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May, 1926



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# The Oracle

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NO. 8

## The Oracle Board

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# Who's Who



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ALBERT E. GARCELON  
Superintendent of Schools





## CONTRIBUTION AND RECEPTION

"Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."

We are all very much like the tree-frog in that we cling close to and partake considerably of the nature of our environment, in color or character. We find ourselves constantly absorbing the influences which surround us. If it were not for presence of the disease germs of bad influence all about, it would not be necessary to say that all these influences should be patiently filtered through a sufficient amount of discretion.

Good men and women are ready to contribute and would like to contribute something worth while to our lives and they can if we receive it: bad men and women are ready to contribute and would like to contribute something not worth while to our lives and they cannot if we refuse it. The way that leads to our minds is free to all, but the way that leads into the mind is free to only that which is received.

## HOW THE DEBT WAS PAID

The Oracle Board is indeed very happy at the early and complete clearing up of the "debt" that was incurred during the past year by the Oracle Board with their printers. We could not confidently have hoped to raise the sum this year. But a general spirit of gen-

erosity has made possible this settlement as the following account will show. We most heartily thank the home-room organizations, the group of girls, the Bluebottle Vaudevillians, the school clubs, and, especially, the J. P. Bass Publishing Co., for their interest in the welfare of the "Oracle."

Total bill (dating from June, 1925). \$309.83

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J. P. Bass Pub. Co.	59.83

\$ 273.33

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\$ 309.83



## *A True Hero*

By Raymond P. White, '26

On one spring day in 1920 all was hustle and bustle about the dock of the liner "President Arthur." She was an American ship bound to America from Liverpool with freight and passengers. In another hour she was due to leave. Passengers were swarming the decks. The whistle sounded at the appointed hour and amid much hand waving, last farewells, and good-byes the giant of the ocean pulled out of the harbor and headed for open sea.

Among the passengers were many women and children. As they chatted merrily together they hardly realized they were on the ocean so gracefully did the ship glide thru the water. Many were watching the fast fading shores of England, perhaps thinking of the loved ones they had left, while others were reclining in easy chairs from which they watched the scenery of the ocean, the gulls, or the occupations of the sailors.

All went well for the first part of the journey. Each day dawned bright and fair and everybody appeared to be having a great time. A better voyage could not be wished for.

At noon on the fifth day the passengers were startled by the cry "FIRE!" Smoke was seen issuing from the cabins on the top deck. All the fire fighting apparatus was summoned into use to aid in quenching the flames but to no avail, for despite the efforts of the crew the flames soon spread to other portions of the

ship. The passengers were horror stricken. Men, women, and children all crowded to the bow of the burning liner, each seeking a place of safety.

All the lifeboats were above the rapidly approaching flames. There was only one thing to do and that was to try to make port before the ship was all afire. The captain, upon seeing the only chance, signalled to the engine room and ordered full steam. Great clouds of smoke belched from the ship's stacks. Trembling with motion the good ship plowed thru the water with all possible haste. Already the distant shore of America could be seen by the anxious passengers. Could they make harbor safely?

Captain Ames tried his best, with the assistance of his officers, to pacify the frightened passengers. Occasionally he gave directions thru his megaphone. Although he knew that the safety of the ship lay between the pilot and the oncoming flames, he did not make it known.

Gradually the flames crept toward the pilot house. Captain Ames saw the great danger and watched with breathless suspense. Would the pilot desert his wheel if the flames became too hot?

The spires of the city of New York could be seen in the distance but the flames kept creeping nearer the pilot. The heat was terrific in the little room in which lay the safety of so many. "Pilot Mason!" roared the captain,



and amid the crackling of the flames came the answer, "Aye! Aye!" The city was not far away now, and again the captain spoke, and again came the answer. Thick clouds of black smoke arose on all sides of the pilot house and at times it was completely hidden from view.

Now the ship was steaming into the harbor and again the captain shouted, "Pilot Mason,

are you there?" Then the answer came back faintly but surely. "Aye!—"

Suddenly the ship touched the dock and the passengers were taken off. While the flames were being extinguished the captain again shouted to his pilot, but there was no answer. The plucky pilot had died at his wheel, a true hero.

## *As Cookee in the Maine Woods*

By Harold McMann

When I have told people that I cookeed during my summer vacation they said they would hate to eat my cooking and so would I, I did everything else but cook.

This was my first experience as cookee and the first time I had ever been in the big woods of Maine, naturally everything was new and a curiosity to me. I was sent to a camp called Dole Brook, which is 43 miles from the Railroad station. I arrived at my destination at about 12 o'clock p. m. It was on a very rainy Sunday and I had to walk six miles, so I was pretty tired.

The camp was a typical log cabin, consisting of a cook room, an ell, and a dingle or sleeping room. In the cook room there was a large stove, two tables, which were long enough to seat twelve men at each one. In the right hand corner was the cook's bunk and over his was mine. The ell, connecting the cook room and dingle, was the wash room for the men and our store room. The dingle was the sleeping room, with fifteen beds, the men slept two in a bed.

Everybody went to bed early so I had to also, but what a night I did have. I slept in an upper bunk over the cook, not in white sheets either, but in khaki blankets, and on straw ticks. The windows and doors were closed, and a hot fire in the stove, cooking beans. On account of not sleeping I heard every little sound. The mice made their headquarters in the wall next to my bed. How I happened to know that

they were there was because one fell on my jaw, another came under my blanket and others in the wall running up and down in the old dried up newspapers, which are put on the walls of a cook room.

