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A SCENE AT LUCERNE-IN-MAINE

March, 1926

Junior Exhibition Number

The New Fashions Are Ready For a Glorious Easter and Thereafter

Never before such an array of lovely fashions as will greet your eyes this Easter. Never such grace of line, such simple perfection of treatment. And whether your selection consists of only a simple tailored suit or a complete spring wardrobe, we shall be delighted to serve you. Everything for Easter and after, in clothes for sports, daytime and festive occasions---accessories of every description---come and choose! You will find it a decided pleasure.

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GEO. C. DORR, Mgr.

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MARCH, 1926

NO. 6

The Oracle Board

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Who's Who

in

The Junior Exhibition



MISS MARJORIE R. GREENE

Our former popular teacher of expression and a graduate of the Leland Powers School of Expression in Boston, left Bangor High to take up duties at the new Dalton High School at Dalton, Massachusetts. We wish her the best success in her new position.

MISS DORIS PLAISTED

Miss Greene's successor is Miss Doris Plaisted, an alumna of B. H. S. and of Emerson School of Oratory. We welcome Miss Plaisted and promise her our loyal support.





GERTRUDE KNOWLES

Selection: Here Comes the Bride.

Everyone was glad when this charming girl won a place in the Exhibition. Gertrude is very quiet, but "still waters run deep." We wish her all the luck in the world.

HENRY SAMWAY

Selection: The Rider of the Black Horse.

Henry is prominent in athletics and is president of his class. He is also a good student. Good Luck, Henry.



**ROSAMOND TAYLOR**

Selection: The Lion and the Mouse.

Rosamond is a true-blue friend and is also very popular. If you have heard her say the "Highwayman," and have looked at her picture you know why.

BRUCE E. CUNNINGHAM

Selection: Jean Val Jean.

Bruce is the crack debater and orator of his class, as well as Business Manager of the *Oracle*. But in spite of these things he found time to get into Junior Exhibition.





PAULINE McLAUGHLIN

Selection: The Theatrical Sensation of Springtime.

Pauline is jolly and full of fun. She is a clever debater and was a member of the Snapdragons in her freshman year. With this training and her natural ability, she easily made the Exhibition.

CHARLES BRAGG

Selection: An Encounter with an Interviewer.

Here we have an A No. 1 student. Charles is certainly some boy when it comes to studies. Keep it up, Charlie.





STELLA OSBORNE

Selection: The Trial Scene from "To Have and To Hold."

This talented girl surely deserves her place in the Exhibition, for to secure it she travelled the frozen regions of the North with a "grinning corpse," and cremated Sam Magee.

W. DANFORTH HAYES

Selection: The War of Righteousness.

We weren't surprised to hear that Dan was chosen for Exhibition. He has always been a good student and speaker. Dan is Assistant Literary Editor of the *Oracle*.





MARGARET HATHORNE

Selection: A Song of the Market Place.

This girl has a clear, beautiful voice and a stage personality, which always holds the attention of the audience. Margaret's greatest worry is that singing will come in her study-period.

HAROLD ROBINSON

Selection: Gentlemen, the King.

Ever since he entered B. H. S. Harold has been very popular. His many friends wish him luck in the coming Junior Exhibition.





NOT THE SAME OLD WAY

A young fellow was visiting in the country for the first time, where there were only the main road and the cross-road. He had come from the city where one could travel in circles and on different streets and thus avoid returning home by the same way of departure. It was not so strange then that he should say to his cousin after a walk to a neighbor's a few miles up the road, "Come on, let's not go home the same old way we came—let's go around some way so we can see something different!" But in the particular case, the other way was not yet constructed.

We know that patronizers of the *Oracle* do not want the same old way; they want something new: and all that is good, for it keeps us from being satisfied with traveling in the same old rut. Although an impending debt has had its depressing effect at times, we are glad, indeed, that we have been enabled to keep contents within cover and at the same time, to make a few variations.

This month is the time of the year when the Juniors shine forth in the lime-light at the Junior Exhibition. We have purposely included with those who take part in the Exhibition; the pictures of Miss Greene and her successor, Miss Plaisted, in our Who's Who department. Those who have an interest in music will be pleased to know that henceforth a special department will be reserved for it. It is hoped that through this department a just service may be rendered to this activity of which we

are all more than proud. Through the courtesy of the Lucerne-In-Maine publicity department, we are able to have this unusual picture free from any expense to us. Some of the Seniors will recognize themselves or their classmates, no question about that. What next?—can't tell!

THAT \$299.88.

What is it? It's what we have been working together so earnestly for the last month to blot out—the deficit on last year's publication of the *Oracle*.

While this issue is going to press, no satisfactory statement of what has been done can be given, but next month such a statement will appear. We wish to say, however, that a fair amount of this \$299.88 has been raised, but by no means all.

Splendid Yankee school spirit which always rises in time of need has been with us. Such burdens to bear, often do us good. Let us hope that the heat of our toil has welded more solidly our chain of united friendship and common interests. Only a little more effort now and that \$299.88 will be a minus quantity.

ORACLE BOX

We wish to call your attention to the new *Oracle* Box, just outside the library door. All contributors to the magazine will please put their material in this receptacle. We certainly hope this box will be used, but not ab-used.

WHO LAUGHED FIRST

At an open forum, the speaker was asked the question, "Can you tell me why boys act so foolishly?" And his reply was, "I suppose that some boys are foolish for the same reasons that apply to some girls."

Now this speaker did not give complete satisfaction possibly, for he did not tell why some girls act foolishly. But the following true incident will make plain the reason.

It was in school and when everybody should have been busy at work that two girls were reprimanded by the teacher for giggling. Said the teacher to the one, "Why are you acting so foolishly?" And after some more violent laughter, this one gave her only reason, "I laughed because Mildred laughed."

The reason, therefore, for the foolish actions of both some boys and some girls may be considered together: And in public places and in assemblies, where such annoying actions are very obnoxious, the reason is usually the thoughtless act of some boy or girl who forgets where he or she is and what the proper conduct should be.

Fun and even foolishness would be a blessing for some too serious minds just for a change; but everything has its time and place. Such unbridled actions as some are apt to commit in our assemblies are as out of place as a milking stool before a piano.

The following sound reasoning on this matter, which is an extract from an editorial of one of the magazines on our exchange, cannot be improved upon, and the Editor happens to be not a boy.

"Truly, our high scholastic attainment would avail us little if, coupled with this, we could not have the reputation of being courteous and considerate in our every action. The greatest opportunity we have of bringing either credit or dishonor to our school occurs when a speaker comes to our platform to address us, assembled. Then it is that we must choose aright and act to the glory of our school. To give the speaker

our thoughtful and earnest attention is all that is necessary. If this is done, he will understand our appreciation without needing to thrust it upon him by excessive applause; too much clapping is not in good taste. Again, no lecturer comes to us with such a message that we are forced to laugh at things not meant for us to laugh at. We should try to look at things as the speaker himself is looking at them; if we do this, we cannot err. The co-operation of each one of us is necessary to a worthy reputation of the whole. Are you co-operating?"

