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# THE ORACLE

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Bangor High School



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## The Oracle Board



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The person who sprightly vacates the alluring comforts of a warm bed at this time of the year and ventures out upon the adventures of the day must have either a head empty or a head full. The latter, however, is the condition more worthy of study. Everybody knows the case of the former class; they never do things very much by reason. But the intelligent person, although ruled over somewhat by his physical senses, is able to reason and determine. You can always depend on him for a reason for his conduct.

This sort of person would tell you that he made his brisk stir in the morning because the day, for him, was full of expectations. In the first place, he got ready for breakfast expecting that someone would have it ready. Perhaps, on the way to school, he expected to have a chat with someone who always has a good word; a smile, or a joke for everybody. At school, he anticipated the welcoming smile of a

classmate or instructor. By the help of kindness from another, he intended to solve some perplexity. And so the story goes, from one expectation to another. Would you debate the question of getting up any morning if your day were to be like that?

Now the things that constitute your expectations are the good fellowship of others and the fruits of the labor of others. Toward this common fund of inspiration and happiness everyone ought to contribute. Are you doing your honest part? Does the fellow you met at the party look forward to meeting you again? Are you missed when you are absent because things usually go right when you are present? Finally, are the results of your ambitions what others will hope for?

It may seem like infringing on personal liberty a bit, but it isn't. It's the only fair thing to do. If you like something to really live for, then in all fairness, give the other fellow the same inspiration. Make your reasons for happiness, and of hope reciprocal.

## A Happy New Year

from

## The Oracle



# LITERARI

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



## DR. JOHNSON VISITS BANGOR

By Charlotte Bowman.

**I**MPATIENTLY I paced up and down the platform. Would that train ever come? I looked at my watch, it was ten minutes past six. Then I inquired what time the Boston train arrived in Bangor, for I wasn't quite sure.

"Six-twenty," replied a negro porter. So I went into the station to await, with all the patience I could summon, the arrival of one of the greatest scholars England has ever known—Samuel Johnson.

At last I heard the train in the distance. I knew I would have no difficulty in identifying the Doctor, for I well remembered the description I had just been studying of the old philosopher with his long, brown coat, trimmed with metal buttons, his powdered wig somewhat singed by the heat of his candle and his long cane which he always carried. I wondered, too, about his shirt. Would it be clean without his servant Frank to remind him that a fresh one might be needed? Sure enough, my mental picture had been correct, for there alighting from the train, was the old Doctor, coat, cane and all. I hurried forward to greet him, glad that I had worn my bright green dress, for I remembered the old scholar's liking of bright colors and too, I was afraid he might tell me as he had told Mrs. Thrale, not to wear a dull dress.

The old Doctor reminded me of the knights of old as he bent to kiss my hand, saying, "I am so glad to have the pleasure of meeting such a fair young lady." Upon hearing this I wondered what had caused him to make this statement and then I remembered, it was his very poor eyesight,

otherwise he could not have made such a mistake.

While I was escorting him to the Penobscot Exchange Hotel (or was he escorting me, so chivalrous was his manner), he told me of his visit about Boston. We could exchange conversation with accuracy upon that subject for I had lived in or around Boston for years. He told me of the student who took him to visit Harvard University. By this time we had reached the hotel and there waiting for us was a dinner of meat pies and rice pudding. Rather a queer dinner to give so celebrated a visitor, you will say, but nevertheless it was a dinner which I knew he was very fond of. True to the stories I had read about him, the old Doctor ate a tremendous dinner, but then I thought, he is such a large man that. After dinner I spent the remainder of the evening chatting with the famous scholar. During the conversation I inquired for Mr. Boswell and for the famous club.

"Humph!" he replied, "Bozzy is in Scotland, where he belongs! As to the Club, I presume they are still engaged reading the famous book, 'Evelina,' written by my very dear friend—Miss Burney."

It was getting late so I bade the old gentleman good night, after promising to come for him early the next morning for a hurried trip around Bangor.

About eight o'clock the next morning, I called for the Doctor, finding him ready and waiting. As we walked down State street toward Main street, Dr. Johnson noticed a poor, deformed man selling his few pencils. The kind-hearted old man immediately pulled a five-dollar bill from his

pocket, giving it to the man with the words, "Here my good man and may this help you." With that he stalked away.

As we passed the common, situated by the canal, Dr. Johnson stopped to look at the inscription upon the old war relic, saying, "Humph! this cannon is pointing toward the Bank instead of the river, it should be changed right away, right away!" I marveled then that this near-sighted old scholar should notice such a trivial thing as the direction of a cannon.

Then we proceeded to the High School Building, where I introduced the famous Doctor to Mr. Proctor, the principal of Bangor High School. Together we visited the different rooms. The Doctor was much pleased to see that the students were studying about his life and books. We visited one class during a whole period and when Dr. Johnson heard the recitations, he grew quite impatient, so much so, that I heard him mutter, "Incredible! the lack of knowledge exhibited here!" I saw he was getting tired so I suggested that we go to inspect the library.

When we left the High School Dr. Johnson almost shouted, "That Mr. Proctor, is he a Whig?"

To calm the old scholar as well as to avoid explaining the difference between Republicans and Tories, I answered, "No, indeed, Mr. Proctor is a Tory."

"Humph!" he answered, "glad of that, indeed I am!"

Then I introduced him to Mr. Boyd who conducted us around the library, but before long, I suggested that we go, for Dr. Johnson was to take the noon train for Portland.

As we were on our way to the station, the old scholar remarked, "Humph! remarkable, these Americans, and their inventions."

I felt that this was a compliment indeed, for the Doctor had been inclined to think of the Americans as he once did of the Scotch, before he visited them. As I bade the old scholar good bye, I thought what a great man he was, how unlike any man I had ever seen before and concluded that I probably would never again see such a queer, yet such a remarkable person, as Samuel Johnson.

## FORTY SECONDS TO GO

By Daniel Kennedy.

