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Poetry Number



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The Oracle

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APRIL, 1926

NO. 7

The Oracle Board

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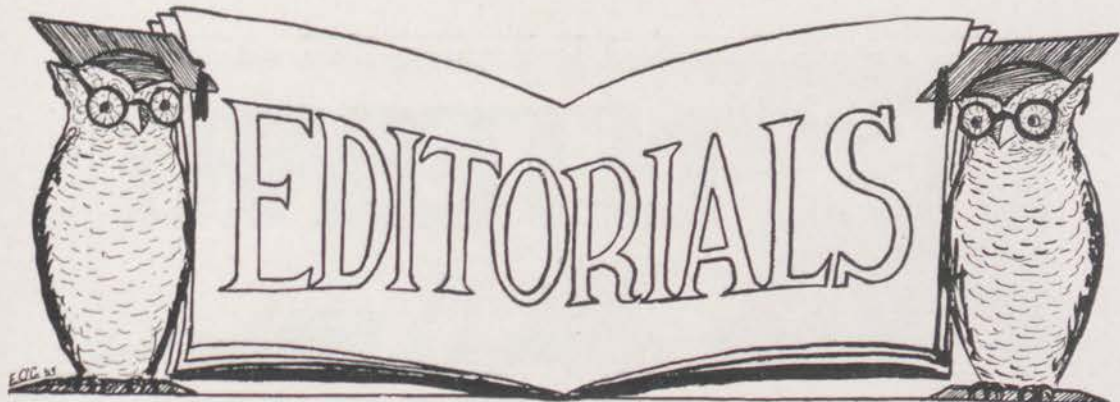
Gorham Robinson, '26

Arvid Ebberson, '28

Ralph Brown, '28

Alden Denaco '27

Robert Russ, '29



BASEBALL

With the beginning of the spring term of school comes that game of games—baseball. We hunt up our gloves, balls, and other baseball equipment and make a beeline for the diamond. Everyone, young and old, is stirred alike with the excitement which is brought by the nation's favorite sport. The best thing about this game is that its popularity is undiminished whether the players are professional or amateur. Like interest is manifested in the result of the college games, as in the result of the World Series.

For several years now our school has not had a baseball team. This is really too bad. It seems as if B. H. S. ought to be represented in the national game. Practically every school in the country has a baseball team, even the grammar schools. One of the reasons why we can't have a team is that with the possible exception of Bass Park, we have no field suitable for playing, where an admission could be charged. A baseball team like any other athletic team cannot run without funds. It will be remembered that last year when the school wanted a team very few students would pledge themselves to buy a season ticket. As a result we had no team. It was not until the middle of the basketball season this year that a revival of school spirit was brought about through the efforts of the "B" Club. Perhaps next year we can have a team. With a big factor like this organization working behind us, we shall surely have one in two or three years'

time at the most. Yet it's up to us to keep on working, we can't let the "B" Club do it all.

The "B" Club certainly deserves the thanks of the school. In the nick of time it put pep into the students, pulled our basketball team from its slump, and set it on its way to the state championship. We congratulate and heartily thank our loyal alumni on the way in which they have rallied to the support of the school. We also extend a vote of thanks to Manager Russell of the Bijou Theatre for allowing the winning class of the basketball-season-ticket-buying contest to enjoy a free performance. The lucky Juniors won the contest and witnessed a fine performance on Wednesday, April 14th.

Although we cannot have a baseball team representing the school this year, each class has a team. Of course not having a school team is a disappointment to many, but there is plenty of good material in each class, so we can look forward to close games between four nearly evenly matched teams. The first interclass game was between the Juniors and Seniors. It was played on April 27th. These interclass games should serve to promote a lot of interest. With Mr. Torsloff as coach, the students will receive excellent training, which will give the school a supply of competent players for next season.

Now that the students know what has been wrong with Athletics for the past two or three years, the school can hope for bigger, better, and more loyally supported teams in the future.



Lincoln

Charles Bragg, '27

Silent man of great renown,
Humble splitter of the rail,
Tyrant's foe and weakling's friend,
Mighty Lincoln—Hail.

Bearer of stupendous burdens
Fighting foe, but not with hate,
Murdered at the dawn of glory—
What an unjust fate.

Leader in a time of turmoil
When your country's need was great,
Founder of this mighty Union,
Lincoln, you could know no hate!

Football

Paul E. Hickson, '26

A sport that's open and big and strong.
A kind of sport that calls for brawn.
Where every nerve and sinew is strained,
Because in doing so you're winning the game.
When you tackle 'em hard; when you hit 'em low,
It's part of this great game, fellows, LET'S GO!
When you're losing ground, men, never quit,
Just grit your teeth and HIT and HIT!
Never play dirty, men, never be false,

When you're in there playing make everything waltz.
 There may be men that are bigger than you,
 Whose muscles are big and strong and true,
 Who have had experience in every way,
 Who play a better game every day.
 But there is something more than that
 That SOMETHING beneath your smaller slats,
 It's SPIRIT and SAND and PLENTY of FIGHT.
 You can stop anything, men, if you use 'em right.
 So, men, when your great game begins
 Have just enough confidence, and you're sure to win.

