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THE ORACLE

Published Monthly by
the Students of
Bangor High School



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The Oracle Board



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When we think of the Junior Exhibition, along with most every contest, we are prone to think only of the prize as if it were the primary aim but is this true? Listen to the poem by Douglas Malloch:

Lift Your Aim
We shot our arrows toward the sun
Beside the castle wall.
His arrow was the highest one,
The highest one of all.
Another archer said, "you win."
He Answered, "No, I but begin.
No archer wins, or ever will;
He goes on aiming higher still."
We never win, we only make
A mark more near the skies,
Keep shooting for the shooting's sake,
Not just to win the prize.
The thing today we call the best
To-morrow is to-morrow's test
We never win, we merely find
Another mark, to leave behind.
This makes us archers, makes us men,
And this is all that will:
To shoot, and then to aim again
A little higher still.
However high your arrow went,
Be not with one success content;
Still higher look! Look not below,
But lift your aim, and bend the bow!

No, the Junior Exhibition will not be the aim or the end of using this ability. The prize will not be

the only motive for competing. This is a point of departure and not a goal in life. The prize winners will not stop here because of success. The cheerful losers will not stop here because of failure. This is but the first rung in the ladder, and whether in is win or lose, in this contest, it will be one step upward to a destined goal for each one; for are not these but the school-days of life?

In every contest of this kind, we represent ourselves of course, then our friends, and finally our school. Any one of these would be sufficient inspiration to put forth added effort, but which is in keeping with the ideal of good citizenship? If we strive always for ourselves only, we shall in time become egotistic. If we strive always for our friends only, we are developing a spirit of partiality. If we strive for our school, we include ourself and our friends at the same time; and furthermore we are developing the altruistic spirit. Indeed, it makes little difference to our school which attitude we take, for our school will be the recipient of the honors received by any of its students, anyway; but it does make a great difference to us which attitude we take. Let's do our best for our school now. Some day we'll be prepared to do our best for our fellow-men.

LITERARI



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

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

By Prescott F. Dennett.

66 **B**UT since I've come here, I've improved mightily." The speaker was a middle-aged man on the veranda of an Atlantic City hotel. By his side sat another man of younger appearance.

"Yes," he continued, "it has been a great improvement."

"Well, where did you live before coming here?" asked the younger man.

"Lived in Maine."

"Oh, how are things up in those parts?"

"Well," drawled the older man, "I think I can truthfully say that Maine is on the map. At least I think it's on the map. But aside from that I can say nothing."

However, a moment later the older man nudged the other gentleman's ribs and exclaimed: "I don't want to be considered a crape-hanger, but things in Maine are going from bad to worse! Why, when I lived in that state I was a confirmed dyspeptic. When I sat down to the dinner table in Maine all I could manage was a glass of milk and a toothpick."

"But," and now the speaker waxed enthusiastic, "since I've come to Atlantic City my appetite has increased a hundred fold. Didn't you see what I ate today? I cleaned off everything on the table except the toothpicks. I guess these New Jersey products agree with me. I'm now considering building a bungalow down here where I can be handy to them."

After this speech the older man went into the hotel to get a glass of water. When

he returned he found the younger gentleman pacing the veranda floor.

"My friend," said the younger man, "you are living a complex life. You are in New Jersey, but your stomach is in Maine. I'm a drummer and do the greater part of the buying for these Atlantic City hotels, so I am right when I say that all those products you have accredited to New Jersey are Maine products. Those 'taters came from Aroostook county, that salmon originally swam in the Penobscot; those peas were raised and canned in the Pine Tree state; that baked apple used to hang on a tree on my father's farm at Sweden, Maine."

"It's a pity," the drummer continued, "that while you were in Maine you knew no Maine products. If you had you'd have lost your dyspepsia. I'm sorry you had to come way down here in order to know Maine. You might have saved a lot of time and money and gotten the same results back home. But you're just like a number of people. They leave here wishing they could take with them the diet that they've been getting at this hotel. Jimmy, the proprietor, always laughs at those people. They live hundreds of miles nearer the source of the diet than Jimmy does. Yet do not take advantage of the thing near at hand. They prefer to come down here and get the same thing under a different name that they might have had back home."

The former dyspeptic arose. "When does the next train leave for Maine," he asked.

Junior Exhibition Speakers Who



Helene Mosher



Paul Hickson



David Rudman



Edward Stern



Dorothy Culley

Represent The Class Of '26



Charlotte Hubbard



Camillus Angel



Dorothy Brady



John Crowell



Dorothy Jenkins

PAYING THE DEBT

By Charlotte Hubbard, '26.

ONE beautiful, sunshiny day in mid-winter when the snow was at its best, a crowd of boys had gathered at the summit of one of the foothills of the Alps in Italy, to try their skill in skiing. They were preparing for the great contest which was held every year only a few miles from their home, where they were at this time.

It was now late afternoon. The sun was rapidly sinking from its throne in the heavens. Ever since morning the boys had been skiing; first on one track, then on another. There was not a boy in the crowd who was not really expert at the sport. Born and reared in the mountains, as they had been, and having been skiing ever since they were able to walk, this was scarcely a remarkable fact. Two of the boys who had been pals since early childhood were perhaps even more skilled than the others. The older of the two lads, Carlo, had once been saved from death by the younger one, Giovanni; as a consequence, Carlo had always been devoted to him and had always desired to be able to pay his debt.

Wearying of the old track they had been skiing on, Giovanni suggested that they make a new one. Carlo assented and they started their new track on the other side of the hill. From the very top of the hill, Carlo started and gradually got farther down the hillside. Not a moment too soon, however, he noticed that the hill dropped away in a steep precipice just at this point. As he was not going very fast, he managed

to stop well out of the danger zone. He turned out of the track and shouted to his companion not to follow! Giovanni misinterpreted his motions and started with a running stride to descend the hill. All of Carlo's warning shouts were in vain! In the strong wind that was blowing, his voice could not be heard. Having once been broken out, the track was very slippery, and gradually increasing his speed, Giovanni was coming down the hill at a swift rate. He had gathered such momentum that it would now be impossible for him to stop even though he should hear his friend's cries. Carlo stood undecided for a second—then he darted forward. Running on his skis with all his strength, he came to the track at a point about ten feet away from the precipice. The boy on skis was almost up to him. Unless Carlo could stop him he would—

Giovanni's pal closed his eyes for a second and in that second he visualized it all; the end of the track—that steep precipice—and then, death! He shuddered violently, and opening his eyes, waited with tense muscles. Then, just in time, he flung himself across the track, tripped up his comrade and—caught his ankles!