ONE of the most exciting endings of a game I ever saw, took place during the past football season. October 11, 1924, Bangor High school played Portland High school at Portland and that's where I witnessed the event.

Bangor went to Portland with one of the most confident elevens that had represented the school in years. The Crimson was all the more confident, on account of the fact, that Portland had not won a game while Bangor had easily defeated all its opponents. Before the game Bangor was an overwhelming favorite sure to crush the Blue by the biggest score in years.

This schoolboy tilt each year attracts attention all over Maine and in fact all over New England. Both schools would rather win from each other than from all the teams on their schedules. It seems that when Bangor plays against Portland it is not at its best. The reason—some writers take it—for this, is that Bangor has an inferiority complex when playing against the Blue.

As usual, one of the largest crowds of the season jammed Bayside Park at Portland to see the two teams clash. The smaller band of Crimson rooters vied with the Portland host of backers in yells of defiance, school songs, cheers, etc.

From the opening kick-off the Blue fought desperately, completely surprising the Red-jerseyed machine. During the first half the Crimson had a slight advantage in rushing but neither team scored. In the third quarter, although no score was registered by either team, the backers of both were kept on edge throughout. In the last quarter came a break that favored the Blue and after a short march they scored but failed for a point after a touchdown.

Now the Portland rooters went mad, for as there were but forty seconds to go they felt sure they would win and the Blue cheer-leaders began to line up the crowd for the triumphal march to town. Now, the old saying that the game is never over till the last whistle is blown, was surely proved. From the time of Portland's kick-



off to Bangor but forty seconds of playing remained. The Crimson—fighting desperately to the last—hurled a forward that was good for forty yards. But the Portland rooters, serene in the fact that the game would soon end, only cheered the harder. Another pass brought the leather 35 yards nearer the goal and the Bangor crowd went wild. The crowd swarmed down out of the bleachers onto the playing field. The game was stopped till the police cleared the field. Bangor shot another pass and their hopes seemed blasted as Halgren—the Blue's speedy halfback—gathered it in and started for the Bangor goal. Halgren, going like the wind, covered thirty yards be-

fore a wonderful flying tackle by McLeod, brought him down. The tackle was so jarring that Halgren was knocked unconscious, and he dropped the ball, which was recovered by McGinty for Bangor. Again, McLeod became the hero a moment later, when he gathered in a forward pass behind the Portland goal, which tied the score. "Shank" McClay's unerring toe gave the game to Bangor, by one point, with a beautiful drop-kick.

A moment later, the whistle blew, signifying the end of the game. This was one of the most dramatic endings of a game that could be imagined. If read in fiction one would be skeptical as to whether it could be done or not.

## JACK

By Edna A. Dearborn.

**H**E was only a dirty, wet, sleepy, hungry ball of black fur that morning long ago, when Bob Durling brought him home and presented him to the family.

Aunt Mary threw up her hands in horror at the thoughts of having a dog—and especially such a one as that—in the household. However, after Bob had told the story of how he happened to get the puppy, his father finally said he might keep him. Jack, as he was immediately named, was then taken to the kitchen for a bath and some food. Afterward he was again brought before the critics and keenly eyed over and over. Bright blue eyes, long, silky hair and a dear little curled up tail, made him quite a different doggie and he was welcomed by all.

It is now a year later, Jack is a full grown dog, a prominent member of the family and a constant companion of Baby Peggy.

One day, Mother, coming out on the porch to see that everything was right, missed the little one. "Where is Baby Peggy?" she asked of the other children.

"Oh, she's safe, Jack is with her," answered Bob, and Mother went back to her work, feeling that Peggy was in capable hands.

Noon came, but no Peggy and no Jack. Mother began to be worried but Father reassured her by saying, "Peggy has probably become tired of walking and fallen asleep. Jack will keep guard and before long will

bring her home." In spite of his optimism, as the hours rolled by—one, two, three and still neither dog nor child—Father became thoroughly alarmed and set out in search of the pair.

The trail was easy to find as it led along the sandy beach and he could distinctly see the two sets of footsteps, but when he came to the woods it was hard to follow the steps. Here the baby must have climbed on Jack's back to ride a while, as she often did, for only Jack's tracks showed. There were both marks again! Surely he must come to their end sometime for neither dog nor babe could travel very fast or far.

Hark! What was that? Could it be, yes, it must be, Jack! "Bow-wow, bow-wow," came the message faintly. The father began to run towards the sound.

"Jack, Jack," he called, "good fellow, where are you?"

In answer, came a joyful bark, near at hand.

Hastening around a clump of bushes he found Jack, his body stretched across a large hole, supporting Baby Peggy, who clung to his neck. Peggy was up to her waist in a bed of mud. The harder she struggled to free herself the more it held her in its iron grasp. Had it not been for faithful Jack, Peggy would have been buried too deep to save, but Jack, by lying perfectly still, had served as a prop and held her up.

Bob was correct. "She's safe, Jack is with her."



## PLAYED GOOD JOKE ON HOME GUARDS

By Katherine Trickey.

It was the first of January 62, B. C. All Rome was excited, for that day, in the Forum, was to be played the deciding game of the great basketball tournament between the

Romans and the Conspirators. Each team had won once from his opponent and the people were excitedly awaiting the beginning of the final game. The line-ups were as follows:

**Romans.****Conspirators.**

Cicero—Capt., l.f.....	Vargunteus, r.g.
Antonius, r.f.....	Cornelius, l.g.
Fulvia, c.....	Laeca, c.
Lepidus, l.g.....	Catiline—Capt., r.f.
Metellus, r.g.....	Manlius, l.f.

The game was in charge of the aediles, who had worked hard to arouse the interest of the people and they had succeeded far beyond their expectations. Among the most interested spectators were Caesar, Crassus and Pompey.

