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THE ORACLE

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Bangor High School



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NO. 8

The Oracle Board



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EDITORIALS

FOR OUR SUCCESSORS.

Some people like things well seasoned with age; others care for only things modern; the majority of us must enjoy the rare privilege of attending a modern well kept high-school. There would be little inspiration to study in an old fashioned, yet worse still, battered and illkept building.

Whether through a happy-go-lucky spirit or through the tendency for destruction, we cause our building to become impaired, it will have the same effect—an unattractive place for successors.

A little vigilance on the part of those who care can remedy this.

TO THINK ABOUT

A well known writer has said: "It is important to make of our boys and girls good readers, spellers, writers, and figurers; but it is a hundred times more important to make GOOD CITIZENS of them; and reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic without moral and spiritual training, never insures good citizenship."

Cicero tells us that Catiline was a man well equipped both physically and mentally, and that he was declared brave by some when he "wasted the aids of industry and the instruments of virtue in lust and audacity."

In our own time and in our own country, we have had demonstrated what only mental and physical development will result in. It is obvious that the person so equipped is just as apt to fall into lust and audacity as to helpful service and kindness.

Therefore there is need of the missing link, high principals, that the program may be entirely constructive; and let nobody, who knows what the missing link is, say, "I'm not interested and furthermore I'm not responsible," for we all live in the same world.

GOLD! GOLD!

We are told that, when the colonists were settling Virginia, they found a yellowish glittering substance which they presumed to be gold. They hastily and cheerfully loaded a vessel with it and sent it to England with the result that it proved to be the most worthless stuff iron pyrites fittingly named "fool's gold."

Some years later, when California began to be settled, men, digging for a millrace, found bits of yellowish metal; but this time the acid test was applied, and sure enough, the metal glittered more than before; the hammer test was applied, and the metal though drawn to the thickness of a hair, still held together: it was gold.

With these illustrations of the fact that "All that glitters is not gold," can we not see some what of our own folly when we try to play the part of the "fool's gold"; and can we not see the supreme importance of being the genuine gold?

You meet the person of the fool's gold type everywhere you go. At first sight, he gives the impression of being a genuine somebody; and to hear him talk, you would be greatly amazed that such a person's fame has not spread more widely. The truth of his condition is this; this sort of person originated from the idea that to be worthless stuff is the easier way since there are so many ways of deceiving, so he soon slips on his cloak of "show" and "boast," and presents himself on the market. Sure enough his well rehearsed story with the subject "I" sells himself at a fine price to some unfortunate, who finds out soon by the acid and hammer tests that he has nothing but worthless stuff. Needless to say, this supply always exceeds its demand.

There is another type, the demand of which is always greater than the supply; he shines on the surface, he holds his quality though underneath; he is found sometimes through hard digging, he is found sometimes with less effort; he has no fear of either hammer or acid test for he possesses but one quality which originates at the heart and comes to the very surface; he is genuine gold.

Which do you want?—Well, which are you thinking of putting on the market?

The clack of horses hoofs is heard. Otherwise silence reigns. Out of the clearing at one end of the wood four foaming steeds gallop into the circle. The stalwart riders dismount. Cotenca and his chiefs hear the terms of peace. The chiefs shudder; Cotenca alone stands firm. He withdraws from the group and stands before the fire,—arms folded, head tipped, eyes fixed on the stars as if expecting some mystic message from the Unseen. His erect sinewy form stands like a proud column among tottering ruins. His unbending will reflects itself in his motionless face and firm muscles. His mute soul calls in silence to the Great Spirit. No,—he cannot surrender! That unconquerable spirit cannot yield. No! No! The spirits of the dead summon him again to battle. His lips quiver. He turns and speaks to his people. His intrepid spirit animates their hearts with fresh courage. His indomitable mind pervades his people. They vow by their dead never to surrender their heritage.

A night attack is planned. The next night is set for the battle.

The black mantle of night flees and the sun rises in the blue east. War preparations fill the long day. Flints for their arrows are sharpened, bows are restrung, and new darts are made. Evening comes and all is ready. Cotenca calls his warriors. They surround him,—armed, painted, and silent. The plans are reviewed and their hearts inspired. They set forth under the cover of darkness.

But the watchmen of Cortes kept ceaseless vigil. A rift in the clouds revealed to their keen eyes, Indians moving toward the

battlements. The alarm is given. Instantly the camp is in arms.

