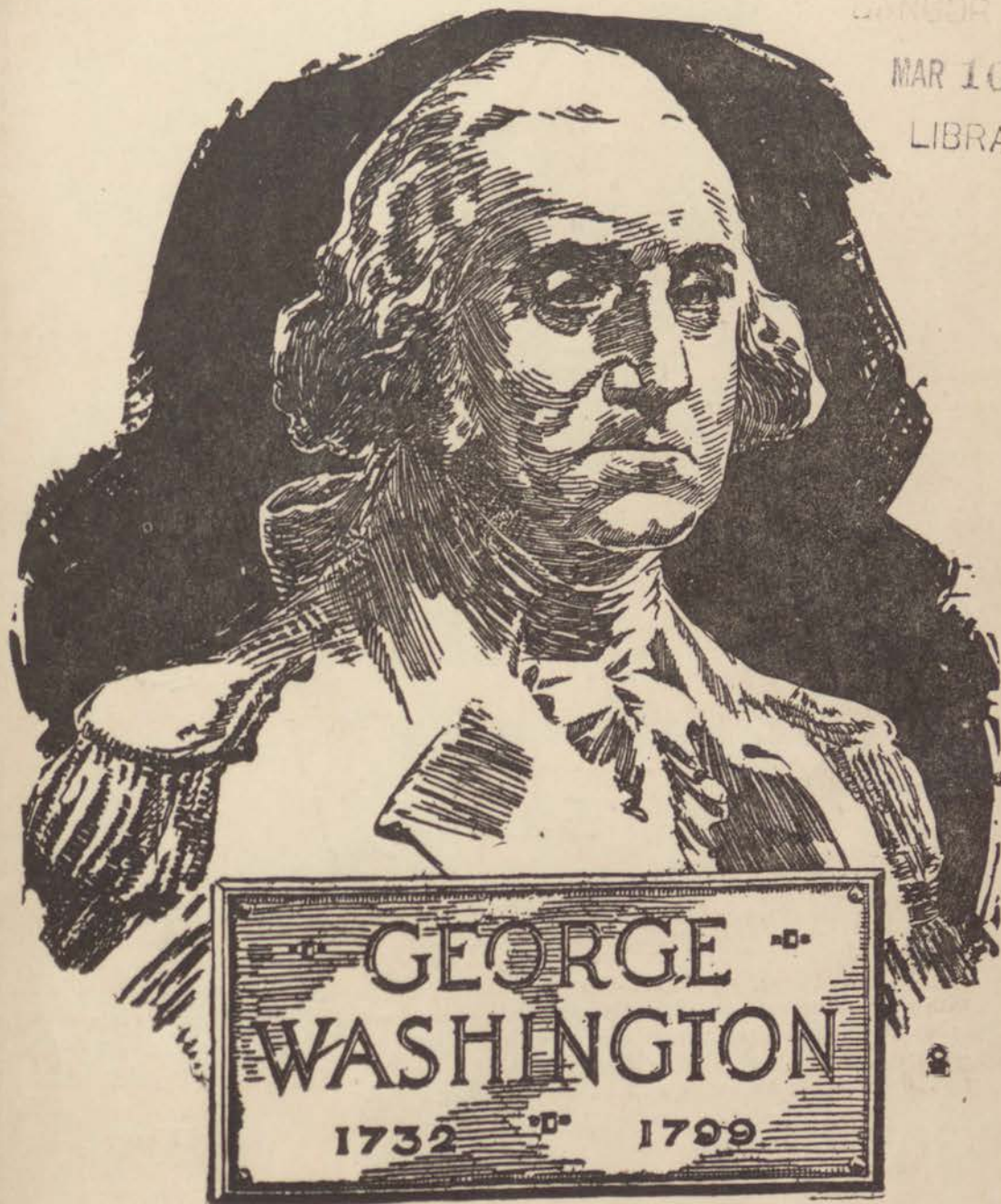


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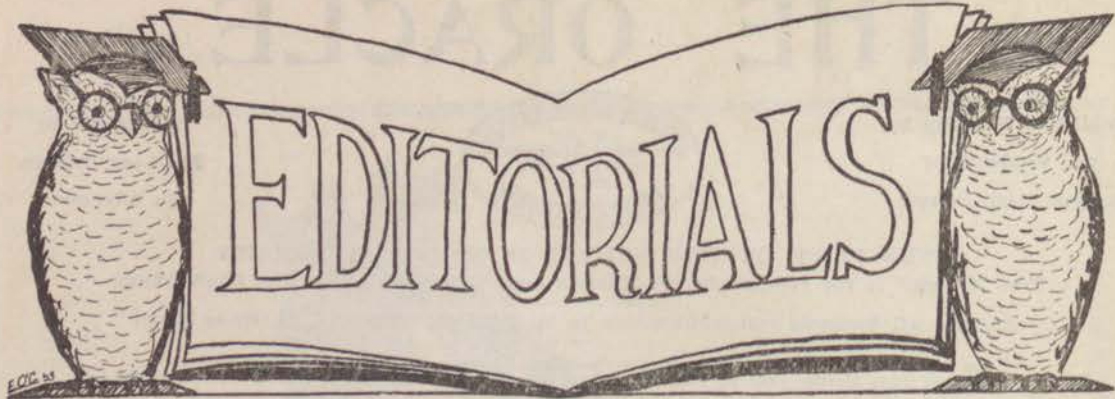
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How humiliating it would be if we could not discard old thoughts for new ones!

How contrary to human nature!

New Thoughts

After a thought you can see how many changes come over the thoughts and actions of a human being in a lifetime. No doubt, the most rapid changes are made in the younger days. Let us take Christmas for example.

At one time, all we knew about Christmas was that it came in the winter, that there was a Christmas tree with plenty of pretty presents and decorations.

When we became a little older, we were told about Santa Claus and his midnight ride from Toy Land. As the holiday drew nearer, our excitement was intense. We had firm confidence that Santa would bring just what we wanted, because he had been carefully notified by letter.

Soon we were old enough to wisely observe, "There's no such a person at all as Santa Claus. Then we took the part of Santa Claus ourselves, and enjoyed immensely giving little gifts from our own earnings.

Now, we are grown up into young men and young women. The world seems changed, but, in truth, the change has been almost wholly within ourselves. Our conceptions, of not only Christmas but also of nearly all the things which made up our environment, have changed.

We cast aside naturally the childish ideas and accept those that are more mature. To much of the elemental knowledge have been added such ideas as to almost obscure the former conception.

Although we have come to associate many ideas with Christmas, the one that seems the most closely related to the spirit of the time is that of giving.

Those who sacrifice to give know the true joy it gives in turn to both giver and receiver.

peaceful and happy state, needs our commemorates, we have the example of the very best gift—that of life.

The world today, in its not altogether peaceful and happy state, needs our contributions. If our forefathers had not been willing to give themselves, but had spent their time in seeing how much they could get for themselves, we could not enjoy the blessings of liberty that we do today.

There is a story told of how duty should be met. In the Far North, there was located a small hut at such a place that travelers going from one place to another, often stopped over night. In one corner of the hut one would notice a pile of wood already to burn. The strange thing about it was that pile was always at the same height. Each traveler, though not compelled, but out of gratitude, saw to it that before his departure the next day, the pile from which he had enjoyed the comfort of the night, was piled as high as he had found it; lest some other traveler, cold and exhausted, should suffer because of his carelessness.

Are we leaving the pile as high as we found it? We should be willing to contribute to the world at least as much as we receive, but some will be willing and even glad to give more.

Perhaps our name will not be world-known but if we have made our life the best gift we know how its influence is bound to add to the purpose for which the Prince of Peace was given—"on earth peace."

The idea expressed in poetry is this:
"To your neighbor and brother be a mentor,
Make yourself in life a little center,
From which charity, love, and kindly peace,
Shall shine and radiate and never cease."

LITERARI

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



MENENDEZ THE EXPLORER

By Addi H. Daly.

Synopsis:

KING PHILLIP II, ruler of Spain, has long sought the treasures of Florida. In his desire for new provinces, he summons Menendez to his side and commissions him to find a city in the province of Florida. He fits out a fleet, provisions and settlers. Menendez arrives in Florida and names the spot, which he founded, Saint Augustine. Menendez commissions three Friars to the natives to teach them. That night, after he had commissioned them, he sees a ghost which foretells the martyrdom of the young Friars. One of the Friars, whom he had commissioned to explore the region, brings back word to Menendez, of the martyrdom of the Friars. Menendez immediately summons his soldiers and orders all natives to be taken captives and killed. His orders are carried out. After establishing the colony, he is summoned back to Spain, where he dies and is buried with great honor.