Great cheers arose from the crowd as the teams took their positions on the court. The ball was tossed up. Fulvia got the jump but Catiline recovered the ball. A swift pass from Catiline to Laeca and from him to Manlius, and Manlius tried for a basket but missed. As the ball rebounded from the backboard it was seized by Metellus and passed quickly to Fulvia and then to Cicero who made a spectacular throw from the center of the court, making the basket. The crowds were wild with excitement! Neither team had a chance to try for a bas-

ket during the rest of that period and the quarter ended 2 to 0 in favor of the Romans.

The second quarter began. The Romans got the ball after the jump and passed it swiftly from the guard to Antonius but the opposing guard intercepted the pass from Antonius to Cicero. As all the men on his team were covered at this moment, he dribbled up the court a short distance and then shot a quick pass to Manlius, who had evaded his guard. Lepidus intercepted the ball as it was thrown from Manlius to Catiline and the ball was again sent toward the Romans' basket. The ball was sent back and forth first on one side and then the other, neither team being able to score for the rest of the quarter.

The excitement was intense as the teams lined up for the second half. The ball was passed back and forth until near the end of the quarter, when Catiline succeeded in making a basket for the Conspirators, and the third quarter ended in a tie.

The teams were each playing their hardest as the last quarter started. The Romans captured the ball but Cicero in his eagerness to get nearer to the basket, ran into his guard and a foul was called. Vargunteus shot, and made the basket. The crowds were shouting excitedly. A few minutes later, Cicero caged the ball after a swift dribble down the floor, just as the final whistle blew.

The hard struggle was over. The Romans had won!



# LOCALS

The Chemistry club met in the Chemistry laboratory at 7.15, on December 18. The club enjoyed a fine talk from Mr. Trickey. He spoke of the prize that was to be awarded for the best chemistry essay and said that he would like to see every member in the Chemistry class try for it. He also said that the High school had some very fine material with which to work and they were going to purchase some more, so it will give everybody an opportune chance to try.

After the meeting games were enjoyed in which Mr. and Mrs. Trickey took an active part. Marshmallows were toasted over the Bunsen burner and every one seemed to enjoy a pleasant evening.

The History club held a meeting on Dec. 17, in the chemistry laboratory. The committee had the place prettily decorated. Refreshments were served and games and dancing were enjoyed by the victrola. Miss Greene and Mr. Reynolds were chaperones and saw that the children didn't eat too much.

The Boys' Debating society has accomplished much during the past term. There has been two lively debates on very popular questions. The society has been making plans to have a regular schedule for debating, namely: arranging debates with nearby schools as U. of M., Milo, Old Town, Pittsfield, etc. The society has also received an offer to become a member of the Maine Debating League for Secondary Schools, which is to be formed at the U. of M. The society has sent in an affirmative reply, hoping to be the winner of the silver loving cup, offered to the winning school.

It seems that the art of clear and forceful

arguments is lost in B. H. S. This is the art which characterized the great statesmen of history. It is the art which can wield a tremendous power in shaping the destinies of our nation. It is an art which aids men in every vocation of life to express themselves forcefully and clearly. It is time for the boys of Bangor High school to wake up and put the art of debating where it should be—among the other activities of the school. After the Christmas vacation the society is beginning to work on the Bates League question. Help us to have material from which to pick our teams by joining the Boys' Debating society at once.

On December 1, the Girls' Debating society held a meeting. Instead of having one debate with two or three speakers on each side, it had been decided to have three snappy, short debates with one speaker on each side for each debate.

The first debate was on the question of whether there should be one judge or three for a debate. Arline Palmer and Gretchen Hayes debated this question. The next question, a very live one just now in Bangor High school, of whether club membership should not be limited to one musical and one other club, was very keenly argued by Helen McDonough and Marion Schriver. Then Laura Merrill tried to prove that Bangor needs more policemen, and Jessie Fraser tried to prove that Bangor already had enough.

On December 15, the question of daylight saving was debated, Emma Townsend and Clara Bunker supporting the measure, with Clarine Coffin and Barbara Johnson opposing it. As Miss Johnson was unable to be present, Eunice Copeland took her place.





The editor-in-chief of the University of Maine "1926 Prism" is Irvin Kelley, a graduate of Bangor High, where he served on the Oracle board. He also helps edit the Maine Campus and is a member of Beta Theta Pi fraternity. This year the Prism, which is the year book of the junior class at Maine, is to be dedicated to the State of Maine. In a letter to the editor, Governor-elect Brewster pledged his support to this number of the Prism. This will be helpful, as Mr. Kelley is planning to include articles on the relation of the University to the State. Gerald Wheeler, B. H. S., '22, is assistant business manager of this year's Prism.

Theodore Chilcott, formerly of the Boston Herald, has returned to Bangor and entered business with his brother, Langdon Chilcott, at Orono. Mr. Chilcott attended Bangor High two years before entering Coburn.

Donald B. Strout, a popular Bangor boy, recently graduated from Gordon Bible college and was ordained to the ministry last fall at Summit, R. I., where he is now preaching. Mr. Strout attended Bangor High school.

Miss Helen Benner, B. H. S., '23, is

treasurer of a new sorority, Theta Sigma Rho, recently formed at the University of Maine.

Julian Waterman, B. H. S., '24, sustained a four-story fall at the U. of M. He was taken to the Eastern Maine General hospital, where his complete recovery is anticipated.

It was recently announced that Lester W. Campbell, B. H. S., '23, and now a sophomore at the College of Business Administration, Boston University, was one of the three students from Maine, who won high scholastic honors for the year 1923-24.

On December 15, the letter men of the Canisius college football team elected Edwin "Touchy" Short to captain the team for the 1925 season. Short, B. H. S., '22, captained the Bangor High team, also playing basketball and baseball. The selection of "Touchy" as grid leader, is a very popular one both here and at Buffalo. Recently the sporting editor of the Portland Express selected a mythical football team composed of Maine boys, who played on out-of-the-state football teams last season. On this team he placed "Touchy" Short and "Red" Lynch, another Bangor High boy, who is attending the Buffalo institution.