Slowly and stealthily the Indians advance, the camp of Cortes is hushed in profound silence. No sooner had the Indians reached the slope, which rises to the walls of the fortification, than they were astounded by the deep, roaring battle cry of the Spaniards as they rush out of their camp, pouring down the sides of the hill. Brandishing aloft their weapons, they seem to the terrified Tlascalians like cohorts of demons. Panic-stricken the Indians make a feeble stand and then retreat across the plain. The Spanish horsemen pursue, riding them down, cutting them to pieces without mercy. Few escape the awful slaughter. Finally Cortes calls his glory men from the field.

But what of the great chief Cotenca? Fighting to the last, he barely escapes death. On his white horse he flees to the mountains. There he rests his sad heart for a day. Much he ponders over his fallen people; much does he think of their future; till at length his heart overburdened with grief and sorrow, he waits the sunset.

The sky is tinted with softening hues. Cotenca mounts his white horse. Faster, faster he rides to the beautiful river of Sana into which legend says the sun sinks. Faster, still faster, Cotenca rides, his head close to the neck of his fleet horse. Nearer and nearer he comes to the steep banks of the Sana. No thought of stopping has the brave Cotenca. On—on over the steep banks of the beautiful Sana he rides, into the light of his loved purple sunset.

A LEGEND OF MAINE

By Mary D. Herrick '25

On the shores of Penobscot Bay there stands a large yellow house. In times gone by it was a tavern, having been owned before the Revolution by a man named French. Strange and weird stories are told of this old place, of smuggling, and of spies who were sheltered there.

In the French family were John French and his twelve daughters. John French had been a sea-captain for many years and like most of the old captains of his day, he had don a bit of privatering. There is a story among the country folk that there was a

tunnel in the house which led to a small cove near by. Tales of happenings there were told across the cups in the Village tavern and by men to their families on winter nights before the fires. They were strange tales too, tales as gruesome as those of pirates of the sea.

The French family never mingled with their neighbors; and it was whispered that if war should come John French would stand with the British.

In 1775 war was declared and volunteers started southward. During the first year of

the war the little village was in great excitement, and there was only one man who could tell what happened in the French house that year. Old men remember hearing their fathers tell of this man as he would sit in the cold evenings by the tavern table a large cask of beer by his side looking into the fire and then to the expectant company who never tired of his strange tales.

"It was when I was a boy and a spy in the British army" he would begin, "I had the good luck to be stationed at Fort Castine. One night about two o'clock I was awakened by some of the men coming into my tent. With them was my comrade Jack Biglow. At a glance I knew something had happened; as they laid him down I saw he was severely hurt. In a few words the others told me they were going for the doctor who was across the bay. After they went out Jack motioned to me, as I drew near he tried to sit up but failed.

"Come closer" he cried "Old man I have done my last work for 'Old Glory' but before I go, listen."

"As I sat there he told me what had occurred that night.

"I got in with the officers" he began "and a while ago we took a boat and started for the Yankee side up the river. We landed and I followed the rest until we came to a spot where the leader pushed aside some bushes disclosing to the view of our one light, a tunnel. We walked until we came to a flight of steps leading to a trap-door,

which was opened at once. Upon entering I gasped, for it was the French house and Mr. French was greeting us."

"Here Jack gasped and close his eyes, but in a moment he began again.

"Well to make a long story short, Will, I found out that the French house was a headquarters for the British spies and from there all the information of our forces had been got through to the British."

"I did not tell you Will, because it was too risky and if any one was to be caught I intended to have it be myself.

"To-night I was to be sent to Boston with a message to the British commander there. Just as we were going in I tripped and fell on the top stair and went the whole length."

"Then he lay back, his eyes closed and breathing very slowly.

"The tunnel," I cried "How do you get to it?"

He opened his eyes but his lips scarcely moved. Just then the officers came back with the doctor, who in a few minutes told us all was over."

This is the story which is told by the people who live near the old French house. Many laugh at the legends and scoff at the idea of a tunnel; but there is in the cellar a place bricked up and covered with boards, which legend says may be the old tunnel. So the story told, by the aged soldier, of the happenings to is comrade that night so many years ago, is told again to-day.

