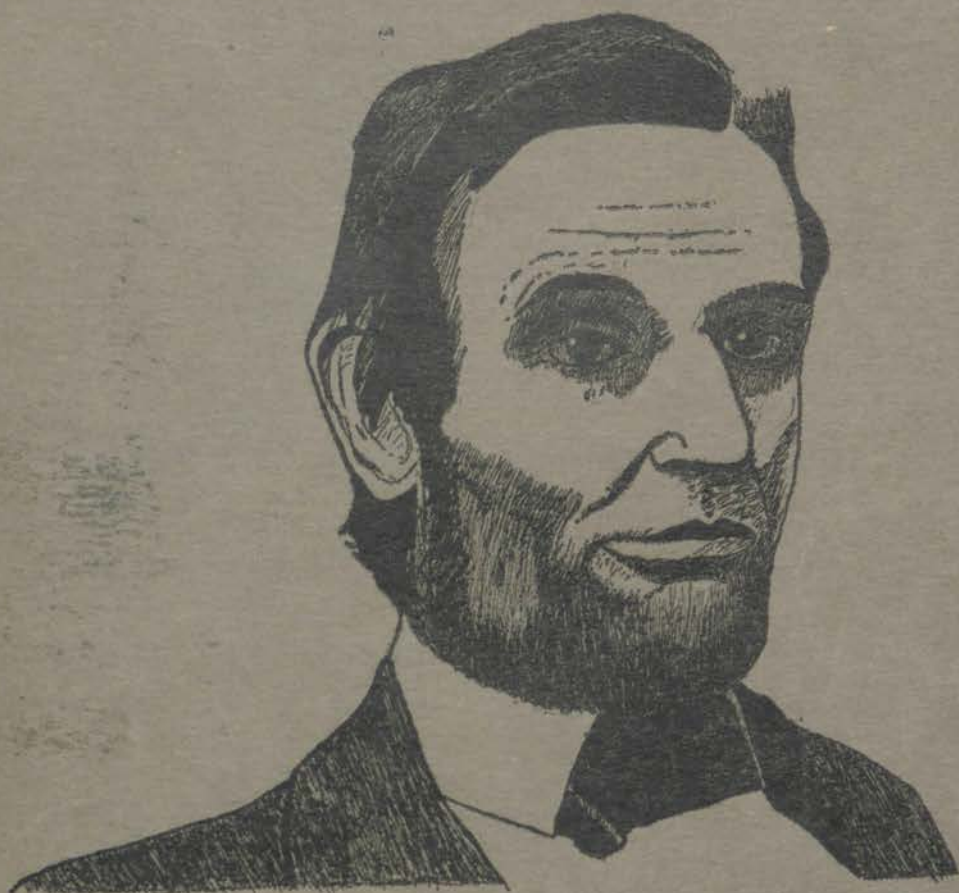


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FEBRUARY 1926

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NO. 5

## The Oracle Board

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# Who's Who



Mary C. Robinson

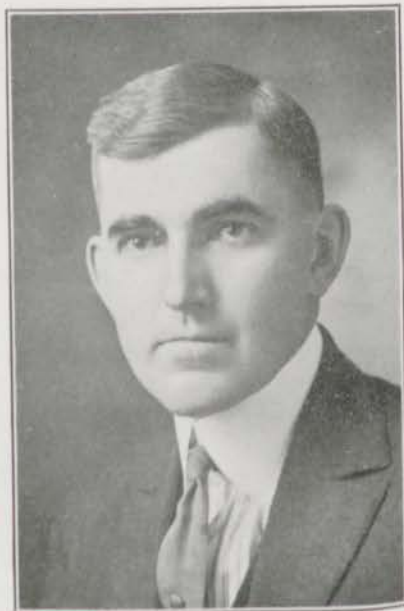
Dean 1919 - 1925

Teacher of Latin and English

Harold A. M. Trickey

Sub-Master 1920 - 1926

Teacher of Chemistry





### WHAT IS YOUR AIM?

This month of February is honored in containing the birthdays of two celebrated men: one, the father of his country; the other, the emancipator of the slaves. The nation honors George Washington and Abraham Lincoln for the heroes they were, and for the noble deeds which they accomplished.

Although the lives of these great men were so different, they have attained equal rank in the hall of fame. Picture to your self Lincoln, born in a rough log-cabin amidst poverty, and Washington born in a comfortable home where every want was supplied. Yet the condition of prosperity did not deaden the ambition of one nor did poverty retard the other.

The moral side, however, of their character development was similar. At an early age Washington won a reputation of being truthful and Lincoln gained the appellation of "Honest Abe." Throughout the course of their lives these men retained their sterling qualities. Not a single word of reproach can be said against an action in the life of either.

Think of their notable achievements. One, a famous general, led the nation to victory in a war for liberty; the other inspired the people to patriotism in one of the most famous addresses of all time. In view of their deeds is it any wonder that a nation pays tribute and will continue to pay tribute to a martyred president and to the "father of his country?"

On the one hand we have Washington with every educational advantage, on the other hand we have Lincoln who made his every

opportunity; yet each possessed the same moral courage and a great wish to better his country. Each saw the fulfilment of his great desire. Today a grateful country acknowledges their worth and they are held the most highly esteemed men in the history of the United States.

This is an example for every aspiring youth in the country. It does not matter whether you are rich or poor. Everyone has an equal chance. It rests with you whether you take this chance and accomplish your aim. Be assured that if you want a thing badly enough you'll get it. "Want," however, does not mean to sit still and wait; it means to go and get it.