Finally morning came, the cook got up at 3.30 but I didn't have to until 4.30. Then I was sent to get some spring water about a half mile away, but I used to look forward to that morning walk, the morning air was wonderful, it would make me feel fine for the rest of the day. I came back in time to set the table for breakfast for 25 men. We had a great menu that morning and all the rest of the mornings I was there such as, french fried potatoes, hamburg steak, flapjacks, etc. After the men had eaten, the cook and I ate. Then to wash the dishes, which, including cups were tin and the knives were iron, consequently it took scalding hot water to clean them thoroughly, so naturally this was a warm job. I swept the floor, washed the dish wipers and the towels, split the wood. It was around ten o'clock then, I had to carry luncheon to the men, who were at work about two miles away, at eleven o'clock; so I rested an hour, either read or slept.

Back from luncheon, washed the dishes, and from then until 4 o'clock the time was my own. Usually I went in swimming in the pond, near a small dam, then I read, other times I went canoeing.

Setting the table and washing the dishes, came very quickly but at 7 o'clock I was done.

The water had to be carried from the brook, by means of a yoke, carrying two pails at a time.

I came home the first week in September looking like a real woodsman my hair

was long but my pocketbook was bulging.

It was the best vacation I have ever spent, so I am going back to the great country of blackflies and mosquitoes this summer, but as a clerk.

## *Faithful Service*

By Alberta Haynes

On a barren shore stood a girl—alone and unafraid. The crisis had come. What should be her decision? There she stood looking anxiously in the direction of a yellow gleam of light, which was slowly growing fainter and fainter. A mile out to sea stood a tall lighthouse, situated on a dangerous reef. Inside she knew her father, the lighthouse keeper, was sleeping peacefully.

Little Eve had lived with her father in the lighthouse since she was a very small child. For the last few years circumstances had changed within the lighthouse. Her father had been an active lighthouse keeper in his younger days. Now he had grown old. Exactly three years from that very night he had been sleeping peacefully at this hour and through the whole night. A terrible storm was raging. To keep the lights burning one had to fill them with oil during the night—one o'clock being the usual hour. At one o'clock he had failed. A wrecked vessel was the result of this and the aged keeper was given one more chance for proving himself worthy of his position.

From that time on Little Eve had watched faithfully. The old man gradually got into the habit of sleeping through the whole night. But on these nights Eve was always ready to fill the lights. Her father was a sensitive old man and allowed neither her nor anyone to touch his lights. Therefore Eve, fearing to hurt her Father's pride, and dreading to make him realize that old age was upon him never told him that she had filled his lights. Thus when the keeper awoke in the early morning to find his lights still burning,

he, gradually forgetting the habit of years, thought it now unnecessary to refill them in the night. He and Eve had lived happily and contentedly together—the old man taking great pride in his lights: the girl in doing her duty for her father and making him happy.

Should she fail him this night? She had come to the main land for supplies. During her visit a terrible storm arose. Now it was at its height. She was a girl possessing that "do or die" spirit. She fearlessly pushed her boat from the shore with difficulty. She bent earnestly to the oars, and, guided by the fading light, she rowed towards it. But alas! it could scarcely be seen. The angry waves splashed into the boat, and over the struggling girl, almost overwhelming her. This only made her pull harder than ever. What courage she had to battle such a storm! The little boat was tossed to and fro—now nearer the tower, now farther from it. The light! The light was beginning to flicker, at last she gained the iron ladder of the tower. After tying the boat, she hurried into the lighthouse. She crept softly and as quickly as possible up the stairs to the top of the tower. The lights were nearly out but as she turned the oil in, they were revived. At last, exhausted, the girl lay down on her bed for but a few hours rest.

In the morning the old keeper and little Eve sat down at the breakfast table. The old keeper was still proud of his lights, which he thought had served him faithfully, through the dark and the storm and was entirely unmindful of the self-sacrificing love of his little daughter who at great cost had kept burning not only the life-saving light, but also the Fire of Youth and pride in her aged Father's heart.



## Niagara Falls

By Willis Blanchard

In all my life never have I beheld any sight that can excel the grandeur of Niagara, called "The Thunderer of the Waters."

When I first saw them in the year 1923, I was greatly inspired by their magnificence, as the sunlight shone upon the ever rising mist that fills the air with a slight dampness. The sun playing upon this mist forms a beautiful rainbow above the Falls that can be seen for quite a distance.

There seems to be two colors in these Falls, namely: green and white. The American Falls are white and the Horseshoe Falls are a dark green.

One has never really looked upon Niagara Falls until he sees them illuminated at night by a flood light of 50,000,000 candle power. They seem to be lifted out of the darkness for the purpose of being displayed at all times so that the visitor may not lose sight of their beauty even if only for a short time.

While there at Niagara, my parents and I stayed at the Clifton House, on the Canadian side. We were, indeed, very fortunate in obtaining good rooms for ours overlooked both Falls.

The second day of our stay at Niagara Falls, Ontario, we took a trip through the Scenic Tunnel. In order to take this short but interesting trip, we were obliged to hire a rubber outfit at the Table Rock House, this being the starting point. There were about twenty persons comprising our party and at the appointed time we were lowered down to a depth of one hundred feet by means of an elevator used for this purpose. Upon arriving at the entrance to the tunnel our party headed by a competent guide commenced its thrilling trip, going behind

the Falls. There are several openings along the way where the tourist may look out from behind a strong iron and wood protective barrier and view the Falls at different angles. When the end was finally reached, we came to an extra large opening through which we saw the roaring torrents come tumbling and crashing down. The noise here was deafening and the dampness seemed to fill the air in such a way as to make breathing very difficult. After an hour, we were once more back to the Table Rock House.

While there I obtained from a handbook which I purchased some very interesting and valuable data of which I will comment upon here before closing.

The rate of the recession of the Falls is always of interest to all. Careful measurements, covering a period of sixty years, show a retrocession of the Falls of about 500 feet in a century, although some authorities claim this allowance is too great. At this rate of recession, it is estimated that the Falls will move about a mile southward in the next thousand years.