A CHANGE OF PACE

It was six o'clock. Across the sunlit athletic field, the great black shadow of the grandstand crept slowly onward. In the grandstand the home fans, who at the beginning of the game had laid aside their wraps in the swelter of the early afternoon, now wrapped their coats about them and settled back in their seats for the twelfth inning of the most thrilling baseball game ever seen in Colton.

Colton High School was playing Chester Academy for the championship of the county. After a fast eight innings, the score had read five to five and thereon the two rival hurlers had settled down into a groove and the game proceeded in a pitchers' battle between two masters of their art, the two best school twirlers in the state. The game had continued this way until the eleventh

inning when Colton by much energy had pushed over a run, but the fighting Chester team by a great struggle in their part of the inning, evened the honors. Along came the first part of the twelfth. Throwing science to the wind the Colton sluggers had let loose, and before the inning was over had attained a lead of three runs. Here begins the story. Colton now takes the field at the end of the twelfth with a three run lead, the score being nine to six.

Perhaps in this inning, as in others, the star mound artist of Colton High would have shut out the Chester men and assured his team of victory, but in this game as in the great game of life, there are many surprises and before he knew it, Ted Lancaster was in a hole. Let us start the inning together and see the trials and tribulations of

even the best of pitchers.

The first man up headed the batting list a fellow by the name of Mack McGinty; he was short wiry and noted for his ability to get a single when a single was necessary. As he stepped up to the plate, Ted, noticing his determined attitude, knew he must deliver the goods. Turning around he made a slight survey of the infield as if to see if his team was ready; then, snapping around he whipped one over the very middle of the plat. "Crack." Bat met ball and McGinty running like a rabbit made second on what would have been a single for a slower man.

Right here for the first time Ted's stamina weakened, his shoulder hurt him and each ball he threw sent a painful twitch up his arm. Gamely he stuck to his task, but before he knew it two men had been forced across, a man was on second and third and a pinch hitter up, one of those sluggers who are not so adept at fielding, but sit on the bench until a hit is needed then come forth and spoil the pitcher's record by busting a fence.

Slowly, as if to tantalize, Ted, the giant fellow moved up to the plate. Up in the grandstand the Chester sympathiers em-

ployed and begged with lusty roars for him to hit it out and hit it out hard.

In spite of the howling and noise from the grandstand. Ted could hear the encouraging voices of his team telling him to take his time. The crisis had come, one hit would defeat his team; he must strike this man out.

The first ball he threw was a teaser, a high roundhouse curve, it was called a ball. As he saw the grim face of the batter, he decided on a plan of attack which, although old has fooled the very best of batters, a change of pace. Winding up slowly he threw a drop over the heart of the plate, Madden, the batter, simply blinked. Again Ted whirled and snapped one across the platter. The great bambino was angry now and he gripped the bat more firmly and set himself for the last strike. Ted wound up, snapped his arm and almost shot the ball from his hand, Madden gritting his teeth swung mightly at the sphere, when with his bat half at the finish of his tremendous sweep saw that instead of the speed ball he expected the slowest, most tantalizing snail ball he had ever seen. He was out. Colton had won the game and the county championship all with a change of pace.



ALUMNI



FOX '14

A number of Bangor and former Bangor boys form a large part of the Buffalo State of Maine club. Christopher Toole, former Bangor High athlete, is president. James Russell, once a Bangor boy, is a charter member. Miles "Micky" Finnegan, formerly of Bangor, Edwin "Touchy" Short and John "Red" Lynch, both star athletes at Canisius college, are among the attendants.

Short, who leads the Canisius football team next fall, is acting as coach for the team during its spring training. He is also playing baseball with the Delany and Howe Drug Co., team of Buffalo.

Crosby Hodgman, B. H. S., '21, has been chosen a Commencement speaker at Bowdoin college. At Bowdoin, Hodgman has carried on his public speaking work which he started at Bangor High by taking part in the dramatic and debating societies and winning the Alexander Prize Speaking Contest. Mr. Hodgman's home is now at Cambridge, Mass.

Frank E. Bragg, B. H. S., '93, treasurer of the Orono Pulp and Paper Company, has been invited to attend a meeting of the organization committee of shippers in Boston, May 8. This committee meeting is for the purpose of forming a shippers regional advisory board for the New England States.