---

### A NEW FEATURE

As every student knows we are constantly striving to improve our magazine.

In the last issue appeared a new page entitled, "Who's Who?" We think that this page was a fine idea. As you can see in this issue, the faces of our teachers are going to appear on the page each month. After looking its contents over you will be able to recognize the members of the faculty, and will not be limited to the acquaintance of the few teachers you have in your studies.

We also wish to call your attention to the new arrangement of the Athletics department. We hope you will think this is a good improvement.





## *A Haunted House of Future Days*

By Rosamond Taylor, '27

Undoubtedly the house was haunted. So everyone had said. They also all agreed it was no wonder with all the terrible things which had happened there in one year.

The house, a huge old fashioned mansion, far back from the street was surrounded by large elm trees which sighed and creaked at each breath of wind. For some years now it had been untenanted but now any one could tell by the hustle and bustle and cleaning and sweeping going on about the place that something unusual was taking place. It was true. The house was once more to shelter human beings. Its mystery had been unraveled and in the most unlooked for fashion.

Some ten years before it had been occupied by Major Warrington, a veteran of the civil war, and his two little motherless daughters, Marjorie and Helena, aged six and eight respectively. These children were the idols of their father's heart.

One Summer a terrible plague swept the country side and snatched both children in its horrible grip. They both died and the father became practically insane, his mania showing up in a peculiar way.

On the top floor of the house was the playroom of the children and there they spent much of their time. That very day, on the evening of which the children had been taken ill, they had spent, playing in their favorite place. After their deaths the stricken father sealed up the door to their playroom and for-

bade any one's ever entering it under pain of being forever under a horrible curse.

After his death relatives had at times occupied the house for short periods. They had always left soon however with the conviction that the garret was haunted by the ghosts of the two children of the Major. The complaint was always the same. On stormy nights when the garret was probably cold and uncomfortable they heard distinctly childish voices saying, "Mamma, daddy, mamma, daddy," and so on during the night.

Each family came and went with the same unreasonable fear of the ghosts sealed in the garret. Finally however a venturesome descendant of the Major decided to unravel the mystery for himself. The lad of seventeen years, went to the house when it was unoccupied. On the first night of his stay he heard nothing, the next night however, when the wind was raging in the trees outside he heard plainly the plaintive, "mamma, daddy, mamma, daddy." He wasted no time but broke through the old, sealed garret door and climbing the stairs entered the musty playroom. He stood among the scattered toys motionless for a moment, but heard nothing. Suddenly as a gust of wind shook the house he heard distinctly in the opposite corner the sad childish voices, "Mamma, daddy." He shuddered but not believing in ghosts, boldly crossed the floor and turned his flashlight into the corner. At first he saw nothing but the



back of a large arm chair but soon noticed that the gusts of wind coming through the cracks in the walls and through the broken window pane nearby were rocking the chair gently but quite determindly. He walked around to the front of the chair and turned

his light into its cosy depths. There with glassy eyes staring steadily into his sat two large dolls and even as he stood gazing at them a gust of wind rocked the chair and one called sleepily as the chair tipped her forward, "mamma," while the other said, "daddy."



## *He Writes a Theme*

By Danforth Hayes, '27

With worried aspect, a youth rushes into the study at eight-thirty Sunday evening, seats himself at the desk, pulls two sheets of paper from a drawer, picks up a pencil, and gazes at the ceiling—thinking. His collar feels overtight; thereupon his necktie and collar are taken off. The exertion employed in procuring speed, on the way home from church, has rendered him hot and breathless. Consequently, his coat and vest are cast in various directions and his shirt-sleeves are rolled up. Once again he assumes that pensive attitude—, head resting heavily on one hand, and pencil tensely grasped in the other.

Suddenly, a gleam of joy radiates from the eyes of the despairing youth—he has an idea. The pencil clutching hand is dropped, from a position in midair, upon the paper with such force that the point of the pencil is broken. Accompanied by a few acrobatic motions, his exit from the room is made. In another room, the pencil is repaired,—after several more accidents to its tip during the process of restoration. Back again in the study, the young writer goes through a series of pencil convulsions in the task of retracing his steps and picking up the line of thought which had been so arduously obtained. Finally, the look of joy and determination again gleams from his eyes, as he proceeds to set forth, on the paper before him, various words, which, he ardently hopes, form thoughts united to one

another, cohering to one another, and emphasizing of their number those which should, by the rules laid down by the honorable grammarians, be duly emphasized.

This scene is lengthened, stretched for an unaccountably long time. However, brief moments, consumed in the indulgence of yawns, clockward glances, and shiftings of position, are never missed or required to be accounted for. Then, to, in the process of examining a reference book, an interesting chapter is found which, although not particularly connected with the trend of the theme, must needs be devoured with more relish than the ponderous morsel of theme-words, on the desk can ever hope to be consumed.

Nevertheless, after the shorter hand of the clock has, not being afflicted with stagefright, ignored the glares of the writer, and has twice completed the circuit of the face of the time piece, the two sheets of paper are eventually covered with hieroglyphics, which are, before another free-for-all on the clock face is completed, copied upon other pieces of paper with more regard for margins, capitals, and punctuation than that with which they were first combined.

The writer then yawns—merely out of carefully formed habit, rises from his seat, and, after mournful incantations as to the lateness of the hour, sits down before a multiplex, cross breed radio-set, and drowns his depression in a harp solo from Ogleburg.

