

1918

The Oracle, 1918

Bangor High School

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June 19 18

Oracle



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Roll Call.



1918



D. VALENTINE.

"Work Wins Everything"

Adams, Raymond T. "Stubby"

Stubby or Chubby is a remarkably erudite young man. He came up from Hampden the most unsophisticated of country "hicks," but now Stubby is the "arb-day" with the girls and can shoot a gun—if you give him time.

Cadets (2). Baseball (1).*

Angle, Florence, "Flo"

Very good natured and jolly. Any more information wanted? Apply to Lucy Evans—they're inseparable.

Allen, Clarence "Pete," "Clare"

"On the level now," Pete is a positive gloom chaser with a big reputation. The lively sprite of the track team and commissary of the Senior class.

Track team, 1.

Archer, Ceylon, "Cike"

He's a tall and frisky lad, Sometimes good, sometimes bad, Orchestra, 4.

Ambrose, Anna E. "Desperate Ambrose"

Every once in a while Anna grows desperate and goes off to some deserted corner of 309 and whispers, "Darn it all."

Barnes, Annie, "Pussy"

Ah! who is this so tall and dark, This lassie wi' the eyes o' brown, Whose head would easy fit a crown? And in her lessons! She's a "shark."

*Figures indicate the number of years.

** The name of Lester M. Black, which was inadvertently omitted from this page by the photographer will be found on the last column.





Boyd, Parry

Parry is the heart-breaker of the class; he has succeeded wonderfully in making a few breezy little speeches in Chapel.

Orchestra, 4. Band (2). Baseball Manager. Cadets, (3). Junior-Semi-Finals.

Buckley, Clarence J. "Buck"

"Buck" hails from Enfield. He never smiles—a sign of great wisdom. The Great Northern took him from us last April.



Boyington, Avis S.

Harold Lockwood's future leading-lady. Avis manages to see all the movie shows in town, and still find time to study. No, we can't tell you how she does it.

Burns, John, "Bouncer"

Oh Johnny! Oh Johnny! What makes you look so queer, With that vacant stare and stand up hair.

Oh Johnny! Oh Johnny, we have some fear, Outside appearances make you look only half here.



Bridges, Gladys, "Dot"

They say that the dreamy look in her eyes is all on account of those nice, long letters she gets from Camp Devens! Are we right "Dot?"

Burton, Helen

She's a dark-haired, olive complexioned girl and she's terribly smart. She never misses a lesson, no never. We are afraid that an awful fate is in store for her—she's likely to be a schoolma'am some day.



Bryant, Katherine, "Katy Bee"

Just sweet sixteen and very much like other "sweet sixteens"—jolly. She's here, there and everywhere, but nearly always found near any member of the O. G. Club.

Carr, Doris

Doris is our celebrated author now and sometime in the future we'll watch her paint the world red with the fame of her books! Phew—how's that for a career?

Medal Essay.





Carter, Hester, "Sybil"

Two bright bits of summer skies,
Hester has them for her eyes.

Charlton, Pauline R. "Polly"

There are dimples for you! And
such curls. Polly's a good sport and
an all round nice girl. Like all the
rest of us she does her bit for the sol-
dier, or sailor boys.



Carver, Grace

"It's the songs ye sing
And the smiles ye wear,
That's a makin'
The sunshine
Everywhere."

Orchestra, 4. "Nancy" in "Martha."
Double Quartette. Concert-Master of
the Orchestra, 1.

Christensen, Eleanor N.

Oh, she's jolly and full of wit; seri-
ous at times—especially in school.
She has as many admirers as you
could count in three languages.

Orchestra (4).



Catell, Dorice M. "Dot"

Dot, what makes you look so wor-
ried lately? Is it because of this
Civil Service Exams, or the prospect
of taking the trip to Washington—
alone?

Clark, Mary,

She is small and cheerful, and has
lots of fluffy dark hair, and she must
have lots of general information be-
cause she has completed the general
course.



Chaplin, Madaleine, "Chappie"

Behold! A girl forever preceded
by a laugh. It was once remarked,
"The loud laugh speaks the vacant
mind." However, Chappie is an ex-
ception, we think.

Clement, Marjorie "Marge"

She's forever and always a jolly good
sport,
In hiking, jollyng, or on the tennis
court.

Ask "Marge" what she lives to do?
And she always says "Cook!"





Clough, Mary "Merrie"

Every recess this industrious little lady is found translating Virgil in Room 211. You must enjoy it, Mary, do you?

Junior-Senior Play (1). Class Prophecy.



Cohen, Fannie F.

Fannie believes in being seen and not heard. Tends strictly to business, but is always ready for a good time.



Connor, Rachel,

Fresh and rosy like a "posy,"
All her lessons knows she,
Rachel with her smile,
Drives gloom many a mile,
And the twinkle in her eye,
Greets you as she passes by.

Vice President (4). Girls' Debating Society (2). Orchestra (1). Junior Exhibition. Oracle Board (1). Class History.



**Constantine, J. Frederick,
"Freddie"**

"The leaning tower." This describes him in the English room. Afraid of girls? But he is always in the front row in the Bijou. He is always reading meters. Oh! No. Not poetry meters, but electric meters.

Crowe, Frances,

Frances delights in being a shining light, whether it's in class or in other affairs.

Orchestra, 2.



Coombs, Ruth "Rufus"

She's very small and nice to know;
Let's hope she stops flirting and starts to grow.

Rather nice tobogganning in the winter, isn't it "Rufus"?



Costello, Edwin, "Costy"

"Costy" returned to school at the beginning of the spring term after having an extended furlough. He is some boy on the track team. He also is some fire fighter. Glad to have you with us, Costy.

Track Team. Cadets.



Cotton, Grace, "Gracie"

Does Grace know how to smile?
We have not found out in four years;
we are still wondering. One of those everlasting riddles.





Curran, Frances, "Fran"

Here we have one of our many studious Seniors. Yet, "Let's go to the 'Movies'" is heard every so often from her lips, which goes to prove that like the rest of us, she's a true sport.

DeWitt, Mildred,

We sympathize with poor Mildred when she tries to be stern and hold the sceptre of peace in the library when students get noisy.

Junior Exhibition.



Currier, Evelyn F.

This little girl is a fine business woman. She has not only been business assistant to her teachers, but she is now running the E. M. & Co. She may look shy, but watch out.

Doe, Dorothy,

Dorothy thinks music, dreams music, Talks music, and plays music, But music has its charms, Especially for our class musician.

Orchestra, 4. "Martha."



Davis, Helen, "Goldy"

As fair is she as Helen of Troy
To all her friends she is a joy.
She excels in art and knitting,
Pictures she makes and socks well fitting.

Junior-Senior Play (2).

Doron, Huldah,

She's one of the sweetest girls we know.

Anyone at school will tell you so.



Derby, Helena,

B. H. S. loses a fine baseball player in Helena. She would be wonderful sliding bases as she has practiced sliding from the door to her front seat just as the last bell rings, all the year.

Junior-Senior Play.

Downing, Richard E. "Jeany"

A profound thinker, will some day outdo Plato and Aristotle in Philosophy. Also looks as if he would become a second Edison, the way he dives into electricity.





Drew, Doris, "Dor"

Here's another straight A girl! Doris' idea of a real jolly time is to sit down with a Virgil and Latin Grammar and study three hours on a stretch. It's lucky we have some girls like her to keep up the reputation of our class. She's probably booked for the faculty, too.

Eveleth, A. Everett,

Who can tell what is lurking behind this boy's massive brows? He is very quiet, but "he who talks little, thinks," and we have grown to believe it. Civil Government? Ask him, he knows.

Medal Essay.



Eames, John, "Squeek"

Full of mischief, full of fun,
Sight of mind and chewing gum,
So he seems,
This boy whose name is Eames.
Junior Volunteer.

Flaherty, Grace, "Gracie"

The best thing that we do know about Grace is that she has been with us for four years. But we have not found any flare in Flaherty; all good nature.



Earl, Geneva,

"Wait a minute."

When all the students in one corridor want lunch tickets at exactly the same moment and no one has the right change, that is just the time when Geneva comes out strong.

Flynn, Mary M.

Happy-go-lucky Mary. Never lets anything bother her, not even three afternoons back.



Evans, Lucy C. "Zip"

Milady Modeste! Why go to Paris for the styles, girls?

Foss, Marion,

Marion comes in with her curls a-bobbing at about 9.15 every day. This isn't because she is naturally a tardy person, but she has to come when the car does. She must be smarter than the rest of us to do her work in less time by an hour.



Frawley, Walter L. "Walt"

The most successful of all aspiring chemists of the Senior class. Walter has discovered the secret of camouflage. He also has the secret of getting good rank without studying any. No use to ask him for either formula.

First lieutenant, 1. Sergeant, 1. Corporal, 1, of the Cadets. Track team, 2. House, 1.

Gerald, Hazel M. "Bub"

Studying is Hazel's chief recreation. She's a regular shark for A's and never gets anything else on her card. She comes in on the early train every morning; they say she likes dancing and goes to socials.

Furbush, Corinne,

Tall, dark and slender. You would think her a general at least when she leads the Cadets Debutantes in some procession. Corinne's tongue goes pretty fast, but she's a good sport, and a good student.

Gilmore, Forest, "Forest"

Short, sweet, and always happy. A great favorite with the girls. He has left us several times, but has always come back to our merry class.

Gallagher, Alice I. "Al"

Short and er—plump, but always happy. Never been known to look sad. One of the star Commercial. They say she likes Honey.

Junior Semi-Finals. Oracle, 2.

Glidden, Frances M. "Goo-Goo Eyes"

This fair one hails from the land of the Stillwater, but she has made herself right at home here, capturing A's without any trouble. If her thoughts are as deep as they seem to be when you look into her peepers they are too deep for words.

Geagan, James, "Kike"

Blessings on thee little man, Freckled face and iron hand.

It wasn't your fault that we didn't beat Portland. Hail! to the well-known and much famed "Kike."

Football Team (4). Baseball Team (3). "Out West."

Gould, Antoinette, "Tony"

Always happy; always natty. She thought it was im Perry tive to be kind to a new student who joined our class.

Junior Exhibition.



Grant, Judson, "Jud"

One of the solemn fellows, who goes to school just to study. However, outside of office hours, Jud is very much of a real person.

Hall, Edith,

One of the littlest in the class! To most people she looks as docile and as demure as a little grey mouse, yet those who know her would object to such a conjecture strongly.



Gray, Henry L. "Joe"

Behold Joe! the King of the Sardine City, Lubec. Joe has only been with us one year, but he has made himself well known and much liked. Joe says he is going to teach French to the fish in Lubec this summer?

Football. Track Team.

Hamm, Muriel A.