Charles H. Whitman, Ph.D., B. H. S., '94, and Colby '97, is the author of a subject index to the poems of Edmund Spenser. The current issue of the journal of English and Germanic Philology gives Dr. Whitman a fine commendation for his excellent work. Dr. Whitman is the head of the English department of Rutgers college and the uncle of our present Oracle editor.

Phil Jones, former Bangor High and U. of M. athletic high light and now physical director of the Rockland public schools, will conduct a summer camp for boys. This camp will be located on the shores of Hobbs pond, six miles from Camden. It runs from July 6 to August 17.

Joseph D. Garland, Bangor High graduate, has been elected president of the senior of the mainstays of Bowdoin football for class at Bowdoin college. "Joe" has been for the past two seasons. Had Fred Ostergren been retained as football coach at Bowdoin, Garland would have undoubtedly acted as his assistant.

Miss M. Pauline Aiken, B. H. S. '21, continues to be the highest ranking freshman at Maine. She was recently made a member of the Contributors club of that institution. A good proportion of Bangor young people are on the Dean's List at the U. of M.

Willis Rollins, B. H. S. '22, is director of the saxophonists and assistant leader of the Maine band. At Bangor High he served four years as member of the band and orchestra. He has also been a member of the Bangor band and the Bangor Symphony orchestra. Aside from being a member of the University of Maine band for three years, Mr. Rollins is also a member of the University of Maine band for three years, Mr. Rollins is also a member of Kappa Phi Kappa, honorary society, and Phi Mu Delta, national fraternity.

Recent marriages of Bangor High alumni:

Miss Doroty Freese, B. H. S. '20, and Henry W. Dearborn

Miss Lois Robinson Hodgkins and Carl Francis Morrison.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. VICTOR G. RICHARDSON



The Record Littleton High School

Yours is a compact well arranged little magazine. The editorial on "Which way shall we turn" was especially good. The literary department contains some fine stories and the various departments are well handled. The cuts are good but where is your table of contents?

The Echo, Jackman, Me.

Your departments are well edited especially the athletics which appears more than complete. The poetry department is very refreshing to say the least. On the whole a very interesting readable magazine.

The Margaretta, Machias, Me.

Congratulations "Margaretta!" You were launched unusually well. The account of "The Capture of the Margaretta" was exceedingly interesting and we especially enjoyed the essay on Abraham Lincoln.

The D. H. S. Porpoise, Daytona, Fla.

We had an idea that southerners were rather slow and lazy, but oh my! what a shock when we received the "Porpoise!" This is one of the snappiest little papers we exchange with which only goes to prove "one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives." The cartoons are great and the jokes are so hot they sizzle.

The Early Trainer, Lawrence, Mass.

Your editorials are about the best we have had the pleasure to read. We enjoyed reading the articles on Abraham Lincoln and George Washington which show undoubted talent in the writers. The poems are good and the Class Notes humorous but we couldn't see a great deal about the class in them.

The Perescope, Waterville, Me.

An interesting well edited little magazine. We wonder if a few longer stories wouldn't improve the literary department?

Your various departments are well handled tho it seems you might have a longer exchange list and where is your table of contents?

Metor, Berlin, N. H.

You have one of the best arranged magazines we have seen. It would be pleasant to read a few long stories in your literary department which in the issue at hand is comprised of all short articles. A cover design would improve the outside appearance of the magazine and the joke department is rather small in comparison with the other large, well written departments.

IN THE LOOKING GLASS

Oracle, Bangor, Me.,

Your athletic department is fine and we enjoyed your literary articles; you have decided talent among your contributors. Everyone likes to laugh so why not some jokes?

The Margaretta

Oracle, Bangor, Me.,

The cover design of your Xmas number was very attractive. Your paper is good in every department.

The Metor

Oracle, Bangor, Me.,

It is pleasant to find a page of fun when we expected nothing but ads, nevertheless it might be even nicer not to isolate this work.

The Monad

Oracle, Bangor, Me.,

Well balanced paper.

Coburn Clarion

Oracle, Bangor, Me.,

Your January number has a very attractive cover design. We were very interested in the exploits of your boy hero, Philip Gould. We would suggest that he apply to James Oliver Curwood for a position in the "Northwest Mounted." We have a fine collection of stray puppies which we would be glad to contribute toward his dog team.