What Is a Poet?

Lawrence A. Mann, '27.

"What is a poet? O! what is he?"
 The dreamy child asked this of me,
 "I feel entranced—I know not why,
 But I shall find out bye and bye—
 At the wonderful thoughts and the musical ways
 He weaves his thoughts into his lays.
 Then, pray you, sir, please answer me.
 What is a poet? What can he be?
 What is the spell he weaves on us.
 Child as I am, it seems I must
 Know well the meaning of his song.
 What is a poet? I wait so long."

I looked that moment at the child,
 Saw flaxen hair and eyes so mild,
 This boy so good, so pure, so kind,
 The meaning of "poet" suggests to mind.
 I yearned to tell this wistful boy
 What was a poet, to bring him joy,
 But my tongue failed me in the act.
 I told the boy I knowledge lacked.

Lo! two decades of years passed through.
 The boy from youth to manhood grew;
 Startled the world with printed page,
 Became a poet in this bright age,
 Still unconscious of what he'd done,

His whole career but just begun,
One day he came to me and said,
His eyes on mine, with high held head.

"My dear old friend, I came to see
If yet you knew what poets be.
They call me "poet;" they say I'm great,
But still I try to find of late,
What is a poet? O! what is he?
What is the charm he weaves on me?
I've waited years, I breathe a sigh,
But, shall I find out bye and bye?"

I looked up at the new-grown man;
His eyes still mild, his bearing grand.
I almost knew what a poet was,
But I could not help him because,
Though I still yearned to tell my friend,
Again my tongue failed in the end,
And I could not an answer give,
Though I seek all the days I live.

So pass the many long years by,
The man and I cannot tell why
We've never found what a poet might be.
What is a poet? O! what is he?

Waiting

Louise Sprague, '27.

At the door of a cottage in Ireland,
At the evening of every day,
There is standing a little old lady
Watching over the hills, far away.

She is watching and waiting for someone,
And she prays for him every night;
And she stands there alone in the doorway,
Though the tears sometimes dim her sight.

It's been over a year since he left her,
To sail far away o'er the foam,

Going in search of his fortune,
Far, far from his native home.

He has written a letter to tell her
He'd return to his old home some day;
He'd come back to that dear little lady,
His mother, so old and so gray.

And that's why she's watching and waiting,
So sadly, yet so patiently,
For her boy to come back to his mother
From over the wide rolling sea.

To My Mother

Dorothy Girvan

My mother was a lady
So young, and bright, and fair.
A flower plucked by the angels
To grace their place there.

Although she's taken from us
Her face we'll always see.
Her voice will always haunt us
As the breezes haunt the sea.

Her virtues were so many
Her faults so very few—
That my constant prayer dear mother
Is that I may be like you.

Nature

Bernard Mann, '27.

In the twilight's easy glow,
It seems to me that I could go

Out upon the glorious night;
With every feeling of delight.

Nature seems to me at best,
When every other thing's at rest;
As one feels at perfect peace
With all the rest of the world at ease.

As I betake myself to bed,
Often perhaps, with weary head,
I think if all could enchanted be,
As nature shows itself to me!

And even in my dreams so calm,
I think, sometimes, of nature's balm,
Which flows so very softly that we,
Always with nature in peace must be.

The Battleship Maine

William F. Atwood, '27.

In eighteen hundred and ninety eight,
A brave, staunch battleship met its fate,
For twenty-eight years ago to-day
The Maine went down in Havana bay.

This ship in Havana's harbor had lain,
During the Cuban War with Spain;
And when it ran close to a floating mine,
The danger was not discovered in time.
The ship was blown up with a terrible roar,
And two hundred sailors passed through death's door.

The United States government was quick to act,
And Cuba was probably saved by this fact,
For Admiral Dewey was sent with a fleet,
And told by the President, that he must defeat
The Spanish Navy, when e'er they should meet,
And Admiral Dewey by defeating Spain,
Revenge the destruction of the battleship Maine.

Springtime

Francis Webster, '27.

'Tis springtime, now listen,
And you may hear
The songs of the birds
Which appeal to the ear.

The fields were long hidden,
But now can be seen.
The grass now is starting
And soon will be green.

The brooks all are running
Their regular course
From far in the woods
They take their source.

The birds are all chirping
As never before;
The wind has no longer
Its terrible roar.

The Party

Gertrude Ebbeson, '27.

Ma baked to-day for the party
We're going to have to-night;
And told both Sis and me that
If we didn't scrap nor fight,
We could have some of the 'freshments,
And stay up—oh, quite late.
Perhaps if we were *very* good
Until after half-past eight!

'Tis almost half past seven now
And we've been awful good;
We only ate one sandwich
And did everything we should.
But ma found out (she always does)
That we hid a little cake,
So she put us right to bed,
And no peace terms could we make!

I hear the comp'ny comin' now.
I wonder how many there are,
There must be most a million
You can hear them near and far,
If Sis and me made all that noise
Ma'd say 'twas something awful,
But long as its' the comp'ny
Its perfectly nice and lawful.