## *A Pie Eater*

By L. Whitcomb, '27

One day a friend of my mother's had cooked a custard pie in a white plate and put it on the back of the stove to cool. Her family all went out of the room for about a half-hour and then the lady went back to the kitchen to put the pie away. There was nothing to tell the folks anything was wrong, but our neighbor called them all into the kitchen and there, on the back of the stove was the white pie-plate as clean as if it had just been washed and,

directly under it, the little brindle and white Boston Terrier with his head between his paws and looking as guilty as a boy caught eating forbidden jam. When they were all watching him he rose cautiously and tried to sneak out noiselessly, but he was caught and given a real whipping after which he crawled under the stove without a sound. But, nevertheless, he has not since then stolen a pie and many have been left in the same position.



## *To Sons of Maine*

It was hoped that Dr. Rufus M. Jones, a native of Maine, and one of the Convocation speakers, would be able to address afternoon assembly. This proved impossible; but in response to a request Dr. Jones wrote this message for the *Oracle*:

I believe profoundly that a young person, born here in the State of Maine, can make of his life almost anything he wants it to be, if he knows what he wants, and wants it with determination enough. If that is so, then it is

very important to *wake up* early in life, find out what you want and go after it with all there is in you. But it makes a vast difference what you want and in settling that you must play the game of life seriously. The thing that counts most is the building of your ideals. They are more important than any bridge or any building that was ever built.

Your friend and well-wisher,

RUFUS M. JONES,  
Haverford, Pa.



## *Queer Pets*

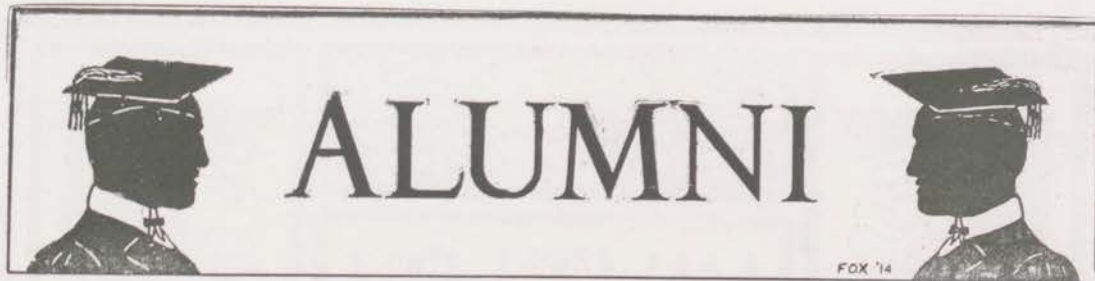
By H. G. LeBlanc, '27

A hornpout is a member of the catfish family. His head is blunt with long feelers, not unlike the whiskers of a cat, extending from either side of his lower jaw. He has wide staring eyes which when looked at closely give one the impression that he is about to wink but cannot do so because he has no eye-lids. His body, while small in comparison with his head, is never the less strongly fashioned. The catfish family as a rule frequent the waters of some brackish pond or slow running river and the hornpout is no exception to this rule.

There is an old saying that "Beauty is only skindeep" which must apply in part to the hornpout for students tells us that they alone of all the different species of fresh water-fish protect and take care of their young after their hatching from the spawn. It is true that the bass and salmon protect their spawn from enemies but after the spawn is hatched they prey on the minnows as much as anything else. So the hornpout is a fish at least to be respected if not liked.

(Continued on page 13)





Alden "Sonny" Sawyer is manager of the Bowdoin Musical Club which gave a performance in Bangor this month. During his high School course Mr. Sawyer was a member of the band and orchestra and for the past three years at Bowdoin he has been a member of the instrumental club. He is also assistant business manager of the "*Orient*," the college newspaper.

Edward Morrison is now a member of one of the crack shooting outfits of the United States Army. He won admission to the ranks of the sharpshooters of the Regular Army during the annual target practice recently held at Camp Dix.

Mary Robinson and Alice Webster, are on the Maine freshman basketball team.

A feature of the University of Maine radio concert on the evening of January 27, was the baritone selections rendered by Karl Larsen, B. H. S. '25. One of his selections was "Believe me if all those endearing young charms."

Stephen Casper, is on the Kents' Hill basketball team this year.

Among recent weddings:

Lee Howerth Powers and Miss Ella Larsen.

John Muir and Miss Elizabeth Rowe.

Philip C. Chalmers and Miss Mary Stowe.

Carl F. Morrison, has become a member of the reportorial staff of the Worcester Telegram, Worcester, Massachusetts and has gone there to live.

Sergeant Roosevelt Pease was awarded first prize for his efforts in the small arms competition at a recent special parade and review held at Fort Wright. He obtained a score of 218 which was 25 points above his last year's score and which qualified him as a

Sharpshooter. Sergeant Pease was active as an officer of the R. O. T. C. unit, when in B. H. S. He is now preparing to enter West Point.

Miss Marion Martin, sailed January 20, from New York with twelve other Wellesley girls and their chaperon on the steamer *Laconia* for a trip around the world.

Miss Madeline Fogg, has taken a position as teacher on the faculty of Gilman High School, Northeast Harbor.

M. H. Clifford, a junior at Harvard, took part in the 60th annual production of the Pi Eta Club. Mr. Clifford is active in athletics as a member of the University football squad. In his freshman year he played on his class team.

Three Bangor boys were members of the U. of M. Band which toured Aroostook lately. They were: Willis Rollins, student leader of the band; Hugh Huntley the Manager and Karl Larson, Baritone Soloist.

Donald Snow, '23, says he is having a great time attending Castine Normal School. Note: The enrollment of the school is 15 boys and 115 girls.