The height of the American Falls is 167 feet; of the Horseshoe Falls, 158 feet. The length of the crest of the American Falls under water is 1,030 feet; of the Horseshoe Falls, 2,450 feet. The average depth of the American Falls is 1.5 feet; of the Horseshoe Falls, 7.9 feet.

According to the measurements of the U. S. Engineering Corps, the average flow of the Niagara river is 222,400 cubic feet per second. It is estimated that of this about one-sixth presses over the American Falls and five-sixths over the Horseshoe Falls.



# *The Legend of the Ruby Star*

By Hester Bell

In the ages when the stars were thought to guide the destinies of men, there lived a man named Beneva. A casual glance showed nothing but a short, heavy-set man yet if the glance reached the eyes, it was held, fascinated. A pair of brown eyes with steel-blue pupils stared you through and through.

In the city in which he lived Beneva was held in awe—for was he not the man who guarded the priceless ruby; that ruby which the Star-god had given to the city of Genthia. If all went well and the god was pleased, the ruby was blood-red but if trouble brewed and the god became angry it changed to a dull white. For years the stone had been kept by priests of the House of Beneva and now the last of the race was devoting his life to the guarding of the stone.

Into the city that spring had come a young man named Cala who was of huge build with an easy athletic stride. Differing from most people of those times he scoffed at the gods and paid no attention to religious rites. He was regarded as an evil influence and had been ordered from the city, but he refused to obey the order. Added to all this, the daughter of the High Chief had fallen in love with him and was caught trying to run away with him. Persuasion and entreaty had failed, and finally her father had locked her in her room.

It was then that a daring plan entered Cala's head. Why not steal the ruby and Ann and go to the wonderland miles away! Each day the thought grew on him and at last he decided to do it. He made plans with Ann through an old maid-servant and everything was ready for the venture.

The night of the theft was clear and a huge orange moon-lighted it brilliantly. Cala stole from his quarters, met Ann and together they went to the house of Beneva. A deathly still-

ness prevailed as Cala silently opened the door and slipped into the house. At first he could see nothing but as he became accustomed to the darkness he saw Beneva sitting on the floor beside a dead fire. He soon ascertained that the man was asleep and then he looked for the jewel. It was commonly known that the jewel was kept in a heavy box which Beneva carried with him always. Cala soon saw the box, dimly outlined in the moonlight; he seized it and ran quickly out. Then he and Ann crept swiftly through the night, away from Genthia to a land of strangers.

Neither Cala nor Ann were eager to open the case as they feared the wrath of the god; finally, they decided to open it together. After great trouble they succeeded and when they had it opened they saw, to their amazement, a dirty white stone of no value whatsoever. Frightened they dropped the box in the sands and fled.

When the theft was discovered, the inhabitants of Genthia were panic-stricken. Their ruby—their god—what would happen to them! Murder—Cala—Ann—Beneva! In the following week Beneva was forced to flee but before he did he made an oath that he would bring back the stone and restore the honor of the Benevas.

He followed on the trail of the thieves and at times would almost catch them but fate always intervened. At last he met them in Cairo and forced them into telling their story. Half-crazed, he rushed back to the place where they had left the stone and started hunting. Time passed and he became known as a crazy old man hunting for a mythical jewel. The city of Genthia died out—some people moved away and a great plague took the rest.

One day Beneva found the stone still a dirty white, but as his fingers touched it, it gradually

turned bright red. Then he started his pilgrimage back to Gentha and on his return he found the deserted site yet he considered his oath fulfilled.

On a dark night similar to the one on which the jewel was stolen, Beneva lay on the ground, dying. He had neither friend nor enemy to see his passing yet he was not sad—for did he

not have his precious ruby! His only worry was what to do with it and then the comforting thought came to him that he could take it with him. Relieved, he died happily and with his death the ruby mysteriously vanished, for he had taken it back to the Star-god. The next night a new star shone in the clear western sky.

---

“IF”

(Apologies to Mr. Kipling)

Avis Bartlett

If you can sit down of a Sunday evening  
with pen and paper in your hand.  
If you can start right in writing  
that theme so long and grand  
If you can write it without a falter  
and not copy it twice or thrice  
If you can, with a smile that will not alter  
hand it in next morning neat and nice  
If you can, with that same smile, in a week  
or two see that theme come blue pensiled  
back to you  
And on the following Monday,  
hand in another with a grin  
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!







Eugene Winch was manager of the University of Maine rifle team this season.

On February 16, 1926, Dr. Maxwell MacDonald, Bangor High '15, read before the Penobscot County Medical Society at the regular meeting held at the Bangor House a paper entitled "The Central Nervous System in General Medicine." Dr. MacDonald is a graduate of Harvard Medical School and a former resident of Bangor. He is now practicing Newrology in Boston.

Watson B. O'Connor and Milton H. Clapp were recently initiated in Tau Beta Pi, honorary engineering society of the U. of M.

Miriam Bunker was a member of the Mt. Holyoke College team which debated the University of Colorado.

Wilson Harthorne, a junior in the University of Pennsylvania has been elected to the honorary society of that school, the Matthew H. Cryer Society of Oral Surgery. Mr. Harthorn's rank for the first year at the U. of Penn. Dental College was somewhat above 94. He has accepted an appointment for Settlement House work next year in connection with his course. Mr. Harthorn is an alumnus of B. H. S. and was editor of the *Oracle* during his senior year.

The Bowdoin 1925 numerals were awarded to J. Philip Smith, B. H. S., '25, for work on the freshman football team.

Elizabeth Sawyer played on the Maine girls' basketball team all season.