Lawrence Connor, B. H. S., '20, and Hebron, '21, has been elected chairman of the Commencement Ball committee of the University of Maine. Mr. Connor is captain of Company F, R. O. T. C., a member of the Blade, a member of the Athletic association from the senior class, a member of Intra Mural association, and has been assistant manager of the football team and manager of the track team.

Miss Virginia Hight, B. H. S., ex '25, who is a sophomore at Lasell seminary, Auburn-dale, Mass., has been elected cheer leader of her class. Miss Hight is a member of the Musical clubs and the Glee club, being among the Lasell girls who broadcasted a Christmas concert from the Edison Light station of Boston. Miss Charlotte Ryder, B. H. S., ex '06, and Lasell, '08, is the president of the Eastern Maine Lasell club.

Herbert Glass, B. H. S., '22, has severed his connection with the Sawyer Boot & Shoe Company and now is employed by the Burr Printing Company.

In the Boston Transcript for Wednesday, November 12, there appeared an article by Miss Greta Wood, who went to Bangor High. The article is entitled, "The Very Gold of the Fairies," and gives the experiences of the "Booklady" in the "Bookshop for Boys and Girls," Boston.

Recent marriages of Bangor High Alumni:

Norman D. Kearney, '18, and Miss Doris Kaminsky.

James A. Nichols, Jr., and Miss Pearl R. Wales, '23.

Jackson Libby and Miss Doris Marie Chandler, '23.

Edward James Bowley and Miss Helen Pierpont Reed.

Donald M. Grindle and Miss Mary E. Lynch.

Among the B. H. S. alumni, who spent the Christmas recess at home were:

Dorothy Spear, ex '25.

Margaret Warren, ex '25.

Grace Webber, ex '25.

Florence Webber, ex '26.

Frances Palmer, ex '25.

Charlotte Drummond, '24.

Georgia Treat, '24.

Donald Mason, '24.

Donald Thompson, '24.

Amy Dearborn, '24.

Ruth Thistle, '24.

### In Memory of Charles S. Erswell, Jr.

The Physics class of 1926 has presented to Bangor High school a picture in memory of their teacher, Charles S. Erswell, Jr. It is entitled, "Not My Will But Thine Be Done." The figures represent the King of Belgium and his mother in the cathedral at the outbreak of the World war. Since this picture is a war picture, painted during the World war, it seems particularly appropriate to Mr. Erswell, for he served **three** years in the army.

The picture is now hanging in the Physics laboratory, where it may at any time be seen by the pupils.

### IN MEMORIAM.

Willard Patton, the well known composer, who died recently in Minneapolis, was an old Bangor High school graduate. Although Mr. Patton left Bangor some 40 years ago, he still kept in touch with some of his musical friends "back home," and many of the older residents of Bangor remember Willard Patton as a fine musician, a trainer of choirs and choruses, and the organizer of the Handel association in 1874. In Minneapolis he organized the Philharmonic club and founded the School of Vocal Art, together with composing the Oratoria *Isaiah*, *La Fianza*, and many other compositions.





The Meteor, Berlin High School, N. H.: A very attractive, high class paper. It is complete in every detail; the cartoons were very clever and the editorials and jokes are especially good.

St. Joseph's Prep. Chronicle Phil. Pa.: A paper that certainly shows some fine school spirit. There is a splendid literary department both in quality and quantity, some of the stories doing credit to a real author. We think that if your Exchange comments were a little shorter, you would be able to report on more than three papers. Some jokes would brighten up the paper considerably.

The Torch, Doylestown High School Pa.: An interesting, well arranged paper. We wish to pay special tribute to "Poet's Corner" which contained some especially good poems. You have a fine literary department and some good jokes.

Oracle, Plainfield, N. J.: A lively paper

bearing our own name, containing some good editorials and splendid stories. The school notes are of a rather minus quality and the Exchanges are rather scanty.

The Owl, Woodbine High School N. J.: A neat, well arranged little paper with some fine stories. "Imagination" and "Love Songs" were especially good. "Y's Kracks" contains some fine jokes.

The Unity Echo, Milton High School: A very complete high grade paper. The editorials are well written up and you have a fine literary department. The "Editors Notebook" is clever and the Exchanges are written in a very unique style.

The Eclogue, Carbondale High School Pa.: Your "School Notes are the best and most complete we have seen. The Author-ess of the "Autobiography of a Cloud" certainly had some imagination, nevertheless it was interesting and cleverly written.

## MILITARY

This month's work in the R. O. T. C. will be in two parts: Rifle marksmanship and drill in the "school of the company." Any young man, just as well as the older soldiers of the United States Marines, can be a good marksman if he is properly instructed. The big trouble is that a boy or man does naturally just the wrong thing when he fires a rifle; he gives the trigger a sudden jerk and at the same time involuntarily flinches. This habit in itself causes many to give up in despair, who, if they knew what was at the bottom of their trouble, could have, by mastering the most important of the fundamental exercises, be-

The first few days will be devoted to sighting and aiming exercises and then the cadets will begin on real gallery shooting. Those boys who make a good showing in their tryouts will be urged to join the rifle team.

The drill in the "school of the company" will be for the most part only on Friday mornings when the usual inspections are held. Although all of the cadets have made a marked improvement in their personal appearances but as a whole unit Company A, seems to be holding the honors. Some mornings this period boasts of not having a single pair of unshined shoes. come good shots or even expert riflemen.



The Bangor Public Library has always been a very good friend to us but when you hear of their latest kindness I think that you will agree with me that it is just marvelous! The first of January the Public Library made a deposit of approximately 150 books in our High School library. Just think of 150 "brand span" new books, all at one time! While these books will be the property of the Bangor Public Library, yet they will remain in our own High School library for all of us to use until they wear out. Isn't it wonderful of our Public Library to do this for us?

We shall all enjoy using these books for they have been very carefully selected so that there will be something that will interest all of us. We have some "best sellers," good fiction, interesting books on science, biographies, etc.