Leslie Couillard, '25, a student at the Boston Conservatory of music, recently gave a concert with Miss McLachlan, a Boston artist. The Boston papers made very fine comments on Mr. Couillard's voice.

Malcolm Tapley, former baseball, basketball and football hero of B. H. S. was unanimously elected captain of the 1926 football team by the letter men of Kent's Hill. Tapley played halfback during the 1925 season, did the punting, and was responsible for most of the ground gained.





# MILITARY



Since school opened after the Christmas vacation, the rifle team has shot many matches. Up to the time when this was written, they have not lost a match and it is hoped that the team will go through the season undefeated. This year the rifle team is picking the cream of the high school and college rifle teams for opponents and a record of all victories and no defeats in one season would be a big feather in their caps.

The first match that was shot after vacation was with Rhode Island State College at Kingston, R. I. This college has recently fired matches with North Carolina and South Dakota State Colleges and in these matches, the Rhode Islanders made a high score. Nevertheless, Bangor High School trimmed Rhode Island State by six points. The Crimson marksmen made a perfect score while the R. I. State total was 494. Only five scores on each team counted but if ten men had shot on each team, the Crimson would still have had a perfect score. The following men shot for Bangor: Adams, Yates, Chandler, W. Gallant, Crowell, Hasey, Leadbetter, Nickerson, Barrett and Bowden.

The next match fired was with Central High School of Bridgeport, Conn. In this match the Crimson shooters have maintained the same high pace that they have set in their other matches. Again ten men shot and again ten possible scores resulted. The following men fired on the Crimson team: Cutler, Robbins, Pressey, Ludden, Berdeen, Sullivan, Bowden, Yates and Adams. Owing to an unavoidable cause, Central High School

lost the match by default.

The third match that was fired after vacation was against Phoenix High School of Phoenix, Arizona. Again the rifle team turned in ten perfect scores or possibles as they are called. From the record to date, it would seem as if this year's rifle team is the greatest that the school has ever had. W. Gallant, Chandler, Bowden, Sullivan, Dyer, Rand, J. Cutler, W. Cutler, P. Gallant and Robbins were the men who maintained the high standard set in the preceding matches.

The next match fired was with the crack Norwich University team. The preceding matches have all been shot in the prone position but in this match the sitting position was added. Although ten men shot on the team only five scores were to count in the total. The list of the men who shot for Bangor follows with their scores in the two positions set opposite their name:

	Prone	Sitting
A. Bowden .....	100	100
K. Robbins .....	100	100
W. H. Cutler .....	100	99
P. Gallant .....	100	99
H. Dyer .....	100	99
Total of five high .....		497
W. Gallant .....	100	98
T. Chandler .....	100	98
C. Gross .....	99	99
A. Rand .....	100	97
W. Ludden .....	100	97
Total of second high .....		489



# LOCALS

FOX 14



A meeting of the Chemistry Club was held February 1. Dr. Morris King, a Bangor dentist gave an address on "Dental Hygiene" to the club and their guests. Following the address, a social hour was observed.

The usual business meeting of LeCercle Francais was held Monday evening, Jan. 25, in the Assembly Hall. Two short talks were given by Ursula Rowe and Dorothy Culley, on Normandie and Bretagne, respectively. Evangeline Hart sang a French song depicting Normandie peasant life. The French version of a well known nursery rhyme was given by eight of the Club members. French songs were sung by the entire club, and while games were played refreshments were served. The meeting adjourned at the usual hour, everyone agreeing that the evening had been a most enjoyable one.

The last meeting of the History Club was held January 28. There were thirteen people present. A nominating committee was appointed for electing new officers. Lillian Crane spoke on, "Count Rumfort." Charles Morrison spoke on "Maine during the War of 1812." This included the battles at Hampden and the battle between the Boxer and the Enterprise. George Bryant spoke on, "Where Maine was made a State." This was at Jameson Inn, Freeport. Jessie Dwinal spoke on "Maine's First Governor—William King." Charlotte Gibson spoke about "The Bloodless Aroostook War." All these accounts were very interesting.

At a special meeting, Jan. 11, of the Girl's Debating Society, the speakers for the Bates' League Debate were appointed. They are

Mary Quinn, Annie Proctor, Speakers; and Edith Burrill, Alternative.

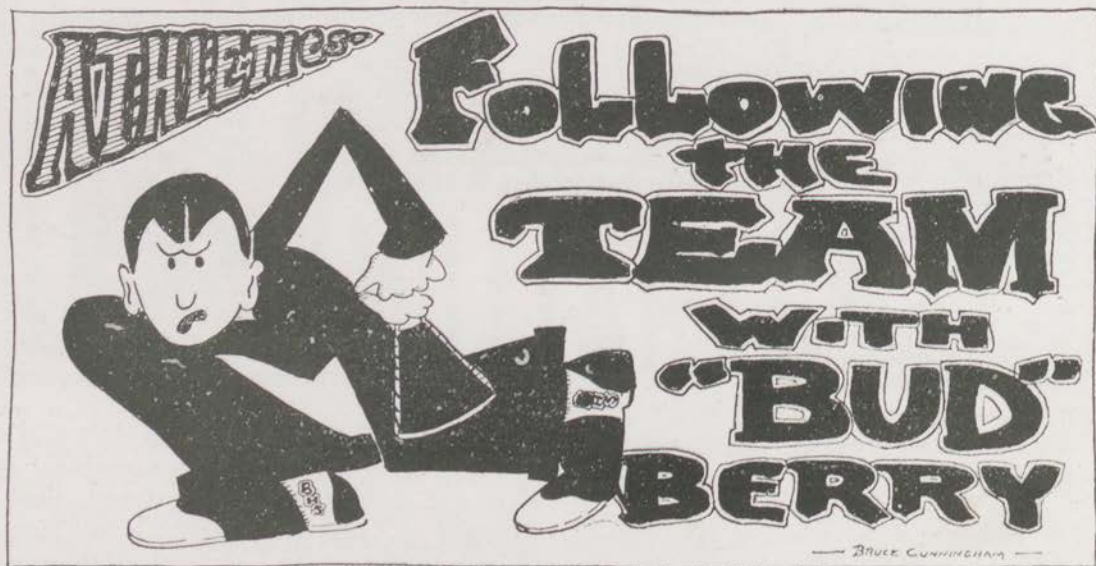
January 18, there was a meeting of the Girl's Debating Society. Topics were assigned to each one about the advantages and disadvantages of different occupations. Mary Quinn's was voted the best by the club members. Her subject was life of a travelling salesman. The girls were given only five minutes to prepare this but all of the speeches were good.

