

All hail to Bangor High



Oracle

OCT. '19

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And A

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Isaac Pitman Shorthand

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Dependable Quality

Honest Values

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New Neckwear Just In Make Our Store Your Headquarters

JOHN T. CLARK & CO.

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Patronize Our Advertisers



A Call

To Students

The world is calling for young men and women to take their places in the ranks of Progress.

Whether you continue your education in College or step at once from High School into the active duties of life you will find a growing Savings account of great assistance.

Start one now at this Bank.

MERRILL TRUST COMPANY
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

C. WINFIELD RICHMOND PIANIST AND TEACHER

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 We have a great many young people among our customers; we have helped a great many to success in business. We stand ready to co-operate with you and assist you by every means at our command.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
"THE BANK OF SAFETY AND SERVICE"

Patronize Our Advertisers

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THE ORACLE

Published Monthly by the students of the Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine

SUBSCRIPTIONS—85 cents per annum in advance

Regular number 10 cents, Christmas and Spring numbers 20 cents, June number 30 cents

Address all business communications to ALAN W. CROWELL, 16 Park View Avenue

Entered as Second Class Matter, June 14, 1914, at the Post Office at Bangor, Maine, under the Act of March, 1879.

VOL. XXVIII

OCTOBER 1919

NO. 1

EDITORIALS

"To be Conscious that You are Ignorant is a Great Step to Knowledge."

Once more Bangor High School welcomes a new class and once more it is the largest class in her history.

Welcome 1923 1923, you are now in one of the largest and finest high schools in New England. It is your duty to raise her standards in all things.

Bangor High is among the leaders in every school activity. Without doubt she has the best military organization and the best band of any high school in Maine, and the latter, we believe, is unexcelled in the United States.

It is up to you, 1923, to join with the other classes, past and present, of Bangor High, and make her name known everywhere, a leader.

One of the commonest faults found with the pupils in a new class at High is their method of studying. In grammar school they have become accustomed to supervised study "in school" and very little outside work. Therefore when they enter High school some students are inclined to slight their studies, which must be prepared mostly outside. Afternoons and evenings are easily passed in something more congenial than study. As a result the lesson is read through hastily in the morning, or in school

**Study
To
Learn**

slang, "crammed."

This "cramming" is a habit easy to fall into and hard to get out of. Its victim finds that a quick review before the daily recitation is sufficient to "get him by." As a result this method is adopted, for he thinks it saves time.

Quarterly examinations are taken care of in the same convenient manner, but such students generally come to grief before the end of the first year and are all at sea the second.

After the Senior year comes the Waterloo, College Entrance Board Examinations!

The Entrance Board allows no chance for such preparation. Their examinations cover the entire High school course in each subject and it generally happens that examinations in two or perhaps three subjects occur on the same day.

Who but a pupil who has carefully learned his lessons could hope to pass these tests? Surely the "crammer" could not; and he does not! That means summer study and he wishes he had believed High school a place to study to learn.

* * * *

In connection with the foregoing, it is interesting to note a quotation from "The Story of General Pershing," which tells of that officer's taking the West Point examinations: "Eighteen took the examination

and Pershing won, though only by a single point and that was given only after he and his competitor, Higginbotham, had broken the tie by each diagramming the following sentence: 'I love to run.'

"Higginbotham's solution:

" 'I'—subject

" 'love'—predicate

" 'to run'—infinitive phrase qualifying the meaning of the verb.

"Pershing's solution was as follows:

" 'I'—subject

" 'love'—predicate

" 'to run'—is the object.

"The commission preferred Pershing's diagram, and thus by a single point he won the competitive examination and received his appointment."

One point in English grammar saved Pershing for us!

Now is the time for every new member of this school to decide whether or not he is going to college. He should think

Go To College long and seriously on this subject and the minor ones rising from it.

Perhaps the question comes up, "Is it worth my time to go to college? I can start work from High school at good wages." There is no doubt that this is true, and probably at the end of four years you would be earning more than the man fresh from college. But what about fourteen years from now? Will you equal the college man in responsibility and salary? You will not!

At the end of thirty years the greatest difference is shown. The college trained man has reached the height of his ability while the other has started to slump. Another's training has displaced him.

Do you think that the boys who left college to enlist and who went to France, would have returned to college if they had not thought they needed the training? They saw what college training had made possible

in France and they resolved to have that training if possible. They also saw what emphasis the United States placed on the benefits of college training and how men were sent to study in the greatest universities of Europe.

Perhaps the best argument for going to college is that "everyone else seems to be going." This is especially true here in New England where the colleges are confronted by entering classes that have never before been equalled. In fact, all of the colleges are crowded, so great is the enrollment.