The last issue of the Wheaton College Record, Wheaton, Illinois has an account of the

annual short story contest conducted by the Beltonian Literary Society of the College. Prescott Dennett, B. H. S., '25 a freshman at Wheaton, won third place in the contest, the other places being won by seniors. The title of Mr. Dennett's story was "Christmas on the Bench" and the Record praises it highly.

At a student election at Bowdoin recently Walter Whittier was chosen editor-in-chief of the Bowdoin "Orient." At the same election Alden Sawyer was chosen business manager of the Bowdoin Publishing Company which has charge of both the "Orient" and the "Quill."

The last Dean's list of the U. of M. registered Bangor Alumni as follows:—College of Arts and Sciences, 13; College of Agriculture, 1; College of Technology, 3; Freshmen, 9.

Acting President Boardman of the University of Maine spoke to the Athene Club of Bangor, recently.

Among recent weddings was the wedding (was it) of Adelbert Sprague and Mrs. Irene Tracy. Mr. Sprague has been for years a member of the Bangor Band and the Symphony orchestra and is a professor of music in Bangor High School and the U. of M. Mr. Sprague is a graduate of the University of Maine, and also holds a Harvard Degree.

Daniel Webster was chairman of the committee in charge of Junior week at the University of Maine.

John Tarbell was on the relay team which represented Bowdoin the at Penn. games at Philadelphia.





Captain Tribolet, in charge of the R. O. T. C. unit at the high school, announced the personnel of the cadet officers at the high school, Thursday, March 25. The list of appointments is as follows:

- T. Chandler, to be Cadet Colonel.
- D. Scott, to be Lt. Colonel.
- B. Berry, to be Capt. and Regtl. Adjutant.
- K. Robbins, to be Capt. and Personnel Adjutant.
- H. Briggs, to be Capt. and Regtl. Supply Officer.
- J. Crowell, to be Cadet Capt. War Plans and Training.
- A. H. Bowden, to be Cadet Major, 1st Battalion.
- D. Rudman, to be Cadet 1st Lt. and Adjt. 1st Batt.
- H. McMann, to be Cadet 2nd Lt. and Supply Off. 1st Batt.
- K. Allen, to be Cadet Major, 2nd Battalion.
- B. Cunningham, to be Cadet 2nd Lt. and Adjt. 2nd Batt.
- J. Ross, to be Cadet 2nd Lt. and Supply Officer 2nd Batt.
- D. Yates, to be Cadet Major, 3rd Battalion.

J. McGinty, to be Cadet 1st Lt. and Adjt. 3rd Batt.

N. Stanley, to be Cadet 2nd Lt. and Supply Officer 3rd Batt.

R. Leonard, to be Cadet Captain Company A.

S. Shannon, to be Cadet 1st Lt. Company A.

W. Watson, to be Cadet 2nd Lt. Company A.

C. A. Maynard, to be Cadet Captain Company B.

S. Pendleton, to be Cadet 1st Lt. Company B.

K. Kimball, to be Cadet 1st Lt. Company B.

F. Gillen, to be Cadet Captain Company C.

E. Mace, to be Cadet 1st Lt. Company C.

E. K. Stinchfield, to be Cadet 2nd Lt. Company C.

E. Smith, to be Cadet 2nd Lt. Company C.

M. Raichlin, to be Cadet Captain Company E.

A. E. Randall, to be Cadet 2d Lieut. Company E.

P. Linn, to be Cadet 2nd Lt. Company E.

D. Fogg, to be Cadet Captain Company F.

J. Wilson, to be Cadet 1st Lt. Company F.



# LOCALS



FOR 14

Thursday, April 29, the Household Arts Department held an Exhibition in their rooms in the basement.

The lunch room was used for health work, where health posters, 100 calorie portions of foods, and foods for the baby were on display. First aid and bed making were demonstrated.



PART OF THE DISPLAY

A cooking class was in session in the cooking room, to show how work is carried on by the pupils. An electric refrigerator and special methods of silver cleaning were demonstrated here also.

In the sewing room, class work was on display and student demonstration carried on with great interest. A very attractive living

room was built and furnished to express the fundamentals of decoration.

During the afternoon vocal solos were sung by the Misses Holmes, Girven, Segal and Ebbeson, Miss Holmes was accompanied by Miss Young, Miss Segal, Miss Hachy, and Miss Ebbeson played a number of piano selections.

A. D. III, Kalendas Maias, the Latin Club of Bangor High School gave a play to the parents of the members and guests. This play was given in Latin and very well rendered. The whole school sang a Latin hymn also.

After the entertainment, light refreshments were served.

Miss Mary Quinn of Bangor High School was the winner of the American Chemical Society's essay contest for secondary schools in Maine, while Donold Fogg, also from Bangor High, received honorable mention. Miss Quinn's subject was "The Relations of Chemistry to National Defense." The essays receiving first prize were sent to the Secretary of the National Committee. The winners of the State contest will receive \$20. in gold. The winners of the national contest will receive a four year scholarship and \$500 annually.







Crack! the familiar, and much loved sound of willow connecting with horsehide, a white circle climbing into the clouds, a fielder dashing to get under it, and a figure breaking all sprint records to stretch a three bagger into a homer! Just a minute—you may think you're reading the last chapter of a book entitled, "Frank Merriwell Saves the Day," but you're stung again. It's just an every day occurrence at Broadway Park, where Bangor High School is once more adopting the National Pastime, under the tutelage of Coach Herbert Torsleff.

True it's Inter-Class baseball, but what a step that is towards a regular team. Many "old-timers" are overjoyed to think that the H. S. has once more resumed baseball at all.

It's been four long years now since B. H. S. has been represented in the greatest of all sports.

Without a doubt, a regular team could be formed this year, that would easily be on a par with the best nines in the state.

This idea had to be given up however, because of the fact, that there is no local diamond where an admission fee could be charged.