Fishing

Alexander Kazutow, '27.

I went one day to fish a brook,
And sat me down by a shady nook;
But all the fish were hid away
For fear that I would come that day.

I knew their ways and feared this not,
And soon the most of them were caught.
Upon a stick I strung them all,
And hied me home before night-fall.

I laid them down upon a shelf,
The cat found them and helped herself.
And so, to end my tale of woe,
I must again a fishing go.

Time Flies

S. E. Williams

Keep eternally at something;
There is danger in delays,
For the seconds
Chase the minutes,
Chase the hours
Into days.

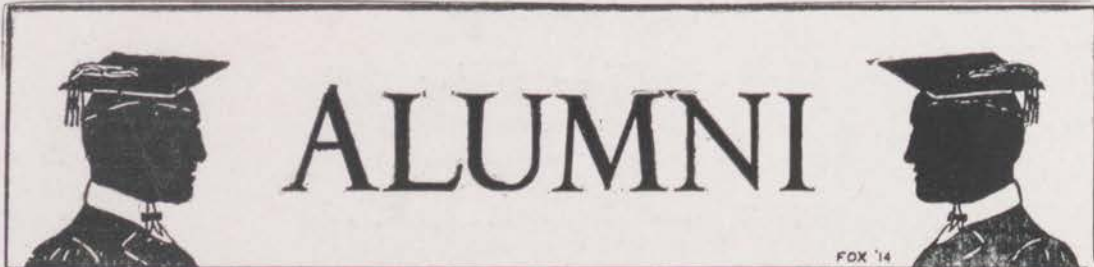
There's reward in keeping at it,
It's the only life that pays.
How the seconds
Chase the minutes
Chase the hours
Into days!

And the chap to win the pennant
Is the chap who grins and stays
While the seconds,
Like the minutes,
Chase the hours
Into days.

Springtime

S. E. Williams.

What a thrill there is in springtime
Just to scent the reeking sod,
Just to hear the great musician
Play the thunder pipes of God;
To see the froth of winter skimmed,
To hear the raucous crows,
To note the first faint creeping flush
In a palpitating rose;
The mounting pink of applebuds,
The song of birds above,
All prove the great revival
Of a universal love.



Charles Reid was one of the principal speakers at the annual banquet of Iota Chapter of Gamma Eta Gamma fraternity on March 16, at the Hotel Lafayette in Washington, D. C. Iota Chapter was instituted at Georgetown University in 1914 by Mr. Reid when he was high chancellor of the fraternity of which he was one of the founders at the University of Maine Law School in 1901.

George Price, a former Bangor boy, has taken a position with the New York Edison Company.

Among those home for the Easter vacation were: John Angley, Marion Blaisdell, Sarah Blaisdell, Dorothy Clough, Charlotte Crosby, Frances Colburn, Margaret Chalmers, Leonora Hall, Bowdoin Neally, Helen Russ, Lillian Tarbell, Alden Sawyer, Edward Sawyer and Leo White.

George W. Rowe recently won the third and deciding round of the interclub moot court contest at the University of Pennsylvania Law School as a member of the Law School team. This won the championship for the Kent Law Club and also a trophy to be presented by Phi Delta Phi, a legal fraternity.

Charlotte Drummond, a Sophomore at Smith College, was a member of the debating team which contested Vassar on March 20. The subject was, Resolved: All present day restrictions on Free Speech and the Press should be abolished. Miss Drummond upheld the affirmative.

Helen Reid played the part of Margarita in the play "Belle of Barcelona" given by the students of Washington Normal School.

John Tarbell has been elected vice-president of the Senior class of Bowdoin.

Marion Blaisdell, a member of the student council of Farmington Normal School, was a delegate from the Normal School to the Christian Workers' Conference held recently at the U. of M.

Many Bangor Radio fans tuned in to the Liberty Station, Chicago, Feb. 17, to hear musical numbers by the orchestra organized by Bernard Russell.

John Tarbell was a member of the Bowdoin track team which defeated Brown at the American Legion games in Portland.

Another Bangor boy has been heard over the radio recently. John C. Townsend, B. H. S. '25, a freshman at Bowdoin, who is now with the Bowdoin Musical clubs in Massachusetts as violin soloist, broadcasted February 23 from Station W.B.Z. Boston. While a student in Bangor High School Mr. Townsend was a member of the orchestra and for several years played first violin in the Bangor Symphony orchestra.

Miss Mary Robinson, acted as Judge upon a debate between Wellesley College and the Women students of Bates. The question was, Resolved: That all laws restricting freedom of speech in this country be repealed. Miss Robinson, who is a graduate of Smith, acted as representative of the intercollegiate league consisting of Smith, Wellesley, Ridgely, Vassar, Mt. Holyoke and Bates women. She went at the request of Mt. Holyoke whose turn it was to furnish the outside judges for the league's debates this year.

Doris Rideout and Priscilla Sawyer are on the Maine Girls' Rifle team.