Characters:

King Phillip II, ruler of Spain.

Menendez, a Spanish explorer and soldier.

Francisco d'Ibarra, adviser to Menendez.

Alphonso de Casta, an aged servant of the king.

Bianco Castillo, messenger from the ship waiting in the harbor.

Fray Chazos, a Franciscan missionary.

Act I. Scene I.

In the Palace of the King.

King (to Alph.)—Summon Menendez, the explorer.

Alph.—I will. (Exit).

Men. (enters)—Good morning, Your Highness.

King—I have a commission, Senor.

Men.—What is it?

King—To America, this time.

Men.—To America?

King—Yes, Senor, in the name of Spain.

King (to Alph.)—What do you think, Senor?

Alph.—I think as you think.

King (to Fran.)—And you?

Fran.—The same.

Men.—To America? To establish a colony where so many attempts have been made? To where Corando, Cabaillo and Vizcaino have gone and failed?

King—Why not you, make an attempt?

Fran.—How come you, Menendez, to try to argue with His Highness?

Men. (to the King)—Provide the fleet, colony and provisions.

King—But, Senor, it is all provided. Start a day from tomorrow. Establish it in the name of the saint on whose day you discover it. Drive the French from the territory. Christianize the natives. Rule in my name.

Men.—I will. (Exit with Fran.)

Scene II—Arrival in Florida.

Men. (to Fran.)—Here I name this place Saint Augustine (San Austin).

Fran.—And for the welfare of Spain.

Men. (to the colonists)—Increase and multiply. Be cheerful through all your hardships. Build yourself a home and a city for Spain, your fatherland. We came to live and die for Spain. Carry your faith into the wilderness and suffer willingly for it.

Men. (to Fran.)—Hasten Fray Chazos to me.

Fran.—I will, Senor. (Exit).

Men.—Quick!

Fray (enters)—Good, Senor.

Men.—Good, Fray. Tomorrow set out to explore the region and return as soon as possible with an illustration of the region.

Fray—Good. I will, Senor. Have my three Friars go to the region of the natives and teach them.

Men.—I will, Fray.

Men. (to Fran.)—Summon the Friars.

Fran—Senor. (Exit).

Men.—Go you all three of you unto the natives and teach.

Friars—We will, Senor, in Him who strengthens us.

Men.—Depart! (The three go out).

Night.

Men.—Let us retire, Senor. Is the sentinel on duty?

Fran.—Senor, yes.

Men. (opening the door of the tent)—See! Look! Senor.

Fran.—What, Senor?

Men.—It comes nearer. It is a man in black.

Fran.—Oh! It is one of the Friars visiting the colonists.

Men.—No! It is a man whose face is like death itself. He is taller than the Friars.

Fran.—That— Look, he is chopping.

Men.—Remain silent, that is a bad omen. I have commissioned the Friars to teach the natives.

Fran.—Look! He laughs, now, he is dancing!

Men.—Now he disappears among the bushes.

Fran.—Let's retire.

Scene III.

Departure of the Friars.

Men.—Good, Friars, remember, go in the name of Spain. Teach your faith and civilize them.

Friars—Good, Senor, farewell. We will return to you some day. Farewell.

Men. (and others)—Farewell.

Scene IV.

Arrival Among the Indians.

Chief—Who comes and from where?

Friars—Catholic priests of Spain, from St. Augustine.

Chief—Welcome, welcome, our doors are open to you. It is quite late, prepare yourself for sleep.

Friars (offering trinkets), retire.

Chief (calling his subjects)—From Spain they come, with bad news. We must kill them or they will kill us.

Natives—Burn them! Burn them!

Chief—Summon them. Prepare the fires.

Friars—What do you wish?

Chief—Are you ready?

Friars—Ready to teach?

Chief—Burn them. (They are seized and burned at the stake). Throw salt on them.

Natives—Ha! Ha! No more trouble from Spain.

Scene V.

In Menendez's Camp.

Men. (to Fran.)—Has Fray Charzos returned?

Fran. (looking out door)—He is coming in haste.

Men.—Something has happened.

Fran.—Good, Fray.

Men.—Good, Fray.

Fray—Good, Menendez and Senor. Bad news I bring.

Men.—And what is it?

Fray—Your commissioners have been put to death.

Fran.—Revenge is ours.

Men. (to Fran.)—Summon the soldiers and set out against the natives. Do not return until you destroy them.

Fran.—I will, Senor. (Exit).

Men.—Report to me, Fray, about the region.

Fray reports.

Scene VI.

Fran. (returns to Menendez, after destroying the tribe)—Your command obeyed, Senor.

Men.—Good, Senor, well done.

Bianco—Menendez, in the name of the King of Spain, you are summoned to his court. Return with me, the ship is waiting in the harbor.

Men.—I will leave at once, Francisco. Take charge during my absence, remembering it's all for Spain.

Fran.—Farewell, perhaps forever, Menendez.

Fray—Farewell, Senor. Remember us always.

Men. (bidding farewell to the colonists)—Go on! Push on, onward, in the name of Spain. Be loyal and faithful to Francisco d'Ibarra, whom I have in charge of you. Farewell.

Colonists and all—Farewell, Menendez.

Scene VII.

In Spain—Menendez's Death Room.

Men. (to attendants near him)—Dispatch my death to the colonists. Tell them to go on! Push on, onward, in the name of Spain. (He dies).

THE LAND OF POETRY

By Gretchen Hayes.

ONE Saturday I was out alone snowshoeing in a direction I had never been before. The heavy snow of the day before had been packed but little by the wind.

I had traveled several miles and was about worn out, when I came upon several farmhouses, cozily snuggled in a little valley, with woods behind them and high hills on one side. On the other side glittered the sea. I went up to one of the houses and rapped on the door. My knock was answered by a boy about fourteen years old. I told him of my plight, and he let me in; soon I was settled comfortably on the sofa. We were talking about the snow and the difficulty of getting anywhere, when suddenly I noticed something familiar about the boy.

"Why! you are Snowbound!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, my name is Snowbound," was the reply. "I live here in this house with my brothers and sisters, in the Land of the Spirits of Poetry. We have occasional human visitors, to whom we try to show the beauties of the realm. We are always glad for someone new to come."

"But who are your brothers and sisters?"

"Well, there is my twin-brother, The Barefoot Boy. Another of my brothers, The Eternal Goodness, is a quaint man, who comforts all who come with his words of comfort and cheer, resembling very much our father, Whittier. You will soon know my two sisters, Barbara Frietchie and Maud Muller. I have many other brothers and sisters, but these are the ones you should know first."

"Who else lives in this land?" I ventured to ask.

"I will take you through a part of the land and show you. When one enters by this door, the next family he visits is that of the children of Longfellow, who live next to us."

We went out the back door and into the next house. There we were met by Evangeline, a sweet maid with sad eyes. I was also introduced to My Lost Youth, a boy about Snowbound's age, who soon turned away from us and sat at the window looking out towards The Village Blacksmith, who was at work in his shop; and to The Bridge, an old man with understanding

eyes, who showed that he had once a fiery spirit, full of rebellion and the passion of seeking, but which was now tamed and subdued by sorrow.

Then we went out and climbed the hills which rose behind the house. On its wooded side we met a young hunter whom Snowbound called James FitzJames, the spirit of Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

After enjoying his company for a short time, we went over the mountain-top into the Country of Long Ago. On the way down, whom should we meet but Sir Launfal, riding about to see what good he could do. We hailed him and asked where we might find Sir Galahad. For answer, he led us far down into the valley and across the plain.

We had been tramping for several hours when we caught sight of Camelot with its bannered pinnacles. High above the walls of the town towered the great hall built by the magic of Merlin, where the Knights of the Round Table were accustomed to meet.

Entering the walls, we went within the palace. In the great judgment hall we found King Arthur sitting, listening to the tale of a wandering minstrel. Upon being told of our quest, he beckoned and out of the shadows which hid half the great hall, advanced a knight, clad in silver armor, whose eyes were full of some heavenly vision. I knew at once that this was Sir Galahad.