Keeping a firm grip on the now partially stunned boy, Carlo exerted himself and with heroic effort, dragged Giovanni little by little to safety. Giovanni slowly recovered his senses and with an expression of horror on his features, his eyes rapidly took in the scene. Carlo suddenly realized that he, too, had saved a life. His debt was paid!

A FIRE STORY

By Madelene Wesley.

THE seventeenth had seemed no different from any other day. The sun had shone brightly but a light breeze had presented oppressive heat. The people had gone about their work in the regular way and no event of special importance had occurred.

Along about seven o'clock the Kings' big dog Rex, started up a howl. Rex rarely howled so the family wondered as to what the cause might be. Then a small dog running back and forth by the great house

on the corner gave vent to short, sharp barks of alarm. At this time no particular notice was taken of this but three hours later everyone marveled.

My sister and I had gone to a party at a friend's house over on 18th street. The party was progressing merrily and it must have been a little past ten o'clock.

Suddenly the fire alarm rang in and the huge engine clanged its way across the bridge. We ran to one end of the veranda for a fire was a rarity in our town. A great blaze was going up somewhere back

of the house but we couldn't tell the exact location.

"Let's go, it looks like a big one," said Morton Briggs. Morton was a fire fiend anyway. He should have been a fireman instead of going to that engineering college. We rushed off and ran down the street; around the corner to Birch then over on to Spruce. It was farther than I had thought.

"Great Guns! It's Burgoyne's!" gasped Jim Eldridge. We were all nearly winded.

The great house on the corner was one of the show places of the town. The man who owned it, Burgoyne, was out of town with his wife and one child. The other child was there in the care of a niece of Mrs. Burgoyne's.

Quite a crowd had gathered and a few policemen were engaged in keeping the people back out of the way. Miss Nelson, with little Eunice was standing on the edge of the crowd.

The fire had gained great headway and a call went out for other engines. The back part of the house in burning had set fire to the next house on that side. Indeed the situation was rather serious. To cap the climax the cooling breeze of the day was a heating breeze at night, as it fanned the flames and whipped the sparks high into the air.

I noticed once as I glanced at Morton that he was looking in the direction of Miss Nelson. I had always thought that he was rather interested in her but she rarely attended any social functions so his interest was scarcely public as yet. I followed his glance and noticed that the child beside Miss Nelson seemed to be hunting for something. She looked at Miss Nelson, then dropped her hand and moved a few steps, stopping as if puzzled. Had I stopped to think I would have wondered

why the Nelson girl did not notice this, but at that time another detachment of the fire force arrived. Morton spoke to one of the men. The man said something I did not hear and pointed away. Morton started off and I followed. We worked our way to the edge of the crowd and stopped beside Miss Nelson. Morton spoke to her. Suddenly Miss Nelson looked down.

"Why! where is Eunice," she cried. She was here a minute ago." We glanced around and being on the edge of the crowd saw something which no one else noticed. Toddling across the space between the house and the street was Eunice, going straight towards the blazing building. Miss Nelson shrieked and started after her, but Morton flung her back and darted forward. This attracted notice. A great cry arose. Eunice had covered two-thirds of the distance. Morton stubbed his toe and fell headlong. Up he sprang and ran on. People held their breath. If he could only reach her before she got to the house.

Ah! a great sigh of relief arose, he has caught her but—the next minute it turned to terror. A long, blazing rafter fell in a cloud of sparks and smoke, completely hiding Morton and the child. I found myself racing across the lawn along with two or three others. Out staggered Morton, Eunice in his arms, singed and slightly burned.

As Morton passed the child to Miss Nelson, a light in her eyes seemed to say—well, his interest is public enough now. They are to be married next month.

Morton was the hero of that night and it will be some time before we forget it. The whole fire force turned out and finally conquered the fire. How it started was never found out, but everyone spoke about the fact that the dogs sensed the danger long before the fire broke out.

THE OCEAN

AS I stood on a rugged shore of Old Ocean, I felt as if I were in the presence of a most powerful giant, throbbing with life. It seemed to be held imprisoned by the solid rock against which it was defiantly rushing. I was thrilled when I remembered its age,—born at the Creation and still throbbing with life. I was angry when

I recalled the cruel death of some who had ventured upon its bosom; yet, as I gazed over its expanse toward other lands, it spoke for itself of its untiring service in bearing men to and fro, and I was stirred to appreciation.

At my retreat, the roar of the surf seemed to tell me in no uncertain tones, of its invincible power, and I shuddered,—for a giant indeed it was.

TREES IN THE WINTER TIME

By Gretchen Hayes.

THE trees are beautiful in summer and autumn, as we all know. Who has not seen the moonlight through a clump of white birches in summer or a row of bright maples in autumn?

In winter the trees are just as beautiful, though perhaps in a different way. Instead of the mass of green there is the black or golden or even silver lace-work of the bare branches against the sky. The evergreens are even more beautiful in winter because their somber tones are relieved by a touch of snow on the branches. The rugged strength and grace of an elm against the sky or the long aisles of a snowy forest are scenes we linger to enjoy.

A row of elms—a winter sunset; is there a lovelier picture imaginable? The sun, low on the horizon turns the dark branches a rich gold and the snow rose, as though the sun were shining through rich stained glass. Then the sun sets and the trees are black against a golden sky.

The winter song of trees differs from their summer airs—the summer songs are low whispering melodies while the winter music reminds one of the grand chords of Wagner—telling of great adventures, of noble strivings, of the mystery of death. Perhaps some of the great musicians learned their music from the wintry wind in the trees; and perhaps that is why the music of the composers of the North is so much richer and deeper than that of those of the South.

A touch of nature in our homes during the long winter months is largely furnished by the trees. The black alder and the pine are the best loved until the pussy willow comes along. Then there are the Christmas wreaths of hemlock with cones or of pine and little evergreens set in pots to put in some corner or in front of the house. King of all the winter trees that come into town is the Christmas tree, dressed up in tinsel so that we hardly know it as a tree.

Often in winter trees out doors have natural Christmas decorations made by the frost. I remember one morning when I looked out of the window, every tree was a million points of sparkling ice and rosy light. It was the rising sun shining on the sleet and the wet snow that had fallen the night before. Surely no Christmas tree could equal that sparkling beauty.