LOCALS



FOX 14

On March 12, the Maine League Debate with Lincoln High School was held at the high school. The question was, "Resolved, that Strikes in Public Service Industries should be Prohibited by Law." The two speakers were Edna Dearborn and Jessie Fraser. Mary Quinn was the chairman. Although Bangor was defeated, the question was strongly contested. On the same night our high school was represented in Lincoln by Bruce Cunningham and Jack Bell. They debated the same question and also lost.

On March 19, however, our teams were more successful in the Bates League Debate. The girls, represented by Annie Proctor and Mary Quinn, debated Newport High School. They had the affirmative side and won the debate. The question was on Child Labor. Annie Proctor was judged the best speaker. The same night Edward Stern and Newell Kurson went to Ellsworth to debate the boys of Newport High. The boys also won and Newell Kurson was chosen the best speaker. Because both the girls' and the boys' teams won the debates, Bangor entered for the first time the finals at Bates.

The French club of B. H. S. was in charge of the chapel exercise Wednesday, March 24. The exercises began by the salute to the flag in French by all the members. A French "round" was sung by three groups of girls.

A short dialogue, "A Millinery Shop," was presented by Dorothy Ireland and Faith Donovan. Harriette Cross spoke a piece entitled "Junot et Bonaparte" and Warren Whitcomb explained the origin of the Marseillaise. Evangeline Hart sang two French solos. The final number was a French school scene and all the members joined in the singing of "La Marseillaise."

The annual banquet of the girls' hockey and basketball teams was held in the dining room of the Grace Methodist Church, March 27. A chicken pattie supper was served and music was furnished by the "Queen City Mainiacs." Francis Clark, the toastmaster, then introduced the speakers, Mr. Garcelon, Mr. Proctor and Mr. Trickey. Mary McAvey reviewed the events of the basketball season. Thelma Shea, captain of the hockey squad of 1925, spoke and also Marie Colburn, basketball captain for this year gave a short account of this season. Miss Doris Plaisted, our new expression teacher, gave a reading, "Betty at the Baseball Game." Basketball letters and hockey numerals were awarded to the girls. Then three freshmen who had met the requirements of the council were taken in. The new girls are Eulalie Collins, Emily Thompson and Mary Carson. Estelle Burrill and Charlotte Thompson received second honor bands, next to the highest honor a girl can receive in athletics. This ended the annual banquet.





AS OTHERS SEE US

The *Oracle* B. H. S.: We think that your paper is well balanced, and interesting. Your cover is not especially attractive. You might improve it.

Valkyrie News,
Somerville, N. J.

The *Oracle* B. H. S.: You have a splendid magazine. Your literary department is well developed. We liked especially "By Means of a Violin." We hope to hear from you again.

The Radiator,
Somerville High School,
Somerville, Mass.

The "*Oracle*," B. H. S. It is not every paper that sports a paper within a paper.

The "*Oracle*" Plainfield, N. J.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

The "*Windonian*," Windham High School, Windham Center, Me. Your table of contents, which is one of the necessities for a finished paper, is lacking. Also, there must be some artists in the school who can draw some good cuts and cartoons. You have some witty jokes and your Literary section is large and entertaining.

The "*North Star*," Houlton High School, Houlton, Me. Here is a very attractive paper. Some of the merits, on which it should be complemented, are: a great many advertisements, uncommon cuts and a good Literary department. Now, if it only had a table of contents and a flashy cover design everything would be O. K. Oh yes! one more criticism. The order could be greatly improved by having the Literary precede the Locals.

"*Said and Done*," Muskegon High School, Muskegon, Mich.—"*Said and Done*" with its

impressive appearance, is a very compact and entertaining magazine. The distinctive note is found in the jokes. In this department many school papers are lacking but not in "*Said and Done*." Pauline's Page is also a witty and amusing section. Another interesting page is found under the heading of the Target. Its purpose is to print the students' opinions. The cartoons are the best yet. The section Organizations certainly sums up the activities of all the clubs in a very satisfactory manner.

The "*Scroll*," Higgins Classical Institute, Charleston, Me. The Scroll is a magazine full of interesting material. The arrangement could be improved by placing the jokes at the end of the paper. Where is your table of contents?

The "*Recorder*," Winchester High School, Winchester, Mass.: You have a good cover and an excellent Literary department. Your sections are not represented in the right proportions, for instance, the Athletic section has four pages and the jokes are crowded in among the advertisements. Why not rearrange the order by placing the Editorials at the first of your paper? Some good cuts and cartoons would brighten up this paper.

The "*Messenger*," Westbrook Seminary, Portland, Me.—In glancing over this paper we notice at once the lack of cuts. We think that these are essential to make a paper complete so why not get your artists together and have them draw some cuts? Your Literary section is very interesting, especially "Lancelot and Elaine Up-to-Date." Your paper as a whole, contains some very interesting subject matter. It would be better order to have the Editorials precede the Literary.

MUSIC



MUSIC AND POETRY

The two great arts, music and poetry—how much they possess in common. They are sister arts. Both reach their highest excellence when they are “characterized by lofty thought, graceful rhythm, and melodious diction: the thought which teaches and edifies; the rhythm which appeals to our love of regularity; and the melody which gives emotional pleasure.” The true poet is always thrilled by music, which is really a part of him, though he cannot express himself by it. On the other hand, the real musician is always a lover of poetry. He hears his music and he plays his music; he is filled with the highest type of poetical emotions: but he may not be able to write a verse of poetry.

