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The Oracle Board

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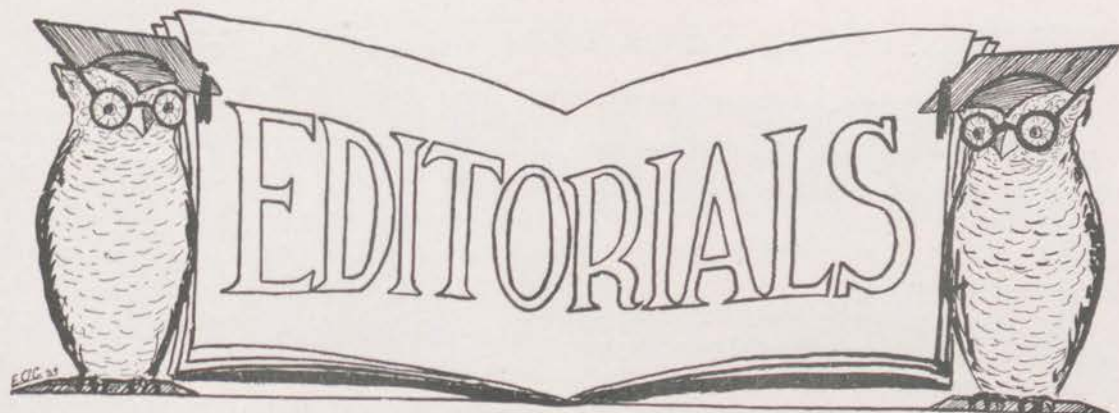
Robert Russ, '29

Who's Who ?



CLARENCE W. PROCTOR—OUR PRINCIPAL AND FRIEND

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HAPPY NEW YEAR

"A year to be glad in,
Not to be bad in;
A year to live in,
To gain and give in;
A year for trying,
And not for sighing;
A year for striving
And hearty thriving;
A bright new year.
Oh! hold it dear;
For God who sendeth
Only lendeth."

To wish you a Happy New Year and really mean it, is about all one can do after all, isn't it? "You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink." A certain speaker once told how he once addressed an audience in which there was a certain man who was known to be determined not to be so hilarious as to smile on any occasion. The speaker, confident that no such person could withstand his appeal for a smile, used every means available to conquer the peculiar man's error, but at the end of the address he walked from the room as void of any expression of happiness as he had determined. And that is just the way with every last one of us; we can be just about what we determine to be; we can be happy and sing for joy in the prison cell; we can be unhappy and discontented in the midst of prosperity; nobody can *make* us be anything.

To be happy is not to be possessor of an abundance of this world's goods; on the other hand it does not mean that one needs to deprive one's self of it. In truth, to find happiness we must seek it in the simple elements of life even as Ruskin says:

"To watch the corn grow, or the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over ploughshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to pray—these are the things that make men happy." And these things are within the reach of the rich, the poor, the low, and the high.

It is not a selfish desire at all to desire to be truly happy and make expression of that happiness, for the happy disposition of one person becomes the reason for happiness of another. That person is selfish who can have the appearance of happiness under pleasant circumstances only; and that person who has the appearance of happiness in public or where he may be seen of men and is a grouch in the home or under adverse circumstances is only feigning to be happy. But if you want to do something worth while, remember:—

"It is easy to smile
When life is like a song,
But the man worth while
Is the man with a smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

May we be happy in season, out of season, all the time; may we be more thoughtful and earnest, kindhearted and true; may we have a **HAPPY NEW YEAR.**

WHAT ABOUT POOR RICHARD?

Recently the National Thrift Committee sent a poster announcing that prizes will be awarded for the best essays on "The Many-sided Franklin." The contest is open to all high-school students.

Here is an opportunity that should not be neglected. It would be a fine thing for Bangor if an essay written by a student of B. H. S. should win one of the prizes. One essay will be accepted from each high school, the author of the winning article receiving a medal, the school the cash prize.

"The Many-sided Franklin" is a broad subject to write on. We have all read of Franklin's kite, and as for the literary side of his career, who has not read or at least heard the famous sayings of Poor Richard? With such a wide scope to the choice of material, it should be easy to produce an excellent essay in developing this title.

This month is a singularly appropriate time to write on Franklin,—Thrift Week comes between the 17th and the 23rd,—thrift being one of the outstanding features of his life.

This contest is a splendid opportunity to put Bangor High on the map. Many themes should be submitted by our large student body. Of course there is the remote contingency that our school essay might not win a prize, but at least we can derive satisfaction from the fact that we have done our best.—Asso. Ed.

THE ORACLE BOARD

The Oracle Board regrets that it has become necessary for our Business Manager to resign his position. He has found that the strain has become too much to get the amount of ads that we have. However, he has consented to still assist as he is able. The Junior Assistant becomes Manager; this will insure greater success for the next year. The responsibilities that we take upon ourselves gradually while another stands ready to assist is usually met with greater success than those that are suddenly thrust upon us.

We feel that the splendid cooperation of the Board must be well known. Each one has performed her or his duty more or less automatically, and deserves personal commendation. Such experience has a peculiar education of itself. A noticeable increase in the interest of the students in their publication is worthy of commendation. Much more material has been handed in than was the case last year. To those whose contributions have not been used, we wish to say that you must not quit but try again; preference is to those who try.

We hope that the Seniors will be out for the best June issue yet. It is time to think about pictures and poetry you know. So let's be "On your mark!" at least now.



The Mysterious Eyes

By J. Ruth Harrington

Alstonville was a small coast-town of New England, which had been founded by the early English settlers. It was called Alstonville after my great-grandfather and my grandfather's last wishes were that we should always live there. When he died he left all his property to Jerry and me. Consequently we did stay there.

It was not very pleasing to me to live in Alstonville as I was always frightened in my grandfather's old mansion. The place was not at all like a modern mansion. Everything about it was "spooky" and "creepy." It contained many secret passages, legends of which had been extinguished years ago, but there was one legend which was too realistic to be banished from anybody's mind. This legend concerned an immense statue of Buddha, which sat in the corner at the foot of the front staircase.

When the eyes of the statue turned green and roved about, it was supposed to have meant great harm for some member of the family.

Having never been a superstitious person I don't believe that the story would have made much impression on me if it had not been for an incident that happened to me when I was eight years old.

I was just coming down the front staircase when I saw the eyes of the statue blinking at me. In a fit of excitement, I rushed into the library, to find the lifeless body of my father

sitting upright in a chair and pointing toward the Buddha. He was found to have been murdered but no traces of the murderer were ever discovered. After that incident I was always frightened of this hideous green monster and I resolved that some day I would solve the mystery.

It was not long after the estate passed into our hands, that I began hunting for some clues, by which the mysterious eyes could be accounted for. I was examining the panels of the hall one day, when suddenly, I heard a strange creaking noise as though somebody were ripping nails. At first I was rather frightened but I knew that if I would solve the mystery, I must keep up my courage. Soon the hideous green eyes began to flash. Under ordinary circumstances I should have run away but these weren't ordinary circumstances and instead of running I courageously poked my finger through the green optic of my friend, Buddha. At once the statue swung aside disclosing a large opening in the wall and a passage beyond. As I looked I could see a green light disappearing in the distance.

Later upon investigation it was found that the passage led to a cave and that it had been used by many famous outlaws, smugglers and bootleggers.

The murder of my father who was a judge, was thought to have been the act of a criminal—whom he had sent to prison and who later escaped and sought revenge.

A Dream That Came True

By Barbara H. Whitman

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mrs. Norton, a widow.
 Blanche, her daughter.
 Billy, her adopted son.
 Mr. Philip Marshall, a rich New York banker.
 Place: Act I, a small Maine town.
 Act II, New York City.
 Time: The present.

ACT I.

Scene I. The living room of the Norton home. The family is seated about the room. Mrs. Norton is knitting, Blanche is doing fancy work, and Billy is reading.

Blanche: How lonesome the evenings are since Father left us! It seems months that he was last here, but it's been only two weeks since he died.