Here is a little maiden
Quiet and demure,
Who always knew her lessons,
I am very sure.



Gregory, Doreen,

Doreen is right on her job. She's full of fun and fond of work. She cudgels her brains to find jokes about us all for the personal column, but she lets her thoughts travel to France, too, sometimes.

Junior Semi-finals. Girls' Debating Society (2). Oracle Board (1).

Hodgeman, Perry, "Hovey"

Perry just came to us this year with his cheese story and his cheerful grin. If ever sad—go to Perry—sure cure of the blues.

First Honor Essay.



Green, Harold W. "Senator"

Harold is from Missouri. He takes all that comes his way and still retains the calm countenance. He sympathizes with the Allies and thinks France is the best yet.

Debating Team. Business Manager Oracle. Cadets (3). Band (2). Orchestra (2).



Honey, Earl, "Honie"

Earl is the other "Bijou Twin,"
He and James are out to win;
Earl was quite a lady's man,
Until his lady handed him a ham.

**Kelley, Doreen,**

Sweet, petite and very gay,
Is our own Doreen.
When once you have seen
Her glances beam,
"A merry sight" you'll say.

Iverson, Ferdinand, "Fuchie"

"Fuchie" is some cartoonist and he
aspires to rival Buffalo Bill or Teddy
Roosevelt in killing chipmunks.
Basketball (1). "Out West."

Kennedy, John H. "Rocks"

Rocks is also known as "P. I.
Jack." We have nothing on this lad
of the classic forehead. For three
years he was "just one of us," but
this year he devoted himself to get-
ting Stubby's goat.
Football. "Out West."

Johnson, Vivian E.

Vivian likes to write poetry and
shorthand almost as well as she de-
lights in playing the Cello.
Orchestra, 4.

Kenney, Edward F. "Ed"

He's the smartest of the "Loafers."
With the pen he's kind of there.
In the future we will find him
As a chemist, in his lair.
Orchestra (4).

Jordan, Wilson, "Zek"

"Zek" comes from the big city of
Waltham, Maine, but he says he has
relatives that live in New York.
"Zek" expects to join the Navy
when he can learn to swim.

Kenney, C. Galen, "Miss Gale"

Our class cheperone. Of course
you know "Miss Gale." Of late, he
has been in great need of a private
secretary to attend to his correspond-
ence with members of other classes.
Orchestra, (4).

Kaminsky, Philip, "Phil"

The great tenor. Did you hear
him in "Out West"? Phil left us
when he was young and went to the
"big city," but he had to come back
home. He says there's no place like
B. H. S.
Double Quartet. "Martha," "Out
West."





Kenney, Marion, "Ken"

One of the intellectual highbrows of the class. "To print or not to print" in the Oracle, Marion knows.

Oracle (2). Junior Senior Play (2). Junior Exhibition. President Debating Society. Class Secretary. German Play (1). First Honor Essay.

Lancaster, Mildred H. "Lankey"

We call her the girl who doesn't care. She can find a laugh in anything. She comes down from V. Z. and laughs on the cars to pass away the time. Keep jolly, Mildred.



Kimball, Ruth, "Ruthie"

"A full, rich nature, free to trust, Faithful and almost sternly just, Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act And make her generous thought a fact."

Leighton, Iola, "Iola"

A silent and demure little girl, But how studious and wise.



Knowles, Lillian,

Small and sprightly,
Writes most brightly,
And paints delightfully, too.

Libbey, Frances,

Out-of-doors she's a speed queen, dodging around the "silent policemen"; but you'd never know it in school, she keeps all the traffic regulations in the corridors. Frances has lots of fuzzy light hair and a winning smile.



Lancaster, Helen,

Very nice; rather shy; cheeks like pink roses. She'll be a professor in Business College one of these days.

Lintott, Katherine,

We see her,
We see her not;
Whom do I mean?
Katherine Lintott.





Lobley, Myra, "Myra"

A very silent girl,
Who doesn't say a thing,
Although she takes everything in.

Madden, Helen M.

Mrs. Vernon Castle, incog, as
vibrant and colorful as a Harrison
Fisher poster. A shark of books well
worth while knowing.



Loftus, Charles H. "Happy"

Behold the picture of "Dreamy
Dud." It's quite a tug of war be-
tween Happy and Johnnie McVey to
see who will be class laureate. It
grieved us all on the morning of May
13 to see Happy start on his future
livelihood, massacring dumb animals.

Prophet.

Maddocks, Florence, "Flossie"

We've had the pleasure of petite
"Flossie's" company for two short
years; she's popular and full of fun.
What more could we ask?



Lord, Esther,

Esther means star in Hebrew, so we
heard once and Esther is a star stu-
dent all right. She has wisdom
enough and dignity enough to be a
senator, besides being obliging and
unassuming. She doesn't know what
a report card looks like with anything
but A's on it.

Mansur, Everett, "Baldy"

Baldy is well known by all the
teachers. He is a star in French!
But like all other stars he is out at
night. Baldy's greatest trouble is
taking care of "Bussey."

First Sergeant Cadets. "Out West."



Lynch, Joseph F. "Joe"

The boy wonder. How he can get
such pleasure out of study, we can't
see. One of the exclusive A's.

Martin, Thelma,

A wise and demure young maiden,
always around for a good time.
Orchestra (2).





Matthews, Katherine, "K"

Katherine, small and dainty, represents a big A. How can you transform your tiny little self into such a big A, girlie?

McCann, John S.

His only other name is Stanislaus. John says it was meant to be Santa Claus, but the wires got crossed.

Junior Exhibition Medal. Junior Senior Play, 2. "Martha." Colby Speaking Contest. Debating Team, (2). Manager Football. "Out West." Class Secretary and Treasurer (1).



Mayo, Eola, "Nemo"

She is tall and fair, with light brown hair. How did she ever get called Nemo? When you meet her you soon find out she is very much somebody.

MacDonough, Teresa I. "Tim"

Tim is sweet and very petit. Who writes some notes that can't be beat. And when she leaves us for New York, She'll be a nurse of the very best stock.



Miller, Dorothy S.

A sweet little girl with dark brown eyes, Gentle and studious, but oh! how wise.

McDougall, Mary E.

A famous Commercial who has never been known to miss a lesson. Mary is now giving her services to the Merrill Trust Co. A good pal and we are awfully glad we met her.



Mitchell, James E. "Jimmie"

Jimmie does so many different things that there is a great mystery about when he studies or sleeps. We never heard him called superstitious and yet he often consults a Palmer.

Orchestra (1). Debating Team (3). Junior Exhibition. Class Secretary and Treasurer (1). Junior-Senior Play (2). "Out West." "Martha." Colby Speaking Contest. Double Quartet. Athletic Council. Editor Oracle. Parting Address.

McGuff, Thomas J. "Tommy"

"Short and sweet." Tommy is one of the few fellows in B. H. S. that really likes to study. He will be a professor in Latin or maybe mathematics, soon.

Basketball. Baseball. Junior Semi-Finals. Debating Team, 1.





McGuire, Frank D. "Mac"
With curly hair, "Mac" leads the
Four,

Loafers for good or bad,
His only wish is another chance,—
He claims he's still a lad.

Junior Exhibition. Debating Team.
Class History. B. H. S. Cadets (1).
Alternate to Colby Speaking Contest.

Mortell, John, "Monkey"

Short, smart, kind, and happy.
These words describe our classmate
who has gone to serve Uncle Sam in
Washington.



McKenney, Luda, "Luda"

We introduce to you the songbird of
our class—"Miss Nightingale" of 1918.
Oh, and she does a lot of other things,
laughs, gets her lessons, for instance.
Double Quartet. "Martha."

Mullen, Kathleen, "K"

Her eyes are too modest
To dazzle; but oh!
They win you to love her
If you will or no.

Honor Essay.



McLeod, J. Leslie, "Tessy"

The best football center we've had
for years. It wasn't Tessy's fault we
didn't have a championship football
team last fall.

Football. I. "Out West."

Neal, Arthur, "Art"

This lad came into our midst in
his Junior year. He says little and
remains quiet, looks as if he was very
wise. Who knows? Still waters run
deep. How do you get away with
that Virgil "Art?"



McVey, John H. "Johnny"

The poet of our class,
Lean, lank, and thin,
Whose general appearance
Resembles a pin.

Nichols, Grace H. "Gracie"

Her ambition is to become a nurse;
that's why she devoted herself to
Hygiene. A picture of her hair
would make a fine advertisement for
a hair restorer; but they say she
knows a formula for a quick sham-
poo.





Nickerson, Louise E. "Nickey"

Wherever there is a good time in view Nickey is right there. It is rumored that Nickey is to become a nurse. Here's luck to you, Nickey!

Oliver, Mildred,

She is tall and slender and elegant, and a nice person to know if you want to try the get-your-lesson-quick method. She can talk and think and smile in German, but there's nothing German about her feelings, or her manner.

Norris, Leah,

Although Leah may tremble when Madame lands on her, she is a sturdy little senior. "Work first always," maybe is her motto.

O'Loughlin, James F. "Gumpie"

Jim is a jolly good fellow, but he has two bad habits. He forgets to come to school and when he does come he dreams of juggling the American Express Co.'s freight. "Giddap, Tonzy," is his favorite expression.

Cadets (3).

O'Connell, Mary K.

Serious and dignified, yet always ready with a grin. A great joy to her teachers. Mary has got a bright future ahead of her if she will only get to school on time.

Perkins, Edward C. "Eddie"

Tell me, tell me, Eddie,
For I want to know,
Where it is it comes from,
And how you make it grow!
What? Your good nature!

Oracle Board, 1. Cadets, 1. House,
1. Baseball, 1. Junior-Senior Play
(1). Band (1).

O'Connor, Gerald, "Con"

When Con entered High he determined to study and grow wise; he grew wise so there was no longer need of study.

Basketball 2. Baseball, 2.

Perry, Marion V.

This little miss came to us in her Sophomore year. We didn't hear much from her at first, but we have found out that "Silence is Golden," and a "lot of good comes in small packages."



Pierce, G. Whitwell, "Whit"

Besse's right hand man and the promoter of the "Pierce Method for Producing Alfalfa." Whit was a member of our famous baseball team. Basketball, 2. Baseball.

Quinn, John, "Quinny"

John's extreme height and cordial, yet business-like manner has been the feature of many class meetings. You see, boys and girls, he's the President of the Class of 1918.

President (4). Junior-Senior Play (2). Manager Track Team. Football (4). Basketball. Junior Semi-Finals. President of Senate (1).

Piper, Marie, (MacLaughlin)

Cupid very often makes misses (Mrs.) Not long ago an aviator flew right into Marie's heart and but for the war, he might have flown right away with her. But here she is!