To get the best out of music, one must study hard. So, to those who have studied, it speaks with all its glory. But to the untaught, it speaks an unknown tongue. Poetry, though, can be read by all. All can get some enjoyment out of it. A person, however, who has no knowledge of music, cannot get the most out of poetry. He will never get full enjoyment from the rhythm; he will never be able to fathom the emotional depths of the great poets.

What lovely sisters, then, we find Music and Poetry to be! And how dearly they love each other! For if you would know about Music, go to Poetry, and she will outdo herself in praise of her sister. Likewise, if you want to know Poetry; go to Music, and she will inspire you with a love for Poetry.

THE MUSIC AT THE JUNIOR EXHIBITION

Music played an important part in the Junior Exhibition. The Orchestra never played better. It sounded like a symphony orchestra. The precision, the beauty of the instruments taking solos, the musicianship—all were in evidence. The greatest of praise should be given once more to the conductor for his admirable work. The orchestral triumph was Gounod's “Mereille Overture.” This is one of the most beautiful of overtures. The listener is captivated by the sweetness of its melodies, its joyousness, and its hearty vigor. The Orchestra certainly gave a masterful interpretation of it. “Sabre and Spurs March” by Sousa, and “Priest's March from Athalia” by Mendelssohn were also performed.

The Chorus contributed no small part toward the success of the evening. The members sang well, and did justice to some splendid selections. “Who is Sylvia” is a gem from the great master Schubert. This song was written on the back of a menu card in a Vienna restaurant, where Schubert was dining with some friends. The Chorus also sang “True Freedom,” (Lowell-Lang) and “Under the Stars and Stripes,” (Curwein-Converse).

“It is at that moment when language is unable to voice the expression of the soul that the vocation of music opens to us; if all that passes in were capable of expression in words, I should write no more music.”—Mendelssohn.

PERSONALS



AN ENCOUNTER

Two of our athletes staged a boxing match one day last term. Both the lads were in the lower corridor somewhere near room 301 when "Rick" Colby, '28, accidentally bumped into "Hot Dog" Kelly '27. "Rick" claims that the accident was due to "Hot Dog" counting the flies on the ceiling, but nobody saw the accident.

Immediately "Rick" became decidedly angry and biffed "Hot Dog" on the beak. Of course a big crowd began to collect and began cheering their favorite. No doubt "Rick" could put the other lad to sleep had not the quick witted "Hot Dog" jumped out the sixth story window. As luck would have it he landed in a passing hayrack. After the "scrap" had ended they both shook hands and agreed to plant peanuts together next summer. They expect to raise enough money this way to buy them gum for next winter.

M. S. '26 in Chemistry—"What are 'coat pins'?"

Mr. S-a-l—"What kind?"

M. S. '26—"It says here, 'tin is used to coat pins.'"

Body, '29, has been borrowing pencils from Miss R-bn—. He ought to have quite a collection by now.

Frieda Paul, '27, is very happy lately because she feels she will not be worried any longer about putting on her overshoes. Poor thing, she can't tell one foot from the other.

The freshmen recently had a noted visitor in chapel. He was no other than Mr. Airdale from Dogville. His remarks were brief but he surely gave the freshies the onceover while he was on the stage. This Mr. Airdale is a retired soldier, having served in the army for five years. He bears many scars and his courageous mien should be an example to the "children."

Roland Gibbs is getting quite an expert in doing tricks. He will give an entertainment Saturday, March 42, 1924, in B. H. S. assembly hall at 7.85 Bedtime. (Please don't come).

High school education an encumbrance (ad in Bangor Daily News).

"Woman wanted for travelling position. Must be entirely unencumbered with high school education."

Teacher—"What is the meter of 'The Song of Hugh Glass?'"

Willie, '27—"Speedometer."

Kendall, '27—"No sir, diameter."

Ruth Fairbanks, '26, thinks dynamite is an anesthetic.

B. H. S. ORACLE

A. Emple, '27

The Oracle of B. H. S.
Has everything all beat
It's better than the very best
To read it is a treat.

It has both tales and stories,
Poems and jokes, too,
And *everything* that's in it
Is sure to be brand new.

It's a dandy little magazine
Its cost is just *one* dollar
But this is not the reason—
Why its loved by every scholar.

They read it for just what it is
They love our *Oracle*,
And if the price was thrice as much
I'm sure they'd buy it still.