Billy: (looking up from his book,) You're right, Sis. It does seem ages, and no one can miss Dad any more than I. If it hadn't been for him I don't know where I'd be now. That was a lucky day for me,—the day he found me wandering along the roadside a mile from this town, without friend or home or money.

Mrs. Norton: It was certainly a lucky day for Blanche and me, too, my boy, for now you are all we have in the whole, wide world. (Pauses.) My children, there is something I must tell you. I hate to more than I can say, but I feel I have kept it from you too long already. (Blanche and Billy look anxiously at their mother.) This house is all the possessions your father had when he died. It's all we have, and we've got to do something right away, something—

Blanche: (excitedly) I have it, Mother, I have it!

Mrs. Norton: Why, Blanche, what in the world do you mean?

Blanche: I just mean this. I've been thinking it all out. We'll put a sign "Tourists Accommodated" out front. You know there are flocks of tourists going through here all summer, and we have plenty of extra room. Then, I'm going to start a tea-room. Now, isn't that a great idea!

Billy: Say, Blanche, you're a wonder! We'll do it, and, and—I'll build the teahouse. Right on the little hill beyond the schoolhouse would be a good place, and it's not very far from here, either.

Blanche: Oh, Billy, aren't you a darling?

Mrs. Norton: (smiling) I'm glad you are so ambitious, my dears, and I'll do all I can to help you.

(They begin to talk over their plans.)

Curtain.

Scene II. The same, four months later. Enter Mr. Marshall and Mrs. Norton.

Mrs. Norton: Have a chair, Mr. Marshall. You must be very tired.

Mr. Marshall: (taking a seat) Thank you, I believe I am rather tired. Today has been a hard drive. As I was telling your daughter, I'm in a hurry to get back to New York to my business. I am just returning home from Montreal, where my brother has been dangerously ill.

Mrs. Norton: What a shame!

Mr. Marshall: He was a terribly sick man for a time, but I left him well on the road to health again. (Pauses.) Your daughter has a charming voice. She has been singing to me this evening. I think I never knew a girl so young to be more naturally gifted than she. (Blanche and Billy enter.) My dear, how would you like to go to New York with me, and study?

Blanche: (speechless at first) Oh, Mr. Marshall, it's always been the dream of my life to be a singer! It seems just too good to be true,—

but how could I leave Mother and Billy?

Mrs. Norton: This is a wonderful opportunity, Blanche. Billy and I do not want to stand in your way of success. I am sure you would be sorry if you let us.

Blanche: I will never be able to thank you, I—

Mr. Marshall: I don't want you to thank me; I am only too glad to be the means of training such a voice as yours, and I shall see that you have the best master in New York for your teacher.

(Mr. Marshall and Blanche are clasping hands. Mrs. Norton and Billy smiling happily.)

Curtain

ACT II.

Scene I. A concert stage in New York, three years later. Blanche Norton, a well-known artist, appears and sings.

Curtain.

Scene II. The home of Mr. Marshall on Fifth Avenue, New York. Enter Blanche and Billy, hand in hand.

Billy: I just knew you'd do it, Blanche! I always said you were a wonder; and we're all so proud of you! You know about Mother and Mr. Marshall, don't you? (They sit down.)

Blanche: Oh, yes. I'm so glad, and — happy for them. They're in the next room this minute. I never saw mother look so well and happy, and Mr. Marshall,—well, none was ever more deeply in love than he is.

Billy: The dear old soul! Now, here's some news. He's offered me a position in his bank!

Blanche: Oh, really, Billy?

Billy: But you're dearer to me than anything else in this world, Blanche.

Blanche: Billy, you always were a darling! (Billy's arm is around Blanche.)

Curtain



A Night at Camp

By Francise Clark and Doris Richardson

Alice Smith
Dorothy Kelley
Ruth Young
Betsy Weeks
Mary Brown

Characters

Scene I: Dining Room at Mary Brown's cottage.

Time: August, 1923.

Dining Room of Mary Brown's Cottage, at Branch Pond. A typical camp room. A door leading into the kitchen and a door leading into the sitting-room.

As curtain rises, Mary Brown, Betsy Weeks and Ruth Young, are sitting at the table waiting for Betty, Alice and Dot to serve the dessert. They have been discussing a visit to a nearby haunted house.

Ruth. What are you two whispering about, out there?

Mary. Hustle up with the dessert girls! It's seven now and we want to start for the haunted house by 7.30.

Dot (from the kitchen). Coming! Hold your horses. (Dot and Al enter and take their places at the table.)

Al. So you have finally decided to investigate the haunted house, to-night?

Mary. Yes let's go and get our flashlights now. (Mary, Ruth and Betty exit by door L.)

Al! (With lowered voice). Now's your chance to get that sheet for the ghost stunt.

Dot. All right, say but won't we have a good time with them! (Exit by door L.)

Al (calling after her). Don't let any of the girls see you get it—(aside). I wonder what I did with my flash-light; oh I know, I guess I put it in my sweater pocket. (While she is crossing the room to get her sweater which is lying on a chair the curtains go down).

SCENE II.

At the Haunted House

In the cellar. A rickety ladder on the right. Barrels and bottles strewed about. It is pitch dark. The curtain rises as the girls are coming down the ladder with lighted flash-lights.

Ruth (from the top of the ladder). Isn't this spooky looking. Let's not go down here.

Betty. Oh my goodness, my flashlight has gone out.

Mary (aside takes out her battery). What's the matter with mine. It has gone out too.

(A barrel moves over in the corner.)

Betty. What's that moving over there? (Pointing her finger toward the corner).

Ruth (turning toward the stairs and glances back nervously). Oh girls I-let's

(Awe-e-e comes from the barrel).

Mary, I'm going to investigate, come on girls.

Ruth and Betty (together). Don't be silly let's go up stairs and see what Al and Dot are doing.

Mary. I'm no 'fraid-cat, if you girls are scared. I'll go alone, give me your flash-light Ruth.

Ruth. Well, I guess not, do you think that I am going to stand here in the dark.

Mary. Don't then, I'll go without it (and she approaches the barrel cautiously. A tall white figure rises from the barrel with outstretched arms Mary stops short). Ye gods! (Then a rattling sound comes from the other corner and a similar figure appears in the darkness. The eyes are lighted up, with flash-lights.)

Ruth. Oh-h! (she starts running for the

stairs and trips over some bottles. Betty, who is following close behind starts to help her up. When she feels the hand on her shoulder she jumps up crying). Help! It's got me. (shaking herself free she stumbles upstairs. The other two girls follow close behind as the ghost approaches them).

Betty (as she reaches the top of the stairs). Oh Ruthie, wait for us.

Mary (upstairs). Oh, she has gone back to camp, let's go too, I don't like this place very well.

Betty. All right, hurry up!

(Giggles are heard in the corner).

Dot (in a whisper). It worked great didn't it, Al? We must get back to camp before them so they won't suspect us.

Al. What will we do with these sheets?

Dot. Slip them under your arm and we'll hide them under the bushes near camp. (Exit Dot and Al).

Scene III.

A Camp Fire on shore. Girls are seated around the fire cooking bacon and frankforts.

Ruth. Where were you and Dot, Al while we were down cellar?

Al. Oh we thought that we would come back early and build the fire.

Dot. Where's the mustard?

Betty. I'll go in and get some. (As she passes by some bushes she sees something on the ground and picks it up) Ah girls! see what I've found.

(She dangles the sheet in the air).

(Mary and Ruth jump up and crowd around her).

Ruth. Why it's the ghost sheet. And here's Dot's name in the corner.

Ruth, Betty and Mary. So you were the cause of our scare.

Mary. And Al must have been the other one.

(Curtain descends as they pounce on Al and Dot).

The Abandoned House

By Thurlow Chandler

Cast of Characters

"Jack" Bennett; a tall, lean, sun-burned lad of sixteen years.

"Tom" Bennett: Jack's twin, with identical physical features.

"Joe" Brown: A fat jolly fellow of the same age with a "stick-to-it" disposition.

ACT I

Time: A Friday evening in summer at the present time.

Place: The front steps of the Bennett home in a small town in New England.

Action: Tom and Jack are seen in conversation.