He spoke little, but the silence of such a pure knight was more eloquent than the wisest speech. Just then Launcelot came in and told how he had slain a wild boar, which had defied the power of all men.

I asked Snowbound what mind was the father of these noble knights. He replied, "Sir Launfal comes from the mind of Lowell. The rest are the spirits of the Idylls of the King. No one knows who their real father was, but Tennyson was the one who brought them here and showed them to us."

Upon asking him where I might find some others of Tennyson's children, he said, "Let us go out from Camelot to the city where dwell the spirits of many beautiful poems."

We went out of the hall and I looked in the direction he pointed. Not so very far away were the walls of another city. Walking towards them, we came near a gate over

the arch of which I read in letters of gold "Palgrave's Golden Treasury."

We entered just as the splendor of the setting sun fell on the castle walls; we heard a bugle blow, and the echo's answer dying, dying, dying. Then we saw a swallow flying swiftly as though bearing a message between lovers.

We weren't far within the walls when we came upon a bubbling, sparkling brook bickering down the valley.

"These are all the spirits of some of Tennyson's poems," my guide said. "I love to hear the bugles set the echoes flying at sunset and I often come here and spend long hours listening to The Brook. You will soon love them, too. Come and I will show you the spirits of some of Robert Burns' poems."

As we were going our way, we passed a churchyard, and saw a young man sitting under a tree near by, absorbed in deep thought.

I asked who he was and Snowbound told me that he was Gray's *Elegy*. He said, "That chap is too fond of the graveyard to suit me. But here is the man I was looking for."

Along the road came a ploughman, whom Snowbound told me was the spirit of Burns' "To a Mouse." And surely a kindlier, gentler appearing man I never saw.

We followed him to a thatched farmhouse, where, peeping in a window, we saw in the firelight, a white haired man and his white haired wife sitting on the settle, clasping hands and looking into the fire. Snowbound told me that the man was John Anderson.

As we walked along in the gathering dusk, I remarked, "How strange it seems that one is not weary here. We have come many miles today and yet it but rests me to walk in this land."

"Poetry does not tire one if he really gets into the spirit of it," replied my companion.

"Now is the time to find Il Penseroso at his best. The stars are coming out and he is probably in that tower you see against the golden sky, star-gazing. He doesn't like to be disturbed in his studies, but I guess he won't mind one interruption. Anyway I will take you to see him."

As we were crossing the meadow, I heard the voice of some sweet bird from out the neighboring wood. "What is that?" I asked. "Oh, that is Keats' 'Nightingale.'"

Doesn't he make you feel sad, though? But this thoughtful mood is all the better to greet Il Penseroso with."

By this time we had reached the tower. We entered without knocking and saw a young man, who looked very much the student, gazing out at the stars. We heard a rustling in a corner and saw that we weren't the only ones visiting Il Penseroso. Snowbound, who seemed to know all the inhabitants of the land, whispered to me, "That is the Light of Other Years. He comes here often to dream of the past. We won't disturb him."

After some persuasion, Il Penseroso told us wondrous tales of the stars. From that he drifted to expounding the philosophy of Plato and the ancients. Soon he had forgotten our presence and seemed only to be meditating aloud. When, finally, the dawn reddened the sky, he had filled my mind with many strange fancies and deep wonderings about the source of things and, even more, about the end of things.

We looked out the windows to watch the sunrise. Just as the sun appeared over the top of a cloud, Snowbound exclaimed, "There! that is the spirit of Browning's 'Day.'"

Then we stole out of the tower, leaving Il Penseroso to his musings, and sought his brother, L'Allegro. We passed Pippa on her way to see if everyone else was as happy as she. We soon met L'Allegro, whistling away on the road. He did resemble Il Penseroso in outward appearance, but looking closer, I perceived that he was just the opposite sort of a person, care-free and jolly.

We joined ourselves to him and walked along the road at a merry pace. He joked with everyone we met and showed us the joy of watching the passing clouds and wide fields.

We heard a skylark singing away up out of sight in the blue, and L'Allegro said, "Listen! that is Wordsworth's 'Skylark.' I hear him whenever I pass this field."

As we walked along towards the sea, we met a man looking so downcast that L'Allegro said: "I must do something to cheer that fellow up. His name is 'Ode on Limitations of Immortality.' He has a long enough name to make anyone morose, but he used to be quite a jolly chap in his younger days. Something has come over him lately that makes him so gloomy that I can hardly stand him."

When we drew near Immortality, he heaved a deep sigh and said, "Oh, L'Allegro, how I envy you your youth and seeing eyes. I have lost the power of seeing a vision in everything. Tell me, shall I ever be able to find it again?" L'Allegro answered, "Cheer up, old fellow. You will find it sometime. Come with us to the seaside and watch the ships go by."

He did come and soon we reached the cliffs and saw the sea breaking against the crags. Snowbound told me that was the spirit of Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break"; looking closely, I saw a fisherman's boy playing among the nets with his sister.

The wind was rising and the sea was full of white-caps. Just then a ship came into view, all her sails set, and half hidden by the spray. L'Allegro exclaimed, "Oh! there is 'A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.' I think that is one of the best poetry spirits."

At that, even Immortality cheered up somewhat and we all gazed eagerly toward the sea. Climbing back into the hills, we saw Wordsworth's "Daffodils" beside a lake. Then we saw a funeral procession passing through the woods and Snowbound told me that was the spirit of Scott's "Coronack."

Then came a Scot blowing a pibroch, Donuil Dhu summoning the clan council. As we descended the hill the season changed from Spring to Autumn. A wild west wind was blowing and Immortality told me that that wind which was shaking the leaves from the trees and blowing them far away was the spirit of Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind." Then he said, "That poem is full of hope for me of a time when

Spring will come again to my soul. 'O Wind, if Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?'"

As we came towards the town, we heard sweet music from one of the houses. L'Allegro said, "This is the spirit of 'The Power of Music.' I shall stay here and spend the evening dancing. Immortality, go, show our visitor who lives in the next house."

Bidding L'Allegro farewell, we left him and, entering the next house without knocking, saw a tall vase on the floor of the hall. This, so Immortality said, was The Grecian Urn. The figures on it were truly beautiful in their absolute symmetry and trueness to life.

Then we entered a room where an old man sat musing by the fire. He welcomed us kindly and bade us be seated. Then Immortality said to him: "Tell my companions as you have so often told me, of the meaning of this life and its woes. Tell him why such woes must be."

In a soft, rich voice he began, "My name is Rabbi Ben Ezra. I was young and now I am old. I have lived long and seen many things hard to understand. But now I can see that all sorrow and misfortune, all the hard things of life are but meant to shape man to a glorious end. We are but clay on the Potter's wheel. The Potter is shaping man to be of use to Him. The hard things are but the strokes necessary to make a perfect vessel, fit for the Potter's use."

We sat there far into the night, listening to his words of hope. I went back to my Everyday Life with new courage, determining to return to the Golden Treasury often.

PLAYED GOOD JOKE ON HOME GUARDS

PACKER McCLAY, the famous Northern raider, often gave to his deeds a touch of rough humor. During his celebrated raid into Brewer, he took occasion with some 350 followers to pay a visit to that little town. He found about 300 home guards in the place, standing round in groups awaiting orders from their aged captain; each man had a good horse tied to the fence. The scholars looked with astonishment at the strangers, and the captain said: "Whose company is this?"

"Captain T's R. O. T. C.!" cried the

captain.

"What! Bangor boys!" cried one of the men. "We're glad to see you! Whar's the cap'n?"

"There he sits," said the same guerrilla and pointed to McClay, who was sitting sideways upon his horse.

The captain walked up and saluted. "Cap'n, how are you?"

"Fine! How are you?" said McClay. "What are you going to do with all these men and horses?"

"Well," was the reply, "you see that horse-thieving Packer McClay is in this

part of the country with a passel of cut-throats, and between you and me, cap'n, if he comes up this ways, we'll give him the best we've got in the shop!"

"He's hard to catch; we've been after him for fourteen days," said McClay.

"If our horses would stand fire, we'd be all right," observed the old captain.

"Won't they stand?"

"No, Cap'n."

"S'pose while you're restin', you and your company put your saddles on your horses and let us go through a few evolutions that you perhaps have never seen, form a line on each side of the road and watch us closely as we pass."

The captain did as he was directed, greatly elated at the prospect of having the

green horses trained by the expert and his men. A number of worthy citizens, among them several ladies, joined the line of home guards, and all waited in silent expectation.