SENIOR ALPHABET

A is for Alexander, better known as Dot,
B is for Banks, always on the trot,
C is for Cross who really is nice,
D is for Dearborn, who has plenty of spice.
E is for Ebbeson, she's sure to pass,
F is for Finnegan, president of the class.
G is for Gibson, Charlotte is tall,
H is for Hickson, he plays basketball.
I is for Ireland, she's very smart,
J is for Johnson, who has a kind heart.
K is for Karam, he's not with us now,
L is for Laffey, William's a wow.
M is for Mosher, she sings like a bird,
N is for Noone in particular, I've heard,
O is for Oakes, Helen I mean,
P is for Perkins, Dot is a queen.
Q is for Quinn, not Eleanor but Mary,
R is for Robinson, a boy who is wary,
S is for Scott, Donis gets by,
T is for Trickey, Kay likes to eat pie.
U is for united, we make a great line,
V is for victorious, we all want to win,
W is for Whalen, Meg surely is sweet,
X is for Xylo, it comes from the Greek.
Y is for Yerxa, a wise lad we can see,
Z is for zealous, what we all ought to be.

MISS HELEN BAKER BURNS HERSELF
in 305

Miss Helen Baker was burned quite badly
in room 305 yesterday. She was hurrying to
finish a Geometry Test. Miss Baker wrote
so fast that the friction set her paper on fire,
and consequently her wrist was burned as
she didn't notice the catastrophe until it was
too late. Her many friends wish her a speedy
recovery.

I. Why was R. G. '27, in such a hurry after
the game last night?

She had to "packer" things and go home.

In English II, Mr. B.—"Miss McC.—
"Please give me a sentence with the word
"sate."

P. McC.—"I took Eleanor to dinner yes-
terday, and I'll "sate" a lot.

We all wonder what P. M. '28, would do if
E. C. '28, should not come to school some day.

When "Peaches" Bartlett, '29, was asked
what flavor she liked best, she said "Annas,"
How could she help it?

Bill Laffey, '26, is a wonderful boy for giving
Oral themes. He takes the ones given the
day before. (You'll get there, Laffey).

Al Curran is a smart boy as we all know,
but he is too anxious to visit the library lately.
We wonder why, Curran?

When H. Annas, '28, was asked, one day
when he was blue, what he would like to have,
he said "Peaches."

When F. Parke, '28, was asked who was a
great general on the Union side, she answered,
"Why Grant of course."

In 205 the Geometry class had a triangle
with a cute arm. It's great fun to work with
such pretty figures.

K. Allen's '26, *favorite* sport is a fair Hunt.

When "Buddie" A. tripped in the hall.
He came in contact with a wall.
He did not know the wall was there.
Because he was watching someone fair.

Do NOT bite your finger
nails
Remember what happened
to VENUS

THE B. H. S.

SEC

VOLUME IV

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

"BOB" RUSS AWARDED \$.0067 PRIZE AS THE CUTEST FROSH

Declines Offer, Says He Wasn't Competing

Little Bobby Russ is now the proud owner of a checking account with \$.0067 deposited under his name, donated by the Dickens Club for his proficiency in the art of eating stuffed olives while in the wilds of the African jungle in East Siberia.

This is the second time that great honor has been given to the class of 1929 (don't get conceited) the first being founded on the results of the National Baby Contest held three miles off the coast of Long Island.

Young Russ has not, as yet, made up his mind as to what he will do with so much money when he is not used to writing out checks and the like, but it has been whispered that he is going to buy a new Spring Style Jump Rope, and maybe a new pair of Balloon rompers. Whether this is so or not I cannot say but time alone will tell. And don't forget that with each pound of coffee we are giving away two of our best girder bridges (for false teeth) and several ant hills with all modern improvements.

YOUNG GIRL MAKES DARING DISCOVERY—Through Accident (Special to Tatler)

Miss Ruth K. Lathrop is now the subject of all conversations. She has gained note in one week all on account of a simple formula—how to Stop Perpetual Laughter—which she has recently conceived.

The reason for the discovery is as follows: It was a beautiful day—all were in a goodly humor, ready to laugh at the least provocation. It was under these conditions that Ruth began her giggling which was destined to end in roaring laughter. It would have been a very serious matter had she kept this up forever—she knew it, but could not stop. Physicians were called but all to no avail. As she was nearing total exhaustion her head sunk slowly to her desk—and there before her eyes was an Unbalancing Trial Balance. It was a sure cure and she came out of the fit in a second.

She has patented the idea.

MORAL: 'Tis an ill wind that gathers no moss.

MELODY IN K

The good ship Katrina was kame near getting kaught and captured off the Koast of Kuba between Kape Sable and Kardenas by a krew from a pirate krait. The boat was bound from Kay Sal bank with a load of Kat fish and korn when the kaptain kried into the kabin that over the krystal krest of the waves he had seen a krowd of krael kut-throats kuming their way in a kute kutter. Many of the passengers lost their kourage, and soon were of a konvulsive nature.

But the day was saved when the kaptain, who was kalm and kollected, kalled to the kook to konvoke the krowd, and after konvening the people konfined themselves in the koky kabin of the kommanding officer. Then the krew gathered together a pile of klubs and also a big kable and hid in the kaboose all keeping kuite kuiet—this was to make it appear as a kastaway. When the krafted kriminals arrived they thought they had nothing to kope with so they koltishly klambered on board and all being kurious they kuriously skampered through the korridor only to find that they were in a kul-de-sac and that the only door was kontrolled by a krowd, karrying kudgels, klubs, kartridges and even a kannon. They, of kourse, were all kowardly and did not try to elude their kaptors for they knew that many would be killed. The koxswain and the kook and a kousin of the kaptain, karried the kowards to the kloset where the kordage was kept and kordially kicked them into it.