Raynes, Ernest A. "Codge"

The French shark. He's never been known to miss a lesson. One of those fellows that like to let it be as it is for.

If it is just as it is,
Then why should I change it,
Let it be just as it is,
It's too much work to change it.
A follower of the Epicurean creed.

Pitcher, Albert E. "Al"

Al must be thinking of joining the intelligence department for he talks German in his sleep so well that the Kaiser would not understand him.

Regan, James E. "Jimmie"

James is one of our studious lads, When he gets a "C," he feels very sad; He is best known as the "Bijou Twin," "Rise please!" or "Shove in."

Quincy, Dorothea, "Dot"

The elusive classy classical of our class. You ought to hear her tell what's what, and what it should be. We used to think that she would become pianist in the 5 and 10, but we hear now that she will go higher than that.

Reid, Alice, "Pete"

Alice had a flower bed;
Carefully she watched it,
The earliest flower that blossomed there
Was a handsome Jack-in-the-pulpit.





Reid, Gladys, "Gaya"

Gladys is slender, dark and dreamy. She sees into things, both books and people. It is said that she gave good advice about the '19 rings and even showed a model that came from Dexter High.

Oracle Board (1).

Rounds, Helen, "Roundsey"

Whenever there is fun going on Helen Rounds the corner just in time to add her merry laugh. Beware! Oh Beware! the merry twinkle in her eye.

Richards, Bernice, "Bunny"

Little, but O My!
"Good things are done up in small packages."

Russell, Cora, Just "Cora"

Smile, smile, smile—that's Cora. Lessons never irritate her; in fact, nothing does—not even tests and flunks (?).

Robinson, Marion, "Just Marion"

"Appearances are sometimes deceitful." Such is the case with Marion! She may look quiet and distant, but underneath her gentle smile we can find a jolly girl if we look hard enough.

Sargent, Margery A.

Nothing will ever phase Margery. She has had experience. You ought to see her sell lunch tickets to twenty-five inside of a minute and never get rattled, nor make a mistake in change.

Rogan, Mary,

Mary, Mary, quite contrary.
How does your report card grow?
With French verbs nice, and algebra
spice,
And nice little A's in a row.

Searles, Madeline,

Tall and stately, with form divine,
Demure and quiet most of the time,
Fond of fun
When school is done.
Junior-Senior Play.





Shaughnessy, Helen, "Babe"
 Sweet as sugar, as pretty as a doll,
 Not a bit proud, though on good
 terms with an Earl.



Shaughnessy, Marion, "Pansy"
 Marion would rather dance than
 study, but she manages to do both
 remarkably well. Very fond of
 "Cooks."



Small, Roger, "Smalley"
 One hundred per cent. pure "pep"
 and liveliness. Solo saxophone player
 with Sousa's band in 1931. Officer of
 the Fife and Drum Corps, now no
 more.
 Band 2. Cadets 3. Honor Essay.



Smith, Harold, "Smithy"
 A very studious boy. Harold has a
 record of milking eighteen cows each
 morning before he comes to school,
 but when he arrives he can distance
 several fellows who got up at 7.45.

Twitchell, Gertrude,
 Big and husky, Gertrude leads the
 class in acrobatic stunts. Unwilling
 to prove her abilities as an acrobat in
 school, this buxom young lady has be-
 come an inmate of the Y. W. C. A.



Sullivan, Gertrude,
 The writer of perfect themes;
 The dreamer of wonderful dreams.
 Not only in these but in art
 She certainly takes a part.



Sullivan, Helen F.

Helen is very shy and never has
 much to say, so we know she does a
 lot of thinking. She wears two roses
 to school every day, one in each
 cheek.



Tasker, Arline, "Arline"
 "Study, work hard and make a for-
 tune."
 This is the motto of Arline.





Tyler, Simmons, "Simmy"

Perhaps on departing from our gay midst "Simmy" will disclose the mysterious secret of his wavy hair. "Beware the fury of a patient man."

Color Sergeant.

Webb, Herbert C. "Bussie"

Captain Webb of the Cadets it seems, Feeds himself on sleep and dreams, Where did he learn such Ruthless warfare?

Rushing in where others don't dare?

Oracle Board (1). Captain of Cadets. Class Treasurer (2). Junior-Senior Play (2). Junior Semi-finals. Class Prophet.



Valentine, Donald J. "Don"

The popular commander of the "Battalion of Death." When you graduate from West Point and are in the Army, beware of aeroplane poison. One drop and you're dead!

Honor Essay. House, 1. Oracle Board, 1. Ranking Corporal 1. First Duty Sergeant, 1. Second Lieutenant of the Cadets, 1.

Webb, Mary A.

Always gay and joyous, has never been known to worry.
A sure cure for the blues.



Wakely, Myrtle,

"O she is good and she is fair,
None, none on earth above her,
As pure in thought as angels are,
To know her is to love her."

Whalen, Charles F. "Charlie"

The Pride of our English class. Charlie is going to write a book on "The Fundamentals of English"—when in doubt, ask him. Also, an orator of great fame.

Junior Exhibition. Cheer Leader.



Wardwell, Regina, "Reggie"

She can't help being queenly on account of her name, but perhaps she would be anyhow. She is interested in pageants and potatoes and probably pagodas, and she marches in olive drab with the other cadets debutantes.

Junior-Senior Play (1). Junior Semi-finals.

Wheeler, Mollie, "Mystie"

Mollie's strongest point is her common sense. She is never taken in by camouflage. Her eyes have a dreamy look at times and an expression of mystery as if her thoughts were far away.

Junior-Senior Play.





Whitley, Alfred, "Al"

There was a boy called Al,
And he had a little flivver,
And the way he drives that thing
Would make a person shiver.
Your some chauffeur Al.
Basketball (1).



Whittemore, Russell A. "Rusty"

Here's a long drink and a cool one
to Rusty! He took a special course
in farming last year and found out,
among other things, that hoeing po-
tatoes is a necessary evil.

Cadet Sergeant. Oracle Board.
Junior Volunteers. 1917.



Willis, Esther, "Shrimp"

She's a jolly girl, a funny girl,
The sweetest girl that breathes.
What magic stilled, while she sang
us our song,
The flood of fun that seethes!
Class Song. Class Prophecy.



Black, Lester M. "Long Boy"

Lester is by birth a scholar, but by
circumstances a farmer. You outa
see him hoeing Algebra problems and
watering history. Of late, he has
been wabbling around in the Cadet
line. Keep on, Lester, and try it on
the Germans.

Junior Vol. 1917. Cadets (1).

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EDITORIALS

"How Great a Matter a Little Fire Kindleth!"

Another year has swiftly sped and Bangor High is about to send another class from her halls out into the **Graduation** world.

During the past year we have felt the "spirit of '76" rise within us. We have been wide awake to the affairs of the world, especially to those of the World War because our fatherland is a participant in the universal struggle for freedom. Some of Bangor High's undergraduates have answered the call to arms and are now serving their country in foreign lands.

We all know what it means to "Hooverize," and economize, and we will continue to do so cheerfully. These are days of self-sacrifice, of courage, and resolution; days which call for the best there is in the men and women of our country. The war has exerted a sobering influence upon most people. It has made them realize the insignificance of self in life. Selfishness is being overcome by the common feeling of responsibility to each other.

The present struggle has been brought on by the force of greed—the most stupendous lust the world has ever witnessed, and the instigators of the strife must be crushed so

that the world may be better and happier for those who live in it.

The graduates of Bangor High School in the class of 1918 will soon be alumni. Their most urgent duty is to assist in winning the war and to make true preparation for their different pursuits in life so that they may be of the greatest possible benefit to themselves and to their associates.

The following communication by P. P. Claxton, U. S. Commissioner of Education, from the U. S. bureau of education is of present interest to the members of the Senior class:

Enlist—
And Go
To College Many a 1918 high school graduate is debating with himself this year: Shall I go to college? or shall I enlist at once for military service?

The War Department has just made it possible to do both. It says, in effect, to the ambitious young American: "You serve your country by going to college. To make sure that you do not lose thereby the opportunity of serving your country in a direct military capacity, you will be asked to join the special U. S. Army college training units that are to be formed. You will be liable

for service at a moment's notice, but because you are worth more to the nation with your college training than without it, you will be expected to stay in college until called by the Government."

The War Department's announcement provides that beginning with September, 1918, military instruction, under officers and non-commissioned officers of the Army, will be provided in every institution of college grade enrolling for the instruction of one hundred or more able-bodied students over the age of eighteen. The necessary military equipment will be provided by the Government. There will be created a military training unit in each institution. Enlistment will be purely voluntary, but all students over the age of eighteen will be encouraged to enlist. The enlistment will constitute the student a member of the Army of the United States, liable to active duty at the call of the President. It will, however, be the policy of the Government not to call the members of the training units to active duty until they have reached the age of twenty-one, unless urgent military necessity compels an earlier call. Students under eighteen, and therefore not legally eligible for enlistment, will be encouraged to enroll in the training units. Provision will be made for co-ordinating the Reserve Officers' Training Corps system, which exists in about one-third of the collegiate institutions, with this broader plan.

"This new policy aims to accomplish a two-fold object," the War Department announces, "first, to develop as a great military asset the large body of young men in the colleges; and second, to prevent unne-

cessary and wasteful depletion of the colleges through indiscriminate volunteering, by offering to the students a definite and immediate military status."

No nation has made such generous provision for combined military and college education as has the United States in this new plan. The youth who avail themselves of the privilege will be serving their country's immediate as well as future needs.

The United States set out to give help to the Allies in four ways—men, munitions, food and ships. First one and then another of this list has been in most urgent demand. When Marshal Joffre was in this country there came the great call for men. With the advent of the bad crops all over the world in 1917 came the demand for food. Then came the call for ships when the U-Boat total rose with the months. Since the beginning of the German offensive the call has been for more men.

Regarding the food problem there is little to be said. Our measures have been an unqualified success. We have fed our Allies and cared for ourselves. Today we have prospects of a magnificent wheat crop. The people of the nation have rallied round Mr. Hoover and have risen to their duty.

With regard to fighting men the record shows that by means of the selective draft within less than a year from the first registration, 1,200,000 men have been called to the colors. If the regular army of about 400,000 men, and the National Guard of approximately the same strength be added to this, we find that at the end of the first year

of war 2,000,000 men are in the uniform of Uncle Sam. Today over 500,000 of these are overseas.

When one speaks of ships we are a bit disappointed. In one way it seems a pity that long months were lost in experimenting and squabbling. Yet experiments had to be made in order to secure the best method of solving the ship problem. Still, if the past has its regrets, the present and the future offer compensation. The speed of our old and new shipyards is increasing daily. Admiral Sims believes that in a short time the new construction of steel and wooden ships will balance the U-Boat sinkings.