Jack: Well, Tom, what shall we do to-morrow?

Tom: Oh, I don't know, Jack. Can't you think of anything?

Jack: I haven't yet. Suppose we both think awhile.

Silence for a few minutes

Tom: I've got it.

Jack: What!

Tom: An idea. Suppose we investigate the abandoned house on the top of Kings Mountain. To-morrow is Saturday and we can spend the day on the mountain.

Jack: Fine! I'll run over and tell Joe. He'll want to go, too. You can get our knapsacks ready while I am gone.

ACT II

Time: Next morning.

Place: The vicinity of the abandoned house.

Action: Tom, Joe, and Jack seen approaching the house up the steep ascent leading to it. Joe is puffingly bringing up the rear. The other two are urging him to a quicker pace.

Jack: Come on, old timer. Hit it up. Its only a little way further.

Tom: A little speed, Fat. We want to get there.

Joe: Thats all right for you fellows but this

boy isn't going to wear himself out for you two bean poles.

Tom: Never mind, Joe but step on it just the same.

Silence until they reach the porch of the house

Joe: Thank goodness we're here at last. I couldn't have walked another yard.

Jack: Get your breath, Fat. You'll need it soon.

Tom: We'll all take a rest. It can't do us any harm.

Silence for quite a while.

Jack: What say, fellows, shall we investigate the house now or eat our lunch?

Joe: Let's investigate the ground floor and then eat. We can see the rest of the house after eating.

Tom: Fine! Suits me to a T.

Jack: Great! Come on then.

They enter the house and make their way to the living room.

Jack: Golly, what a big room. Its large enough to hold a banquet in.

Tom: Sure. There's an old story that one was held here long ago.

Joe: Is that so? I never heard it.

Jack: Neither did I. Tell us about it.

Tom: I will sometime.

Jack: Where's the dining-room and kitchen? It ought to be near here.

Joe: There you go. Always thinking of something connected with your stomach.

Jack: That's all right, Fat. You have a big appetite yourself.

Tom: Are you two quarreling again? Forget it and come along.

Joe: Here's the kitchen, Jack.

Jack: And here's the dining room, Fat.

Tom: I guess we better eat. All you two fellows will think of now is food. Besides, the stairways are down and we have seen all we can except from the outside.

Jack and Joe; to-gether: Hurray!

Exit all to eat

"Bookland"

(After a Similar Sketch)

By Mary Harrington, '26

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Sheriff
Judge
Rip Van Winkle
A Man Without a Country
Prudy Sisters
Jury

ACT I. SCENE I.

Place. Courtroom. Time, Present. Sheriff of Rockland, "Hear Ye! Hear Ye! The Court of Literary Criticism is about to open. Gentlemen of the Jury. Do you solemnly swear to perform the duties of the Jury to the best of your ability?"

Jury, I do.

Sheriff. Silence in Court, Judge Knowledge approaches.

Judge. The Court is now open, bring in the first case.

(Sheriff brings in rough character)

Judge. What is your name.

Prisoner. "Rip Van Winkle."

Judge. Where did you find him sheriff?

Sheriff. Asleep on the mountain side.

Judge. What is the charge?

Sheriff. Idleness, shiftlessness.

Judge. Have you any defense?

Prisoner. A scolding wife.

Judge. You have heard the testimony. You may retire and disclose a verdict.

(Exit Jury).

Foreman. We find the prisoner not guilty.

Judge. Rip Van Winkle this court finds you not guilty of a crime against literature.

SCENE II

Judge. Bring in next case.

Sheriff. I found this fellow wandering around with no place to call his home.

Judge. By what name are you known?

Prisoner. "A Man Without a Country."

Judge. What have you to say?

Prisoner. I pray the court to grant mercy to one who has well learned the value of not having a country to call home.

Jury. Not guilty.

Judge. The court finds you guilty of no crime. It urges those who are not familiar with your story to heed you carefully. Case dismissed.

SCENE III

Judge. Next case.

Sheriff. These girls have caused much gossip among children.

Judge. Why? Who are they?

Prisoners. "The Prudy Sisters?"

Judge. What have you to say?

Prisoners. We amuse the children. They like us because we do things they all know.

Jury. The court finds you guilty of being babyish.

Judge. You are sentenced to the juvenile department until you grow up.

Sheriff. That ends the court calendar for the day.

(Exit. Judge and Jury)

Sheriff. Hear Ye! Hear Ye! The Court of Literary Criticism is closed for day.

An Accident on the Water

By John C. Ferry

Have you ever been down by the waterfront, looking out across the blue water and have you seen in the distance a small sail-boat bouncing, and bobbing about, on the waves, apparently helpless? If you have, you can easily understand my feelings, one summer's day.

I had chanced to be on a wharf during a yacht race. The sight, so filled me with a desire to sail in one of those slender water-carriages, that I asked a friend where I might find someone who owned one. To my great delight, he replied that he owned a sailboat himself. Furthermore, he would be glad to take me for a sail anytime that was convenient for me."

"The sooner, the better," was my answer and we arranged so it would be the following morning.

As soon as we had pulled away from the wharves the next morning we ran into a heavy wind. My friend was for returning but for me there was no turning back, I must have my sail, so we kept on. We were traveling at a

fast clip, too, and my friend, not wishing to be too far away from the wharves on a day like this, decided to turn around. Shouting across to me,—I happened to be on the opposite side of the boat,—"Watch out for the main sail I am going to let it out."

I never heard the order. It may have been on account of the high wind or it may be that I was so thoroughly enjoying my trip but, anyway, his warning fell on deaf ears.

The next thing I knew I was struggling in the water, with the sail-boat fast leaving the spot. I'll never forget my thoughts as I watched the boat go away, leaving me there to struggle alone.

While working desperately to remove my clothing and to keep above, I also had time to think over my past life. I could see my friends and could appreciate their surprise when they learned of my tragic death.

My friend soon had the yacht back with the sail down and with his help I climbed back into the boat, a wiser boy. Now, everytime I see a sail-boat I think of my narrow escape from a watery grave.



The History of the Stone of Scone

By Ruth Lloyd-Jones, '26

As one enters Westminster Abbey by the North Transept, one enters what is known as Statesmen's Aisle.

Then following along slowly, with many interruptions caused by stopping to see the graves of such well known men as Jonas Hanway, the man who first had courage to carry an umbrella in England, or to look at Whigs Corner, Little Poets' Corner, or The Baptistry, or gaze up at the famous Rose Window, or glance at other well known and beautiful things, one finally comes to the central portion

of the eastern end of the church which is occupied by Edward the Confessor's Chapel.

In this chapel lie the bodies of no less than six queens and six kings, one of which is that of Edward I. on whose tomb are inscribed the words "Malleus Scotorum" or "Hammer of the Scots." But more interesting by far than these is the Coronation Chair, which stands against the stone screen of the chapel.

This coronation chair was made by Edward I. to enclose the Stone of Scone, which he brought back from Scotland in 1297, and was

first used at the throning of his son. When first built it was garnished with many false jewels, but now it looks old and dull.

Beneath the chair, attached to it with clamps of iron, is the famous Stone of Scone. On this stone all the monarchs of Scotland were crowned and also all the English monarchs from the time of Edward I.

Although it is indisputably nothing but a piece of Scottish sandstone, it is still believed by some to be the very stone upon which Jacob laid his head on his famous journey to Bethel.

The stone is twenty-six inches long, sixteen inches wide, and eleven inches thick.

At the coronation the chair is moved within the Sanctuary, which is a space inclosed within the altar rails, and a gold cloth is put over it; but the Stone of Scone is never removed.

Near the chair are the sword and shield of Edward III. The sword is seven feet long.

The greatest wish of Edward I. was to rule over all of Great Britain, and to do this, it was necessary that the Scottish king should pay him tribute; but the Scottish king steadily refused to do it.

At first Edward attempted to make the kingdoms one peaceably, and proposed to marry Margaret, niece of the Scotch king, to his son, but the little maid died while on her journey to England.