If it were not for the black forms of trees, our winter landscapes would be formless and bare, nothing but the meeting of blue and white, or gray and white. But a row of alders along the brooksides, an elm standing on some hill top, or a dark grove of evergreens or a veil of golden birches,—these are what make a winter landscape.

Then, too, it is the trees that give the first signs of spring. Almost before it seems to have turned warm, while the snow is still deep on the ground and the song birds still far away in the south, the pussy willows begin to appear. Often by the middle of January if there is a thaw, they come out, and even the maple buds swell and turn red.

ALUMNI

Lieut. Harold L. Milan has recently arrived in the United States after an absence of four years in China. Lieut. Milan was a graduate of Bangor High in the class of 1913, and was appointed as Cadet in United States Military Academy at West Point while he was a student at Bowdoin College, graduating from West Point in 1917.

The framed portrait of General George Washington that hangs over the entrance to the Military department at Bangor High was presented by Lieut. Milan to Dean

Mary C. Robinson while he was stationed in Arizona.

The friends of Ernest Legere of '24, will be interested to learn that he is a member of the St. Mary's College. He is the president of his class of 1925, president of the Debating society, vice president of the Athletic Association, a member of the basketball team, and was also a member of the football team. St. Mary's College won all but one game, and they think much credit is due to Ernie, but we aren't surprised as we knew Ernie would get ahead.



LOCALS

At assembly, January 28 the band played from the original manuscript a march composed by a present student of Bangor High, Karl Larsen. This march was much enjoyed, since it moved along quite rapidly and yet had a long, swinging melody.

Thursday, January 29, the Latin club had its biennial election of officers. Those elected are: Leo White and Emma Townsend, consuls; Elizabeth Martin, praetor; Paul Martin, quaestor; Dorothy Clough and Jack Garland; Helen Clough, Geneva McGary, Prescott Dennett, and Lawrence Mann, aediles, and Miss McSkimmon and Mr. Bryant, censors. The committee for the banquet is, Leo White, Ellen Maloney and John Mason.

Two weeks later, February 12, the Latin club held a social meeting. The first event was very appropriate for the date; each person present tried to find on a Lincoln penny the answers to 25 questions, which the committee for the evening had prepared. Those getting the greatest number received prizes. Other interesting games were played, some based on Roman names and others just plain American games.

On Friday evening, February 13, the Dramatic club put on "In the Forests of Domremy." In the first scene Jeanne d'Arc hears the voices telling her to save her country, and, although her parents naturally think it impossible, that a girl cannot go to the wars, she resolves to go. The second scene, a year later, shows Jeanne's mother and companions in the forest, wishing for Jeanne's return. Dame Beri, the witch, appears, telling them that Jeanne will never return. The last scene is very short,—two friars walking across the stage behind Jeanne; a red glow to the left and screams; the friars return, filled with horror, and then the curtain. The play was well put on and

the parts taken well, especially those of Romee d'Arc, Jeanne's mother, and Dame Beri. Particularly noticeable was the serious atmosphere which was kept unbroken throughout the play. The audience seemed to see the real Joan of Arc and to realize her actual struggles, as well as her sad fate.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Mengette	Audrey Lewis
Hauviette	Lucille Buckley
Guillmette	Mildred Patten
Marguerite	Eunice Copeland
Jeanne d'Arc.....	Josephine Patterson
Romee d'Arc.....	Marion Blaisdell
Pere d'Arc.....	Shirley Berger
Jaques Laxart.....	Donald Tracy
Jean deMetz.....	Roderic O'Connor
St. Michael.....	Paul Martin
St. Margaret.....	Ellen Maloney
St. Catherine.....	Arline Palmer
Dame Beri, the witch.....	Phyllis Schriver
Dominican Friars.	
Ladvenu,	Timothy Sullivan
Toutmouille	Karl Larsen

A meeting of "Le Cercle Francais," the French club of Bangor High school, was held in Room 114, Monday evening, Feb. 16. Miss Hersey of the High school faculty, gave a most charming account of the sights that impressed her most on her travels through France.

The rest of the evening was spent in solving a crossword puzzle that one of the members of the club, Abraham Rubin, had composed.

On Friday, February 6, the science classes enjoyed a demonstration of one form of an iceless refrigerator. The demonstration was given by Mr. Stone and Mr. Fifield of the Delco Light Co., a branch of the General Motors Corporation. The type of refrigerating plant shown is used principally by householders and small stores. Sulphur dioxide, instead of the ammonia used in the larger plants, is compressed in a

pump run by electricity, then allowed to expand. In expanding it draws heat from the air around and this cools the air. Once installed, the refrigerator is quite cheap to run, as the sulphur dioxide needs no renewing and the electricity used amounts to about one and a half kilowatt hours a day. The iceless refrigerator has this advantage, too, that the temperature may be kept constant at almost any place on the thermometer below 45 degrees.

Mademoiselle Beaupre was one of those successful in solving the crossword puzzles of the Commercial's contest. Roderic and Charles O'Connor were also among the famous 88.

Because of the storm, there was no school on January 30. Some students, who didn't

hear the bell came and found no one there. Then, sadly, very sadly, through the falling snow, they wended their way home again. It was rumored that many students were quite disappointed at not being able to go to school on the last day of the semester.

Instead of just the regular orchestra on Friday, February 6, Helen Mosher sang Tosti's "Goodbye," with orchestral accompaniment.

At the same assembly, Mr. Hodge of the Chamber of Commerce, spoke about the Winter Carnival and especially of the ice events in which there will be teams from Bangor High, Brewer High, and several smaller schools of the surrounding country. Alas for fond anticipations! On account of the weather all the plans had to be abandoned.

MILITARY

The Military department of our school has been kept very busy during the last month. It has been conducting an extensive drive. The reason for this big undertaking is quite easy to explain. Some of the former cadets in the R. O. T. C. were, it seems, lightly burdened by conscience. They, like the present cadets, were eager to receive uniforms and equipment, but many of them forgot that it had to be returned. And a few must have had the opinion that the rifle with which they drilled had become their property, for several United States Springfields and two Craiges disappeared.

This loss, which amounted to nearly \$3,000, had to be paid like a debt. Either the school must return the lost articles or the city would have to pay the War Department in cash. In an effort to reduce the amount and to efface, if possible, the whole debt, the Military department decided on this plan. Three teams were formed, each team including an equal number of companies in the R. O. T. C. With these cadets the rest of the student body was asked to co-operate in an effort to collect army equipment. The result was great success. In about two weeks the following articles were brought in:

This means that the debt as already been reduced nearly \$700.