LUCERNE IN MAINE

The salesman who has the best product on the market to sell has little worry about disposing of it. He has simply to tell what he has, and the bargain seekers buy. As salesmen for what our state of Maine has to offer to the people, we citizens feel quite safe in saying that we have some of the best in the line of resorts for those who are seeking rest, recreation, or sport.

Without a doubt, the most extensive undertaking for the development of a "natural country club community" is centered in the Phillips Lake country, now known as Lucerne-in-Maine. This is seven thousand acres of Maine's best mixture of forest, hills and lakes, lying along the Lafayette National Highway in Hancock County. One of the unique ideas of the enterprise is the construction of log lodges. Engineers are at work laying out a golf course and airplane field, etc. It is hoped that every requirement for healthful outdoor recreation may be met.

We are interested in this proposition because it is strictly a Maine product and can only be used and enjoyed by those who are interested enough to come and see what we have. We welcome our young student friends to our summer resorts, and we are not so sure but what our winter sports may entice you too.



Tom Swift and His Radio-Controlled Football

(With apologies to Victor Appleton)

"Well, Tom, I thought you were going to take a rest after your strenuous time in the land of giants," said his chum Ned Not-in. (To all my readers who have not heard about this adventure of our friend, Tom Swift, I will now explain. Tom and his friends, Ned Not-in and Mr. Demon discovered the land of giants situated in a yet undiscovered part of the world. Here, after a long and hard struggle, they quickly captured the whole race of giants, but because of limited space in their two-passenger airship, they could bring back but one specimen, named Coo-coo.)

"I did intend to rest, Ned, but the other day when I was testing my collapsible airship (this airship, although a distinct success, had one trifling fault; it sometimes collapsed in mid-air) I saw a football game and I was disgusted at its roughness. I am sure it would be very interesting if played scientifically, so I have decided to invent a radio-controlled football."

"Have you sold many of your electric steamships yet?" asked Ned. (This invention of Tom's won him much fame, for he was the first man to invent a steam-ship which ran by electricity. However, as he built it in his shops near his home, he was unable to float it).

"No," replied Tom, "since I arrived home from my trip to the North Pole, I haven't built very many ships. (On this trip, Tom not only proved that Peary was wrong, but discovered the true North Pole himself. To prove this, he brought home the pole. It is

now in the Museum in New York, and celebrated scientists declare that it was carved by the ancient Egyptians, but was probably stolen from them by the Esquimaux. Now copies of the North Pole decorate every barber shop in the world, as a tribute to Tom's wonderful exploit).

"But tell me about the football that you are inventing!" exclaimed Ned Not-in.

"Well," replied Tom Swift, "as I said before, I dislike the brutality displayed on a football field, as well as the bone-head plays evolved by the quarterback. I want to use science. My football is controlled by radio waves. Each man on the opposing teams is supplied with a radio set. The players may sit in chairs on their goal lines and the ball is placed in the center of the field. The side which gets the kick-off may start operating their sets three seconds before the other side starts. The radio waves strike the ball and push it along. The players will be given a five-minute respite in the middle of the game, in order to rest their fingers. Of course, this will necessitate a slight change in rules, but will make the game infinitely more interesting."

"Tom you're a wonder!" exclaimed his friend.

"Oh, no, I'm no wonder," replied Tom modestly, "but I admit that I'm pretty clever."

Needless to say, Tom's football won him new glory, for every football player in America said that it was the best thing yet, although it changed the game slightly. Of course, while Tom was inventing it he had the usual adven-

tures; the plans were stolen the usual number of times, but in the end he caught the thief, and after remonstrating with him severely, Tom let him go free, as usual.

Now let us say goodbye to our young inventor until he appears in the next volume of this series, Tom Swift and his Giant Yegg-beater.



His Last Call

By Edna Sullivan, '27

A rather oldish man sat on the high seat of the fire-team. His shoulders were rounded and his head drooped forward.

This was the last time that he, Frank Johnston, would exercise his horses, for tomorrow the new fire-truck would arrive and besides he had passed in his resignation. He was too old.

He, the man who had been the first at a fire when the city had only volunteer firemen; he who had been a leader, the first man to drive the span of white horses down the street,—the first pair purchased by the city,—their heads held high, and lifting their heels as daintily as any young lady. He was too old.

But listen! the fire-bells are ringing. He stopped his horses pausing only long enough to get the number.

The number was twenty-three, corner of Tremont and Chatam Streets. It would probably be his last call.

Slapping his horses lightly with the reins,—for they knew the sound of the fire-bells and were as eager to be off as he,—he started up the street, his horses galloping and their well

kept white manes flying in the breeze. (I say well kept because Frank Johnston was as proud of his horses as a man could be and kept them accordingly.)

He turned the corner where the fire was. Many people were there even then. Suddenly a small child darted from the crowd to cross the street.

Down the street the horses came galloping. The child was but a few feet away from them. A moan went up from the crowd, everyone seemed paralyzed.

Johnston pulled the reins sharply with almost superhuman strength. The horses were drawn down to their haunches. Johnston was thrown forward from the high seat to the ground.

Willing hands now held the heads of the terrified horses and eager hands had drawn the little child safely to the sidewalk.

The crowd pushed forward to where Johnston lay. A man bent down and looked at him. Then he arose and shook his head with the tears standing unashamed in his eyes. Frank Johnston had answered his last call.



Wolf, a Hero

By Pauline Brown, '29

Last Spring when Alaska was stricken with diphtheria, among the smaller towns having the dread disease was Jarvis, far in the northern corner of Alaska. Antitoxin had been rushed from the States, and by means of steamer, train and even airship it now lay in Tenakee

one hundred miles from Jarvis.

The last stage of the journey fell to Tom McGregor and his dog team. Tom was chosen because his team was the fastest in Tenakee and he knew the trail. Tom was an old man but his courage had never failed him and a

man needed a brave heart who attempted to go through the mountains one hundred miles at that time of year.

The leader of his team was Wolf, a dog inheriting wolf and fighting Scottish collie blood. Tom had found the dog when but a puppy and had raised him. Wolf was more than a dog to Tom. He was pal, friend and companion. Wolf now full grown was long and sinewy with beautiful symmetry of body.

One cold clear morning when one's breath hung motionless in the crisp air and the snow was like shifting powder, Tom started with the antitoxin to save seventy-five lives in Javis. Among the cheers of the few inhabitants of Tenakee the team swung down the clearly defined trail.

