

1921

The Oracle, 1921

Bangor High School

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ALMA MATER

This Number
Dedicated to Class of 1921



Class Ode, 1921

Pauline Aiken, '21.

Along life's road we onward go
Upon a mighty quest,
To seek and find through all the world
The things that are the best.
Life's gold we seek, but more we prize
Great wisdom's gem divine,
Beyond the fairest ruby's worth
E'er found in earthly mine.

Chorus

We've reached the brow of Highschool Hill,
And now our paths divide;
No longer shall we journey on,
Companions side by side.
And yet we do not really part;
Our goal is still the same;
By different paths we seek the Best
In Bangor High School's name.

2

We seek for honor among men;
We seek for hope and joy;
We seek true service to our kind,
Delight without alloy;
We seek for blessings new to deck
Our country's loved sod;
We seek to gain the love of men
And win the praise of God.

Chorus



GERARD COLLINS
President



ESTELLE BAUMAN
Vice-President

OFFICERS CLASS OF 1921



RUTH BLACK
Secretary



CROSBY HODGMAN
Treasurer

Roll Call

1921



Adams, Marie, "Patches"

Look out for those eyes, Marie,
They'll get you in trouble, maybe.
You're quite a vamp, you are
Our future moving-picture star.

Cadet Debutante (2). Senior Play

Aiken, Pauline, "Polly"

Hats off! to this charming lass,
The eighth wonder of our class,
Her books are her friends and her
teachers all tell
That whatever she does, none may
hope to excel.

Oracle Board (1). Class Ode.
Third Honor Essay.



Allen, Esther,

This prett little miss, a chic brun-
nette,
As nice a girl as one e'er met,
Her true blue smile, once in a while,
Will cheer you up in the finest
style.

Girl Cadets (2). Girls' Debating
Society (1).

Allen, Rosemary, "Rosie"

"Whisp'ring" sets her heart a-flutter,
Will she tell the reason why?
Talents, more than one can utter,
Belong to this fair butterfly.

Cadet Debutantes (2). Junior
Exhibition (Honorable Mention).
Senior Class Play.



Alward, Velma M.

Velma is quiet and inscrutable to
many, but very attractive and nice
to some who have the good fortune
to really know her.

Debutante (1).

Arsenault, Clerice,

Not only does her name begin with
A but it appears on all her papers
and things.

Debutantes (2).





Atherton, Harlan E. "Duke"

Here's one of the real students of our class. He's Madame's standby and Latin holds no fear for him. We expect "Duke" to be a great newspaper man, probably editor of the Portland Evening Express.

R. O. T. C. (1). Oracle Board (1). Honor Essay.



**Atkins, Katherine,
"Kay," "Katkins"**

The most exclusive lady of our set
And as bright and gay a girl as has
ever been met.

Cadet Debutantes (1).



Avery, Hildred L.

Hildred has been with us four whole years, and has learned as much as most of her classmates. She's ever ready for a good time, too.

Babcock, Dorothy,

Dorothy is tall and appears to be dignified but after you know her you'll find that she isn't dignified at all but loves to have a good time like everyone else. She loves to go to dances especially out on Ohio Street. Just ask Dorothy about it.



Babcock, Edgar T. "Ned"

"Ned's" motto must be "Be friends with everyone and you will always have a friend." He is a bright and cheerful fellow, who believes in equally partaking of pleasure and work.

Babcock, Muriel,

"None see her but to love her,
Nor name her but to praise."

Can you imagine Muriel as a teacher?

Assistant Librarian.

Babcock, Willis E.

Willis makes a hit with all his teachers. He'd rather worry than work, and rather not than either. It is understood he's going to write text-books for a living.

R. O. T. C. (1).

Bachelder, Winnifred, "Winnie"

Some girls like their algebra, some
their Cicero,
But "Winnie" prefers "Household
Arts," at least she tells us so.



**Bailey, Frances,**

Frances plans to be a great violinist and a stenographer combined. She will succeed if she can find the time.

Orchestra 4). Debutante (1).

Bailey, Marie,

"Oui, Oui, Marie"

Marie takes a vacation once in a while, but she is a good sport, and when there's a good time on, Marie's right there.

Bauman, Estelle,

The golden notes fall clear and sweet
As Estelle draws her bow;
And 'Stelle is just as sweet as they,
As all in high school know.

Class Vice President (4). Orchestra (4). Sponsor for Band. Debutantes (1). Asst. M'g'r Girls' Basketball (1).

Beal, Edith,

"Still water runs deep," so the good motto says,
Yet how deep has never been stated,
Edith's quiet and gentle, we'll have to admit
But her rank cards can scarce be outrated.

Cadet Debutantes (1).

Belinian, Leon F. "Lee"

At shorthand he'd work till the light grew dim,
And the typewriter holds no dangers for him;
You ought to see him work the keys,
Why, he rattles them off by twos and threes.

Football. Band. Orchestra. Track. Baseball.

Bennett, Lewis E.

He is too busy doing things to stop and talk much. Yet some of us know him and find a very good friend.

Cadets (2). Lieutenant.

Billington, George A.

George is a quiet boy, and is never known to make unnecessary noise. Madame is especially taken with him, and thinks of him as one of her best pupils. And, Oh! My! It's worth a thousand dollars to see him smile.

Cadets (2).

Black, Ruth, "Ruthie"

Ruth deals in colors,
Both Black and Brown,
A snappy girl
With ne'er a frown.

Senior Play. Class Secretary (1). Cadet Debutante (2). Sponsor C. Company (1)





Blake, Henry B.

For goodness sake,
Here's that boy whose name is Blake
Once in a while silence he breaks—
A very quiet fellow is Henry Blake.

R. O. T. C. (1).

Boulter, Elvin E.

When the band makes a noise in
Assembly Hall,
You mustn't blame Elvin for doing
it all,
For although he contributes a very
large share,
Do not forget there are others there;
Now, if you think that he's a bad
sort,
Just ask the girls—they'll say he's
not.

Band (2). Orchestra. R. O. T. C.



Bowden, Grace,

Be it in English or be it in Trig,
Our Grace never goes to the wall;
For her there's no difference whate'er
be the class,
She's equally good in them all.

Debating Society (3). Debutantes
(2). Semi-Finals. "Despatches to
Washington." French Play. Bates
League Debating Team. Senior
Play.

Bowden, Mary,

Mary, Mary, not contrary,
Comes and goes just like a fairy,
Always smiling on her way,
That leads straight to a big, big A.



Bowen, Helen, "Kitty"

"Kitty," with blue eyes, rosy cheeks
and golden hair,
Is just as sweet as she can be.
She likes to study, laugh, and play,
And always gets an "A."

Bowler, Leslie, "Les"

"Fools rush in where angels fear to
tread,"
Is Leslie's motto, it has often been
said,
But in the garden of Roses, of the
world's great display,
He picked quite a "bud," when he
rushed in that way.

Class Treasurer (1). Cadets and
R. O. T. C. (3), (Captain). Oracle
Board (1). Senate (1), (Sec'y-
Treas.). Debating Team.



Bowles, Doris, "Shavings"

Another real quiet but business-like
lass,
We simply could not live without her
in class.

Cadet Debutantes (1).

Bowles, Merrill H. "Husky"

"Husky" is our hero,
The girls think he's a peach,
In years to come it is his hope
A dancing class to teach.

House (1). Cadets and R. O. T. C.
(2).



Bridge, Madeleine P.

Madeline is one of our tall brunettes and can be recognized by her never-fading smile.

Brookes, Vera, "Vee"

A little lass from Northeast Harbor. Full of fun, always winning smiles from everyone, especially "Skinny."

Brown, Edna, "Ed."

Her face full of fun and her heart full of cheer,
Cause the sunshine to break forth when Edna is near.

Cadet Debutantes.

Brown, Ralph,

Timmy's a fellow whom ev'ryone likes,

The girlies as well as the boys,
His French is the one thing in all the wide world,

That his jolly spirit annoys.

Cadets (2). Senate (1). Asst. Track Mgr. (1). Track (2).

Buckley, Justina, "Jay"

Our talented speaker, whose brilliant career

Is looked up to with swift admiration.

Her sweet smiles for all would quite cause you to fall

Were they not her means of "compensation."

Junior Exhibition. French Play. Pilgrim Pageant. Senior Play.

Burke, Dorothy M. "Dot"

Dorothy is our Hygiene star,
She's there when it comes to the vertebra,

Maybe she'll be a doctor some day,
If so, we will all need to pray.

Burns, Robert, "Bobbie"

Bobbie came to us the beginning of this year, and he says that he likes it here because all the girls like him so. He says the principal is also taken with him, and can't let a day go by without calling him down to see him. Oh, Bobbie! How do you manage it?

Military (1)

Butler, Theodore H.

Teddy's fine in all his studies;

He's fine out of school and in.
And, since he's the kind of a fellow he is,

We'll bank on him always to win.

Oracle Board (2), (Editor-in-Chief). Military (3). (1st Lieut.) Devens (1). French Play.





Casey, Francis L. "Fat"

Francis is very quiet when in school, and uses his study periods to get his lessons in. However, he has a wonderful smile and a luring blush for all the girls. Watch your step, girls, he's dangerous!

Band (2). Orchestra (4). Cadets (1).

Chandler, Beulah M.

Education is received in many ways. That's why Beulah doesn't study too hard; for she makes up in other ways.

Cadet Debutantes (2).

Chase, Raymond,

The only difficulty with Ray is that he is too bashful. Anyone who has seen that twinkle in his eye while waiting for the Charleston car, wishes he would let himself out a little more.

R. O. T. C. (3).

Clark, Alfreda,

Freda has a passion for the very bloodiest of Poe's stories. We predict that some day she'll be a "tragedy queen" in the movies.

Debating (4). Debutantes (1).

Clough, Ruth,

Ruth's our medal speaker,

An actress, an author, a scholar, too;

In fact, when we stop to think we wonder

If there's anything Ruth can't do.

Cadet Debutantes (1). Junior Exhibition (Medal). Oracle (2). French Play (1).

Cluff, Marion C.

Whoever gets up against Marion,
Has more than she can swallow;
For everywhere that Marion goes,
The basketball's sure to follow.

Manager Girls' Basketball (1).
Cadet Debutante (1).

Cohen, Dora, "Do"

This "Queen of Hearts" drew a diamond

At the first of her Senior year,
That the rest of her life may be plumb full of joy,

Is the Senior class wish, most sincere.

Debating (2). Debutantes Sergeant (1). "Despatches for Washington."

Cohen, Isadore, "Conk"

We're proud of our scholars and speakers, too,
But what of this boy in Crimson hue?

May his fame know no bounds, his success is proclaimed
And some day among athletes he'll surely be named.

Football (3). (Captain 1). Cadets (2). Basketball (1).



Cohen, Nathan,

The founder of the famous idea that 'Toussaint' was as great a soldier as Napoleon. A fine fellow who is liked by everybody."

Junior Exhibition. Military (2). Band (3). Orchestra (2). Junior-Senior Play (Manager). House (2).

Collins, Gerard P. "Doc."

He's always telling how hard it is For a fellow to study with a job like his,

So when he is absent a day now and then,

We know it's to get back his vim again. (? ? ?)

President of Class (1). Basketball Manager (1). Cadets (4). Captain Junior R. O. T. C. Athletic Council (2). Speaker of House. Junior Exhibition Semi-Finals. Track. Band. Junior-Senior Play. Senate.

Condon, Frank,

He's one of the Band's famous moaning, groaning trombone players. This doesn't keep him busy long enough, so he has to spend the rest of his time at recess selling lunch checks. He hopes to be able to get a position counting money in a bank.

Band (2). Orchestra (1).

Condon, Leo,

Leo is a rather stout, quiet lad, and is never through his breakfast in time to walk to school in the morning. We all wonder where he spends his evenings.

Coney, John E.

And here is one John Coney, Who thinks that studying's "phoney";

He's lots of speed but no control, And yet we know he'll reach his goal.

Coombs, Grace,

She has succeeded in being A jolly companion, A good worker, too; What more is a student able to do?

Cooper, Bessie,

Can she debate? You ought to hear her!

Her adversaries can't come near her. That's but one of the talents which in her appear,

But alas! we've no space to tell the rest here.

Girls' Debating Society (3) (President). Cadet Debutantes (2) (1st Lieut.). Bates League Debating Team (2). "Despatches for Washington." Senior-Junior Play.

Corning, John B.

A wonderful trackman and scholar, too,

Nothing he attempts, he cannot do, He'll be a success, you can bet a dollar,

This brilliant future Harvard scholar. French Play. Track (1).



Coyne, James, "Slim"

Slim in figure, slim in name,
That's how Coyne gets his fame.

Crosby, Charlotte,

With glistening eyes, and rosy lips
And black, shining tresses, too,
The "heart breaker" of the social set
Is fond of the "Packard" even yet.

Cadet Debutantes (2).

Crowe, Eleanor,

A friend we've got in Ellie,
A true blue friend indeed,
She's just the best sport ever was,
Her friends are all agreed.

Crowell, Alan W.

Alan is our fiddler,
He plays well, that's a fact,
But when asked his nickname said,
"Please do not call me **FAT.**"

Orchestra (4). Oracle Board (1).
Cadets (1). R. O. T. C. (3), (2nd
Lieut.) Senate (1). Junior Semi-
Semi Finals. French Play.

Crowell, Helen,

Here's to a versatile miss,
One of the finest in her class,
True to her lessons and duties alike,
A true friend and companion, this
charming lass.

Debutantes (2). Sponsor, R. O.
T. C.

Crowell, Ruth,

A rippling laugh, a cheery grin,
That's the way Ruthie waltzes in,
Lessons ne'er did trouble her
Nor did they e'er her charms deter.

Senior Play (1). Sponsor R. O.
T. C. Debutantes (2).

Crowley, Celia,

Celia may appear quiet but ask
someone who knows her if she isn't
a sport. She is sometimes studious
and sometimes not. Her favorite
lesson is shorthand!

Campbell, Pauline S. "Polly"

Polly just came to us this year,
but we've all learned to like her in
even that short time.



Curran, Edward M. "Ed."

Ed is our star speaker and debater. He is very fond of French, and tries hard to have his lessons and papers perfect so that Madame will compliment him. We expect to hear of him winning fame speaking in the League of Nations before a great while.

Senate (Vice-President). Debating Team (Captain). Lyford Speaking Contest at Colby. French Play. Junior Exhibition (Medal). R. O. T. C. (3), (Captain). Senior Play. Parting Address.

Daley, Bernice C.

This miss is so quiet and little that we're apt to overlook her. That would be to our misfortune, for size doesn't count for everything, does it, Bernice?

Debutantes (2).



Danforth, Gordon W. "Skinny"

"Skinny" is a handsome lad.

Who smiles the whole year round;
Behind the wheel of his automobile
Is where he's usually found.

Military (3).

Davis, Edna, "Eddie"

When it comes to having a good time you'll find that Edna is never missing. She never worries and is always ready to help you with a smile.



Davis, Gladys,

Oh, quelque fois cette brillante fille
Doth make Madame feel quite jolly,
For quatre années in B. H. S.
Have made her piquant charm no less.

Debutante (1).

Dearborn, Lloyd, M.

Dearborn is good looking and always happy. It doesn't scare him any when he doesn't know his lessons; he's the star bluffer in the class. Oh! You'll get along all right in the world, Lloyd.

Band (4). Oracle Board (2).



DeBeck, Dorothy,

Dorothy is our dreamer and loves to write stories. Who knows but that some day we may hear of her in the great literary world? We surely hope so, Dorothy.

Dennis, Arthur, "Shorty"

Every so often a mortal is created who can debate. We hereby publish a picture of one of these fortunate individuals.

Military Training (2). Semi-Finals. Debating Team (1).





De Roche, Irene,

Here's a young lady of gentle demeanor
You'll never forget her when you
have once seen her,
She sings like the angels, to her
studies she's true,
She's an excellent example for me
and for you.

Doherty, James,

How needless it is for us to attempt to say something nice about Jim. He absolutely speaks for himself. A noble youth who should make a poet of himself, some day.

Track Manager (1). Band (3).
Football (2). Athletic Council (1).



Doherty, Joseph D. "Joe"

Why worry? We know Joe doesn't, and sometimes we envy him on that account. Quiet, but nice is he.

Band (5). R. O. T. C. (1). First
Pres. Band Organization.

Dorr, Carlotta M.

"Lotta," "Carl"

Here is a very quiet, demure little miss, but she is a good sport just the same and a "sure enough" friend.



Dougherty, J. Roy. "Doughty"

This fellow goes to Maine next year. In 1930 he will be instilling agricultural science into the heads of the "little ones." And we pity the "little ones."

Oracle Board (1). Military (3).
Orchestra (4).

Downing, John P. "Johnnie"

Quiet, but oh, those beautiful eyes! He's one of our football men and sure knows how to buck the line. Some day we may be calling him "Admiral Downing" of the U. S. Navy.

Doyle, Philip, "Celt"

He is our model soldier, and student, too. He is going to Ireland soon and we'll bet he'll make some lieutenant in Erin's brave cohorts. Hurrah for Ireland!

R. O. T. C. (4). Summer Camp (2).



Ellingwood, Eloise M. "Peggy"

Where did you get that wonderful habit of studying, Eloise? You must be a great joy to your teachers. I wish you'd give us your recipe.



Fairbanks, Pauline,

I'll tell you a tale about Polly;
She's a girl who is "all kinds of
fun,"
She's a pleasant companion, a good
scholar, too,
And now my story is done.
Debutantes (2). French Play. R.
O. T. C. Sponsor.

Fairbrother, Russell S. "Russ"

"Russ," our basketball star, draws
all the girls to the games on account
of his good looks. Next year, as
"Russ" graduates, Portland has some
hopes of winning.

Basketball (3). Track (2). R. O.
T. C. (2). Picture Committee.

Fassett, Georgia,

A white-capped nurse, so fine and
true,
Our Georgia longs to be.
That she will win her great desire,
A seer has told to me.

Finnigan, Helen,

Helen is one of our basketball
stars! She also excels in stenogra-
phy and typewriting. She was go-
ing to leave us for Washington but
decided that Bangor was large
enough for her.

Basketball (1).

Fletcher, Carleton W. "Brute"

"Brute" is our class chemist and
has made a bleaching powder known
as Anti-Green for Freshmen. He
hopes to make his fortune on next
year's entering class.