"Are you ready?" McClay asked, suavely.

"All right, Cap'n," gleefully shouted the old captain.

"Forward!" cried McClay, sweeping off his rakish hat.

The horsemen spurred forward, and the whole column dashed down the road amid the admiring glances and the loud cheers of the assembled throng. But as they disappeared in the distance the townspeople looked at the tired horses tied to the fences and saw a great light.

"It was McClay and his men!" they whispered to one another in dismay.

THE FISHING CONTEST.

AN excited group of men and boys in the village of Franklin, looked at a sign on the post office bulletin board, announcing that the sporting goods house, Johnson & Williams, offered a twenty dollar fishrod to the person catching the largest trout up to September 1, 1924. Among the most excited were Jack Wilson and Phil Higgins. During the summer it proved that Jack and Phil were the leading contenders, each leading until Phil had caught a "bute" as every one said who saw the fish.

One day, Phil, whistling, but tired and hungry, walked along a country road. Over his shoulder hung his fish basket and in it a good catch of trout, while in his other hand he carried his fish rod. When he came to a cross road, one leading to Franklin and the other to Kent, he saw another boy leaning on a motorcycle and when he came nearer he saw it was his rival, Jack Wilson.

"Well, what luck did you have?" asked Frank.

"I had great luck today. I guess I got a bigger one than my other."

Frank grinned when he saw it and said, "Look at these."

Phil looked and stared, for in the basket were three trout larger than he had even dreamed about. "Where did you get them!" he demanded.

Frank grinned again, and said, "Try and find out."

The next day the trout were the talk of the town and from that time on every man

and boy tried to find where he had caught the big fish but it was in vain, and after a while they gave it up, all but Phil, who hunted from daylight until dark, trying to find the place.

One afternoon he saw Frank's motorcycle standing in front of his house and noticed that there was red mud on the tires; then he knew that Frank had caught another big fish that morning. In an instant he knew that he must have caught his fish somewhere near Bigelow's bog for that was the only place within many miles where there was red mud.

The next day he followed the little creek that flowed through the bog but gave it up because trout could not live in such stagnant water. As he walked through the village, he stopped at the village book store to buy a district map of Bigelow's bog. When he got home he looked at it and found on the map a little widening at the farther end which was marked "Spring Hole."

The following day was August 31st, the last day of the contest. Phil was up at daylight for his last chance to find the trout hole. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, he found it. It was about 15 feet across and 20 feet long. At a glance at the clear water he could tell that it was deep. He put on a good bait and threw in. Instantly, almost before it had struck the water, there was a whirl and it was gone with a yank that pulled his pole out of his hand. He jumped into the water regardless of his clothes, grabbed his line and finally landed the fish—the biggest of the lot and it proved to be the prize winner.



LOCALS

Mayo '18

At assembly on January 9, Mr. Proctor introduced Miss McAlister's manager, Mr. Hugo Gorlitz, who once was Paderewski's manager. Mr. Gorlitz told us that Miss McAlister had achieved her success by simply making the most of what opportunities she had. He recounted several anecdotes about Paderewski and closed with the statement that music is the language of the soul.

On Thursday, January 15, the Latin club held a masquerade. Nearly all came in costume, representing some one in Roman history or mythology. Paul Martin, dressed as Caesar in Gaul, with the full costume of a Roman soldier, was given the prize for the best costume. Marion Schriver was in a costume representing Hector, that great warrior, and Frank Linnell came as Priam, although he did not seem quite as infirm as that man was supposed to have been. Miss Webster represented Caesar's ghost, and Mr. Bryant Caesar in triumph. There were many other well-gotten-up costumes. All consulted the oracle. This oracle was behind the curtains on the stage of the Assembly hall. In order to approach it, it was necessary to mount the steps and part the curtains. Within were seated two dark robed figures, one of whom muttered incantations over a bowl of burning incense, while the other interpreted the oracle for each seeker into the future. The diviners were Dorothy Allen and Leo White.

Then the members played bean-bag and a peanut race was held. Punch was served.

On the fifth of January, at the meeting of the Girls' Debating Society, the members tried out for the class teams for the Bowdoin cup. The question this year is: "Resolved, That United States should recognize the Soviet government." Each member gave one argument on both sides of the question and the members chose the

best three from each class. Arline Palmer, Edith Bowen and Eunice Copeland were chosen from the Senior class; Mary Quinn, Edna Dearborn and Dorothy Brady from the Junior class, and Clara Bunker, Jessie Fraser, and Clarine Coffin from the Sophomore class.

At the meeting of the Girls' Debating Society held January 19, the Senior and Sophomore teams debated the question for the main debate as practice.

At a meeting of the Snapdragons, January 19, Annie Proctor and Phyllis Lorimer were chosen to represent the Freshman class in the interclass debate for the Bowdoin cup.

The semi-finals for the Junior Exhibition were held on Friday, January 16, two weeks earlier than it was last year—good work, Miss Green. Those chosen for the exhibition are: Helene Mosher, Charlotte Hubbard, Dorothy Brady, Dorothy Cully, Dorothy Jenkins, Camillus Angel, David Rudman, Edward Stern, Paul Hickson and John Crowell.

On Wednesday, January 21, Colonel Bowen and Major Ford spoke about the shortage of government property loaned to the school. The deficit is now two thousand, two hundred dollars' worth, reduced from four thousand dollars. The R. O. T. C. will be organized in three teams, each team in competition with the others in recovering the lost property. The girls were also asked to help in the work.

At the same assembly the new cheers were practiced. These new ones are very good and ought to do a lot towards winning the games if they are given with a will.



BANGOR, 37.

Bangor High opened their 1924-1925 basketball season by decisively defeating Gilman High of Northeast Harbor, in City Hall, Saturday, Dec. 27, by a score of 37-17. The Crimson had everything their own way from start to finish and not once did the Mt. Desert boys threaten the early lead of the local outfit.

Bangor opened up at a fast pace, Turner dropping in the first basket. Turner again looped the apple and Pelkey rolled one from the foul line. This ended the scoring for the first period with the Crimson in front, 7-0.

Not until the end of the second period did the Gilman boys locate the much sought hoop and then P. Bucklin, Ralph and Manchester dropped in several pretty rainbows from the middle of the hall, but meanwhile the local boys had been doing their stuff and the half ended with the score, 18-8 in favor of Bangor.

P. Bucklin opened the second half with a pretty shot, but "Cooney" Striar evened things up with a pretty one-hand stab at the basket. This boy played a whirlwind game all evening and has the making of a real star.

Toward the end of the game, Gilman tried hard to even things up but the Crimson offense with Captain "Packer" McClay leading the attack, was too much for the visitors and the game ended 37-17 in favor of Bangor.

In the offense Pelkey stood out exceptionally well, while on the defense Casper was the star. Bucklin did good work for the losers.

The summary:

Bangor, 37.

Pelkey, r.f., 4 (4).....l.b., Seavey
Turner, l. f., 5.....r.b., H. Bucklin
Striar, c., 4 (1).....c., Manchester, 1 (3)

GILMAN, 17.

Gilman, 17.

McClay, r.b., 3.....l.f., P. Bucklin, 4 (2)
Casper, l.b.,.....r.f., Ralph, 1
Referee, Wallace, U. of M.

BANGOR, 16; PORTLAND, 11.

Bangor High defeated their ancient rival, Portland High, in City Hall, Saturday, Jan. 10, by a score of 16-11. The game was very exciting throughout but on the whole rather loosely played, many fouls being called and both teams missing many shots.

The first score of the game came when Pelkey looped the apple from the foul line. Capt. Conroy of Portland, seeing how easy it was, did likewise, but Pelkey not wishing to be outdone by his big rival, chalked up another foul to his credit. Thus the first period ended 2-1 for Bangor.

In the second period Portland located the loop on three different occasions, while Bangor gathered but two fouls and the Blue was in the lead with 7-4.

At the beginning of the second half Gunn scored right away for Portland, but then the powerful Crimson offense got under way and soon took the lead. Toward the end of the game Portland in their eagerness, made several fouls, which Bangor took advantage of and scaled up the game.

Steve Casper was the star of the game, his work on both the defense and offense being spectacular at times.

Gunn and Capt. Conroy showed up well for the Blue.

The summary:

Bangor, 16.