Therefore, Inter-Class ball has been started this year, supported entirely by the student body, for the purpose of building a foundation for future teams and also to bring to the front material for next year's nine.

With the new athletic field already being constructed, it looks as if a regular baseball team, wearing the Red and White of Bangor H. S., will be "sitting pretty" next year.

In Mr. Herbert Torsleff, we have a coach who certainly "knows his onions" when it comes to baseball. "Herby," as

he is popularly known to the boys, has had plenty of experience on the diamond, as he was first string pitcher for the University of Maine, and also for a United States Navy team, which hung up an envious record of consecutive victories for three years.

Herby is a sure fire bundle of pep and fight, and he certainly is just the man for the job.

Meanwhile, Students of B. H. S., if you have any red blood in your veins, or any sportsmanship in your system, show it by attending the games this year, and also by contributing to the funds needed!

## TRACK

For the past four weeks, a large track squad has been working out daily, with Coach Trowell, in Abbot Square. Prospects look exceedingly bright this year for one of the best teams B. H. S. has ever had.

In the Inter-Class meet, a wealth of new material sprang into the lime-light, and the old veterans were right there as usual.

The Seniors won the meet, with the Juniors a close second. The Frosh and the Sophs. finished in third and fourth places respectively.

On Saturday, May 1, 1926, a four team meet was held at Old Town between Bangor H. S., Old Town H. S., Brewer H. S., and Mattanawcook Academy.

Bangor easily showed its superiority, with Brewer H. S., second, and O. T. S., third. For some unavoidable reason Mattanawcook A. was unable to attend.

In the Inter-Class meet, Wilbur Bridges, a veteran of last year, won the mile, closely followed by Moores of the Sophs. The

rest of the field could not keep up with the tireless stride Bridges set.

Bill Eldridge, another veteran, sprang a big surprise when he came to the front in the 100 and 220 yd. dashes. He also tied for first in the pole vault.

Last year "Bill" tried the distance races, but it is easily to be seen that the dashes are his specialty.

"Bob." Bell, another letter man, is back again this year and is running in pretty form. Much is expected of you, this year and next "Bob."

Edwin Kent, a freshman, is another dash man, who should collect many ribbons and medals before he leaves B. H. S. Kent is one of the most promising athletes in B. H. S. at present.

The high jump was the big surprise of the meet. First place was divided between Capt. Cox of the Juniors and Leroy Brailey of the Seniors. The bar was cleared at five feet, six inches. Chapman, Cunningham, Gillen and Brown all tied for third place at five feet, three inches.

Capt. Cox and "Bill" Eldridge divided the points in the pole vault, both boys clearing the bar in top form.

Johnny Crowell and Paul Hickson came to the front in the discuss and Ernest Turner won the shot put.

Bruce Cunningham, a junior, is developing in the hammer-throw, and with a little more training should develop into a second Freddy Tootell.

"Tom" Perry, a medal winner of last year, is working into mid season form, and he sure can eat up the 440. We expect you to show your heels to a good many opponents this year "Tom."

Between Base-ball, Track, the last grind on studies, and the numerous other activities that all come in the Spring, Bangor H. S. is certainly going to be a busy place these last few weeks. Just the same, we'll all admit that it's pretty nice.





This is Station B. H. S. announcing. We will now broadcast what other magazines think of our "Oracle."

The "Oracle," Bangor High School—One of the most interesting and amusing magazines we have ever read. The departments are well arranged; and the cartoons, cuts, and other novelties, such as the "Tatler," keep the reader always eager for more.—The Red and White, Sanford High School.

The "Oracle," Bangor, Maine.: We consider your paper one of the best of our exchanges. We note however that the poetry department is missing. A few more jokes would make your paper a little more interesting.—The Radiator, Somerville High School.

The "Oracle," B. H. S.—Your paper is excellent. The "Tatler" Section certainly was clever.—The Oracle, Edward Little High School.

The "Oracle," Bangor High School. Your magazine is surely a success. There must be ambitious people on the staff. Congratulations. The Red and White, Rochester, N. H.

The "Oracle," Bangor, Maine. You have an excellent cover design and an exceedingly, well-arranged magazine. Your cuts are very original. The Beacon, Gloucester High School.

The "Oracle," Bangor, Maine, one of our old friends. We enjoy your paper and it deserves credit, especially the originality of your "Tatler." The Megunticook, Camden, Maine.

The "Oracle," Bangor High School. An attractive, well-balanced paper, filled with interesting stories and articles. The Tatler is very

clever and amusing. The Recorder, Winchester, High School.

The "Oracle," Clever and entertaining. If you would have everything divided up into departments, why not a more extensive literary column? The Arena Canisius High School, Buffalo, N. Y.

The next number on our program is what we think of our exchange friends.

The "Radnorite," Radnor High School, Wayne, Pa.

Merits: A very attractive cover, interesting Literary department, some witty jokes, and excellent arrangement of the departments.

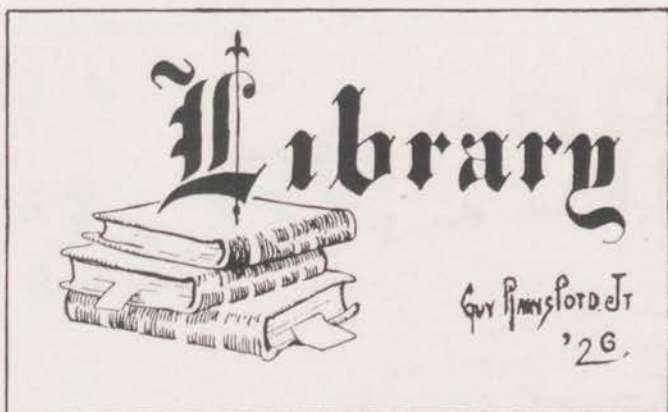
Suggestions: The addition of a table of contents, an alumni section, and a cut for the editorial and exchange departments would improve this magazine.