Oracle (1). Military (1). French
Play.

Fletcher Ruth, "Mary Pickford"

Blue eyes are for flirting, so they say,
We'll vouch for Ruthie any day,
And these same eyes so blue, would
quite charm you, too,
Were you to happen her way.

Debutante (1). Orchestra (2).
Basketball (1).

Fogg, Lillian M. "Peanut"

"Peanut" is the champion blonde
of the General Course. Did you ever
see her "hunting" around the cor-
ridors?

Fogg, Madeline,

Not so very large, not so very fat,
But a very charming girl for all of
that.

A little bit prim as you have sur-
mised,
But when you really know her, "you'd
be surprised."



Folsom, Howard,

A small, quiet fellow, who has been seen driving a Ford. We won't tell who owns it, Howard.

Foss, Harriet A.

How do you find time to do your hair so nicely every morning, Harriet? I suppose because you don't arrive at B. H. S. until 9 o'clock accounts for it.

Foster, Gertrude, "Trudy"

"Trudy" is very small and very quiet. She has always wished that she might grow tall, but not long ago she changed her mind. We wonder why!

Frost, Harriet,

Tho' her name is quite cold we all admit,
Her disposition is quite the opposite.
Faithful to her lessons and to other things, too,
This girl, you will find, is surely
"true blue"

Frost, Mildred, "Milly"

Mildred's favorite study is English. Milly is fond of taking long motor-cycle rides, especially to Hampden. Her favorite song is "The Campbells Are Coming."

Gallison, Kathleen, "K."

The only and original Kathleen! She's the best natured and the happiest girl in the school. You should see her smile!

Garland, Moses,

The Vernon Castle of the Commercial class. He hopes by dint of hard work to become a lawyer in order to orate on the benefits found in a History class.

Getchell, Ruth,

Ruth reflects good cheer and kindness to her friends and classmates. She left our midst for a short time, but returned and once more gladdened our hearts with her unobtrusive presence.



Ginsberg, Rosalie, "Cushie"

Rosalie is a dandy girl,
Very petite and jolly,
When it comes to making fudge,
That's her greatest folly.
Cadet (1).



Goldsmith, Isador K.

"Skinny Jazz" has the distinction
of being one of our tallest boy stu-
dents, and we appreciate the honor
of having him with us. Just men-
tion a dance to Izzy, and—



Goodale, Thelma P.

We meet her in the library and
find her shy but nice. For shyness
is a part of her charm.

Debutantes (2), (Sergeant). De-
bating Society (2). Oracle Board
(1). Asst. Librarian (1). Senior
Play. Debating Society. Play.



Goodman, Ida,

Ida is one of our quiet, demure
Commercials, but as we all know
still waters run deep." Ida's studies
do not prevent her from having a
good time.



Grant, Alice,

Introducing Miss Alice Grant,
For whom was fought a war;
Cadet Generals so smart and gallant,
Wanted her for a sponsor.
R. O. T. C. Sponsor.



Gregory, Elsie,

She'd make a charming housewife,
You can surely bet your hat,
She cooks and sews 'n' everything,
Now, just you think of that! !
Debutante (1). Lunch Room (3).



Gregory, Ivy,

Dancing, dancing, all the time
In that line she sure does shine,
With dancing eyes and dancing feet,
To see them both is sure a treat.
Orchestra (2). Debutantes (2).
Honor Essay.





Griffin, James P. "Shummer"

"Shummer" is an exceptionally bright scholar, and he's proud of it. He is so smart in his studies that he never has to look at them until he gets into the classroom. We wish we could all have your nerve, "Shummer."

Football (2). "Out West."

Harnish, William, "Bill"

Bill is a regular traveling dictionary. He can tell you the meaning of a word almost before you ask him. Perhaps some day he'll be writing a dictionary of his own. We'll surely patronize you, Bill.

Grigg, Katherine, "Kay"

Here's to the brides that "are"
And to those that "were" and "have been"
But the best of all brides, so we contest,
Is this bride "to be," from out of the West.

Hall, Miriam,

Oh, that class ring, Miriam!
Gin a body, love a body and get no reply,
Need a body ask a body just the reason why?
Debutantes (2).

Hammond, Ethel,

Ethel's going to be a teacher,
And we wish her best of luck
To accompany her ambition,
Her knowledge and her pluck.

Harrington, Hazel,

"We wonder how many copies of the Oracle will be ruined by noble youths cutting out this picture of our vamp."

Junior Exhibition Semi-Finals.

Hart, Ira M.

Ira's great ambition is to be president of a pearl factory. He's one of our supreme dancers and always gets an A—in deportment.

R. O. T. C. (2).

Haskell, Robert M.

"Rusty" "Bob"

"Rusty" is an expert of the rifle range and any girl that comes within his range is struck with his dreamy eyes and expert hair comb.

Cadets (2). R. O. T. C. (2), (1st Lieut.) Camp Devens. Rifle Club (Secretary). Honor Essay.





Hecht, Ruth,

She's pretty and she's dainty
And she's witty and she's wise,
She studies in and out of school,
With bright brain and eyes.

Cadet Debutantes (1).



Hewes, Martha E.

Martha Hewes, so they say,
Goes to dances night and day—
Goes to those down Hampden way.

Martha is right there when there
is a good time to be had and she is
a good pal, too.

Hicks, Eleanor, "Ellie"

A musician tres rare, this sweet lady
so fair

And a brilliant songster quite as
well,

Madame's little pet, whom she'll not
soon forget,

In all things doth Ellie do well.

Cadets Debutante. Orchestra.
Semi-Finals



Hickson, Katherine, "Kark"

This girl who is so fair,
Has had for three years a worry;
If, however, you mention her hair,
She gets in a flurry.

Hillman, Earle M.

Here's to our cornet player whose
services will be sorely missed in our
band. His care-free walk and pleas-
ing air are familiar to us all; for
he's a friend to everyone.

Band (2). R. O. T. C. (2) (Sergt.)



Hillson, Rose, "Rosie"

"Rosie make it rosie for me,"
Is the way we feel since Rose came
back from the city.
She is so educated now, you see.

Hodgman, Crosby G.

We wonder if Pop is more to be
envied for his power to write the
cleverest stories out, for his fine
ability as a speaker, for his skill as
a cartoonist, or for the fact that he's
such a thoroughly fine fellow that
everyone just has to like him. We
think it's for the last-named reason.

Treas. of Class. R. O. T. C. (3)
Captain. Devens (1). Cheer Leader.
Junior Exhibition (Hon. Mention).
Junior Volunteers (1). Captain of
Rifle Team. Senate (2) President.
Oracle Board (Resigned). Member
of House (1). Lyford Contest, Al-
ternate. Honor Essay. Class His-
torian.

Holmes, Lillian,

We all know that lilies are pure and
sweet,

So that's why her name is Lillian;
She surely can smile,

And it certainly would be worth
while

To have you meet our Lillian.





Honey, Margaret M.

Margaret, our golden young lady, has been too busy coming to school every day, to grow in inches. But she has grown into the hearts of her friends, which is much better.

Hubbard, Barton D. "Hubby"

For chemists the class of '21
Will never be forgotten,
"Hubby" leaves to study hard
The chemistry of cotton.
Military (4).



Humphrey, O. Julian, "Hump"

"Hump" is one of our snappy "soldiers." He's a clever track man and has lately been making tracks up Norfolk street.

Cadets and R. O. T. C. (4), (Sr. Captain). Devens (1). Rifle Team (1). Track (1).

Huntley, Hugh D.

"Hewey" has been dividing his time this year between his studying and his "fiddling." His ambition is to succeed the "one and only" Frank. Need we say more?

Orchestra (1).



Hussey, Grace,

Grace came to us in our Sophomore year, and we are surely pleased to have her as a member of our class. She believes in doing everything well and is ambitious to become a teacher. We wish you success, Grace.

Junior Semi-Finals.



Iverson, Richard F.

"Tinker" is another example of "Quality not quantity." Some day he hopes to be a piano-mover.

Johnson, Annie, "Anna"

She may look slow, but you'd be surprised! It is rumored that a special teacher has to separate "Anna" from evil during singing periods.

Debutante (1).

Johnson, Doris,

Doris is our class composer. No one says she can't play, either. Keep the good work up, Doris, we all know you'll "get there."



Jordan, Ralph L.

Ralph's athletic abilities have brought glory to B. H. S. on more than one or two occasions, and will long be remembered. He is a favorite with the boys and some say he dazzles the girls a bit, too.

Jordan, Vera,

Tho' in truth 'tis but a short time since Vera left us for the sunny shores of Florida, it seems a long, long while. However, she says there's no place like home, and is with us to help us graduate.

Kearney, Gertrude,

A little girl—oh! "tres petite,"
With a voice my! so sweet,
She's interested in household arts,
And in the moulding of Bowdoin hearts.

Semi-Finals. Senior Play. Class
Prophecy (General).

Koritzky, Hilda, "Hiky"

We have here a dame,
Who is without a name;
First Ida, then Adeline, and Ilda,
But she has at last chosen Hilda.

John, Mitchell F.

Next fall we expect that some of our girl students will be able to study harder. Mitchell's winning ways and "overseas record" were too much for some of them this year.

Laffey, Julia, "Sue"

Julia leaves behind her memories of apostrophe B in 308. Juniors remember.

Cadets. Basketball.

Lancaster, Merritt, "Lanky"

Full of mischief, full of fun,
Seldom seen but chewing gum.
His favorite author is—Shakespeare? ?

Ask him.

R. O. T. C. (1).

Laughlin, Marguerite,

"Still waters run deep."
'Tis so with Marguerite,
As nice a girl as you'd meet,
This one so demure and sweet.

Lee, Mary,

Just a wee little lady,
With a wee little name,
Is our wee little Mary,
Who will be famous some day.

Leonard, M. Ruth,

A fair young lady is Ruth, who
graces our school with her presence.
She is not only nice to look at but
also ever solicitous of her friend.

Levitz, Rebecca,

When Rebecca is quiet she always
appears to be thinking of something
beyond our reach. Perhaps she is
dreaming of a brilliant future.
Who knows? Her favorite pastime
is finding a seat in Chapel.

Lindsey, Helen E. "Bob"

Helen is our Spanish genius.
Here's hoping she'll live in Spain
some day.

Lipsky, Ruth L. "Rufus"

Rufus, there's a lot we might say
about you, but I think this will suf-
fice—you're just nice.

Junior-Senior Play (1). Debating
Society (2). Debutante (1). Semi-
Finals.

Littlefield, J. Roland,

Introducing the original inventor
of Swiss cheese. He plans to travel
next winter, hoping to reach Mexico
to call on the president, Carranza.
Won't the Mexicans be glad to see
him.

House (1). Orchestra (1). Band
(1). R. O. T. C. (1).

Lord, Eugene L.

"Lordy" is a conscientious student,
and never comes to school when he
doesn't feel like it. Sometimes he
doesn't then. Have you ever seen
him play 15-point?

R. O. T. C. (2).

Lunt, Martha,

Martha's specialty is History,
That we can readily see,
Whether Modern, Greek, or Roman,
It's always "A," but never "B."



Luosey, Edward,

Edward is an expert in banking as he has been handling checks all the year. He also worries over his studies. He believes in making the most of his study periods—in sleep.

Lynch, John, "Red"

Red is another of our students who worries over his studies. Often we wonder why John is so tired in the morning. He nearly falls asleep in his study period. Can it be that he studies until late at night?

McAllister, Henry G.

The only redeeming feature about being called back in the afternoon was the possibility of hearing Mac "tickle the ivories" in the Assembly Hall. No piano is complete without a McAllister.

Band (1). Orchestra (2).

McDonough, John M. "Jack"

Jack's motto is, "Big things sometimes come in small packages." With this always before him, he hopes to make a name for himself either by his voice on the stage or as a cowboy in the movies. We wish you luck, Jack.

McDonough, Madeline,

Madeline is rather a quiet girl whose weak point is "movie shows." One of her favorite pastimes is giving oral themes in English.

McEwen, Mildred, "Mil"

Mildred likes windy days. They are the best for kites (Kytes).
Cadet. Basketball Team.

McGary, Leslie G.

"Mac" "Les"

"Mac" is one of our Brewer patronizers. He likes to go over and help the city marshal keep order. In this manner he keeps in training for the R. O. T. C.

Military (4). House (1).

Maher, Theodore J. "Ted"

Ted is a quiet sort of a fellow, who says he would not mind going to school if he didn't have to prepare his work beforehand. He is always downhearted when Mr. Proctor announces a holiday. Poor Ted!



MacCready, Walter, "Mac"

Tall and lanky and lean,
You know what we mean—
But ho! so nice, and full of pep,
This boy sure is worthy of his "rep."

Military (2). 2nd Honor Essay.

MacLean, Frank N. "Reddy"

Little Reddy, although so very
small, has never been known to miss
a lesson until called upon to recite.
He hopes to become champion roller-
skater of the world. Oh girls!
Here's your chance to land an am-
bitious fellow.

Military (1). House (1).



Maddocks, Pauline U. "Polly"

We all know Pauline; she's quite
the best there is. She's always ready
with a smile, and ready to help
someone translate Spanish. In fact,
she is "rich" in everything good.

Malia, Frances H. "Fran"

"Fran" is rather shy but sweet;
Her loving disposition can't be beat;
Always happy, yet quite demure,
A treasure golden to those who know
her.

Debutante (2).



Maling, Rachel, "Ray"

Of all the girls in B. H. S.
There's none quite like our Ray,
Her interest in Maine makes it hard
to explain
Why she seems to be headed that
way.

Debutantes (3).



Mayo, Silsby B.

This chap is in a class by himself.
For him, high school has been one
adventure after another.

Football (1). "Out West."



Millett, Louis,

Louis is another one of our in-
veterate dancers. Tho' not a "jazzy
hound" it is certainly fun watching
him trip the light fantastic.

Mitchell, Florence, "Flor"

Full of pep?—uru! you bet,
This member of our social set,
"Why worry about lessons as many
others do?"
'Tis Florence's motto—we all know





Morrison, Edna G. "Ed." "Minsey"

Edna is so quiet and industrious,
Always there with her A's and B's
But what about the His-tor y?"

Morrison, Edward F. "Ed."

Edward is a typical R. O. T. C. lad,
and after a long and tedious struggle
has reached a worthy goal in the
"army." He is quiet and studies his
lessons every day. Oh, Freshmen!
Here is a model student to copy.

R. O. T. C. (3) (2nd Lieut.) Camp
Devens (1).

Morrison, Robert W.

Here is one of the original "Five
Brothers." He is a demon in a class
room, and nothing less in a track
suit.

Military (3).



Mosher, A. Harold, "Mitz"

Tall and very humorous—but he
can be serious at times. The halls
of B. H. S. will miss his laugh while
the Hall of Fame gains it. For he's
truly a jolly good fellow, say we.

R. O. T. C. (3). Oracle Board (1).
Junior-Senior Play (1).



Mower, George R. "Jud"

Do you know Jud? If you like a
good sport and an all 'round good
fellow, you'll like him.

R. O. T. C. (1).



Mullen, Maybelle, "Ara"

Maybelle's interest centers in Old
Town, Orono, and Brewer. She's
also interested in the movies. Fair-
banks (not Douglas), is her favorite.

Girls Debutantes (2). Basket-
ball Team (1).



Murphy, Dennis J. "Din"

Although he's not so very small,
You'd hardly notice him at all,
Because he makes so little noise,
Until you actually hear his voice.

Football (1).



Murphy, Rose D.

Her smile and her eyes win her
hosts of friends who say she is ap-
propriately named. Everyone is
bound to agree that she is as nice
as her name implies.



**Murray, Edgar,**

A future Fritz Kreisler or Mischa Elman. Too bad you are so bashful Edgar, you'd make a good friend for some (French) girl.

Orchestra (2). Senior French Play.

Mutty, Mary,

Mary's a sweet and industrious little maid,

Some folks think she is very shy,
But when it comes to the U. of M.—
Oh, my!

Nelligan, John, "Mugsy"

If you ever want to find Jack, go to the dance hall. He never fails to attend.

Nickerson, Irvin G.

Nick is our ice cream "freezer." He hopes to have a monopoly on the ice cream business in the future.

Military (2). Band (2).

O'Brien, James E.

"Chamus" is more or less at home on the third floor, and completely at home on a dance floor. The lunch room is going to miss him.

Osborne, Mildred,

The girl who is such a Virgil shark, is sure in life to make her mark.

Orchestra (4). Medal Essay.

Paul, Henry,

Kind readers, we have with us one Henry Paul, the Senate's crack debater. Henry is a good fellow, a fine student, and his talk can be measured by the mile, for nothing is outside the scope of his conversation.

Senate (1).

**Pendleton, Elizabeth,
"Lizzie" "Betty"**

Betty's fond of her teachers,
There are none like them at all,
In expression, plays, debating,
Her talents are by no means small.

Debutantes (2). Senior Play.
Debating (2). Semi-Finals.



Philbrick, Bernice,

Do you know Bernice? If you do you like her. Her quiet disposition has made her known to few. Her favorite study is History.

Pickard, Morita,

Morita is pretty, Morita is witty, Morita is graceful and tall, Morita's an actress and also a scholar,

Morita's a favorite with all.

Orchestra (2). French Play. Junior Ring Committee.

Plummer, Ralph C.

Ralph is shy and seldom heard from. What he lacks in words, though, he makes up in height.

Military (3).

Pooler, Leonard, "Lenny"

We hear of our politicians and of our statesmen, too, And some day in the land of promise, we're going to hear of you, May your name be well known, and all your dreams come true, Leonard, we'll be with you—your violin and you.

Orchestra (4), Concertmaster. Band (3).

Pressey, Harold E.

Pressey's one of our musicians. He's an expert flute player. In future years we expect he'll tutor young tooters to toot.

Band (4). Orchestra (3). Military (2).

Purington, Bernice,

Bernice is a quaint, little maiden, With demure little Quakerish ways. A girlie more sweet, You seldom will meet, That's what we all think and what everyone says.

Quirk, Albert,

Albert doesn't let mere trifles like class bells (?) worry him in the least. As far as he is concerned, a class starts when he gets there. He was never known to be in a hurry but he gets there just the same.

