to start promptly at eight, so I reckoned that I had just about an hour and a half in which to find the cows, finish up the chores, eat supper and get fixed

for the dance.

I hurried around, donned rubber boots and many clothes that I hoped would turn the rain, and, with intricate directions from George as to the situation of the exact spot where the cows located themselves in the rain, I set out upon my search. The pasture was large, about eighty acres I believe, covering two sides and the top of a long steep hill, and was overgrown with low saplings and bushes, which, as I went along, bestowed upon me, with unasked for grace, what seemed gallons of water at every step. Hampered, as I was, with an overabundance of clothes, I found the ascent hard and wind-exhausting. However,

I gradually came nearer to the spot on the southeast side of the pasture, where George said the cows gathered under a clump of spruces in stormy weather. As I drew closer to this place, I listened intently for the bell on the neck of the Jersey, who led the flock; but, after careful investigation, and after standing on the highest rock thereabouts, for five minutes,—straining my ears for the slightest tinkle of the Jersey's bell, hearing nothing but the dull roar of the wind and the rain through the trees—I gave up the idea that the cows were in that part of their stamping ground and decided to go further on over the hill.

I followed, for a way, the path extending entirely around the pasture, which George had made in his daily quest for the cows. However, I soon formed the opinion that I would miss the sound of the cow bell if the cows happened to be down in the south corner, so I struck off in that direction for quite a distance until I came to the fence which enclosed the pasture. Then I retraced my steps, thinking that calling the cows would suffice to bring an answering bellow, if they were farther in that direction, the wind being from the right quarter. Suiting action to the thought, I called with might and main for awhile,—so loudly that I now think that even the residents of the next town must have wondered whose "Co' Baw-ws!" it was that echoed through the hills at that late hour.

After walking rapidly along, I began to wonder in just which section of the pasture I was. I remembered having read in a hunters' hand book that all Vermont ridges ran north and south. I watched as I went along for any ridge that might be protruding above ground. Finally, I came to one, and, after carefully examining its solidity to disprove any thought I might have that it had turned around to point other than in the required direction, I found to my confusion, that north was in another quarter than I had thought. I then and there concluded that I was not exactly sure as to the precise location of my whereabouts and that if anyone should happen along and say that I knew where I was,

I would be justified in telling him that he belonged in squirrels' paradise.

Nothing daunted, I determined to keep walking until I found the elusive bovines, and also to keep trying not to inscribe circles with my route. I started up, and walked perhaps half a mile, alternating rebelliously singing "It aint gonna rain no mo'", with calling at the top of my, by this time, husky voice "Co' Bos-s-s." Suddenly,—a "clong-g, clong-g!" I hurried to the spot from which the welcome sound came, and there, chewing their cuds oblivious of the pouring rain, and doing their best to ask me what all the trouble was about, stood the long-sought-for flock of cows. After I had recovered from my good luck at finding them, I concluded that the next step would be to drive the cows home. To do this, I decided that one must know in what direction home was. I looked for any possible landmarks. Why, yes! There was the clump of dead oaks which stood on the top of the hill overlooking the farm. I had started off in that direction, when I heard, surely but a short distance away, the clear crow of a rooster. I looked in the direction from which it seemed to come, and there I saw a farm house, which I hadn't seen at my previous glance, just over a fence, which I decided was the one that bounded the pasture.

I recognized the farm as that of Mr. Kellogg, and realized, sorrowfully, that its existence there located me on the extreme opposite side of the pasture from home. My knowledge of the location of Mr. Kellogg's farm was not complete enough to get my bearings for the homeward journey, so I realized that I must devise some scheme to accomplish that. Of course, my wandering had used up just about as much time as I wanted to spend that evening, chasing cows, so my thoughts ran fast: "Jump over the fence and get Charlie Kellogg to show the way home?—No 'twere shame—just beginning to think myself an accomplished farmer and then to have word broadcasted that I had lost my way while 'after the cows'! No—never! Ah! Animal intuition! Splendid!"

Working on the idea of animal instinct as to the direction of home and consequent supper, I started driving the belated cows first one way, then the other, noticing which direction they seemed least averse to going. Finally, I set them off in what I thought and hoped to be the right direction—for in that direction they hurried so fast that I often lost sight of them in the gathering gloom; but I never lost track of them, for that cheer "Clong-clong-g" of the Jersey's bell sounded loudly as she ran along.

Soon things took on a familiar aspect and I found that the pasture bars were just ahead.

Through these, down the lane, and up the road to the barn, I went, soaked, tired and leg weary; but whistling "We won't get home until morning" in the most cheery manner I could assume; for had I not had a real adventure all by myself?

"Well, they must have been over t'other side," commented George as he opened the gates for the cows.

"Sure—great fun looking for 'em in the rain," I returned, trying to appear to mean what I said. George went off soliquizing on the "Consarned idees of city-folks."



MARIE

Little blue rompers
And a tangle of hair;
That's all you are, my dear,
Sometime you'll change, Marie,
That's my great care.
Please won't you pause for me?
Please won't you always be
Little blue rompers
And a tangle of hair?

S. E. Williams.

She's so afraid of dirt,
Always shying it.
How I pity her! Someday
She'll have to lie in it.