Then there appears great debit charges in the matter of munitions and airplanes. Here we must wait before passing final judgment until the accurate issue is produced. We cannot overlook the fact that we took our time about airplanes and guns because we were told that they were the least pressing of the allied needs. Our soldiers, in French and British divisions, are not in need of munitions or planes.

The critics of our leaders actions would say that our efforts have failed; but we should approach the problem with a just understanding of the things we have done as well as those we have failed to do. The impartial observer will recognize the magnitude of our task.

The present Oracle board's work is completed so far as the school paper is concerned. A new staff stands by awaiting the time to begin the
Our Successors twenty-seventh volume.

The 1917-18 board has worked during a most trying period in our nation's

history. In spite of the many and various calls upon our city's business men for donations to the different branches of war work, they have still ably supported the Oracle and have been very generous in regard to advertising in our pages. We appreciate their assistance and thank them for their efforts to make the paper a success.

To those students who have so generously responded to the call for literary material, cartoons, cover-designs and the like—we also are grateful for we certainly could not get out the paper without the support of the student body. We thank all those who have in any manner assisted in the work of producing this year's volume of the Oracle. We sincerely hope that this loyal support will be tendered to our successors.

We hope that the 1918-19 board will profit by our mistakes as well as by our good qualities. To them we hand over the guiding reins and wish them the best of success in their new work.

The 1918-19 Oracle Board.

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Debating	Secretary of each society



"Few Things Are Impossible to Diligence and Skill"

A GHOST STORY

By Donald J. Valentine, '18.

Honor Essay.



It was a dark and stormy night. We were seated around the campfire when the captain said, "Scotty, my lad, tell us a story."

Scotty said, "On the shores of

Wytopotlock Lake, in northern Maine, is a deserted lumber camp said to be haunted. Miles from any habitation, it is avoided by all. When I first heard of the camp, and its story, I laughed and offered to spend a night alone in the place.

"And that is why the night of August 3, 1900, found me lying in a bunk in the 'Haunted Camp.' As I lay there, thinking of the wild story associated with the place, I found sleep impossible. Was there anything of reality in the story of that ghostly visitant? Was it, indeed, a warning? I sat up, my forehead beaded with perspiration.

"Suddenly, directly opposite my bunk, I saw it—a shapeless, white, gliding figure. An instant only I sat rooted to the spot, my blood like ice, my eyes full of horror. Then the swift reaction came, the reserve courage of a man ashamed of such weakness, and I leaped from my bunk, straight toward the

misty object, grappling at it with my hands. I touched nothing but air, falling headlong with a violence jarring the entire room, and overthrowing a chair. Dazed, confused, I staggered to my knees, staring about in the dim darkness.

"Just then, out over the lake, a loon cried weirdly. Many times I have known fear, but never such a fear as that which now smote me. Here was something intangible, something with which I could not close and grapple. I am confident that my hair stood on end. I know that my heart ceased to beat for a few moments and then began a steady thump, thump against my ribs. By a superhuman effort I took myself in hand, determining not to let my nervousness get control of me again.

"I groped my way toward the mantelpiece on the other side of the room. There were matches and a candle there. As I felt my way carefully along the table, which extended crossways, my hand touched hair and the jellied coldness of dead flesh!! With a cry of terror I leaped backwards, tripping on a bench and falling heavily to the floor. And in that moment I was

ashamed of myself for I knew that there were no bodies in the room. That my imagination should play such a trick on me made me angry. I attempted to laugh but the laughter died in my throat and ended in a curse.

"I pulled myself to my feet and once more started for the mantel, nevertheless avoiding the table. This time I reached the shelf without further alarm, but my fingers shook so with nervousness that I struck three matches before I succeeded in lighting the candle. And then I found myself fearing to look around and I stood there for at least ten minutes, every nerve tingling, before I could summon sufficient courage and manhood to turn.

"What I saw remains indelibly fixed in my mind to this day. In place of the rough table, covered with dust, which stood there the evening before, was a long, mahogany table, spread with clean linen and bearing the remains of what had evidently been a sumptuous feast. The light from my candle was reflected from solid silver and prisms of cut glass. But all this I saw dimly and without realization. What riveted my whole horrified attention was this:

"Seated near me were two men, clad in satin and velvet. One was leaning forward on the table, his arms concealing his features. The other sat bolt upright, his head thrown back, staring with large, glazed, unseeing eyes, straight at the ceiling. Opposite them, and at the further end of the table, sat a woman, evidently she whose hair I had touched. Her features were hid by her long, black hair, which hung disheveled about her face and shoulders.

"How can I describe the horror with which I gazed upon this scene of death? Terror, it was—terror beyond the ability of mere words to describe it—terror, indefinite; intangible, appalling terror—terror beyond human endurance. Dimly I knew that the candle was falling from my hand and that the room was plunged suddenly into darkness. Dimly I knew that I screamed horribly with the terror, with the horror, with the frightfulness of it. This I knew and at the moment that I knew I ceased to know. Mercifully I was dead to it."

Scotty stopped. The dancing firelight flickered on our horror-stricken faces. Above us the trees creaked and groaned. Over the lake the wind shrieked shrilly, and somewhere in the distance a wolf howled.

THE GLIMPSE

By Regina Wardwell, '18.

Honor Essay.



GRADUALLY, the sounds in the operating room grew more and more confused to The Man taking ether. The voices of the doctors and the tread of the nurses, as they moved about the room, were vague and indistinct. The occasional click

of the instruments which he had dreaded for days, also became less frequent, until at length, the various sounds mingled, softened and faded, faded until all was oblivion.

No, not oblivion, for suddenly—what a sensation—The Man felt himself rising, mounting, leaving his body and his cares

there on the operating table. More strangely, all his senses returned more keenly than before. He could hear, and this sense was so acute that the voices of the doctors boomed out into the room, so loudly that it hurt The Man to listen. He could see, yes, but not with mortal eyes, for his mortal eyes were nearly covered by the ether cone. He gazed down upon his body lying prone upon the table, as a nautilus looks back upon its cast-off shell lying on the beach. What a queer thing that body was! The Man had never before noticed how odd it looked, but now he was actually ashamed of it. Then his vision broadened, as he hovered there in the hospital room. Now he saw the doctors, there were three, and one was bending over his body. What was he doing? He appeared so insignificant and funny that The Man wanted to laugh. Surely, the whole affair was a joke. The doctors, however, seemed very serious and intent. What could be the matter? Ah, now The Man remembered. The doctor was operating. But why did he bother with that unworthy object? Why did he not leave it as it was? The Man had never been at all troubled by his body until a month ago, when an eminent surgeon had told him that an operation was his only chance. For four long, miserable weeks The Man had wavered, until yesterday he had cast aside his fears and had decided to stake his life on this chance. But now, suddenly, he had lost all interest in himself, in that senseless form upon the table.

He then realized that the atmosphere within the room was grey and milky, like dawn, although he knew that it was mid-

day. Oh, he hated this room with its foggy aspect and grim appearance. He was disgusted with his body. He disliked the white-gowned nurses with their calm expressions and quiet ways.

As The Man glanced about the room he noticed that the window was open. Ah, he could go out and leave this loathsome place. He could travel and see the world as he had never seen it before. He longed to be in the sunshine so he drifted out through the open window. But without, he did not find the brightness that he had hoped for. Here too was the dim twilight atmosphere in which he could hardly see. Like some winged creature and with the greatest freedom, he floated outward. A mere atom in space, he gazed upon the earth which appeared only a speck in the infinite. Beyond, he beheld clouds, growing brighter in the distance, as they stretched as far as he could see. Awed by the impressiveness of the sight, he decided to draw nearer and behold these planes with a closer view. Again he felt himself being wafted outward, onward, but the mist-like banks seemed to recede as he approached. Gradually, the air became more dusky until at length The Man could see no longer.

He could only feel, feel himself again being drawn back to the room and to his body. At first he was borne along gently, slowly, but soon he began to move more rapidly. Suddenly the force grew so impelling, so resistless, and his motion became so swift, that he could hardly think, while in his ears he seemed to hear a great roaring, like an enormous machine turning round and round. In order to keep up with its revolu-

tions, which increased at every turn, he must go faster and faster. On and on he went through space, coming back to earth and his body, at this bursting speed, until at length he was quite near. The machine was now going so fast and booming so loudly, that it seemed as though he could not bear it. Now he was in the room again close

to his body, but the awful uproar still continued at the greatest possible speed.

Suddenly it stopped altogether. Then—oblivion. When The Man opened his eyes, his mortal eyes, he found himself not in astral realms, but lying on a bed of spotless white in a hospital room, the air heavy with the odor of ether.

JERUSALEM, "A VISION OF PEACE"

By Catherine Mullen, '18.

Honor Essay.



JERUSALEM, the most hallowed spot on all the earth, the chief scene in the life of the Prince of Peace, whose teachings have changed the whole course of human history, came into possession of the Entente Allies on December 10, 1917. No event was more unexpected when the war begun and nothing so unlooked for, as the freeing of the Holy City from the Moslems, in whose hands it had been for more than twelve hundred years, except for two brief intermissions during the Crusades.

In all history there is nothing more wonderful than the story of Jerusalem, founded by a little Semetic tribe, starting under divine command, from the plains of Chaldea, with the hope of becoming the most powerful nation in the world and of founding a vast and mighty empire.

They wandered among many different civilizations, assailed on all sides by universal paganism and in direct opposition to all motives of self interest, they remained sublimely loyal to the faith of their fathers.

This most interesting and ancient city is so old that there is no record of its founding, but by a striking coincidence, a very old tradition, which Josephus accepts, tells that the site of the Holy City was chosen by Melchizedek, centuries before our era.

Perhaps, no place in the world has been more fought over, or has suffered so many long and terrible sieges as Jerusalem. All the great powers of antiquity, Assyria, Persia, Greece, Rome, Egypt and Arabia have in turn possessed it. Destructive conquests have passed over it, wrecking its architectural glories and destroying many sacred and historic places.

The kingdom of Jerusalem during the reign of Solomon reached a magnificence that was the envy and admiration of the ancient world. This city of marble, of cedar and of gold was surrounded by a triple enclosure of massive stone walls, fortified by ninety forts with enormous towers.

On the spot, where Abraham knelt to offer his son in sacrifice, was built the noblest Temple ever raised to the worship of the True God; radiant with gold it stood glis-

tening on a narrow table land commanding a view of the sea and the mountains of Arabia. Time and time again, it was despoiled by envious nations and as often restored to its former splendor.

For the love of that Temple a whole people endured one of the most terrible sieges in history, and when the legions of Rome under Titus, had broken the resistance of the Hebrews, six hundred thousand people had laid down their lives.