Raynes, Annie M.

We are glad to meet and sorry to leave this pleasant, attractive girl who has helped brighten our happy days at B. H. S.

Debutantes (2).



Rice, Natalie D. "Nat"

Natalie is sweet and pretty,
Always happy, very witty;
When a teacher is out of school,
Natalie's there to take the rule.

Robbins, Elizabeth,

We're proud of our charming 'Liza-
beth

As o'er the keys her fingers stray,
And this is our prophecy for her:
She'll be a great composer some
day.

Debutante (2). Orchestra (4). R.
O. T. C. Sponsor.



Robinson, John,

We'll say there's no call for a cir-
cus when John's around. Give him
a chance and he would take a place
among the kings and queens of
repartee in any court.

Military (2).

Rogers, Evelyn,

Evelyn is one of our tall brunettes.
Some day we expect to see her name
among those of famous artists.



Rudman, Dora,

Very quiet and dignified but O!
My!

Debutante (2).

Sawyer, Lovis,

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Throw your shining beams afar;
In French plays or in Trig classes,
Your light all minor stars surpasses.

Debating Society (1). Cadet
Debutantes (2). Junior Exhibition.
Oracle Board (2). Junior-Senior
Play. French Play.



Sawyer, Winona F.

This classmate of ours, so indus-
trious among the clacking type-
writers, has typed her way into our
pleasant memories.

Schiro, Albert,

The Lieut. of the microbe platoon
in the R. O. T. C. We predict that
he should make a good school-
master.

Orchestra (4). R. O. T. C. (3).
Senate.



Shorey, Zula,

Two very bright eyes
And a very bright smile,
Also wits just as bright,
Here's a girl who's worth while.
Debating (2).

Silsby, William S. "Bill"

"Billy" is no bunter,
He's a good sport through and
through,
But when it comes to Math, that's
where
He meets his Waterloo.
Military (2).

Simpson, Margaret, "Bunny"

A veritable bunny in more ways than
one,
So quiet and gentle, yet so full of
fun,
A student, a chum and an all around
girl.
A factor indeed, in the world's busy
twirl.
Debutante (2).

Smith, Beatrice E.

Her eyes reveal the fact that she's
a good sport. Always pleasant and
cheerful with her companions.
That's Beatrice.

Smith, Dorothy, "Dot"

Here's to the prophet, so demure,
She'll win out some day we're sure,
With a voice so sweet and a brain so
bright,
Who can say that we're not right?
Junior Exhibition. Senior Play.
Assistant Librarian.

Smith, Newall,

Miss Cousins' strongest example
in her theory that if a student wants
to pass a History exam., they will
have to study. We know that this is
a good example, in this case at least.
R. O. T. C. (3).

Smith, Sanford,

San is another of those former
military men who got tired of stow-
ing away Q. M. supplies. He now
leads a quiet civilian life.
Military (3).

Soderberg, F. Arnott. "Sody"

Our Soderberg has over six feet of
ambition, and he cuts a fine figure
with the girls when decked out in
his running suit. They are just
crazy about him, and think he's the
"cutest little (?) fellow ever." Why
don't you wear your running suit to
school, Sody?

Military Drill (4) 2nd Lieut.) Sen-
ate (1). Junior Exhibition. Senior
Play. Lyford Speaking Contest.
Band (1).





Southard, Dorothy, "Dot"

A versatile lass, a merry one, too,
A butterfly so full of life,
Were this lady so gay to have her
own way,
There'd be many a sad heart at
strife.

Orchestra (3). Debutantes (1).
Senior Play.



Spencer, Doris, "Dot"

Happy, laughing Doris with her
witching ways,
Never could be serious on lovely
summer days.
And her lessons suffer, on my word
of honor,
When a good time or a boy lurks
around the corner.

Spinney, Augusta,

Who knows what she sees with
that far away look? Is she dream-
ing or really thinking?
"Perhaps she has great projects in
her mind—to build a college or to
found a race."

Stanchfield, Marion,

Marion always has a smiling
countenance and is always ready to
help the helpless. She loves all
kinds of sports but her favorite one
is seeing how fast she can sprint out
of 309 the fourth and fifth periods.

Debutantes (2). Junior Semi-
Finals. Debating Society (1). Bas-
ketball.



Staples, Frances,

Frances is a demure little miss,
still those who know her well say she
is a good sport. They also say that
Frances loves to dance.

Staples, Rowland W. "Peanut"

"Peanut" in our high school,
Is the one who's "short and sweet,"
But when it comes to baseball,
By thunder, he can't be beat!
R. O. T. C. (3). Football (Mana-
ger). Baseball.



Stubbs, Clarence,

Otherwise "Stubble." Here's luck
to you as a future chemist; anyway,
they have got to hand it to you
when it comes to balancing an
equation.

Swett, Clyde I. "Kid" "Tex"

Clyde is our star of the cinder path
and is Caruso's only rival. When he
slides his "number nines" over the
dance floor everybody looks on in
secret envy.

Band (4). Orchestra (4). Mili-
tary (2). Track (4), (Captain).
Football (1). Junior Exhibition.
Senior Play.





Tarbell, John W. "Spike"

John seems to be a good sort of a lad,
Tho' he thinks lanky legs have be-
come all the fad;
But, being so long, they are quick
and fleet,
And carry him fast when in a track
meet.

**Military (4). Track (1). House
(1). Senate (1).**



Tozier, Payson V. "Bubbles"

This stately looking lad expects to
be on the other side of the U. S. next
year. We bet he won't like the
University of Washington half as
well as dear old Bangor High.

**French Play. R. O. T. C. (3), (1st
Lieut.) Camp Devens (1). Rifle
Club.**

Tozier, Raymond M. "Tarzan"

Tozier is the most celebrated
woman-hater of our class. When
walking through the corridors, he
looks at the floor for fear that some
of them will smile at him. We hope
you succeed as a bachelor, Tozier.

R. O. T. C. (2). Football (1).



Ulmer, Walter F.

Walter's one of our football play-
ers and is also our baseball mana-
ger. He's just crazy about work and
he's always happy when he has to
put up the bleachers.

**R. O. T. C. (4), (Major). Football
(1). Senate (1). Devens (2). Rifle
Club (1). Baseball (Manager).
Track (1). (President).**



Viner, Jacob,

James or Jack, which is it, Jake?
Tho' he spends most of his time in
the office trying to show the powers
that be that he is still a Senior, he
seems to have time to occasionally
attend a dance or so.

West, Viola,

She may be sedate,
And appear that way!
Most people think she is,
But once you know her,
You change your mind,
Never to turn it back again.

Whelden, Catherine L.

This winsome Miss wends her way
amongst us with demure mein.
Now she appears and is gone, leav-
ing, however, a pleasing remem-
brance behind.

Whitehead, Harold,

Hal is one of that seemingly quiet
sort of fellows who, tho' possibly not
algebra sharks, do manage to have
a long list of friends. Look out they
don't send you a bill for wear and
tear on dance floors, Hal.

Military (3).





Whitney, Francis W.

If you don't know this fellow, you've got some surprise coming, for, although he is so shy and quiet appearing, you will find him just the opposite. You should just see him dance. Vernon Castle himself, would gasp in awe at the sight.

Military (2). Senate (1). Orchestra (2).

Whitney, Henry, "Henny"

Henry is tall and dignified because—there's a reason. He is a lover of military life and some day we expect he'll command the United States Armies.

Cadets and R. O. T. C. (4) (1st Lieut.), (Adjutant). Rifle Club (1). Devens (1). Oracle Board (1).



Williams, Elizabeth M.

Elizabeth is quiet and reserved, but ready in her classrooms and in basketball. She's also very fond of fun and her acquaintances.

Captain Girls' Basketball Team (1). Cadet Debutante (1). Oracle Board (1).



Willis, Isabelle W. "Belle"

This young lady has "those Broadway vampires lashed to the mast." Look out! They say she even "vamps" her report card as it contains a long list of A's.

Wing, Florence S. "Flossie"

Did you ever see Florence when she wasn't smiling? I never did. Do you ever get angry, Florence?



Witherley, Carolyn,

Carolyn's pretty and Carolyn's sweet
And Carolyn's dear as can be,
And long will you search before you
will find

A girl who is finer than she.

Oracle Board (1).

Yelland, Mona L.

Mona has one of those charming personalities which we all admire. She has a smile for everyone and never seems to worry. Why not start a school, Mona, so that we may all take lessons?



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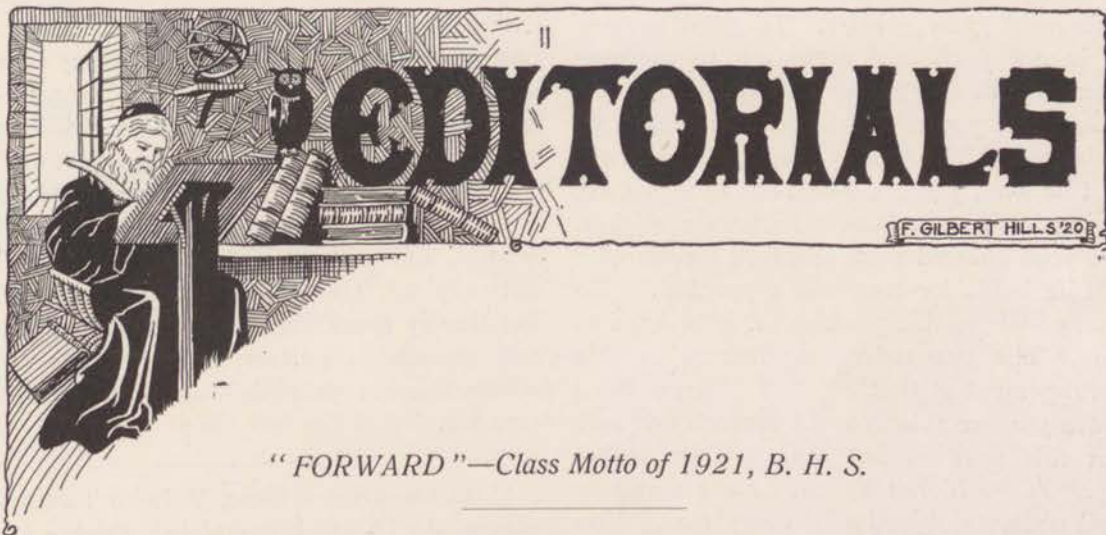
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"FORWARD"—Class Motto of 1921, B. H. S.

By Push or by Pull? How do you intend to go through this life? Do you intend to be a self-made, self-developed man of character or is it your plan to wait for promotion, to wait for another's stimulus to pull you along? There is a great difference between these two modes of living; between these two types of persons; between Push and Pull. When you are on the side of life marked Pull you are in a rut waiting to be pulled out. Get out of that rut! Become a Pusher. It's up to you! Permanent promotion does not come to the worker who relies on his friends and "inside" helps. It is a welcome condition brought on by self-development and hard, conscientious work. A Pusher grows! Be a Pusher! Grow greater!

When a man first goes out into the world he holds his future in the palm of his hand. How his future shall be molded, how it shall develop depends upon whether he will rely on himself and his capabilities or whether he will look toward the other fellow to get behind him and shove! There will come a time when the other fellow will grow tired. Rely on yourself! Start right!

The man who is wide-awake and alive is the man who reaches the uppermost rounds of the ladder of life first. The man who stays on top is the man who pushed himself up and not the man who was pulled. Anybody may be full of energy and spirit while he is being pulled to Success but it is a real man, pushing himself to the top by Push, who bobs up smiling and bobs higher every time he loses a coveted position on the

ladder. It takes considerable nerve and grit to weather the storms of disappointment and it takes a sticker, a plugger, a worker, to see the silver lining of every cloud, to find in each loss a stepping stone to greater gains.

Every person begins to live his own life with the same possibilities as his neighbor. How many are there who have made these possibilities positive facts? There are as many as there are successful men! Your possibilities are vast and in order to secure the happiness and good fortune they contain you must grow greater. To grow greater it is not positively necessary to increase your wealth and possessions but it is a certainty that yourself and your ideals must be enlarged. The test of your greatness will not be what you are doing but how you are doing it. Success never harbors a shirker. Do your allotted work and look for more!

Life holds for each one a position. No matter where this position is, it belongs to you. The one redeeming feature in this arrangement is that by dint of loyal, hard work you are able to mold yourself not only for this position but also for one higher up. To go higher should be the ambition and ultimate objective of every man. You wish to be promoted, to arise to a better station in life. You would like to climb to loftier heights on the ladder of life. You want to grow greater. The fulfillment of these desires lies wholly within yourself. Your position in life depends on you! You promote yourself! But are you pushing yourself up or are you being pulled? It's Up to You!

H. N.

A few years ago an excellent little book was written, pertaining, as the name implies, to the difficulties met by the prospective college student. The author, James H. Caufield, at present librarian of Columbia College, and formerly president of Ohio State University, has, through his lifelong contact with all classes

of college boys and girls, been enabled to instill into his work a personal touch which renders the book vastly more readable and at the same time exposes the "trials and tribulations" in a manner easy to grasp.

The first chapter deals with that ever interesting and much discussed topic, "Why Go to College?" The author then advances a step further in "The Choice of a College" and from there continues in a discussion on the selection of the proper course. The next chapters deal with the "fateful" first year, fraternities, athletics and other college enterprises. The remaining chapters go into more or less detail concerning the proper choice of electives and other problems often occurring as stumbling blocks to puzzle the "fellow who wants to get on."

On the whole we think it is a splendid book to be "chewed and digested, to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention," not only by fellows just entering college but also by those already within the mighty and mysterious portals, and by those to whom another year or so of preparation remains.

With the present issue, Volume Twenty-nine of the Oracle is complete. During the year the Board has worked hard to exceed, if possible, the former standards of the paper. The 1920-21 Oracle Board will now say its farewell, leaving behind it another which, we hope, will continue the good work of improvement. We now wish to join the hearty thanks of the Board with those of the readers for the generous aid given by the literary and joke contributors during the past year and desire to solicit a continuation of this help for the coming years in order to make the Oracle a "bigger, better, brighter" paper than ever before. We, of the class of '21, herewith leave to your charity and gentle mercy, the—

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UNDE? UBI? QUO?

By LeRoy A. Campbell, '22



"UNDE, ubi, quo!" the graduate mused in a perplexed frame of mind as he climbed the last few steps of the stone stairway that led to what he fancied, more from presentiment than fact, must be a terrible tribunal. "How can I answer? Already my mind is so full of the 'quo' that the 'ubi' seems distorted and collapsible, while the 'unde' passes before my dim, muddled vision like the fleeting shadow of a happy 'olim.'"

By this time the poor graduate reached the last step of the hard winding stairs, somewhat shaky and out of breath from the difficult climb and not at all at ease as to the outcome of things ahead.

Before going on he began to look himself over to see how well he had weathered the climb, for truly he had had a hard time of it. He had climbed almost to the first landing before he became aware that it was an extraordinary stairway, lined with all kinds of things ranging from lowest and easiest to highest and most difficult. And the winged pests he had had to contend with, too! In his mad frenzy to drive them away he had mangled a great number of them on his clothes and consequently their ugly, disgraceful marks were indelibly traced on his best attire. At the end of the second landing he had plucked without much trouble twenty-one of the "easiest 'signa'," and, by brushing aside the pests for a moment now and then, he had by accident grappled eight of the "easy 'signa'," two of the "difficult 'signa'," and by the

help of a young man who chanced along, he had managed to pluck one "most difficult 'signum'." Half way up to the third landing he had suddenly awakened to the fact that one of the "most difficult 'signa'" was worth far more than those of lesser grade.

Thus, here at the fourth and last landing he decided to count over his trophies. Seating himself upon a soft cushioned chair nearby he emptied from his pockets all his hastily and unsystematically gathered "signa" and began to take stock. Out of the entire number he found less than ten "most difficults." He then proceeded to examine one which proved to be a large engraving of most exquisite delineation in the form of the second letter of "fate." But on second look he noticed that its beauty was seriously marred by the mangled carcass of one of the numerous pests which he had caged among the trophies. Looking still more closely he observed that the remains had traced an outline over the face of the other that resembled the first letter of "fate."

He was about to examine the more easily obtained trophies, when he suddenly discovered that he was no longer at the head of the stairs. The chair with its occupant, had been moving noiselessly through a narrow winding corridor from which numerous doors opened into other passageways. More startling still was that strange phrase over each door, "Unde? Ubi? Quo?"

Now the chair had taken a sudden turn

and he found himself entering a large gateway over which was the one word, "Unde?" and just under it the direction "Da responsa in hoc loco." A moment later the chair stopped before the resplendent throne of a stern appearing judge.

That worthy personage pronounced in a stern tone, "Responde vere, unde es?"

"Oh, worthy judge," the graduate replied, "if it is from whence I am that you ask, I can tell you briefly. After I finished my career in the little red gammar school I entered the treadmill of higher education and after a long hard climb up through that labyrinth of trophies and pests somehow I found myself brought within your castle gate."

"Nonne plura dicis? Itaque, tibi non plura de te dicere licet; i statim!" the stern judge pronounced as he placed a sealed parchment in the hands of the poor graduate.

Again the chair began to move through another long corridor like the first until it came to another gateway over which was the one lone word, "Ubi?" A moment later he faced another judge who was well attended "cum servis."

At a nod from the judge one of the servants took from his hands the parchment and translated aloud: "O Kindred Judge! I find that this fellow answers the 'unde' well. He also has well filled pockets from which I judge he should answer the 'ubi' well. Vale."

At a nod from the judge several servants began to search his pockets for the trophies. These they carried to their master who gave them a long, careful examination. After this was finished he dictated many words to a scribe near by, who proceeded to write all on a parchment and seal it carefully. On the outside it bore the label, "Responsum ad ubi."

Again the chair began to move with its occupant until at the end of another winding corridor it stopped before the royal throne of the third and last judge named, "Fatum."

Behind the throne was a large folding door over which was written the one interrogative word, "Quo."

Just then the folding door began to draw apart and behind he beheld a hundred other doors all in a row, varying from small and cramped dimensions at the left to large and magnificent at the right.