Soon after, disputes arose between the Scottish noblemen concerning who should rule at the death of their king, since Margaret was dead. Edward wished to settle the question, and of course the noblemen did not wish him to interfere, so they fought against him.

In ten years Edward led three campaigns against them and after one of them brought back the Stone of Scone to England.

During the reign of Edward II, the freedom of the Scots was won back to them by Robert Bruce.

But in the reign of Edward III. Scotland was again invaded by the English and England succeeded to a certain extent for some time until France decided to help Scotland.

From that time to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, England waged wars first with France, then with Spain.

In Elizabeth's reign, however, trouble began with Scotland again, for through a series of deaths in the Royal Family, the rule of Scotland was finally left to Elizabeth's cousin, Mary Queen of Scots.

Because of accusations that she killed her husband, Mary had to flee to England and so was imprisoned by Queen Elizabeth, and finally beheaded at her command.

Although Queen Elizabeth's reign was so brilliant, she found herself at the end a lonely, sad, old woman; and she wrote to James VI., Mary Queen of Scots' son, asking him not to believe all the charges he had heard against her.

This was in January, and in March a messenger was sent to James VI. to tell him that he was to be king of England as well as king of Scotland.

Thus the desire of the old "Hammer of Scots," which had been made known three centuries before, came about peaceably. England and Scotland were one, and the words carved on the Stone of Scone were made to come true.

These words were:

If Fates go right, wher'er this stone is found
The Scots shall monarchs of that realm be crowned.



Up Mount Washington

By Willis Blanchard

While on our tour through the White Mountains, my parents and I decided that we would take the trip up Mount Washington by the

cog-railway. Motoring to the base station, we were informed that the next train would start in half an hour. Parking our car with

the others, we went down to the station to purchase tickets and wait. While waiting, we noticed the peculiarly built locomotives. The boiler slanted to within one foot of the track and here was supported on a pair of small wheels. Another odd thing about it was the smoke stack, a tall screened funnel, rounded to a globe at the top.

Finally, the time of departure arrived and we then boarded the train. There were two cars, each pushed by an engine equipped with a cog arrangement, that slipped in and out of a third rail notched for this purpose. Every seat was occupied when the train started on its snail-like pace up the steep incline.

As the station faded away behind us, we realized that we were to experience a few thrills before we reached the base again.

At first one has to get accustomed to the jolting motion of the car caused by the cogs slipping into place. After awhile we began to look out of the windows on to the precipice below. Many lakes and streams, reflecting the sun's rays, looked like strips of silver in the valleys.

The first stop was made at the water tank, where the altitude was three thousand, nine hundred and ten feet. This tank was built upon a high platform of rock and timber. The boiler being filled again with water, the journey was resumed. The second stop was made at "Jacob's Ladder" where the altitude was four thousand, eight hundred thirty-five feet. We now noticed a sudden change in temperature. The third and last stop before we reached the

top was at the Gulf Tank, the altitude here being five thousand, six hundred thirty-eight feet. The view here was wonderful. One could imagine himself suspended in the clouds as he looked backward upon the many mountains.

When we reached the top, the thermometer registered forty-five degrees. The temperature, when we left the base station, was ninety degrees. As we had half an hour's stop, we had a light lunch and some hot coffee before admiring the scenery from here. The top of Mount Washington is covered with huge granite rocks. The view line here sweeps around a circumference of nearly one thousand miles, including parts of five states and the Province of Quebec.

On the return trip, which was the most interesting, there were four trains. The two that went up in the morning, remaining until the afternoon trains arrived, then all went down one after the other. Going down, the engine and car are not shackled until about the last mile, this being done as a precautionary measure. The speed is somewhat faster coming down. We enjoyed the trip immensely but would not care to take it again.

Some months later however, we read an account of an accident on a cog-railway in South America, in which several lives were lost. This shows that a trip of this sort is rather dangerous and might end in a real disaster.

The railroad company claims that in fifty years of operating this railroad, there has never been an accident.



Visiting at Camp

By Louise Sprague

We were visiting the Nelson's at their camp, for the day. There were no children of my age, but little Mary, aged five, promised to "introduce me to ever'thing."

Soon after breakfast we got permission to go in the canoe to get pond lilies. Mary directed

me and soon I paddled our canoe around a bend into a small inlet or cove. The surface of the water was covered with green lily-pads and lovely white lilies with yellow centers. We picked thirty-seven blossoms. We left all the buds and the yellow cow-lilies. Mary said

that the cove was her flower-graden, and she did not think that anyone else knew of the place. We took the lilies home and arranged them in a blue and a gold dish. Thus, the lovely coloring of the blossoms was more noticeable. A neighbor, Mrs. Alburte, who came in in the afternoon, saw a large lily,—the most beautiful one had been put in a glass dish by itself—and walked up and felt of it. Then she laughed and said that she had not believed it to be real. Mary almost told her of her flower garden, but stopped just in time.

About the middle of the afternoon, Mary and I went for a walk. She said we would go to the "Fern Camp." This was quite a distance from camp, up a little path. It was by a large pine tree, in a mossy glen filled with ferns. While we sat in the shade of the pine-tree, Mary told me of the squirrel which at last had been induced to eat nuts and pieces of crackers from her hands. There was an old, very black crow who used to sit on a bough overhead and watch the squirrel eat. Mary told me of the funny scolding between the two.

There were many forest friends who knew and did not fear Mary.

On our way back to camp, we walked down another path. This was hardly ever used and Mary told me to walk softly and perhaps we might see or hear something unusual. Our efforts were rewarded. Suddenly Mary grasped my arm and pointed ahead. There sitting by the edge of the path not far from us was "a big brown bunny-boy" as Mary called it. He was nibbling tender grasses, now and then twitching his long ears and looking from side to side sharply for any danger. Before long he discovered us and in a twinkling he was gone. We hurried on, hoping to catch a glimpse of him again around the curve, but he had disappeared. We reached camp without any more adventures.

I read to Mary from her new book until supper-time. After supper she scampered off to bed. And soon we left for our own camp, twenty miles away. Mary was a great little friend and entertainer, and I surely enjoyed my short visit at her camp.



Temptation

By B. Seavey

There once lived a band of gypsies who, in their wanderings, chanced upon a beautiful site so near a prosperous town, that they tarried for many months. Now this tribe lived mostly by fortune-telling and not, as tradition gives it, by stealing and dishonest trading.

The younger girls wove beautiful baskets of sweet grass and made dainty purses of bright beads which were sold in the town by the men and boys of the tribe. The older women, especially the queen, Zula and her lovely young daughter, told the fortunes. Zula foretold the future by reading palms and Lila, her daughter, by consulting the stars, while the other women generally read the cards.

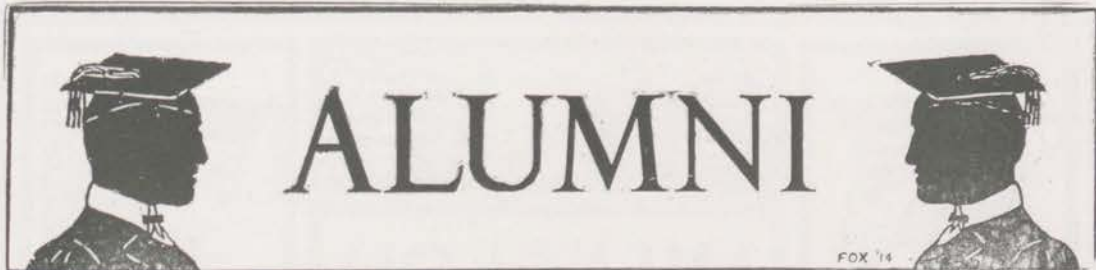
At first the townspeople seemed to distrust the Romany tribe but finally their dislike and

suspicion changed to real interest, as they observed the difference between this quiet and mysterious clan and the other gypsies who had encamped near their town.

One warm summer evening several of the town's wealthiest inhabitants came to the camp to buy souvenirs and to have their palms read by Queen Zula.