Of course, the most expensive things that have been lost are the rifles; they are likewise hardest to find. If a few could be recovered it would greatly reduce the total bill.

The rifle team is also very busy now. There are more than 20 members on it who are shooting better than 90 per cent. But there is a big reason for those good scores. When it became known that the team had hardly a decent rifle, the City club, the Lions' club, and John T. Clark Company came forward and each generously donated a real rifle to the squad. We wish to express our appreciation to them.

At present the representatives of Bangor High school are shooting in the National R. O. T. C. rifle competition for the Hearst Trophy. Any high school in the United States which has a R. O. T. C. unit may enter one or more teams in the contest. We have entered two. The men on them are:

Ist Team.

Berdeen,
Chandler,
Nickerson,
Spurling,
W. Cutler,
T. Sullivan,
Yates,

2nd Team.

Bowden,
McNaughton,
Robbin,
Anderson,
Ludden,
Winch,
D. Willey.

68 breeches,	27 shirts,
32 coats,	22 pairs of shoes,
18 hats,	4 belts,
68 leggins,	8 caps.



BANGOR, 40; CONY, 11.

Bangor High swamped Cony High of Augusta, in City Hall, Saturday evening, Jan. 24. The game was witnessed by the smallest crowd of the season. For the first five minutes the playing was very hard, but Cony seemed to have displayed her best, for from then on, Bangor easily rolled up a good score. The first period ended 14 to 2.

In the next period Cony did no better, getting but two points, the half ending 24 to 4.

Bangor piled 11 more points in the third period, to three for Augusta, the period ending 35 to 7.

Bangor's subs were given a chance to show their goods in the last period, and outscored the visitors 5 to 4. Thus the game ended 40-11.

The lineup:

Bangor (40)	Cony (11)
Pelky, l. f., 4.....	l.b., Trask
Samway l.f.	
Luvo, l.f.	
Turner, r.f., 5 (3).....	r.b., Lepidus, 1
McDonough, r.f.	
Striar, c., 3 (1).....	c., Nicholas
P. McClay, c.....	c., Clement
J. McClay, r.b., 4.....	l.f., Overlock
P. Hickson, r.b.....	l.f., Burns
Casper, l.b., 2.....	r.f., Stiles, 3
	r.f., Fletcher (1)

Referee, Wallace, U. of M.

Time, 8-minute periods.

BANGOR (17); SO. PORTLAND (25).

Bangor High met its second defeat of the season at the hands of the South Portland Capers at South Portland, Friday, Jan. 30, by a score of 25-17.

The game started off with a rush but neither team seemed able to loop the apple, Pelkey finally started the scoring with a foul and was closely followed by "Cooney" Striar with a pretty basket. Brown of the Capers, then stepped into the limelight by caging the pill and was followed by Nelson with a pretty overhead shot. Turner then dropped in a foul and the period ended 4-4. In the second period the Caper coach sent McCann in for Sterling and it was mainly through his effort that his outfit came through with a victory. During this period, Casper, Pelkey, Turner, Brown and McCann located the much sought hoop on several different occasions and the half ended 14-11, for the Capers.

In the second half came the downfall of the Crimson. Although at the start they crept up to within two points of the Capers, they could not overtake them and the half ended 18-13. In the final stanza the Capers scored seven points to Bangor's 4, and thus put the game on ice by a score of 25-17.

Capt. "Packer" McClay was the outstanding star of the game, but Brown and McCann for the Capers and Turner for Bangor, showed up well.

The summary:

Bangor (17)	South Portland (25)
Turner, r.f., 2 (3).....	l.g., Lord, 1
Samway, r.f.....	r.g., Nelson, 2, (2)
Pelkey, l.f. (3)	
Striar, c., 2.....	c., Barry, 1 (1)
Casper, r.g. (1).....	l.f., Brown, 3
	l.f., Dresser
McClay, l.g., 1.....	r.f., Sterling
	r.f., McCann, 4

Referee, Cobb.

BANGOR, 37; DEERING, 21.

Fading in the third period after giving the Bangor crew a real battle in the first half, Deering's basketeters went down to defeat before the onrushing Crimson team at Deering, Saturday evening, Jan. 31.

Until the third period Deering battled the Crimson team valiantly and looked like possible winners. But in the third quarter Bangor got started and drove on to victory. The first period was the best of the game, with Deering playing the Crimson almost even.

Pelkey, Turner and McClay carried the brunt of the scoring burden for Bangor, while Hunt and Cannon starred for the Purple.

The summary:

Bangor (37)	Deering (21)
Pelkey, l.f., 3.....r.g., Hunt, 2 (1)	
Turner, r.f., 6 (1).....l.g., Cannon, 2	
Samway, l.f., r.f., 2	
Striar, c., 3.....c., Silver, 1 (1)	
McClay, l.g., 4.....r.f., Robinson, 2 (2)	
	r.f., Stevens (1)
Casper, r.g.....l.f., Guptil, 1	
Hickson, r.g.	

Referee, Wiggin; timer, O'Connell; scorer, Lundholm.

RUMFORD, 20; BANGOR, 18.

Stephens High of Rumford, took a two point victory from Bangor High, in City Hall, Saturday evening, Feb. 14.

The season's smallest local crowd saw the Crimson lose out after a tie count of 9 to 9, at the half. Bangor seemed to be way off form, the shooting being particularly erratic.

The summary:

Stephens' High (20)	Bangor High (18)
Bradbury, r.f., 5 (1).....l.g., Casper, (1)	
Morrison, l.f.....r.g., McClay, 1 (1)	
McCarthy, c. (1).....c., Striar, 1 (1)	
Hersey, r.g., 2 (1).....l.f., Turner, 2	
Hamley, l.g., 1 (1).....r.f., Pelkey, 3 (1)	

BANGOR, 20; DEXTER, 21.

Bangor High was defeated by Dexter High at Dexter, Friday, Feb. 6, by a score of 21-20. This was one of the biggest upsets in the dope for many a day. The Crimson entered the game a big favorite but the Fay High boys by splendid shooting in their own little bandbox came through a winner. The score was a tie at the end of the first quarter at six each, but during the second stanza the powerful Crimson offense got under way and at the end of the half had stepped into the lead by a score of 14-11.

In the third period the local team took a brace and by dint of hard work and spectacular rainbow shots, the length of the two by four hall, they regained their lead and went into the home stretch one point to the good, 19-18.

All during the final period the hall was in an uproar. The Crimson scored as often as their rivals which was once, but the one point lead which the Fay boys had established during the previous period, was enough to give them a one point victory.