S. E. Williams.



PORTLAND H. S., 14; BANGOR H. S., 0

A fighting Bangor eleven went down to bitter defeat at Bayside Park, Portland, Saturday, Oct. 31, by a 14 to 0 score.

The Crimson was completely outplayed by a superior, machine-like team and the Portland backs gained almost at will, tearing the Bangor line to shreds.

The Blue got the first and most important break of the game, two minutes after the opening kickoff, when Kochian, the Portland ace, picked up a fumble on his own 35-yard line and ran 65 yards for a touchdown. The try for a goal was blocked.

Bangor's spirit seemed broken after this and Portland scored soon again when Stevens carried the ball over for the second tally. The try for a goal was again blocked.

Portland's other counter came in the form of a safety when Turner muffed a poor pass from center and recovered behind his own goal-line.

The game was the biggest upset of the season, as a Crimson victory was predicted by all. One of the largest crowds ever to follow the team to Portland witnessed the game and gave the team perfect support.

Capt. McClay, Richardson and Turner carried the brunt of the battle for Bangor, while Kochian, Stevens and Conroy starred for the Blue.

two weeks before, was badly battered, worn down and defeated at Pittsfield, Saturday, Nov. 7, by a mighty Red and Black machine 18 to 0.

The big, and heavy M. C. I. team swept over the lighter Crimson team for many long gains.

Bangor held the Red and Black even, until the beginning of the third quarter, when the terrific pace began to show. Many injuries dealt the Crimson a hard blow, and the game ended with only three regulars in the line-up.

M. C. I. scored in the third period, when they carried the ball up the field and over the goal in a series of line-plunges.

The second score came when Cormier, standing over the line, caught a pretty forward for an easy score.

The final tally came in the last period when Turner's attempt to punt was blocked and the ball was recovered by M. C. I. over the line. The game ended with the ball in M. C. I.'s possession on Bangor's 35-yard line.

Capt. McClay, although badly injured, played a wonderful game at center before he was forced to leave the fray.

"Fat" Dunphy replaced McClay and played a sensational game, breaking through and smearing play after play. Richardson, Hickson and Turner also turned in a good game for the Crimson. Stitham, Cormier and Paient were the big noise for M. C. I.

MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE, 18 BANGOR, 0

A mere ghost of the superb Crimson eleven, that held Lewiston H. S. to a scoreless tie

BANGOR H. S., 13; PORTLAND C. H. S., 0

Bangor High was easily superior to Portland Catholic, winning 13-0, Saturday, Nov. 14, at Bayside Park, Portland.

The Crimson team completely outplayed the lighter Portland eleven, in every department of the game.

Bangor had the pigskin inside their opponent's 10-yard line several times but were unable to carry it over.

For the Crimson, "Fat" Dunphy, playing his second game for the school, stood out both on offence and defense. Richardson and Turner also did good work.

Capt. Caterino of P. C. H. S., starred, his long runs constantly threatening. Flaherty also turned in a good game.

BANGOR H. S., 0; BREWER H. S., 0

Bangor High and Brewer High battled to a scoreless tie Saturday, Nov. 21, at Bass Park in the final game of the season.

Never was there so much interest shown in the annual game between the two schools as there was this year.

The Brewer team had been pointing all year to their big game with Bangor and were in perfect fighting trim. On the other hand, the Crimson having played a very hard schedule was in a badly battered shape for the game.

The Orange and Black players completely outplayed the Bangor team except in kicking, Turner lifting the pigskin on the average of 10 yards farther than the best Brewer kicks.

"Fat" Dunphy played a wonderful game at center, until the fourth stanza, when after bearing the brunt of the attack for three periods he was battered down and had to be withdrawn from the battle.

Capt. "Packer" McClay, the plucky Bangor leader, with his left arm hanging useless at his side, then entered the game and gave a shining example of a Crimson Captain playing his last game for the school. His fighting spirit completely wilted the Brewer attack and the game was soon over.

The whole Bangor line and Turner, McGinty, Chapman and Raichlin, all playing their last game for B. H. S., did noble work.

For Brewer, Drinkwater, Enman and J. Moran starred on both offence and defence.

SUMMARY OF THE SEASON

At the beginning of the season prospects looked very good for a championship team. One of the best schedules ever had, was arranged by Manager Keegan, including the hardest teams in the state.

Everything went in true championship form until the last B. H. S.—P. H. S. game, when in the biggest upset of the season, Bangor was overwhelmed by a 14-0 score. After this the morale of the team slumped and the remainder of the schedule was far from satisfactory.

In the line, McGinnis and I. Raichlin, ends, did good steady work throughout the season. Richardson and Hickson, veteran Tackles, turned in stellar performances every game, deserve much credit. Finnegan and Sullivan, guards, played outstanding ball every game. Capt. "Packer" McClay, the fighting Crimson teacher, has played sensational football all season, and fully deserves a berth on the All State Schoolboy selection.

In the backfield, Chapman and McDonough, have played sterling games at quarter, both proving good field generals and Chapman's lack of punts featuring many of the games. Turner and McGinty, veteran half backs, have been steady ground gainers all year. Turner's running and kicking have been especially brilliant, and he has earned a place on the All State School-boy team. "Mushy" Raichlin at full back has been a steady line plunger and will be missed next year.