The Early Trainer

Oracle, Bangor, Me.,

Yours is an excellent paper. The cuts are fine, also each department of your paper is well represented.

The Torch



Guy P. Hays, P. D. J.
'26.



LIBRARY

Do you all know that there is such a thing as a High School Library, and that we have many very interesting books of all kinds to read? Through the kindness of the Bangor Public Library we have just received some new books. There are fiction, biography, history, science and many other new books. The following is a list illustrating what you may find on our shelves at all times.

Fiction

Abbott, E. H. Molly make-believe
Bailey, Temple Tin soldier
Bennett, Arnold Buried alive
Brush, C. C. Colonel's opera cloak
Collins, Willsie Moonstone
Connor, Ralph Black rock
Day, Holman King Spruce
Fisher, D. C. Brimming cup
Ford, P. L. Janice Meredith
Habberton, John Helen's babies
Hannay, J. O. Spanish gold
Hawes, C. B. The mutineers
Hawkins, A. H. Rupert of Hentzau
Heyliger, William High Benton
Hough, E. 54-40 or fight
Jackson, Mrs. H. H. Ramona
Johnston, Mary Slave ship
Johnson, Owen The varmint
Kyne, P. B. Cappy Ricks
Lincoln, Joseph Rugged waters
London, Jack Sea-wolf
Marshall, Archibald Eldest son
Mason, A. E. W. Four feathers
O'Henry Four million
Pain, R. D. First down, Kentucky
Pronty O. H. Bobbie, general manager
Sabatini, Rafael Carolinian
Sublette Scarlet cockrell
Tarkington, Booth Turmoil

Verne, Jules .. From the earth to the moon
Webster, Jean Dear enemy
White, S. E. Gold
Willsie, Mrs. Honora Still Jim

Interesting Non-fiction

Science

Bond, A. R. .. Inventions of the great war
Decker, W. F. ... Story of the engine from
lever to Liberty motor
Fabre, J. H. C. Story book of science
Fabre, J. H. C. . Wonder book of chemistry
AbbFraser, C. C. Secrets of the earth

Travel and Adventure

Abbott, W. F. Soldiers of the sea
Borup, George ... A tenderfoot with Peary
Brooks, Noah .. First across the continent
Davis, R. H. Real soldiers of fortune
Frank, H. A. Zone policeman 88
Hawes, C. B. Whaling
Rollins, P. A. The cowboy

Biography

Cody, W. F. Autobiography of Buffalo Bill
Frank, M. M. . Great authors in their youth
Gilbert, Griadue More than conquerors
Meadowcraft, W. H. The boy's life of
Edison
Richards, Mrs. L. E. H. .. Florence Night-
ingale
Strachey, G. L. Queen Victoria
Tappan, E. M. Alfred, the great

Miscellaneous

Boyle, Mary E. Man before history
Corson, G. H. At home in the water
Edmund, P. and W., H. W. Toaster's
handbook
Guest, Edgar A heap of living
Smith, H. L. Your biggest job, school
or business



MILITARY



It really looks as if the Bangor High Rifle team would attain its goal. After winning from Bridgeport with five perfect scores and tying English High of Massachusetts, they walk away with the New England title for the third time. In this match only two colleges topped the local team—Norwich and Boston University. The runner up in schoolboy class was Gloucester High.

The next match shot was for the Hearst Trophy for Junior R. O. T. C. schools. The scores made by the Crimson marksmen have been sent to the officer in charge of R. O. T. C. affairs 6th Corps Area. Here they will be compared with the scores made by other schools all over the United States

TEAM A

Thompson Berdeen	384
Donald Yates	375
Invansis Sullivan	371
William Cuttler	362
Thurlough Chandler	351
Rudolph Spurling	347
Aleck Nickerson	343
Total	2533

TEAM B

Ambrose Bowden	373
Oscar Anderson	362
Kenneth Ludden	352
Norman Winch	349
Donald Willey	348
Victor MacNaughton	341
Kenneth Robbins	381
Total	2445

Our last match was the shot in the National Intercollegiate Match. In this shooting the boys made a grand total of 7732 points of a possible 8000. This match was one of the hardest that the club has completed this season.

Berdeen was the outstanding man with a score of 790 out of a possible 800. Bangor improved their last year's mark by a total of 240 points, so we expect the team will secure an excellent standing among the high school units in the United States.