While contemplating all the glories of such a start upon life, one of the many attendants of the judge drew near and took from his hand the parchment which contained the messages of both the former judges. After the judge had read the first he turned to the second and carefully perused its contents. Then, after a moment's hesitation he selected a long roll, wrote rapidly for many minutes and handed it to his chief attendant. He, with several others, drew near the graduate and before the latter knew what had happened they had blindfolded him, pushed him toward the row of doors and in a moment had closed one of them upon him. The blindfold immediately fell from his eyes and he found himself perplexed to know which door he had entered.

After he had wandered some distance along the passage way, which ever grew wider, he suddenly discovered the sealed roll in his inside pocket. He quickly broke the seal and read:

"Unde?"—you have come from a good standard high school with all the advantages of the century.

"Ubi?"—where you are was determined by the trophies which you brought. Out of them all there were less than ten A's, a few more B's and a large number of C's and D's, and worse still, the carcasses of several F's were squeezed in among the A's and B's.

"Quo?"—doubtless you are fairly upon your way. Make the best of it; for you are entering the door that you deserve. Fortuna tecum."

The graduate slowly repeated, "I tread the pathway I deserve. Fortuna mecum!"



"Dear Authors, Suit Your Topics to Your Strength."

THE LAST OF THE LAPIERRES

By Crosby G. Hodgman.

FOR over one hundred years, the Lapierre family had been famous in the North Country. From the mouth of the St. Lawrence they had been known southward, and from the head waters of the St. John's to the mouth of the Penobscot, the name of Lapierre had meant wonderful drivers, wonderful lumbermen, and wonderful guides. For deeds of reckless daring and nerve testing skill, the Lapierrés had achieved a reputation which still lives,—yet the last of the Lapierrés was Francois, a dirty, cringing, watery-eyed Frenchman, a cookee, and a joke to every man in the Great Woods.

It is indeed pitiful to think of it. From a family noted for their bravery and skill with an axe, or with a pickpole, to the joke of the lumber camps and the drives; a dirty, cringing, watery-eyed Frenchman at whom the men laughed with much scorn, and at whom the small boys along the river jeered. Evenings in the bunkhouses, blue with the

smoke from their evil pipes, the lumberjacks would tell stories of the daring of some famous Lapierre, and then by contrast would tell of Francois, the cookee. River drivers around their glowing campfires would tell of the time when Henri Lapierre tried what no man had ever tried before,—to run the rapids at the Devil's Mile, and then they, too, would contrast it by telling of the fool, Francois.

It was a glorious spring morning when my story opens, a morning when the river shone as a kingly sapphire floating majestically toward the sea, a morning when the Great Woods made one fairly tearful they were so breathlessly beautiful; the green banks of the Penobscot seemed a setting of swaying emerald for the flashing river of blue. But the laboring men did not notice this wonderful beauty. They came stumbling down the rocky carry trail, three tired boat crews, carrying on their weary shoulders three heavy bateaux; three boat crews nearly exhausted from the terrible labor



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Junior Exhibition



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Junior Exhibition

MEDAL WINNERS CLASS OF 1921



LESLIE BOWLER
Graduation Essay



MILDRED OSBORNE
Graduation Essay

who were destined to see a man defy an unconquered river and save a man who by all laws of rationality should have drowned. At last the end of the carry was reached and in silence the bateaux were pushed into the waiting river. An Exchange Street Yankee was the first to speak. Straighening his weary back, he turned a disgusted face toward Francois Lapierre, to growl, "Aw, what's tha use o'puttin' this air boat in tha water, the Devil's Mile's only a little way down tha river,—let's carry the darn thing an' be done with it."

"But, non," said Francois, "I tink dat dat ees good idea."

"Oh, ya don't, eh?" replied the tired Yankee. "Well, ain't that too bad, now? Maybe you think we like it, too. Well, you're mistaken, but then most o' us ain't Lapierres, an' most o' us don't run rapids like Henri. I notice you ain't much of an exception yaself. I wish t' goodness you'd run the Mile so's we wouldn't have to carry!"

"Mais, non, m'sieu," answered Francois, "me no like rapids. They heap wet."

And the Devil's Mile surely was wet. From the large white rock situated in the center of the river at the beginning of the rapids, to the pool below the Devil's Leap, the mighty river hurled itself forward like a maddened monster; yellow foaming water as though propelled by an unseen hand, rushed down a long, terrible mile until it spurted into space on waiting rocks below. A mile in which a terrified river raged unconquerable, swirling, leaping, tumbling, racing over cursing black rocks and boulders,—such was the Devil's Mile, the most famous rapids in the North Country.

At this season of the year a man was usually stationed on the Devil's Eye, as the large rock at the beginning of the rapids was called, to prevent the logs from jamming. At this point the water began to flow faster; small swirling eddies could be seen, whirling their way toward the raging

death further on; small white islands of dewy foam resembling fairy ships, drifted gaily toward destruction; the huge logs raced one another to see which would finish the mad dash through the rapids first. The man could be seen as the bateaux approached, a tall, round-shouldered, weather beaten P. I., watching the nearing boats with joy, for their coming meant that his weary work was over, and he could continue with the men down the river. Two of the bateaux went ashore for the carry, while the third continued on to the rock to get the P. I.,—and then the accident occurred. It's strange how it happened, strange that as the bateau came alongside the rock, the man should slip and fall, be snatched by the waiting current and carried out of reach, strange that a Lapierre should be there to watch a man drown without trying to save him.

Francois sprang up on to the rock, and stood there, his watery eyes staring at the drowning man, who through the mists of the rapids, could be seen struggling for his life. Francois' eyes slowly began to brighten, his pale cheeks were knotted by the fierceness with which his teeth were set, his body which before had shrank at the sight of rapids, slowly began to straighten, and turning his white face upward, he breathed a prayer to his watching God. Then he wheeled quickly, his face suddenly radiant, and laughed at the Yankee and the two Indians in the bateau, as the Lapierres laughed when danger faced them,—

"Ha, ha, sacre! Maybe you tink dat a Lapierre is 'fraid? I scared? Mais, non, m'sieu. But you scared, you scared of Penobscot. I tink dat we go after him. I show you!"

A quick shove, the current lifts the four men in the boat forward, and into the mists of the Devil's Mile dashes the bateau. At the rear crouches a man, laughing with joyous glee as the river tries to destroy him

and the men with him. At times he half rises, and in order to avoid some enormous rock plunges his paddle into the raging water, swings the racing boat half around with his mighty strength.

In the whirlpools of the Sugar Bowl, they find the P. I., who has pulled himself onto a rock near the center of the river. Like a leaping monster, the bateau makes for the rock. "Prepare for to git heem," snapped the man in the rear. "You Indian, grab!" The bateau darts back into the treacherous channel, but the drowning man is torn from the Indian's grasp by the shock. Francois Lapierre sees it, and throwing himself far out, he grabs the man with one hand as the bateau rushes past him, and yanks him into the boat!

"What a man," gasps the Yankee, while out of the Sugar Bowl into the sunlight, dashes the bateau.

Down the Henri Lapierre Sluice into the sunlight again. Through the Bear Cave, on and on!

Among the cursing rocks of the Quarry, into the screen of the Jackknife Bend, where the river swerves to the right, on and on!

Four men against the Penobscot, four men against the madness of the Devil's Mile, four men fighting for their lives with the roar of the falls warning them that they must face it. Now into the smooth water just before the Leap, then waiting a brief second as though choosing a landing place, the bateau leaps into space. Down, down, among the rocks under the falls half filled with water, yet guided by a hand blessed by God, the bateau drifts ashore.

The Lapierras were once more famous in the North Country!

AT THE BROW OF HIGHSCHOOL HILL

By Pauline Aiken, '21.



LAST I had almost reached the summit of the long hill it had taken me so long to climb. How many times in my slow ascent I had wished that I were already at the top! And now that I was nearly there I wished that I were once more at the foot beginning the ascent over again. For, though it was long and at times rough and steep, I loved that hill.

How it had sheltered me from the rushing storm-winds that at times agitate the world above its brow! Henceforth I must travel on these exposed heights. How it had protected me from all uncertainty as to what might lie just ahead of me! Now the path ahead was hidden by the sharp turn that lies just at the top of the hill. And finally, how dear were the friends I had met on its slope! Those friends from whom I must now part (for we all knew that at the top of the hill our paths must divide).

More and more melancholy grew my re-

flections, and just then, to add the final touch to my gloom, the wind whirled into my hands one of those dismal messages which some of those who have gone beyond Highschool Hill seem so fond of sending back to the climbers on its slope. It ran, "O, you who climb Highschool Hill, realize that now you are at the happiest point of all your journey through the Land of Life. Many are the burdens you must take up at the top of the hill, and hard is the road you must thenceforth travel." It was signed "one who knows."

Too discouraged to climb further just then, I sat down on a big rock at the side of the road to think over the dreary situation. Suddenly I heard at my very elbow, in a voice that sent a strange chill through my veins, "Procul o procul este, profani." I turned with a start. By my side was a woman whose flowing robe and long raven-black hair streamed out as if on the wind. Yet the air was still! I shrank back in awe



ROSEMARY ALLEN
Class Historian



CROSBY HODGMAN
Class Historian

GRADUATION SPEAKERS



EDWARD CURRAN
Parting Address

CLASS OF 1921



WALTER MacCREEDY
1st. Honor Essay



ELIZABETH WILLIAMS
1st. Honor Essay

from this being whose blazing black eyes seemed to pierce me through and through while her strange words still rang in my ears.

"Who are you, and whom do you tell to 'be afar off'?" I cried.

"Who I am you should know, and those that I bid to be afar off are your profane thoughts, thoughts that dare to disregard the beauty of the world and to deny the worth of life itself," came the stern reply.

"Well,—as for my thoughts, they seem to have obeyed you," I said in a dazed tone, "for I no longer have them, but who you are—"

"Have you never heard," said this strange being, "that 'there is nothing (and NO ONE), that the mind of man can conceive that is not already existent in a world unseen?' And do you not know that the dwellers in this unseen world can at will become visible to the men of earth? Or is this, perchance, too much for you of the twentieth century to believe?—you who find it easily credible that a soul may pass the boundaries of the realm of death—those boundaries that none may recross—and then return to converse with those on earth."

Too surprised to even resent the scorn in her voice, I gazed at her. Then, finally, the conjecture which I had considered too ridiculous to express being strengthened by her words, I stammered, "A—Are you the sibyl that Virgil tells about?"

"I am she," came the dignified reply.

"And why have you come to me?"

"I saw your fears and I came to banish them, for it is not pleasing to me that the human mind should destroy its own dignity by such weakness."

Cla-a-ank—Bang! I turned with a start just in time to see a horse bearing a strange looking rider in full armor jump the ditch at the opposite side of the road. As the horse jumped, the rider was jolted violently in the saddle, thus occasioning the clash of

armor which attracted my attention.

This rider paused not a moment, but pressing more firmly on his head the sort of tin basin which he wore as a helmet, he drew a sword. Then, shouting, "Fear not, fair maid, I will rescue thee," he charged madly at a thick bank of fog that for some time had been rolling nearer. Just then the sun came out brightly, so that as my doughty knight reached the cloud of mist it dissolved into thin air.

Whereupon my rescuer galloped back to me and, attempting apparently to spring lightly from his horse, tumbled in a heap on the ground. Nothing daunted, he struggled to his feet, regaining his equilibrium with scarcely less difficulty than I my gravity, bowed low before me and said, "Maiden, fear no more. I have banished the hordes of the giant, Gloom, as you see. Thou art now released from his enchantments. Farewell, I must go rescue some other fair lady," and Don Quixote,—for I was sure that my rescuer could be no other—disappeared in a cloud of dust.

I turned toward the sibyl but she, too, was gone. Coming toward me, however, was the tall form of a man. I did not need to look at that grave, pale face, with its clear-cut features, or at the mass of waving black hair, to be sure of this man's identity. One glance at those glowing, magnetic black eyes was enough to convince me. But one of the characters I know and love has ever been able to give me quite the feeling I had then. Involuntarily I uttered his name, "The Count of Monte Cristo!"

"You are right," said the man.

At my first sight of the count the thought had flashed into my mind that from this man if from anyone I might learn the meaning of this remarkable experience. Quickly now I burst out, "You who have always seemed to those about you to be the very epitome of human wisdom, tell me what this all means. Is it real, or—" I stopped in confusion. I had practically

asked the man before me if he was real!

The Count smiled at my confusion. "Are we real?" he said. "Well, what do you consider the most real—that is, the most positive—thing in the world?"

"Henry Van Dyke says it is personality," I answered after a moment, "and I believe him."

"And what is personality? How do you recognize it?" questioned the Count.

"Why—by the impression it makes, or rather by the influence it has."

"And who are some of the people who have most strongly influenced your life?"

"Ben Hur, Sydney Carton, Keats, and Shelley, William of Orange, Abraham Lincoln, and Robin Hood and Henry Van Dyke and—" I stopped suddenly. I had certainly mixed the real and the so-called imaginary well together in my list.

"It seems to me," said the Count, "that you have answered your own question. You ask me," he continued, "what it all means. I can tell you only this. We who have come to you today, as well as hosts of others are your friends, and the friends of all in your world who love us. We have

made our way into your world by speaking to the brain of some great man and forcing him to write our story. He, as a rule, in his conceit, thought that the words that flowed from his pen were his own, when in reality he was but an instrument in our hands. There are evil beings in our realm as well as good, but here, just as in your world, evil can win but temporary triumphs. Those of us who are evil have been forced by the One who rules your realm and ours to enter your world as warnings to you; we who are, on the whole, good, have been allowed to enter that we might be your friends. Accept us as such. We shall always be at hand when you need help as you did today. And now, goodbye. You must hasten to join your companions who have passed you on the hill. This last advice I give to you. I have told all who know me that all human wisdom lies in the words, 'wait and hope.' To these I would add one other, BELIEVE." He gave me a strong, friendly handclasp and turned away. And with courage and hope in my heart, I started toward the summit of Highschool Hill.

THE VISION OF THE IDEAL

By W. Sawyer, '21.



HE chief use of any man or woman to the world is the influence of his or her aspiration. Not achievements alone can determine a man's value to us; but the vision of the ideal which he has and gives to us in words, on canvas, in marble and in stately piles of architecture.

In the towers of Westminster Abbey at London, and in St. Paul's Cathedral, the greatest church ever built in England for Protestant worship, Sir Christopher Wren wrought out his ideal of beauty, strength and permanency. In our Congressional Library at Washington we see the architect's vision of purity, symmetry and

grandeur in stone.

Back in the fifteenth century a huge block of marble, eighteen feet long, lay outside the cathedral at Florence. One sculptor had hacked at it and nearly spoiled it. Out of it Michael Angelo, a man of deep spiritual insight, carved his "David." The Sistine chapel stands as a memorial to his genius for expressing the ideal of beauty in colors. Its frescoes are still the wonder and admiration of the world.

But the greatest of all painters was Raphael, called "The Divine." His subjects are mainly religious and his vision of purity and feeling has never been excelled.

The poet Browning has the artist's delight in beauty. He believed this world



Oracle Board, 1920-21



The Senate

was a great training school, a place where souls are developed, a prelude and a preparation for a life hereafter. "Earth changes but thy soul and God stand sure." The most important thing in life, therefore, is neither pain nor pleasure; it is the soul and the use of its experiences. So Browning teaches us to prize all experiences, joy, sorrow, aspiration, and the moments of intense feelings,—for in these we, too, have our mount of vision and our souls learn to breathe a purer air.

Besides Browning, we may cite Ruskin who says, "Your rank as a living creature is determined by the height and breadth of your love." The purpose of his writing was to establish truer and nobler ideals of living. He taught men and women to love truth and to hate shams. Through his long life he never lost his love of beauty and his zest for righteousness.

Every great movement, every wonderful work is a dream and democracy was involved to make these dreams come true. Our Republic is founded on the ideals of our Pilgrim fathers. Woodrow Wilson is a confirmed idealist, expressing a nation of long repressed idealists—in nothing else is there any possible explanation of his record of amazing achievements.

All these men stand before us as teachers and examples of men of large vision, but the greatest example and teacher was born two thousand years ago in the little town of Bethlehem. His vision was clear and He would easily find the answer to any problem or trial set before Him. He carved a way and made it possible for everyone who possesses faith and loves truth to turn his thoughts inward and to decide his line of conduct. If He is our ideal our success in life is assured.

THE IDEAL SCHOOL MAGAZINE

By Harlan E. Atherton, '21.



PROBABLY all schools have teams which represent them in various kinds of athletic games. As a general rule, the student is interested in all these branches of athletics. This is very beneficial as it tends to increase his interest in the whole school, or, in other words, it produces a loyal school spirit.

Yet, it is a rather sad fact that there are but few students who have an equal interest in their school magazine. For the most part, students do not regard their publication as an important part of school life. In reality, however, the ideal school magazine, as one representative of the school is something of which any student might well be proud. Now, one might ask, what are the requisites of such a magazine?

In the first place, support from the student body is needed. There are plenty of opportunities offered the student to show his backing. He can help the finances by

subscribing himself and, perhaps, by securing other subscriptions. He can contribute personal jokes, a local item, information about an alumnus, a story, or other things needed. It is certainly true that whole-hearted interest and encouragement from the students is a very great help to the editors.

Next, an energetic and loyal editorial board is essential. Being the heart of the publication, this group must comprise members, who with unselfish purpose cooperate with one another in the task of making their school known broadcast by the standard of its magazine. To do this, each editor should always be on the alert for some way in which he can improve his own department, and, as a consequence, the whole magazine.

For the third requisite one might mention interesting contents, which should be divided into well edited departments. Some good up-to-the-minute editorials; a literary

department replete with stories snappy and interesting, but of literary value; a section of personal and original jokes; and a department of local school items comprise the parts of the magazine in which students are commonly the most interested. In addition, alumni, exchange, athletic, and perhaps debating, departments, are important for completing the magazine, even though they may not be quite as interesting to the pupil and reader. Some schools might require even other sections, but those mentioned above are the main ones.

In addition to these three requisites an attractive form and appearance of the entire magazine is a necessity. An artistic cover for the outside, appropriate cuts and headings for the various departments, and additional cuts and cartoons for other places in the school's publication help to achieve this desired appearance of attractiveness. Fur-

thermore, the form of the contents is kept attractive by placing all the advertisements together, either in the first or last pages of the magazine, thus avoiding any breaks in the departments.