"Fat" Dunphy cannot be too highly praised for the sensational work he turned in in the P. C. H. S., M. C. I., and Brewer H. S. games. "Bill" Daley, veteran quarter of last year, sustained a bad injury the first of the season, which kept him out of the games. Valenta has played good ball and will be a big asset next year. Scripture, a senior, has done good work whenever called upon. Brackett, Perry and Whitecomb will all be available for next year and will be a big help in forming a nucleus for a new team.

(Concluded on page 17)



LOCALS



One morning recently Miss Mary C. Robinson, the former dean, spoke in chapel about the Near East Relief Drive. A former student of Bangor High School, Joseph W. Beach, later a substitute teacher, has charge of 35,000 orphans in the Near East. These children are being taught trades, so that when they grow up, they will be able to support themselves. Miss Robinson asked all the students to give a few coins to this good cause.

A new club has been formed in high school, a Library Club. This club has already an enrollment of thirty. The purpose of the club is to deal with all aspects of library work as well as the book contents and it is planned to have library workers address the club frequently. A committee has been appointed to draw up a constitution for the next meeting.

On November 29, 1925, Doctor C. E. Barker, famous as the medical advisor of our former President Taft, spoke to the students of the high school on "How to Make the Most out of Life." His talk was most enthusiastically received.

Prof. Chase of University of Maine spoke to the Latin Club of B. H. S. on Nov. 20. His subject was, "Derivation of Latin Names and the Early Alphabet." This talk besides being very amusing was instructive. For example the word Caesar means thick hair, and we all know that Caesar was bald but one of his ancestors probably had thick hair, starting the

name. The next meeting of the Latin Club will be in the form of a Masquerade, each member dressing as some character in Old Rome.

At a meeting of the Snapdragons the question for debate was: "Resolved, that the afternoon session is more convenient than the morning session." Pauline Siegal and Elizabeth Foss were on the affirmative and Ruth Nye and Ella Tracey were on the negative. The class voted for the affirmative.

The Girl's Debating society has debated among other questions: Resolved, that Daylight Saving Time should be established by Law Everywhere." The affirmative was upheld by Edith Burrill and Dorothea Braidy and the Negative by Clarine Coffin and Eleanor Brown. The decision of the class went to the affirmative side.

At the regular meeting of the Chemistry Club, a committee for a new pin appointed by the president consisted of Dorothea Alexander, Barbara Whitman and Adrian Leveille. A social hour was enjoyed.

The annual Sophomore Reception to the football team was held Wednesday evening, November 25, in the assembly hall of the high school. Principal and Mrs. Proctor, Superintendent and Mrs. Garcelon, Miss Rachel Connor, dean of the girls, Miss Marjorie Greene, Capt. John McClay, of the football team, Coach Ishmael McKechnie, President Hugh Connor and Vice President, Charlotte Brown of the Sophomore Class were in the receiving line. Tom Kane's orchestra furnished the music.



ALUMNI

FOX '14



Miss Mary McSkimmon, President of the National Education Association, made some statements recently concerning the two viewpoints—the materialistic and the spiritual—from which the public school can be considered. The expression of her points is printed in a paper issued by the Bureau of Education of the Department of the Interior. On the same pages is a proclamation by President Coolidge and an article by John J. Tigent, United States Commissioner of Education, both endorsing American Education Week.

John Tarbell won the 440-yard dash and the 220-yard low hurdle races for Beta Theta Pi in the Bowdoin inter-fraternity track meet.

Andre Cushing and Bradford Baker helped the University of Maine cross-country team to win the State championship.

The names of two Bangor Alumni appear among the five members of Phi Beta Kappa, honorary scholastic society, just elected from the senior class of the college of Arts and Sciences at Maine. The two honor students are: Ada Cohen and Joseph Dougherty.

In the Freshman week Chemistry tests at the U. of M. Charles O'Connor, B. H. S., '25, received a perfect grade.

AMONG RECENT WEDDINGS ARE:

Charles Tibbetts, '23, and Miss Marguerite Wentworth, '23; Raymond Peavy, '22, and Miss Edith Morrison, '23, Herman Webber, and Miss Virginia Odiorne, '20; Lawrence Kelley and Miss Grace Flaherty, '18; Daniel Leavitt, and Miss Mildred Mitchell, '24; Roland Littlefield, and Miss Louise Thomas.

Elizabeth Sawyer has been elected to the honorary Biological Society Phi Sigma, at the U. of M.

Clarence Roundy, '17, has been made Scout Executive of the Penobscot Council, Boy Scouts of America to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Arthur P. Marston.

Galean Veayo, '24, has accepted the position of director of music in the Houlton Public Schools.

Louise Hardy, '25, is in Boston, attending the Bryant and Stratton School of Business Education.

Marie Adams, '21, is in Bridgeport, Conn., where she is employed by the W. R. Bull & Co., investment bankers. While there she will make her home with her aunt Mrs. Ralph L. Talbot, a former B. H. S. graduate.

Lois Holt, '23, is in Boston, attending Simmons college.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tibbetts are spending the winter at Vero Beach, Florida.

Victor McNaughton, '25, received a numeral for work on the freshman cross-country team at the U. of M.

Andre Cushing of Bangor, received a varsity letter in football at the U. of M.

Ruth Fox, '24, is attending Farmington Normal School.