The best way to show our gratitude to the Bangor Public Library is to use these books, for when a friend presents a gift to another the giver likes to know that the gift is one to be enjoyed. As we use these books let us remember who has so generously provided them for our pleasure.

A partial list is as follows:

#### Fiction.

Bailey—Trumpeter Swan.  
Bower—Lookout Man.  
Burnett—Lost Prince.  
Connor—Corporal Cameron.  
Farnol—Black Bartlemy's Treasure.  
Ferber—So Big.

Fox—Erskine Dale, Pioneer.  
Fox—Trail of the Lonesome Pine.  
Kyne—Pride of Palomar.  
London—Jerry.  
Lincoln—Cap'n Eri.  
Locke—Beloved Vagabond.  
MacHarg—Indian Drum.  
Balmer—  
Major—Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.  
Miller—Manslaughter.  
Orczy—Scarlet Pimpernel.  
Paine—College Years.  
Rinehart—K.  
Sabatini—Saint Martin's Summer.  
Tarkington—Monsieur Beaucaire.  
Tarkington—Penrod and Sam.  
Verne—Mysterious Island.  
Webster—When Patty Went to College.  
White—Riverman.

#### Science.

Ballantine—Radio Telephony for Amateurs.  
Olcott—Book of Stars for Young People.  
Yerkes—New World Science College.  
Cooper—Why Go to College.  
Earle—Life at U. S. Naval Academy.  
Richardson—West Point.

#### Games.

Bancroft—Games for Playground, Home, School, and Gym.  
Frost—Basketball.  
Geister—Ice Breakers.  
Wolcott—Book of Games for All Occasions.



# PERSONALS



## RADIO DEPARTMENT.

Introducing WET, Bangor High school's new Broadcasting station, which will open its monthly schedule, January 18, with the following program arranged by Jack Atwood and Bucky Winch:

- 6.00 P. M.—Dinner concert by WET Trio, composed of B. Whitman, '26, pianist, A. Rubin, '25, violinist, and E. Townsend, '25, cellist.
- 6.45 P. M.—Market reports, direct from the Lunch Room.
- 7.00 P. M.—Lecture, "Why I Eat Whales for Breakfast," by Professor Colby.
- 7.30 P. M.—Concert by the Freshmen singing, "Mistress Mary," "Mary Had a Little Lamb," and other rhymes about Mary.
- 7.45 P. M.—Bedtime story by Kenneth Ludden, the Kiddies' Pal.
- 8.00 P. M.—Lecture, "Inkwell Golf," by K. Warren Downing.
- 8.30 P. M.—Concert by B. H. S. Band, playing what they can and leaving out what they can't.
- 9.30 P. M.—Lecture, "Practical Cribbing," by D. Eastman, '25.
- 10.00 P. M.—Dance Program by WET jazz orchestra, with S. Brown at piano, D. Bassett, jewsharp. R. Babb, harmonica, and P. Whitman, musical saw.
- 10.30 P. M.—Weather report by Mr. Dugan, and signing off; W. Bickford, announcer.

## TRAVELOGUE

Miss Mary Files has returned from Europe with a most startling tale of her adventures there. She traveled all over the continent in a cute little Ford roadster painted purple and green with red spots, and carrying a balloon attachment. Of

course the thing was never in running order, but a good-looking girl like Mary has no trouble getting passers-by to adjust her fan-belt, or change a tire for her. Linkie's blonde locks made her rather noticeable in the southern part of the continent where dusky-haired beauties hold sway, and she stepped on the gas and hurried north. It was in Stockholm that she ran over an old acquaintance Kenneth Ludden, and the two started a campaign to abolish static because they were having trouble picking up items broadcasted from B. H. S., Kenneth was very interested to see the letter won by Miss Files for captaining the champion hockey team of the Olympic Games.

Mr. Ludden was called home suddenly, so he swiped Mary's flivver to make double-quick time. Nothing daunted, she accepted a position as a teacher of boxing, and soon had enough money to buy a cunning little submarine.

Most of Mary's traveling was up and down the principal shopping streets of Paris. We expect that she will be home next month sporting the latest thing in French bobs.

Next Month's Travelogue: Donald White in Africa.

## PEDESTRIANS' DICTIONARY.

**Sidewalk**—A narrow section of the street for pedestrians who would rather be walked over than run over.

**Traffic Officer**—A man who designates which stream of automobiles shall engulf you.

**Safety Zone**—A place in the middle of the street for those who are willing to take another chance.

**Curb**—Place on which you stand waiting for somebody behind to push you off.

**One-Way Street**—A street where you look only in the wrong direction.



## PHILLIP GOULD FOILS DESPERATE BANDITS YOUNG HIGH SCHOOL BOY HEROICALLY DEFENDS CASH DRAWER

Five desperate bandits attempted one of the boldest hold-ups ever heard of in this vicinity, in a candy shop on X— street, Thursday night. The villainous quintet entered the store while the clerk, a young high school boy named Phillip Gould, was reading behind the counter, and overpowered him, binding and gagging him securely, and began to loot the premises. Gould, however, got in touch with the police over the telephone and the villainous intrusions of the bandits were foiled, due to the courageousness and ingenuity of the youthful clerk. The prisoners are lodged in the local jail to await trial. Gould tells the following account of his thrilling experience.

It was about 9 o'clock in the evening; he was seated behind the counter, deeply interested in a tale in the True Story Magazine, in fact, so engrossed was he in the page before him that he did not know the five bandits had entered until he felt himself roughly seized from behind by ungentle hands and hurled to the floor. Five masked, burly ruffians threw themselves upon him attempting to pin him to the floor. But Gould, who, by the way, is an athlete of no mean ability, being one of the cleverest and accuratest marble shots in Penobscot county, fought, wrestled, bit, kicked and made himself otherwise obnoxious to his unwelcome guests, so furiously that for five minutes the bandits had all they could do to hold their own. But what was the puny strength of a mere high school boy, against five burly, full-grown ruffians? The heroic clerk was overpowered, firmly bound, hand and foot and a dirty rag placed in his mouth as a gag. The marauders then began

searching the place, throwing all valuable articles into a large flour sack on which was printed the motto of the gang, which read, "Eventually, why not now," which led young Gould to believe they they were a gang of anarchists, who believed the whole world should be equally divided and were helping themselves to their share.