The "Radiator," Somerville High School.

Merits: Good cuts; amusing cartoons; unique and interesting arrangement of the locals, and a Poets' Corner worthy of much praise.

Suggestions: Why not have a cut for your Literary and Athletic departments?

The "Red and White," Rochester, N. H.: You have a very attractive magazine. All the departments are well composed and developed in an interesting manner. Your Literary section is good. We like especially "A Catastrophe," and "George Jacques Danton." "Drops of Ink" is a very unique witty addition to the paper. You have an extensive poetry department on which you should be complimented.



## FINDING YOUR PLACE

There are so many opportunities for boys and girls today that every one of you should consider very carefully the particular occupation in which you are most interested and your fitness for it. If only you will do this, it may save you years of unhappiness; for if you do not like your work and are not fitted for it, you will not only be unsuccessful but you will also be very unhappy.

In order to aid you in your choice of a profession, the High School Library has collected a large group of vocational books. By consulting the particular subject in which you are interested, you will learn the special characteristics and educational requirements you will need for that work and also the rewards you may expect from it.

Below is given a partial list of these books, all of which are in our own High School Library.

### VOCATIONAL BOOKS

Hammond—The Engineer.

Slattery—The Ministry.  
Pearson—The Teacher.  
Laselle & Wiley—Vocations for Girls.  
Calkins—The Advertising Man.  
Maxwell—Training of a Salesman.  
Swain—The Young Man and Civil Engineering.  
Church—The Training of a Secretary.  
Allen—The Instruction, The Man and the Job.  
Friedel—Training for Librarianship.  
Jackson—Opportunities of To-day.  
Kilduff—The Private Secretary.  
Fairchild—Training for the Electric Railroad Business.  
Hornblow—Training for the Stage.  
Hoxner—Training for a Life Insurance Agent.  
Pinchot—Training for a Forester.  
Cabot—Training and Rewards of the Physician.  
Barnard—Getting a Living.  
Seitz—Training for the Newspaper Trade.  
Filebe—Careers for Women.  
Giles—Vocational Civics.





# PERSONALS



## NOTED GIRL MAKES GREAT DISCOVERY

Miss Evelyn Fox, of the Junior class of Bangor High School, made a discovery which bids fair to make her even more noted than her singing ability now does.

She was in the Physics laboratory just "fooling around," and she accidentally discovered that, if one looked into a cracked mirror and made a face, he (or naturally it would be she) would look her natural self.

Miss Fox told her secret to the *Oracle* Manager yesterday saying that she would give lessons in "How to Look yourself in a Mirror."

It is hoped that many people will join Miss Fox's classes, for the price is very reasonable, being one powder puff per lesson.

### Latest News from Paris

Mr. John ((Packer) McClay has told the *Oracle's* reporter that he is thinking of investing in the "Gordon" Fox Farms. We wonder which appeals to him most the foxes or the name?"

## GIRLS' TEAM PLAYS BOYS' TEAM AT BROADWAY PARK

A very close and exciting game of Base-Ball was played yesterday at Broadway Park before a large crowd, between the Girls' and Boys' teams. The Boys' won by a margin of 2 points. Miss Goodkowsky by a long hit and by her marvelous speed in going round the bases, secured the distinction of being the only

one to get a home run in the game. But as Cuthbert Sargent, with his great hitting ability, was on the other side the good work of Miss Goodkowsky was all in vain.

Result—Boys' 6; Girls' 4.

### LINE-UP

#### Boys'

C.—McCann  
P.—W. Whitcomb  
1 B.—Sargent  
2 B.—Tarbell  
3 B.—Welsh  
S. S.—Atwood  
L. F.—Mason  
C. F.—V. Robinson  
R. F.—R. Hodgkins

#### Girls'

C.—Merrill  
P.—Lancaster  
1 B.—E. Peavey  
2 B.—Murray, W.  
3 B.—Goodkowsky  
S. S.—Sawyer  
L. F.—Matheson  
R. F.—D. Parks  
C. F. McMullin

Umpire—Eleanor West.

Note—Robert Hodgkins was fined \$10 and costs, for disputing the umpire.

Albert Tarbell was badly injured when, in trying to dodge a liner which was coming straight for his head, bumped into W. Atwood and became sea-sick.

Rachel Foss, so they say  
Went to see Colburn One fine day.  
She saw the cows and also the horse,  
She saw a tame crow—how it cawed at Foss.  
She liked it so well, she went there to stay—  
Now she can play on the nice fresh hay.  
She's getting to be like Marie now—  
Just like her in fact, for she says, "MY COW."



# YOUNG B. H. S. FRESHMAN INVENTS NEW THINGAMAGIG

Young Hyman Emple is the proud inventor of a new toy that is called a—thingamagig.

This thingamagig is a machine that runs on four wheels, sleeps, barks, says mama, does tricks and amuses the little freshmen very much. It is on display at his store in the vicinity of B. H. S.

Mr. Emple hopes to sell his invention and become a pennyaire and live on easy street for the rest of his life.

Our crack team will challenge All Comers at the dignified and honorable game of Tiddley-winks. (Room (110).

We all thought M. Connelly, '27, was of Erin descent, but from the way she succumbs to the exchange of seats in the different classrooms we now suspect a Gypsy strain.

E. F. '27 to A. E. "Anna, what is a dentist?"

Anna E., after thinking a long while—"Well, a dentist is a man who made a mountain out of a molar."

Arthur B. '29, was crossing the Atlantic with his mother. It was his first voyage across the ocean. For the first three days the sea was as smooth as silk; then the ship began to roll and pitch heavily. Our hero could not understand what had happened. "Mother," he said, "What is the matter? Are we taking a detour?"