Therefore, a school magazine to be ideal, should have interesting contents, an attractive form and appearance, a loyal and earnest editorial board, and support from the students. It is essentially true that the conscientious group of editors and the body of students lending support, interest, and encouragement, are more important than the quality of the contents or the attractive form of the finished product. For surely, if a magazine has the former, the latter are bound to result, forming an ideal magazine which furnishes interest, enjoyment, and benefit to the entire school, consisting of teachers and pupils; and to the public, consisting of alumni and casual readers.

THE MEDDLER

By Ivy Gregory, '21.



I DON'T believe in meddling unless it's strictly necessary," said Mrs. Forbes, smiling in a superior way across the breakfast table at her daughter, Flossie. "But when it's my own brother, in danger and helpless, I feel justified in taking a hand in the matter."

Flossie blinked thoughtfully at her mother's rosy, determined face. She knew how to discount Mrs. Forbes' extravagant phrases, but she never had learned how to argue or protest successfully with the elder woman even when convinced that the matter was open to argument or protest.

There was her own case, for instance. Had she ever been able to cross the line drawn by her mother? The line that effectually kept her from the social freedom and pleasure for which her expanding spirit yearned. "You're a mere child yet," Mrs. Forbes would say. "There's plenty of time

for you to grow wise and worldly. I can't lose my little girl so soon."

But in spite of all precautions, Flossie in her own way was growing wise and worldly as time passed. She was beginning to appraise her attractive mother's whims, vanities and coquetries, and to realize why Mrs. Forbes clung so persistently to the idea of not losing her little girl so soon.

"How do you know Uncle Avery isn't doing just what he wants to do, Mother?" she asked. "And I think Miss Ackerman is lovely."

"Of course you do. And of course she is—in her right place. Well, I'm going to save him from his last folly if I can." Mrs. Forbes' lips drew in a firm, straight line and her brows lowered. "Avery's a scholar, a scientist and a real old bachelor. Clare Ackerman, with her butterfly airs, has drawn him away from his studies, but it is only a passing fancy."

"You said Miss Ackerman is twenty-



Orchestra, 1920-21

eight," reminded Flossie, to whom twenty-eight seemed an age of sober maturity; yet she regarded Miss Clare Ackerman, with her butterfly airs, as her ideal of brilliant young womanhood. "And Uncle Avery's only—"

"Be still, child. You don't know anything about it." Mrs. Forbes looked reflectively across the luxuriant garden. "I have an idea, and that's what I meant when I spoke of meddling. Avery has glorified this very worldly young woman, and if he should see her in her true colors, he would be disillusioned. So I have invited her here with a few others for a little visit, and among them Mr. Claude Davis."

"Oh, Mr. Claude Davis!" exclaimed Florence, clasping her hands.

Mrs. Forbes laughed mirthfully. "Exactly, even you know of his reputation as one of the brilliant ornaments of society. They will be well matched—Claude and Clare, and no doubt we shall see a pretty little powder puff battle."

"Dear me, Mother. You do use such funny terms. I suppose you mean Miss Ackerman and Mr. Davis will act terribly and disgust poor Uncle Avery. I'm glad we're going to have a houseful of company, anyway," chirped Flossie; and she went from the breakfast room to inspect the contents of her wardrobe.

Mrs. Forbes' invited guests came in due time and made themselves very much at home in Avery Mull's handsome suburban residence. Dashing Claude Davis and the bewitching Miss Ackerman immediately established their right to the reputation society had given them.

In her delightful watch over the manoeuvres of these two merry guests, Mrs. Forbes forgot everything else, except to draw her brother's attention to Clare Ackerman's frivolities and her unfitness to grace a dignified position outside her own whirling circle. "They're so well matched those two," she would remark. "Both

heart-breakers—I wonder what damage they'll do now."

Several days passed, and some of the guests had gone. Mrs. Forbes, going into the living room in the early evening found it deserted; but outside in the moonlight, a figure, which she recognized as Claude Davis, crossed the lighted space and disappeared behind the rose shrubbery. Close beside him was the flutter of pale draperies. Mrs. Forbes thought that it must be Clare Ackerman because they had been singing together just before that.

Mrs. Forbes cautiously trailed along the garden paths, her black net gown merging into the night shadows. Ahead of her was a flutter of pale draperies; but as she paused beside a tiny leaf-screened arbor, she heard a familiar voice thrilled with consternation.

"Avery, you are very good not to doubt me." Clare Ackerman's silvery laugh rippled out of the shadows. "But you see Mr. Davis' attention to me only covered his real feelings, but a man of his type could never interest me. It took you to do that, Avery."

Mrs. Forbes moved unsteadily to the end of the garden path and confronted the pair who sat on a moonlight flooded stone bench.

"Flossie!" Her voice was dramatically accusing. "I wish you to return to the house with me."

But Claude was on his feet making his most courtly bow. "So glad you came, Mrs. Forbes. For of course, Flossie and I can't settle affairs without you."

"Settle affairs!" gasped Mrs. Forbes.

"I mean—perhaps I should say, start affairs." Mr. Davis laughed richly. "I want to marry your daughter, Mrs. Forbes. Flossie is my ideal—a true ingenue, unspoiled by the world. We were just talking it over; and we expect to marry, in proper time, of course, with your permission, Mrs. Forbes.

"Mother, don't you meddle," advised

Flossie, sweetly; but there was a new strength in her speech that made it sound

like a warning. Mrs. Forbes gave her consent and blessing.

THE PANAMA CANAL

By Ralph Plummer, '21.



TREATY between the United States and Panama was signed November 18, 1903, providing for the construction and maintenance of an interoceanic canal. Under the treaty the United States guaranteed the independence of the republic of Panama. Panama granted to the United States in perpetuity the use, occupation, and control of a zone called the Canal Zone, five miles wide on each side of the canal route and within the zone the exclusive control for police, judicial and sanitary purposes. The cities of Panama and Colon do not come within the grant but the United States has complete jurisdiction in both the cities and in their harbors in all that relates to sanitation and quarantine. For these concessions the United States paid Panama ten million dollars on the ratification of the treaty, 1904, and will pay two hundred fifty thousand dollars annually, beginning nine years after exchange of ratifications.

Actual work was begun on the canal in June, 1904, under a civil commission, with J. F. Wallace as chief engineer. Wallace had to overcome many difficulties and although he is severely criticised much credit should be given him. The sanitary conditions were of the worst when he arrived but he succeeded in making a decided improvement over them. The commission was reorganized in April, 1905, and in June Wallace was succeeded by John F. Stevens. The first steam shovel was installed under his regime and before he left nine were working. From his administration dates much of the good work done in the organization of the Commissary and Subsistence Department and the development of the railroad. Stevens resigned in 1907 and the

work was carried on by Colonel G. W. Goethals. It is to Goethals that the success of the canal project is largely due, not alone from an engineering point of view, but because of his skill in dealing with an army of forty thousand workmen speaking forty-five languages.

The canal from deep water in the Atlantic to deep water in the Pacific is about fifty miles in length and connects the cities of Colon and Panama. It has six locks, three at Gatun on the Atlantic side and three on the Pacific side—one at Pedro Miguel and two at Miraflores. The thirty-one and one-half miles of canal between Gatun and Pedro Miguel are from eighty-two to eighty-seven feet above sea level.

At Gatun a dam seven thousand two hundred feet long confines the waters of Gatun Lake and forms a reservoir for receiving the floods of the Chagres and other rivers and supplies water for lockage. The dam is two thousand feet wide at its base, one hundred feet wide at the top and rises one hundred fifteen feet above the sea level. Between Gatun and the Caribbean a space one thousand feet in width forms a waiting basin for ships. After passing Gatun the channel for sixteen miles is about one thousand feet wide, narrows to three hundred feet through Culebra cut, a distance of nine miles, and widens again to five hundred feet, maintaining this width until it reaches the ocean. The cutting at Culebra was the most difficult part of the excavation, owing to the earth slides with which the engineers had to contend. A smaller dam at Pedro Miguel contains a lock which lowers the ships to the surface of Lake Miraflores. One and a half miles farther on the canal descends fifty-five feet to the level of the



O. JULIAN HUMPHREY
Captain, Co. A



WALTER F. ULMER
Captain, Commanding Battalion



GERARD P. COLLINS
Captain, Co. B

Commanding Officers

of

R. O. T. C. Battalion



CROSBY G. HODGMAN
Captain, Co. C



EDWARD M. CURRAN
Captain, Staff



LESLIE G. MCGARY
Captain, Co. D

Atlantic by means of a double lock.

Gamboa dyke, between Gatun lake and Culebra cut, the last obstruction to navigation from ocean to ocean through the Panama Canal, was destroyed October 10, 1913, and the water was let into Culebra cut. The official date of the opening of the canal was January 1, 1915. The formal opening was celebrated by the Panama Pacific International Exposition held at San Francisco in 1915.

The canal shortens the sea journey between New York and the west coast of the United States by over eight thousand miles; it shortens the voyage from New York to

Valparaiso by four thousand miles. The Spanish-American war showed the need of this cut and stirred the Americans to open a gateway between the two seas.

The cost of construction of the Panama canal was approximately four hundred million dollars. Besides this is the money the United States had to pay Panama. This makes an enormous bill for such a project but nevertheless it has been proved that it was a success financially as well as a valuable asset in time of war. It may well be said that the construction of the Panama canal was the greatest engineering feat in the history of humanity.

THE PASSING OF WILSON

By Robert Haskell, '21.



WOODROW Wilson now belongs to history. His complex personality and his contradictory foreign policies will be subjects of thoughtful analysis and discussion for many generations to come. He has played a leading role in the greatest crisis of our era, and no just appraisal of his character, no fair decision as to his success or failure, is possible at this time. But the war is over and history is already passing its judgment on the conflict's great participants, and whatever the merits or demerits of Woodrow Wilson are, it must be sorrowfully concluded that this judgment is adding nothing to his prestige.

It is compelling, almost tragic, this story of Wilson's autocratic rule. His neutrality of nineteen fifteen and sixteen, while he was struggling to bring about some conference which would give the world a "Peace without Victory," making of no avail the sacrifices of the brave men who had died on the battlefields of France, is as illuminating evidence of his true character as his re-election on the hypocritical slogan, "He kept us out of War."

In the Fall of nineteen sixteen, our President was loudly proclaiming, "America has

no concern with the objects and causes of the war and is not even interested to explore its obscure fountains." Yet less than six months had passed before he had declared war against Germany and characterized the causes of the Allies as that of humanity itself.

Having thrust the United States into a conflict such as was never witnessed, President Wilson immediately gained the confidence of the Allied nations and inspired the Allied statesmen that by his masterful mind he would lead their armies to victory.

He directed the training and transporting of millions of our men and placed them in the front line trenches when the Allied commanders admitted that they were fighting with their backs to the wall. He succeeded in impregnating the very souls of our Allies with the faith that the world would be safe for democracy once the common enemy was crushed. He instilled in the citizens of our own country a moral determination to win the war more potent than men or arms.

The arrival of American Infantry in France, division after division, proved to be the turning point of the war. The morale of the Germans was weakening,

France and England were inspired by a new confidence and the German armies were slowly being driven back in one great offensive.

Out of this new order of things came Woodrow Wilson's opportunity to perpetuate his name in history, and he was not slow in grasping it. The President's first step in this direction was his famous Fourteen Points, obscure, and, so far as being a basis for any international agreement, worthless.

Contrary to every precedent, President Wilson chose to represent America at the Peace Conference in Paris. He even refused to surround himself with fairminded and sagacious advisers, and undertook the Herculean task alone and unaided, with no plan or outline. His stubborn idealism failed miserably before the superior statesmanship of Lloyd George and Clemenceau.

Returning to the United States from Paris, he still posed as a conqueror, and, with assured confidence, submitted the covenant, forced into the Peace Treaty against the wishes of his European associates, to the Senate. The revolutionary covenant was rejected. When has an American President been visited with a like humiliation?

With the failure of America to stand behind their President, the whole world seemed to lose its trust in Wilson. By his lofty ideals he promised the world great things, but he failed to match actions with his words, and, harsh as it may be, it appears likely that history will summarize Woodrow Wilson by saying that he saw every problem only as it affected his own prestige.



Girls' Basket Ball Team

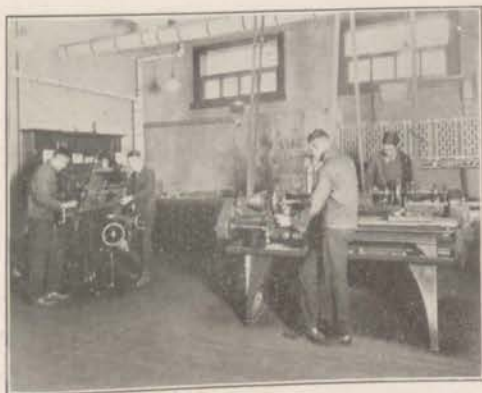
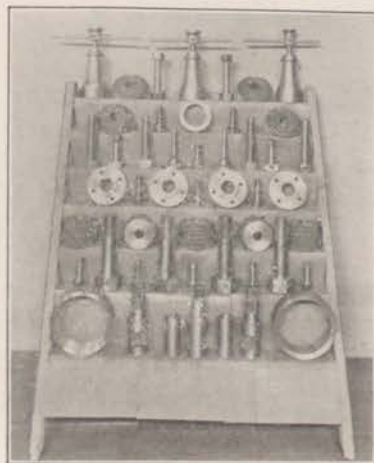


MECHANIC ARTS DEPARTMENT

Just what is the Technical Course of Bangor High accomplishing? With its complete equipment of machinery and tools, and the high standard of its instructors, which together make the Mechanic Arts Department one of the finest among New England preparatory schools, it is impossible to place one's finger directly upon the most beneficial result. Beginning in the woodworking department upon the simplest sort of tool work, carried over from the several years of preparation in the grammar grades, the advanced instruction is taken up step by step in gradual and logical degrees, dwelling upon each phase of the work a sufficient length of time to insure the best results in the future. The ability of the student to think for himself, to concentrate upon his work, and to develop ideas of his own is thus exercised, forming for the future, finer, sturdier, more level headed, and resourceful citizens of ability. At the same time the boy is learning

thoroughly the basis of that line of mechanic science which will forever find a place for itself in the lives of men. Taken from a financial standpoint, the Mechanic Arts Department would certainly never be one of those "frills" proposed to be "cut out." During the past year the followers of this section of the school curriculum have taken charge of almost the entire amount of inside repair work done on the school buildings, resulting in a great saving to the city.

Above are prints showing sections of the Department's shops and also a sample of the work done by the Department for Bangor machine workers. The company for which this work was made, eager to patronize and promote an infant industry so beneficial to Bangor in general, willingly supplied the materials in such quantity as needed if the school would produce a marketable product. In this way approximately \$200 has been saved to the city.





LOCALS

"Yesterday and Today and Forever."

The long summer vacation has arrived at last, almost before we realized it. To the Seniors this year will have been one of happy memories; to the Freshmen, just a beginning of happier ones to follow; and to us all the years spent in Bangor High School will be looked back upon in later years as, perhaps, the happiest years of our lives.

One morning after Assembly, Dr. Philbrick of the Castine Normal School, spoke to the Senior girls about the necessity of taking up the work of teaching. He said that there was a shortage of teachers all over the country and that teaching was one of the most important vocations of today.

Early in May, the Seniors held an election for graduation parts and class prophesies. The results were as follows:

GRADUATION PARTS.

Parting Address.....	Edward Curran
Class History.....	Rosemary Allen
Class History.....	Crosby Hodgman
Prophesies:	
Classical Course.....	Dorothy Smith
Technical Course.....	James Doherty
Scientific Course.....	Arthur Dennis
Commercial Course.....	Denis Murphy
General and Industrial..	Gertrude Kearney

The Senior Commercials voted in May to have Miss Valentine Kenney give the examination for the gold medal in Shorthand and Typewriting, and to have her correct and judge the papers.

In May the Seniors voted for the word "Forward" as their class motto. Although the motto contains only one word, it is a word which has a great deal of meaning.

*Pure, rich ice cream is now made by the girls of the Domestic Science Department, with the aid of an electric freezer. The large sale of ice cream cones in the lunch room proves that the girls can make ice cream as well as they can cook.

On May 13, Mrs. Boutelle and Mrs. Cole, both nurses in Bangor, talked to the Junior and Senior girls in regard to nursing. They told of the fascinating work and of the joy in serving others. They said that the Eastern Maine General Hospital offered splendid opportunities for training and that it was the only hospital in Maine which was ranked in Class A.

Miss Fannie Robinson, head of the Mathematic department of the school, has recently been appointed as a reader of the College Entrance Board Examinations received in New York from all parts of the country. As Bangor High School has never been represented before, it is considered quite an honor to be able to send a teacher from this school this year.

GIRLS' DEBATING SOCIETY.

The last regular meeting of the Girls' Debating Society was held May 11. Two lively debates were carried on, the first, "Resolved, That the Domestic Science



Course is More Advantageous for Girls Than the Classical Course," was upheld on the affirmative by Helen Fowle, on the negative by Louise Ayer. After witty rebuttal the question was open to discussion by the members.

The second, "Resolved, That Every Person Should Learn to Swim," was upheld by Zula Shorey for negative. Her opponent, Marion Stanchfield, being absent, the question was open for discussion. As Miss Shorey brought in many sharp points, the question proved to be a very interesting debate.

At this meeting the election of officers was held, those elected for the year 1922 were:

President—Blanche Bowden.

Vice President—Mildred McGarrigle.

Secretary—Miriam Bunker.

Treasurer—Helen Fowle.

Plans were made for the banquet for both of the boys' and the girls' societies. A committee of three, Miss Cooper, Miss Stanchfield, and Miss Bowden, was chosen to confer with the boys.

SENIOR PLAY.