LOCALS



Thursday, April 16, the burlesque debate between the boys and the girls was held. The question was: "Resolved that wood is better than iron." Wood, defended by the girls, won out. The affirmative team was Edith Bowen and Jessie Fraser, the negative, Charles O'Conner and Edward Stern. The boys claim that the decision, as well as the debate, was burlesque.

Thursday, April 23, the Latin Club held its monthly social meeting. Plans for the banquet to be held a week later were completed and was held April 30. The menu resembled a simple Roman meal, and was put in Latin on scrolls made at the meeting. Everything connected with the banquet was as Roman as the club's pocket book and the comfort of the members allowed. At the business meeting, the possibility of having the last meeting of the club an open one was discussed.

Mrs. Carroll gave a splendid expository speech. This ended the activities of the debating societies for the year, except for a test taken April 27, by those desiring the half credit offered for debating. At the same meeting of the Girls' Debating Society, officers were elected for the coming year. The president is to be Mary Quinn, the vice-president, Dorothy Brady, secretary, Clara Bunker, treasurer, Jessie Fraser. A new office, that of publicity officer, was created, to be given to one of the members coming in from the snapdragons. This office was filled when the Snapdragons elected Pauline McCready.

On Monday, April 27, Dean Stevens of the University of Maine presented a ten dollar gold piece to Gretchen Hayes, as a prize for having read the six Dickens' books in a year, and having written an essay on each of them.

School opened for the spring term on April 13, the day after Easter and all settled down in earnest to the last lap of this year's race for knowledge.

On Monday, April 20, the Debating Societies held their annual banquet with fifty-

one present. After a good supper supplied by the caterer, Edward Stern, the toastmaster, introduced Mr. Proctor as first speaker of the evening. Mr. Proctor had a few words to say, and then handed out the letters won by members of the societies. These letters are awarded to those who participate in an interclass or interscholastic debate or who are officers of a society. Miss Townsend, president of the Girl's Debating Society spoke of the friendly rivalry that exists between the boys and the girls. Mr. White told about the trip to Bucksport; Miss Copeland and Miss Lorimer gave their versions of the Ellsworth trip. Mr. Bryant spoke about the difficulties of judging a debate. Mr. Somerville, in a very flowery ovation, introduced a sure cure for all political and economic ills which he had found in from the snapdragons. This office was around the table.

GIRLS ATHLETIC NOTES.

One of the biggest events of the year for the girls who have taken part in school athletics was a banquet held on Saturday April 11, given by the Girls Athletic Honor Council. About eighty girls attended this banquet also. The Mayor and Mrs. Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. Search, Mr. and Mrs. Garclon and Mr. and Mrs. Trickey. The chaperones were Miss Connor, Miss Marjorie Driscoll and Miss Greene. Aris Haley was toastmistress.

The track letters and numerals were presented by Miss Connor, basketball numerals by Evelyn Friend and the basketball letters and sweaters by Mr. Search.

Two girls were taken into the Council. These girls were Francis Clarke '26 and Charlotte Brown '28.

Three girls were given second honor, Evelyn Friend, Madeline Silsby and Mary Files.

The highest honor possible for a girl to obtain in the Athletic Honor Council was given to Aris Haley.



PERSONALS



FREE TAXI

Beginning May 1st there will be Four Taxi Cabs, run from Bangor to Brewer (only.) Those who have volunteered to drive the cars are the Misses Marise Gordon, Eleanor Peavey, Rosamond Taylor and as soon as Conkie Chalmers gets her license she will join the Co. These young ladies are very popular at the High School and very competent drivers, having had two weeks of experience during the Easter vacation. Those who are afraid to ride are cordially invited too. The Taxi Signal will be to stand in the middle of the street with left hand to right and the driver will either stop or run over you. Yours for speed service.

Free Taxi Co. B. H. S. 1925

CURIOSITY CORNER

(There is still one issue of the Oracle to come. Send your questions to A. F. P. and she'll squeeze out a few minutes to answer them before June. Remember, we know everything.)

Q. Who writes those Travelogues? I think they're terribly clever.—Louise.

A. Mary Files wrote the one about "Donald White in Africa"; we persuaded Madeline Wesley to write this month's about "Rudolph Spurling at the North Pole;" we promised not to give away the identity of the authors of "The B. H. S. Debating Team in Ellsworth" and of "Prescott Vose in Hawaii." The other five were original with us. We thank you.