Several freshman boys were being entertained in the Assembly Hall. The invitations had read from two—four.

They played games awhile until one went out to an august senior and said. "Please, Miss Brown, what time is it?" Why, it's three-thirty," was the reply.

"Only half an hour until quitting time," said freshie sweetly. "When do we eat?"

# CHIPS FROM OTHER WOOD PILES

Miss Klavieklong—"I play the piano merely to kill time."

Mr. Bangs—"Your playing certainly does it, but what a death!"

Zeke—"Anything in the Gazette this week?"

Ben—"Yep. I see Hiram moved."

Zeke—"Out of town?"

Ben—"Nope. Moved in that checker game him and Eph's been playing for the last month in Josh's store.

The airmen and his mechanic were going along at a fair clip when the mechanic said: "Look, there's a fellow going down in a parachute."

"Well, so there is," said the pilot. "I'll see if I can hit him. It isn't often that we get a chance at a pedestrian."

## Lost and Found

(Collected by I. Rubin, '26)

Lost—A black bone pocket comb. Finder please return to C. W. Ann—301.

Lost—An electric curling iron. Reward if returned to V. Wood—before the Senior banquet.

Lost—A school bag by a senior with one handle missing. Ed. H—314.

Lost—A two cent lunch check. Return to Tommy M. '26.

Lost—A new fountain pen by a freshman without a name—T. B.

Lost—A bottle of peroxide. Oblige A. S. '34, by returning as his hair is getting black.

Found—A black colt by a Senior with one ear missing. Lester D—Carmel.

## Wanted

A trained monkey to amuse the Freshmen during dull study periods.

Miss R-b-n-n—"Use "slip" as a verb, Mr. C-o-l-l."

J. Cr-we-l, '26—"Slip me ten dollars."

Students of Bangor High,  
please do not forget that we  
have a three months SUMMER  
VACATION!!

# THE B. H. S.

SEC

VOLUME IV

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

## BANGOR BOY WINNER OF FAMOUS NATIONAL BATHING CONTEST

Mr. Lawrence Epstein, a member of the Bangor High School, won the NATIONAL BATHING CONTEST at Veazie, last Saturday.

At the beginning, the announcer called out several names the owners of which stepped on to the spring board and went through their program of aqua sports with great success. But when Mr. Epstein's name was called a great scream rent the air. And when his graceful figure climbed up to the jumping off place the earth fairly shook with the round of applause. His first action was to make an elaborate swan dive, the only thing that went wrong through performance was when Epstein jumped off the platform he didn't strike his head on bed of the lake. Mr. Epstein will NOT receive \$1,315 dollars for winning first prize.

D. D. Bianco won second money. He, also, is of Bangor and has much popularity because of his athletic prizes.

### A POINT OF VIEW

1

There was a little Freshie,  
Who was so very green,  
That in a large assembly  
He could easily be seen.

2

There was a swelled up Sophomore,  
Who was so proud, 'tis said,  
That when he met a Senior,  
He looked straight o'er his head.

3

There was a jolly Junior,  
The smartest in his class,  
He got the highest honors  
When others failed to pass.

4

There was a solemn Senior,  
As solemn as an owl,  
And when a Freshie bossed him,  
He made an awful howl.

There are several lockers on the floors  
That are famous for their owners  
We only wish that there were more.  
If you hear of any phone us.

## RALPH A. LEONARD SAMPLES THE MOON

(Special to the Tatler)

After many futile attempts to discover nothing Ralph A. Leonard has discovered something. He will become famous the world over also in Norway, Sweden and the Appalachian Highlands.

He, like any child at the age of four was determined to find out if the moon was made of green cheese. So after informing the general public (jail included) of his great mission he set forth to visit the moon. He equipped himself with suitable clothing, six lollypops and his hymn book. Then he made a fine parachute out of one of his best silk hankies on which he was to take his long journey. Throngs of people gathered in his back yard two days before he was to part.

At sunrise of the third day, he bade all his friends good-bye forever and stood on the parachute and up, up, up it started. It actually went up to the railing of his back porch and through a pair of field glasses he saw that the moon was green. Taking his air rifle he shot at it and down, down, down came a tiny object visible to the naked eye. He tasted this big mouthful and alas—it was cheese. He immediately informed the multitude of people that he would visit the moon every morning and get a piece of cheese for breakfast.

It is up to us all to see that he loses his air rifle—or moonlight nights will be gone forever. OH!—!?!\*

The residents of northern Veazie and vicinity offer a Copper plated wash Boiler with two bars of the best P. and G. Soap to the girl and a can of Grapefruit and celery to the boy who can capture this rifle dead or alive. Winners to be announced in the June number of this magazine. DON'T MISS IT!!

## GREAT MYSTERY IS SOLVED

Problem: "Who is Sylvia?"

ANSWER: Ask Henry F. Willey for the answer to this World wide problem.

## MELODY IN L

Little Lewis Larson a lazy lad of Eleven, received a legacy of a luxuriant leviathan like locomotive, left legally to him by a Lilliputian lunatic on last leap year.

Lew sure was in luck for he always had a lust for locomotives and willingly accepted it after consulting his lawyer. He was at liberty to leave that locality for there was no licit, lengthy, legitimate limitation that would compel him to linger longer.

Next morning he lesurely let loose from dock, all alone, and left without settling his bill with the landlord. He also left a long letter telling that he would be gone quite a while on the lark. After driving several hours the daylight was lost and Larsen lit, with a lucifer, a lopsided lantern that was lying longitudinally on the shelf and the cabin became lucid.