After the visitors had departed, Zula called to her tent the young men of her tribe and impressing them with the secrecy of the occasion, explained what she wanted. One of the lady visitors, she said, had worn that evening a diamond bracelet. She, Zula, desired this bracelet. To the young man who would bring this to her, before the morning sun, she would

(Continued on page 28)



Charlotte Drummond, a sophomore in Smith College and a member of the College debating squad, was a member of the team which opposed Dartmouth in a debate which took place at Northampton. Miss Drummond was on the negative side and won by a vote of 82 to 48. The question was, Resolved: Intelligence tests are better than entrance examinations for admission to college. Miss Drummond is also a member of the sophomore choir and the College glee club.

B. H. S. musicians have a prominent part in the U. of M. band. Willis Rollins is student director of the band this year and under the management of Hugh Huntley the band has prospered and been shown to good advantage. At a recent concert Karl Larsen, '25, gave a solo.

Walter Ulmer, a sophomore at Bates College, was recently awarded his letter in football for the season of 1925. He has played tackle in every important game this year.

A short time ago a group of several hundred people, educational representatives of the Twin City schools, dined at the University Club in St. Paul. They were gathered together to honor the highest woman educator in the United States: Miss Mary McSkimmon. In a speech Miss McSkimmon turned all honors from herself and gave Bangor another hero in the person of Dr. Charles M. Jordan—former principal of B. H. S., who was also present at the dinner. She said that she owed her success to the encouragement of Dr. Jordan. Miss McSkimmon spoke in a whole-hearted sincere way that greatly moved her audience.

Dean Bailey, '25, is on the U. of M. freshman basketball squad.

Among those home for the Christmas vacation from their various schools were: Richard Baldwin, Dean Benson, Marion Blaisdell, Sarah Blaisdell, James Buckley, James Burns, Anna Byrnes, Dorothy Ewer, Ruth Hasey, Virginia Hight, Kathleen McCann, Helen Morrison, Charles Sawyer, Phyllis Schriver, Edwin Short, Dorothy Spear, Helen Stanhope, Emma Townsend, Georgia Treat, Leo White, Phillip Whitman.

Serena Wood has been elected to the Maine Masque, the dramatic society of the U. of M.

Pearl Graffam is on the editorial board of the Maine Spring, U. of M. literary quarterly.

Philip Whitman, our last years' Oracle Editor, is active in the freshman class of Springfield College, we hear. He was on the freshman soccer team that beat Yale 4-3 and Harvard 7-0. He is also a member of the Maine Club and the Literary Weidersall.

John "Red" Lynch was unanimously elected captain of the Canisius College football team for 1926. Lynch will follow in the footsteps of Touchy Short, another Bangor High athlete who was captain of this years' team. It is rather unusual for two boys from the same city to lead a football squad of a large college in successive years. Lynch played tackle for Canisius this year and was much praised for his excellent work. He is a junior in the College and his selection for the captaincy will please his friends. Lynch is one of the most popular athletes to ever graduate from B. H. S.

Grace Coombs is engaged in family welfare work in Connecticut and New York.

(Continued on page 28)



MILITARY



From present indications the rifle team will shoot many more matches with other schools in one season than ever before. Capt. Tribolet has been busy arranging matches with any school or college that would be willing to shoot against Bangor. He has received more replies from colleges than from high schools and consequently more matches will be shot with the former.

A shoulder to shoulder match with the University of Maine team is being arranged. This differs from the usual match in that both teams shoot on the same range on the same night. The outcome of the competition is known as soon as the last man has fired whereas in the usual match, the targets are exchanged and the final result is not known for many days. If it is possible, two of these matches will be shot; one in the High School gymnasium and the other at the University of Maine.

On Wednesday of the last week of school before the Christmas vacation, the fifteen men of each company who had obtained the highest scores during the previous two weeks shooting fired in competition for the company team. The five men who made the highest scores were chosen for the company team and these teams shot in the inter-company match which was held on Friday of that week. Company C. obtained the highest score in the inter-company match and the five members of this team will each be presented with a medal. The individual scores of the men of the different teams follow:

Co. C First W. Gallant, 25
 K. K. Kimball, 25

Adams, 24
 J. L. Cutler, 24
 C. B. Sproul, 23
 Total 121

Co. F Second D. Yates, 25
 Randall, 25
 P. Gallant, 24
 Hasey, 23
 L. W. Barrett, 23
 Total 120

Co. G. Third C. Gross, 25
 Robbins, 24
 Stanley, 23
 Fogg, 23
 L. Luro, 23
 Total 118

Co. B. Fourth W. Jordan, 24
 McCabe, 24
 Dyer, 23
 W. Welch, 23
 M. McCormick, 23
 Total 116

Co. E. Fifth E. Nickerson, 24
 Pressey, 22
 Leadbetter, 22
 A. Rand, 21
 F. Gillin, 20
 Total 109

Co. A. Sixth Dennison, 21
 Fletcher, 21
 Tozier, 21
 Bunker, 20
 T. Perry, 19
 Total 102



LOCALS

FOX 14



Five new members were recently taken into the Girl's Honor Athletic Council of Bangor High School. Several of the members spoke to the students, telling the aims and purposes of girl's athletics. The new girls are Barbara Jordan, Barbara Seavey, Pauline McCready, Rachel Foss and Harriette Cross.

The yearly costume party of the Latin Club was held in the Assembly Hall. The members were dressed in the costume of the ancient Romans. Gertrude Ebbeson and Lawrence Mann won prizes for the best costumes. Games and dancing were enjoyed. Ice cream and cake were served. All joined in pronouncing this party the most enjoyable of the year.

The History Club of B. H. S. held a meeting December third. Thirteen members were present. After the secretary's report of the last meeting was read, Edward Blanding, of the University of Maine, spoke on "Early Colonization of Bangor." He also told about other Bangors through the world. His talk was both entertaining and instructive.

On Wednesday night the second meeting of the Library Club was held at the High School. The new constitution was read by Mary Mc-Avey, chairman of that committee, and accepted by the club. The officers were selected as follows: President, John Largay; Vice-President, Doris Richardson; Secretary, Charlotte Thompson; Treasurer, Louise Cayting. Various games were played.

There was a meeting of the Debating Society January 4. Tryouts were held for the Inter-Class debate. Those chosen were: Seniors: Edna Dearborn, Speaker; Dorothy Brady, Alternative. Juniors: Jessie Fraser, Speaker; Clara Bunker, Alternative. Sophomores:

Phyllis Lorimer, Speaker; Ruth Nye, Alternative.

The last meeting of the French Club was held Nov. 30, at 7.15 P. M. in the assembly hall. Prof. Kueny gave a talk on French "Marriage, Christening et cetera." Two new members were admitted. The pins of the club were talked over. Refreshments were served and the evening was passed sociably.

Mrs. Grace Thompson, prominent in politics, gave a short talk about the World Court at Assembly, Friday, Dec. 18.

Monday morning, Jan. 4, all the students of B. H. S. went to City Hall to hear the inauguration of the Mayor. We learned a great deal about Parliamentary Law. We also learned what improvements were going to be made in our city this year. Everybody enjoyed this inaugural as well as vacation from school.

Both the Girls Debating Society and the Snapdragons have tried a new line of work this year. They have had at each meeting two or more debates with one speaker on a side. If time permitted open discussion has followed. Some of the questions discussed have been: Students whose rank is above 90 should be excused from examination; Parents should visit high school; Students should own their text-books; Women's dress of today is better than that of the past. This experiment in debating has proved very successful.

Miss Mary C. Robinson spoke before the Contributors Club of the U. of M., recently. This club is composed of the English faculty and those who major in English. Miss Robinson spoke on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and illustrated her talk by reading from her poems. Two weeks later, Miss Robinson spoke before The Latin Club.



BANGOR H. S., 19; DEXTER H. S., 16

Bangor high opened its 1925-26 basket-ball schedule, Wednesday night, Dec. 23, in City Hall, with a 19-16 win over their ancient rivals, N. H. Fay High of Dexter.

The game was hard fought all the way but Bangor always held a small lead.

The first period was slow, ending with Bangor leading 2-1.

The next period, the Crimson scored three more points from the foul line against two baskets for Dexter, the half ending 5-5.

