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NUMBER

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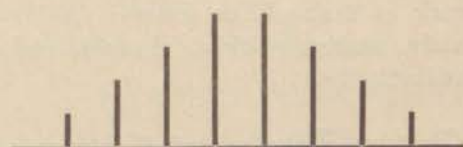
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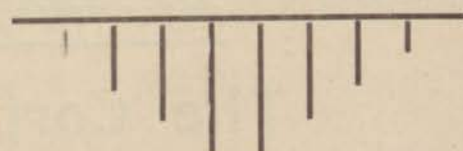
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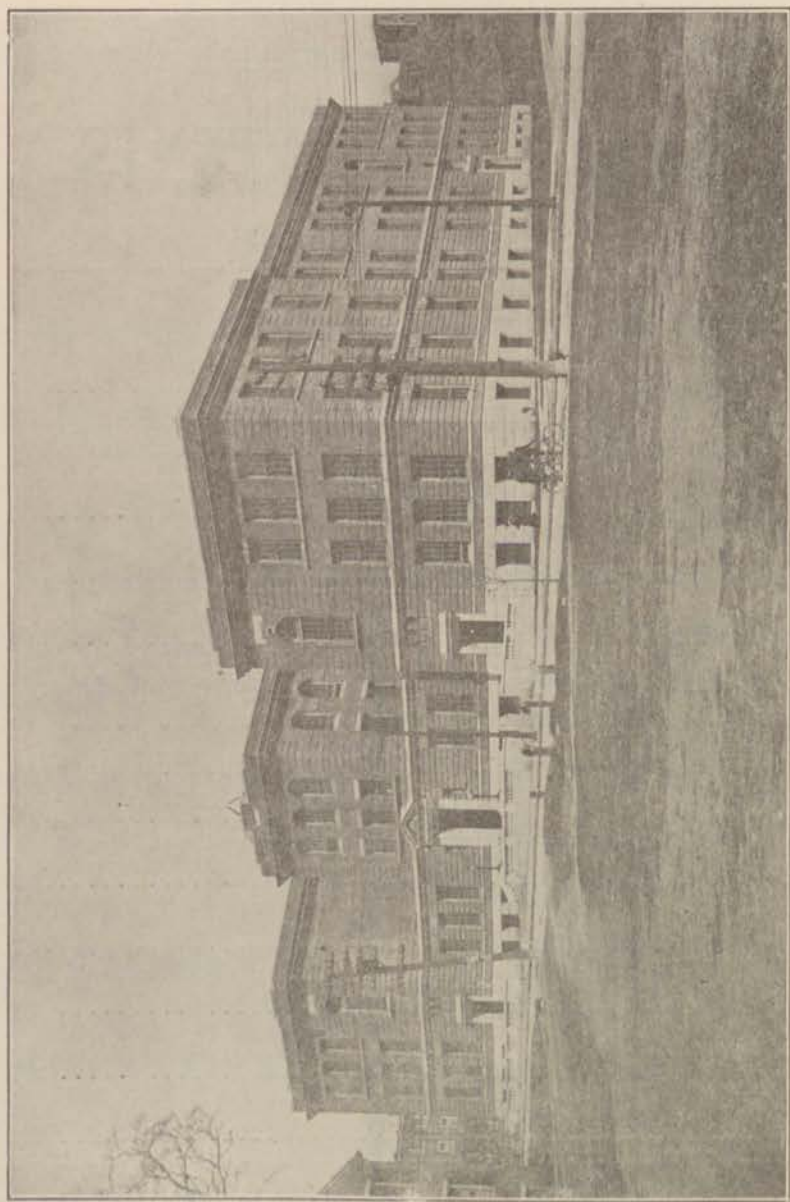
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See Our Line Before You Buy.



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ALMA MATER.



# THE ORACLE

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Bangor High School



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MARCH, 1923

No. 6

## The Oracle Board



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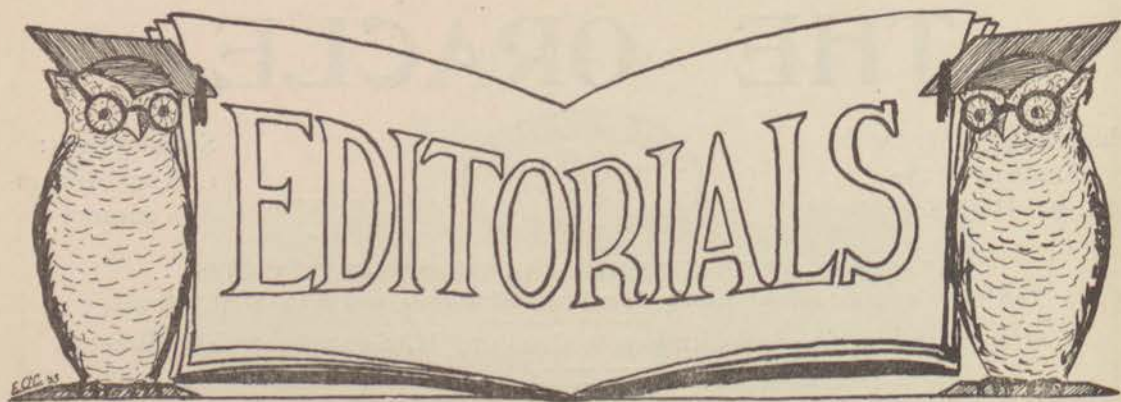
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Benj. Rosen, '24

Edith O'Connor, '23



The station was full of travelers hurrying to and from their trains, and in the midst of this confusion, a uniformed young porter stood, quiet, ready, and helpful. He gave a cheery nod to an aged gentleman, who shuffled along, burdened by the weight of two suitcases, and assisted him into a seat in the right car. The man thanked him gratefully and the porter replied, "That's what I'm here for, sir, all day long; just to see that people get aboard all right."

Then the porter returned to the gate and promptly helped somebody else to another train. He carried babies, lifted heavy bags, reassured nervous people, and made himself generally helpful, hour after hour.

The porter's lot was not a very pleasant one. Perhaps he would like to travel away from the city to the sea or the woods, yet all the year round he was shut within the crowded station, with its tracks and platforms. He would have been fully justified in being a trifle cross at his work, but he had no such a thought; he was there to be helpful, and his heart was in his work.

The man who had been helped to a seat by him thought it over as the train rolled away. It seemed to him that he, also, had

spent his life in starting other people off where they wanted to go, and staying behind himself; and lately, he had felt rebellious about it. But the young porter's words started a new line of thought. "That's what I'm here for," he said to himself, "and it is not my business to complain or to question. If he can do his day's work in that hearty spirit, I guess I can, too," and he felt his heart lighter than for many a day. The porter did not know it, but he had preached a whole sermon in five words, that afternoon.

This story has a very significant meaning in regard to the duties of a high school student. Every single student in B. H. S. has a number of tasks which he considers unpleasant, and he can invent many more pleasant and desirable ways in which to pass the time. However, when these tasks face us, instead of grumbling, let us use a little of the porter's philosophy, and do them not only to the best of our ability but also cheerfully, because "That's what we're here for."

That's our job and, if we have this attitude toward our work we will find that day by day, in every way, it will grow easier and easier.



Junior Exhibition

Number



Class of 1924



#### PEARLE HERSEY

Pearle is the girl with the voice like a bird, both in singing and speaking her clear tones are heard.

Her Selection "The Lie," both pathetic and gay. Is told by our Pearle in her own winsome way.

#### BENJAMIN DORSKY

"Ben," our curly-headed speaker, is a quiet chap, but wait until he gets loose in City Hall. Good Luck, Ben!