Steve Casper played a great game for the Crimson while Allen was the Fay star.

The summary:

Bangor (20)	Dexter (21)
Pelkey, r.f., 1.....E. Smith, l.g. (1)	
Turner, l.f. (2).....Allen, r.g., 5	
Samway, l.f.	
Striar, c., 1 (1).....Barbour, c.	
	Seavey, c.
McClay, r.g., 4 (1).....Gilman, l.f., 1	
Casper, l.g., 2.....R. Smith, r.f., 3 (2)	
Referee, McCrary.	



AS WE SEE OTHERS.

The Tripod, Roxbury Latin School, Boston, Mass.: We wish you the best of luck with your new school. "The First Eclipse" was interesting and we enjoyed "The Old-timer Opens Up," and are waiting eagerly for the next installment. The Alumni Notes are good and "The Observer" is very unique and humorous. The poem, "The Derelict," certainly deserves special mention also.

The Jabberwock Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass.: Your new cover design is a big improvement over the old one of almost microscopic size. The Literary department is of high standard and contains some fine stories. Your Alumni section is very complete and those little quotations here and there through the paper are very commendable. However, we can't imagine a girls' magazine **without its humor** yet in the issue at hand, jokes are unusually scarce.

Red and Black, Newport, R. I.: Your Literary department, though rather short, contains some good stories. The Sports department seems to be the outstanding feature of the January number but this can scarcely be wondered at after reading an account of your basketball victories. The Class Notes are interesting and amusing. A Table of Contents would help out and the jokes are not very plentiful.

Megunticook, Camden, Me.: A neat, compact, interesting, little paper. The editorials are "there" both in quantity and quality. Your poetry shows unusual talent and adds greatly to the magazine. It seems as though with such a large exchange list you might at least comment on a few.

Kodak, Cheboygan, Mich.: We are glad to have you on our Exchange list. Kodak, You have a fine Literary department and we wish to pay special tribute to your editor for his story, "The Purple Stain," and his poem, "Driitin'." The athletics and locals are well taken care of and you have some dandy jokes. The Exchange list is rather small and an Alumni department would be an added incentive for graduates to buy the Kodak.

The Taconic, Williamstown, Mass.: The cover design is a fine one. Your stories are good but are too short and the editorials are of a rather minus quantity. The school activities are well written up in School Notes and "Knocks and Slams" is immense. We hope to see a larger Exchange list in your next issue.

The Oracle, Edward Little High, Auburn, Me.: We wish to congratulate you, Oracle! Your magazine shows better than anything else the spirit, unity and co-operation of the school and the sportsmanlike way in which you accept either victory or

defeat. Your Literary department contains some fine stories and "The Asylum" is very funny but your Sports department is the best of all. It is very complete and is written in an interesting manner, covering all athletic activities. You should have a table of contents and an Exchange list.

The Panorama, Binghamton, N. Y.: One of our best Exchanges. The Literary department is unusually large and contains some excellent material. The school news is covered in a very complete fashion. We like the idea of "Hoos Hoo" and of a Nature Study club. The article on "Scrubs" was especially good.

The Coburn Clarion, Waterville, Me.: Your magazine is well put together—very compact. The Athletic department is a fine one but if your cuts were at the top of the page it would greatly improve the appearance.

Detroit, Michigan.
Cass Technical H. S.,
Second Blvd. and Cass.

Exchange Dept. of the Oracle,
Bangor, Maine.
Dear Friends:

As a former student of Bangor High school and Sport editor of the Cass Technician, I wish to say that your Oracle, which I received, is very up to date. I wish to comment on your personals and editorials, which contain both news and life. Your sport column is rather dry, and I think it would help some for you to write on coming events.

With these few comments, which I hope you will accept, I wish to remain, as ever
Yours,

Hubert A. Mullins, ('26).
Sport Editor Cass Technician,
Detroit, Michigan.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Oracle, Bangor, Me.: A good Literary department. Glad to see that your girls have a part in sports. Why not enlarge your Exchange department.—Red and Black, Newport, R. I.

Oracle, Bangor, Me.: Your paper contains some clever cuts. "The Tatler" department is great!—The Observer, Ansonia, Conn.

Oracle, Bangor, Me.: Many good stories in your Literary department.—Pep, Mexico, Me.

Oracle, Bangor, Me.: One of the best.—Stetson Oracle, Randolph Mass.

Oracle, Bangor, Me.: "Chocolate Victory" is a short, snappy story. Editorials are good. The Tatler section is somewhat of a novelty.—The Arrow, Detroit, Mich.

The Oracle gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following:

Academy News, Hartland, Me.
Recorder, Winchester, Mass.
Radiator, Boston, Mass.
Recorder, Boston, Mass.
Pep, Lyons, Nebraska.
Oakleaves, Vassalboro, Me.
Record, Newburyport, Mass.
The Kyote, Billings, Mont.
The Maine Alumnus.
The Absorbit, Barnesboro, Pa.
Proviso Pageant, Maywood, Ill.
School Chatter, Wyoming, Ohio.
The Bagaducian, Castine, Me.
Pep, Mexico, Me.
Stetson Oracle, Randolph, Mass.
The Jester, Ellsworth, Me.
The Sedan, Hampden, Me.
The Quill, Jersey City, N. J.
Knick Knacks, Milton, West Va.
The Arrow, Detroit, Mich.
The Inkling, Conway, S. C.
The Maine Campus.
The Exeter Comet, Exeter, N. H.
Reflector, Millbury, Me.
The Chronicle, Wallingford, Conn.
The Leavitt Angelus, Turner Center, Me.
Radiator, Boston, Mass.
E. H. S. Record, Boston, Mass.
The Minnewaskan, Glenwood, Minn.
Oracle, Plainfield, N. J.
D. H. S. Porpoise, Daytona, Fla.
The Roque News, Ashland, Ore.
Said and Done, Muskegeon, Mich.
The Gleaner, Gleaner Farm School, Pa.
The Maine Pioneer, Des Plains, Ill.
The Par-Sem, N. Parsonfield, Me.
The Mercury, Belfast, Me.

PERSONALS



TRAVELOGUE.

Prescott Vose, our star geology student, has just returned from a two-months' stay in Hawaii, where he has been studying geological conditions about the volcano Kilauea, and tells some surprising tales.

His main purpose in going to Hawaii was to prove that the volcano Kilauea is connected with the fiery underworld, a theory of Kenneth Downing, who always has theories about the shortest route to his final goal.