Pelkey, r.f., 1 (2).....l.b., Donahue
Turner, l.f., 2 (2).....r.b., Agger
Striar, c.....c., Conroy
McClay, r.b., 1 (1).....l.f., T. Halgren
Casper, l.b. (3).....r.f., Gunn
r.f., O. Halgren

Referee: Wallace, U. of M.

BANGOR, 21; RUMFORD, 24.

Bangor High met its first defeat of the season at Rumford Friday, Jan. 17, by a score of 24-21, Stephens High winning in the last two minutes of play on two long shots by Morrison Rumford, right forward.

Rumford led at the quarter, 6-5, and at the half, 9-6. At the end of the third period the locals led by a point and in the final stanza the Crimson forged ahead, only to be beaten at the finish.

The summary:

Bangor, 21.	Rumford, 24.
Pelkey, r.f., 2 (1).....l.b., Ellis	
Samway, r.f.	
Turner, l.f., 2 (1).....r.b., Kersey, 3 (1)	
Luro, l.f.	
Striar, c., 1 (2).....c., McCarthy	
Casper, r.b. (1).....l.f., Morrison, 3 (3)	
McClay, l.b., 3.....r.f., Bradbury, 2 (1)	
Referee, McMann.	

GIRLS' ATHLETIC NOTES.

This year's basketball season again finds Marie Colburn and Mary McAvey, the star forwards of last year, in their old places on the team. Even though Georgia Treat, guard, and Charlotte Drummond, center, have left us we still have to take their places, Capt. Avis Haley and Madeline Silsby.

After several cuts the squad now stands: Seniors, Capt. Haley, Silsby, McAvey, Robinson, Allen, Webster and Files;

Juniors, Colburn, Mgr. Friend, Clarke and Trickey; Sophomores, Gordon, Burrill, Baker, Thompson, Faulkingham and Foss. One Freshman, Morrill.

The first game this season was with an Alumnae team whom we met in the B. H. S. Gymnasium on December 19. In this game the school team won by a score of 18 to 7. Baskets were made by Robinson (2), Colburn (4), and Faulkingham (1), for the school team and by McCarthy (2), and Green (1) for the Alumnae.

One of the biggest and doubtless one of the fastest games of the season, was played when our team went to Rockland on January 9th. Rockland had not been defeated on her own floor for five years, until B. H. S. overcame her by a score of 20-19. All during the game the two teams were evenly matched and the score was a tie until in the last minute Colburn made a clever shot and saved the day for Bangor.

The next game was played with Ellsworth, January 16. Ellsworth had been defeating every team she played for some time, so when she came here we expected a hard fight. Much to our surprise the game was very one-sided and at the end of the first half the score was 30 to 3 in favor of Bangor. Only one basket was made by Ellsworth and all other points were due to fouls. The score was 36-12 in favor of B. H. S.

MILITARY

This month has seen the high school R. O. T. C. score another success. At the annual military ball, given by Company M, of the 103rd infantry, under Colonel Brown, members of the school unit put over a close order drill which won the admiration and praise of even the most critical judges. Some of the latter asserted that it was the best exhibition they had ever seen put over by a school R. O. T. C. The cadets were in turn shown a few things about open order drill; especially speed in field stripping and assembling.

The following men under command of Louis Neal represented the high school unit:

I. Thompson,	H. Day,
G. Campbell,	E. Hanson,

D. Rudman,
H. Willey,
G. St. Germain,
A. Robinson,
D. Staples,
H. McMann,
L. Rogerson,
W. Watson,
K. Robbins,
J. Kenney,
E. Smith,
N. Stanley,
L. Kilby,
D. Fogg,
H. Hart,
A. Washburn,
T. Chandler,
D. Scott,

A. Nickerson,
G. Robinson,
J. Crowell,
C. Weston,
J. Segal,
N. Brackett,
E. Haley,
K. Googins,
E. Mace,
K. Gilpatrick,
S. Shannon,
T. Birmingham,
C. Dolan,
S. Pendleton,
R. Grant,
K. Ludden,
T. Gallagher,
C. Maynard,



RECENT LITERARY ACHIEVEMENTS OF ALUMNI.

Some of the best current monthlies have been advertising "Whaling," the last volume from the pen of the late author, Charles Boardman Hawes, B. H. S., '07. In "Whaling," Hawes sets forth the history of that industry in Europe and in America. Time was when the business of whaling brought millions of dollars to New England, but now "Time has given the business a glamour that would astound the luckless victims of its reality, could they walk today the streets of that New England whence they sailed so long ago." Hawes' account of whaling is by no means cut and dried. In his lucid style he gives us many thrilling accounts of adventures that befell whalemens, for as he said, "The old whalemens lived in a world of tales so strange that pure romance has hardly surpassed them." Some of the old time whalers were successful; others were not. In speaking of one whaler, which earned over a half million dollars in eight voyages, Hawes gave us some good New England philosophy when he said: "A lucky ship? Yes, without a doubt. And a lucky owner, Jonathan Bourne. Still, luck doesn't come to the idle, the heedless, or the stupid." Hawes was a great student of the sea. Ever since he was a boy standing on the wharves at Bangor, watching the ships coming and going and chatting with

the sailors, Charles Boardman Hawes studied sea lore. Anyone reading his sea novels, "The Mutineers," "The Great Quest," and "The Dark Frigate," cannot help detecting this maritime knowledge. The technical finish of "Whaling" is no less pronounced. Hawes delved deep into the old logbooks of the whalers, making them stand before us in all their color. Let us hope that in "Whaling," which was gotten out by Mr. Hawes' wife after his death, this former Bangor boy has perpetuated in the annals of literature, the story of one of New England's greatest industries "in the days gone by." "Whaling" was published the last of 1924 by Doubleday, Page & Company, Garden City, New York.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the Charles Boardman Hawes Prize of two thousand dollars, offered about two years ago by the Atlantic Monthly Press, for a novel "worthy of continuing the Hawes tradition" has recently been awarded.

Another book by a Bangorian, has recently been issued from the press. This time it is "The Story of Maine," by L. Whitney Elkins. Although Mr. Elkins, better known as "Pa" to Bangor High students, is not an alumnus of this school, however, as he taught mathematics here a part of last year and the year before, he may be considered "one of ours." "The Story of Maine" deals with the coast of

Maine in an interesting manner. It is very well illustrated and is one of the few books which combine history and scenery. It certainly is a pleasure to read a book on Maine by a son of the Pine Tree state. While at Bangor High school "Pa" Elkins was very popular with his students.

Recently Miss Amanda Wilson, B. H. S., '62, has given the following lectures: "Famous Sons and Daughters of Maine," "Three Maine Writers," "The Twelve Great Paintings of the World," "National and Folk Songs," and "James Whitcomb Riley." The last named was delivered before the Bangor Teachers' Club last November. Miss Wilson's Bangor High school class, '62, is unique in a number of ways. In those days the boys and girls went to separate high schools, the two schools not being united until 1864. The class of '62 of the Bangor Girls' High school was composed of seven pupils, taught by two teachers. This class was the first to receive diplomas. Of the seven who graduated in the class of '62 three are now living. For 15 years Miss Wilson taught in Bangor High and she still tutors.

Mrs. Anna Ashley, a graduate of Bangor High school and now a senior at the University of Maine, is editor of *The Maine Spring*, the literary publication there. The prize winning stories and the verse which featured the Christmas number of this magazine won high praise. Mrs. Ashley has been prominent in literary work at the University for a number of years. She was an associate editor of *The Maine Spring* last year and also on the editorial board of *The Prism*. Mrs. Ashley is a member of the Contributors' Club and of Pi Beta Phi sorority.

Charles H. Whitman, Ph.D., B. H. S., '94, and Colby, '97, traveled through Europe last summer with the New York University Tour, lecturing on "The European Background of English Literature." Professor Whitman is the head of the English department at Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J.

Miss Pauline Aiken, B. H. S., '21, is the first freshman in the Dean's remembrance to make a rank of six A's the first quarter at the U. of M. During the year '22, Miss

Aiken was the High school librarian. She is now majoring in English at Maine.