Archie Kamenkavitz is on the basketball team at Maine.

We are sorry to hear that John "Red" Lynch '21, a former B. H. S. Athlete was seriously injured in the foot-ball game between Canisius College and Cornell.



GUY HANSON D. J.
'26



LIBRARY CLUB

A Library Club has been formed by a group of forty-five enthusiastic students. This Club is open to all Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors who are interested in promoting literary affairs. As there are so many other interests, this Club will meet only once a month on the second Wednesday at seven-fifteen in the evening. The Club is planning to have several good speakers on various subjects during the year but the Club is also planning to have some very good times. Anyone who is interested will be very welcome at the meetings.

LIBRARY USAGE

The High School Library has been busier this fall than ever before. There is a great improvement in the Library service as the Library is open every period during the whole day. During October, there were 2,685 students who used the Library during school hours, which is a daily average attendance of 164

students. This is an increase of 20% over October of last year. If we thought that October was busy, November shows that it was just a good start. For in November there were 3,381 students using the Library which increases the daily average attendance to 188 students each day. The increase during November was 62% over the same time last year. We reached the peak the first week in December with 1300 students using the Library in five days. This number does not include the books we circulated or students who use the Library before or after school or at recess. On December 3 and 4, there were over 300 students using the Library in one day.

Besides the students using the Library we have circulated a great many books for home use. During October we circulated 616 books; November we circulated 830. I am sure that you will all be glad to know that we are going to have a great many new books next term. A partial list of them will be given in the next number of the *Oracle*.

ATHLETICS

(Concluded from page 14)

Too much cannot be said of Coach McKechnie, who turned out one of the best teams Bangor has ever put on the field, and certainly the best coached team. He has worked very hard and has been ably assisted by Eddie Trowell and Herbie Torsleff.

The entire student body extends their Thanks and Best Wishes to Coach McKechnie.

The Seasons' Summary:

Bangor H. S., 23	Ricker C. I., 6
Bangor H. S., 0	Portland H. S., 0
Bangor H. S., 6	Cony H. S., 6
Bangor H. S., 0	Lewiston H. S., 0
Bangor H. S., 0	Portland H. S., 14
Bangor H. S., 0	M. C. I., 18
Bangor H. S., 13	Portland C. H. S., 0
Bangor H. S., 0	Brewer H. S., 0
Total—B. H. S., 42; Opp.—38.	



EXCHANGES

FOX '14

The "*Early Trainer*," Essex County Training School, Lawrence, Mass.

Merits: Excellent cover design; many Exchanges; good arrangement of the departments; "Rinkle rasers" very witty; printed by their own class in printing.

Suggestions: A cut for the Literary, School Notes, Alumni, and Rinkle Rasers would improve the paper very much. Why not have a few more stories?

The "*Nautilus*," Waterville High School, Waterville, Me.

Merits: Cuts unique and interesting; Editorials good; Senior statistics amusing.

Suggestions: The Exchange, Alumni, and joke departments were missing. Even though this number is given over to the seniors we think that it would have been a good idea to sum up the Exchanges and Alumni for the year in this last issue.

The "*Periscope*," Winslow High School, Winslow, Me.

Merits: The Gas Meter is very unique, every word of it is amusing. The Literary department contains some good stories. Rather novel idea of having the senior pictures as babies instead of grown up people.

Suggestions: This paper could be improved by having some good cuts and a cover design. These features always brighten up a magazine. Arrangement could be improved by placing the Editorials first. Why not add a table of contents?

The "*Monad*," Belleville High School, Belleville, N. J.

Merits: Every department is well developed; "Lights" was very interesting.

Suggestions: A few more jokes and a larger Editorial section might improve this paper.

The "*Racquet*," Portland High School, Portland, Maine.

Merits: Good cover; excellent jokes; unique way to get stories and poems by your Contest; an interesting Literary department.

Suggestions: Better cuts might add color to your paper. Why not have a table of contents?

The "*Chronicle*," St. Joseph's Prep., Philadelphia, Pa.

Merits: Many advertisements; cuts excellent; every department interesting.

Suggestions: It would be a good idea to print the names of those on the Editorial staff at the beginning of your paper. Why not have some jokes?

The "*Kayhitems*," Ketchikan High School, Ketchikan, Alaska.

Br-r! Sounds rather cold doesn't it.

Merits: Very good motto; interesting Editorials; "Handling a Woman Electrically" was excellent and very original; the jokes are the best yet.

Suggestions: A few cartoons or cuts would add to this paper. Why not have a few stories?

The "*Putnam Prattler*," Putnam High School, Palatka, Florida.

We shift now to the warm country.

Merits: A well balanced and interesting paper; every department, except the jokes, is represented in the right proportion; the cut for your foot-ball schedule is good.

Suggestions: Brighten up your paper by the addition of some good jokes.



During the three weeks which began Monday, November 23, the R. O. T. C. Unit will shoot on the rifle range in the gymnasium. Last year only two weeks were spent on the range, but this year, owing to the supply of ammunition available, three weeks will be devoted to target shooting. This gives boys, who have never shot at targets before, a chance to see what it is like. If they wish to continue target shooting, the Rifle Club is the place where they can satisfy this desire. Also, a good shot, who does not belong to the Rifle Club is sometimes found and he is then urged to join this organization.