Much of the splendor of Jerusalem has passed away, but its history can never be forgotten. It was the place chosen by God to speak to man and here was fulfilled in a larger sense than the Hebrews understood, the prophecy made to the pilgrims from the plains of Chaldea, that all the world would be blessed in Abraham their father.

The Jewish exile sees in the capture of Jerusalem the realization of his most cher-

ished dream, that of restoring the glory of his race to the Promised Land.

The long captivity of the Holy City has come to an end. The object for which Christian nations fought and died in the long series of crusades, has been attained. The khaki clad Crusaders of the twentieth century have done what Richard of England, Louis of France and many other brave knights dreamt of in vain.

Today when the world is engaged in one of the greatest struggles of history, to preserve civilization from barbarism, it seems almost prophetic that Jerusalem, the home of Him whose cross is symbolical of "Peace on earth, good will to men," should become the possession of one of our allies. The City of Abraham, of David and of Jesus. Jerusalem,—whose name signifies "Vision of peace."

THE SCENERY OF MAINE

By Roger Small, '18.

Honor Essay.



It has been said of Maine that the scenery wears well, "because it combines, in not overpowering measure, most of the natural features, which the heart of man may, in moderation, desire to live with day by day."

In place of wonderful California waterfalls, there are trout filled rivers dashing through hundreds of miles of unbroken forests filled with game, offering magnificent sport to the followers of pleasure, and rest to the weary dweller of the city.

Yet this is only a small part of the at-

tractions of Maine; her rock bound sea-coast, her mountains skirting the ocean and bays, the beautiful Camden hills, her unbroken murmuring forests, the rushing rapids, and tree-crested hills, and her multitude of lakes and streams, all combine to add to the scenic beauty.

Small wonder is it that Maine is a favorite recreation ground for thousands of tired humans, who look to mother nature to heal and help the tired bodies and weary minds.

The countless islands which dot the Maine coast, furnish summer homes for many out-of-state people. Of these islands,

MEDAL WINNERS CLASS OF 1918



DORIS O. CARR
Graduation Essay



JOHN S. MCCANN
Junior Exhibition



A. EVERETT EVELETH
Graduation Essay

the two most noted, perhaps, are Monhegan and Mount Desert.

Land ten miles at sea. A rock of danger in fog, or perchance, the guiding mark for which straining eyes have searched through the long watches of a wintry night. To the old sailor that description means Monhegan. Bold, robust and aggressive, it stands up like the hulk of a ship. Neither lighthouses, nor buoys can put an end to the list of disasters of which Monhegan has been the cause.

The most famous of Maine's islands, as we all know, is Mt. Desert. This island has furnished material for the brush of many an artist, and of these, Thomas Doughty is said to have been the first painter of note, and was followed by Cole, Fisher and other well known landscape artists.

As one comes toward the island out of the west, it seems like a solitary mountain, darkly blue, cool as an iceberg, lifted up above the coast, and one wonders by what freak of nature has it been heaved against these shores.

Many quiet little harbors nestle here. Southwest with its landlocked harbor, its circlet of islands, its background of mountains. Northeast harbor, a sequestered nook, rising to wooded heights, with their sylvan retreats.

But to those of us who have sailed these waters, we know that soon we leave these quieter harbors, and sail out around grim headlands, where the view is far different. Whether watched from the ocean or from shore, the great play of the waves holds a fascination of their own. One by one swift and noiseless the great wallowing waves

heave against the rugged masses of rocks. They pass the ledges which tear the breakers into tongues of foam, hissing like angry serpents. The great Atlantic is behind it, and the broken billows crash on. For a moment the great cliffs stand bare, and then we see the same awe inspiring spectacle renewed till one wonders at the power behind it all, and the words of Whittier come to our mind:—

"Wave after wave

Breaks on the rocks, which stern and gray,
Shoulder the broken tide away."

The description of one bay of Maine would, perhaps, apply to all, certainly to all of the larger ones, and no words of ours could paint the pen picture which Whittier gives of Casco Bay:—

"Where Hillside oak and birches

Overlook the long blue reaches,
Silver coves, and pebbled beaches,
And green isles of Casco Bay."

Our description of Maine would not be complete without reference to its rivers, and Van Dyke's description of these is too beautiful to be omitted:

"The river of dreams runs gently down,
With a leisurely flow that bears my bark
Out of the visionless woods of dark,
Into a glory that seems to crown

Valley and hill with light from far,
Clearer than sun or moon or star."

All of these beauties of Maine hold their own appeal, but to many the lure of the woods is greatest of all, and to these we quote this description of the woods:—

"In the depths of the woods, where the
shadows last longest

And soft moss and pine needles carpet
the ground;
Here, when the sun in the open shines
strongest,
A wonderful twilight is found.

And at night, when the fire's last embers are
dying,
And darkness shuts down an impregna-
ble wall,

We hear on the breath of the forest's soft
sighing,

Its voiceless, mysterious call."

Maine has been called the "Nation's Play-
ground," and always do we hear it called
the "Pine Tree State," but to me, more
beautiful than either, is the name given by
our own Maine Author, "The Country of
the Pointed Firs."

TRUE FRIENDSHIP

By Frances Crowe, '18.

I sat thinking last night of friendship
That quality so rare in man;
That word oft used, more often abused
By mankind through a whole life's span.
I dreamed of an ideal friendship,
Of a life growing sweet and calm,
When man served friends, not selfish ends—
*Friends so tender and strong.



H! How few of us understand the meaning of true friendship, that greatest and truest love of a human heart! It has often been called the Triple Alliance of the three great powers: Love, Sympathy, and Help; and surely the basis of these is self-sacrifice, truth, and loyalty. To me, the friendships made in school seem the firmest, the truest, and the most loving; for memories in common endear old friends. As one grows older it is more difficult to make new friends because people do not become friends at first sight, or even upon a short acquaintance.

Oh! the comfort of having a friend who sympathizes with your sorrows and rejoices

in your pleasures! What is more delightful than to have someone to whom you can say everything with the same confidence as to yourself! Does not success lose half its value if you have no one to share your joy? On the other hand, misfortunes would be hard to bear if there were not someone to sympathize. A friend expects no reward other than the pleasure in helping you and the knowledge that you would do the same for her. No one would think of speaking slightly of a girl to her friend. Thus, the very fact that she is your friend often prevents the beginning of a report which might prove disagreeable.

It is essential to true friendship that it be reciprocal. Unless the attachment is mutual it cannot be called friendship. The laws of friendship require that you say or do nothing that will give your friend unnecessary pain. It should be valued for the love there is in it, even more than for the benefits derived from it. The Latin word for friendship, "amicitia," is derived from the word for love, "amor." This shows that love is the origin and real basis of true friend-

ship. There are few pleasures to be compared with the possession of a friend who will tell you the truth without any flattery, for flattery destroys frankness which is so essential to friendship. Everybody knows that, if medicine must be taken, it is easier if mother gives it; just so, if disagreeable things should be known it is better to hear them from a friend. Friends should not be separated for a very long time; for, although short absences increase friendship, long ones sometimes destroy it. When it has been lost long enough to be missed, it is valued more; but when it has been lost until forgotten, it is not valued so highly.

"Come in the evening, or come in the morning,

Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,

Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,

And the oftener you come here, the more I'll adore you."

Is this not an ideal of friendship? A

friend who lives and cares for you as a comrade; one who can never come too often, or stay too long; whose presence brings the advantages both of society and of solitude, since you are not alone and yet can trust your friend as yourself. The word "friend" is often used very lightly. To be another's friend who likes and cares for you as a comrade in such close relationship with her that your lives are almost as one.

Oh, how precious is the love of a friend, whose voice cheers you, who forgives you before you ask, who is more to you than the closest relative, whose very glance radiates joy or sympathy, who loves you for yourself, who is straightforward and sincere, who understands you, and who multiplies your joys and divides your sorrows! Oh, for the love of such a friend!

"So shall a friendship fill each heart

With perfume sweet as roses are,
That even though we be apart,

We'll scent the fragrance from afar."

*This poem is adapted.





RACHEL G. CONNOR
Class Historian



FRANK D. MCGUIRE
Class Historian

GRADUATION SPEAKERS



JAMES E. MITCHELL
Parting Address

CLASS OF 1918



PERRY HODGMAN
1st. Honor Essay



MARION M. KENNEY
1st. Honor Essay

CLASS SONG—1918

By Esther Willis, '18.

Music by Harold W. Green, '18.

Near the trench line of life we are standing,
Prepared to step into the fight;
Well armed with the weapons of study,
Upholding the banner of right.
We pause to look back, ere our parting,
O'er the years that so swiftly have flown,
Now smoothly and gently, now roughly,
But each with a gift of its own.

We look at the faces about us;
Each one fills a place in our heart,
As we think that we now are to leave them,
The hot tears, unbidden, will start.
We think of our kind, faithful teachers
Who have helped us grow strong day by
day;
The road has not always been easy,
But they have helped level the way.

A minute we spend with these mem'ries,
And then, with the sad farewell o'er,
March forth to the conflict before us,
To meet thus, perhaps, nevermore.
But the mem'ries will live with us ever,
As onward through life we all strive,
To help us push forward toward victory
Till the hour of full triumph arrive.



LOCALS

"Let the End Try the Man"

The B. H. S. Cadets gave a fine exhibition in the City Hall, Saturday, May 11, in military tactics which included close order work with manual of arms and commands given entirely by bugle. At a command from the bugle they deployed in a line of skirmishers and went through some very pretty and effective movements as if under battle conditions.

They were again assembled and took distances for bayonet drill which included the latest guards and parries used in the present war. Finally they were drawn up in company front and stood at present while the colors were brought in and the Star Spangled Banner was being played. Several Canadian and American soldiers were the guests of the company and occupied a place on the stage. After the drill Pullen's orchestra furnished music for the dance which continued until midnight.

The roster of the Cadets follows:

Captain—Herbert C. Webb.

First Lieutenant—Walter L. Frawley.

Second Lieutenant—Donald J. Valentine.

First Sergeant—Everett B. Mansur.

Supply Sergeant—Vincent Smart.

Sergeants—Harold Green, Russell Whit-

temore, Frank Pierce, Ralph Thompson, Franz Dolliver.

Corporals—Carl Meinecke, Granville Bond, Robert Bailey, Charles Downing, Philip Chalmers, Philip Oak, Eugene MacDonald, Millard Richmond.

Bugler—Lawrence Connor.

Color Sergeant—Simmons Tyler.

Peter W. Mitchell is military instructor.

May 14 the Cadets and Band were guests of Manager Stephen Boggett at the performance of the "Kaiser." The next evening the Cadets Debutante attended the Bijou in a body. This kindness was much appreciated by the members of both companies and the Band.