The last meeting of the Debating Society was held Monday, February 1. The question was, "Resolved that Every Girl should have an allowance, that her parents could afford, and should budget her clothes and pleasures. The affirmative speakers were Helen Carson and Katherine Meade and the negative speakers were Una Peavey and Betty Spangler. The Affirmative side won on the merits of debating.

The Library Club held their January meeting in the high school library, Wednesday evening. Doris Richardson, Vice-President, presided over the meeting. The matter of Club Pins were discussed and samples were sent for. The members voted to have a Club Orchestra. The speaker of the evening was Miss Pillsbury, Assistant Librarian of Bangor Public Library. Miss Pillsbury made a Map of Good Stories and told about some of them. Games were played and refreshments were served.

Nine teachers and several students attended a reading given by the poet Carl Sandberg, at U. of M. in January.





Bangor High's first Western trip was and was not a success. The Crimson went down to a tough defeat at the hands of South Portland, losing 29-13.

But the next night in Portland a fighting Bangor team swept the Blue off their feet and only lost in the last 30 seconds of play by a 19 to 17 score.

A big Portland walkover was expected, but Oh! what a surprise! This game marked the beginning of a new, fighting Crimson team.

The game closely resembled the B. H. S.—P. H. S. battles at Bass Park, biting in the clinches, 'n everything.

Turner, McClay and Hickson all played great ball for the local quintet. Chapman, Raichlin and O'Loughlin also turned in good games.

Leon Luro was rushed in the last few minutes of the Portland game, and although the "Midget," long famous for his long shots, stood in the center of the court and rolled shot after shot onto the rim, they just wouldn't stay in.

Anyway just wait until The Crimson gets P. H. S. and S. P. H. S. in City Hall. Maybe the fur won't fly!

B. H. S., 29; E. L. H. S., 30

Bangor lost a nip and tuck battle to the "Eddies", in City Hall, Jan. 23. This was easily the best game of the year, the Crimson making a strong

comeback in the second half, after trailing 23-14 at half time

This was the "Eddies" first appearance in City Hall for five years, and they showed that they had the goods.

The Crimson was a 100% better team, than they were two weeks ago against Thornton. They had the old fite and pep back, and it's a safe bet that we'll lack no more spirit.

Organized cheering was tried for the first time, and it went over big. Between the new school spirit, and the new fighting team, B. H. S. is a rejuvenated school.

Paul Hickson ran wild; his accurate passing and shooting was the talk of the game.

Juneau, the E. L. forward, was a sweet player and the "Eddies" entire play was centered on him.

The third period saw some of the fastest and best playing ever seen on this floor. There was action galore.

On to the University of Maine Tournament.

The Crimson set themselves even more securely in the hearts of the school by winning from Old Town High at Old Town, Wed. nite, Jan. 21.

Old Town, with easy wins over Brewer and H. C. I., certainly looked

like a tough proposition, but the locals had no trouble in taking them over.

Old Town was favored to win and they expected to, but they didn't know that Bangor had set the U. of M. Tournament as their goal and O. T. H. S. was just another low hurdle in the way.

The entire Crimson team went great. Capt. Turner and Burnham Chapman, of Old Adams Class fame were the high men of the evening.

L. Lait, the highly touted O. T. star was the "works" of the Green and White team, but nevertheless he could take a few lessons from Prof. Paul Hickson in the art of jumping center.

A large delegation of Crimson backers journeyed up river, and let the team know that it had plenty of supporters. Just a little more proof that Bangor has gained back its spirit.

The Crimson's supreme win, 29-23, over Dexter High in the latters' own coop was a wonderful surprise.

The first win over Dexter at Dexter for five years, and Oh! Boy! it was worth waiting for.

Turner, Hickson and O'Loughlin rolled 'em in, while McClay, Chapman and Valenta kept 'em out!

Cut another notch in the stock of that U. of M. tournament gun! ! !



B. H. S., 35; P. H. S., 13

The wise guy that babbled Revenge is Sweet, sure said beaucoup.

That 14-0 at Bayside and 19-17 at Portland a few weeks ago were all paid back with compound interest.

\* \* \* \*

Bangor scored on the tip off, Hickson, to Turner, to O'Loughlin—and that's that. This sweet play was repeated many times during the battle and never failed to work.

It closely resembled the Pelkey to Striar, to Pelkey Combo., that worked so pretty against Sangerville at the U. of M. Tournament last year.

\* \* \*

Bangor led 10-1, at the first period, 18-6 at half time, 33-7 at the third and 35-13 at the Grand Finale.