In the week of November 20, the Bangor High School Rifle Team shot its first match against the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The teams of both rifle clubs were composed of ten men each. Only the five highest scores on each team were to count in the final score unless the result should be a tie when all ten scores on both teams would count in the final score. Bangor won this match by four points. They made a score of 500 points out of a possible 500 points while M. I. T. made 496 points out of a possible 500. The

respective scores of the men who shot on the two teams with the team total is as follows:

BANGOR

Adams.....	100
Berdeen.....	100
Bowden.....	100
Chandler.....	100
Cutler.....	100
Robbins.....	100
Yates.....	100
Sullivan.....	99
Johnson.....	98
Linn.....	98

Total 995 out of a possible 1000

M. I. T.

Harbeck.....	100
Clahane.....	99
Johnson.....	99
Marsh.....	99
Reddig.....	99
Mathuson.....	98
Wengen.....	98
Hoak.....	97
Russell.....	97
Elliott.....	96

Total 982 out of a possible 1000

THE LATEST PO

The "Fifth Avenue"

for those who want and appreciate the

The "Broadway"

for those who like snap and vigor. A

The "Hollywood"

for those who lean toward the more ex

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ST IN PORTRAITURE!

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ne fashion in unusual light and posing effects.

DIO BANGOR

at Oldtown, Pittsfield and Millinocket, Maine

PERSONALS



TRAVELOGUE

Dan Kennedy in the Alps

Our "Dancin' Dan" recently returned from a trip to the Alps. He said that he had had a fine time and felt greatly refreshed by the cool, bracing air of the mountains.

While most of the tourists had a hard time when they tried to do much climbing, he got along real well, stepping from peak to peak with the swiftness of a snail. It pays to have long legs in that country, Dan says.

Our hero also invented a new kind of ski while he was away. These skis are about 29 feet $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, and have six wheels attached. They go down hill very nicely but when it comes to going up they are not so effective. Dan started for home on a pair but lost off a couple of wheels just this side of Paris and so had to walk the rest of the way to Bangor.

We all feel as though this little jaunt has done the poor lad a great deal of good, for he has begun to study his lessons very hard lately.

CURIOSITY CORNER

Ques: What is that terrible noise around school?

Ans: Oh, that is Peggy Campbell crying for her rubber doll that some teacher took away from her.

Ques: How can I grow into a big tall man?

Don Finnegan.

Ans: Copy John Bell '26.

Ques: Why did G. Dearborn, '27, sit down after she had been called on in English E. P.

Ans: Her foundation was rather weak.

Ques: Are there any geniuses in B. H S?.. Outsider.

Ans: There are: Eleanor Peavey has memorized a three act play in French, and Rosamonde Taylor can prove that one equals three.

HUNTING

"Little Willie found a gun,
Pulled the trigger just for fun;
No one chanced to be in range,
(This sounds very, very strange.)

'Resie' Gordon took 'Cussie' Sargent to the High School dancing party at the Country Club a short time ago. Master Sargent had a delightful time.

TO THE JUNIORS

Frivolous, flighty, inconsequential Juniors, who let your lessons slide; you haven't a care in the world now, but wait until next year. At present you are dancing your way through life and wearing out the soles of your shoes at hops.

Remember your Dad paid hard earned cash for your class rings for *you* to wear, not some member of the other sex.

Be sure to choose something that hasn't been spoken before the for Junior tryouts, such

as, "Oh, Captain, My Captain" or "Young Fellow, My Lord." Of course, not all of you can be in the exhibition and get a medal, so don't feel bad if you aren't one of the favored ones. You will thank your lucky stars when the fatal hour arrives that you aren't one of the poor shivering mortals, who must stand before that great crowd. Just think, in about 200 days you will be Seniors!

Heard in History:

D. Goode, '26—"John Jay had a sweet disposition."

We are surprised to hear that *Red Wigs* are coming into style. Ask R. Lathrop, she had one on the other day.

Heard in 306

Mr. S.—Now if you boys and girls want to stay in here you have got to be good. Otherwise you may exit.

Miscellaneous

We have heard that the pupils of 309 are among those who behave the best in Chapel. Of course we don't like to brag about ourselves, but we *know* the compliment is deserved. "309."

Heard in 306

Mr. S.—Since you've been in here this year I've been teaching you history—

S.—Try and do it.

Dot Parke would like to know why M. Lord, '26, doesn't live up to her name—Ketchup.

D-s W-re-ster has been requested by Miss T. to learn to spell her name.

"Jed" has returned to us after a vacation of a week.

Information Please

Will some student who is taking solid Geometry please tell us the definition of a spear. What do two things look like when they meet? Has a plain surface got grass growing it?

There was remarkable attendance at B. H. S. Monday, Nov. 16. That was the day the no

signal whistles—didn't—did—didn't—did blow.

She. Isn't Francis Sullivan getting handsome.

He. Yes. Know why?

She. No. Why?

He. He used so much beauty clay during football season that he could help it.

Teacher. Define a pin. Frances Giddings, quickly, "A small piece of metal. Very pointed. People without any sense stick them into you and think it is funny though it doesn't feel that way to you."

It is said that "Flo" Babcock is thinking of spending her holidays working in a laundry. She will probably hold the position for life as she likes the location of the establishment.