Graduates of Bangor High in U. of M., Bowdoin and Bates have made records of exceptional merit during their first semester in college and the superintendent of schools has received a congratulatory letter to that effect from the state superintendent. Supt. Lyman D. Wormwood,

Bangor, Me.

My Dear Mr. Wormwood:

The representatives of the Maine colleges in conjunction with this department re-

viewed the records of students entering Bates, Bowdoin and the University of Maine from the secondary schools. We found that the record of students from the Bangor high school was of exceptional merit in all respects. I am voicing the wishes of the college representatives in expressing my appreciation for the excellent work which graduates of your school have done during their first semester's work in college. Unfortunately we did not have the report from Colby College. I have no doubt, however, that any of your students who may have been in attendance there have done equally well. With best wishes for the continued success of your school, I remain

Cordially yours,

(Signed) Augustus O. Thomas.

That artistic talent is possessed by many Bangor High school pupils, is shown by the exhibit of War Savings Posters now in the window of the Otis Skinner Optical Co., Main street. These posters, made by the pupils of the Free Hand drawing classes at the High School, were under the direction of Miss Ethel C. Pfaff. All the posters are well done, especially one showing a fleet of transports, with legends advising the reader to buy stamps and send ships over, thereby trimming the Kaiser. This is by Raymond Bolton. Five Liberty girls and two boys, kneeling, is the work of Miss Lillian Knowles, who drew this poster from life, High school pupils posing for her. A poster showing a warship and huge flag is the work of Winnifred Allen. One featuring

Uncle Sam and children is the work of Carolyn Adams. A pen and ink drawing is by William Allen, and a poster featuring an appeal to schools is the work of Gertrude Sullivan.

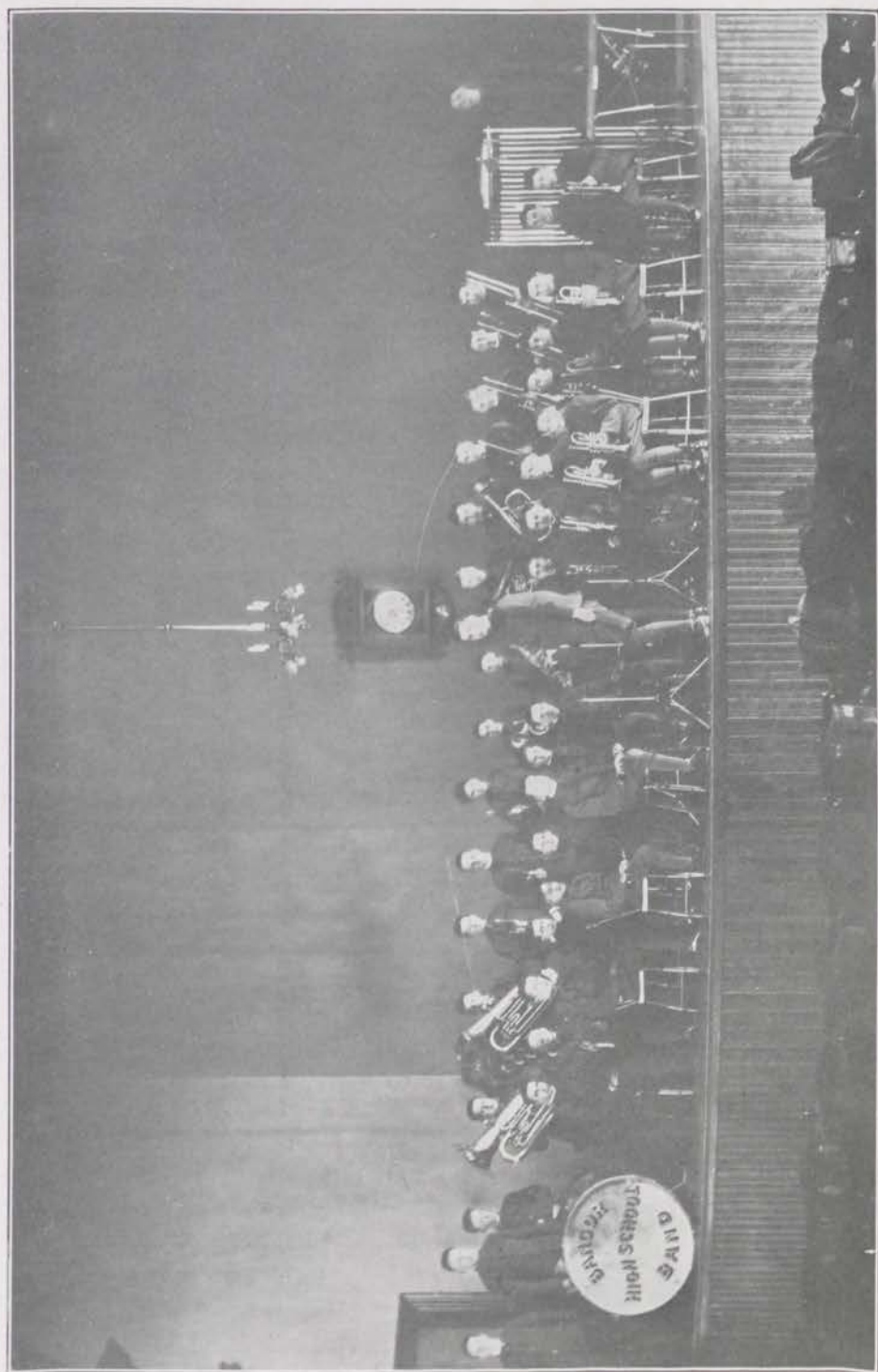
Miss Helen Hughes, daughter of Hon. Charles Evans Hughes, of New York, candidate for president in 1916, recently spoke to the girls of B. H. S. in behalf of the national board of the Y. W. C. A. which is carrying on a campaign to stimulate young girls to their possibilities and capabilities as graduates of high schools.

May 29, the Cadets and Band and Debutantes formed part of the escort that accompanied 54 drafted men to the train.

May 30, the Cadets and Band marched in the Memorial day parade in Brewer in the forenoon and in the big procession in Bangor in the afternoon.

May 31, the Cadets and Band formed part of the escort for men for the national army who were to entrain for Camp Devens.

Bangor High has done well in the Red Cross drive. Its contributions total \$507.28. Of this sum \$141.67 came from the four classes, \$50 from the Cadets, \$100 in proceeds from the exhibition of the girls' Gymnasium classes, \$25 from the Band, and \$23.86 from the sale of baseball tickets. The rest came from the teachers.



B. H. S. BAND



"Your Heart's Desire Be With You!"

The following very interesting letter was received from Corporal George E. Thompson, '15, of the 103rd Infantry Band in France. Corporal Thompson is a former track and football star, and he helped win second place for Bangor in several Maine Interscholastic meets. He holds the record for the discus throw, 118.12 ft. at the Bowdoin Meet, and he was also a hammer thrower and pole vaulter of great ability. As fullback on the football team he played a star game and gained many touchdowns. The letter was as follows:

Somewhere in France,

April 25, 1918.

This is sure some lively place around here, I tell you. A few nights ago the Boches decided that he would gas everybody in this vicinity, but we fooled them. Somebody with a very good nose scented it before it got very strong and our masks were put on "tout de suite." I'd like to be in one of Madame's classes now. She wouldn't recognize me, I have improved so much since I was in her French classes at B. H. S. Our first aid station is underground in what is called a dugout. My duties are to carry out to the ambulances, sick, wounded, or dead from this first aid station. The work comes mostly at night when the eyes of the enemy are not so penetrating. Sleep comes when there is no work to do. I am not so

far from the front lines, but what I can see them all right if I look for them.

But you can bet your life that I stay in our little dugout when not evacuating patients because it isn't healthy trying to dodge Boche shells. They don't like the Americans for some untold reason and they more than push shells over our way. We have been in the game long enough so we know how things should be done.

The French are the people to be admired in this war. When you think of what they have been through in the last four years, you can do nothing but admire them for their courage and patience. I have some work to do so will have to close this epistle. My regards to all.

Sincerely,

Corporal George E. Thompson.

1907—First Lieut. Arthur C. Gibson has recently been sent overseas. He holds a commission in the Medical Reserve, Algonquin. Gibson is serving in the navy on the Pacific Coast.

1908—First Lieutenant Eugene Bradford, a former editor-in-chief of the Oracle and captain of the Cadets, is in France with the Machine Gun Company, 308th Infantry, 77th Division. Previous to his enlistment, Lieut. Bradford was professor of English at Syracuse University.

1909—Miss Helen Patch has received one of the highest honors which Bryn Mawr can bestow, that of French Fellow for the year 1918-1919. The fellowship is awarded by vote of the faculty to the student who shows most ability to improve the opportunity for further study. Miss Patch is a graduate of Mt. Holyoke and taught French at Bangor High school last year. She was also an active member and later secretary of L'Alliance Francaise of Bangor. Last October she began graduate study in French literature and philology at Bryn Mawr College. Her many friends congratulate her on the success she has attained.

1910—Neal E. Brennan, a former B. H. S. athlete, has enlisted as second-class seaman in the navy. Mr. Brennan was clerk in the mailing department of the Bangor postoffice previous to his enlistment.

Lewis Tolman, a graduate of the University of Maine, has been appointed sergeant of line T of the Trades Division, First Training Brigade at Kelley Field, South San Antonio, Texas.

Sergeant Harry McKenney, a former B. H. S. athlete, has received a French Croix-de-Guerre and a citation by a French colonel for bravery in France. He was in the trenches four weeks with French officers and troops and during that time, they crossed No-Man's Land three times. In one of these expeditions, Serg. McKenney captured two Germans. He is now taking a course in Machine Gunnery at the Automatic Weapons School in France.

1913—Lieutenant Harold Milan, a former Oracle editor, is stationed at Fort Sam

Houston, Texas. He has risen rapidly since his recent graduation from West Point and is now commanding officer of his company, his captain having gone to France. A recent honor he received was the appointment as examining officer of candidates for West Point in the southwestern district.

1915—Edward Kelley, a former half back of the football team, has enlisted as a second class seaman in the Naval Reserve.

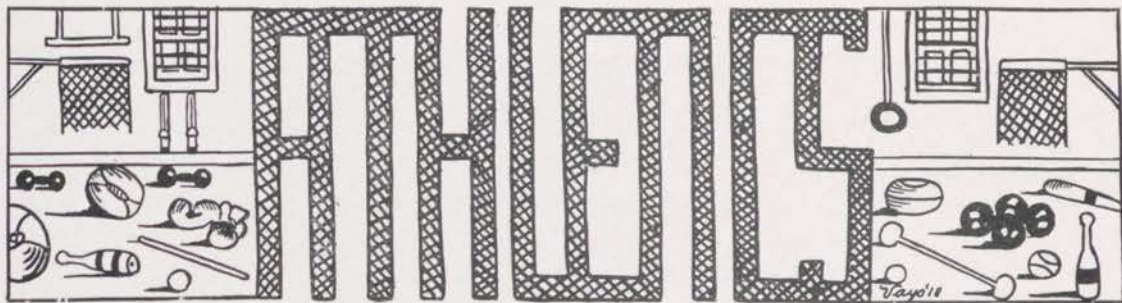
1916—Doris Townsend has been elected director of the Bureau of Vocational Opportunities at Wheaton College, Norton, Mass., for next year. She is the only member of the Sophomore class to be elected to a major office.