But when Prescott at last reached the top of the volcano and looked down into it, the sight of his bright and beaming face was too much for the old fire-pit and there was an eruption. Prescott was thrown high into the air with the other debris, and when he landed, he found himself in the midst of a group of dusky South Sea Island belles, being taught to dance a la jazz by Merrill Kittredge, who looked very queer, indeed, dressed in "seaweedeas." Krittur helped Prescott to his feet and at the same time appropriated his valuable Ingersoll, which had been presented to him by Hortense Snow a few months previous.

After this exciting event, which was very trying to Mr. Vose's delicately balanced system, he decided to leave off his scientific explorations for a while and tour the island. He pondered for a long time on how to get about for he knew that his tender little feet could never stand walking over the hot roads of Hawaii. He solved the problem by engaging Lloyd Colby and his Ford to take him into the interior. When they had reached the densest heart of the jungle, they encountered some savages who mistook the snorting Ford for an evil spirit, stopped them and destroyed the Ford.

Prescott and Lloyd were taken to the primitive village and sentenced to be cooked and eaten, but when they examined Lloyd, he was allowed to go because the head-hunters could find no use for so much bone,

but they kept Prescott because his rosy skin looked so sweet and tender, that they thought he would make a good roast, and fattened him up accordingly.

When our hero had become very plump, they decided to kill him—but lo, and behold! as the day of the execution dawned, Dot Eastman, who had learned of Prescott's plight from Colby, appeared on the scene to beg for his life, and they were so thrilled by Dorothy's girlish beauty that Prescott escaped amid the excitement, and managed to reach a port on the coast. He earned his passage home by washing dishes. He says this is the best time of year to visit Hawaii, and the climate there is delightful, but not exactly healthful for a plump person, who would make good cannibal fodder.

Next month's travelogue: Bangor High School's debating team at Ellsworth.

Hints to Junior Exhibition Speakers.

1. Don't stand up, sit down while speaking, if you can be heard better.
2. Keep your back to the audience, they will feel more kindly toward you.
3. Don't speak loud or you may win the prize.
4. In the middle of your speeches wink at the judges, then you will be sure of success (ask some of last year's speakers).
5. Don't curl your hair, it looks better straight. Also try to have a little piece of it hanging in your eye so you can keep brushing it aside.
6. Wear a cheese cloth dress with a dab of red paint on the front of it; it will show up better than a crepe dress, with a red rose.
7. Girls, wear high heeled shoes, so that you can lose one of your heels.
8. Boys, don't tie your shoe strings; leave them dangling so that when you get up to speak, you can trip. If the judges hear a noise you will surely get some attention, if not the medal.

BARNEY GOOGLE AND OLIVE OYL COP JUNIOR EXHIBITION MEDALS BRILLIANT EFFORTS MARK ANNUAL TONGUE- WAGGING TILT.

The annual Junior Exhibition of the local educational institution of the secondary class was held in the town hall, March 27, before a large and sympathetic audience, which doubtlessly enjoyed the sufferings of the speakers. Handsome gold medals were awarded Barney Google and Olive Oyl for excellence in declamation. Mr. Google performed in a manner worthy of the Bijou stage and Miss Oyl charmed her audience with many brilliant outbursts of oratory. The local brass band was in attendance and rendered many sweet strains from the various instruments throughout the program.

The first speaker of the evening was Barney Google, who recited a cutting from Shakespeare. He rose reluctantly, casting furtive glances at the vast throng and with knees shaking like old man Palsey himself, approached the center of the stage. He gazed at the motely crowd before him a moment and shuddered perceptibly, then launched forth in the words of the Bard of Avon: "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears." A kind member of the audience rose and proffered his hearing organs to the young orator, who then proceeded to deliver his selection in a manner which thrilled his hearers. Back to the scene in Rome of the funeral of Caesar, he led them. When he spoke of the goodness of Caesar, they sighed; when he spoke of the murder of Caesar, they wept; and when, with flashing eyes, he denounced Brutus as the murderer of Caesar, the crowd roared.

The other speakers on the program did remarkably well, under the circumstances, and the judges according to the custom, assured the audience that they had a very hard job to select the winners. The speakers in chronological order were Barney Google, Helene Mosher, Camillus

Angel, Charlotte Hubbard, Paul Hickson, Dorothy Brady, Edward Stern, Dorothy Cully, David C. Rudman, Dorothy Jenkins, John Crowell and Olive Oyl. The last speaker, Miss Olive Oyl, spoke "Old Mother Hubbard" in a most delightful manner. This selection though short, was sweet, and the audience applauded long and loud. Miss Oyl appeared perfectly at ease, no doubt because of the fact that she appears before thousands of people daily in the comic sections of America's leading journals.

RISEN FROM THE RANKS.

Tatler Reporter Interviews Renowned Playwright.

Tuesday at three o'clock a representative of the Tatler knocked at the door of the studio of the world famous playwright, Harold S. Schiro, author of "Collegians a Paris," and many other well known productions. The reporter was admitted by a secretary and was told that Mr. Schiro was out on the Goofy Golf Club Links, playing a few holes with his Honor, the Mayor, but would return presently. After a short wait the playwright returned and consented to be interviewed. He told the reporter of his education at Bangor High school, his college days, and his phenomenal rise to world fame in the dramatic field. The reporter asked Mr. Schiro what he thought of the young students of today. "Well," remarked the celebrity, "when I was a boy, I used to study four hours a day, including holidays. The young people now don't study enough, and my advice to them is to forget the social functions and concentrate on school work. Ahem!" The reporter thanked him for the interview, helped himself to Schiro's 50c cigars, and said, "Good day."

Cross-Word Puzzle Team Out for Spring Practice. B. H. S. Will Make Strong Bid For Championship Honors.

The recently organized cross-word puzzle team will soon commence spring practice, according to an announcement made by Coach Trowell yesterday. The local school will be represented this year by a formidable group of athletes, prominent among whom are Steve Casper, left-verticle, "Dunk" O'ree, right-horizontal and Cuspith Sargent, front mud-guard and others no less proficient.

Great enthusiasm has been manifested by the student body and many impromptu rallies have been held in the corridors, lunch room, etc. A schedule is in the process of manufacture and already matches have been arranged with such well known institutes as Hampden Academy, Corinna High, Odiorne's Dancing School and many others.

BOXING

2-Nite

"APE-MAN" LEO WHITE
The Terror of the Jungles

—vs.—

"BONECRUSHER" KARAM
The Fighting Fool

The Battle of the Century!