### ARLINE BABCOCK

Our dark curly-haired Arline we'll now enter on the scene; She was great in Seventeen. She will beguile us for a while with her sweet and winsome smile and the charm that Nature kind gave to both her face and mind.

### WILLIAM VINER

They have never heard much from this young member of the Junior class, but if he does as well as he did in the Semi the others will have to work not to let him get by them.





### KATHLEEN FARWELL

Here's an Orator! "Kay," with those Irish Blue eyes.

Speaks "Peg O'My Heart" in a try for the prize. "Kay," is a hard worker both on her studies and her outside activities. We'll see you there, too.

### ALLEN HART

Introducing—"Harty," one of 24's classy "Dappers" "Harty" is well known in baseball circles of this city and he has gained ground fast in the practice of Oratory. We wish you luck too, in the "Carnival of Nervousness."







### MARGARET DALEY

She's a peach as you can see!  
Margaret will be one of the bright  
lights in City Hall on the twenty-third  
of this month. Keep your courage up,  
Margaret.

### WILLIAM J. McCARTY

"Bill" proved himself a good speaker  
when he took the parting address at  
the Grammar School Graduation. They  
all look for a good "line" from you,  
Bill.





**KATHERINE MURPHY**

We've all heard of voices mellow  
We've all heard of girlies sweet  
But you put them both together.  
And Kay can't be beat.

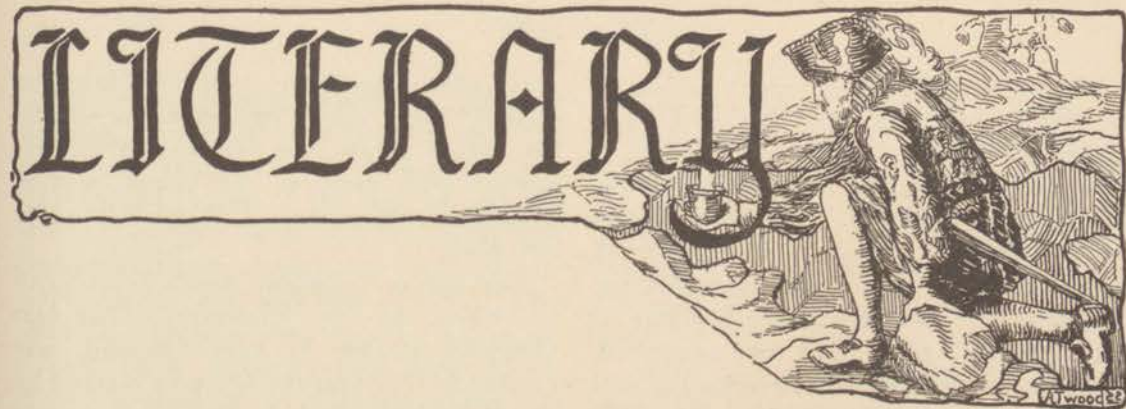
**LEWIS B. NEAL**

'Tention! This young hopeful acquired his voice in the R. O. T. C. Lewis has a Captain's commission and he sure can order the cadets around. Don't forget where you are the twenty-third, Lewis.





# LITERARY



## A TRIP FROM PLYMOUTH TO PROVINCETOWN

By Philip Whitman.

THERE are so many objects of interest on the trip from Plymouth to Provincetown, Massachusetts, that I will mention only the most important.

The road leading out of Plymouth is of tarvia and makes excellent motoring all the way to the tip of the Cape, a distance of eighty odd miles. As you speed along in the early morning, the cool, salt air reaches you from the ocean and you breathe deeply, again and again. The road runs quite near the coast and you catch many glimpses of the ocean while once in a while you suddenly come into the open and get a larger view.

The houses along the road are beautiful and distinguished looking mansions, set high on hills and bluffs and embracing a view that is wonderful.

Seeing so much salt water around makes the tourist ask himself if the inhabitants ever see any fresh water. They certainly do; for there are 150 ponds and lakes in an area of forty-five square miles.

When you reach the end of the township of Plymouth you are made aware of the fact by a large wooden gate stretched open, with these inscriptions on it: "The gates of Plymouth are always open," and "Come again."

The next point of interest is the Cape Cod Canal, which is about eight miles long and joins Cape Cod Bay with Buzzard's Bay. The road crosses it by means of a huge drawbridge, which is raised perpendicular when ships wish to pass.

The towns you pass through are small and picturesque. The churches are large, roomy buildings painted white; in fact, all the public buildings are white and flowers are growing in great profusion everywhere. The gardens produce the finest vegetables of all varieties, and the fruit orchards and vineyards are well advertised by displays at the county fairs. It is said that some of the pear trees were planted by the Pilgrims.

Now, you begin to see large, open tracks of land, flat and irrigated; with wide ditches running this way and that, keeping the land wet—for these are the cranberry bogs. And if you look closely you will see millions of little white berries which will soon redden and be raked, put into barrels, and sent to market. This is one of the products for which this part of the Cape is noted.

By this time you have traveled about two-thirds of the way to the end of the Cape and begin to pass through towns of historical interest, both past and present. The first one of interest is the little town of Orleans, which has a population of 1,000.



## THE ORACLE

It is noted because of the French cable station located on the coast. This is of great interest to tourists.

Five miles farther on is Eastham, with a population of only 450. The old pirate, Sam Bellemey's "Whidah," with others of the seven vessels he had captured off Cape Cod, were wrecked here in the big gale of April 26, 1717, when 112 men perished. Pieces of money from the wrecks are still occasionally found at very low tide. On these shores the shifting sands have uncovered wrecks buried for 200 years. A map made by a government agent shows that during the gale mentioned, the sea broke through the beach here, making a channel, which was the original Cape Cod canal. Two large capes projecting into the ocean from Chatham and Orleans, as shown on the map of Gosnold in 1602, have entirely disappeared; and the sand so removed is now supposed to form Monomy Point, south of Chatham and ten miles in length. The ocean shore is now a straight beach from Truro to Chatham.

Two miles farther on is North Eastham, where the Methodist campground is situated.

Several miles more and you reach South Wellfleet, where the famous Marconi wireless station is located. Next is Wellfleet, with a population of only 858; but you are surprised at what you find here. Thousands of acres of oysters and quahogs (little necks) are planted and the waters abound with cod, mackerel, lobsters and clams. The harbor is almost landlocked, affording the best of bathing. Wellfleet has the largest ponds on Cape Cod, all stocked by the state fish commission. An auto boulevard from the village to the Atlantic (on the east) gives the tourist a two-mile ride along the ponds and through pine forests to a coast guard station, where surf bathing is enjoyed. Fall shooting of ducks,

quail, plover and other beach birds offers splendid sport, many hunters having shooting lodges along the shores. The Chequesset girls' camp of 100 young women from the state college of Rhode Island is also here.

Next comes Truro and North Truro, both of which are very interesting. The first Orthodox church in New England was erected in 1709 near the site now marked by an old burial ground on the county road in North Truro. The church had only three ministers in 118 years—a church record in America. Highland lighthouse, erected in 1798, was the first on Cape Cod and one of the most important on the Atlantic coast. In the prosperous days of 1832 there were thirty-nine salt works here, and ship building flourished until the ever-shifting sands filled the harbor. A remarkable ridge formation along the shore has given that location, since 1703, the name of "Hog's Back," celebrated in history. The Clay Pounds is another peculiar formation. A monster storage plant for fish is another feature of the town.

By this time you are on the lookout for a glimpse of Provincetown but instead you see on both sides of the road as far as the eye can reach in every direction, fine, white sand, raised in dunes of various heights, and quantities of little scrub pine trees, scarcely more than ten feet high.