For twenty miles they went making good time. A little later Tom stopped the team and led them down a hill. This was a short cut that only Tom knew about and would save nearly seven miles.

The traveling was rougher and the team slowed up considerably. They came to the edge of a frozen stream and without hesitation Tom sent the dogs over it. Near the center of the stream the ice broke with a sharp crack and the dogs were plunged into the icy waters. At the first crack Tom lunged forward and as the ice gave beneath his weight his right ankle gave a sickening twist. He managed to free the dogs and the snarling mass crawled to safety. The sledge with its precious burden by some chance hung on the edge of the ice and was caught there. Tom, half frozen, pulled himself to safe ice. He tried to rise but his ankle was broken and he sank back groaning.

He crawled to the edge of the stream and lay exhausted beside the shivering dogs. He felt in his pocket and took out the oilsilk bag he always carried. In it he had a few matches, salt, a can of condensed soup, wire, etc. After half an hour of hard work he persuaded a small fire to burn. He fed it with bits from a fallen nearby pine tree and even managed to drag some of the larger pieces to the fire.

Although the pain in his foot and leg was intense he did not worry over himself. As long

as he could keep the fire burning he would not freeze and he had some water soaked hard-tack drying on sticks before the fire. He had bound some cloth tightly around his ankle and the pain was not quite so acute.

As Tom lay there his thoughts were bitter. No one would ever find him because he was the only man in these parts who knew about the short-cut. It would be a month at least before he would be searched for and then if anyone chanced to find the sledge it would probably be too late to save Javis. His musings broke off suddenly. Wolf was standing beside his master looking sorrowfully at him. Tom fondled the dog and said sadly, "Well, old boy, it's all up with us."

Tom stared at the fire a while in silence. Suddenly he spoke in a voice that made all the dogs jump. "Wolfie, could you, could you do it?"

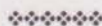
He again took out the oilsilk bag and searched until he found the paper that the salt was done up in. He smoothed it out and with a piece of charred wood from the fire traced in straggley letters the word, "help," and underneath it he wrote, "Tom." He then emptied the bag of its other contents and placed the paper in it. He called Wolf to him and tied the bag around his neck. He spoke to the dog, "Wolf, it's up to you. Now go! Home Wolf, old pal, home!" The dog hesitated and with a short howl disappeared into the night.

Tom slept, and at noon the next day he heard shouts, and approaching him were a number of men with sleds. Running alongside to show the way was Wolf.

After Tom had been made comfortable Bill Hopkins the storekeeper in Tenakee told his story. "Wal, I had jest waited on old Mrs. Hicks late last night and I was jest goin' to shut up the store when in through the door come the funniest lookin' dawg I ever seen. His fur was all frosted an' his tongue hung way out on' his paws was all bleedin' like. Wal, I looked and looked and finally recognized him to be Wolf, your lead dawg an' I sez to myself, 'Bill, somethin' 'as happened to Tom.' So I stepped up to Wolf an' gave him

some water an I noticed that bag around his neck. I read your message. I done Wolf's feet up, made up a party an' we started early next mornin.' Wolf ran along side to show us the way and here we be." Turning to Jim,

the halfbreed, he said, "Go git that sled down on the ice, Jim. Take Tom's dogs and start for Jarvis but you'll have to get another lead dawg 'cause Wolfie here deserves a rest."



Tom Brown Spends the Christmas Holidays at Home

By Lawrence A. Mann, '27

Those of you who have read "Tom Brown's School Days" no doubt remember that at the end of the first half of the school year, Tom comes home from Rugby to spend the holidays. At the beginning of the next chapter in the book, Tom is represented as being back at the school. Now how is the gap to be filled? How did Tom spend the holidays? If the author of the book were living to-day, he would not need to offer apologies, for he has certainly told us about Tom Brown *at school*. However, I will now tell you how Tom spent the Christmas holidays at home.

During the first part of the holidays, Tom Brown had great times with his old friends, the village boys. They had taken walks through the woods, and had enjoyed the sliding on a neighboring hill, and once, when the weather had been cold enough to freeze the pond, they had gone skating.

But now came the Gala Day, Christmas. On that day, the Squire was entertaining all of Tom's village friends. They were all to come up and celebrate the entire day at his home. The boys met Tom there early Christmas Morning, and, according to the custom of the times, they went forth into the streets of the town and sang Christmas Carols at the different houses. They came back late in the morning, and played games until dinner.

What a dinner it was! Evidently the Squire intended to outdo himself, for the best turkeys that he could get had been prepared for the feast. The richest of cakes, the choicest of vegetables, the rarest of nuts, in fact, every-

thing that could make the feast what a Christmas feast should be. The boys were all hungry and they ate as much as they could, but they did not seem to be able to diminish the food supply, for as soon as the tables began to look bare, fresh dishes were brought in. Lastly, came the great plum-pudding. O! that wonderful English plum-pudding! What feast could be complete without one, and especially on such a day as Christmas. After each one had eaten as much as he could, they sat back in their chairs and told all kinds of stories.

The Squire and his wife were eating in another room. They heard all of these stories and had many a hearty laugh over them. Wise Squire, you probably would not have helped the party with your presence. Indeed you might have embarrassed some of the boys so much that it would have spoiled their good time.

The boys remained at the table most of the afternoon, and when they finally did get up, you may be sure they did not feel too frisky. So, they sat idly around in the spacious library of the place, and Tom once more told them about his experiences at school.

Next came the evening and with it, the dismantling of the Christmas tree, (for the Squire had set up an exceptionally large tree in the room, and on it there were gifts for all.) So, every boy received a present, and many indeed were the various expressions of happiness and gratefulness to the Squire.

Later in the evening, the Squire kept the boys interested with a number of stories which

(Continued on page 20)



Bernice Smith, B. H. S., '17, U. of M., '22, is taking her master's degree at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. For a year she was librarian and teacher of English at the Fairhaven, Mass. High School. Later she taught English and Physical Culture at the Reading, Mass. High School.

Gretchen Hayes was the only student out of a class of sixty-three to receive the rank of "A" in An Ancient Civilization at the University of Maine.

Our new expression teacher is an alumna of our school. Miss Doris Plaisted graduated from B. H. S. in the class of '19, and afterward attended the Emerson School of Oratory, from which she graduated in 1923. While at Emerson she made an exclusive study of the line of work she will teach here and took the full four year course leading to the Degree of Bachelor of Literary Interpretation. We are pleased to welcome her as a member of the Bangor High School Faculty.

Among the initiates in Theta Chapter, Delta Kappa Epsilon at the 82nd annual initiation at Bowdoin were: Harvey Boyd, Philip Smith, William Snow and John Townsend. These boys all graduated from B. H. S. in the class of '25.

George Barakat, a senior at Bowdoin College, is among the students whose names appeared on the Dean's list recently published at that college.