Preliminary Six Rounded Bout

"TIGER" BELL
The Fighting Bookkeeper

vs.

"KID" K. KOMNERS
Latin Club Champ

TATLER

TION

MARCH, 1925

NUMBER 6

AMERICA IS SAFE!

R. O. T. C. Protects Citizens Against Foreign Invasion.



There has been much editorial discussion in papers and periodicals throughout the country concerning the great danger of a foreign invasion and the utter unpreparedness of our country. But this is all the bunk, for as long as the footsteps of the R. O. T. C. re-echo thru the corridors of B. H. S. America will be safe.

Above is a typical scene in the everyday life of a young cadet, showing the method of drill. Three days in the week, multitudes of khaki-clad cadets flock to the gymnasium, where they are tutored by Sergt. John Cummings, with the assistance of Capt Hervey Tribolet in the art of tramping back and forth in straggling lines, and bending correctly under the weight of huge fowling pieces, called "guns," for convenience. Distributed about the gymnasium at irregular intervals are youths who by some curious coincidence have been dubbed "officers." These youths, or "officers," keep up an in-

COLLEGIANS A PARIS THRILLS LARGE AUDIENCE

Schiro Production A Smashing Success.

The members of the French club recently had the opportunity of witnessing a remarkable dramatic feat, the presentation of the famous play by Harold Schiro, entitled "Collegiens a Paris," with an all-star cast including Charlie Whittemore, Prescott Vose, the two Whites, Leo and John, and many other equally celebrated.

The story opens with the collegians at the Yale Club in Paris. It is not definitely stated whether Paris, France or Paris, Me., is meant, but from the character of the play we will assume that it is in Paris, France. The boys are out for a good time and the first act is full of fun, Camels and conversation in the lingo of Francais. The big scene was in the last act, when a pair of snappy chorus girls ("Brick" Winch and "Johnnie" White) did a novelty dance which brought the house down. As female impersonators this pair are unbeatable. Winch has a perfect school-girl complexion. White has a vampish smile that would make Gloria Swanson bite her lip. The net financial proceeds of the play were not made public.

termittent shouting of strange combinations of words which are, no doubt, from some foreign language. The following are some of the most common ejaculations. At the command, "Squazrite" a great commotion occurs, officers shriek, cadets scurry here and there, pushing and struggling until at last the seething masses are restored to order. Another is, "Tuthereemutch," when every cadet whirls about rapidly, dangerously swinging their rifles in all directions with great recklessness, endangering the lives of all about them.

In spite of all these handicaps the organization enjoys a continually increasing patronage, due to the excellent recruiting service of the principal's office.

EDITORIALS

The following letter has been received at the Tatler office and is addressed to the mayor of Bangor. Hon. Chas. D. Crosby,

Dear sir—

I wish to congratulate you upon your recent election to the office of mayor of this flourishing city and I assure you of my hearty approval of the platform which you have adopted. However, there is one problem which has been puzzling me and which I know the City Fathers have been deliberating over for some time. There has recently been a great deal of discussion about the raising the pay of the Bangor policemen. The Brewer police have also asked for a raise. If one city raises the policemen's wages and the other don't how will the cop on the Brewer bridge, who is paid by both cities have his pay adjusted?

Yours seeking information,
Maximillian Mutt.

VEAZIE NOTES

Local Gossip From the Up-River Metropolis.

Charlie O'Connor hez jest bot a new bat at Bangor and he is quite the cat's meow. by Gosh!

Francis Currier haz announced that he will run fer selectman at the next electshun, if his rheumatiz hain't botherin' him too much.

Annie Doane hez gone ter Orono on a week's vacation ter visit relatives there. Hev a good time, Annie!

Terry Sullivan, the famous athlete, received a turrble scare t'other day when he was chased by Frank Bostrom's bull while crossin' a field. Terry had'n 'taught ter wear that crimson sweater which they gave him down thar in Bangor.

Roderick O'Connor hez begun plantin' already and he sez as there ought ter be a good crop this year seein' as how ther price o' spuds is purty low, which is a sure sign of good crops, he says.

9. Don't look at the audience, look out the window, or at the ceiling; otherwise, some little creature running around the floor, will attract your attention.

10. If you forget your piece, just start in reciting "My Donald Had a Farm," and nobody will ever know the difference.

11. Remember, that this is a "Carnival of Nervousness."

12. Here's for good luck! If you carefully follow these suggestions, we, of the Personals Department, assure you of complete success.

Vice Versa.

Kid—Were you hurt while on the basketball team?

Nut—No, while the team was on me.

Definition of Modern Terms.

1. A desk is a place to park the book that you detest.

2. A crib is a small object to put in a book (especially a Latin book), on a test day.

3. A pencil is a thing to mark on your desk with.

4. Large shoes are something worn by all the sharks on test days. (Better look out, teachers—inspect the shoes. One teacher has discovered this already).

5. A book contains some useless pages of black print for poor kids to ponder over.

Some Algebra.

Miss D—Well, tomorrow, we will start on logarithms?

Miss S—'25—I didn't know logs had rhythm. It must be something new on the radio.

History.

D. Tracey says the Emperor of Germany is the one who settles the disputes about the fisheries on the northwestern boundary of our country. Well! we wonder who is to decide about the fisheries in this school, and by what means.

Most Natural.

Did he die a natural death?

Oui! he was run over by a dog.

CURIOSITY CORNER.

(Address your questions to Arline Palmer, Personals Editor. When she doesn't know the answers, she'll make up some).

Q. Who or what is Walter Camp?—E. B.

A. It's a summer school for boys.

Q. If a vessel is a boat, what kind of a boat is a blood-vessel?—Donald.

A. A life-boat.

Q. Are you going to let your hair grow?—Emma.

A. Well, I can't stop it.

Q. Where was Solomon's Temple?—V. M.

A. On the side of his head, like any other person's.

Q. Do you believe in love at first sight?—Clarence.

A. Of course not. Love is blind.

Q. Why don't you and Edith let Karl alone?—E. C., '25.

A. See here, Eunice—remember, you live in a glass house, yourself.

Q. What are nitrates?—Wise.

A. The same as day rates.

Q. What does Dot Eastman bring to school with her every morning?—D. F.

A. Jack Garland.

Q. How do you suppose the Junior Exhibition speakers feel?—M. Q.

A. They deserve our sympathy—but then, so does the audience.

Q. Who do you suppose will get the J. E. medal?—J. P.

A. In our opinion, it rests between Helene, Charlotte, and the three Dorotheys, for the girls; and Edward, David, Paul, Camillus, and John, for the boys.