Near noon we reach Provincetown, a quaint city, beautifully situated on the edge of Provincetown harbor. I say quaint, because you could easily believe you are in a foreign city. The streets are less than 20 feet wide in the down town section and not much wider in any part of the town. This old town is said to have been visited by Norsemen in 1006, Gosnold in 1602, Henry Hudson in 1607, and Pilgrims from the "Mayflower," November 11, 1620. Peregrine White, born on the "Mayflower" in



## THE ORACLE

Provincetown harbor, December, 1620, was the first white child born in America. The historical "compact" was drawn up here. The harbor is one of the best on the Atlantic coast, the North Atlantic naval fleet making an annual rendezvous here in peaceful times for gun and fleet practice. You park your car and after enjoying one of the famous shore dinners served here, go for a walk around town. The first thing you will probably see is the Pilgrim memorial monument, erected on Town Hill. It is 252½ feet high and twenty-eight feet square at the base. It was dedicated by President Taft in 1910, and cost \$95,000. Within a hundred yards of the tower is the Pilgrim memorial tablet, picturing the signing of the "compact" in a bronze relief and bordered on both sides by a white marble wall, the whole forming a half-circle. Walking along the streets you see numbers of artists at work. They seem to be everywhere, painting and sketching scenes in and around the water front, especially, but some reproducing the old landmarks, in vivid colors.

On the homeward trip you find it pleasanter to turn from the main road at Orleans; and after a ride of twelve miles arrive at Chatham, the largest summer resort on Cape Cod. Ocean beach is one of the longest on the Atlantic coast. The town was prominent at one time for its large fleet of cat-boats used in daily codfishing trips. Lobsters and shellfish still abound. Chatham has had a remarkable boom in recent years, due largely to the erection of a \$250,000 hotel, the largest in eastern Massachusetts, and the railroad extension from Harwich. In the last forty years, land has increased over twenty-six times in value here. The United States coastal aviation plant covering thirty acres, the coast guard station and two large inland salt water ponds are among the other attractions.

Eighteen miles farther on, is South Yarmouth once a famous shipping port. A Quaker meeting house is still maintained here and there are occasional burials in the Quaker cemetery. The summer home of Charles Henry Davis, C. E., president of the National Highways association, is situated here.

At the beginning I said that I would mention only the important objects and places of interest, but I will forget that for the moment and describe one rather amusing sight. Everybody has seen toy windmills, but I doubt if very many have seen them by the hundreds, all whirling in the wind. It is a common sight along this road, the people having their whole yard full of them, nailed on high poles. They are hand-made, painted in bright colors and for sale. Right along here you will see an interesting landmark, the oldest windmill on Cape Cod. It is of immense size, old, rotten and weather-beaten.

Several miles beyond, lies Hyannis, where we branch off and go north till we come to the main road again. Hyannis is the summer residence of many wealthy people and contains some of the finest show places of the eastern coast. A factory where "Priscilla Pearls" are made is located here. The scales of herring are treated with a secret process, so that they are made into a thick, white, sticky paste. Common glass beads are then inserted on the end of a long pin and dipped into the paste after which they are allowed to dry. Then they are dipped and dried again and again, till they are the desired size. They are then strung and sold for as high as \$500 a string, according to the number of times they are dipped.

Within a short time you are headed for the canal again and after passing it are back to Plymouth in an hour, just as the sun is setting.





## WHIZ-BANG

By Victor McNaughton.



**T**O most people he was only a little black and white terrier, but to the boy he was a priceless possession.

From that wonderful Christmas morning when he had found him in his stocking—six inches of puppy meat howling plaintively for his mother—up to

the present time he had been the boy's constant companion. The boy had named him

**Whiz-Bang**

and he surely lived up to his

name; always on the jump, ready for a fight or a frolic, always into mischief, never happy unless he was with the boy, he gained a reputation in the neighborhood that couldn't be beaten.

When Whiz-Bang was four months old something happened that nearly ended his career. There was a little frog pond near the boy's house in which Whiz-Bang took his daily bath in the summer time. But, there came a cold night in October that laid a thin sheet of ice over the pond, so that when Whiz-Bang went down next morning, he found his little bath closed for the winter. However, he ventured out on the ice a little way trying to find some water. Suddenly, he heard an ominous



crackling and a minute later—Splash! and Whiz-Bang found the water!

Up at the house the boy heard a dog howl and knew in an instant that it was Whiz-Bang. Dashing out of the house, he raced down to the pond at top-speed.

Fortunately, the water was not much above his waist, so, seizing a stick that lay close at hand, he waded in breaking the ice ahead of him until he reached Whiz-Bang, who was trying vainly to climb out on the broken edges of the ice. Seizing him by the scruff of his neck, the boy tossed his pet on to the bank, half drowned, but safe.

Whiz-Bang was badly frightened by his experience and for months would not go near the pond.

One day the following summer, Whiz-Bang earned the gratitude of the whole family. The boy and his father went away leaving Whiz-Bang and his mistress alone. About an hour later, the mistress heard a loud knock; on answering it she found a big, burly tramp, who demanded in a loud voice something to eat. "Remain here and I'll get you something," she answered. But this didn't suit the tramp, who insisted upon coming in. The lady tried to slam the door, but he stuck his foot in and prevented her from doing so.

Suddenly there was a low growl and a streak of white shot by the mistress. The tramp felt a piece of his trousers torn off him along with a good sized piece of flesh



and without waiting for any explanation, he went tearing off down the road at a rate a ten-second man could envy.

Whiz-Bang would have followed him but the mistress called him back.

When the boy and his father returned, the mother told them of her adventure and they in turn praised and petted Whiz-Bang until he felt as he had when he killed his first rat.

The boy taught him many tricks such as shutting a door, shaking hands, and above all, going home when he was told to; as we shall see later, this last lesson was the means of the dog's saving his young master's life.

There was a large tract of land about a mile from the boy's house called Strickland's Bog. This bog was full of quicksand and more than one man had gone down in its slimy depths. One bright morning in October the boy started out partridge hunting.

Whiz-Bang was frisking here, there and everywhere, chasing squirrels, trying to dig out mice and having the time of his life in general. Noon came and they hadn't seen any partridge and the boy was preparing to go home, when he heard a loud "Honk! honk!"

Gazing upwards, he saw a large flock of wild geese flying

low, preparing to land in the bog. "I guess

we won't

go back empty

handed, after all,"

said the boy, as he

made his way toward the bog.

Whiz-Bang got stuck in some mud and had to be pulled out, after which he trotted soberly at the boy's heels.



"They landed over behind that grove of Tamaracks didn't they?" the boy said, turning to Whiz-Bang. Just in front of this grove was a long stretch of black, slimy mud, about ten feet wide, extending about two hundred yards in either direction.

"I can jump that easily," thought the boy; so motioning Whiz-Bang to remain where he was, he dashed at full speed toward the mud. But luck was not with him that day, for, just as he reached the edge, his foot slipped and he landed squarely in the middle of the mud stretch. He tried desperately to haul out first one foot and then the other, but the harder he tried the deeper he went.

Suddenly, his roving eyes lighted on Whiz-Bang who stood at the edge of the muck, gazing anxiously at his master. "Whiz-Bang," he cried, "home!" "home!" The dog stood puzzled for a moment, then turned, and was off like a flash as if he knew the terrible need of his master. About half a mile from home a big mongrel, ran out of a yard and tried to start a fight. Whiz-Bang knew there was no time to lose and tried to pass on but the big dog sprang at him. Whiz-Bang dodged and grabbed the mongrel's leg between his jaws just above the joint. The dog tore and slashed and thrashed around but still Whiz-Bang hung on. Suddenly, there was a faint crack!—and the mongrel's leg hung crushed and broken. Letting go instantly, the terrier tore down the road and two minutes later raced into the yard and up to the boy's father, who was just preparing to go to ride. Out he ran and back again barking all the time!