It is also said that "Jo." Shanley is going to work in a gasoline station as she has been seen on State Street, frequently. Her friends say that she is learning the business very rapidly.

1st Senior—"Hello, Bill, Just saw Hen Willey."

2nd Senior—"That so. How is he? Is he still riding around in his automobile."

1st Senior—"Oh, no, didn't you hear? He has changed to a shay.

Meditations of G-g- S-lv-r:

Why do you suppose I wear out the inside of my shoes? Why do I have to empty them before I can get them off?

Heard in an English class:

How can you *stand* to sit in that chair?

Knew the Ropes and Clotheslines

Rastus was proudly sporting a new shirt when a friend asked:

"How many yards does it take for a shirt like that?"

Rastus replied, "I got three shirts like this out of one yard last night.

Actress—Well, I never expected you to take so small a part as you took to-night.

Actor—Well, I have to live, so I decided that a small role is better than no bread.

The Tatler wishes you a
HEPPY
XMAS

THE B. H. S.

SEC

VOLUME IV

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

CARL "DELLY" DELANO WINS TATLER CONTEST

Bangor Boy Wins \$10,000,000 Gold Piece and Basketball Season Ticket

Carl Delano, One of the Best Men
That Ever Poked a Typewriter,
Won the Big Tatler Con-
test With His Story

"CHARLIE" BUNKER and KERN FOSS
CLASH IN HORSESHOE
TOURNAMENT

One of the greatest games of Barnyard Golf ever witnessed in this part of the hemisphere, was played in the Maplewood Stadium at Bass Park on Friday, Julyuary 51th, 1300 b. c. (before cigarettes) the contestants being Mr. C. E. Bunker and Kern Foss, two well known gridiron stars. Each of the players had been in training months preceeding the game, Mr. Foss' preparation of at least two games of "Checkers" and one of "Old Maids" each day (except Sundays) this putting him in the best of condition. And as Bunker is naturally physically fit he did not need such strenuous exercise.

Henry Samway was appointed second for Foss and declined on account of the necessary responsibility needed, but "Professor" Alden Denaco saved the day by saying that he would be willing to try because he knew he was the only man for the position (also he wanted to see the game without crawling under the fence.) Burpee C. Berry was elected for the opponent's helper.

As the crowd rushed up to the ticket office to procure their popcorn and peanuts John Largey and Louis J. Hamm stepped up on the platform to sing a violin solo on the drums, this being the first part of the entertainment.

Then Foss and Bunker stepped into the newly rosened ring and bowed in acknowledgement to the welcoming hisses from the sidelines. Foss was awarded the pole and the race was off. B. Brisbane Cunningham was seated in a ring-

side chair and his finger, which was injured recently in playing dominoes, was standing in a vertical position. Bunker mistook it for the stake and shot the shoe "over the fence" for a "ringer!" right on the one fifth of Brucies' hand that was not in the usual shape. Foss declared it a foul and Bunker said that Brisbane was "off side" and the other team should be penalized. But after searching through the rule books for thirty-seven minutes it was found that no other such case was on record and a compromise would have to be made so it was called a "field goal" in favor of neither. When Kern saw that he was being humiliated to a certain extent he grabbed his racquet and started to begin to commence to get ready to put himself on the uppermost end of the score. Then the excitement began.

Foss grasped the shoe with both hands, threw it—it landed in such a position that the middle of the horseshoe (that was empty) contained the stake. Then taking the remaining shoe, he chalked his cue, spit on his hands, and with trade mark up made a beautiful drop kick, which resulted in double play, a homerun and the winning of the game, championship of the United States (including Pickering Square), Europe, Asia and the extreme northern part of the Bering Strait and first money by Kern Foss. The second purse going to C. E. Bunker who made next best score.

Carl E. Delano

Second Prize Goes to Algernon F.
Horseradish—He will Receive
a Zinc Plated Napkin Ring

To the Editor of the B. H. S. Tatler:

I submit the following for your contest.
"Problem."

If an elephant, weighing 5 tons, 3 half tons, 9 pounds, 24 ounces, and 323 grains,

is 5 meters, 19 centimeters, and 1-90 decimeter away from a man weighing 90 pounds, 72 grains (J. Bell '26), who shoots a projectile weighing nine grams from a gun which has a specific gravity of 747,391, in five seconds will John be buried 8 feet in jungle loam, or will he hold up the elephant's left ear and pose for a picture to be printed exclusively in the B. H. S. Tatler? If so, why not? Also compute to nearest 9,988,776,655 of a gram the resistance of the air at this point of the earth's surface.

Dear Editor:

In my opinion, the funniest, most humorous, drollest thing possible to waste printer's ink in your unvaluable paper is the following: John Bell.

If this is not as I have claimed, then Rake Colpitt's don't raise pigs for a living.

Third Prize Goes to L. "Lolle" Cole
Hunt, '28, For His Article "Doc
Wilde in the Jungle" — He
Will Receive a Box of Small
Pox Germs.

"DOC" WILDE IN THE JUNGLE

In the late hunting season "Doc" Wilde, the renoun guide, took a day off and entered the jungles of Maine, hunting for a "dear."