Q. Can we have our pictures in the Oracle?—Mary and Dorothy.

A. Surely. We've been looking for something funny.

Q. Can you suggest a word of seven letters meaning a brainless idiot?—K—th.

A. Why don't you try your own name?

Q. I am so bored with this school—there isn't anything to do. Can you help me?—Little.

A. Take our advice and enjoy your leisure while you have it. When you get to be a Senior you won't have time to live—or to get bored.

LISTEN OUT

and
Give the other fellow a chance
on
This splendid program.
ALC.

WNNY—Hotel Grande, Veazie, 657—
11:30—Hampden Centre, and WEEC—
Charleston, will unite with WNNY to
broadcast the recital of the famous baritone,
Mr. H. Deane Benson, assisted by Miss
Marjorie Kendall, violinist, and Mr. John
Townsend, pianist.

Adagio Pathetique.....Godard
WNNY Orchestra.

I've Got a Song for Sale.....
Mr. Benson.

Meditation
Orchestra.

Somewhere, Somehow, Someday.....
(We'll get enough to eat)
Mr. Benson.

Please Let It be Soon.....
Orchestra.

Who'll Buy My Violets.....
Mr. Benson.

Asleep in the Deep.....
Orchestra.

12:30—Program of dance music by Welch's
unharmonic orchestra, from Colby's
Butterfly ballroom.

PDQ—Brewer—125.

7:45—Dream Daddy, H. Kelleher.

8:00—Fashion Chats, by Mlle. Sawyer.

8:30—"Dandy Dick" Babb's orchestra, in
a group of snappy selections.

9:45—Recital by Miss Mabel Foss, so-
prano.

TFD—Orrington Corner—412.

9:30—Spanish Selections, by O. Infiorati,
tenor.

10:00—Lecture on Radio Equipment, by K.
D. Larsen.

10:30—Dancing lessons, from D. Eastman's
studio.

11:00—Talk on the Maine Woods, G. B.
Bryant.

11:30—Concert music.

C. P. W., '25, in 207: "Here I sit all
heartbroken!"

Mystery.

Freshman—How do you ever get your
lessons?

Senior—I often wonder myself, kid.

THE MUSTARD PLASTER.

Sad news it is, that the ghosts of the old
Romans are still haunting our building. It
is known that in the month of December a
shadowy form glided into Room 203, where
a young sophomore was vainly endeavoring
to translate a chapter from Caesar's Gallic
Wars. The spirit took its place by the side
of the suffering boy, who saw, when he
looked up in despair, a tall, slight man,
dressed in a white tunic, with a laurel
wreath upon his brow. Upon seeing none
other than the great Caesar himself before
him, the youngster dropped his book and
shouted, "Oh, Julius Caesar, thou art
mighty yet!" Whereupon the spirit whis-
pered, "Ah, yes! For now, nearly two
thousand years after my death, students are
still tearing their hair translating my com-
mentaries!" And with a hollow laugh, the
phantom disappeared.

Another youth awoke one night to see a
tall form draped in a Senatorial toga, stand-
ing at the foot of his bed. "Who are you?"
cried the frightened boy.

"I am Cicero, the great orator," replied
the ghost, "and I have come to say that
you, who are to represent your school on
the Bates League debating team, will do
well to study my argument."

On the night of December 24th, a Senior,
musing before the fireplace, was amazed to
see a bent, white-bearded figure emerge
therefrom. It was not Santa Claus, but
Aeneas, doomed, for the misery he has
caused generations of students, to continue
his wanderings until the end of time.

The anti-climax of these visitations came
when the Roman ghosts held a wild revel
in Assembly hall, on the evening of January
15. Creus' ghost walked moaning about,
while Mars in gorgeous costume, strode to
and fro, and warlike Hector, too, was there.
Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, was pres-
ent, but without her famous sons. Paris
and his beautiful Helen of Troy graced the
scene with their presence. The first Tri-
umvirate, Caesar, Pompey, and Crassus,
were there, too, and the goddess Hera, who
managed to be in two places at once. Diana,
goddess of the moon, practiced archery, and
Circe refrained from turning any of her
companions into pigs. The keepers of the
Delphic Oracle foretold a dire fate for all.
A series of anti-climaxes are happening
every few nights now, for Cicero and his
trusty satellites, Catiline and his band of
conspirators, hold forth on the Assembly

Hall stage, re-living the days of Catiline's famous plot to ruin Rome.

All of which is but our way of leading up to telling you that ere long the Latin Club of Bangor High school will invite you all to come and see a play dealing with the dramatic situations of those days. Come and hear Catiline address his band of plotters—follow the progress of the plan to murder Cicero—through the Roman banquet, with its unique entertainment of music and dance, up to the final scene when Cato and Crassus hold up Cethegus and Lentulus just in time to save Cicero.

This is no joke. We mean it. Everybody come!

OUR LIBRARY.

By G. B., '24, and E. A., '24.

The Bangor High School Library,
A place we all know well,
Is where we spend much of our time—
For oral themes to tell.

Each period a score or more,
Of students flock around
To find in magazines and books
The food for knowledge sound.

Up to the shelves they go, each one,
To get a lot of books,
They throw them here, they throw them
there;;
They don't care how it looks.

The magazines, both old and new,
We see on stand and chair;
The old ones which they seldom need,
Are cluttered everywhere.

Perhaps they need them, p'raps they
don't—

It doesn't matter at all;
They seem to like to strew around,
The big ones and the small.

The other day some callers came;
Perhaps we weren't ashamed
To have them see the mess of books!
We wonder whom they blamed.

Now, don't you think that if each one
Would take a little care
To pick his books and papers up,
'Twould not be more than fair?

Our teachers would appreciate
The little, thoughtful act,
It surely would not take much time,
But just a little tact.

So if we each, and if we all
Try hard to do our share
To help Miss Driscoll in her work,
More time to us she'll spare.

Safe.

L. M., '25—"Something is preying on
Owen's mind."

A. M., '25—"Don't worry; it will die of
starvation."

Our Young Men's Suits and Top Coats

Are now in and we would be pleased to show them to YOU

Great values at \$25, \$30 and \$35. Nifty Hats at \$3.50 and \$5.00

J. Waterman Co.

Maine's Largest Outfitters
for Men and Boys

Pianos, Victrolas, Records, Sheet Music, Musical
Merchandise, Strings, Etc.

Andrews' Music House Co.