Two Bangor boys were honored by their classmates when the junior class of Bowdoin college elected John Tarbell, B. H. S., '21, vice president, and Charles Davis, B. H. S., '22, class odist. Aside from being secretary-treasurer of his class last year, a member of Phi Chi, the honorary sophomore class society, a member of the Owls, the honorary junior society, and a member of Beta Theta Pi fraternity, Tarbell is one of Bowdoin's best track athletes. Last year he ran leadoff man on the successful varsity relay team. Tarbell started this year well by cleaning up in the three hundred yard dash of the fall interfraternity meet and Coach Jack Magee expects great things of him. Charles "Chuck" Davis, the class odist, plays with a number of the college orchestras being a pianist of ability as we all can testify. His fraternity is Zeta Psi.

Donald Taylor and Raymond Worster, both members of B. H. S., '24, have been elected to Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity at Bowdoin. Both were members of the Oracle board while here.

George "Buster" Jenkins, B. H. S., '23, has entered the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. The plucky lad is working his way with employment by the Connor branch of the Arctic Dairy Products Company. "Buster" has pledged himself to Alpha Tau Omega fraternity.

Walter A. Robinson, B. H. S., '72, and Bowdoin, '76, a well known educator, passed away January 1st, in Boston. He had taught for more than fifty years in Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts. His only son was killed in the World War. Since the close of the war Mr. Robinson had visited France three times as chairman of the commission for placing a memorial for the Massachusetts soldiers killed in the World War. During this time he had arranged the purchase of a lot of great beauty and historic interest on which the memorial is to be erected. Mr. Robinson was the brother of our dean, Miss Mary C. Robinson, to whom our heart-felt sympathy in his loss is extended.

Ralph B. Mayo was elected recently to the Alpha Sigma Pi fraternity at Norwich University, Northfield, Vermont. He graduated from Bangor High last year, where he was prominent in military affairs.

Miss Anna Byrnes, B. H. S., '24, is now a freshman at Rosemont college, Rosemont, Pennsylvania.

G. William Rowe, a graduate of Bangor High and of Bowdoin, '24, is continuing his studies at the University of Pennsylvania.

Gleason A. Rand, B. H. S., '23, is now a senior at the Massachusetts School of Optometry.

Lee C. Grenier, B. H. S., '24, is attending the Porter Military Academy in South Carolina. During the Christmas holidays he returned home and visited the boys of the Machine Gun unit here, of which he is a former member.

Ernest H. Legere, B. H. S., '24, is a student at St. Mary's college, Van Buren.

William P. Snow, B. H. S., '24, won scholastic honors in Greek at Phillips Exeter Academy, where he is a member of the senior class. At the last show of the Bangor Poultry Association one of Bill's entries was judged the grand champion bird of the state.

Miss Rachel Connor, a graduate of Bangor High school and of the University of Maine in 1922, who is now a member of the high school English department, has been appointed supervisor of the Home Economics department of the Bangor Evening school. Miss Connor majored in this subject at the University of Maine.

Thomas E. Gehigan, B. H. S., '14, a young Bangor attorney, is teaching commercial arithmetic at the Bangor Evening school.

One of the surprises of Maine scholastic football was pulled last fall, when the Kennebunk High football team, coached by Arthur "Swede" Mulvaney, former Bangor High and U. of M. star, played the strong Biddeford team, rated as one of the best in Western Maine, to a tie. "Swede" is the principal and athletic coach at Kennebunk. This school is looking forward to a snappy basketball team.

John T. Quinn, B. H. S., '19, who coached the Brewer High football team last fall, is now coaching basketball there.

A number of Bangor High alumni are going strong on various basketball teams this winter. Edwin "Touchy" Short, captain-elect of the 1925 Canisius college football team, is playing stationary back on the basketball team at that institution. Earl Heal, former Bangor High star and one of the greatest professional players in New England, has just been elected captain of the Pere Marquette outfit, a Boston basketball club. Soderberg, Bangor boy, is doing fine work playing the pivot position on the University of Maine five. Milton McKinna, a former student at this school and at Oak Grove Seminary, is playing with the Waterville Collegians of Colby College. Percy "Bullett" Guptill, another former student, is holding down his position on the Deering High team. The Bangor Five Aces, composed of a galaxy of former Bangor High school stars, have played many games this season.

Recent marriages of Bangor High Alumni:

Stanley Pullen and Miss Jeanette Sanborn Nason.

Harry B. Thompson, B. H. S., '20, and Miss Dorothy Walker.

John Whitmore and Miss Pauline E. Miller, B. H. S., '17.

In Memoriam

Mrs. Anna Tefft Bragg.



The Breccia, Portland, Me.: The Christmas number of the Breccia was complete and interesting. The arrangement, we think, would be better if your editorials came first and the two sections of "Pebbles" were together. The stories are good and some of them are very humorous. The football team received a splendid write-up in "Athletics," and after reading an account of the games, we are sure they deserve it.

E. H. S. Record, Boston, Mass.: Your exchanges are the work of a genius. They are among the best we find. It seems to us that perhaps by increasing the number of ads, you could afford more than two stories. The "House of Fear" and "The Last Encampment" in the January number, were so good they made us yearn for more. We see that you are right up to the minute, including a crossword puzzle in your magazine. Your "Athletic Notes" are most complete and are well written up.

The Kyote, Billings, Montana: There's one thing about these western papers, they are never lacking in size or reading matter. This is especially true of "The Kyote." The editorials and stories are interesting and well written but we can't see the idea of your "Exchanges," as they contain no comments on any school papers. We enjoyed following your school activities in the "Class Room Notes" and Society columns.

The Radiator, Somerville, Mass.: Your "Trivia" idea is an innovation, a credit to your paper and extremely interesting to read. The stories are good and the Alumni and Athletic departments are well taken care of. We can't understand why you call your joke department "School Wit," as we saw only one joke which had to do with your school. You have a large Exchange list but the comments are rather short. "Public Occurrences" and "School Notes" cover your school activities completely.

The Beacon, Gloucester, Mass.: Your Poetry department is one of the best we have seen and the more credit to you that the poems are by your own students. The letter from your Alumni, Mr. Harold Bibber, was especially interesting and instructive as it gives one a clear idea of the Japanese feeling on the immigration question. Your Joke editor is certainly on his job, as is shown by your extremely long and splendid Joke department. The appearance of the magazine would be improved if all your ads were put together at the end.

The Torch, Doylestown, Pa.: Congratulations to the author of "Tri Spirite" in your Christmas number. He has an extremely vivid imagination and the article showed some deep thinking. Your Poets' Corner is extremely interesting. "War" was especially good.

H. C. I. Scroll, Higgins Classical Institute, Charleston, Me.: Your magazine is interesting and complete in nearly every detail, though lacking in one important item, namely, a table of contents. Your stories are short and sweet. Why not try a longer one? Your Athletics are well cared for as to football but contains no mention of any other form of athletics. "School Notes" covers your school activities completely and your Joke department is a fine one.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Oracle, Bangor, Me.: You have a fine little paper with a splendid Joke department. Come again.—N. H. S. Oracle.

Oracle, Bangor, Me.: Your departmental heads are attractive. We also liked the "Curiosity Corner."—The Breccia.

Oracle, Bangor, Me.: Your magazine has some of the best cuts of any on our exchange list. We hope the "Mustard Plaster" lives. It's well worth working for. The Tatler is fine.—The Manad.

Oracle, Bangor, Me.: Your "Tatler" idea is an innovation and is a credit to your paper. The frontpiece comprising a photograph of the school, is an interesting feature to those unfamiliar with your Alma Mater. The Alumni exchange and local columns are all well cared for but your entire disregard of jokes is inconceivable. However, "Curiosity Corner," wherein ingeniously clever answers are given, partly atones for this inexcusable error.—E. H. S. Record.

Oracle, Bangor, Me.: Certainly an attractive paper. Excellent cuts.—The Torch, Billerica, Mass.

Oracle, Bangor, Me.: Your paper is very interesting, particularly "The B. H. S. Tatler Section."—The Radiator.

Oracle, Bangor, Me.: Your departmental heads are attractive. We also liked the "Curiosity Corner."—The Breccia.

We have a welcome companion this, "The Oracle," from way up in Bangor, Me. You bring us something new, The Curiosity Corner. It is especially original. We are glad to see the picture of your high school.—The Torch, Doylestown, Pa.