Soon the feeling of loneliness crept over him and he threw himself, loafingly on the lounge. When he arose he looked lazily out and laughed aloud at his folly in falling asleep. The locomotive was sailing, gaily, over a little lucid, silvery, sparkling lake. And Lo! Lo! Lo! He stopped—looked—listened! There underneath him swam a school of lilly like salmon. He lively cut the bell line, and fell to fishing.

At first he pulled in twelve large, lanky, languid, elephantine eels in eleven minutes. It was laborious work and his body was tired, but soon real luck lifted the latch and he hauled in a lion-like salmon, holding a lollypop lightly in it's lips. Lewis ate both for his usual lunch.

And then he woke up only to find himself lying on the linoleum at home.

If O=edit O rials.  
and R=pe R sonals  
and A=Athletics and A lumni.  
and C=ex C hanges  
and L=tat L er.  
and E=advertise E ments, what  
does O-R-A-C-L-E equal?

ANS. A good magazine.



# TATTLER

TION

MAY, 1926

NUMBER 8

## THELMA SHEA TURNS HEROINE

Last Saturday eve as Thelma Shea (otherwise known as "The Girl with the Perpetual Smile") was entertaining one of "The Boy Friends" she heard the attic window open and a heavy foot fall on the floor above. She explained to her guest what she thought it was—A Robber!

The boy, being a brave young chap, offered at once to go get a policeman so that they might catch him alive, instead of his having to kill him. Without awaiting her consent he jumped to the door and was out into the darkness.

Thelma then put herself in possession of her little vanity case (one of these kinds wots got a mirror and some different colored crayons and flour in it) and a flashlight, a nail file, three needles and a spool of O. N. T. Thread Number 61, Black.

Here is where the Excitement begins. She crept slowly, slowly up the attic stairs—creak, creak, creak,—(the dashes indicate no sound) when she reached the top landing she was very surprised to see—that she couldn't see anything (due probably to the big mass of darkness that had floated in through the open window). But soon—clack—click—click—Boom! ! and she rushed into the adjoining room and there in the moonlight stood only an—innocent robber. But Miss Shea was not frightened; Oh no, not she. She just walked over to the window, where the light shone in, filed off, with the nail file, two of the largest moon beams, and with one blow she knocked him unconscious. Then with the thread she tied him to a chair and threw both out of the window. This last was an act of forethought for it saved the policemen from tracking mud into the attic while carrying him down the stairs.

## THE TRIAL OF A GREAT INVENTION

What would that infernal machine do? This question rushed madly through my brain. There I was—helpless, under the wheel of the thing, pinned in on both sides by a curious, strong, tin structure. Everything was in readiness for the trial. Would

(Concluded in next column)

## THIS LIE WINS THE FIRST PRIZE

Place: Geom. Period.  
Telephone rings (Voice from Receiver.)

"Will you send a boy down to do some filing for us, Please?"

Teacher: (to pupils) "Who wants to do some work in the office, this period?" (Not a hand is raised)

Teacher: (Through transmitter) "I guess you will have to call some other room, I'm sorry."

## NICKNAMES AND HOW ACQUIRED

By the Nickname Editor

"Cliff" Maynard's nickname could not be traced to its source. It might come from Clifton, but it probably is derived from "Bluff", and was gradually changed to its present form—a process of evolution.

After much research, I find that "Johnny," which is Bell's nickname, came from his first name, John, strange as it may seem.

"Bunt" Lynch acquired his nickname in two ways. Half of his acquaintances called him "Runt" for fifteen or twenty years, and the other half called him "Bunt" from his proficiency in hitting home runs. In a write up in "Liberty" a few years ago, the appellation "Bunt" was used excusably (I mean exclusively). Hence "Runt" has been discontinued, or rather changed to "Bunt."

## THE TRIAL OF A GREAT INVENTION

(Concluded)

the machine, over which we had worked industriously for weeks, and on which so much depended, work? Cold sweat rushed to my brow as I touched the key. Not daring to breathe, I closed my eyes—and turned it! No response! But I had forgotten something.

Reaching a trembling foot out, I pressed down a strange metal contrivance. A low rumbling sound, and then—the motor started. Hooray! The old Ford will run another year! !

ADGER ELLEN DOE.

There are 300 or so odd  
Freshmen in B. H. S.  
AND EVERY ONE OF  
THEM IS.

## NEW USES FOR OLD GUM

By "The new Ideas Editor"

The following are written for the approval of the students of B. H. S.

Have Uncle Sam collect all the old gum and use it on his postage stamps to make them stick better and thus eliminate the necessity of glue.

Warm it and smear it around the house to catch ant, flies, mosquitoes and other pests.

Use it to mend stockings, umbrellas, auto tops leaky pipes, boats, etc. It's better than the original.

Put it to-gether with paper scraps and make it into artificial leather which will be superior to much of the leather now used in the making of shoes.

Give it to the babies and mother-in-laws to pacify them.

Roll it into sheets and sell it as linoleum, congoileum, or some other "oleum."

Use it to patch the worn out auto tire.

Dissolve it in trenutromudeesclermekylene and use it for paint, also for "Stay Comb" to keep the hair in place.

Have girls roll their stockings with it, thus saving the high cost of gartering.

Apply it hot on a plaster for toothaches. Spread it on bread, it makes it last longer.

Give it to the hens to chew in the winter, it keeps them interested and will give them exercise so they will lay for you.

Make it up into everlasting baseballs, golf balls, etc.

Make our "Big mouth" politicians chew it to stop their talking (A. E.) (This applies to all our "big mouthed citizens.")

We notice that some of the teachers are lining their waste baskets with it to keep the papers in.—Editor.

We wish to inform B. H. S. that:

The Spanish language is spoken in Spain.

Bald headed men should not part their hair in the middle.

George Washington didn't enlist in the last war.

The best vegetable soup is usually made with vegetables.

It is still possible to secure in the United States.

Michael Angelo was not the inventor of knickers.

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