Ex-1917—Earl E. Thorne has enlisted in the Medical department of the army and is at Fort Slocum, N. Y.

Alec Wescott, a graduate of St. John's School, Manlius, N. Y., has gone to the officers' training camps at Roskford, Ill.

Stanley Pullen, ex-'18, and Robert Hickson, ex-'19, have both passed very creditable examinations for entrance to the United States Naval Academy and are to enter there June 10. They both have studied at the Werntz school, Annapolis, and are to be congratulated on the fact that they have ability enough to attend one of the greatest schools in the world.

News has been received in Bangor of the safe arrival of Kent Runnells in France. Mr. Runnells was formerly bugler of Company G, but he has since been transferred to another company.



"They Laugh That Win"

Bangor H. S., 8; E. M. C. S., 3.

Bangor High School defeated E. M. C. S. at Bucksport, May 4, by the score of 8 to 4, in a well played game. Bangor won by bunching hits with errors of the locals in the seventh and eighth innings. The summary:

B. H. S. .... 1 0 0 1 0 0 2 4 0—3
E. M. C. S. ... 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 :—3

Two-base hits, Allen, Peters. Three-base hit, Toole. Struck out, by Heal 17, by Lowell 11, by Facticeau 2. Double plays Redman to Webster. Umpires, McNeal and Verrow. Time, 2 hours.

Old Town H. S., 20; Bangor High, 4.

Old Town high defeated Bangor in a one-sided game at Maplewood Park, 20 to 4.

The summary:

O. T. H. S. 1 2 0 0 4 1 2 3 7—20
B. H. S. .... 0 1 0 3 0 0 0 0 0—4

Two base hit, Perro. Stolen bases, Curran, Nadeau, Webb. Bases on balls by Beatty 3, by Pond 3. Struck out by Beatty 5, by Pond 2. Double play, Nadeau, Webb to Gray. Hit by pitched ball by Beatty 2, by Pond. Umpire, McCann. Time, 2:10.

H. C. I., 15; Bangor High, 9.

Bangor High school baseball team went to Charleston Wednesday, May 22, and was

defeated by Higgins Classical institute by the score of 15 to 9.

Higgins ... 2 6 0 2 0 2 1 0 x—13
Bangor .... 1 4 0 0 0 0 0 1 2—8

Two-base hits, Small, La Roe, Weymouth. Stolen bases, by Higgins 2, by Bangor 3. Bases on balls by Nicholson, by Gray. 10. Sacrifice hits, Baker. Double plays, Baker to Weymouth. Hit by pitched ball, by Nicholson.

Brewer H. S., 19; Bangor H. S., 7.

Brewer High School defeated Bangor high in a one-sided game of baseball on Rollins Field in Brewer, 19 to 7, owing to inability to hit or field the ball.

Brewer .... 0 7 3 1 0 5 0 2 1—19
Bangor .... 2 0 2 1 2 0 0 0 0—7

Two-base hits, Smith, C. Williams. Three-base hit, Beaulieu. Home run, McGuff. Stolen bases, Brewer 10, Bangor 3. Bases on balls, by Gray 4, by Muldoon 4, by McNamara, 4. Struck out by Gray 4, by Muldoon 4, by Beatty 4, by McNamara, 5. Hit by pitched ball, E. Williams. Wild pitches, Gray 2, McNamara, Beatty 2. Passed balls, Perkins 3, Carr.

Maine C. I. Defeated Bangor High, 19 to 3.

Maine Central Institute had little trouble in defeating the team of the High School at



BASEBALL TEAM—1918



ORACLE BOARD—1917-1918

Maplewood Park, 19 to 3, May 8.

Bangor put three men in the box in the absence of a pitcher.

M. C. I. . . . 2 2 4 5 0 0 3 0 3—19

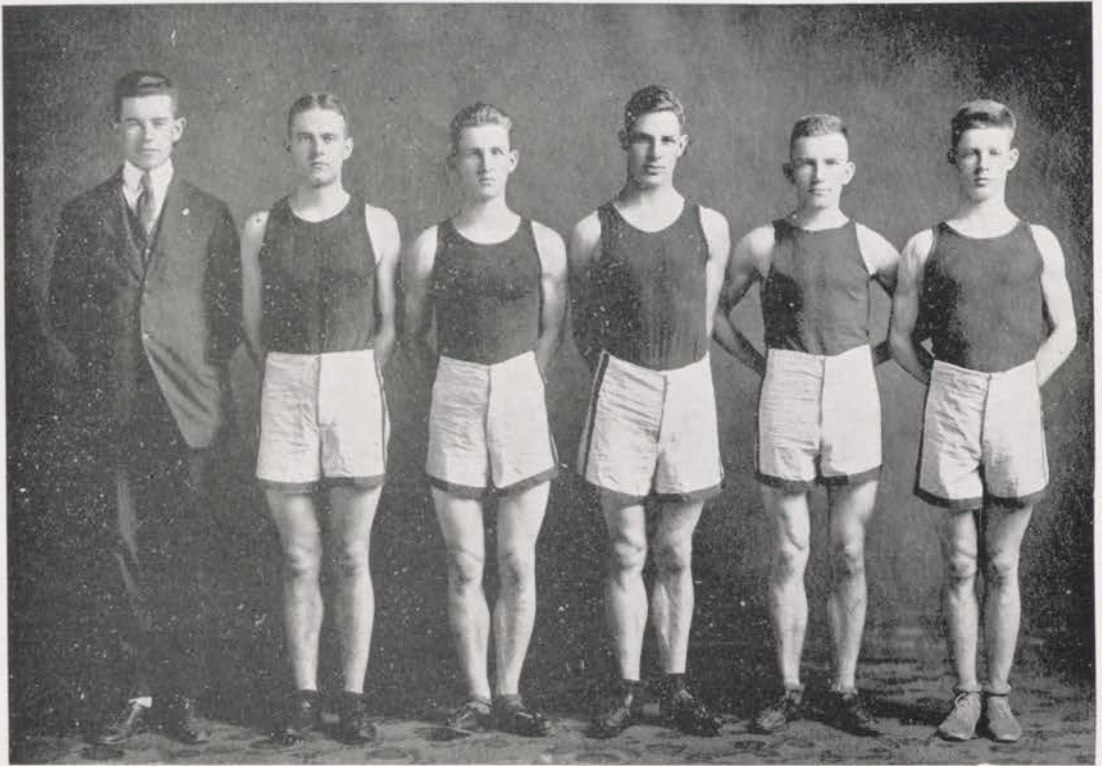
B. H. S. . . . 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 0—3

Two-base hits, Lampher, Abbott, O'Connor, Gray. Three-base hits, Pierce. Home runs, Riley. Bases on balls by Pierce, by Peters 3, by Beatty. Struck out by Lam-

Park, May 18. Bangor played the best game she has played this season.

The summary:

Three-base hit, Geagan, Gray, Shatney. Two-base hit, Short, Pierce, McGuff, Webb. Stolen bases, Bangor 5, Orono 2. Base on balls, Gray 3, Boulier 5. Struck out, by Gray 8, by Boulier 4. Passed ball, by Carr, Page 2. Umpire, McCann. Time, 2.20.



TRACK TEAM—1918

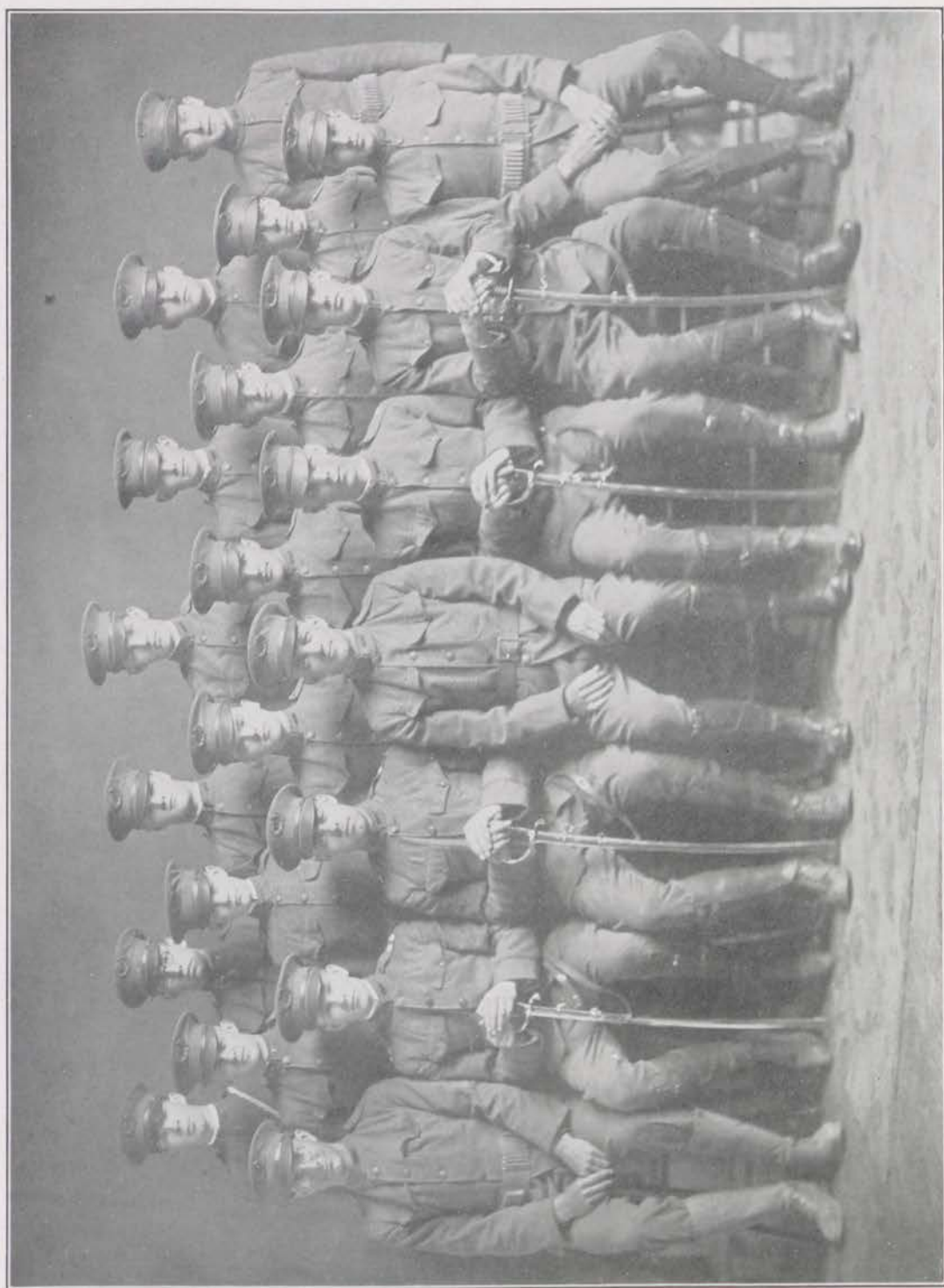
pher, 4, by Pierce 2, by Peters, by Beatty. Hit by pitched ball, Lampher. Umpire, Young. Time, 2 hours.