Philip Smith, '25, is trying out for the Bowdoin baseball team.

The bulletin of the National Board of Medical Examiners for January, 1926, says of a Bangor man: "Dr. James C. McCann of Harvard University Medical School, who graduated from Harvard in June 1924, has been on

the honor list of the National Board of Medical Examiners twice during the past year. He was No. 8 in part one in February, and No. 2 in part two in September." The achievement of Dr. McCann is a real one when we consider the number of medical examiners in the country and it reflects honor upon Bangor High School.

Dean W. J. Creamer, Dean of the College of Technology at the U. of M., has been made a member of the faculty committee which has charge of the Radio broadcasting concerts.

Carl P. Ring, running under the color of New York A. C. went as far as the semi-finals of the forty-five yard high hurdle race in the B. A. A. track events before being eliminated.

John W. Tarbell, was a member of the Bowdoin relay team which ran in the B. A. A. Games. In the trials before the meet Tarbell not only won the Augusta cup which is awarded every year to the man making the fastest time in the B. A. A. trials but also broke the former Bowdoin record.

Marion Blaisdell, a student at Farmington Normal School, is a member of the Student Council and takes the part of the heroine of the school play which is to be given in March.

Vernon H. Somers has been awarded the varsity "M" and a "shingle" for the work he accomplished at the Demar Match, Camp Perry, Ohio in 1923 when Somers won the world's championship against competition from all parts of the world in the small arms shoot by the Athletic Council of the University of Maine. This is the first letter ever to be awarded by the athletic council to any member of the rifle team and its award to Somers is considered a distinct honor. He is now a senior.

ATHLETICS



Following THE TEAM WITH "BUD" BERRY

— BOULE CUNNINGHAM —

FOLLOWING THE TEAM

The Crimson quintet won their second game from Old Town H. S., in the B. H. S. gym., Wed. nite, Feb. 10, by an easy score of 29-13.

Old Town started off fast but their spurt was short lived. Capt. Turner, Chapman and Hickson soon got going and after that the game resembled Ping-Pong.

The first period was easy for Bangor, ending 11-3. The Crimson jerseyed lads went completely wild the second period and ran the score up 22-4.

The third stanza Bangor took a nap and fed the ball to the O. T. boys, who managed to drop the leather thru the net two whole times. Between winks the Crimson scored 4 more points. Score: 26-8.

The final period, a rush of Bangor subs went into the game and scored 2 points to 5 for O. T. H. S., the final score being 29-13.

Coach Trowell used twelve men in this game, giving the Crimson regulars a chance to rest.

Turner, Chapman and Hickson were Bangor's shining lights. While as usual L. Lait was the "team" from O. T. H. S.

S. P. H. S., 20; B. H. S., 18

Bangor High School lost a heart-breaking game from South Portland High School's "wonder team" in City Hall, Fri. nite, Feb. 13, by two little, mean points.

The Crimson putting up its' best battle so far this season, forced the playing all the way.

The Red and White led 8-4 at the quarter, 13-9 at half-time, 17-11 at the beginning of the last stanza only to lose in the last 30 seconds of play 20-18.

The game was the roughest amateur game played on this floor for some time. Frequent injuries resulted in many "time outs" and many substitutions.

South Portland sure has developed a "wonder team," which is far ahead of any team seen here this season. Composed of tall, rangy boys, who go up in the air after the ball, they present a quintet which should clean up the Bates Tournament.

"Packer" McClay pulled the prettiest play of the game, when single-handed, he broke up a play under his own basket, dribbled the length of the floor and looped the apple for a pretty two points.

The game might have resulted different had "Chink" Chapman, the gritty, featherweight guard been up to his usual standard. For the first time this year "Chink" slumped, and his sensational playing was badly missed.

Capt. Turner, Hickson and McClay were the "works" for Bangor. Turner was high man of the contest with ten points.

Hickson's passing and floor work were pretty to watch and his overhead shots were sensational.

Hines and Lord of S. Portland were the big stars of the evening. their work bordering on the sensational.

B. H. S., 24; E. L. H. S. 26

The Crimson lost another spirit breaking game by two points, to Edward Little H. S. at Auburn, Friday, Feb. 20, the final count being 26-24.

As usual Bangor led by a scant margin, for 3 periods, 7 minutes and 30 seconds, then Capt. Huston broke up the game with a pretty basket from the center of the hall.

This victory over B. H. S., was the "Eddies"; fourteenth consecutive victory this season, breaking a record held by that school for six years.

Turner, Chapman and McClay, starred for Bangor. "Chink" Chapman being mentioned by a Portland paper as the best defensive player seen on that floor this season.

B. H. S. 9; THORNTON A., 11

Chapter III in the TWO POINT CONTEST.

Bangor High again went down to defeat by a margin of two points, at the hands of Thornton Academy at Saco, Saturday, Feb. 21, the score being 11-9.

Neither team fattened its' scoring average as the score indicates.

The Crimson forwards did not score at all.

Three fouls for Hickson, a basket and a foul apiece for Chapman and McClay, counted for the nine points that Bangor gathered.

The Crimson evidently left its' eye for the basket home in Bangor, as the

very poor shooting was responsible for the defeat.

B. H. S., 27; L. H. S., 10

At last Bangor broke away from its' two points jinx and easily defeated Jordan High of Lewiston, Friday, Feb. 26, in City Hall, by a 27-10 score.

The Crimson loafed thru three periods of poor basketball, and then retired, leaving the stage to about 172 substitutes from both teams.

From then on the game was a riot, causing the audience to go into hysterics of laughter.

B. H. S., 16; CONY H. S., 20

Bangor lost the final game of the season to Cony High of Augusta, 20-16, in City Hall, Friday, March 5.

This was the best game of the season, and was played before the largest crowd to attend City Hall this year.

The game was the roughest and the hardest fought here for some time, with ten slashes counting for one first down.

The Cony team was nearly perfect on long shots and they scored point after point from way past the center of the court.

On the other hand, the Crimson missed many easy chances to score, mostly because of over-anxiousness.

The game see-sawed back and forth, all the way, the outcome at all times being in doubt.

Cony led 6-3 at the quarter, 8-5 at half time, 16-15 at the fourth quarter, then Overlock dropped in two pretty baskets to win 20-16.

Trask, Overlock and Stiles, starred for Cony, while Hickson, Turner and Samway were the big noise for the locals.

"Hen" Samways' spirited entrance into the game the third period, braced the Crimson up and gave them new courage.

Although not much has been said of the girls team this year, they certainly should be mentioned.

They have won ten consecutive victories to date and have yet to be defeated. With wins over H. C. I., Dexter, Brewer, Orono, Hampden, etc. the local sextet has a good claim on championship honors in this part of the state.