"There must be something the matter with Billy," muttered the boy's father, so seizing a rope, he mounted his horse and rode after Whiz-Bang, who seemed delighted beyond measure. In the meantime the boy had been sinking steadily until sud-

denly his foot struck an old sunken log and there his descent stopped.

But even so, it wasn't very comfortable, standing up to your armpits in black, slimy mud, night coming on, and the thermometer hovering around freezing. Suddenly his ears heard a faint bark and then horse's hoofs. He yelled and screamed at the top of his voice and a few minutes later his father dashed into view. He dismounted and ran up to the edge of the mud; "All right, Son, I'll get you out in a minute," he said.

The boy saw a rope fly through the air and land over his shoulders. Then came a

hard pull and he felt himself being drawn slowly but surely out.

\* \* \* \* \*

That night there were two doctors in the house, one working over a slashed and leg-weary dog and the other over a cold and tired boy.

Both doctors finished their work about two o'clock in the morning and the mother and father heard to their relief, that both the dog and the boy would be all right in a couple of days. From that time on Whiz-Bang was a hero, and no one came into that town but heard the story of how Whiz-Bang saved his master.



## JOYOUS DAYS

By Louise M. Ayer, '23.

Dramatis Personae.

Arline Hampstead, an AI American school girl, with social ambitions and home-loving tendencies.

Dick Hampstead, her brother, who is attending Harvard.

Mrs. Hampstead, their mother.

Jim White,

Ray Marston,

Two of Dick's college friends.

hustling to the door to meet the prodigal and leading him to the feast?

Dick: Worse than ever, isn't she, Mother? She's always looking for something more. Well, I've got some news that may interest you both.

Arline: O, Dick, is she pretty? (Draping her girlish form on her brother's chair).

Dick: She? Who? Well, I never!



## THE ORACLE

Jane Holbrook,  
Anna Holbrook,  
Two of Arline's friends.  
George Skinner, a high school boy.

### ACT I.

#### Scene I.

It is the hour of twilight and one of those clear, crisp days so characteristic of our New England winters. The last faint rays of the glowing sun linger in the western sky and cast a radiant glow into the already cheerful library, where Arline Hampstead and her mother are sewing before the open fire and discussing Dick's home-coming.

Arline: Dick has been gone so long, Mother! O, I know it's only four months, literally speaking, but I've missed him so much. He is the best brother a girl ever had even if he is a born tease. Won't he just love the car Dad has bought for him? I'm so excited, I'm afraid I shall tell him before his birthday. Why, Mother, I don't believe you've heard a word I've said. What are you looking at?

Mrs. Hampstead: Why, yes, dear. I've been listening but I can't just tell from here whether that is—

Arline (jumping up to look out the window): Who, Mother? It's Dick! It's Dick! How could he come without letting us know? (She fairly flies to the door to meet her beloved playmate).

Dick: Well, Sis, I see you're as full of pep as ever. (He bestows a most affectionate pat upon her shapely shoulder).

Arline: And is that all a person gets for Now you know I never was sentimental and guess I won't start now. If you'll allow me (he winks boyishly at his mother and bows very prince-like to Arline), I'll spring the grand staggerer. Ray Marston and Jim White are coming up tomorrow to spend the holidays with us and we've got to give some sort of party to entertain.

Arline: O, Mother! Won't it be fun?

We'll have a formal dinner and invite the Holbrooks, the McAvitys and the Schofields and have that play we gave at school out there in the drawing room and serve refreshments and have a dance.

Dick (whistling): Whu—I give up. You know about the fixings, Sis, I'll sit back and watch proceedings.

Arline: Indeed, you won't. You'll be a very active member of Hampstead & Co., Decorators. You know, the house must be trimmed with evergreen and, Dick, couldn't you order roses from the hothouse and build a stage for us and—

Dick: Well, if my money lasts and my strength doesn't give out.

Arline: Hum! Dad's money; and you're as strong as a moose.

Arline trips lightly from the room to call up her friends and tell them her plans.

### ACT II.

Scene 1. Two days later in the Hampstead drawing room. Arline, Dick, Jim and Ray. The two Holbrook girls are surveying decorations and suggesting final touches for the further improvement of scenic effects.

Dick: O, gee, Sis, don't fuss any more about this thing. We won't have any skating this afternoon.

Arline: Dick Hampstead, whoever on earth wanted entertaining and—

Dick: O, all right, Sis. Anything you say goes.

Jim: Looks pretty nifty to me. All I'm worrying about is the lighting arrangement. If these boughs should catch fire from the candles—

Ray: Candles! Gee! I thought this was a society play.

Arline: So it is, but candles lend a softer glow and on the whole make the effect more charming.

Anna: The pond does look inviting, Arline. Don't you think we might spare a

## THE ORACLE

few minutes, Jane? We have to be home at five to dress for dinner.

Arline: Why yes, we can go for a while, I suppose.

The girls leave to don heavy sweaters and caps and find their skates.

Scene 2. Fifteen minutes later on the pond.

Ray: Looks as if I'd lost my partner, Dick.

Dick: O, no, Sis will be back in a minute. Probably she's giving some final instructions about the play to that young lanky creature who has the leading part.

Jim: Is rather gawky, hey?

Anna: But he is perfectly wonderful in the play.

Jane: I should say so. So natural!

Ray: Well, here you are, at last. Did he say he'd obey?

Dick: They always do for Sis.

Arline: Dick, you're positively horrid sometimes. Come, I'm ready to skate.

The party is off up the pond but their attention is suddenly called to the spot where George Skinner, the star actor, had stood a few moments before. He has disappeared from view and an excited group is gathered round the place.

Dick: Jimmy! That poor fish has gone through sure as tripe. Didn't know enough to stand back from the fire.

Jim: Well, it's hard to keep some folks out of the limelight, you know.

Anna: Save him, boys.

Jane: O, Arline, the play is spoiled if George drowns.

Arline: Nonsense, he won't sink. He isn't heavy enough.

By this time the party had skated back to the place where the unfortunate boy had broken through the ice.

George: Save me! Save me, quick!

Jim: Don't be in too much of a hurry.

Ray: Keep cool! Keep cool!

Anna: Yes, I guess he will keep cool, all right.

Dick: No joking, boys. Take off your coats, tie them together and throw one end to George. Don't go too close. Pretty risky!

The three boys lie flat on their stomachs and wriggle closer to the hole until they have thrown one end far enough for the drowning boy to grasp the garment. Then they slowly and cautiously crawl back toward the shore, steadily drawing the sufferer behind them. He is immediately rushed to the Hampstead home, where the boys bring about his recovery.

### ACT III.

Scene 1. Evening of the same day in the Hampstead drawing room. The guests are reading the programs while awaiting the rise of the curtain.

### WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

Cast of Characters.

The Hostess.....Arline Hampstead  
Mr. Greene, a Guest.....George Skinner  
Mabel Schofield, a Guest....Jane Holbrook  
James, the Butler.....Tom McAvity  
Other Guests .....

Bob Stanton, Jim McAvity, Anna Holbrook, and Bob Evans.

### Act I—Scene 1.

Curtain rises disclosing a table set for eight and a young girl hovering near to see if everything is in readiness. The first two guests are announced and she steps forth to greet them.

Hostess: O, I'm so glad you came first for I do feel horribly nervous about meeting your brother's army friend.

Guest: Well, sayez tranquille, ma chere amie. He's not so very difficult. Here he comes now with Mabel. I wonder if he wanted to shake hands with the butler. His manners are—well—queer!