The third stanza was the best of the game, both teams travelling at a fast pace. Score: Bangor 15; Dexter 10.

In the final period The Crimson scored four points to Dexter's 6, the final count being 19-16, in favor of B. H. S.

The game was good, considering that it was the first of the season.

The Crimsons' perfect foul shooting was a big help in keeping them in the running, their total score for the first half being netted from the foul line.

McClay, Hickson and O'Loughlin, starred for Bangor, while Shields and Beliveau were Dexter's best.

The summary:

BANGOR, 19;		DEXTER, 16	
Samway, l. f., 2 (3)	3, l. b., Shields	
O'Loughlin, r. f., 1 (1)	1 (1), r. b., Pease	
Hickson, c., 1 (5)	1, c., Beliveau	
Turner, r. b., 1	2, l. f., Bucknam	
M. Raichlin, r. b.		
McClay, l. f.	r. f., Leighton	

BANGOR, 15; THORNTON ACADEMY, 24

Bangor suffered its first defeat of the season, in City Hall, Saturday evening, Jan. 2, taking a trouncing from Thornton Academy of Saco by a 24-15 score.

Bangor's glaring weakness was shooting, completing only nine out of fifty-five tries for goals.

The defense and passing of both teams were about equal, but the Saco lads were "dead" on long shots and in this manner ran up a lead, which the Crimson was unable to overcome.

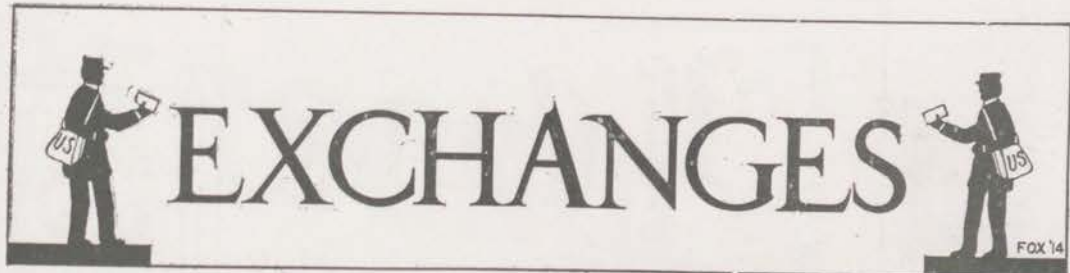
The Bangor teamwork was exceptionally poor, a tendency for one man playing spoiling the game.

Dennett, the visitor's diminutive center starred, his clever shooting and dribbling being the fireworks of the game.

The summary:

Bangor, 15; Thornton Academy, 24

McClay, l. g.	l. f., Davis
.....	l. f., 1 (1) Dennis
Valenta, r. g., 2	r. f., 1, McLaughlin
Hickson, c.	c., 4, Dennett
.....	c., 2, Sarlis
Turner, r. f., 2 (1)	l. g., 2 (1), Patterson
O'Loughlin, r. f., 2	
Samway, l. f., 1	r. g., 1, Dickson
Scripture, l. f.	



EXCHANGES

The "*Kodak*," Cheboggan High School, Cheboggan, Michigan.

Merits: Good cover; large and interesting Literary department; the poem "Why Oh Why?" is worthy of praise; your jokes are humorous.

Suggestions: You need a table of contents. It seems as though this paper could be balanced more evenly, some departments are long while others are too short. Why not have the Editorials precede the Literary?

The "*Owl*," Woodbine High School, Woodbine, N. J.

Merits: An excellent Literary department; neat arrangement; and good jokes.

Suggestions: Why not have an Alumni section and also a cut at the head of each department?

The "*Blue and White*," Westbrook High School, Westbrook, Me.

Merits: A well arranged and interesting magazine; good jokes; many stories; and a great many advertisements.

Suggestions: A table of contents would make this paper complete.

The "*Oracle*," Plainfield High School, Plainfield, N. J.

Merits: Clever cover, good stories and poems; fine cuts; and witty jokes.

Suggestions: Why not add an Alumni department to your magazine? It would be a good idea to have your jokes all under one heading instead of scattered through the magazine.

The "*Spectator*," Louisville Male High School, Louisville, Kentucky.

Merits: Excellent cover design; very good arrangement of your many departments, and interesting cuts.

Suggestions: We suggest a few more jokes and a cut for your Literary department.

The "*Green and Gold*," Freemont High School, Oakland, Cal.

Merits: An interesting, up-to-date, paper with some good jokes, funny cartoons, well written Editorials and features, and excellent cuts.

Suggestions: We think that it would be a better idea to have a few more jokes. Don't you think that you devote too large a space for "Sports" in proportion to the size of your paper?

The "*Kyote*," Billings High School, Billings, Montana.

Merits: A snappy, witty, paper; excellent jokes; amusing rhymes; many Exchanges; and good Editorials.

Suggestions: We suggest the addition of a few more stories and some cartoons or cuts.

The "*Commercial News*," Commercial High School, New Haven, Conn.

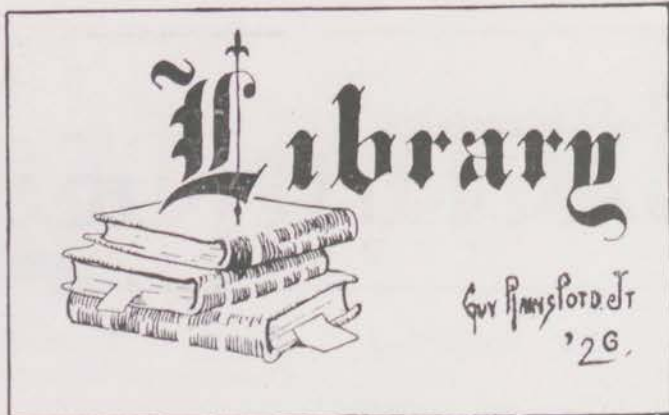
Merits: A very creditable paper; good stories, French and Spanish sections interesting; "To improve and maintain the standards and interests of the school" is exactly what this paper does.

Suggestions: Some witty jokes and a cartoon or so would add pep to this paper.

The "*Herald*," Senior High School, Springfield, Ohio.

Merits: Unique idea of having a "Who's Who" section. This must create interest among the students. The Editorials are interesting. The Club News is a very attractive section.

Suggestions: Why not add an Alumni section and some good jokes? A few more stories might also help.



Thru the kindness of the Bangor Public Library, we have a great many new books. There is given below a partial list of the new books of fiction.

MYSTERY STORIES

Doyle—Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes.
Lee—Dead Right.
Meigs—Pool of Stars.
Orczy—League of the Scarlet Pimpernel.
Singmaster—John Baring House Animal Tales.
London—Michael, Brother of Jerry.
Ollivant—Bob, Son of Battle.
Terhune—Lad.

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE STORIES

Allen—Navy Blue.
Barbour—Crimson Sweater.
Bennett—Judy's Prefect Year.
Brown—Two College Girls.
Gollomp—That year at Lincoln High.
King—Cadet Days.

BOYS' BOOKS

Hawes—Great Quest.
Heyliger—High Benton, Worker.
Marryat—Masterman Ready.
Riesenberg—Bob Graham at Sea.
Tarkington—Penrod.
Twain—Pudd'nhead Wilson.

GIRLS' BOOKS

Bailey—Dim Lantern.
Brown—Four Gordons.
Brush—A Prairie Rose.
Martin—Emmy Lou.
Montgomery—Anne of Green Sables.
Webster—Just Patty.

NOVELS

Buchan—Huntingtower.
Day—Rider of King Log.
Farnol—Money Moon.
Lee—Uncle William.
Lincoln—Queer Judson.
Meigs—New Moon.
Willsie—Enchanted Canyon.

HISTORIC NOVELS

Adams—Red Caps and Lilies.
Bacheller—Father Abraham.
Crawford—In the Palace of the King.
Haggard—King Solomon's Mine.
Hough—North of '36.
Major—Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.
Morow—We must March.
Paine—Privateers of '76.
Pryle—Jack Ballister's Fortune.
Sabatine—Historical Nights Entertainment.
Thompson—Alice of Old Vincennes.
Thompson—Gold Seeking on the Dalton Trail.
Weyman—Gentleman of France.
Yonge—Prince and the Page.