Well, the Crimson has finished a hard fifteen game schedule with the best teams in the state and has won seven and lost eight.

According to statistics, this does not look so good, but when one figures the standing of the Crimson's opponents and the slim margins by which they have been beaten, the Red and White quintet stands out as one of the best in the state.

Bangor High School was picked for the U. of M. Tournament on well deserved merits, as it is surely the best team in Penobscot County.

Now comes kick from Winslow H. S., which claims that its team should represent the county by virtue of its record.

Winslow does not stop to consider the fact that Bangor plays teams completely out of Winslow's class.

Bangor could play teams such as Mugwump Academy, etc., and win by enormous scores the same as Winslow. The question is, "How long would Winslow last playing teams such as S. P. H. S., E. L. H. S., etc.?"

Come Winslow take your defeat like sports, and admit that the best team is representing the county.

THE U. OF M. TOURNAMENT

B. H. S., 31; F. F. H. S., 19

Bangor H. S. started off with an easy win, 31-19 over Fort Fairfield H. S., Friday morning, March 12, in Alumni Hall, U. of M.

This game gave the Crimson revenge on F. F. H. S., which eliminated B. H. S. two years ago at the Tournament.

The Crimson entered the tournament as a dark horse, with even its' most faithful backers expecting a defeat.

The game with F. F. H. S., was a very easy win, the Crimson running up a large score at the start of the game, and it's lead was never threatened.

Paul Hickson was the big star of the contest, his spectacular over head shots keeping the galleries open mouthed.

BANGOR 18; CONY H. S., 16

Bangor H. S., again upset the dope when they took the fast Cony High quintet into camp by a close 18-16 score.

This was the second team that Bangor eliminated although they took the floor with Cony a heavy favorite.

The Crimson displayed the same spirited game which they had against F. F. H. S. in the morning.

This game was easily the best high school game of the Tournament. Both teams fought desperately and the final score was always in doubt.

Cony staged a last two minute rally, after Capt. Turner was removed from the game on personals, and for a few seconds things were red hot.

"Packer" McClay then saved the game by using the old "bean." Packer kept his "mitts" on the ball and caused the referee to order jump ball about six times, thus using a lot of valuable time.

Cony, sensational long shots which defeated Jonesport and also beat the Crimson, a week before in City Hall, were way off, this game, and Cony couldn't break thru Bangor's five man defense and take a short shot.

Anyway this gave B. H. S. a sweet revenge over the defeat by Cony a week ago, in City hall, 20-16.

THE GRAND FINALE

B. H. S., 33; H. H. S., 26

Bangor High School eliminated Houlton High School in the finals of the U. of M. Tournament by a score of 33-26, therefore winning the Championship Cup, and the Championship of Eastern and Northern Maine.

To begin with, Capt. Turner, Hickson and Samway, Samway, Samway, counted in quick succession for Bangor. Houlton then called a "Board of Directors Meeting," which didn't do any good, for when play was resumed, Hickson and Samway each counted again, the first stanza ending 14-3, with the Queen City on the long end.

The next period Bangor had everything its' own way, the curtain dropping on a 20-7 score.

The third stanza, the red jerseyed boys raised their total 11 points, while, H. H. S., scraped together 6. Score, 31-13.

The last period was the only interesting one of the game, with Houlton making a desperate spurt.

The audience which had almost gone asleep began to sit up and take notice, then things began to happen.

Capt. Turner was forced from the playing, on personals, and his loss was badly felt.

Houlton then went on a rampage and scored 6 baskets. Bangor called time out and "Chink" Chapman was rushed back into the game. At the resumption of play Hickson scored Bangor's only basket of the period.

Varney of Houlton scored again then good, reliable, old "Packer" got the ball in his hands and it stayed there.

The crowd of 3,000 people then caused the only unpleasantness of the day by their unsportsmanlike booing and hissing. However the time was soon up and Bangor had won another Tournament.

Although Houlton had a nice little team, they were greatly outclassed by the larger and heavier Crimson team and did not stand a chance from the first whistle.

The boys from "Spudland" showed their good sportsmanship, however, by giving a good lusty cheer for Bangor and also by staying on the floor while the Cup was presented.

The beautiful Harmon Cup was presented to Bangor, also a plaque to Capt. Turner and medals to each member of the team.

A telegram was also read inviting B. H. S. to Tuft's Tournament.

FIREWORKS

Well, Well, Well—just maybe that Harmon Cup Doesn't look good with "Bangor High School 1926," engraved on it. As the old farmer said, "Who'd a thunk ut?"

The Crimson certainly came thru much and plenty, sweeping all opposition off its feet.

Coach Eddie Trowell is in line for "congrats." Altho this is only one in many times that B. H. S. has cleaned up, no one expected it this year. Coach Trowell certainly has brought his team around in great shape.

Between the "Kennebec Journal," Winslow H. S., and numerous other papers and schools, Bangor received many kicks, all of them protesting Bangor's entrance into the Tourney.—Queer thing—n'est-ce pas—when such a poor team can walk away with the Tournament.

All of which goes to prove that teams are correctly picked on their playing merits and not on their records.

Hebron School, which defeated C. C. I., in the finals of the prep division, surely had a wonderful team. Their playing and handling of the ball was a treat to watch.

Paul Hickson and "Pick" Turner of B. H. S., were both picked on the "All-Tourney Team" and they certainly deserved their place.

Paul Hickson played the best games of his career and was high point man of the high school division, scoring 31 points, to 11 for his total opponents.

Capt. Turner was second high man with 24 points to his record.

"Hen" Samway, the only letter man left for next year, went "great guns" in the tourney, eging 5 baskets in the Houlton game alone.

"Packer" McClay and "Chink" Chapman both played good, steady games all thru the tourney, and their work was greatly appreciated.

J. O'Loughlin, Walter Scripture and "Mushy" Raichlin, all got into the tournament and played good games.

Between breaths at Orono, most of us got a chance to see the new indoor gym, which was just recently completed and dedicated.

This is the largest indoor gym. in the world and it certainly is a credit to the University of Maine.

As was expected S. P. H. S. won the Bates Tournament, defeating Portland H. S. runner up.

Lewiston H. S. caused the big upset by eliminating E. L. H. S.

A game will now probably be arranged between B. H. S., and S. P. H. S., to decide the State title.

The Crimson's total points, including the Tournament, against its opponents' are: B. H. S., 336—Opponents, 278.

TOM BROWN SPENDS THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS AT HOME

(Continued from page 16)

he told. These stories chiefly concerned himself in his younger days.

Finally, the boys went to their respective homes, after they had unanimously voted this celebration as the best which they had ever enjoyed.

Tom spent the remainder of the holidays in much the same way that he had spent the first part of them. That party, though, which his father had given him, was the chief event which he told his chum, Harry East, when he went back to Rugby.