Mr. Greene: Well, how's everybuddy? Peach of a night, ain't it? Me and Mabel



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just told that feller there in the blue coat and brass buttons. Golly, this is some swell place. Must cost a lot to run it. Don't see much on the table. We must be early. Have a chew of gum, Mabel?

Hostess, shocked: Do take your places. James, serve the dinner.

James: Yes, ma'am.

Mr. Greene: Soup! Golly, seems like home. (He greedily drinks the soup and wipes his chin on the tablecloth). Bring on the main stuff, Jimmy.

Hostess, trying to change the subject: Wasn't Farrar wonderful in Carmen last evening?

Mr. Greene: Who's she? This meat ought to have been put through the grinder! Tougher than leather. Guess I'll try an olive. Suppose I can spear it with my fork?

Hostess (again endeavoring to lead the conversation into safer channels), whom do you like best to read about, Mr. Greene?

Mr. Greene: Me? O, Nick Carter is the clear stuff! What kind of puddin' is this? Ma never made anythin' so fancy.

As the butler brings in the finger bowls with a slice of lemon on the side, the friend again comments.

Mr. Greene: Well, well, thinks quite a lot of me! Bringin' me lemon-ade. (He drinks contents of bowl).

The hostess rises and the guests follow her.

Curtain Falls.

Act II, Scene 1—Next Day.

Mabel: O, I'm so sorry my brother brought that horrid boy here last night, I never was so mortified in all my life. His manners were atrocious! I don't believe brother could have realized. The poor thing wanted to dance with me every dance and was peeved when I refused the third one; then, this morning, when we were in town, he walked on the inside of the street

and never lifted his hat once—and we met oceans of people I knew.

Hostess: Never mind, dear, I think I see why your brother brought him. He wanted to impress us with his own faultless manners and incidentally repay us for having bestowed upon him that new girl who couldn't dance or carry on a common conversation. The one Jane entertained last Christmas, you know.

Mabel: Well, maybe you're right. Old scores are settled anyway and I'll never in this world tell Phil I prefer a farmer's manners to his or say he is too particular. Nothing could be done too well after having seen last night's performance. How could one be so crude?

Curtain Falls.

End of Play.

Dick: Say, that was pretty clever. Who wrote it, anyway? Skinny was ideal in the title role. That ducking this afternoon worked him up to acting pitch all right.

Jim: Your sister seems to have managed things very well, indeed.

Ray: Anybody would know to look at her that she was a born actress.

After the guests have departed, Arline and her brother discuss the day's events.

Arline: Well, Dick, do you think your friends enjoyed the play?

Dick: Enjoyed it? I should say they did. Simply carried away with the whole affair.

Arline: Guess I shall be a society lady some day, don't you think?

Dick: No question about it.

Even though it is late, the two pals skip out to the kitchen to make the promised batch of fudge for Dick's friends, who leave the next morning; thus snatching a little time for the home life and delightful companionship which they both enjoy so much.

End.





The Oracle offers sympathy to Miss Emily Roseland, teacher of science, upon the death of her father; to Mrs. Marion Flanders, teacher of singing, upon the death of her father; to Miss Annie M. Ervine upon the death of her brother; to Miss Bernice B. Dunning, upon the death of her father. Never before this winter have so many sad events which have affected so large a number of our teachers, occurred in so short a time.

The list of seniors who are to write graduation essays has been published, and these unfortunate members of '23 have racked their brains for subject matter. We would advise those juniors who are making good progress in their English course this year, to begin **now** to gather material for next year's graduation essays. It will lessen the burden of their senior year.

January 26, 1923, Mr. Proctor awarded the letters to the members of the football team, who had earned them. As usual there were many lucky boys and the assembly showed its pleasure by loud applause.

Recently, the Latin department has been presented with five very beautiful pictures done in colors. Three came from a friend outside who is interested in the work of that department.

One portrays the interior of a Roman

home, with great colonnades on either side. Another shows the Restored Forum with a triumphal procession in the foreground. Still another gives us an idea of the garments worn in the Rome of ancient days. On one man, we see a fringed skirt. Who knows but that is where the fringed sport skirts of today originated? A fourth picture gives a splendid view of one of Caesar's camps, while the fifth describes Caesar's Landing in Britain.

These pictures are greatly appreciated by the classes for they make the Latin seem more real. One can easily imagine Caesar pitching such a camp as is shown, or the Trojans dragging Hector from that triumphal chariot.

Saturday evening, Jan. 27, the Dramatic club presented three one-act plays. These were given in a delightful and interesting manner and showed quite clearly of what type of production the club is capable.

The Kleptomaniac, told the story of a young woman who lost a purse containing her rings and a sum of money, and of how it was found. The cast was as follows:

Mrs. Peggy Burton.....Alice O'Connell  
Mrs. Valerie Chase Armsby.....

.....Mary L. Tompkins  
Mrs. Mabel Doon.....M. Elizabeth Adams  
Miss Freda Dixon.....Dorothy T. Rice  
Miss Bertha Ashley.....Clarissa Powers  
Miss Evelyn Evans.....Lillian E. Rudman  
Annette.....Dorothea H. Adams

## THE ORACLE

The second play, *The Maker of Dreams*, showed that we do not have to go outside for what we are seeking, but can often find it right at home. The characters were:

Pierette.....Florence M. Kirk  
 Pierot .....Morris Robinson  
 Manufacturer .....Kenneth Field

The last, *Playgoers*, told the story of a young couple and their trials with their servants. The members of the cast were:

Master .....Freeman Murray  
 Mistress .....Venetia Watson  
 Parlor Maid.....Eleanor Coffey  
 Cook .....Kathleen McCann  
 House Maid.....M. Ethel Mackie  
 Useful Maid.....Erma White  
 Kitchen Maid.....Elizabeth Collins  
 Odd Man.....Henry Fairbanks

The assistant coaches of these plays were Florence Downes, Miriam Bunker, and Anna Torrens, respectively.

The annual tryouts for the Junior Exhibition were held in the Assembly hall. Out of the Junior class there were twenty boys and twenty girls chosen. It is understood that the judges had a difficult time to choose those fortunate or unfortunate persons to enter the semi-semi-finals and the semi-finals. Those who were chosen are given below.

### Boys.

Arnold Allen.  
 Horace Brown.  
 Raymond Worcester (1).  
 Ralph Ulmer.  
 Harold O'Connell.  
 Donald Taylor.  
 Edward Sawyer.  
 Alan Hartt (2).  
 Reginald Wilson (3).  
 William Viner.  
 Warren Creamer.  
 William McCarthy (4).  
 Bradford Baker.  
 Kenneth Largay (5).

Irving Lancaster.  
 Maurice DeMeritt (6).  
 Harvey Boyd (7).  
 Benjamin Dorsky (8).  
 Lewis Neal (9).  
 Fred Spellman.

### Girls.

Mary Reid.  
 Abbie Wilson.  
 Anna Ebbeson (1).  
 Pearle Hersey (2).  
 Arline Babcock (3).  
 Evelyn Spaulding.  
 Sylvia Dennis .  
 Anna Byrnes (4).  
 Helen Reed.  
 Kathleen Farwell (5).  
 Charlotte Freeman.  
 Hildred Kent.  
 Margaret Daley (6).  
 Catherine Murphy (10).  
 Elizabeth Alward.  
 Cressida Hillier (7).  
 Victorine Bailey.  
 Georgia Treat (8).  
 Lillian Boyd.  
 Dorothea Lewis (9).

The judges for the boys were: Mr. Miller, Mrs. Carroll and Mr. Bryant; those for the girls: Mr. Bryant, Miss Brown and Mr. Miller.

The names marked with a number were chosen for the semi-finals.