\* \* \*

The Crimson went like clock work the third period; the poor score-keeper needed an electric adding machine to keep the tally.

With Capt. Turner, McClay, Hickson, Chapman and O'Loughlin, all playing their last game against the Blue, they sure gave Portland plenty to remember them by.

\* \* \* \*

At the start of the final period, Eddie Trowell sent in an entire new team, and it will be some time before Portland recovers from that slap in the face.

The second team scored two points to Portlands' six, Scripture dropping in a pretty basket for Bangors last score.

\* \* \*

Capt. Turner, played a swell game and was high man of the evening with 15 points.

Paul Hicksons' center jumping was pretty to watch, and his securing the ball on nearly every tip off was a big factor in Bangors' win.

To "Jay" O'Loughlin goes the honor of shooting the first basket of the game, which he did about twenty seconds after the opening whistle blew. His passing and defense work were right up to standard also.

"Chink" Chapman, otherwise known as "little Almond Eyes," not only held Guoney scoreless, but looped the apple three times for pretty scores.

"Packer" McClay had for his motto "They Shall Not Pass," and they didn't. "Packer" stood on the foul line and broke up play after play before Portland could shoot.

The last three years have seen "Packer" in action many times against Portland, and he more than lived up to his reputation in his last game.

\* \* \*

That U. of M. tournament Star seems to shine brighter every day.

\* \* \*

It sure is great for B. H. S. to be back on its feet again both in team spirit and in school spirit.

But don't forget that it was the loyal members of the newly formed "B" club, that put us wise to ourselves.

Messrs. Bacon, Quinn, O'Connell and All The Rest surely deserve the appreciation and thanks of the whole school.

## QUEER PETS

(Continued from page 8)

While paddling up a river on whose shore I camped one summer I saw a school of minnows apparently sunning themselves in the warm brackish water near shore. When I approached nearer I was startled to see dash out of this black mass of minnows two large fish whom I perceived to be hornpouts. The minnows did not appear greatly alarmed, and, holding the canoe still by poking the paddle into the mud, I sat quiet and watched them.

The little fish were about half as long as my little finger and were packed to-gether in a school of four or five hundred. The large fish or parents returned near the school and lay quite still watching me. I tossed a couple of small pieces of bread from a sandwich which

I had been eating into the water and much to my surprise the old fish seized them just as they reached bottom and chewed on them for a moment and then spit the crumbs out to be seized by the minnows who quickly devoured them.

Nearly every day after this I would paddle up to this cove and toss crumbs and scraps overboard to the waiting fish. Shortly before we went home the minnows got so accustomed to me that they would grab crumbs from my hand when I gently lowered it into the water, and several times the old fish mustered up enough courage to seize small pieces of meat and bread from my hand, when I kept perfectly still, and the scraps looked particularly tempting.



Most of the school papers and magazines are now in full swing. We can see a marked improvement in every department since the October issue, and from now until June, every paper should reach the acme of perfection.

#### AS OTHERS SEE US

The "*Oracle*," B. H. S.—This is a publication to be really proud of. It is a masterpiece throughout.—The "*Commercial News*".

The "*Oracle*," B. H. S.—Which contains a little of everything in the right proportions. How do you manage to get so many advertisements?—The "*Recorder*,"

The "*Oracle*," Bangor, Me.—All your departments are well organized. Your cuts are especially attractive.—The "*Radiator*," Somerville, Mass. High School.

The "*Oracle*," Bangor, Me.—Your magazine is complete in every respect. The "*Taller*," is an excellent idea. The "*Beacon*."

#### AS WE SEE OTHERS

"*Life*," Vermont Academy.—The outstanding feature of this paper is the cuts; they are very distinctive and interesting. The subject matter as a whole is also good. There is one good poet in the academy as is evident by the short poem in the Literary section. However, why not start the paper off right with a table of contents?

The "*Owl*," Woodbine High School. The distinctive note in the "*Owl*" is found in the School Notes. Here one reads: The Owl! 100% subscriptions from the student body for the year." That shows excellent patriotism,

cooperation, school spirit, and hard work on the part of the school as a whole and the Editorial staff. You have something to boast of that a great many other schools have not, and through our paper we congratulate you. Since we cannot close without doing some crabbing we ask, where are your Exchange department and your table of contents? Read this, students of Bangor High School and see what "can" be done if we only "try."

"*Students' Review*," Northampton High School, Northampton, Mass.—How does it happen that you have no advertisements? Some better cuts would improve this paper. Your Editorial section is rather brief.

"*Netop*," Turners Falls High School, Turners Falls, Mass.—We repeat what we have said to many other magazines, why not have a table of contents? Where are your Alumni, Local, and Exchange sections? The order could be improved by having the Editorials precede the Literary. Your Literary department is large and interesting and the jokes are very witty.

The "*Observer*," Central Falls High School, Central Falls, R. I.—That certainly is quite a poem at the end of your paper. If this paper is only a beginner, it has a good foundation to build on. One thing we suggest is the addition of a table of contents; also may we say that we had a hard time finding out from where this paper came. On the cover you have Central Falls High School and you leave us to guess the rest of the address. Now why not add the table of contents page and at the top of it say "Published by students of Central Falls High School, Central Falls, R. I."





Among our new deposit of books from the Bangor Public Library are many interesting books of non-fiction. The list below includes a partial list of these books which we wish to bring to your attention.

### Poetry

Conkling—Poems by a Little Girl.  
Crane—The Janitor's Boy.  
Kipling—Songs for Youth.  
Masefield—Salt-water Poems and Ballads.  
Mearns—Creative Youth.  
Service—Rhymes of the Red Cross Man.