Bangor H. S., 13; Orono H. S., 3.

Bangor High School defeated Orono High by a score of 13 to 3, at Broadway

Bangor H. S. vs. M. C. I.

Maine Central Institute defeated Bangor High School by the score of 21 to 4, May 25, at Pittsfield. The game was well played and close up to the eighth inning when Bangor lost control and M. C. I., scored 12 runs in the last inning.



B. H. S. CADET OFFICERS



"Example is Always More Efficacious Than Precept"

During the past year we have had many interesting papers, but have been unable, for the lack of space, to show our appreciation. By appreciation, in exchanging papers, we mean, of course, by commenting; by lauding their good qualities and finding fault with their bad ones. But nevertheless we are grateful for the copies and will leave it to the next year's Exchange editor to talk about them. They are—The Aquilo, Houlton, Me.; Sagamore, Brookline, Mass.; Cardinal Pennant, Wawatosa, Wis.; Wyndonian, Willimantic, Conn.; Virginian, Norfolk, Virginia; Eleusinia, Minersville, Penn.; Echo, South Portland, Maine, and the Blue and Gold, Malden, Mass.

Lost! Strayed! or — very valuable Exchange magazines, from the School library! Of course the papers are either lost or have strayed away; but nevertheless they have disappeared in a truly remarkable manner, and, worse yet, they have failed to reappear. Quite interesting for the editors who use these papers constantly, isn't it? But we're from Missouri and don't appreciate that little joke; furthermore, can we fill two pages with a lively chat on the weather, for instance? No! We are thinking of the Oracle. Are you?

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Oracle, Bangor, Me.: Good editorials; good exchanges, good joke columns; good articles; in short, a truly good paper.—The Holten, Danvers, Mass.

We received the Hour Glass from Brownville Junction, Maine, in which they speak of the Oracle briefly. "Other magazines which we received are the Oracle, Bangor High School and Messalonskee Ripple, Oakland H. S., both of which we found very interesting." We wish this young paper, from our own state, the best success possible.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

The stories in the Literary department of the Monitor, Wellesley, Mass., are splendid, in the superlative degree. But your different departments are not headed by distinct titles; we hardly knew whether we were reading athletic or school notes. Your smiles are real laughs; but what a stingy Exchange department!

The Tattler, Dunmore, Pa.: We find quite long and interesting editorials; eight well-written stories, some of these unusually long; seven pages of rather mixed up

class notes; two pages of gossip of the real kind; fair Alumni and Athletic columns; a very short Exchange; the Ticklers are funny (some of them) and the Question Box is very original and must be of special interest to the students.

The Wreath, Potter Academy, Portland, Me.: A shy little magazine, but fine what there is of it. It's quite disgraceful, we think, to leave three-fourths of a page perfectly blank, in the Exchange department and not make the best possible use of it. Is it customary? The stories are fairly good.

Blue Bird, Julia Richman High School, New York City. Well! We're surely convinced that you need a new building after all that scolding in the last issue. You must have it started by this time! Nevertheless your school can certainly edit a successful paper—new building or not.

The Vail-Deane Budget from Elizabeth, N. J., is one of the most thoroughly pleasing papers we have received; extraordinary in appearance and remarkably well finished departments with the exception of the Joke column. More jokes would not decrease the merit of your paper do you think? This magazine is edited by girls; it certainly

shows the splendid results of 16 girls who work and think, whose watchwords are, "Honor, Courtesy, Scholarship."

The Scout, Muskogee, Okla.: We think that the editorials are not in keeping with the present time and show a little lack of patriotism. In this department there are two paragraphs on athletics and they rightly belong under the department of that name. The magazine is good to look at—cover, department sketches, etc.—and its arrangement is well balanced.

Eureka, Woodstock, Maine: Much praise is due the first edition of your paper. We suggest cuts for the headings of the different departments. Would it not present a neater appearance if each department were more separated? The Eureka on the whole presents an enterprising aspect and has our best wishes for a successful career.

The Kernel, Louisville Boys' High School, Louisville, Ky.: A good up-to-the minute paper! Nothing slow or monotonous in its appearance, or contents. The cover of the March issue is a bit weird, especially if one doesn't like skeletons and Egyptians. Come again next year with your Exchange columns straightend out.

Mother (to daughter): "What did your partner say to you during the dance?"

Daughter: "He said that life was a desert before he met me."

Mother: "That's easy to believe, he dances like a camel."

Teacher (In English): "Miss M—, what kind of a noun is a kiss?"

Miss M—: "Common."

Teacher: "Decline it."

Miss M—: "I never do."

Dark street,
Banana peel,
Fat man,
Virginia reel.



GIRLS' DEBATING SOCIETY



THE SENATE



1918 GRADUATES

Graduation Program.

Class of 1918.

Overture .....H. Green and Company
 Essay, "Learning to Be a Soldier," .....
 .....Capt. Herbert Webb
 Essay, "How I Love Latin".....
 ..... Esther Willis
 Chorus .....All of Us
 Essay, "How to Laugh".Madaleine Chaplin
 Essay, "Why I Never Smile"...John Eames
 Chorus .....All of Us
 History of My Four Years in B. H. S....
 ..... Walter Frawley
 Parting Address .....John McVey
 Presentation of Leather and Tin Medals.
 Presentation of Diplomas.

Heard in French.

"Il s'éveilla sortit sans bruit de sa cage."
 "He went like a beast from his cage."
 "Le ciel m'en preserve."
 Small, '18: "Nothing doing."
 "Les muscles sourciliers."
 Curran, '18: "His muscular eyebrows."
 Madame: "What are you doing, Frawley?"
 Frawley: "I'm going to blush if you keep looking at me like that."
 Mr. S., '19 (translating French): "Enfin l'animal recut une balle dans l'oeil."
 "Then the animal bounded toward the sky."

Here is what a complimentary Junior said about the Senior class pictures:

"Well, if those pictures were put on file they would make a dandy rogue's gallery."

Do we need a "trot" to understand this?

"Navigatum inbet vicissum sum!"--Ex.

Queer Things by Queer Beings.

Little drops of water,
 Frozen on the walk,
 Make the naughty adjectives
 Mix up people's talk.

They were sitting in the hammock,
 His heart was full of hope,
 But he didn't get the answer,
 'Cause her brother cut the rope.

"Decline a man," the teacher said.
 The pupil colored red.

"Decline a man," Mollie sighed.
 "I can't, I won't," she said.

"Does heat expand?" the teacher said,
 "If so example cite."

"The days are long in Summer,"
 Said the student who is bright.

"The king of Germany," announced the teacher in a solemn voice, "is called the Kaiser. Now, can any of you tell me what the ruler of Russia is called?"

"The Czar," roared the class.

"And the Czar's wife is called what?"

"The Czarina."

"Good! What are the Czar's children called?"

"Czardines!"

A stirring incident—beating eggs.

On the fly—wings.

At your finger ends—nails.

A pressing matter—creasing trousers.

An imaginary quantity—a woman's age.

An impossible quantity—too much money.

A close companion—glue.

A company of stars—the milky way.

CLASS WILL

STATE OF MAINE }
COUNTY OF PENOBSCOT } ss.

We the members of the class of 1918 of Bangor High School, in order to leave a more perfect High School, a more contented Junior class, to promote the educational welfare, to provide for the common needs and to secure the forgiveness of all by the giving to them of our fruit of four years' labor, do hereby ordain and establish this our last will and testament for the Senior class.

To the Juniors we leave our several rooms and our glorious records with the hopes that they may attain better ranks than we did.

To the Sophomores we leave our memories.

To the Freshmen we leave (in hopes that they may increase to a normal stature) 1,000 pounds of Fleischman's Yeast. We think they will need it!

Our other effects we leave as follows:

To the coming Chemistry class the formulae discovered by W. Frawley with warnings to use only for a free trip to another and better world.

To the coming athletes the record of the Baseball team of 1918. May they do as well!

To the coming Juniors we leave our patent knee brace so successfully used by our Junior year orators.

To Wilson Harthorn the trials and tribulations of an editor are presented in a neat set of 10 volumes.

The following are left by several individuals of the class of '18 to the undergraduates of B. H. S.

My hiding place behind the bass drum

R. Small

My command of "Peter's Army"

Bussy Webb

My memory

John (Squeaker) Eames

My various girls

Simmons Tyler

The gift of gab

Mollie Wheeler

My experience as an actor

John McCann

My place in the teacher's hearts

Frank McGuire

A book entitled "Madame and I"

E. Perkins

My Sword and its trimmings

E. Mansur

The care of F. P. '20

H. Green

Class of 1918 Bangor High School.

We the witnesses of the above certify that this is the mind of the class of 1918 and was signed by us in the presence of each other.

Witnesses: JOHN QUINN, Pres. of Senior Class

RACHAEL CONNOR, Vice-Pres.

Senior Girls.

A is for Angley, a gay little girl,
 B is for Bridges, whose hair will not curl.
 C is for Chaplin, Charlie's cousin we fear,
 D is for Doe, whom we all hold dear,
 E is for Earl, school teacher to be,
 F is for Furbush, full of fun we see.
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 H is for Hamm, about whom nothing we'll tell.
 K is for Kenney, secretary of our class,

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 O is for Oliver, a girl whom we think fine,
 P is for Perry, in languages she'll shine.
 Q is for Quincy, who has much wit,
 R is for Rounds, whom we like a big bit.
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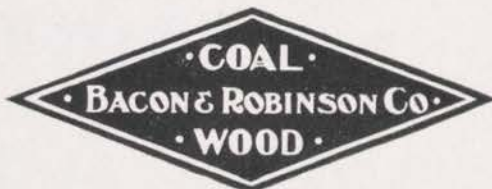
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