Until now we always wondered who had the arrogance to name a certain old steamer, the City of Bangor. But this is easily explained. When a place becomes such a metropolis that it can support twenty-nine pages of advertising in its school's paper, it well deserves to be called a city. This is a sure sign of an active business manager, too. We might suggest that a few jokes interspersed among the "ads" at the end would attract more the attention of the ordinary reader. As to literary matter, your paper presents very attractive material in the stories and The Tatler. Old Sandy MacTagget furnished a good theme for a story. But for that matter every department is well developed and we are destitute of any but highly favorable criticism.—The Tripod.

PERSONALS



TRAVELOGUE.

DONALD WHITE IN AFRICA.

During Christmas vacation our hero went canoeing on the Penobscot river. Thinking that it was a beautiful day he finally decided to make the trip from here to Africa in his little birch bark canoe. So, with his mighty arm, he paddled down the Penobscot, into the bay and thence out into the vast Atlantic, around the coast of Europe and after an effort of a few hours longer he sighted the sunny shores of dark Africa.

On the beach he noticed a bright looking African lassie, who reminded him slightly of a B. H. S. girl, and therefore, he immediately became acquainted with her. She offered to show him about the village if he would give her one lock of his wavy black hair. Donald agreed after a slight hesitation because as he told himself, "It might, possibly, mar my beauty!" Finally, however, he gave in and they signed the contract.

The first place Don wanted to go was to the great dancing pavilion, not unlike our Chateau Dansant, where she showed him the latest dance steps and before long he came to the conclusion that she could dance almost as well as D. L., B. H. S.

After a three days' sightseeing throughout Africa, he started back across the wide sea, with his trophies of the hunt, which he loaded in his little bark. A few hours out on the wild waves, a gentle zephyr arose and the sea breezes blew the tiny craft upon the shore of a tropical island. Donald is still eating cocoanuts and waiting for a response to his wireless S. O. S. call.

Next month's Travelogue: Prescott Hale Vose, Jr., in Hawaii.

Madame: Have you ever seen an artichoke?

Shark: Yes, it's something a girl wears around her neck.

Goodness, No!

Mr. Pennell: Why haven't you had your lesson the last two or three days?

Siegel: I've lost my book.

Mr. P.: Would you dare go into Madame's room with that excuse?

"O Tender Moon?"

Two gentlemen of color, who professed to know something about music, were listening to a band concert.

Sam said to Jim: "Does yo' recall the name of the piece they're playing?"

"Oh, yas, that's the 'Sextette from Lucia.'"

"Yo' is all wrong. It's the 'Quartette from Rigoletto.'"

"Ah'll jes' go ovah and look at that sign that tells what they's playing. . . . We's both wrong. It's the 'Refrain from Smoking.'"

— Ex.

Fresh!

Mike: Howdy! Any mail for Mike Howe? (No response). Any mail for Mike Howe?

Postmaster: Course there ain't no mail for your cow! What d'ya think this is, anyhow?

—Ex.

Intelligent Chemist.

Mr. P.: Miss McElwee, explain the apparatus for obtaining sodium.

M. McE.: It's a—well, I don't know what you call it, but it's a thing for making sodium.

As Usual.

Gross (translating): Je veux en avoir le coeur net—I am old enough—

Madame: Yes, Gross, you are old enough to know better than that.

Miss Cousins, meeting Mr. Mulherrin and Mr. Currier in the corridor during a singing period: Who let you out?

VOLUME III

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

STATION B. H. S. BROADCASTS FIRST RADIO PROGRAM

ROOM 307 GETS IT PLAINLY

A new era in radio efficiency is now at hand. Station B. H. S. located on Harlow street, broadcasted a very entertaining program from the assembly hall, recently, which was heard and enjoyed by almost every student in the school. Room 307, conducted under the auspices of P. Mitchell, assisted by Bill Daley, was particularly lucky, there being a direct communication between the assembly hall and the room through the hot air shaft. Mr. Mitchell and his flock were delighted with the excellent music.

The first number on the program was an overture, "Creamed Tomato Soup," by the station orchestra. This was followed by several vocal selections by eminent local artists. The well-known melodies, "Cucumber and Tomato Salad," "Native Spring Chicken," "French Fried Potatoes" and "Green Peas," were sung in a most charming manner. The next number on the program was the time signal for the 5th period, on the chimes in the principal's office.

A classy novelty selection was next rendered by the great Frank Burrill, on the drums, entitled, "Stewed Prunes." The applause was so great that he played two encores, "Cheese and Toasted Crackers." The concert was concluded with Coffee, Cigars and Cigarettes by the Station Orchestra.

The success of the radio in B. H. S. is now assured, in fact the commercial department has a scheme for commercializing this wonderful invention.

The Commercial department wants to know why they can't sell radios in the lunch room. Concerts will be given Wednesday by the singing classes, and on Tuesday by

the Federated Glee and Boller Makers' Clubs. Watch for these stellar attractions. They will sweeten your high school career.

FIVE FAIRIES AGAIN SUFFER DEFEAT—GAME WAS FULL OF THRILLS

Madison Square Garden was last night the scene of one of the greatest antithesis between brain and brawn, ever witnessed on a local basketball court. The Five Fairies, (the brains), consisting of Mike McInnis, Roddy O'Connor, Manuel Epstein, Dub Collins and Teddy McQuiggan, gave the Hampden Junction Haytossers (the brawn), a run which will ever remain a livid spot on the memories of the participants. From the first to the last toot of the referee's whistle, the players were but a blur, so fast was the game played. The Fairies flitted about like tiny elves, now hither, now thither; the Haytossers, rivulets of honest sweat pouring from their manly brows, raged like turbulent waters, up and down the court. One of the outstanding features of the game was a splendid shot in the third period by "Lightfoot" O'Connor. The husky class president was situated underneath the invading team's basket when the ball came rolling toward him. He seized it and heaved it mightily in the general direction of the home team's basket. Straight and true, it soared, right through the hoop, and the score keepers were so tickled with this remarkable shot, they chalked up eight points for the "Fairies." The final score of the game was 103 to 8 in favor of the Haytossers, from Hampden Junction. \$237 was collected at the gate, many patrons sneaking in through the back window.

THE KELLY KLUB EXTENDS INVITATIONS

President Oil E. Lieberman Urge All To Attend.

The following invitation, accompanied by a request to have it printed, was received by the Tatler from President "Oil E." Lieberman of the Kelly Klub:

Friends and Peoples:

Yourself and friend are invited to attend a Moonlight Picnic at Lonesome Grove on the afternoon of Jan. 32, 1942. The music will be furnished by the Sycopated Boller Makers, directed by one of our well known Traffic Officers, Jim Mackie. Admission per couple, single price, and Orphans accompanied by their parents, will be admitted at half price.

Take the car that you have just missed, if you can catch it, if not, take the one before. If you miss the boat, swim to the train, as nothing is charged for wading. You are requested to bring a bucket of water along, in case any of your friends get hungry.

Men without legs will race for a silver loving cup of brass, to be given by the Kelly Klub. The winner will return the cup after the picnic. Nine dollars and ninety-nine cents' worth of fireworks will be displayed, providing you bring them along. Two railroads will be given away with each bottle of soda. Among the prizes to be given to the winners of many contests are: Bridges, Subways, Gold Mines, Locomotives, and various other trinkets too numerous to mention. Included in the bill of fare will be broiled eel's eyes with castor oil dressing, snake lips on toast, fly-hearts served with French fried tomatoes; also ant tongue pie. If you want to die do it at home, as anyone found dead on the premises will be promptly arrested. Don't fail to come and enjoy yourself and be sorry for it afterwards.

I am yours, till they use Kelly Pool for a swimmin hole,
"Oil E."

P. S. Let us know if you don't receive this invitation within two years.



"BUGS" SHIRLEY BERGER

"BUGS" BERGER WINS GREAT
BEAUTY CONTEST—WILL
NOT ENTER MOVIES.

All hail to "Bugs" Berger, as illustrated above, King of Love and Beauty, winner of the Tatler's Great Beauty Contest. "Bugs" is a life long inmate of the Bangor Public schools, and a Senior at B. H. S. He is extremely handsome, of fairly good intellect, and a profuse and most interesting talker. The Tatler's staff and all friends of Berger's offer felicitations on his having attained this great honor and all unanimously agree that he deserves it. The contest was very close and exciting, "Bugs" having a keen rival whose beauty quite matched his. The judges finally decided in favor of Berger because of his beautiful hair. (He uses nothing but cold water). Thus, he may be said to have won by a hair. Honorable mention is awarded to Othello Robinson. The coronation ceremony will be held in assembly, and the Hero will be crowned and acclaimed King of Love and Beauty, a la Hivan-Hoe, the great college classic.