Many compliments and kongratulations by kablegram were received by the krew, and the reward that they will receive from the kourt will keep them in kandy for the rest of their lives.

Among these on board as passengers were: Kenneth K. Kimball, K. Kid Kunningham, and Kiko K. Kutler.

No Prizes PUZZLE No Prizes

O CANED NEDLA

Change the letters of the above over so that they will spell two words meaning LUNATIC.

DON'T BEGIN AT THE RIGHT
AND READ BACKWARDS.

"KATE" SCHERER ATTENDS WEST BURLAP FAIR

West Burlap, 1926;

Miss Katherine E. Scherer, a citizen of B. H. S. (before the "Charleston" came into effect) gives this school the credit of her success along many lines of work she has followed, and says that if she keeps on keeping on she will make Maine famous.

Her first book, a fine piece of literature, is entitled "Beauty Secrets" or "How Reynard Fox caught Woolly Bear," She opens the story with many formulas, etc., telling how to dig gold, eat horse radish, and the like. All of which go to make up a good cook book.

She is thinking of publishing a poem, "To the Stars," she has watched them lots of times and is quite skilled in the art of writing out her Bookkeeping in short-hand on the typewriter.
BUY MAINE PRODUCTS; BOOST MAINE ! ! ! ! !

SIGNIFICANCE OF INITIALS

By "The New Ideas" Editor
Who is She?

H. A. '26:	Happy always
A. C. '26:	Adores candy
C. C. '27:	Cinda cute
L. W. '27:	Looks well
B. B. '27:	Brainy boy
W. W. '26:	Willie Winkie
S. M. '28:	Some man
A. B. '29:	All brains
G. B. '28:	Good boy
E. F. '27:	Everyone's friend
L. L. '29:	Looks lovely
M. D. '27:	Much devotion
R. F. '29:	Regular fellow
P. G. '28:	Pretty generous
L. H. '28:	Looks healthy
B. C. '27:	Beautiful child
K. S. '27:	Kute and snappy
A. D. '27:	Awfully dry
H. M. '26:	High and mighty

EDDINGTON ** SCENE OF GREAT FIRE!!!

Less Than \$300,000,000,000 Damage

Last Friday evening as Oscar Skofield was seated at the kitchen table studying his eyes out (as usual.) He heard whistles blowing, bells ringing, people screaming, and all the noises that would be needed to make a perfect boiler factory. He thought it probably was only a panic or explosion on the next street so he kept on filling his fertile mind full of the laws of Geometry, etc.

After completing this he asked permission of his parents that he might go out and play with Thompson Grant. When he got out of doors he was surprised to see the house next door in flames. As he was about to save the lives of several persons from the horrible death of eating microbes that had not been properly inspected by the administrators of the Will of the last Count of Alaska, and the orators of the Pure Food and Drug Act of 1857, CHAPTER VXXIXCII of Statute Books No. 268 of the laws of Utah, he happened to think that he had not read the ten pages of Hugh Glass assigned to him so he dropped the people and jumped out of the window dropped to the ground (naturally) and went home to finish his studies.

In the P. M. he and Tompy played Jack Straws and read picture books, much to the glee of all present. The meeting closed at a late hour and all voted that it had been an enjoyable week-end.

NICKNAMES AND HOW ACQUIRED

By Nickname Editor

"Pete" Morrison. The story of how this name was acquired is dramatic and romantic. However, it has hitherto been kept a dark secret. Relatives have at last been induced to talk.

It seems that one morning, Morrison, then known simply as Charlie, came home while his father was building the fire.

"Young man! I!" he said severely, "Where have you been?"—no answer.

The next few moments are too painful to relate. However, as Charlie painfully walked away this was the verdict: "If you ever get in after twelve again, your name is MUD ! ! ! ! !"

Far be it from the author to criticize anyone's character, but —Morrison's name is now "Peat," which is the same as M-U-D.

HOW TO SUCCEED AT YOUR CHOSEN PROF.

The Clerk—By Isa Clerk Meself

If you have an employment as a clerk it would be advisable to keep the following rules in mind:

1. Don't be afraid to tell the manager how you would run the business if you were in his place—they appreciate every word of advice at all times.

2. NEVER ask for a raise, tell him that if you were boss you would give yourself a raise in payment for all the ideas and hints, as to how to make a success in his line, which you have donated to his cause.

3. Be friendly with the owner—offer to go out to lunch with him or to a movie. He will see that there is nothing snobbish about you and pretty soon he will put you in charge of the office, (either that or put you in charge of your pay envelope and a kick out of the window).

4. If you see a customer at another counter looking as if he were in doubt as to what to buy, go over and help him decide, never mind if your counter is crowded at the time. Remember, your motto should be BE BROTHERLY, THINK OF OTHERS, FIRST, then your counter afterwards.