Meanwhile, Gould's fertile brain was working busily and he devised a plan of action. Exerting himself to the utmost he gave a tremendous gulp and swallowed the rag which had prevented him from voicing the agonies which he felt. (Faithful practice in the lunch room swallowing sandwiches in their original state, had made him quite proficient in this art.) His vocal organ free, he wormed his way over to the telephone and quietly raising the receiver, held it until a cheery "number, please," came over the wire. Trembling with excitement he gasped: "Officer send an operator—I mean operator, send an officer to No. 000, X—street. Hurry, there's robbers here!" One of the thugs ran toward him, murder in his eyes. Like a flash the young clerk threw himself at the oncoming ruffians' legs, tripping him so that he sprawled on the floor. With surprising agility, Gould rolled to the door, the ropes which bound his feet becoming loose with the motion. His back to the door, kicking viciously with both feet, he held the five desperate bandits at bay until the police patrol wagon arrived. The ruffians put up a desperate fight, but the police, aided by young Gould, at last got them under control and they were rushed to the lock-up.

## WHO IS THE HANDSOMEST MAN IN B. H. S?

### Tattler Launches Great Beauty Contest

There has been much discussion in local circles as to who is the handsomest man in B. H. S. The Tattler, as usual rises to the occasion, this time with a Great Beauty Contest, lasting all this month. All aspirants for the great honor of being chosen the handsomest man in this school are requested to pass in their favorite photograph to the editor and it will be judged by an illustrious board of judges, consisting of Billy Dugan, Sergt. John Cummings and the editor. No bathing suit photos allowed, as this is not a bathing beauty contest. The winner will be announced in the next edition of this paper, and will be crowned King of Love and Beauty at chapel that morning. All contestants must be of undisputed amateur standing, i. e., no artist models, stage beauties or winners of perfect baby contests, need apply.

## AUTO REST MENAGERIE ESCAPES!

### In Captivity in B. H. S.

The world famous menagerie of Autorest Park is now in captivity in B. H. S. after escaping from the zoo at Carmel, Me., and roaming the vicinity all night, throwing the whole community into terror and confusion. Nothing definite has been yet determined as to the method of escape, but Willie Wallace, the hairy ape from the African jungles is said to have broken loose and set free the entire menagerie, which consists of the ape, Leo-Bella-the-Baboon-Wise, and Monkey Steeves, whom Darwin claimed the human race once resembled. At eight o'clock this morning the trio entered B. H. S. and were prowling about the building when A. K. P. Smith, a student, mistaking Willie Wallace, the hairy ape from the African jungles, for a friend of his, innocently ap-

(Continued on page 2)



## CURIOUS CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Wednesday afternoon in a plane geometry class a curious case of mistaken identity occurred. The teacher was absent, being ill and a substitute was conducting the class and everything was getting along fine. The class was struggling heroically with a tough proposition and several victims in succession were unable to prove it. Disgusted, the teacher turned to the other side of the room and in a very matter of fact tone, said to "Fat" Lieberman, "Mr. Dunphy, can you prove this proposition?" Anyone who has had the pleasure of knowing "Fat" Dunphy, the heavyweight sensation of the graduated class of 1924, can imagine the earthquake this inadvertent remark caused. The teacher cannot be blamed for this mistake as Dunphy and Lieberman look like two similar triangles, that is angles equal and sides proportional. Lieberman is not fat, he's corpulent, in fact, he is so heavy he's got fallen arches.

"Fat" feels very mortified at having been placed in the limelight in such an ungainly posture and when interviewed by our dub reporter, said that he believed there was a "hidden hand" behind the throne, and on the strength of his beliefs he would sue for slander. This is no doubt all the bunk and as soon as his anger subsides he will go back to his regular diet of Mellon's Food and peacefully watch the rest of the world perambulate by him.

approached him. He did not recognize the anthropoid until almost upon him, then with a cry of terror he turned and ran for his life, crying "Help" at the top of his voice. A faculty member, attracted to the scene by the rumpus, stopped the flying A. K. P. and ascertained the cause of the commotion. Together, they hastened to the gymnasium, and summoned the R. O. T. C., who were drilling there, to the chase. The animals were soon captured without a struggle, and imprisoned in the lunch room.

## HIGH SCHOOL BAND SUDDENLY STRICKEN DUMB

### Lawrence Mann Fifes Himself to Fame

Friday morning at the last chapel before the Xmas recess, the High school band was suddenly stricken dumb in a most strange and unprecedented manner while playing the customary concert selection for the regular chapel exercises. The band started out in its usual masterful manner and the whole assembly was enthralled with the sweet strains, when suddenly the music stopped abruptly and completely and an ominous silence reigned. Then, faint at first, but with increasing volumes as the musician gained courage, came the notes of the fife of Lawrence Mann. Sweet and clear as the pipes of Pan, they filled the hall with strains that thrilled the students. Lawrence fife on, like the "spirit of '76", putting his heart and soul into the melody until the selection was completed. Then a thunderous burst of applause came from the student body.

The cause of this strange cessation of sound from the band still remains a deep mystery and there has been much conjecture and scrutiny among the students and faculty concerning it. A popular rumor is that Horace Briggs dropped a nickel and the whole band cast aside their weapons and began searching feverishly for it. Another possible conclusion is that the band, reaching a difficult piece of music, unanimously stopped playing; or perhaps by some queer trick of fate the whole band became out of breath at the same time. (Another good point for the anti-cigarette league).