MELODY IN J

In July, Jonathan J. Jellyroll of Jackson, a jeweler who sells junk, got a jerk in the jaw by a jaunty, juvenile, Japanese jay named Jasper Julius Jenkins, that holds a job in a jubilee joint, but is now in a jolly mood after the joke.

He told the judge, that when he started to jump, the Jap, who wore a jade jacket, jarred him in a jiffy with his jimmy and then jockeyed him out of his jews-harp, jack, and jewelry, then broke his jug full of juniper julep and ran for the adjoining jungle. The judicial jury demand justice on the part of Johnathon and judged that Julius J. Jenkins, the jaunty, juvenile, jaundice Japanese jay be jailed on charge of jeopardizing the life and property of Mr. Jellyroll of Jackson, at the junction of Jefferson and James streets at Jersey City.

MUSIC



What is music? Combarieu says it is the art of thinking in tones." Another person says, "Music is itself." Perhaps only a musician can appreciate that statement. But what does music mean to you? First, let us see what it has meant to others.

"Strike the lyre! Lo! Paradise, with its palaces of inconceivable splendor and its gates of unimaginable glory."—Disraeli.

"Has not Music taken your own turbulent emotions, and expressed them for you in the storm, leaving you sublimely elevated and yet sublimely calm at the close."—Rev. Haweis.

"All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music."—Walter Pater.

"Musical training is of a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret places of the soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace, and making the soul graceful of him who is rightly educated."—Plato.

"Music forces me to forget myself and my true state; it transports me to some other state which is not mine."—Tolstoi.

Surely there must be something to an art which affects men the way it did those quoted above. And now, what does music mean to you? You have thought about it, but cannot express yourself? Well, do not forget that, "of all the arts, music makes the most direct appeal to the emotions and to those shadowy, but real portions of our being called the imagination and the soul." (Spalding) Love, joy, sorrow, hatred,—all are represented in art.

You understand now and proclaim that, after all, music has something for you. It has, or should have, for who is there who does not like, at least some little ditty?

THE BAND AND ORCHESTRA

On Wednesdays, you go to Assembly and hear the Band. On Fridays, you go to Assembly and hear the Orchestra. Of course, it is quite the usual thing. But do you realize what a course in Music Appreciation you would be taking, if you would be attentive to every note played by these Organizations.

Almost anyone, while listening to a musical composition, can tell whether the mood is happy or sad. Having discovered that, the listener should put himself in the best possible receptive-mood. He should give himself up to the spirit of the selection and try to understand its meaning.

Look at these lists, and notice the variety of music you have listened to.

The Band has played this year:

Selections—"Merry Widow," Lehar; "Operatic Medley," Laurendeau; "Campus Memories," Sereby. Overtures—"White Queen," Metra; "Juno," Laurendeau. Concert Numbers—"After Sunset," Pryor; "Adoration," Borowski; "Moonbeams," Clement; "Veronica," Weidt.

The Orchestra has played this year:

Standard Numbers—"Priest's March, from Athalia," Mendelssohn; "Gavotte, from Mignon," Thomas; "Minuet in G," Beethoven. Light Numbers—"Overture, the Forge Master," O'Hare; "LaBelle Gavotte," Granfield; "In the Theater, Mazurka," Manney; "Sylphette," Howland; "Softly Gliding, Waltz," Rayder; "Summer Idyl, Linden Grove," O'Hare; "Stephanie, Gavotte," Czubka; "Intermezzo Russe, Ballet," Franke.

PERSONALS



Raymond White of Class '25, wishes everyone to be informed that he has decided to call himself crow-bar.

Word has been received in this port that three bright boys of B. H. S. are making good in the world. They are employed on the little boat called the "Bon Ton" No. III, running across—to Brewer, L. H. K. '27 oils the propellers and puts grease on everything but the engines. L. E. C. '28, takes care of the chickens which are kept on the top deck. R. Ayer, '27, is exceptionally witty. He steers the old tub and keeps it from running out of drydock where it has been for the last three months.

R. P. W., '26, "What's a plug hat?"

L. H. K., '27, "Your's after I have poked my fist thru it."

FRESHMAN ALPHABET

A is for Anthony, whom we know as "Joe,"
B is for Brown, he gets all A's you know.
C is for Charlton, Ruth vamps them all,
D is for Day, Howard is human by call.
E is for Emple, soon famous to be,
F is for Flynn, a favorite is he.
G is for Gans, in the orchestra plays,
H is for Hurley, he's out for President.
J is for Jordan, in this class we find three,
K is for Kingsbury, a speaker is he.
L is for Lynch, "Bunt" has many friends,
M is for Mullaney, who to lessons attends.
N is for Nelson a chap with a smile,
O is for Ordinary, who has brains in piles.
P is for Poud, his lessons he knows,
R is for Russ, known where ever he goes.
S is for Somers, on her toes she can dance,
T is for Thompson, for all A's has a chance.
V is for Vavadestine, her report can't be beat,

W is for Wilson, her friendship a treat.
Y is for Youngs, there are three in our class,
Z is for Z, which no letter can pass.

SOPHOMORE ALPHABET

A is for Allen, and that is a fact,
B is for Browne, she does not lack tact.
C is for Cayting, who plays on a fiddle,
D is for Day, with whom lessons are a riddle.
E is for Ebbeson, for hours he studies,
F is for Fowler, who has many "Buddies."
G is for Garland, who's fond of his books,
H is for Huot, he'd get by on his looks.
J is for Jones, a Miss who is a blonde,
K is for Kelleher, of Eleanor, we're fond.
L is for Lorimer, in debating she prides,
M is for Meade, to get all A's Stewart tries.
N is for Nason, she's not very old,
P is for Pressey, he's smart we are told.
Q is for Quinn, whose disposition is sweet,
R is for Riley, whom we'd all like to meet.
S is for Spangler, and Betty's smart too,
T is for Thayer, so fond and so true.
W is for Wilde, whose Dad keeps a store,
Y is for Yates, and now there's no more.

JUNIOR ALPHABET

A is for Adams, a prime little lass,
B is for Bragg; at the head of our class.
C is for Cunningham, full of wit we can see,
D is for Delano, a typist is he.
E is for Emple, she writes poems sublime,
F is for Flynn, many friends, Esther finds.
G is for Guth, a girl we surmise,
H is for Hayes, a lad who is wise.
I is for Ivanhoe, a book we've all read.
J is for Jennings, Verna's always ahead,
K is fair Knowles, a girl we think fine,

L is for Leighton, in speaking she shines.
 M is for Merrill, she catches them all,
 N is for Nickerson, he stars in football.
 P is for Powers, and she's popular too,
 R is for Roberts, who's well known to you.
 S is for Scherer, Katherine is her name,
 T is for Taylor, in "The Highwayman" fames,
 W is for Williams, to know her a treat.
 Y is for Yates, he's our star athlete.