5. If a man drops his hat, accidentally step on it, then sell him a real hat—one that crushing does no harm to. They all bite, and soon you will be promoted to the head of the department.

(Many thanks to the salesmanship class for number 5 item)

A LITTLE ADVICE

By the "New Ideas" Editor

We advise:

A. Tarbell, '27, To teach the book of Etiquette.

L. Merrill, '27, To get a boyish bob.

W. Whitecomb, '26, To give his "Boston Bag" a vacation.

L. Colby, '25 (?) To keep on with his "Gallant Deeds."

K. Foss, '27, To show us his long pants.

A. Taylor, '27, To go on the stage.

P. Garland, '28, To tell his favorite book.

C. Bunker, '27, To stick to long pants.

C. Bragg, '27, To watch out for "Inter-viewers."

L. Huot, '28, To practice smiling.

C. Sargent, '27, To keep away from "Beauty Parlors."

R. Nickerson, '27, To install a radio in 306.

G. Knowles, '27, To study music.

No matter how old B. H. S.
gets it will never lose
its FACULTIES

TOONERVILLE BRIEFS

The Ladies Aid held a banquet in the Town Hall two days before the day before yesterday. A menu consisting of Campbells a la chicken soup, Dill pickles, zwiebacks and cream of wheat was served.

The following Young ladies who are life long members were presented with a chocolate Easter egg. (Note—they have been members four weeks and seven days). They are as follows: Loed Kolbi, Lburt T. R. B. L., Kuthbut Sahgent, Edgyr Wyleh, War-ren Witeum, Pol Gybsun, Lestair Yea-ts, Kenith McKredi and Wilus Blanchehurd.

Miss Verna L. Jennings, who has recently went to Boston, will give a lecture in the Grange Hall. Her topic will be, WE MODERNS. NO admission will be charged. Benefit of the State Hospital.

Burpee C. Berry has been promoted to Cadet Captain, consequently he does not take drill any more. No one knows how much commission he receives but it must be quite a lot,—as much as ten cents on the dollar.

SOLITAIRE NOW BECOMES POPULAR, ETC.

Hermion follows the example of B. H. S.—Many will soon take up the great sport.

Solitaire is fast becoming one of the most popular games of the gridiron. For the last two months the athletes of Bangor High, assisted by Physical Director, Kennedy and Bill Dugan, have been learning the rudiments of this game, and now the team is built up to a perfection and is fit to beat any team in this part of the hemisphere. Although we have been handicapped somewhat by the recent foot and basketball craze these are now both over, the field is open to the great game, SOLITAIRE.

At the first tryout slightly less than 3000 turned out and a team of nine were picked. They are now under intensive practice to get ready for the great Hermion-Bangor game to be played soon.

TRAVELOGUE

Eleanor West, '23, Visits a Farm

Little Eleanor West, one of the smallest Freshmen in B. H. S., visited a farm for the first time last spring. She arrived just after supper and went to bed almost immediately, but she could not get to sleep on account of a strange noise that she heard. It was a funny croaking sound, so she thought it must be the cows that she had been told so much about. In the morning she told her hostess that she liked to hear the cows croak at night. Her friend informed her that it was frogs not cows that she had listened to. "Oh yes," said little Eleanor, "my mamma used to have a coat a long time ago with a frog on it, but her frog did not croak." Soon Eleanor went out for a walk, but came back almost at once saying that a turkey was chasing her. The kind lady only saw a tiny bantam rooster running along at the little girl's heels. The next day Eleanor went back to the city, and the stories she told of the farm were almost too wonderful to believe.

"As I was crossing the bridge the other day," said an Irishman, "I met Pat O'Brien. 'O'Brien', says I, 'how are you?'"

'Pretty well, thank you, Brady,' says he.

'Brady,' says I, 'that's not my name'.

'Faith,' says he, 'and mine's not O'Brien.'

"With that we again looked at each other an' sure enough it was neither of us."

T. Grant '27 likes a Parke on a moonlight night.

Serena Wood, U. of M., '27, represented the Varsity K. W. C. A. at the conference of Christian Workers held recently in Northfield, Massachusetts.

Friends of Lloyd Bridgham, B. H. S., '25, who went south last fall will be glad to learn that he has been employed in Daytona, Florida, for the season.

Harold Hinckley, '02, has been named legional chairman by the Harvard Fund Council. He will have charge of the newly established fund in Maine.

Windsor House Barber Shop

H. C. SCOTT, Proprietor.

FRED GEAGAN, Assistant.

When you arise some morning,

And into the mirror gaze,

You note that your personal appearance

Could be improved by a hair-cut or shave,
Perhaps a shampoo or massage,

As you think the matter o'er,—

Remember, we are located,

At Harlow Street, one hundred and four.

We have electric clippers, vibrators and dry-
ers, too,

And styles, massage and tonics, and a two-
chair crew.

Our chairs are white; our case is neat;

You sit on a leather upholstered seat.

While waiting, you may read the news,

Arrange your collar, brush your shoes.

Everyone we try to please,

From laborer, to man of ease.

At all times sticking to the text,

No matter who, the next is—next.

Jordan-Frost Printing Company



182 Harlow Street