"Fanny and the Servant Problem," was successfully presented in Assembly Hall, May 25, under the competent direction of Miss Hope Buxton. Gerard Collins made an impressive hero, managing his monocle in a masterly way. Grace Bowen and Rosemary Allen were the lovely aunts of seventy or more. The heroine, a former music hall singer, who finds that as wife of Lord Bantock, she is to be surrounded by twenty-three of her near relatives as family servants, was well acted by Lovis Sawyer. Arnott Soderberg was an engaging fashionable physician. The chorus girls were a lively crew, while their manager, impersonated by Clyde Swett, was lifelike, indeed; the sight of his waistcoat alone was worth the price of admission. The Bennet family all did well, stiff men, maids and

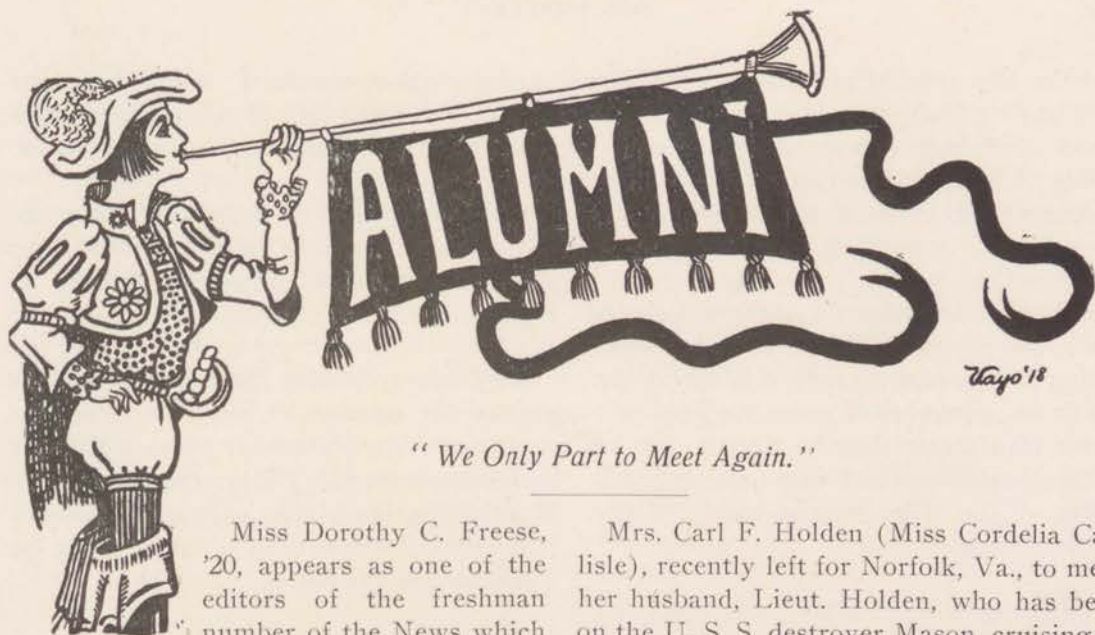
matrons, but perhaps the stars of the group were Edward Curran as the butler, and Harold Mosher as chore boy. The way Harold let his mouth drop open when he was surprised, and fell over his feet when he entered or left the room, captured the audience.

A good sum was realized from the performance, part of which will be used to purchase a memorial gift for John Frawley, former president of the class, who died before the close of his High school course.

TEACHERS' COLUMN.

What shall we teachers do all summer? We shall ask ourselves this each morning, sometime between seven-thirty and eight o'clock, I am sure. We shall miss our frequent admonitions for silence, the signing of permits, and many other small things which serve to make up the day. However, there are those among our number who intend to keep themselves well employed during the summer months. Mr. Proctor and Mr. Trickey, with the aid of Miss Driscoll, will try and solve the problem of accommodating the entering class of next fall, which will be larger than ever before. Miss Bernice Dunning, Miss Anna McSkimmon, and possibly Miss Mary Webster, will find their time well filled during the summer term at Columbia University. Miss Madeline Robinson will represent her sorority at a convention held in Syracuse, New York. Miss Vivian Skinner, Miss Mary Utecht, Miss Emily Poseland, Miss Harriet Sweetser, Miss Elsie Junkins, Miss Jennison, Mr. Cecil McIlroy, Miss Floyd, Miss Melvina Parker and Miss Hope Buxton will visit their homes during the summer. The rest of us will remain at home and seize whatever opportunity of enlivenment the holidays may offer. In the meantime we hope our youthful proteges, one and all, those who are leaving us and those who have just come to us, will enjoy every moment of the beautiful summer season.

M. F. M.



"We Only Part to Meet Again."

Miss Dorothy C. Freese, '20, appears as one of the editors of the freshman number of the News which was issued recently at Mount Holyoke College. Miss Freese has been elected a regular reporter for the paper for next year. She has also been elected to the French club at Mt. Holyoke.

Millard Richmond, ex '20, has been made a captain in the R. O. T. C. at Boston University. He is a graduate of Hebron Academy, having gone to B. H. S. for two years.

A recent engagement of interest is that of Miss Frances J. Atwood of Eastport, and F. Donald Crowell. After graduating from B. H. S. in the class of 1913, Mr. Crowell went to the University of Maine and graduated in 1917. During the war he served for two years overseas with the Engineers of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces and is now a junior member of the Dunham-Hanson Co. of this city.

Invitations have been issued in this city for the wedding of Miss Helen M. Davis of Bangor, and Mr. Arthur Stoddard Johnson, Jr. Miss Davis graduated from B. H. S. in 1917, and after taking a post graduate course she attended Simmons College. Recently she has attended an Art School in Boston.

Mrs. Carl F. Holden (Miss Cordelia Carlisle), recently left for Norfolk, Va., to meet her husband, Lieut. Holden, who has been on the U. S. S. destroyer Mason, cruising in South American waters since Christmas. Lieut. and Mrs. Holden will spend the summer at Newport, R. I.

Capt. Harold S. Milan, '13, U. S. A., and Mrs. Milan recently left for China by way of California. Capt. Milan has been assigned to two years' duty in China.

The marriage intentions of Miss Frances Patten, '20, and Mr. Sherwood Paige have been filed in this city. The wedding took place May 18.

Francis Head, B. H. S., '14, who is studying architecture at Harvard, will be a member of a unit from the University which will go to France for the coming summer to do practical work in city planning in the devastated regions of that country. Mr. Head has been elected chairman of the executive committee in making the plans and arrangements for the trip.

Among the former B. H. S. students already home for the summer vacation are Virginia Odiorne from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts of New York, and James E. Buckley, Jr., from Columbia University, New York.

At the Pop concert given by the Bangor Band in City Hall, May 14, a selection was played which was composed by Harvey J. Woods of Seattle, Wash., a former Bangor resident and director of the Bangor Band. The selection is entitled, "The Golf Girl," and possesses the catchy melody and military air that have been the characteristics of Mr. Woods' compositions since he began writing as a young man in this city. Mr. Woods for a number of years has been proprietor of a music store in Seattle, but he has continued his band work and is bandmaster of the Nile Temple band of the Mystic Shrine.

The engagement of Miss Doris Field, '10, to Mr. E. A. Wagner of Gardiner, was recently announced. Miss Field, after graduating from B. H. S. attended Wheaton College.

Paul White, formerly of Bangor, has recently scored another success in Cincinnati. At the season's closing concert of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra Paul White's newest composition, "Feuilles Symphoniques," was introduced. One report speaks of the work as follows: "His composition is a highly meritorious work, symphonic in character and full of fine thematic material."

Rev. Joseph Beach, a missionary in the Near East, writes that the Near East Relief is succeeding in making more happy about 600 French prisoners of war in the military prison of the Turkish nationalists in Talas, Asia Minor. Mr. Beach, a graduate of Yale and of the Bangor Theological Seminary, went to the Near East more than two years ago. He has been director of the relief organization's unit in the Caesarea district, for some time. The work includes largely the administration of the orphanages where American workers are caring for the children made parentless

by deportation, massacre and starvation during the war. Mr. Beach is now supposed to be on his way to the United States.

Mr. Stanley Pullen, ex '19, recently resigned from Annapolis and is now attending Bryant & Stratton Business College in Boston.

Mr. Stanley Cayting has returned to Bangor for the summer to teach violin and to study with Mr. Habernicht, who will teach here this summer. During the past winter Mr. Cayting has played with the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, to which position he will return in the fall.

A recent announcement of interest is the marriage intentions of Miss Dorothy Doe and Charles Hicks, both of this city. Miss Doe is a graduate of '18; and while attending High School she took an active part in all musical affairs of the school. Since graduating she has become a prominent figure in musical Bangor, accompanying the Festival Chorus. On Granger evening of the last Festival she played with Mr. Granger. Mr. Hicks is also very musical, and both play in the Hicks orchestra.

Mr. Frank Stacy and Miss Marjorie Sargent were united in marriage at the residence of the bride's parents. Miss Sargent was of the class of '18 and after graduating she worked in the Cost department of the Eastern Mfg. Co. and was one of the most efficient and popular stenographers of the company. The couple has taken residence in Dover, where the groom is employed by his father.

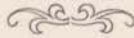
The marriage of Donald Valentine, '18, to Miss Annie Bird took place at the home of the bride, April 20th, in Fredericton, N. B. They are residing in this city, where Mr. Valentine is employed at the Eastern Grain Co.

Cardman Battles of '19, is now head bookkeeper for a concern in Richmond, Va., and is making fine progress in the business world. Before leaving Bangor he was bookkeeper and stenographer for the C. H. Babb Co. of this city.

Bangor High is proud to find many of its art pupils excellent students at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Ruth Kimball is receiving many compliments on her work. Miss Pauline Guth will graduate from Pratt this June, after which she will take up work in interior decorating, for which she has

been training while at college. Raymond Bolton, class artist of '18, having attended one year at Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, will complete his course at Pratt this year, after which he plans to finish his education abroad, studying art in France.

Crane Morrison, '19, who is now attending the University of Maine, was wireless telegrapher of the Emergency Signal Corps of the R. O. T. C. on the recent hike to Newport. Mr. Morrison has accepted a position for the summer in the Boston main branch of the Western Union.



Girls' Debating Society



"Who Asks Whether the Enemy Were Defeated by Strategy or Valor."

The Reserve Officers' Training Corps was organized under authority of the act of Congress of June 3, 1916, as amended by the acts of Congress of Sept. 8, 1916, and July 9, 1918.

The object of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps is to provide a method of systematic military training at civil educational institutions for the purpose of qualifying students as reserve officers in the military forces of the United States. It is intended to attain this object by employing methods designed to fit students physically, mentally, and morally for pursuits of peace as well as war. It is believed that such training will aid in the development of better and more highly patriotic citizens.

The R. O. T. C. has also an educational aim which it will try to fulfill by contributing new problems, applications, and equipment to schools and colleges. It is desired that the R. O. T. C. will make leaders of men in both military and civil life by teaching them the art of self control and placing them in command of others.

Physical training forms an essential part of the military training at Bangor High School as well as at all the other schools and colleges located throughout the United States and in Porto Rico.

The general policy of the War Department aims to give all students of the R. O. T. C. a thorough physical training, to inculcate in them a respect for all lawful au-

thority, to teach them the fundamentals of the military profession, leadership, and special knowledge needed in the military service.

Through the efforts of many school and city officials, Bangor High School was enabled to have an R. O. T. C. unit dating from April, 1919. In September, 1920, the beginning of the past school year, Lieut. Colonel C. W. Cole, U. S. A., was sent here as the Professor of Military Science and Tactics and assumed charge of R. O. T. C. work. Shortly after Sergeants Luther J. Beane and John F. Barrett, U. S. A., reported as assistants to Col. Cole. The work under this officer and these men has advanced rapidly, the students having reached a degree of proficiency never before attained.

Many improvements in the method of drilling have taken place, some of which have been adopted by various other schools throughout the United States. The indoor target backstop, designed by Lieut. Col. Cole, has met the approval and recommendation of many high military officials and has been used to great advantage in many other schools.

Since the establishment of the R. O. T. C. unit here the membership has increased rapidly from year to year until it has reached a total of over 300 during the past year. This is one of the largest Junior R. O. T. C. organizations in the New England

States and Bangor High School may well be proud of the record for satisfactory work it has attained.

During the past year much attention has been devoted to physical training. The men through this training have been better able to stand the tiresome work of studying and members of the battalion are often ahead of the other students in rank. Many military movements have been taken up and mastered by the students, through the untiring effort of the regular army and cadet officers.

The rifle club has added greatly to the interest of its members and many excellent shots have been developed. Since the coming of warmer weather many members of the club have been using the outdoor range on Hammond street. On this range only the regulation U. S. army rifle and ammunition have been used.

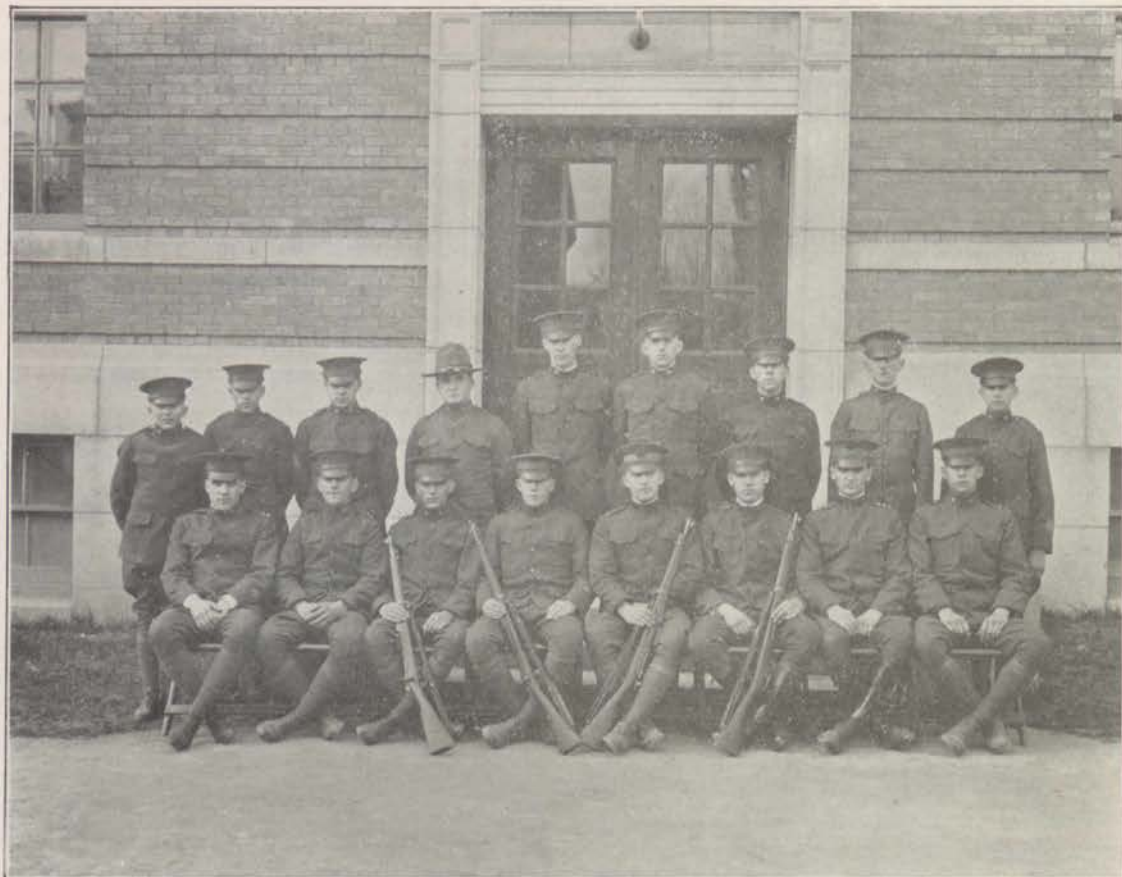
This year, as usual, the R. O. T. C. battalion has taken part in all parades and public demonstrations in which they have been asked to participate. The city officials, as well as the public, feel a deep appreciation of the public spirited feeling of the students and are more strongly behind anything that may be attempted by the R. O. T. C. unit than ever before.

The past year seems to have been the critical period for the R. O. T. C., inasmuch as the members have been without the old wartime enthusiasm of previous years and they have not yet settled down to the steady but interesting peacetime routine. This has been true all over the country but considering the amount of work that has been accomplished here, it would appear that we are gradually reaching that more contented state of mind.

In conclusion, it is proper to state that the R. O. T. C. of Bangor High School has really accomplished excellent results under the guidance of the officers detailed here by the War Department and the city government may be justly proud and feel sure that their act in establishing this R. O. T. C. has been productive of fruitful results, which will improve with each passing day.

H. E. WHITNEY,
1st Lieutenant, Adjutant.

On May 20, the R. O. T. C. held their annual Military ball. The affair held even more interest for its spectators than usual and was carried off with a great deal of splendor, the Auditorium being prettily decorated under the supervision of Sergeant Barrett. The first event consisted of a competitive drill between companies commanded by Captains Humphrey, Collins, Hodgman, and McGary. Company C, under Captain Hodgman, was judged to be the best drilled company and was presented with a silver loving cup by the Chamber of Commerce. Next followed a competitive drill between picked squads from each company and the members of the winning squad, under Corporal Jarvis, were presented with medals supplied by the Rotary Club. The last event consisted of a drill in the manual of arms, in which the competitors were gradually eliminated down to Richard Wall, Louis Youngs, and George Noddin, who were also given medals presented by the Rotary Club. After the drill followed dancing till one, with music by the O'Brien-O'Hara orchestra. On the whole the entire evening was a huge success both to enthusiastic lovers of military life and to the "merely interested spectator."



Rifle Club, R. O. T. C.



Relay Team, 1920-21



"The Love of Fame Gives an Immense Stimulus."

BASEBALL.

After an interval of three years, Bangor High is again represented upon the diamond. Pledges were passed among the students the latter part of April and enough were signed to make baseball a success financially. Accordingly, Coach Trowell called for candidates the first of May and about thirty men turned out. The prospects for a good team are fine. Only one game has been played so far, and that game was lost by the High school. On May 6th, the Alumni defeated our team by a score of 5 to 4. The Alumni team was composed of several of the fastest semi-professional players in the vicinity, and the score shows that Bangor High must have some good material. The batteries were: For the High school, Thompson and McLeod; for the Alumni, Heal and Toole.

A game with Orono Catholic High was scheduled for May 13th, but owing to rain it had to be postponed till a later date. The schedule which has been arranged by Manager Ulmer consists of games with Brewer High, Old Town High, Dexter High, Orono High, E. M. C. S., M. C. I., H. C. I., and several other fast teams. Many good games are anticipated.

BASKETBALL.