GREAT BASKET GAME BETWEEN THE OLD TIMERS AND WE MODERNS

OLD TIMERS, 27

L. G., Cicero, 2 (I)
 R. G., Macbeth, I
 C., Caesar, 6 (4)
 L. F., Methuselah, (I)
 R. F., Anthony, (I)

WE MODERNS, 26

R. F., B. Cunningham, 2 (3)
 L. F., J. Atwood, 4 (3)
 C., C. Bunker, I
 R. G., H. Robinson, 3
 L. G., C. Maynard.

Referee—Doris J. Richardson. Timer—
 Barbara Jordan.

The Old Timers Basket-ball team defeated the Moderns team of Veazie Tech. in a very fast and exciting game of ball, the score being 27-26. The Old Timers had very good teamwork and would probably have overwhelmed the Moderns had their shooting been better. Caesar was the big star of the game, making 6 baskets and 4 fouls. Mr. Jack Atwood played well for losers.

The referee, Miss Doris J. Richardson, was secured to officiate, at a very great expense. She is one of the greatest referees, that *never* played Basket-ball.

Anthony did not play as well as usual, because Cleopatra wasn't there to watch him play. B. Cunningham played a very good game, considering the fact that he didn't want to get his new Sneakers soiled.

A FEMALE RADIO BUG IN B. H. S.

Elisa Ball, '26, is our female radio bug. She knows all radios and says the Crosley and the Ozarka are all right also she names other good ones, but Elisa speaks more of the Atwater-Kent. She cares nothing for the Atwater part of it, the Kent being the only important feature.

HEARD IN ENGLISH

Miss R-b-n-o—"What is it that makes it so difficult to raise corn in Maine?"

G. Robinson, '26, (after thinking it over) "Potato bugs."

A friend—"I don't see how you can sleep in a hard chair, Doris."

D. Richardson—"Oh, you forget that I've spent almost four years in B. H. S."

Rachel Foss has always expressed the wish to go to a Classical Institute, preferably Higgins, but lately she has shown that she prefers "Colburn."

HEARD IN CHEMISTRY

Mr. P-n-e-l. "Take a test-tube and fill it with Carbon-Dioxide."

T. Shea, '26, (after running frantically about the lab. for five minutes) I've looked in every bottle and box and on every tag, but I can't find any Carbon-Dioxide.

NEW INFORMATION

Teacher—"What is the important use of hay?"

B. Eliot, '28—"It is fed to animals and becomes salable in the form of butter and eggs."

P. Mitchell—"What is south of Brazil?"

D. McDonough, '28, "Louisiana."

There were many hearts broken when Mr. P. T. S—ville, left room 306.

DON'T LIGHT MATCHES

**Remember the
CHICAGO FIRE**

THE B. H. S.

SEC

VOLUME IV

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

GALLANT !!

It was a bitter cold day—the mercury hovered around the nothing part of the numeral indicator, of thermometer, and the wind did its best to make life miserable for all whom its guests enveloped. But of course, in our school on Harlow Street it was the scene of a Summer's day, all were happy and none thought of the brutal gale that raged hourly outside.

It was in Room 306 where the harmony and peace of our institution was seriously impaired, only affecting those few, in session at recess in that "Certain Class Room of Theirs." All were enjoying their five-times-a-week chat when up went the window propelled by the unruly hand of a young man who happened to be present, —woooohoho—brrrr!! in came the cold air, and it wasn't very slow in entering to say the least. Many cries rent the air as the flock stampeded for shelter. One girl was heard to exclaim, "Oh I'M cold."

At this point, one of the most heroic deeds of chivalry was witnessed. The hulking form of The Gallant Knight Professor Colby strode into the room in response to the distressing cries that had smote his ears. And when, with the aid of his glasses, he perceived what had happened, and the damage that had been wrought by the wind met his gaze, off came his jacket and around the shivering shoulders of the beautiful damsel it was placed. "Colby!"—it was the harsh voice of the teacher—that rent the air much to the amazement of all. "Take back your coat Mr. Colby, that Sir Walter Raleigh stuff don't go around here !!!"

His request was immediately fulfilled and our would-have-been hero slunk out of the room. But his deed will never be forgotten and the window is to remain up from now on in remembrance of his act.

LOST

Baby Grand Piano

Will the person who has seen purloining a piano at the Palmyrie City Hall last Wednesday evening at 4.30, return the same and nobody'll ask any questions (as to how you carried it home).

LOCAL HIGH SCHOOL BOY BRUTALLY ASSAULTED

TEACHER CHALLENGED

(Special to the Tatler)

After four hours of desperate fighting, Charles (Chuckie) Knowles, world famous chemist and mathematician, finally succumbed to the heavy blows of two cowardly thugs, Paul Hickson and Francis Sullivan. Chuckie was walking calmly up the aisle in 307, when Hickson and Sullivan suddenly jumped on him from behind the steam-pipes, and tried to strangle him. But Chuckie fought so hard that they were obliged to give up the idea of murder, so they opened the trap door in the back of the room and dumped Chuckie down under the floor.

The teacher arrived too late to rescue Mr. Knowles, who could be heard howling beneath the floor. Hickson, the bolder of the two thugs challenged the teacher to a hand to hand combat, offering to put him under the floor with Knowles. The teacher did not accept the offer, however, his excuse being that Hickson had had enough exercise. But it is generally thought that he was afraid of being bested by the little ruffian.

FAMOUS NICKNAMES AND HOW ACQUIRED

"Whit," the nickname of the unvulnerable, Leslie Whitecomb, is generally supposed to be derived from Whitcomb. This however is false, and utterly impossible, because nicknames are said and not written. After much research I find that "Whit" is a corruption of "Wit" which our friend Webster says means "Felicitous perception or expression of associations between ideas or words not usually connected." How "Wit" came to be thought of with Leslie is because the first part of his front name is "Less." Therefore his nickname means "Less-wit" By "Insect"

Anyone wishing to know the meaning of their nickname may write to the "Nickname Editor" in care of Tatler and put it in the Oracle Post Office Box in the office. Then if you don't receive any reply figure it out for yourself. EDITOR.

More in the Next Issue.

BANGOR BOY DEFIES DEATH

Leg Badly Lacerated by Mad Beast

(Special to the Tatler)

B. H. S. March 39, 1942,

"Pinky" Welsh is now resting comfortably after a terrific battle with a mad dog in room 201 recently. Everyone in 201 was studying hard the other morning, when a great ugly beast, with foaming eyes and blood-shot jaws, rushed through the door and stood staring at the class wondering which ones would be the most tender breakfast for him. Alex Kazuto, who was nearest the door yelled "Good Heavens, the dog is mad!"