McCARTHY SHAVES WITHOUT
RAZOR BLADE.

Acclaims Prize Sap of the Winter
Season.

John McCarthy of Bangor, Me., was the victim of a sad hallucination at his home last night, while attempting to trim his beard. Young McCarthy has reached the stage now, when it is necessary to remove the hair from his face about once every three months. It was during this process that the above mentioned hallucination occurred. To those to whom this intricate mechanism is unknown, we offer a little description. A safety razor is made up of three parts, the handle, the blade, and the piece which holds the blade and joins it to the handle. The blade does the cutting. McCarthy put his razor together and innocently omitted the blade. He shaved in his customary manner and was quite satisfied that he was all set for another three month period, before the next crop was ripe for harvest, but taking the razor apart, he discovered to his great surprise, that he hadn't used a blade. Beads of sweat stood out

Shall Not Passeth"

AMONG OUR MERRY COLLEGIATES

Rise Sons of Bowdoin! Here comes A. K. P. Smith, fresh from the country. There is no fairer youth upon this earth. The long boy with the glasses, over there is "Bugs" Berger, none other than the Yale Bulldog. Hear him growl! One-two-three-four, etc., etc. "A military procession is approaching," we deduct. Around the corner comes Richard Babb, the army mule. In his hand he carries a book, which upon close inspection, we find to be a record of the West Point College-Entrance Exams, for the last 108 years. A cry rings out on the chill winter air. It echoes and re-echoes through the corridors, "Here's to Maine, our alma mater, the college of our hearts always." "Is this a mob!" we cry in alarm, as a great wave of humanity surges around the corner. "Oh, no," remarks a bystander, "That's only the gang that's going to Maine next year."

CAT'S MEOW

The lunch room finds business very brisk in this new year. Never before have so many milk stoppers been strewn over the floor as in this era of prosperity.

The B. H. S. Girls' Basketball team defeated the Ellsworth lassies, and if it hadn't been for the orchestra, everybody would have had a swell time.

Have you heard about the two local boys who are rooting for Syracuse University? If you haven't you had better have your ears examined.

A real Hard-Boiled Guy rolls up to the lunch room counter the other day and hisses through his teeth, "Gimme a bottle o' cow, and a roll o' mud, and make it snappy!" He got it—in the neck. Moral: Don't be a cave man.

on his brow as he ran his hands over his face, but not a hair did he feel! "Guess it's all right," he said.

CURIOSITY CORNER.

(A. F. P., '25, Personals Editor, will be glad to reply to Personal questions, but personal inquiries will receive no attention).

Q. Where can you find ions?—Chem. Student.

A. Electric irons may be obtained at Wheelden's.

Q. What is an acid radical?—Interested.

A. A Bolshevik.

Q. Why do HO and H combine readily?—Scientific.

A. Because they have a strong attraction for each other. Further inquiries about science, please submit to Ruth Meservey, who is completing a leaflet on "Chemistry as I See It," in which the difficult questions of the day are answered.

Q. What is an umbrella?—Paraphine.

A. It is one of those things you carry on a rainy day to divert the water down your back.

Q. Did Mr. Bryant represent a Christmas tree at the Latin masquerade?—Gret.

A. No, that stuff around his head was supposed to be a laurel wreath.

Q. Who was that cute little girl who recited "The Highwayman," at the Junior semi-finals?—Kid.

A. That was Helene Mosher.

Q. Will the League of Nations eventually end all wars?—Dot B.

A. Perhaps. But we don't trust the dog and cat.

Q. How did Karl happen to get the part of the Friar in the latest Dramatic Club play?—E. C.

A. By sheer beauty of face.

Q. They say Jersey is slipping seaward. Can you explain this?—Peter.

A. Yes; the state is trying to move out beyond the twelve-mile limit.

Then Finally.

You see a beautiful girl walking down the street. She is, of course, feminine. If she is singular you become nominative. You walk across to her, changing the verbal and then becoming dative. If she is not objective you become plural. You walk home together. Her mother is accusative and you become imperative. Her brother is an indefinite article. You walk in and sit down. You talk of the future and she becomes the object. Her father becomes present and you become past participle.

INSTANT POSTUM.

By Shotspeak.

In the land of Arrow Collars,
In the valley of Corona,
Where the lover, Instant Postum,
Met his sweetheart, Cutie Cura;
By the mountain of Fels-Naphtha,
In the hut of Beaver Board,
Dwelt they then with Aunt Jemima,
Mother of the Cutie Cura.

By the lake of Euralyptol,
Hard unto the Liquid Tar Soap,
Aunt Jemima, with her Kodak,
Stood and pointed to the Crisco.
"Yonder dwells the Locomobile,
In the forest of O'Cedar;
He it was who killed Van Heusen—
Slew him with his Kuppenheimer."

Boldly then the Instant Postum
Seized his trusty Biflex Bumper,
Gave his bride one last fond Djer-Kiss,
Kissed her by the Coca-Cola.
"I am going, Cutie Cura,
On a long and distant journey,
Where the great name, Skinner's Satin,
And Palmolive are unknown.

"Guard you well our daughter, Jello,
And our last-born baby, Newskin."
Launched he then his Evinrude bark
On the shining Pluto water;
Stood she then and munched the Grape-nuts,
As he chug-chugged toward the sunset;
While she smiled the smile of Ivory,
Shed she tears of Listerine.

When You Bobbed Your Hair—

What did you do with it? Mary Files put her's away in a box, and when she went to get it, it was all dusty and musty; Marjorie Wentworth cut her's off two years ago and put it in the bureau drawer, and when she looked at it, it had turned gray, so she burned it up. Take our advice, and when you have yours cut, stuff a pillow with it. 'Most as good as horse-hair! This will be especially good for those sobbers who like to bury their faces in the pillow and mourn their lost locks.

Salt.

Mr. P.: Miss Eastman, where is sodium chloride found?

Miss E.: In most any grocery store and all the homes.

Merchants' National Bank

23 Broad Street

Bangor, Maine

Established in 1850

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ONE sunny morning I chanced to be strolling languidly along one of the corridors and, as I neared the stairs, I viewed with alarm a small freshman. His visage was contorted in fierce concentration.

I approached cautiously and voiced my interest in his singular appearance.

"Good morning, my little man," I inquired, beaming benevolently. No answer. I produced my magnifying glass and inspected the thing diligently. There was no room for further doubt. It was a freshman. Thereupon I retreated in quest of something with which to gain his attention. Ah ha! A window-polish. The very thing. Hastening back, I launched this full strength at the catput. He stirs; whereat I approach and enunciate as before,

"Good morning, my little man."

"Where is room Number 135?"

"There is no room with that number."

"I thought that was the number of the morning detention room."

"You did what!"

"I thought"—

"Hold. It is enough. Who said you could think around here? Where do you come from?"

"I am a tuition pupil from the country," he said.

"Well, little boy, you go down to the office. You can get all the detaining you may wish there."

As the innocent child left me, I clasped a railing with trembling hands. The astounding enormity of it, that this school should have in its midst one single person who could and dared to think, who dared utter words which teachers had not bade him learn, or which assiduous and omniscient elders had not pounded into his plastic mind. "Mirabile dictu."

He should be hung, electrocuted and deported all on the same day. Shudder at the bare thought that, although learned men, wise parents, and politicians had done their best to educate him, here was a person who once could think, and still did, in a limited way. After you have striven vainly to assimilate that fact, marvel that he still retained a glimmering of that faculty after nearly a year in a high school. As for me, I cannot believe it. Some teacher probably told him.

Yet consider this—Edison once said that the average child of twelve knows more than the average college graduate, but he becomes stifled in cant and institutionalism. That may be so in some places but think what would be said of the average boy of twelve who lives in this wonder city.

Author's note: To the Censor, ex-officio and others:

I am cognizant of the fact that it will require both courage and conviction for the somewhat immature Personals Editor and the Editor of the Oracle to present to a very intelligent public these impressions.

However, to give the most worthy personages mentioned above a tangible ground upon which to base their probable reluctance to print the above, I remain, anonymously,

Yours truly,

K. W. D.

In spite of your slam regarding our youth, K. W. D., we and the Editor-in-Chief will let this atrocity by, for lack of time to do something better.

A. F. P.,

Personals.

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