### Travel

Anderson—Spell of the Hawaiian.  
Crump—The Boy's Book of Arctic Exploration.  
Frank—Working My Way Around the World.  
Johnson—Highways and Byways of New England.  
Latimer—Your Washington and Mine.  
Putnam—David Goes Avoyaging.  
Shackleton—Touring Great Britain.

### Biography

Bradford—Portraits of American Women.

Dodd—Jefferson Davis.

Dodd—Woodrow Wilson and His Work.

Harrow—Eminent Chemists of Our Time.

Lee—Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century.

Nicolay—The Boy's Life of Lafayette.

Page—Life and Letters of Walter H. Page.

Pupin—From Immigrant to Inventor.

Steiner—From Alien to Citizen.

Tappan—In the Days of William the Conqueror.

Wiggin—My Garden of Memory.

### A Little Bit of Everything

Clark—How to Produce Amateur Plays.  
House Beautiful Furnishing Annual for 1926.  
Kummer—First Days of History.  
Lockhart—Mysteries of the Sea.  
O'Neil—Stories That Words Tell us.  
Pack—Our Vanishing Forests.  
Pratt—The Work of Wall Street.  
Pyle—Story of King Arthur and His Knights.  
Quennell—Everyday Life in the Old Stone Age.  
Thayer—Throne Makers.



## HIGH SCHOOL BOY BECOMES A MAN

(Special to *The Tattler*)

Several days ago, a big, handsome sheik walked into Bangor High School and took John Bell's seat in 210. Everyone was thunder-struck at the nerve of this supposed stranger to do a thing like that, when Bill Daley, who was scrutinizing him very carefully, suddenly emitted a hoarse cry and sank backwards into the arms of little Willie Richardson. Since the stranger seemed to be the cause of Bill's faint, everyone looked at him again. Light dawned in their faces. They broke into shouts of joy. The "sheik" was John Bell himself! No-one had recognized him because *he was wearing long pants!*

Arrayed in the splendor of eighteen-inch cuffs, of course no one had recognized him. Until that fateful morning, the girls, on meeting him in the corridor, and seeing his stocking-clothed limbs and short pants, had looked the other way. But it is no longer thus. Now the girls fight for him, and it is reported that several casualties have already resulted from their eagerness to get him. The fact that he won first prize at the National Baby Show early last fall, does not keep him from being the greatest "sheik" that Bangor has ever known.

### ROBERT NICKERSON AGREES TO TAKE THE PLACE OF COLORADO PRINCIPAL

"Bob" Nickerson one of the master minds of this institution has, after two weeks consideration, agreed to take the principality of a Colorado High School in

his hands. This position was left open by the resignation of the former head of this school. He was the proud possessor of many recommendations given to him by the employees that he has had. Among these was a letter from a leading Chicago newspaper editor saying that he considered Mr. Nickerson one of the best workman he had ever hired to deliver his publication. Bob's qualifications are as follows: member of the Glee Club of Carmel, Maine University; player in the third team of Northport Pres. School squad, as center; has read Peter Rabbit and many of the other of the highly educative works of some of our great authors and he also admits that in the second year of his three years in kindergarten he had his teachers guessing, — (whether they should promote him to the first grade, year after next or the year following that). And at the age of two, after falling out of his high-chair, he had thoroughly memorized the Law of Gravity.

His military work has also been a great success. When he was in the United States Army he was nicknamed "Crystal" because he was always on the watch. At the first part of his sophomore year he was presented with a new uniform in recognition for his great military ability. After a few years membership of the R. O. T. C. he was promoted to a colonel in command of the front part of the rear rank, in the first portion of the second platoon, of Company H, in the 19th battalion.

Many of his many friends are busy congratulating their hero on the success he has attained in so short a time. Among his modest remarks was: "I think before I get through with it I will be president of some great University or perhaps the emperor of some European Country, or

commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy."

He also told of his experiences in the war regions of Asicericia: "One day when the supplies had not come in I decided that I would go out to the houses and see if I couldn't get something from some good hearted housewife. I went through the village street by street, and having been refused any eatables by everybody I thought of this very clever plan. I saw a woman sitting in a window and to get her sympathy I knelt down on the lawn and began eating the grass; the woman came to the door and said My good man, you must be very hungry to be able to eat the grass on the lawn, as you are doing! I answered in the affirmative—and—she said, 'Well go around in back of the house there is longer grass there.'"

### DEFINITIONS FOR SOME OF THE SCHOOL STUDIES

**SHORTHAND:** Something that is practiced in room 311. It is used to show the Commercial students how easy and quick it is to write in long hand. The way it is done is as follows: Take a pen—lay the point of it on a note-book, then hold the pen between the palm of your hand and one of your fingers and, while a letter is being dictated, slowly move your arm in every direction you can think of, do this until the reading is stopped, then remove the pen and lay it on the desk. The result of this complicated process is shorthand outlines! If you use a fountain pen it is a much better idea to fill it with ink first and better results will be obtained. The next step is to read what you have written, the easiest

(Continued on next page)

## PHIL LINN'S ADVENTURES IN THE U. S. ARMY

The following are Phil Linn's experiences in the army as he relates them himself.

"It was in the latter part of 1918 and I received an invitation from the President to report at headquarters for examination. Upon arriving, there being such a crowd ahead of me, I thought that the war would be all over by the time my name was called. But no sooner had I got in line, when the Captain called out 'LINN' I stepped up and answered, Yes Sir. He said 'Philip Linn?' I replied Yes Sir. 'Well what's your name?'