Such is this condition—and it prevails all over the country—that it is probable that if five more colleges for men only, and five more for women were built in New England, and if, besides that, the capacities of the State Universities doubled, only then could the number of those desiring college education be comfortably accommodated.

Entrance requirements have been harder year by year, but even that was not enough. This year college examinations were ranked harder than ever before.

Everything points towards at least another year like this, and probably many more than that.

This means that everyone in High school should begin now to study if he intends to pass the college entrance examinations. Seniors if you have forgotten some of your first year studies, now is your time to get busy.

The recent action of the Boston police force in forming a union, then striking because the police commissioner refused to recognize their right to unionize, has caused a considerable stir throughout the country.

Newspapers everywhere were prompt to condemn the action of the men. The feelings of the country were perhaps best ex-

pressed in Washington, Kansas City, Mo., and Los Angeles; all of which have unionized police forces. In Washington the force even belongs to the American Federation of Labor.

This joining the American Federation of Labor is what nearly all the cities object to. Twenty-one cities outside of Boston have union forces, but very few of them belong to the A. F. L. The real objections lies in the fact that in the A. F. L. a union may strike to get its demands, and, if these are not granted, to call out all affiliated unions.

Prominent men in the United States foresee in any event like this, a chance for the Reds—or Bolsheviks—to seize control of everything. The police would be bound by their union laws to stay on the strike.

Casting aside their objections there still remains the oath that each man on the force must take when he joins. Here it is:

"I, ———, ———, hereby accept the office of ——— on the police force of the City of

Boston and agree hereby to be bound by such rules and regulations as are or may be from time to time, laid down for the government of the police department of said city."

Among the rules referred to in the preceding oath is one that forbids any member of the force from joining any organization wholly or partly outside the force. The only exceptions to this rule are, the G. A. R., the American Legion, and the Federation of World War Veterans. If the sanctity of the oath be not preserved, civilization is undermined.

It is indeed to be regretted that the policemen of Boston saw fit to strike in times as unsettled as these. But on the other hand their action has shown the country how loyal was the spirit of the returned soldiers, and it also has given the country a glimpse of what would happen in a reign of Bolshevism with no organized forces of law and order.

Report of 1918-19 Business Manager

RECEIPTS

Balance from 1917-18.....	\$ 9.06
Sale of Subscription Tickets.....	527.05
Cash Sales and Adv., Oct.....	55.55
Nov.	57.50
Dec.	66.80
Jan.	55.25
Feb.	69.70
Mar.	52.50
April	53.80
May	61.75
Received from Class Cuts and Cash Sales, June	178.25
Advt. and Money for other Cuts...	165.50
Received from Sale of Oracles at News Stands	4.60
Total received.....	\$1,357.31
Total receipts.....	
Total expenditures.....	

EXPENDITURES

Cuts and Printing Oct.	\$ 112.84
Nov.	113.49
Dec.	112.65
Jan.	103.60
Feb.	126.30
Mar.	114.65
April	110.42
May	124.36
June	420.66
Business Manager's Salary.....	12.24
Total paid out.....	\$1,351.21
	\$1,357.31
	1,351.21

Balance on hand.....\$ 6.10

Resectfully submitted,
Philip C. Chalmers.



"True Ease in Writing comes from Art, not Chance."

WHEN THE CAN OF OIL FROZE



RANK and Louis Deering were starting out across the frozen lake, to a sheltered place, where they were planning on fishing through the ice. They carried their fishing tackle, an axe, an oil heater, and a can of kerosene. They hauled their "fishing shelter" on a wide, home-made sled. This shelter was a miniature house, made by covering a light framework with canvas. It was a clear, cold morning when they started, little thinking of the change in weather that was to occur.

After walking a little more than half an hour they reached their destination. It was an ideal place for fishing through the ice being well protected from the wind by a high promontory. They chopped a hole in the ice about eighteen inches in diameter and then set the shelter over it. They crawled inside, started the heater, and got out the fishing tackle. The fish did not bite readily, so the boys amused themselves by telling stories. It was so comfortable inside their shelter that they did not realize the change in the weather. About one o'clock they got out a light lunch, and while sitting still, eating, Frank remarked that it was rather cold. He turned the heater a little higher, and resumed his luncheon. In about five minutes he

noticed that the heater was nearly out.

"The heater must be empty," he said.

"I guess I'll fill it."

"B-r-r-r-r, it must be cold out," said Lewis.

Frank opened the small door to get the can of oil that had been left outside. To his surprise, he was greeted by a gust of wind which blew the large snowflakes into his face.

"B-r-r-r-r," he said in turn. "Let us start that heater again as soon as possible."