On Thursday evening, February 15, the cast of the three plays presented by the Dramatic club, with guests, and Mr. Powers and Miss Butterfield as chaperons, had a party at the Canoe club. The girls took the lunch, as usual, and the boys helped eat it. After supper there was dancing and Miss Butterfield and Mr. Powers gave some excellent readings. Rather than walk home, however, everybody took the last car, although nobody wished to leave at such an early hour.



THE ORACLE

**BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL**  
**Department of Military Science and Tactics**  
**SCHEDULE OF INSTRUCTION**

**BASIC COURSE**

**FIRST YEAR**

**February 1923**

Day of Week	Co. C 11.30 p. m. 12.30 p. m.	Co. A 2:00 p. m. 3:00 p. m.	Date	
Thursday	A	A	Feb. 1	Interior Guard Duty
Tuesday	B	B	Feb. 6	Review of all Drills
Thursday	B	B	Feb. 8	Review of all Drills
Tuesday	C-D-E	C-D-E	Feb. 13	Manual of Arms. Bayonet Training Extended Training
Thursday	C-D-E	C-D-E	Feb. 15	Same as Tuesday
Tuesday	F-G-I	F-G-I	Feb. 20	Care of Equipment Instruction in rolling of packs. Display of Field Equipment.
Tuesday	B-D	B-D	Feb.	Review of all Drills. Same as Tuesday Feb. 20

A—Interior Guard Duty, Practical work 1 hour

B—Review of all drills

C—Manual of Arms

D—Bayonet Training

E—Extended Order

F—Care of Equipment

G—Instruction in the rolling of packs for heavy Marching Order

I—Display of Field Equipment

The above Schedule of drills and Instruction will be held in the Gymnasium



### BRICKBATS AND BOUQUETS.

The "Oracle" comes from a beautiful high school in Bangor, Maine. The picture of the Alma Mater starts the magazine off right. My favorite of all the stories and poems in the Literary department is the poem, "Winter Panorama." The Debating club is going to debate on the question: Resolved, That if one of a group does wrong, the whole group should be punished if the offender does not confess. Perhaps most high school folks would sympathize with the negative as there are few who have not had to "stay in" with the class, although perfectly innocent.—The Co-ed Leader, Commercial High School, Atlanta, Ga.

"Oracle," Bangor, Maine: Your department headings are the best ever. The Christmas issue of the "Oracle" had a very attractive cover.—The Magna Vox, Charles City High School, Charles City, Ia.

"Oracle," Bangor, Me.: You have a splendid Literary department. The two verses, "Winter Panorama," and "My Phantom Ship," are exceptionally well written. Your department headings are very good. Your cartoons also deserve mention.—The Echo, Boys' Catholic High School, Evansville, Indiana.

The "Oracle" is one of our best exchanges! You have a well organized magazine with many clever features.—The Spotlight, David Prouty High School, Spencer, Mass.

The "Oracle," Bangor, Maine: "The B. H. S. Tatler" is certainly a funny newspaper. Indeed, we enjoyed it so much that we have decided to have one something like it in the "Banner."—The Banner, Rockville High School, Rockville, Connecticut.

"Oracle," Bangor, Maine: Your personals and cartoons are good. "K. K. K. has nothing on the Sophomores," was well written and it is humorous. The "Oracle" has the largest advertising list of our exchanges. It is a good magazine.—The Milachi, Milaca High School, Milaca, Minn.

"The "Oracle," Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine: Why have an exchange editor and no exchange column? "Kazan of the Snows" was good, and the article, "Reflections," showed unusual thought and imagination. The "Palais de B. H. S." is very amusing. The cover for your "Football Number" was very well done.—The Jabberwock, Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass.



## THE ORACLE

The "Oracle": You've a fine paper. The cover is most inviting in itself. Your Literary department is excellent. Why not have a Poet's Corner. You would certainly get fine poems judging from your other work.—The Messalonskee Ripple, Oakland High School, Oakland, Me.

The Outlook, Porter High School, Kezar Falls, Me.: Your paper is a good one for a small school. The editorials are worthy of notice.

The Aquilo, Ricker Classical Institute, Houlton, Me.: More cuts as headings to departments would be an improvement. Why not have a larger exchange list? Your Athletic department is good.

The Nautilus, Waterville High School, Waterville, Me.: Your Literary department is excellent. The department headings are good. We like the idea of individual comments on football letter-men.

Busines Spirit, English High School, Providence, R. I.: Your paper would be improved if it were arranged in departments, with cuts for headings. The stories lack interest. "What the Seniors See" is a unique and amusing column.

The Spotlight, David Prouty High School, Spencer, Mass.: Some cuts for headings of departments would be an improvement. The table of contents is lacking. Having music and dramatic departments is a good idea. Your alumni and exchange sections are small. More jokes would help to make the paper interesting.

The Pocumtuck, Deerfield Academy, Deerfield, Mass.: We enjoyed the stories, "The Skeletons," and "An Odd Mishap." You have a fine Athletic department. Why not have more exchanges?

The Advance, New Jersey State Home for Boys, Jamesburg, N. J.: Welcome, Advance! We are glad to have you with us. The editorial in your December number is good. We like the cover and the Christmas cards. Come again.

Oak Leaves, Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, Me.: You have a fine paper, one of the best of our exchanges. The editorials are good and the Literary Department is extensive. Everything is well written and well printed. We miss the table of contents, however.

The Live Wire, Newport High School, Newport, Me.: Where is your Exchange department? The athletic section would be improved if made larger, with longer accounts of games. We enjoyed your Literary department, especially "The North Room," and "Jim's Success as a Detective."

The Westbrook Seminary Messenger, Portland, Me.: Your Literary department is fine. The jokes are good, but why not have more? We miss the exchange column. Cuts for the Literary department and school notes would be an improvement. We are glad to find so many school notes. You have a large alumni section.



## MAINE CENTRAL INSTITUTE.

Another scalp was added to the string of basketball victories when the Maine Central Institute quintet succumbed to the attack of Capt. Seavey and his little playmates. The game was played in Pittsfield on the evening of January 17, the final score was 16 to 23 and was, as we have said before, distinctly in Bangor High's favor. The prep school boys put up a harder fight than was expected. At some times the game rather resembled a football game, but it was all in fun and no one lost his temper.

M. C. I. (16)	(23) B. H. S.
Brown, 2 (1).....l.f.....	Epstein
	Fairbanks
Craig, 3 (1).....r.f.....	3 Kamenkovitz
Newhouse, 2.....c.....	5 McClay
Hodgkins	
Seekins .....l.b.....	Casper
Day .....r.b.....	(1) 3 Seavey
Lancaster	

Referee: Edwards.

## U. OF M. FRESHMEN.

The U. of M. Freshmen were taken into camp January 20, in a game played in City Hall, by a 36 to 22 score. The game was very one-sided, more so than the score would indicate, and the college boys never had a ghost of a show.

From the very start the Crimson outplayed their rivals in every department of

the game. The short passing game had the yearlings completely rattled.

Seavey played a good game for the home team, his nine baskets and four fouls helping swell the score to a large extent. Kamenkovitz put up his usual fine game, passing and breaking up plays continually. Shank McClay and Steve Casper were of material help to the Crimson, while Fairbanks and Epstein played nicely.

B. H. S. (36)	(22) U. of M. Freshmen
Fairbanks, 1.....l.f.....	3 (6) Barrows
Epstein	
Kamenkovitz, 4.....r.f.....	1 Donnell
	Shur
McClay, 2.....c.....	Acheson
	3 Linnan
Seavey, 9 (4).....r.b.....	Olson
Casper .....l.b.....	1 McFarland
	Curran

Referee: Edwards.