With one accord, all but one retreated to the back of the room and tried to get out of the windows. The distance to the ground was so great that they did not dare to drop, but hung by their finger-nails to the window sills. But Pinky Welsh, the hero of many football and tiddle-de-wink games, stood up before the class, bowed and said, with his voice quivering with emotion: "One must die, in order to save the rest." Then with a great cry he rushed on the beast and tried to throw him out of the room.

A terrible conflict took place and muffled howls and deep growls were heard, with the sound of tearing flesh. In a moment, Pinky retired from the fray with both pant-legs torn to shreds. As he jumped onto the top of the nearest desk, a great sob of anguish rose from the class, for through the rips of his torn pants dark red blotches showed. But the sob of anguish quickly changed to a shout of joy, as the class saw that it was only his Flannels instead of blood. The great beast was in the meantime, leaping with snapping jaws at the young hero, when from his desk charged a valiant teacher to the rescue. The dog was taken completely by surprise and it was an easy job for the muscular teacher to throw him out.

Pinky Welsh, although badly hurt, refused to quit school for the day. He went home and returned wearing his cowboy suit. He will be awarded a beautiful, genuine tin-plated medal for heroism.

TATLER

TION

MARCH, 1926

NUMBER 6

OUR WORLD TO COME TO AN END IN ONE QUADRILLION YEARS

Great Professor is going to prove to
American People the wonders of
Science

Just to convince the World that miracles still happen in this age, Prof. Harold Robinson, D. D., Ph. D., a noted instructor of the three science, Monotony, Sunonomy, and Moononomy, as the Maine State Hospital has predicted that this ball of mud on which we live, at the end of 1,000,000,000,000,000,96 years will be evaporated into the nothingness that some people now keep in their heads. This goes to show how exact they have become and down to the minutest detail of time and place and manner a man of this profession can figure. The facts in numerical order follow:

Time: within one quadrillion years from day after tomorrow.

Place: inside the universe just south of the planet that is north of it.

Manner: just the same as when a grain or two of gunpowder gets too near the fire,—Pooooooooough! It's gone all there is left is a few pieces of sawdust and a big cloud of amoke.

One of our great photographers, Isadore Rubin, by name, has planned to take a flashlight photograph of the conflagration. These will be on sale at Bean's, Clare's and Eldridge's and at the High School, at ten (10 pesos per annum and with each June Oracle one will be given free for the asking. Proceeds to help defray debt of the "Oracle."

WE ALSO GIVE S & H GREEN STAMPS.

MUCH OBLIGED

The Tatler wishes to thank you all,
In regard to the Oracle Debt.
And it surely has helped us out of the hole,
'Tis something we'll never forget.

DEFINITIONS FOR SOME OF THE SCHOOL STUDIES

LATIN: This is an extremely complicated method of gargling, and in case of a severe cold it can be used very profitably and to great advantage. One must have taken at least four years of it to enter most colleges, this is to eliminate the ever-present danger of an epidemic of colds, I suppose. In my mind it's a good idea because you can't be too careful these days.

Most of the students change from Classical Course to Scientific when they find that in the former, 4 years of Latin are required while in the latter 2 suffices. I guess it's because they are afraid the studying might run their brain, (or perhaps their reputation for getting poor ranks, I'm not sure).

ANCIENT HISTORY: Something that all freshmen like, especially those taking the Commercial Course because they don't have it as a subject. It is usually taught from a book, which tells all about the people of the Early ages, thus we get the name, Ancient.

One incident I remember very plainly was the Fall of Rome, when the Volcano, Vesuvius escapaded and Ruth of Troy played her "Uke" as it (the city not the ukelele) rolled up in smoke without fifty-cents (50c.) worth of insurance even. This only goes to show how foolish the people of the olden days were. Ruth could have at least saved some of the furniture, but she just had to show off. That's one reason why hard (anthracite) coal is so high in price today.

Thus we **PROFIT** by other peoples' errors.

WANTED

Bookkeeper, with less than 43 years' experience and 28 horsepower to sell our Easy Selling Powdered Telephones and Liquid Razor Blades. All persons caring for such a disreputable position meet the editor at any corner, at any day, month, and year, or Rite "We Killum Medicine Co.," New Jersey, New York.

**DON'T SPIT ON THE
SIDEWALKS---**
Remember the
JOHNSTON FLOOD !!

OUR BASKETEERS

By Him (her) self
The Faculty Reporter

Swift, strong, sure and soul thrilling they trot on the floor—our basketeers. Clean cut, healthy, happy and earnest they look to us—our basketeers. Flashing bright they show our colors well, the crimson and the white—our basketeers. In and out, back and forth, round they go in practice—our basketeers. First here, then there and now back to start again they go—our basketeers. Long shots, short shots, dribble in and pass, they look good—our basketeers.

We're behind you, you deserve it, you will get it, loyal sons of B. H. S.—our basketeers. Turner leads, follow Hickson, O'Loughlin, McClay and Chapman, the first five—our basketeers. Then there's Scripture, Daley, Valenta, Marcus, Samway, Rachlin (two), Maynard and Whitcomb, also—our basketeers. These are the Trowell men, stanch and true, and here's a word for Eddie too, quiet, yes, but he's true, the coach of—our basketeers.

The whistle blows, the cheers ring out, the game is on, now watch them go—our basketeers. Up and down, back and forth, in and out, pass and shoot, see them go—our basketeers. A basket here, a foul there, a pivot, a dribble, a pass, another shot and they go—our basketeers. Jump "Hick",—jump, get that ball to "Pick" and "Jay", never fear the rest—"Packer" and "Chink" are on guard for—our basketeers. The time is short—we hold our breath, on every shot—and urge them on—our basketeers. Legs are weary, feet are sore, breath comes hard but faster they go—such boys—our basketeers. Others go in but carry on until the whistle—and then—oh boy! ! what a cheer for—our basketeers.

They **WON AGAIN** did Trowell's men and if you were there and cheered them on—**WHY** you helped them win and they were yours—**YOUR BASKETEERS.**

"Nuff sed."

SCAREM MUCH

BY

RAFFAYELL SLOBBERTEENG

CHAPTER 17

The Bloody Lawnmower

IT WAS DAY

CHAPTER 6

A Long Sleep by Kloe Ree Form

CAME NOON

CHAPTER 1

The Boy and the Rhinosseros

CAME THREE THEN FOUR

CHAPTER 92 $\frac{1}{2}$

The Itch

BOY WORE RED FLANNELS. SEE WEE SEES

CHAPTER 1 $\frac{3}{4}$

THE CONCLUSION

The Fish Dies

(The end or finish) (Copyright 1492)

O K by Knoofie Blowupsky

MORAL:

Patronize Dakin Sporting Store
for Baseball and Track Supplies

25 CENTRAL STREET