PERSONALS



To the Seniors

Oh, Seniors, you have reached the pinnacle after four or more years. Be careful not to fall off.

In a few weeks you will be leaving B. H. S. forever. Try to get a diploma before you go. They are really very desirable things to have.

Your school life has been something like a hill that you have been stumbling up for many a weary year. As you look back the Freshmen at the foot look very tiny. Be kind to them, you were once as dumb and green as they.

When the time comes to exchange class pictures there will be great excitement. Don't say, "that picture flatters you," to one of your friends unless you want to make an enemy for life. Everybody thinks he looks much better than his picture. After you get all the pictures you want and some you don't want, take them home and put them away to collect dust. Five or six years from now take them out and say "Now who in the dickens was that cross-eyed girl?" Or "who was the guy with the pug nose that signed himself 'John.'"

When at last you are out in the great, wide world think kindly of those old high school days, and buy a season ticket for the *Oracle*.

"OUR PAEAN."

If Seniors, then, are awful,
And Juniors are a fright,
And Sophomores just a little worse,
And Freshmen are all right.

If Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors,
All get C's and D's,
And Freshmen are the smartest,
And get all A's and B's.

If this is as you state it,
(We don't say this to tease
But just to prove your statements
Show us the rank-cards—Please.

(This little poem is in answer to the "Freshmen's Triumphant Song" that came out in our November number.)

WHAT TURNED UP

Albert with trembling hand and fluttering heart,
To Cuthbert he did propose,
And waited for what might turn up—
Alas! It was his nose.

We hear that quite an explosion occurred a few days before Christmas vacation in the second hour chemistry period. Some one must have thought that the coming holiday was the 4th of July.

Although H-R-b-s-n, '27 is quite a shiek they say he attended the Phi Lambda dance without a partner. Poor unfortunate Harold!

M. R-y-s is positive now that L. C-by is the best player in the band because she heard him play E flat when nobody else did
by Skeezein, '28.

To the members of the "*Oracle*" board concerning mostly "Tatler."

"She was only a poor
telephone girl but she kept
plugging along."

THE B. H. S.

SEC

VOLUME IV

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

THOSE "CHAPEAUX"

By Him(Her)self
THE FACULTY REPORTER

Observants of this epic may not all be foreign so—that second word means "Lots." In trying to further simplify it for you we opened the portals of Webster and it's some lucky our previous enlightenments included that of dog paddling for what we found almost swamped us.

"Hats"—one of the two political factions by which Sweden was distracted in the 18th century. Times since have changed for while we know that hairsuit adornments still often cause distraction, we can't resurrect an occurrence of where they entered politics and set themselves up as factions.

Progressing we read—"hats" coverings for the head—anon—the head of a person is his pate and Old Know-it-all says that pate is "the skin of a calf's head." O-o-o-o-. Youse a nice fella ain't youse? Such names to call a fella right out in public meeting. What for you tink I came to you for advice—to be told I've got a half grown cows head—hey? Not for that I close you tight and look to mudder next time for to know something. That calf's head bisness still hoits Calf's head, bat—youse nothing but the echo of some ole dead coot whose tongue wagged more than it ought to. But for youse we might perhaps be able to say somethings without getting our words all gee mixed mit themselves and getting sometimes a biff in the noodle when our words say phat we aint thinking. Gosh, gee, gum, gush, gurgle, gad, qeevillicians, Godfreys but I'm so mad I gargle and my thots are so scrambled I can't tink no way at all any more.

Hatz, you say—oh yes. Wool things topping all. Some do—some don't. Red and white according to what they know or have got by mit. Don't let em fool ya,

tell em apart easy, sure-thing got em striped unalike. Which is who? Ask em—my thots are so scrambled I can't tink. Calf's head—bah—so's your old man. Nuff said—More later—perhaps.

LOCAL HIGH SCHOOL BOY WINS INTERNATIONAL TITLE OF "HUMAN ADDING MACHINE"

"Smelt" Newman, local high school sheik and farm hand won the International human adding machine title in England this summer. The test this year was to count the number of blades of grass on the Atlantic ocean. Smelt's guess came the nearest by 6,000,000 figures, the number itself 456. Mr. Newman has won several prizes as a soloist, athlete, track-man, basketball player, fisherman, scholar? etc. In 1900 he entered Bangor High school and has also got a pension p. h. d. degree. He is still a freshman and loves to take care of the little freshies while Mr. Proctor is away to dinner. He is also a traffic officer, his beat being on the Second floor between the library and bass park. Mr. Newman received an offer from the mayor of his City to go to Thomaston and take up a thirty year confinement degree. Mr. Newman is congratulated by his man back biting friends.

Buster Wise.

HERCULES DISCOVERED IN B. H. S.

Edward Stern, Bangor High School's representative to the Veazie Convention of Bell Hops, a beautiful brunette, with long straight hair and short curly teeth, gave the world an exhibition of super-

human strength. Edward, a strong, husky humpbacked asthomatic boy had a severe attack of bald-headedness and was advised to take a trip around the world as a cure. He packed up his other shirt, a collar button, two shoe strings, a tooth brush and an extra set of false teeth and set out on his way. On July 32nd, he set out for Boston, taking the round trip through Millinocket. He arrived in Boston without any mishap and set about to find his steamer. He found out he was a week late and had to hire a small fishing smack to start him on his way. The ship was about three miles out when a terrible fog came up. He was out airing himself on the deck when he saw the lights of a monster steamship. The ship was bearing down upon them and evidently would cut the small ship in half. He decided to risk his life for the sake of his country and jumped overboard. Just as the ship was about to bump the smaller vessel he braced himself between the two and pushed. He pushed so hard the steamer went clear back to Boston and smashed three docks. Mr. Stern was awarded a celluloid frying pan as a token of honor.

John Bell.

Professor Edward Alien
WILL GIVE AN
ILLUSTRATED TALK
ON
WHO INVENTED
HAMBURG STEAK

Admission Free—3 Lbs. of Flesh
Place—Nowhere in Particular

TATLER

TION

JANUARY, 1926

NUMBER 4

HERBERT DAY WINS

BROWN DERBY

Leading the entire field of 457 oil cans Herbert "Speedy" Day in his Cheverlet special came pounding into the home stretch a winner in the 250 mile speed classic. Mr. Day is a beautiful young chap of some ten odd years and has a kind face. He was attired in a brand new \$175.00 suit, (42 pairs of pants), and a pair of rubber gloves.

This race makes Mr. Day the champion ash can navigator of State Street and after this race he will marry and settle down on a farm. Mr. Day is a very popular young fellow and was once a mil-liner in the Winterport dairy, he made caps for the milk bottles. After this victory however Mr. Day will be promoted to twelfth assistant pencil sharpener to the twenty second district waste basket corner in the big Stutz balloon factory in East Old Town.

OLYMPIA THEATRE SCENE OF BRILLIANT WEDDING

Warren Oswald Whitcomb takes Miss Coral Listerine, as Bride

Last nite before a large crowd Miss Coral Listerine, was united in marriage to Mr. Warren Oswald Whitcomb. Reverend Cornelius Cominsky Sullivan, performed the ceremony.

Miss Eleanor Burns of Bad Harbor was maid of honor, she was attired in a beautiful pair of green satin overalls, and red rubber boots. The bridesmaids were Minnie Stone, Isabell M. Whalen, Sarah Gottlieb and Herbert Day, all of South Levant.

Mr. Whitcomb had as best man Samuel Share, who borrowed "Packer" McClay's football suit for the grand occasion. The ushers were Albert Tarbell, Cair McGinnis, Loyd Colby and William Richardson.

The Olympia Theatre was beautifully decorated with canned saurkraut and skunk cabbage with beautiful bunches of violets picked by "Charley" Atwood, sprinkled here and there upon the floor.