Q. Please tell me why my graduation essay didn't win the medal.—Jack G.

A. No doubt it was too deep for the judges.

Q. Who won the decision in the debate, "Resolved, that wood is better than iron?"—C. J.

A. The Affirmative team. They have been presented by the Domestic Science department with a dozen wooden rolling pins.

Q. Was the Roman banquet a success?—Lawrence

A. Well, we had plenty to eat.

Q. Can you make biscuits? Please tell me how.—Mary F.

A. Yes, such as they are. The best way is to get your mother to mix them up for you.

Q. Would you advise me to take the classical or the Scientific Course—Sub-Freshman.

A. If you take the Classical, you escape valences, simultaneous quadratic equations, and logarithms; but on the other hand you have to cope with the mysteries of the ablative case with gerunds and gerundives and a host of bewildering constructions; and in either case, you're apt to have Madame your Senior year.

Q. I can't understand why you people work your heads so hard for your debating letters. Why not go out for athletics?—Avis.

A. Don't take debating—unless you want to get so crazy in love with it that you'd give up anything for it.

Q. What would you call an empty-headed woman who was a good housewife?—E.

A. A vacuum cleaner.

Q. Are there any geniuses in B. H. S.?—Buddie

A. There are: Frank Linnell can prove that one equals two; John Townsend can draw music out of a chair and a stick; and some of us have memorized a three-act play in French. Also, come into our office any time and we'll show you a boy who can prove that a rotten potato is a beehive.

CLASS OF '25 AT DEATH'S DOOR

PHYSICIANS REPORT END IS NEAR

Suffering From Old Age, Senior Class Relapses During the Night

Physicians Report End Is Near

The Class of '25 is rapidly approaching the end. Four long years during which it has gradually declined in health, have passed, and now the crisis has come. Anxious crowds pressed about the Classes' residence on Harlow street the whole day long, waiting for news of what was going on within.

It will be remembered how, as a young lad, in perfect health the Class of '25, then called "fresh" entered B. H. S. Since then Father-Time has colored his once raven locks an ashen gray and is now raising his scythe to deliver the fatal blow.

Last year a similar attack was suffered by the present Senior Class, Dr. Sam Levine, well known specialist, was brought to the scene and administered first aid. This year at the repetition of the attack Dr. Roderick O'Connor another specialist was summoned, but it seems the patient is too far gone. In diagnosing the case, the physicians agree that it is a plain case of old age and there is no hope.

"Slats" Collins, a near relative of the patient could not bear the thought of being separated from the Class of '25 with which he has been associated for four years, and shed bitter tears, which were promptly mopped up by the janitor.

It is rumored about town that several lawyers have approached the patient concerning the making of will. No official notice has yet been received but greedy relatives of the Class family, including Junior and Sophomore Classes have been heard to express a desire that the Class pass away soon so that they might sooner assume his property and position. Junior Class in particular has shown amazing impudence. Already rings have been purchased and also a banner. They have ever gone so far as to try to assume the place as head of all the classes even tho the real master yet lives.

Joe Feehan Pronounces Phenolphthalein

RISING CHEMIST'S REPEAT ATTEMPTS AT LAST REWARDED

The age of miracles is at hand! The impossible was accomplished before the eyes of all, in the chemistry laboratory yesterday. Joe Feehan, a rising young chemist and inventor of the "Famous Feehan Firecrackers" (patents pending) has at last pronounced Phen-ol-ph-th-a-lin. The feat was accomplished without a halt, hitch, or hold-up, and was spoken in a manner worthy of a Victor Artist.

Mr. Feehan was the recipient last night of a handsome bouquet from the Chemistry Club, a telegram from the president and a shower of notes from his many friends, congratulating him on his remarkable accomplishment. All night long an army of newspapermen prowled about the Feehan residence seeking and interview. The Tatler reporter was admitted, however, without ever the formality of interviewing a private secretary.

Feehan greeted the journalist with outstretched arms, falling on his neck and weeping for pure joy.

(Continued on Page 2)

NOTICE
3 Pages of
TATLER
ofr the June
ORACLE
Contributions
Welcome

RAVENOUS ROMANS DEVOUR SUBSTANTIAL MENU

Latin Club Hits Old Man Gloom On the Head

The Assembly Hall echoed and reechoed with deep voiced diphthongs, eloquent ablatives, and beautiful inviolated discourses, all uttered in the time honored tongue of Caesar, when the Latin Club held their first annual banquet.