On April 29th, the boys' basketball team and the girls' team played a game of bas-

ketball in the High School gymnasium, the girls winning by a score of 10 to 8. The purpose of the game was the raising of funds to purchase sweaters for the members of the girls' team, and this was accomplished.

Ed McClay was elected captain of the basketball team for 1922 at a meeting of the letter men held May 11th.

TRACK.

Much interest has been aroused by track this spring and it looks as though Bangor would be ably represented at the Bowdoin and Maine meets.

An inter-class meet was held on Thursday, May 12, on Abbott Square. It proved to be a runaway for the Seniors but was nevertheless interesting. The score was: Seniors, 43; Juniors, 14; Sophomores, 8; Freshmen, 5. The list of events and results was as follows:

100 yd. dash—Tarbell, '21, 1st; Corning, '21, 2nd; Humphrey, '21, 3rd.

220 yd. dash—Humphrey, '21, 1st; Tarbell, '21, 2nd; Smith, '23, 3rd.

440 yd. dash—Corning, '21, 1st; Field, '23, 2nd; Day, '22, 3rd.

880 yd. run—Swett, '21, 1st; Corning, '21, 2nd; Shannon, '22, 3rd.

Mile run—Swett, '21, 1st; Shannon, '22, 2nd; Harris, '23, 3rd.

High jump—Swett, '21, 1st; Smith, '23,

2nd; Tarbell, '21, 3rd.

Broad jump—Humphrey, '21, 1st; Kelley,
'22, 2nd; Short, '22, 3rd.

Shot put—Connors, '24, 1st; Schiro, '21.

2nd; Shannon, '22, 3rd.

Starter, Coach Trowell. Judges, Mr.
Miller of the faculty, and Eugene Mac-

Donald, B. H. S., '20.



Basket Ball Team, 1920-21



" 'Tis a Letter From a Friend."

Through this final number, the "Oracle" wishes to extend thanks for all the magazines received during the past school year. It is fondly hoped that these exchanges, many and varied, which have come from all parts of the country, will all favor Bangor High School with their presence next year, and offer their criticisms more freely than ever before.

EXCHANGE LIST.

Academy News, Morgan Park, Ill.
 Academy Herald, Bethel, Me.
 Academy Review, Foxcroft, Me.
 Academy Spectator, Harrisburg, Pa.
 Advance, Salem, Mass.
 Aegis, Houston, Tex.
 Aegis, Beverly, Mass.
 Anvil, Concord, Mass.
 Aquilo, Houlton, Me.
 Artisan, Bridgeport, Conn.
 Arcturus, Caribou, Me.
 Argus, Gardner, Mass.
 Aroostookan, Mars Hill, Me.
 Ariel, Bucksport, Me.
 Argus, Worcester, Mass.
 Banner, Livermore Falls, Me.
 Banner, Rockville, Conn.
 Bates Student, Lewiston, Me.
 Beacon, Boston, Mass.
 Blue and Gold, Malden, Mass.
 Bostonia, Boston, Mass.
 Bowdoin Orient, Brunswick, Me.
 Breccia, Portland, Me.

Breeze, Foxcroft, Me.
 Breeze, Brunswick, Me.
 Breeze, Milo, Me.
 Breckenridge News, San Antonio, Tex.
 Brookings School News, Brookings, So. Dakota.
 Brooks School News, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Budget, Elizabeth, N. J.
 Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass.
 Castle News, East Las Vegas, N. M.
 Central Hi Review, Xenia, O.
 Coburn Clarion, Waterville, Me.
 Cotic, Chicago, Ill.
 Chronicle, Wallingford, Conn.
 Chronicle, Bultney, Vt.
 Chatterbox, Auburn, Ind.
 Chatterbox, Millinocket, Me.
 Carolinian, Denton, Md.
 Cliveden, Germantown, Pa.
 Clarion, Belmont, N. C.
 Clarion, Arlington, Mass.
 Comet, Paris, Tenn.
 Cony Cue, Augusta, Me.
 Corona, Bridgton, Me.
 Caduceus, Norway, Me.
 Crescent, Lee, Me.
 Crescent, Buxton Center, Me.
 Cycle, Woodsville, N. H.
 Darlingtonian, Rome, Ga.
 Delphian, Providence, R. I.
 Dial, Brattleboro, Vt.
 Dreadnaught, Watonga, Okla.
 Early Trainer, Lawrence, Mass.
 Eastonia, Easton, Me.

- Echo, Hazelton, Pa.
 Echo, So. Portland, Me.
 Echo, Stoughton, Mass.
 Echo, Urbana, Ill.
 Eltrurian, Haverhill, Mass.
 Enterprise, Keene, N. H.
 Enfield Echo, Thompsonville, Conn.
 Exponent, Fort Worth, Tex.
 Exile, Vinalhaven, Me.
 Excelsiorite, Excelsior Springs, Mo.
 Ferguson, Harmony, Me.
 Flyer, Presque Isle, Me.
 Forum, Houston, Tex.
 Gleaner, Doylestown, Pa.
 Harvard Alumni Bulletin, Boston, Mass.
 Hamiltonian, Hamilton, Mont.
 Herald, Holyoke, Mass.
 Hebron Semester, Hebron, Me.
 High Times, Springfield, Mo.
 Hillbilly, Asheville, N. C.
 High School News, Devil Lake, N. D.
 Holman Magazine, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Holten, Danvers, Mass.
 Hi-Y News, Michigan City, Ind.
 Imp, Boston, Mass.
 Industrial School Magazine, Golden, Col.
 Iris, Penobscot, Me.
 Jeffersonian, Rochester, N. Y.
 Jester, Ellsworth, Me.
 Jewel, Woodland, Me.
 Junto, Easton, Pa.
 Key, Angola, Md.
 Lake Breeze, Sheboygan, Wis.
 Lancastonian, Lancaster, N. H.
 Laurel, Farmington, Me.
 Lawrence Lyre, Fairfield, Me.
 Legenda, New London, Conn.
 Lincolnian, Newcastle, Me.
 Lion, Lagrange, Ill.
 Lion, Boston, Mass.
 Maine Campus, Orono, Me.
 Maple Leaf, Mapleton, Me.
 Maroon and White, Chicago, Ill.
 Megaphone, Franklin, Mass.
 Megunticook, Camden, Me.
 Messalonskee Ripple, Oakland, Me.
 Messenger, Portland, Me.
 Mercury, Belfast, Me.
 M. C. I., Pittsfield, Me.
 Mountain View, Springfield, Mass.
 Monthly, West Paris, Me.
 Milachi, Milaca, Minn.
 Mirror, West Hoboken, N. J.
 Nautilus, West Paris, Me.
 Nautilus, Waterville, Me.
 Netop, Turners Falls, Mass.
 News, New Haven, Conn.
 North Star, Houlton, Me.
 Northland, Washburn, Me.
 Northern Light, Fort Fairfield, Me.
 Oahuan, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.
 Oceanic, Old Orchard, Me.
 Old Hughes, Cincinnati, O.
 Olympian, Biddeford, Me.
 Opinion, Peoria, Ill.
 Oracle, Auburn, Me.
 Oracle, Manchester, N. H.
 Oracle, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
 Oracle, Arkadelphia, Ark.
 Oracle, Eastport, Me.
 Oracle, Montgomery, Ala.
 Oracle, Des Moines, Ia.
 Orange and Black, Barton, Vt.
 Oriole, Baltimore, Md.
 Our School Times, Londonderry, Ireland.
 Our Glass, Brownville Junction, Me.
 Owl, Rockport, Ill.
 Owl, Fresno, Cal.
 Periscope, Winslow, Me.
 Pep, Mexico, Me.
 Pennant, Meriden, Conn.
 Pivot, Newark, N. J.
 Philomath, Framingham, Mass.
 Phoenix, Montpelier, Vt.
 Piquonian, Piqua, O.
 Pilot, Mechanic Falls, Me.
 Pine Needles, Lincoln, Me.
 Pharetra, Monson, Me.
 Pinkerton Critic, Derry, N. H.
 Porpoise, Daytona, Fla.
 Port Light, No. Attleboro, Mass.
 Polytechnic, Troy, N. Y.
 Prattler, Calais, Me.
 Promoter, Clay City, Kans.

Purple and Gold, Franklin, N. Y.
Purple and White, Anadarko, Okla.
Purple and Gold, Milton, N. H.
Pythia, Bar Harbor, Me.
Quill, Henderson, Ky.
Red and White, Chicago, Ill.
Red and White, Sanford, Me.
Red and White, Iowa City, Ia.
Red and White, Rochester, N. H.
Red and White, Vallejo, Cal.
Red and Black, Claremont, N. H.
Red and Black, Newport, R. I.
Racquet, Portland, Me.
Ravelings, Decatur, Ind.
Record, Newburyport, Mass.
Recorder, Winchester, Mass.
Record, Littleton, N. H.
Review, Swampscott, Mass.
Reflector, Shelby, Ia.
Roman, Rome, Ga.
Sachem, Old Town, Me.
Scout, Muskogee, Okla.
Scimitar, Lorain, O.
Scroll, Charleston, Me.
Scribbler, Spartanburg, S. C.
Scoop, Belvidere, Ill.
Sentinel, New Haven, Conn.
Semaphore, Stonington, Mass.

Shuttle, Boston, Mass.
Shamokin Review, Shamokin, Pa.
Slippery Rocket, Slippery Rock, Pa.
Southerner, Minneapolis, Minn.
Spokesman, Plant City, Fla.
Spud, Sherman Mills, Me.
Spectator, Highland Park, Mich.
Spectator, Chicopee, Mass.
Spelman Messenger, Atlanta, Ga.
Sparks, Carthage, Ind.
Spectator, Waterloo, Ia.
Student's Pen, Pittsfield, Mass.
Stetson Oracle, Randolph, Mass.
Student, Providence, R. I.
Students' Review, Northampton, Mass.
Su-Hi, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.
Tiger Cub, Hastings, Neb.
Tripod, Saco, Me.
Tripod, Boston, Mass.
Tsing Hua Journal, Peking, China.
Times, Guadenhutten, O.
Torch, Billerica, Mass.
Tufts Weekly, Medford, Mass.
Tabula, Torrington, Conn.
Vermillionaire, Vermillion, So. Dak.
Wyndonian, Willimantic, Conn.
Washington Bugle, Duluth, Minn.
X-Ray, Sacramento, Cal.



Foot Ball Team, 1920

Class Will, 1921

State of Maine }
County of Penobscot } ss.

We, the members of the Senior Class of Bangor High School, do hereby make our last will and testament as follows:

To the Juniors we leave some room to expand in.

To the Sophomores a set of books entitled, "Order, How to Make and Keep It."

To the Freshmen, the dignity which we are discarding in hopes of being freshmen ourselves soon.

Our other effects we leave as follows:

To Madame Beaupre,	Our class pictures, "Lest she forget"
To H. Robbins, '22,	The care of I. Kelly, '22
To R. Collins, '22,	A whole set of teeth
To S. Snowden, '24,	A set of patent wavers
To C. Dudley, '23,	A megaphone
To H. Corning, '22,	A pair of spats
To M. Murray, '22,	A pair of stilts
To A. Sawyer, '23,	A. Soderburg's suits

The following articles are left by individuals in the class of '21, to the undergraduates of B. H. S.:

My freckles and snub nose,	L. Sawyer, '21
My rank cards,	P. Fairbanks, '21
My dignity,	E. Curran, '21
My sunny disposition,	A. Crowell, '21
My speedy trotter,	M. Fogg, '21
My compliments,	B. Cooper, '21
My honorable mentions,	C. Hodgman, '21
My job on the board,	L. Dearborn, '21
My way with the men,	M. Adams, '21
Our best wishes,	The Senior Class

—Class of 1921, Bangor High School.

In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names.

Witnesses:

GERARD P. COLLINS, Pres. of Senior Class,
ESTELLE BAUMANN, Vice President.



"Wisdom of Many and the Wit of One."

It gives us exceeding great pleasure to announce that the prizes for the graduating class of 1921, which consist of twelve handsomely bound volumes of Mildred Champagne's "Advice to the Young and Innocent," have been awarded as follows. For excellency:

In Study—John "Hen-Pecked" Robinson.
In Vamping—Betty "Little-Cut-Up" Robbins.

In Modesty—F. "Curses" Cunningham.
In Beauty—Barton "Just 18" Hubbard.
In Popularity—Husky "Hooch" Bowles.
In Acting—Gerard "Bashful" Collins.
In Constancy—Charlotte "Constance" Crosby.

In Deportment—Lovis "Biliken" Sawyer.
In Bluffing—Polly "Atta Boy" Aiken.
In Eloquence—Justina "Jesmine" Buckley.

In Letter Writing—Rose "Marry" Allen.
In Dancing—Ivy "Grapevine" Gregory.

1921—"When I graduate I expect to make a hundred per."
1922—"Per what?"
1921—"Perhaps!"

Miss W-b-s-t-r (in Latin): "Don't forget—"

Mr. D-r-b-n—"That this is the afternoon I make up."

"A horse, a horse—my kingdom for a horse!" quoth the manly Senior, rolling his eyes fervently toward heaven as the Latin teacher dropped her pack of recitation cards to the floor.

Home-Room Teacher: "Please, when you make out these cards put your last name first. Nearly all of these have the first name last."

A MODERN HOMER.

"When Homer Smote his bloomin' lyre,
He smote his way to fame
But many million simple souls
Have never heard his name.
When Babe Ruth smites the bloomin' ball
And smites it o'er the fence,
His homer makes the Grecian one
Resemble thirty cents."

—Ex.

R. D., '21, (in Chem.): The excessive use of washtubs caused the scarcity of zinc during the war.

Latin Student (translating Virgil fluently): Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck.

Teacher: Well, you've gone far enough. Sit down.

VISIT THE

Bangor Opera House

DURING VACATION

Clean, Cool, Comfortable

**Selected Programs From The
Leading Film Programs**

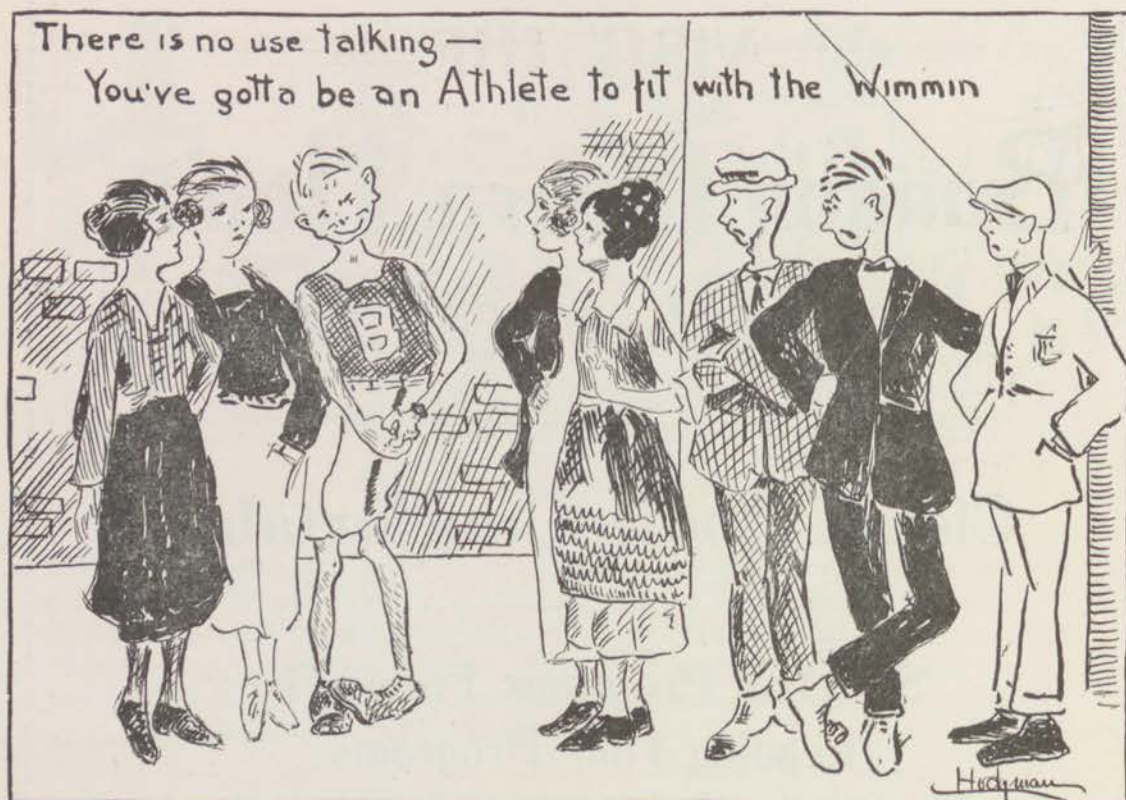
Remember that this is the only theatre in Bangor where you can see Paramount Pictures while they are new at less money than you pay to see them elsewhere after they are months old.

Bangor Opera House

Alfred S. Black, Pres.-Treas.

Lawrence W. Carroll, Managing Director

Patronize Our Advertisers



R. Fairbrother, '21, (in Trig.): Don't you multiply logrithms when you're raising angles?

B. D., '22, (translating; Il dit a son lit de mort). He said to his son.

H. Ring, '23: I know twenty times as much as you.

T. Largay, '23: Well, twenty times 0 equals 0.

Someone asks:

Why H. Pressey, '21, likes to play the organ at the Brewer Baptist church so well?

Why C. Swett, '21, didn't keep that cigar going?

How E. Curran, '21, liked the stale roll?

Why F. Wall, '22, always has a toothache?

How W. Silsby likes Plane Geom.?

When O. T. will graduate?

With Every Rose, the Thorn.

Our sweet little Emily Rose
Was weary and wanted repose,
She was quite unaware
Of the tack on her chair,
Our sweet little Emily Rose.

—Ex.

Mr. C—'23, (in French): He entered the house and took off his casquette!

Mr. McI—(In History): What was the climate in Gaul?

L. B., '24: Well, the atmosphere was rather swampy.

Teacher: Can you name one living thing that can exist without food?

Johnny: Yep, a moth; it eats nothing but holes.