This is the first time in the history of the B. H. S. band that anything of this sort has ever happened. Our band is undoubtedly the best High school band in Bangor and Brewer and can be compared only with "Sousa's Own". It contains many great players among whom is Maurice Leavitt, crack cornetist. This youth can

## EDITORIALS

### A PUBLIC MENACE.

The Tatler has received the following letter from a reader, calling attention to a menace on the second floor which should be done away with, immediately:

Dear Editor:

The other day, while walking from my second to my third period class, I had occasion to pass the school library and as I was walking by, the door suddenly swung open and struck me a merry wallop on the pate. Stars, electric lights, exclamation points and more stars flashed before me and someone caught me as I was about to fall. I careened dizzily down the corridor my brain in a whirl, when I heard a door swing open. Crash! and the world went black before me. I awoke in the principal's office and was told that the door of the teacher's room had struck me. This state of affairs is jeopardizing the lives of hundreds of students who walk the corridors and I appeal to the Tatler to help remove it.

Yours sincerely,

Montgomery Nuett.

## SCREEN COMMENT

BY EMANUEL HORSERADISH

Question: What is Rudolph Spurling's latest picture and who is his leading lady?

Answer: Rudy's latest picture is "Haytime in Pumpkin Hollow." Lydia Pinkham plays the leading feminine role.

Quest.: Is "Sheik" Corey any relation to Ramon Navarro?"

Ans.: Yes, they are both descended from Adam and Eve.

blow like a northwest gale and when he swells his cheeks, Oh, Boy, you've just gotta shake your shoulders! Also Owen Infiorati, who, although a painter by trade, can make his sax sound like the cows were returning home from pasture.



## NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

The Freshman—to grow in body and mind.

The Sophomores—to get enough rank to join the Latin Club.

The Juniors—to have the best Exhibition yet.

The Seniors—to scrape together enough A's to graduate on the honor list.

June Mower—to study something besides crossword puzzles.

Karl Larsen—to get a new line.

Charlie Whittemore—to stay in the Cercle Francais.

Dot Clough—to do her Christmas shopping early this year.

Jack Garland—to qualify for the Useless Club.

William Murphy—to send in his "stuff" for Personals a little more faithfully.

## Eunice Copeland's Return to B. H. S. in 1970.

I had traveled far and for many years. Though my voyage, unlike that of Aeneas, had been a pleasant one, still I was glad to be back home and to have the opportunity of visiting the school of my youth once more.

How different from the building we thought so spacious in 1925, this large, beautiful edifice! Forty-five years had changed the outward appearance of our alma mater, but I longed to discover what changes Father Time had made on the inside.

As I ascended the broad marble steps with my faithful companion, Geneva Sawyer, my patron goddess cast a mist about us so we entered unobserved. Directly before us, through a beautiful arched doorway, we caught a glimpse of the Assembly Hall, a huge room, with several balconies and a wide, well lighted stage. As we passed down the corridor, the silvery yet commanding tones of Ruth Chandler reached us from Room 1162, "Continue en Espagnol." A little farther on we heard the clear voice of Dorothy Ireland asking, "A quel page commencans nous aujour'hui?"

We ascended to the next floor and there in Room 2178 we saw Emma Townsend, a Virgil on the desk before her (ah, no! The Latin language is not dead in 1970—very, very old, nearly extinct—but still nearly

driving suffering students to suicide!) Emma's hair was almost white, but her brown eyes still sparkled mischievously. As we entered the next room the teacher was asking: "What is the twenty-eighth amendment? When was it adopted, Grey?" It was Philip Whitman who spoke, the history shark, now endowed with the power to mark zeros on little white cards. We were again in the corridor, and turning a corner Richard Babb came in sight, clad in a brown uniform. Dick had reached the top of his ambition—head of the R. O. T. C.

In the library we discovered Geneva McGary, with her assistant, Barbara Johnson, searching for a reference book for some innocent student. In another room Clarence Coffey was endeavoring to explain to a roomful of doubtful pupils that if a line is parallel to another line it cannot be perpendicular to it—they had our sympathy. On the sixth floor in the Chemistry laboratory, we observed a tall, gray-haired man pouring a liquid into a flickering blue flame. As he turned toward us my pal, Geneva, recognized Karl Larsen, at his favorite pastime, experimenting.

On our way down we met Stephen Casper, a lot of books under his arm and a worried expression on his now wrinkled face—for in 1970 Steve is still a student in Bangor High school. We proceeded to the concert room, where Edith Bowen was directing the orchestra with the able assistance of John Townsend. Downstairs, in the most enormous gymnasium we had ever seen, fair-haired Madeline marched weary girls back and fourth.

Coming again to the street we met the janitor. Ah, gentle readers, can you guess who he was?—Merrill Kittredge, old and bent, but still with his mocking smile; still treasuring that picture of Arline Palmer at the age of eleven, standing with her faithful horse, down by the sad sea waves.

As we slid back the great doors of the main entrance, tears came into my eyes. I thought of all these classmates of mine who had returned to help preserve the splendid reputation of our school but I—what had I done for my alma mater in return for the staff she had placed in my hands for the path of life? On the spot I made a New Year's Resolution—and this one shall be kept—that I would bequeath all my vast fortune to Bangor High school, for even in 1970, in one respect our school remains unchanged—it is still in need of money.



## SPORT NEWS AND COMMENT.

## Girls' Basket Bowl.

The Girls' B. B. squad of B. H. S. has developed into one of the finest, if not the finest team in this state. With such stars as Dot Eastman, jumping center, Sarah Blaisdell, r. f., Ella Bulmer, l. f., Emma Townsend, r. g., Helen McDonough, l. g., and Stewart Upton, side center, we have the brightest chance of winning the state championship since basketball was introduced into this school. The first game is scheduled for Feb. 29, 1925, in Room 104, against the Fairmount Kindergarten. As this is the first and perhaps the hardest game of the season, all should be on hand to help cheer our team on to victory. Don't Fail to Miss It, and by all means, lose your ticket. The price is exorbitant, being two sneezes for the season ticket.