The revellers made a strange picture as they were seated about the festive board. The boys, handsome youths all, were draped in the family tablecloths, representing the Roman togas.

On the table, almost buried in olives, radishes and baked beans, lay the great wooden horse of Troy, roasted to perfection, all ready to eat. An ax and bundle of rods was placed before the president, Leo White, with which presumably he attack the food. A few sets of false teeth were also provided in case some one's own teeth should become fatigued. It is needless to relate with what relish is speed the men was devoured. All the remains to tell is that few, if any, ill effects resulted from the night's festivities.

The banquet was followed by many ovations delivered by various Prominent Romans. The speeches were all spoken in eloquent flowery, rippling Hog-Latin. The first speaker was Paul Martin, who, it will be remembered was the prosecuting attorney, when cataline was tried. A litterval translation of the most interesting part of his speech is here given:

"Ladies and Fellers—As I gaze into your beautiful faces.—Al—Er Oh h, Ladies and fellers—I want to say that there have been many clubs since the Ape-man first devised a Club as a means of defense, but the best Club that ever was clubbed is our own Latin Club.

JOE PHEEHAN PRONOUNCES PHENOLPHTHALICIN.

(Continued from Page 1)

After a time he recovered his composure and told his story. Ever since

RAVING MANIAC FOUND IN VEAZIE

Was Only O'Connor Procticing Parting Address

The whole community of Veazie was thrown into confusion last night, by a weird tale.

A man had been wandering about during the early hours of the morning before sunrise in search of a lost cow. While passing an isolated house he heard a series of strange cries and mutterings that made his blood run cold. He had hastened at top speed to summon help and had succeeded in gathering a posse which assembled in the town hall, armed to the teeth.

They hastened to the place indicated and forced an entrance. They could hear a man raving as they filed up the stairs, and followed round to a room at the top floor. They broke into the room and found to their astonishment that the noise was caused by nothing more than

A man had been wandering about Roderic O'Connor practising his

BRIDGHAM DEFEATS NURMI IN THRILLING CONTEST

Bass Park was the scene of one of the most spectacular races ever witnessed in this city, when Lloyd Bridgham of the Senior Class track team defeated Naavo Purmi, the famous Finnish runner in the 100 mile dash.

The event was the last one to be run for the day, and a huge crowd had gathered along the course to witness the athletes match their speed.

becoming an inmate of the local High School he had tried every night before going to bed, to pronounce Phenolphthalein. Four long years he had unrested with the word and yesterday came success.

Photographs of the new celebrity may be secured at all local newsstands for the small sum of 25c. There is only a small quantity so make your reservations early.

EDITORIALS

GRETCHEN COMES THROUGH AGAIN

Miss Gretchen Hayes, orator, authoress, and scholar has won fresh laurels to her already substantial collection. Recently at the chapel exercises the students of B. H. S. had the pleasure of seeing a bright \$10 gold piece change hands.

Dean Stevens from the University of Maine, representing the Dickens Fellowship, made a fine speech which ended his announcing Miss Hayes as the winner of a prize given by that body for having poured over many volumes of Dickens's works with the best results. The young lady was summoned to the platform and before the approving glances of the teeming multitude, calmly copped the prize.

The Oracle board, of which Miss Hayes is a stunning light, are delighted at this well-invited good fortune which has come to one of their number, and take this opportunity to offer felicitations to her on her success. We all feel that some day Gretchen's name will head the "Hs" in the Encyclopedia Americana.

HONORARY FRATERNITY FORMED AT B. H. S.

Call Themselves the Noo Kow Moos

A Greek letter lonavavy fraternity calling themselves the Moo Kow Moos has been organized in B. H. S. The purpose of this organization is to further the interests of science by offering to all students, who attain the scholarship standards set by this organization, free tuition to Atlanta Penn., or the School of Hard Knocks. Only students whose ranks average 43 or above are considered. From those, who are the pride of the class, are selected the five whose ranks are nearest 43, and they are initiated. They are then presented Gretchen's name will head the "Hs" a pin emblem of membership in the fraternity, and a map showing the way to Atlanta, Penn.

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