Having wasted shells for three days he set out on the fourth day, Friday the thirteenth, and rambled off through the jungle until he suddenly saw a "dear" on the other side of a river, immediately he aimed and fired, but as he fired a porpoise jumped up and the shot killed it. As soon as it had floated to shore the brainy "doc" jumped on its back and paddled to the other side. Luck was with him

TATLER

TION

DECEMBER, 1925

NUMBER 3

that day for his left hind suspender button flew off and hit another "dear" killing it immediately. When he reached the shore he discovered that his rubber boots, which he wears to all the fashionable dances, contained three large salmon and a dozen cans of extra fine sardines. He was to dissect the deer when he noticed some liquid running out of a hole in a hollow tree (three swerves for the bullet) and after investigating discovered that it was honey.

A rabbit started eating the sardines and so enraging the "Doc" that he immediately picked it up by the ears and threw it into the woods, killing six partridge.

Total assets at end of excession: 2 "dear", 6 partridge, 1 rabbit, 100 lbs. of honey, 1 porpoise, 16 lbs. of salmon, 1 dozen cans of sardines.

All his friends are now congratulating him on his fine work.

THE FACULTY REPORTER

Yes, that's I'm. Just that I'd tell you so that if the above and following should by some mistake slip by the editors and get transformed into type, whose imprint becomes transferred to an transfixion on some future page of your Alma Mater's readable organ, which comes out every 1-12 of a year, when the school is functioning, you will at least know me by sight whether we are on speaking terms or not—if not—why not?

Before proceeding further I want to stop here and go back and make one important point stand out above anything else. You are not to take it to heart or feel yourself a perfect specimen of "Ye Olden Days" model of the intermediate force between a high stool and a tall cone in the corner of some recitation room if you have not already determined in your own mind the conspicuous "sore thumb" point to which I refer. I say "refer" in a very figurative sense because I haven't so far made the statement or point which I referred you to for reference. But now, having called it to your attention, I am going to make a point of it as I said. Not having mentioned it I suppose there was no need of saying anything about stopping and going back, especially in as much as the more I write the farther ahead I'm

going, but I said "go-back" because this all important point should really have come first, yes, before the first paragraph for it's the key to all else, even the article itself depends on it entirely. They say the proof of a pudding is in the eating, therefore the meat of a nut must be in the kernel, all of which brings me to the point of reference and my misplaced statement that should have been "la premiere."

Unless—now get this for it's the kernal of this nut-ty article—they side track this to some obscure pigeon hole or shunt it to that receptacle unlabeled by all reporters, the waste basket (common name) it will go thru the process previously outlined and appear,—but then, ah me, then comes the final test, will the pudding be proven, will it be eaten up, or rather down for us Americans preuse an article from beginning to end down the page, by your optical openings and absorbed by the mind. If not, then you missed the point and this is simply a filler and an "also ran." IF SO—why you know (congratulations) the point of reference and that being consummated I can go ahead from where I stopped after introducing myself.

I want you to know that this is indited by the author himself, or if not a man then vice versa, whom you have just met and who terms him (her) self the appellation in the title. The intention is to present, ever and anon, to B. H. S. (big hearted scions) intimate, interesting details of current events, written in clear, concise and coherent sentences. *Provididg of course* (now for another uncracked nut) said articles are sponsored and endorsed by the Board of Censors of your Oracle.

My purpose and desires now being made lucid I'll proceed to the setting forth of the first of a series, The Sophomore Reception by him (her) self "The Faculty Reporter," which will be published (perhaps) even though we have not met through the printed broadcasting of this introduction.

"Nuff ced, more later."

—The Faculty Reporter.

Query by the Faculty, Docs "Faculty reporter" mean of the Faculty, from the Faculty, for the Faculty to the Faculty or in the Faculty?

Answer—The answer to this is the same as the answer to "Why is an apple?" Pg. 452½ Webster's Pictionary.

"When the banana peels
are blooming I'll come
sliding back to you."

THE SOPHOMORE RECEPTION

By Him (her) self

THE FACULTY REPORTER

November 25th 1925. Evening, Assembly Hall, High School, Bangor, Maine.

Square dancing space, seats around three sides, clock on wall, stage cleared, with receiving line chairs (leather seats) on floor in front, music in middle, patronesses corner, refreshment table, cloak rooms open, four entrance doors, windows, lights.

Mr. Garcelon, Mr. and Mrs. Proctor, Dran Connor, President of Sophomore Class, Hugh Connor, Vice President Charlotte Brown, other teachers, Guests, Students (male and female) Purveyors of sound (musicians).

A fine receiving line. Very much worthwhile and well patronized.

Floor fine, no cases reported of hold-ups by gun, due to good work of scrapers and waxers.

Punch in the corner at so much a swallow. Judy was missing.

It was November but Shiek "Don" (Icicle) Finnigan brought a May-belle.

It was Mr. not Principal Proctor. He had as good a time as the next one.

Dolly Lancaster came as a Sheikess, turban and all.

Incidentally Bruce can dance. His injured finger pointed the way.

Samway sure shuffles a mean foot.

Impromptu musical selections were given by "Bob" Nickerson. You should have had more than a "nickel" for that march, Bob.

The "Charleston" was conspicuous by its absence.

Many and varied were the habiliments of the gentler sex.

Many alumni were present, among them Mr. Dudley.