He unscrewed the cap of the oil-can, and tried to turn some oil into the heater. He kept raising the can higher and higher, but no oil showed itself.

They looked at each other blankly. The can was heavy, so there must be some oil in it. Frank broke the silence by saying:

"I've heard of oil freezing in the Arctic regions, but I didn't think it was cold enough for that here. It does seem cold though. I'll bet it is 'forty below.'"

"Well," responded Lewis, "we better fill that heater, or we will freeze to death."

"But we can't fill it if we haven't any oil," protested Frank. "There isn't enough oil in the heater now to thaw out the can either."

Then the only thing for us to do is to start for home. We have ten good

pickerel, so let us start along," replied his brother.

They loaded everything onto the sled and started for home. The snow was falling very fast, and as about five or six inches had already fallen their progress was slow. They kept steadily on, so that after plodding through the snow for about half an hour, they were able to make out the outlines of their home.

The people at home had been somewhat worried about the boys, but were greatly relieved to see them coming at last. The boys told their astonishing story on arriving at their home, and to prove it, produced the oil-can. They inverted it as they had done before, and the oil still refused to come out. Mr. Deering looked the can over carefully and remarked that it did feel

rather cold. Suddenly he looked wise, and somewhat pleased.

"Bring me a hatpin and a dish to turn the oil into," he said.

Frank procured both, and then his father thrust the hatpin into the spout of the can, and turned the can over. This time the oil ran out freely. The explanation was this: A cork stopper had once been pushed into this spout so far, that in order to get some oil out the stopper had to be forced all the way in. When the boys had filled the can, they filled it so full that the oil forced this stopper against the opening and in this way closed it.

The folks all laughed at the boys, who, still unwilling to believe this explanation, stuck to it, that the oil had frozen, and that it had thawed out on being brought into the house.

PEACE

There are some who in France still are
sleeping,

'Neath Heaven's smiling dome.

'Tis for these that the mothers are weeping
While they welcome the brothers come
home.

Four years they have watched in earnest

The war game's ghastly score.

May Heaven curse him who turnest
From longing for Peace evermore.

Man's cry from his soul's foundation,

"Let wars forever cease."

Comes from the God of Creation

Who giveth eternal peace.

—Wm. Rowe.

WHERE RIPPLES RUN

Hot and dusty is the day,
The flowers are droop't, the grass is gray,
And I must hie me on my way,
Where ripples run.

I reach at last my shady nook
And down beside the gurgling brook
I throw myself and dream and look
Where ripples run.

I gaze into the waters clear
I see a minnow swimming near,
He does not know that I am here
Where ripples run.

A bluejay screams in yonder tree,
I hear the buzzing bumblebee,
And all the world seems calling me
Where ripples run.

—Dorothy Freese.

BETTY GOES TO COLLEGE

By Bib, '22



"H, dear," sighed Betty Gray as she gazed out of her bedroom window and watched the leaves blowing helter-skelter over the lawn. "If I had only saved just fifty more dollars I would have been starting to college this very day."

She picked up her apron, started down the old fashioned staircase and entered the kitchen.

Betty had been the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gray. Her mother had died when she was but a baby and her father had continued his practice of art. But a year preceding our story he died, leaving comparatively nothing but the old-fashioned farmhouse where Betty had lived since she could remember, cared for by an old colored mammy.

By practicing strict economy and selling all the butter and eggs she could spare Betty had managed to save all but the fifty dollars she had spoken of, which would enable her to go to college.

In the next farmhouse lived her dearest friend, Marguerite Moore. Both had looked forward many times to the great day when they could start out together to a real city school. Marguerite had urged Betty to allow her parents to advance the necessary funds to take her to school, but Betty was poor and proud. She would accept nothing but what she could return in full.

In Betty's home was a large spacious attic where all of her mother's garments were packed away. Many times she and her chum had taken the dresses out and looked at them.

When she felt especially depressed she usually found solace in examining the dresses her mother had last worn and on this October morning she left the kitchen

and went upstairs. Upon opening the attic door, she sat down before an old, worn trunk and lifted the cover, took out all the clothes and laid them tenderly over her arm.

"My, but this attic is cobwebby," she said, aloud. "I guess I'll get the broom and clean it up a bit." So saying she ran lightly down the stairs and returned with brush and dustpan.

She began by dusting the trunk all out and when she was about to replace the garments she saw something she had never noticed before. In the lining of the trunk was an opening that might have been cut with a knife. Eagerly she pulled open the lining and thrust her hand in and to her astonishment pulled out a thick roll of bills.

"Wonder of wonders!" she ejaculated. "Where in the world did these come from?"