## PORTLAND GAME.

On the evening of the twenty-sixth day of January, a massacre, tragedy, slaughter, comedy, or whatever you wish, was enacted in Bangor City Hall. The participants were ten odd young gentlemen, representing the Bangor and Portland High schools. The victim was the Portland five. It had been rumored around about that the Forest City had departed from her usual custom, and would have a real basketball team this year, but it was only a rumor.



## THE ORACLE

When the final whistle blew the Crimson had run up a score of 48 points to her opponent's 23. The blue-jerseyed players were outclassed in every department of the game, for Bangor assumed the lead at the very start, and increased it steadily to the end of the game.

The Crimson's defense was working perfectly and the Portland players were unable to pierce it.

The visitors had no system of play, and they greatly aided the home team by their deliberate handling of the ball.

<b>B. H. S. (48)</b>	<b>(23) P. H. S.</b>
Fairbanks .....l.f.....4	(5), Flavin
Epstein, 4	
Kamenkovitz, 3....r.f.....1	McGuire
	T. Flatley
	Silverman
McClay, 6.....c.....3	Mahoney
	McGuire
Casper .....l.b.....1	Fay
Seavey, 8 (6).....r.b.....	Frazier
	J. McGuire
	J. Flatley

The Bangor passing game was working finely, and at times the Portland team was bewildered by its speed.

It would be hard to name any individual star for the winners. Capt. Seavey played his usual fine game, and both Kamenkovitz and McClay were very much in evidence. Casper played a fine, defensive game, and Fairbanks and Epstein showed up well.

Friday night, February 9, Bangor High lost its second game of the season to N. H. Fay High at Dexter, 38 to 29. It was a fair and square game, and neither the team nor rooters had any complaint to make about the treatment received. Even though the team might have been a little off form, that does not count. It was a bitter pill to swal-

low, and although no complaints were made, it was firmly resolved that when the return game was played in Bangor, March 2, that the shoe should be on the other foot.

<b>B. H. S. (29)</b>	<b>(38) N. H. Fay H. S.</b>
Fairbanks .....l.f.....2	Smith
Epstein, 2	
Kamenkovitz, 3....r.f.....6	Ambrose
McClay, 2.....c.....(4)	7 Champeon
Casper, 1.....l.b.....	Palmer
	Peters
Seavey, 2 (9).....r.b.....2	Oliver

The following Friday, February 16, Lubec High was defeated 60 to 32, in a one-sided game played in City Hall.

The Down Easters did not have much of anything to offer in the line of teamwork, but they made some of the most spectacular shots ever seen in City Hall. Practically all the men on the Bangor squad were given an opportunity to show what they could do by Coach Trowell. At the start of the game it looked as though Lubec might give some real opposition, but it did not last for any length of time.

<b>B. H. S. (60)</b>	<b>(32) Lubec H. S.</b>
Fairbanks, 1.....l.f.....4	Stanchfield
Epstein, 3 (1)	
Kamenkovitz, 9 (2)...r.f.....1	McGorrigal
Gallagher, 1	
J. McClay, 1.....c.....3	Peabody
Samway, 1	
Casper .....l.b.....4	Giroux
Murray	
Seavey, 9 (2).....r.b.....(8)	Ingalls
Epstein	
Referee: Flack.	

# PERSONALS



Miss Gratia Tibbetts of Levant, a member of the class of 1923, was united in marriage to Winslow Smith of Hermon, on February 21, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Tibbetts, of Levant.

## SIGNIFICANCE OF INITIALS.

A. F., '25: Always fair.  
M. C., '24: Mighty cute.  
E. C., '23: Ever careful.  
J. G., '23: Just growing.  
H. F., '23: Having fun.  
W. W., '23: Willing worker.  
E. R., '24: Ever ready.  
P. S., '25: Pretty sweet.  
G. N., '23: Getting nimble.  
L. W., '24: Looks well.  
D. L., '24: Does little.  
P. B., '24: Pretty boy.  
A. S., '23: Awfully smart.  
M. F., '23: Makes friends.

## A SHAKESPEAREAN ROMANCE.

Who were the lovers?  
Romeo and Juliet.  
What was their courtship like?  
A Midsummer Night's Dream.  
What was her answer to his proposal?  
As You Like It.  
About what time of year were they married?  
Twelfth Night.  
Of whom did they buy the ring?  
The Merchant of Venice.  
Who were the best man and maid of honor?  
Anthony and Cleopatra.  
Who were the ushers?

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Who gave the reception?

Merry Wives of Windsor.

In what kind of a place did they live?

Hamlet.

What was her disposition like?

The Tempest.

What was his chief occupation after marriage?

Taming of the Shrew.

What caused their first quarrel?

Much Ado About Nothing.

What did their courtship prove to be?

Love's Labors Lost.

What did their married life resemble?

A Comedy of Errors.

What did they give each other?

Measure for Measure.

What did their friends say?

All's Well That Ends Well.

## French.

Leach, '23: "Otez votre pied Monsieur," "Take off your foot, sir."

Clark, '23: "Jetant a la fois ses yeux," "Throwing at the same time his eyes."

Prof.: "What do you find the hardest part of the Bible?"

Student: "The book about work."

"What is the name of it?"

"It's called Job."—Virginia Reel.

Miss Webster, while criticizing Virgil translation: "Oh! How stupid Aeneas was, trying to argue with cr-zy—hysterical Dido.



## WEATHER

### Fair and Bolder "Bunny Ring"

# THE B. H. S.

VOLUME I

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

## SPRING PASTIMES.

Spring is here at last. Coach Fat Dunphy has issued a call for candidates for the marble team. Among those out are, Blondie Hobbs, Pudd Williams, Birdie Baldwin, Sheik Laite and other well known characters around school. Bangor High stands a fair show to win the state championship this year as most of last year's team, as well as a lot of freshmen are out for practice. In fact, Coach Dunphy is so sure they will, that he says if they don't, he will start to reduce right away, and we all will admit that that is some promise for him to make.

### Latest!

A dark horse has just appeared in the form of Chucky Knowles, who admits that he was quite a professional in his Grammar school days.

## Questions for Debating In English Classes:

Resolved: I should have stayed in bed today instead of coming to school.

That, from now on, I should

## B. H. S. STUDENT

## HAS CLOSE SHAVE

### Experience of Art Hicks Heard by Dub Reporter

The story runs something like this: "I needed a shave so badly people were calling me 'Ted' Haines, so I mounted my front doorsteps with a manly stride and into the house. I own a safety razor, but its cylinders are full of carbon and it needs to be retired, so I hunted until I found my father's hoe, which is not stretching the truth a bit, as I mowed the lawn with it just yesterday.

"The next obstacle in my path was to sharpen the old sword, so I went out into the garage and ground a few of the nicks out of it, so as to make it appear less like a saw. After I had performed this task, I dug around until I could borrow a razor strop, tied it to the piano and soon

take comebacks as a gift and thank the teacher from whencecometh.

When I get sent to the office I shall take out my gum.

In Assembly, I should try

had a motion like that of the barber but I cut that strop up into so many pieces it looked like a tooth brush.

"I tried it on one of my curly locks and, seeing that it would cut this, I next patted myself on the back, threw a bouquet at ego and braced my snowshoes for the first step in the art of becoming a man. I raised the sickle to where the hay was the thickest and gave a quick pull. To my surprise, I found that I not only had taken some of the fuzz off my face, but part of my jaw, and had pointed my chin so that I'm afraid to run around the corners I am so afraid of stalling somebody. I am now suffering lockjaw, so my advice to you, Jack Rideout, is when you get old enough to shave, let the barber do it."

and get the drift of what is being said and done.