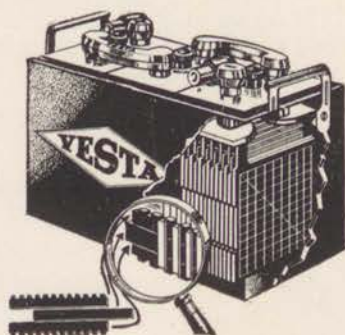
T. Maher, '21: Say, isn't Hcl sulphuric acid? (And he's a Senior??)

Automobile Ignition Service

Complete Equipment

Efficient Service

Competent Workmen



A Service Station for Your
Convenience

Call us on all battery and ignition troubles
—And We'll Call—

Bangor Battery and Service Co., Inc.

119 Franklin St.

Tel. 2516

Bangor, Maine

The Battery Service Station Nearest the High School

Be a Share- holder

in a company
whose sound-
ness is as cer-
tain as the
light you use.

Invest in a Company of known stand-
ing right in your own home-town,
inviting your investigation, whose
very growth has resulted in the offer
to the people of Maine of

**Bangor Railway and
Electric Company Pre-
ferred Stock Yielding 7%**

(Tax Free in Maine)

\$100 a Share—\$10 Down, Balance Monthly
and you draw 6% interest on the money you
pay in until you own the stock. Dividends are
paid quarterly.

The increasing demands on the Bangor Railway
and Electric Company for electric energy have
made it necessary for the Company to develop
its untouched resources.

Ask any of our employees to tell you about
this issue, or inquire of our representatives
at Bangor, Old Town, Ellsworth, and Bar
Harbor Offices.

Bangor Railway and Electric Co.

80 North Main Street
Old Town, Me.

78 Harlow Street
Bangor, Me.

Patronize Our Advertisers

SUCCESS.

Success is being friendly when another
needs a friend,

It's in the cheery words you speak, not in
the coins you lend;

Success lies not alone in skill and deeds of
daring great,

It's in the roses that you plant beside your
garden gate.

Success is the way you walk the path of
life each day,

It's in the little things you do and in the
things you say,

Success is in the glad hello you give your
fellow man,

It's in the laughter of your home and all
the joys you plan.

Success is not in getting rich and rising
high in fame,

It's not alone in winning goals which all
men hope to claim;

It's in the man you are each day through
happiness or care,

It's in the cheery word you speak and in the
smile you wear.

Success is being big of heart and clean and
broad of mind,

It's being faithful to our friends, and to the
stranger, kind;

It's in the children whom you love, and all
they learn from you,

Success depends on character and every-
thing you do.

—Pauline Ames, '24.

HOTEL RULES.

Guests wishing to get up without being
called, may have self-raising flour for sup-
per.

Guests wishing to do a little driving will
find hammer and nails in the closet.

If the room gets too warm, open the win-
dow and see the fire escape.

If you're fond of athletics and like good

jumping, lift up the mattress and see the
bed spring.

If your lamp goes out, take a feather
out of the pillow; that's light enough for
any room.

Guests wishing to get up in the morning,
must take a ladder to bed with them.

Anyone troubled with nightmare will
find a halter on the bedpost.

Don't worry about paying your bill—the
house is supported by the foundation.

If you want to see a baseball game, look
at the cracked pitcher on the wash stand.

—Ex.

Mike: Say, Pat, what makes ye bald
headed?

Pat: Wall, I had water on the brain and
me hair fell through and gut drowned!

—Ex.

Miss R—: "I will be back this afternoon
at 3, but if you can't find me in 207 come in
208 and look on the blackboard."

SENIOR COMMERCIAL ALPHABET.

A is for Allen, a flirt as a rule,

B is for Belinian, typist of the school,

C is for Condon, we have two by name,

D is for DeBeck, we don't know her game,

E is for Elvin, who on his horn blows,

F is for Foster, who is too wee for beaux,

G is for Grant, who always is neat,

H is for Harnish, who cannot be beat,

I is for Isabelle, a student they say,

J is for Jordan, ever willing to play,

K is for Koritzky, who hates to leave
school,

L is for Lynch, who is nobody's fool,

M is for Mullen, who likes a back seat,

N is for Nelligan, noted for feet,

O is for O'Brien, the wonderful "rube,"

P is for Philbrick, who is very shrewd,

Q is for Quiz, that brings grief to us,

R is for Rogers, who uses the brush,

S is for Stanchfield, who is always awake,

T is for Tardy, we sometimes are late,

ARE YOU LIKNU?

Cleaneed



Twenty-nine years ago I too graduated from our Bangor Schools. Pupils should appreciate the great improvements that they now enjoy.

I also appreciate the High School's good will and business given me and here tender my thanks.

A. L. POOLER, Proprietor,
Hillside Dye House,

66 State St., Corner French,
Bangor, Me.

ROUGH
STUFF



CHOOSE



U is for Us, the Class of the School,
 V is for Vacation twice a year as a rule,
 W is for Williams, who won essay fame,
 X is for Exit, instead of a name,
 Y is for youth, which we all possess,
 Z is for Zero, which we should detest.

—J. L., '21.

GRADUATION PROGRAM FOR 1921.

Processional (Portland Fancy).....
 ..... Funeral March
 Essay, "The Art of Upholstering"....
 .....J. Corning
 Essay, "Why I Choose to Go to Maine
 .....F. Mitchell
 Selection, "'Ain't We Got Fun?'"...Class
 Class History.....M. Garland
 Class History.....Z. Shorey
 Essay, "How Yeast Cakes Made Me
 Tall" ..... "Shank" MacLean
 Essay, "How I Got Those 'A's'.....
 .....J. Nelligan
 Parting Address..... "Brute" Fletcher
 Singing of Class Song.....
 Accompanied by "Baron Von Tinker"
 Iverson on the Jew's-harp.
 Presentation of Diplomas.
 Speech, "How to Make 'Em Vote Your
 Way" ..... "Ed" Curran
 Recessional, "Happy Days Gone By"..

The graduation prizes for the class of '21 consist of copies of a beautifully bound book entitled, "The Egg That Almost Gets By," or "How to Get Honorable Mention," by "Pop" Hodgman, and have been awarded as follows. For excellency:

In Scholarship—Roland "Rolly" Littlefield.

In Adorning Beauty—Lovis "Lovy" Sawyer.

In Athletics—Raymond "Tarzan" Tozier.

In Acting—"Doc" "Lord Bantock" Collins.

In History—William "Bill" Silsby.

In Jumping—Robert "Vampy-Eyes" Morrison.

In Trig.—Harold "Fogarithm" Pressey.
 In Singing—Ira "William S." Hart.
 In Beauty—Robert "Handsome" Burns.
 In Housekeeping—Justina "Susannah" Buckley.

In Dancing—Leslie "Bo-La-Bo" Bowler.

In the Fog—Silsby "Boob McNutt" Mayo.

In Getting Acquainted—Theodore "Ted" Maher.

In French—John "Dumbell" Tarbell.

In Dignity—Ed "Bennett" Curran.

SCANDAL!

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations and in articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compacted comprehensiveness, a coalescent consistency and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejun babblement and affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious veracity without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity and vandiloquent vapidness.

In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, purely and truthfully. Don't use slang; don't put on airs; say what you mean, mean what you say; and above all, don't use big words.

Did the title make you read this?

—Ex.

On the Street Car.

First Drunk—"What toime is ut?"

Second Drunk (looking at pipe for watch)—"Thursday!"

First Drunk—"Well, then, oi've got to git off here!"

The Young Fellow Who Wears Our Clothes Knows That His Appearance is Above Criticism.

For spring and summer we are showing particularly attractive fabrics and colors in the most popular new double-breasted models at **\$25, \$30, \$35, \$40.** Come in and try on a few Suits. **CLASSY FURNISHINGS, HATS AND SHOES.**

J. WATERMAN CO.

Maine's Largest Outfitters for Men and Boys

**A Complete Line of Ladies', Misses' and Children's
Shoes, Hosiery and Corsets
in All the Latest Styles**

MRS. B. J. DOLLIVER, 44 MAIN ST.

Compliments of

GOODWIN'S BILLIARD HALL

7 Hammond St.

FRANK D. GOODWIN, Proprietor

Telephone 859

A first class billiard hall where young men may enjoy their hours of recreation at either billiards or pocket billiards.

Clean and Sanitary

Before the War Prices

Light and Well Ventilated

Patronized by Bangor's Leading Business Men

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AMATEUR FINISHING

ENLARGEMENTS

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CAN'TS AND CANS.

You can't cure hams with a hammer,
 You can't weigh a gram with a grammar,
 Mend socks with a socket,
 Build docks with a docket,
 Nor gather clams with a clamor.

You can't pick locks with a pickle,
 You can't cure the sick with a sickle,
 Pluck figs with a figment,
 Drive pigs with a pigment,
 Nor make your watch tick with a tickle.

You can't make a mate of a mater,
 You can't get a crate from a crater,
 Catch moles with a molar,
 Bake rolls with a roller,
 But you **can** get a wait from a waiter.

A Natural Question.

The canoe was drifting farther and farther out into the lake. "Oh," she exclaimed suddenly, "don't you think we ought to hug the shore?"

With instant interest he inquired, "Why the shore?"

In the Restaurant.

He—"Gee, this soup is delicious!"

She—"Yes, it sounds good."

"Do you love me?" said the paper bag to the sugar.

"I'm just wrapped up in you," replied the sugar.

"You sweet thing," said the paper bag.

Yes, or Mittens.

Teacher (after lesson on snow): "As we walk out on a cold winter day and look around, what do we see on every hand?"

Pupil: "Gloves!"

Freshman (plaintively): "What's the use of washing my hands before I go to school, Mother? I'm not one of those who are always raising them!"

Suffocated.

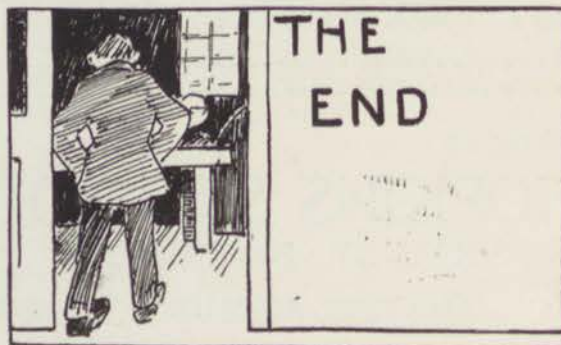
The conductor examined the transfer thoughtfully. "This here transfer expired an hour ago, lady," he announced.

"No wonder, with not a single window open in the whole car!" replied the lady, digging in her bag for a coin.

At the Wedding.

He—"They are well matched, don't you think?"

She—"Well, rather! She's a grass widow and he's a vegetarian."



FAREWELL "1921"

May good luck and good cheer abide with you
all the days of your life and may we often be
able to give you a friendly greeting in our store

Miller & Webster Clothing Company
The Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes
At The Robinson Corner

Sunkist



FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

Compliments of

BANGOR FRUIT CO.

196 Exchange St.

We Aim to Please

INSTRUCTION ON THE CLARINET

V. Roland Leveille

Solo Clarinet
Bangor High School Band

Studio: 107 Maple St.
Tel. 1313-J

FREEMAN F. MURRAY

CORNET INSTRUCTION

STUDIO: 159 MAPLE STREET

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We are doing the shoe business of Bangor on Ladies', Misses' and Children's Footwear

BECAUSE—We're giving you BETTER SHOES FOR LESS MONEY and If it's not Right we'll make it Right. How we do it—Judicious Buying, Low Expense, Volume of Business. It will pay you to see our line. Mail orders given prompt and careful attention.

62 Main Street — **S A M ' S** — Up One Flight

GIVE US A CALL

SANBORN'S BARBER SHOP

R. H. SANBORN, Prop.

7 Hammond Street, Bangor, Maine

Opp. Merrill Trust Building
Telephone 2553-W

Electric Clipper   *We Sharpen Safety*
Electric Massage and Shampoo   *Razors*
No Long Waits—6 Chairs

Andrews Music House Co.

98 Main Street, Bangor, Maine

Pianos, Victrolas and Records
Sheet Music and Musical
Merchandise

One Price and the Right Price to All

O. CROSBY BEAN STATIONERY, BOOKS, NOVELTIES PLAYTHINGS

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Amateur Developing and Printing

CHALMERS'

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All kinds of Picture Framing
Supplies for the Amateur

Manhattan Shirts

Lamson & Hubbard Hats

We have an exceptionally fine line of
Ready-to-Wear Suits
at very attractive prices

Our Made-to-Measure Clothes
start at \$32.50

and there are some wonderful fabrics at that price

McCann's Quality Shop, 12 State St.

E. & W. Collars

Rain Coats

WILBUR S. COCHRANE

TEACHER OF PIANO

Telephone 1503-R

Studio, 91 Fourth Street

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Pupils Prepared for Professional Work

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Summer Term

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STICKNEY & BABCOCK COAL CO

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S. LEAVITT

Fruit, Confectionery, Sodas
and Ice Cream

196-198 Harlow St., Opp. High School
Telephone 8654

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"Everything Electrical"

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Electric Work Lighting Fixtures
Willard Storage Battery Service Station

THE DOLE COMPANY

Electrical Engineers and Contractors

Wm. McC. Sawyer, Treasurer

61 Main Street

Telephone 74

All kinds of Plaiting

Hemstitching

Place orders early to avoid
disappointment

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Obey That Impluse!

Send an "Oracle" to
Your Friends.

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Teacher of Piano

Studio: 50 Columbia Street

Tel. 2546-W

SUMMER CLASS, JULY 1 TO SEPT. 1

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W. L. ELDRIDGE

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U. M. CHOCOLATES Sold only at

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Home of the famous Pine Tree Taffy

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Banngor Band and Bijou Orchestra



TELEPHONE 2176-M

Member of American Federation of Musicians

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Teacher of Banjo



Pupil of Lansing in Boston



22 Ohio St.

Tel. 944-Y

**Don't Go By
Drop in at**

THE CORNER

**Central and
Hammond St.**

BUCKLEY DRUG COMPANY.

Compliments of **MAX ALLEN** Successor to Gus Youngs

Soda Fountain, Cigars and Smokers' Supplies

104 HARLOW ST., BANGOR, ME.



13 State St. (Next to Bangor Savings Bank)

Furbush Printing Co.

**Solicit High School Patronage
Excellent Work, Prices Right**

108 Exchange St., Bangor

**If you have not seen our FASHION PARK models, it would be a
pleasure to give you a demonstration.**

BENOIT=MUTTY CO., Home of FASHION PARK and
MORSE MADE CLOTHES

When in need of a Haircut or Shave visit

MASON'S BARBER SHOP

Daniel H. Mason

20 Hammond Street

Patronize the Advertisers

A Recipe for Happiness

Take one generous slice of our bread. Spread it over with good butter and don't be stingy. Add a layer of home-made apple sauce. Then take one healthy boy about the time he gets home from school, hungry as two wolves, insert the bread-butter-sauce combination into said boy organization, and if that don't produce happiness, where can happiness be found?

Sunbeam Bakery, 42 Central St.

FREY'S---Central Street's Leading Cafe

If you want a Nice Dinner or a Quick Lunch try us

We are Headquarters for

BROILED LIVE LOBSTERS, BAKED STUFFED, SALADS,
STEAKS, CHOPS AND FISH
LADIES' DINING ROOM UPSTAIRS

FREY'S CAFE

30-32 CENTRAL ST.

BANGOR, MAINE

M. Soda Fountain—M. M. LEAVITT—Soda Fountain M.

M. M. LEAVITT

thirsty
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M. Soda Fountain—M. M. LEAVITT—Soda Fountain T

**For Long and Short Lumber, Roofing,
Asphalt Shingles, Wall Board, etc.**

—COME TO US—

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136 Exchange Street

Bangor, Maine

Do Not Lay That Diploma Away

that you have worked so hard to get. Let us frame it for you with one of those "Just Right" frames.

THE W. H. GORHAM CO.

54 State Street, Bangor, Maine

Whether You Eat to Live
or Live to Eat

GOODE & DRISCOLL,

you'll thoroughly enjoy the meals you get at our restaurant. Come in any time--morning, noon, night or between times--and we'll serve you and your party a royal good lunch or meal, featuring all the delicacies of the season. Prices right.

101 EXCHANGE STREET

The Quality Cigar
B C M

Made to Meet a Demand not a Price

**Society Printing and
Engraving
Wedding Stationery**

that cannot be surpassed; in fact it compares very favorably with the best of engraving, and at a great saving in price.

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(Remember—We do all kinds of Book
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Proper Goods,
at the Proper Time,
at a Proper Price



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Electric Clippers

Electrical or Hand Massage

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All Star Crew

(4 Chairs)

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Connection

Mandarin and
American Style

Oriental Restaurant

Shopper's Novelty Luncheon

The Home of Prompt, Efficient and Courteous Service

Catering to Banquets, Automobile and Private Parties a Specialty

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Bangor, Maine

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and

**STEAM
FITTERS**

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BANGOR, MAINE

N. H. Bragg & Sons

**IRON AND
STEEL**

HEAVY HARDWARE

GARAGE SUPPLIES

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The kind they like to see—

We Make Class Pictures

PERRY STUDIO

Phone Connection

Bangor, Maine

Branches at Pittsfield and Old Town

Phone Connection

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DON'T GO BY—COME BUY

The Corner Grocery

Tel. 1160

C. F. WINCHESTER

183 Park St.

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GORHAM H. WOOD, PRESIDENT

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Eastern Trust and Banking Company

BANGOR, MAINE

Organized April 9, 1887

Paid Up Capital.....	\$ 175,000
Additional Liability of Stockholders	175,000
Surplus and Profits	875,000
Deposits.....	8,500,000

Maintains a Savings Department paying interest on deposits therein. Loans money on Real Estate Mortgages at favorable rates. Receives deposits subject to check and transacts a general Banking and trust company business.

"MAINE'S BEST PAPER"

The BANGOR COMMERCIAL

50 cents per month
delivered by carrier

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Eastern Trust Building

Bangor

Maine

All Work
Guaranteed

Formerly
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Try Us For Your Class Photos

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All the latest in

HAIR GOODS

To Let

Theatrical Wigs
and Beards

for all classes of
Entertainments

LOVERING'S
European Hair Store

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LARSEN & SAWYER

Manufacturing Jewelers

All kinds of Jewelry Repairing

Gold and Silver Work

Stones of all kinds

Sizes of Rings Changed

Old Gold and Silver Bought

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JOHN T. CLARK CO.