Miss Listerine is a member of the younger set; a graduate of the McCabe school of dancing, and at present she is

selling tacks and post cards at the Ten and Five Cent Store. Mr. Whitcomb is one of the most popular men that ever wanted to get out of High School. He was captain of the Foot-ball team and won his (B) selling lunch tickets.

Miss Listerine wore a beautiful dress of Cast Iron, riveted on her by the Village Blacksmiths, she wore a pair of beautiful red suitcases for shoes and chewed four sticks of Juicy Fruit gum with five teeth during the ceremonial.

Owing to the fact that someone severely injured Mr. Whitcomb in the head with a piece of confetti, the Honey moon will be postponed until next Thanksgiving. The Whitcombs will reside at 262 Hancock St., Bangor, Maine.

Said the Cadillac to the Ford: "You're a better car than I am, hunk of tin."

CONTESTE !

Ye old piratical and sterilized photographers. The one winning the charming bellhops photographer will win three box seats to hold his sersonage at the Bijou.

Take pictures of your old man and aunt Emma, and come to town and develop them at the ashean development society. Your old cow Bess or Uncle Ben will be a knockout. The judges of this page of goofy faces to be photographed will be: Shady Larson, Twilight Denaco and Midnight Dumphey. Three black sheep who are the developers of this Company.

Miss Peavey will enter her photograph because she has such lovely feet, she wears size 8 shoes and gum rubbers. Miss Powers will it is said photograph our handsome smiling dumb but happy, Herebo Allen, who is a feature on account of his flat nose, and three teeth.

Dock Welch, eager for Movie fame, will appear as a character sketch of the "Man without a cent." Very true to life and vivid in description we are having other entrants constantly and beyond a doubt someone will make our Willie boy's pan look like a pawn shop.

Enter while there is yet time. Do your best and be blest! Free for anyone—get your free seats by seeing your smiling map on the best school paper in New England, the B. H. S. Tatter.

Therefore, the person whose picture is on this page will be given three free tickets to the Bijou. You know who this is come on and get a ticket.

REMEMBER!!
IF THE PERSON WHOSE
PICTURE IS ON THIS PAGE
WILL COME TO THE
EDITOR
HE OR SHE
WILL RECEIVE
THREE BOX SEATS
TO THE BIJOU



If you would have more pictures and jokes, the "*Oracle*" would be a promising paper.

LOST AND FOUND

A fine lace hanky lost. Finder please return to Warren Whitcomb, '26.

Found: A chew of gum parked under a seat in 209. Owner may have same by calling for it.

Somewhere around the building a cent was lost. Reward for the one who returns it to Edgar Welch, '27.

Lost a silver bracelet. Return same to F. S. Welsh-e '26. It is worth nothing to anybody except the owner who values it because it was given to him for Christmas.

We hear that R— T—, '29, is very fond of "Oaks." In fact, she is thinking of having some planted around her house.

CHIPS FROM OTHER WOODPILES

An Epicure dining at Crewe

Found quite a large mouse in his stew

Said the waiter, "Don't shout

And wave it about

Or the rest will be wanting one too."

"What I want," shouted the orator, "is reform! I want rent reform! I want drink reform, "I want,—I want."

"Wot you want," came a voice from the crowd, "is chloroform."

Tommy was asked the question in Sunday school: "Who was sorry when the prodigal son returned?"

Immediately he made answer. "The fattened calf."

"Here's a man dips into an oyster stew and finds a pearl."

"I'm satisfied to find oysters."

Headmaster—Well, O'Brien, what are you doing out of bed?

O'Brien—I just got out to tuck myself in, sir.

TRAVELOGUE

PHYL HEDIN AND PROF. DENACO IN SIAM

Purely by accident, Phyl and Aldy conglom-erated in a tour of entomological research in Siam. They were tracking a flat footed whin-ocissus of unusual ferocity to its den, close to the south-southeast rheostat of India, when both were suddenly startled by a loud air-splitting murmur from the deep depth of a nearby bamboo.

They both ran for the nearest taxi, but Phyl, by means of her reflecting bifocals, observed that the disturbing noise was emitted by an unusual form of bug life,—now perched among the wide-spreading branches of a water-lily. The unusual object, she immediately named a "Rroohippia," after her pet fueddish cobra which she keeps in her washwinger at home.

Aldy happened to return within an hour, and, after focussing his goggles on this new item on the Eskimo hill-of-fame, gave out to a joyous whoop, and, after jumping in the air and pulling out fourteen eyelashes, managed to convey the idea to Phyl that he had devised a scheme, by which, using a block-and-tackle, this bug could spin a new and superior kind of hemp for wigs.

Phil, of course, paid no attention to this, but after feeding the insect (not Aldy!) a couple ice cream cones, she commenced with Aldy, the dog-sled trip to the land of the free, where she exchanged the switches plans of her new discovery, Sears and Roebuck's, for a pair of tin-plated overshoe buckles, 1920 model.

CURIOSITY CORNER

Ques: How does "Bud" Bryant '27, spell her given name?

Ans: She spells it,—Burl, Berl, Beryl, and Beryle, but it is understood that "Bud" prefers B-u-r-r-i-l-l.

Ques: What is Eleanore's favorite fruit?

Ans: Berries.

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

A Bed-Time Story by Elinor Tin

THE ADVENTURES OF TEDDY BEDBUG

OR

The Trials and Tribulations of a Poor Little Flea

BY

ELINORE T. B. TIN



CHAPTER FIVE

The day was Saturday. The best reason for this was because it was not Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday or Sunday. Little Theodore Bedbug was playing hide and seek with Buddy Buzz, the little fly boy and having a wonderful time. All of a sudden a big, bad, wolf came along and chased him down the street which made him mad because there was no street. After he woke up the money that was stolen from him by the hippopotamusses was found between York and Hancock streets by a little piece of bacon that sold for 25c before it went and got strong and walked out of the store. All afternoon, Teddy slept it off and by night time he was able to walk to work, this made him mad as he had no job. Therefore little Teddy resolved not to drink any more iodine on Saturday morning until after ten o'clock.

The End.

Moral:

The best snowshoes, skis, jackets, skates, hockey sticks, sport caps, gloves, shoe skates, and pucks can be obtained at the best sporting goods store in town which is

DAKIN'S SPORTING GOODS STORE,

Adv.

25 Central St.

ALUMNI

(Continued from page 17)

Numerals have been given to the following girls for work on the Maine freshman hockey team: Mary Robinson, Alice Webster, Caroline Collins and Geneva McGary.

Cadet Richard Babb, '25, class of 1929, U. S. Military Academy, West Point, was selected as cadet lieutenant while the upper classes were away on their Christmas leave. This is a great honor as the choice is based on the military and academic standing of the cadet in question. Cadet Babb is a member of the army's fencing team, season of 1925-26 and is on squad "A" of that unit.

TEMPTATION

(Continued from page 16)

give as a reward the hand of her daughter in marriage. A moment of astonished silence followed the words of the queen. Then Ramo, the strongest and most agile of the gypsy lads, volunteered to undertake the task.

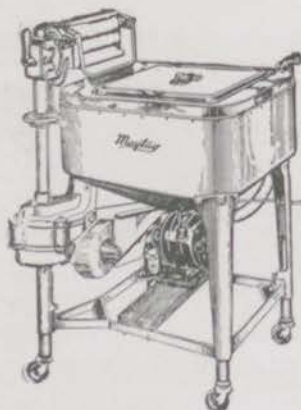
Scarcely had Ramo left the camp, when Zula realized what she had done. Henceforth her tribe would become thieves. She knew they would never be free again but would live a hunted people, unless—and Zula pondered.

At dawn Ramo returned with the bracelet. And Zula, as she had repented, at once told him to take it back and hide it near the woman's house.

The next day an excited group of women with the owner of the bracelet leading came to Zula asking if by her power she would be able to tell her where her jewelry might be found. Zula told her where it was hidden saying that it had been stolen but the thief had repented and not daring to return it had hidden it near her home.

After the guests had left—convinced that they would find the bracelet—Zula called the tribe together and told them of her theft and her repentance. "And," she concluded, "let this be a lesson to each and every one of you. Think well before you act and never let greed overcome your better judgement."

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