At recess, I should give the boys selling Needhams an extra nickel, as they are not making enough.



# TATLER

MARCH, 1923

NUMBER 5

SPECIAL

Hoss=Trot  
To=Nite

## OLD TIME BURGLER IS BAFFLED

My, but didn't the fresh air seem good to him after being in jail for the last ten years. As he walked up the street of a large city, he remembered why he had received ten years. Such a nice way to get money! But still, was it worth ten more years of his life?

"No," he said, again and again, "it is not worth it," but as the day grew on, and he passed people with nice clothes, rings, and fine cars, he wondered and thought that perhaps it would be nice to have some of these luxuries himself.

At last, he concluded that this very night near midnight, he would take the chance. That afternoon and evening, as he walked through the streets, he dreamed of his past adventures; of the night he and another bad yegg had blown a city national bank; of the time he held up a train singlehanded, and made his escape with \$40,000; and many other such events, until he at last slipped, as all do, sooner or later, and was sent up. Yes, once he was considered the hardest and best "wit der safes," as there was in Chicago at the time.

As he gazed into a large window, he saw himself reflected. He was white and thin, and his eyes blinked a great deal, all of which would not help in tonight's exploit.

At around eleven, we find him walking up one of the richest streets in the city, carefully looking over different houses, getting the "lay of the land." After a great deal of foresight, he at last finds a large house just suited to his taste, and with a stealthy, noiseless gait, he reaches the foot of the conductor pipe and here mumbles a soft prayer.

By working with all his might, he reaches a first story window. He takes out a dilapidated old burglar's lantern and peers through the window. Ah, Ha! he sees the very thing—a small safe, probably a safe for only jewels. He succeeds in raising the window and walks across the room. He grasps the combination handle and turns it, but his ears fail to hear the clicks. He sees another handle much to his surprise and turns this. A light is flashed on.

Thinking somebody has caught him in the act, he

shouts, "Who's there?"

The answer comes—W. J. Z. Newark, New Jersey, announcing Uncle Giggley's Bed Time Stories, by etc.

## SPORTING DIPS

Don't fail to see "Spark Plug" race on the grand circuit at City Hall.

Hear Burdette O'Connor's speech on "How I Tuned in With Africa Last Night."

Fred Fogg, the "boy who was born on skis," will loop the loop and do a few tail spins at the ski jump, next summer. (If weather permits).

We see "Red" Crimmin is now getting his arm in trim for the coming baseball season by throwing chalk and erasers.

"Patrick Henry" McCarthy will render us a selection at City Hall, before long. Don't miss it, because it will be well worth the price of admission.

Found: A five dollar bill. Owner may try and get the same by proving property. Box X23, care Tatler.

Wanted: A girl who can dance, cook, earn her board and take in washings, by "Joe" Lobley.



## AMUSEMENTS

Ask Anybody

Why ???

209 is so Popular.

First Class Lessons

in

Doing Your Duty,

A. Burpee.

Don't Fail to See

E. Dearborn, '26,

rescued by

The Gallant Knight,

in the Gym,

sometime between

9 and 10 A. M.

A REWARD

Will be given to

those pupils in

110 who forget

to be late for the

next two weeks.

MARCH, 1923.

## El Palacio de B. H. S.

LATEST COMEDIES  
and  
HIGH CLASS VAUDEVILLES,  
from  
8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

**A** Jo Patterson  
in  
"THE BEAU CATCHER."

**B** —DUET—  
"When We Were a Couple of Kids,"  
Sung by M. N., '26 and M. S., '25.

**C** —SPECIAL—  
Ralph Littlefield  
Starring  
in  
"CONCEIT."  
Music Furnished by Reginald Wilson's  
Brass Band.

**D** —LECTURE—  
By Donald Allen, '24,  
"THE MAKING OF A MAN,"  
Assembly Hall.

**E** COME and SEE  
Mr. Search's  
Famous Athlete  
in  
"THE FISH'S GLIDE."  
F. Webber, '26.

## AMUSEMENTS

Don't forget to see  
"BOB" SMITH  
in  
"The Fly Catcher,"  
Between 12 P. M.  
and 5 P. M.,  
All this Week.

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To hear  
Carl Larson,  
Bangor's Noted  
Violinist.

What is the  
Attraction in 205  
for a Senior like  
M. Robinson, '23?

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"Tatler"

# BHS SNAP SHOTS

WHY DOES JOHN LARGAY  
SUDDENLY LOSE HIS  
BOOKS WHEN  
HE'S IN  
201?



AN EFFORT TO PLANT THE K.K.K.  
ON MISS. D—'S BACK  
FAILED IN  
— 209! —

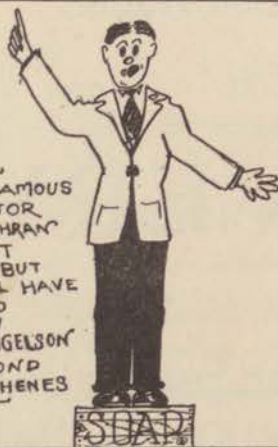


IVE  
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my wood!

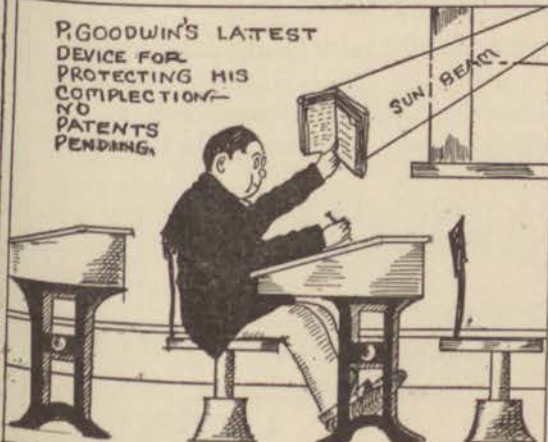


A  
TRAGEDY  
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1 ACT  
S. RUDMAN  
IN  
ENGLISH

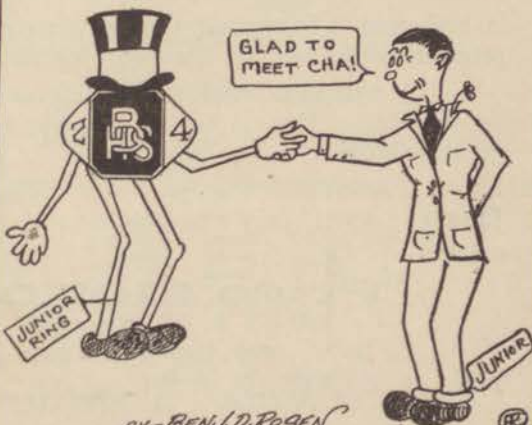
OUR FAMOUS  
ORATOR  
BOB COCHRAN  
HAS LEFT  
SCHOOL, BUT  
WE STILL HAVE  
OUR OLD  
STANDBY  
JACK BIGELSON  
THE BLOND  
DEMOSTHENES



P. GOODWIN'S LATEST  
DEVICE FOR  
PROTECTING HIS  
COMPLEXION—  
NO  
PATENTS  
PENDING.



GLAD TO  
MEET CHA!



BY—BEN L. D. ROSEN



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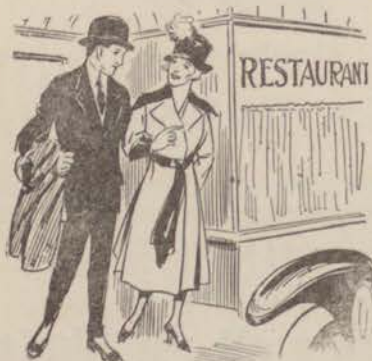
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