A good time was had by all.

Everyone went home after the dance, but some went to somebody's else home first.

"Nuff sed, more later."

A Complete \$2.00 Book in This Issue

"47 Bucketsfull of Blood"

—OR—

"Who Kissed Our Guinea Pig"

By ALEC MONTGOMERY HORSECOLLAR

Chapter 52½

Horray for Dizzy McDumb

Dizzy McDumb was a clerk in Dakin's Sporting Goods store. He was a wonder. He could sell a canoe to a bathing instructor. One day, while Dizzy was getting ready for the big rush at Dakin's School Sale, a big bologna came slouching into the store. He wore

Chapter 22-3

Who Know What He Are

A gun on each hip and a gun behind each ear. He walked up to Dizzy and yelled, "I'm rough, gimme a half a dozen bananas and an air rifle." Dizzy stared at the stranger and yelled, "I know who YOU are, you RAT. You are William S. Hart." "CURSE you, DIZZY McDumb," rasped the stranger as he bit his left chin, "Who told you?"

Chapter 90

The Undoing

At this moment a small fellow crawled into the famous Athletic Emporium and shouted at the cowpuncher. "You stole my wife, you horse-thief." Dizzy snarled and dashed at the cowboy, the great crowd in Dakin's drew back and the two fighting men dashed out the door.

Chapter I

Who Killed George Washington

Moon came and passed. The throngs poured into Dakin's and inquired about poor Dizzy. At last toward night the door came open and in dashed DIZZY. He was stylishly dressed, he wore a new \$175.00 suit, (42 pairs of pants). "I KILLED him," yelled DIZZY. The big Crowd cheered him and went out the happy door.

Chapter 11562

Conclusion

All of a sudden the manager of Dakin's came rushing in. "HELLO, DIZZY," he said. "Boss," said Dizzy, "I have an idea in my head.

"What a strange place for an idea," Yelled the Boss. "WHAT is it."

"Let's have a sale on sweat shirts, puttees, basketball suits, sneakers, referees' whistles and—

"YES," said the boss, "go on." "And a sale on snowshoes for the starving Russians."

When he woke up the nurse gave him some more broth."

MORAL

This story is mainly a literary gem but the moral is: Patronize Dakin's Sporting Goods Store. Here you will find goods of quality, service and above all discount on everything to the Bangor High School Student.—Adv.

At one of the late meetings of the rifle club one bull's eye artist shot while the Captain was counting a score.

"Look out," yelled the Captain, "that just missed me."

"Sorry, Cap." came the reply. Ex.

Stout lady to small boy standing by entrance to fair grounds.—"Can I go through this gate?"

Small boy—"You might try it, a load of hay just went through."

An American and a Scotsman were discussing the cold in Winter in the north of Scotland.

"Why, it's nothing at all compared to the cold we have in the States," said the American. "I can recollect one Winter when a sheep, jumping from a hillock into a field, became suddenly frozen on the way, and stuck in the air like a mass of ice."

"But man," exclaimed the Scotsman, "the law of gravity wouldn't allow that."

"I know that," replied the talepitcher, "But the law of gravity was frozen too."

Some Bucker

"What for ya 'll call dat mule 'Millionaire?'"

"'Cause, nigger, he is a critter of a million bucks."

NEW RECIPES

TRY THEM

1. Ice Cream Cake.

3-4 lb. red pepper.

1-4 tes. ice cream (potato preferred.)

2-3 cup Worcestershire sauce.

3-4 piece soda.

1-4 pint cream of tartar.

Mix and stir. Place on cold oven and bake.

2. Quick Pie for Twenty.

1-8 teas. sugar.

1-16 teas. lye.

1-4 teas. starch (Argn. laundry).

1-32 teas. old cider (flavoring.)

20 cups salt.

5 cups ocean water (if this can't be obtained use tears.) Mix together. This forms a filling.

Crust

5 cup water.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup lard.

10 cups gold dust.

Mix and sift together. Place filling on crust and boil in cold water for 50 days.

BOY DEMOSTHENES MEET

B. H. S. Debaters Do Their Stuff

Yesterday afternoon in Room 307, the Boys Debating Team lined up for the final practice of the year. The debaters are listed below. These men represent the Brains of the School and will do their stuff in the Debates of 1926.

First we have—

President Edward "Desmond" Stern—One of the best debaters and Bellhops in the State.

"Ed" Haley, silver tongued orator from Newburg.

"Abe" Rosen, a man who knows his onions.

"Johnny" Largay, the greatest since Patrick Henry.

"Johnny" Ross, this boy made Daniel Webster weep.

"Ed" Welch, an oily speaker.

"Mal" McCormack could make an optimist grouchy.

"Herby" Clough, the boy that talked "Dux" O'Donnell blind.

"Conk" Cunningham, one of the best speakers that ever spoke.

"Davey" Rudman, talks in his sleep.

"Billy" Barry, talked since he was born.

"Bud" Bell, can recite Webster's International backwards.

"Bobby" Goldberg, this lad sold "Eddy" Allan a button hook.

"Corley" Delano, convinced "Fred" Gillen he was handsome.

Under the leadership of Mr. Bryant these lads have developed into finished debaters and will argufy with surrounding schools.

Jordan-Frost Printing Company



182 Harlow Street