"After being examined for eight hours and 15 minutes they found that I had everything but flat feet so was shipped across at once on the U. S. S. Halitosis. Upon arriving was examined again and immediately sent to the front line trenches. The first words from the Captain were, 'Well to-morrow morning we'll go over the top.' I said just a minute Captain! He said! what do you want, Linn? I said "I want a furlough." Captain: How old are you? Myself: twenty-one. Captain: What, do you want to do live forever?

But after a heated argument he allowed to go, on an ammunition train, in the lines.

"My first work was to carry some ammunition to the front line trenches, with a mule team. But I only got off a hundred yards with my load when the two mules fell down. I went back to the captain and said, Captain, those mules you gave me fell down. Captain: Take two more—only don't take them out of the middle or they'll all fall down.

So I got started on my way, bombs, torpedoes, grenades, and bullets were

flying through the air and bursting all around me. One hit side of me and killed the two mules and blew the wagon into many bits—and I got off. When I came to, I was surrounded by a score of beautiful nurses. But never-the-less I rapidly gained back my health and was soon aboard a transport returning to the good old U. S. A.

On the trip home a lively battle was staged aboard the boat. The Captain said, What are you always arguing with the cook for, Linn? I said, taste of that. He said, That's good coffee, I said, yes, but the cook wants to call it soup.

Arrived in New York where I received my honorable discharge and returned to Bangor High School where I am taking up Military Service with the R. O. T. C. unit. And I will be glad to meet any of my friends and give them free lessons in the art of drilling correctly.

### DEFINITIONS FOR SOME OF THE SCHOOL STUDIES

(Concluded from preceding page)

way, recommended by many, is to have the dictated letter typewritten out and on your desk then you will have no trouble at all translating what you have *tried* to write. This has been tried out and found to be a great success. In fact it is the best part of shorthand.

TYPEWRITING: In the first place to explain typewriting you must know what a typewriter is. It is a queer looking machine that is put in an office to make it look business like. Some times they

write a letter on it, I mean they try to with bad results. There are forty-eight little buttons on the front, and the vehicle is controlled by these. There are two methods used in the manipulation of this machine. The next paragraph explains the method NOT used in this school, I mean Taught.

THE EASY ONE FINGER METHOD by Sell U. Loyd. This is used by all novices and those who have not taken lessons on any other system. The way to do this properly is first, double the fist all except one finger which is to remain in a verticle position then push the key with the letter printed on it you wish to write then look on the paper and see if you wrote the wrong one, which you usually have, release the pressure and try it on another one. When you hear a bell ring, reach up and haul the carriage back. The carriage, I neglected to say, is the thing that stops moving every time you stop writing. After you have pounded a half-dozen keys look up and you will find that you have made a mistake (perhaps six)—Then follow these directions and everything will be all right. Remove the paper and put a new sheet in, repeat this until you have but one piece of paper left and use that sheet to write what you want on—WITH PENCIL.

FRENCH OR THE ART OF MUMB-LING: This is one of the hardest of things to explain and many scientists have been pondering in different rooms of our institution trying to find out what it really is, without much success on the most part. Students are heard to mumble out such phrases as: Fermay lar port se vou play, wee musear ma frares sont sorty, bon swar les farnes, etc. I have heard many say that it (French) is used to convince students that they don't want to go to school. Whether this is true or not I have not the authority to say but you can "Draw your own Conclusions," or ask Ken Robbins cause he's an expert at "French before Breakfast."



# PERSONALS



Contributors to Personals are warned not to be too personal. The *Oracle* has never printed personals whose only claim to wit consists in coupling a girl's and a boy's name.

Faculty Adviser.

## TRAVELOGUE

### Elden Fletcher, '27, in England

One fine day in early spring, Elden set out from New York in a small rowboat to go to England. As he left the harbor the Statue of Liberty waved a cheerful goodbye.

Just outside of the three mile limit the little fish began to swim beside the boat and wink at him. He was completely thrilled when a fine young porpoise hopped lightly into the boat and rode with him for a mile.

After several days of hard rowing he reached England where a brass band met him and took him to make a call on the King and Queen. The King was so greatly pleased with Elden that he asked him to stay to tea. Poor Fletcher opened his mouth to take a drink of tea from a tiny cup, and swallowed the cup. To cover up his embarrassment he began to sing "Show Me the Way to Go Home." The King, not understanding our American songs, thought the boy was homesick and sent him back to America in a bowl, like the three wise men of Gotham.

He picked a bunch of seaweed on the way home to give to his friends in B. H. S. as a proof of the truth of his story.

## TO LATIN CLUB

You are one of the most interesting clubs in the school, if what your members say is true.

It would be fine if you folks would speak only Latin during your meetings; though I fear the result would be like a school for deaf and dumb.

When you have refreshments has your punch as much 'kick' as the old Roman's Falernian used to have?

Oh, the Latin club is a wonderful organization, but it has a terrible effect upon some of those in it. For instance Edgar Welch has been going around lately saying that he is Cicero and intends that Archias shall receive citizenship at Rome.

You see, too much Latin is a dangerous thing.

## CHIPS FROM OTHER WOODPILES

Mary had a little lamb  
Its fleece one time was white  
But that was in the good old days  
When we all burned anthracite.

Two colored men were standing on the corner discussing family Trees.

"Yes, suh, man," said Ambrose, "I can trace my relations back to a family tree."

"Chase 'em back to a family tree?" said Mose.

"Naw, man, trace 'em, trace 'em, get me?"

"Well, they ain't but two kinds of things dat live in trees; birds and monkeys, and you sho' ain't got no feathers on you."