Packer McClay is beginning to think an all-round basketball player is a star who plays basketball all around the country.

The record which all the football players broke at Portland and the one broken by McGinnis at the Bangor-Portland game, has not been repaired as yet, and Coach Trowell has little hope that the players will recover from their victory, and the record be repaired before next fall.

## WORTHLESS FACTS TO BE FORGOTTEN.

Prescott Vose, '25, has hung out his shingle as a lawyer. He has already handled several cases and is reaping good returns, having earned two dollars by hunting up Max Lieberman's two dollar bill. Lieberman thinks the price exorbitant, and if he can find any lawyer who will prosecute without charge, he is going to sue Prescott. This is a good opportunity for Dean Benson to display his talent.

P. Dennett says that these night parties will be his ruin.

M. Lieberman is often mistaken by Miss Parker for Fat Dunphy.

According to Allison Hill, '25, it's a great life if they weaken a little.

Having interviewed several students, Marion Schriver has discovered that as a whole, the pupils of B. H. S. think they belong to too many clubs, but nobody is will-

ing to resign from any. She thinks we should be restrained from our rashness. It would be a good idea—in this as well as in other directions.

Barbara Fogg has discovered that it is easier to get the yellow flame from the Bunsen burner by choking off the oxygen supply with water than by adjusting the collar.

## CURIOSITY CORNER.

(Address inquiries to A. F. P., Personals Editor, Room 207, but for goodness' sake, don't swamp her with as many and as diverse questions as you did this month! Her once active brain is showing signs of wear—it would take a private detective, a geologist, a mind-reader and a crossword puzzle artist to answer all your questions).

Q. How can you play a cake-walk on a saxophone?—P. C.

A. Fill the horn up with cookie crumbs; to obtain a more liquor tone add a little milk.

Q. What does Miss Dunning do with all the crossword puzzles she collects in singing class? I want mine back.—Anxious.

A. You'll get them back. The algebra students are going to use them for graph paper.

Q. Where does your lap go when you stand up?—K. L., '25.

A. Gretchen says it accompanies the fire when it goes out.

Q. What did that freshman say when Mr. Trickey told him the big silver cup in the office was the Bowdoin debating cup, won by last year's junior class?—L. F. W.

A. He said the class of '25 must have had a thirsty debating team.

Q. Do you believe the statement that there never was any Adam or Eve?—P. T. M., '25.

A. Well, there is ground for the suspicion that the human race was founded by Cain.

Q. Why haven't you installed a radio department?—Nick.

A. We are putting one in this month. We had two bunches of materials to pick from, and when we showed them to our assistants, Mr. Murphy wanted us to print Eunice Copeland's, but Miss Maloney said, "Oh, if Karl Larsen wrote that it must be good. Can't you use it?" We couldn't publish both contributions, and one of



Eunice's articles appears in this issue, so we gave in to Frances Maloney and we are using Karl's.

Q. Did Lincoln free the slaves?—History Student.

A. We used to think so, but since our teachers began giving us such long assignments, we've changed our minds. He didn't free all of them.

Q. Does anyone ever really "die laughing"?—H. Stewart.

A. We don't know of any such case—but it sometimes seems as if we'd die trying to think up something to make our readers laugh.

Q. What do you think of crossword puzzles?—Streetie.

A. Well, when we were in the midst of preparing a debate to be staged an hour later, and someone called us up to ask if we

knew a five-letter Latin word meaning head—no, we didn't swear, but although we thought of "caput" we revenged ourself by telling a gentle fib.

Q. What is a Russian word of fourteen letters meaning the intellectual ability of a small fish?—G. Sawyer.

A. We suggest that you ask Lloyd Colby or some other learned person. We're not a strolling library.

### COMPLAINERS' CLUB.

To the Head of the Personals' Department.  
My Dear Miss Palmer:

I observe that in last month's issue of the Oracle you refuted my contention that you were planning to go into the undertaking business. Now, I may be wrong, but I came to that conclusion because an article that appeared in your department some time ago seemed a pretty good "ad" for that profession. Did you ever wonder why undertakers are able to do such a rushing business? It is through their advertising. Sometimes the old codgers who peruse every word of the papers, read their advertisements, so they pass out and patronize them. Sometimes when business is slack, undertakers have to move out of town; when business is flourishing, they move other people out.

Perhaps you have heard of that enterprising undertaker in the middle west who invented a new advertising scheme. He sent a number of sample bottles of quinine to his fellow citizens, and then proceeded to bury those who sampled his present. I do not wish to hurt the undertaking business, but I do think those bottles contained something besides quinine. So I resolved to warn the students of B. H. S. to beware of any undertaker's scheme such as this: "In 1930—etc., etc., the rest of us will be dead," even if it does appear in a reliable paper like the Oracle and in such an entertaining department as the present personals' editors are making theirs.

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Just as the results of elections are always expressed in those politically over-worked words, "overwhelming majority," so also when a man passes away, whether he be nine or ninety, his decease is described as "untimely death." I suppose that when Methuselah finally succeeded in dying, the neighbors all trooped over to the widow and sobbed: "Oh, Mrs. Methuselah, how untimely your husband's death was!"

I would be glad to discuss this subject at even greater length, but if I don't attend to my own department instead of writing to yours, I shall be dead broke.

Disrespectfully,

Prescott Dennett.

My Dear Mr. Dennett:

Grateful as we are to you for helping to fill up space, we are glad that you decided not to discuss this subject at greater length. We appreciate your compliment as to our management of this department but we are hurt—oh, yes, Mr. Dennett, we are hurt!—at your insistence that we are interested in that profession. We have come to the conclusion that you yourself, are planning to enter that business, and have taken this roundabout way of getting in a little advertising on your own account. The idea as we see it, Mr. Dennett, is that you want to demolish us because you are one of the Alumni editors and it would be a choice bit of news for you. There now!

A. F. P., Personals' Editor.

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