Hastily she counted the money and found it amounted to exactly one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

She grasped the bills and rushing down the stairs and into the road, she ran to her chum's home.

"Oh, Marge, come quick, just see what I've found!" she exclaimed.

Marge running out of the house looked at Betty and exclaimed, "Why, Betty Gray, you just about scared me to death. For pity's sake what is the matter?"

"Just see what I found in mother's trunk," and Betty waved the bills over her head. "I can go to college after all. I just knew something would turn up so that I could go. Why, Marge, aren't you glad?"

"Oh, of course, I'm so glad I don't know what to do," answered Marge, looking very much as though she would like to laugh.

"Well, I've got to be going. I left the dinner all on the stove and I imagine every-

thing will be about burnt up by this time, for mammy went to town this morning," said Betty laughing excitedly. "Good-bye, Marge, we'll go just as soon as I can get my trunk packed and the house righted."

After her chum disappeared from view

Marge threw her head back and laughed heartily. "That was some little plan of mine and Miss Betty will never as long as she lives find out where those mysterious bills came from."

THE RETURN

Roger Brown Nickerson, '21



It was late in September. The sun was slowly sinking closer to the horizon turning the western sky into a flare of golden splendor. The birds twittered lazily in the trees. Now and then could be heard the chatter of a squirrel. In the sky flew a noisy flock of ducks headed southwest towards the lake. No sounds but these broke the stillness which enveloped the little railroad station squat down by the shimmering tracks, until faintly in the south the whistle of the locomotive was heard. Soon the train came puffing into the station and stopped; the engine panting impatiently while a solitary passenger descended from the coach, then drew away and left the man standing on the platform alone and silent.

He was a soldier, broad shouldered and bronzed of face. On his sleeve were four golden V's, signifying that the wearer had been overseas for two whole years. On his left breast rested a medal, the Croix de Guerre. From the tip of his jaunty overseas cap to the hobnails in his heavy boots he looked just what he was, a perfect soldier and a man. He carried no luggage and as he stood there reflecting with his eyes half closed, a faint, wistful smile stole across his handsome face. This was his home town. After a moment's deliberation he struck out down the road.

You may wonder why a returning hero, a winner of the Croix de Guerre, did not receive a hearty welcome from his townsmen.

He was an outcast! Ten long years had passed since he had left this town, then but a boy of sixteen, in disgrace. It was merely a boyish prank which, turning out more seriously than they expected, had got him into such a state. He was the only participant who was caught and his father, a proud, stern father, had refused to bear the disgrace and turned his boy, his only child, out of house and home, with the parting words that he never wished to see his face again. He repented the words the moment they were out of his mouth, but pride kept him silent. The boy's mother, poor soul, had tried to defend him but it was of no avail.

He had gone with bitterness in his heart and had never written or heard from home. The first year away had been one of sleepless nights and horrible days. Many a night had he cried himself to sleep while round about him the world went on as before, ever hostile, ever watchful and pitiless. After the first, the years passed quickly and two years of facing death for humanity and living up to the creed of forgetfulness of self and "playing the game" had wiped from his heart all stains of disgrace and bitterness, and he was now in the home of his childhood, where every brook for miles around had yielded up part of its store of luscious trout to grace the table of his father, and his merry laugh had resounded in the nearby woods.

As he walked down the road towards his father's home he saw many familiar spots and landmarks. He saw the schoolhouse

and the place where all the schoolboys' fights were held and well did he remember his first victorious fight there. He saw the old oak, under which he had first kissed his boyhood sweetheart, when coming home from a church fair. While he gayly tramped the dusty road his heart warmed in resolution and his whole being was alive with radiant expectancy. The gay singing of the birds in the trees was in perfect tune with the singing of his heart.

As he topped the rise which he was ascending the old homestead came into view. The place had not changed much these ten years and Oh! how familiar everything looked. The orchard stretched off towards the woods as before and the weather-beaten old house looked just the same as it did when he left. The small brook wound through the cow pasture to the edge of the woods as it had when he had sailed his small boats on it. Then, instead of seeing a small, muddy, sluggish brook, he saw a rushing, sparkling river, with boats tossing on the rapids. The setting sun made patches of crimson and gold of the window panes and as he approached the driveway his heart beat tremulously and his pace slackened.

He walked slowly up the driveway and up the front steps and knocked gently on the weather beaten door. No answer came except the hollow echo of his knock. Again he knocked with a cold fear gripping his heart. No answer! He walked slowly around the house peering in the windows. It was empty! With a tremendous surge of disappointment he sank to the ground uttering a low moan.

"Gone!" he moaned, "Dead!" THIS was the homecoming! The return of the lost son!

How long he sat there he did not know but when he finally arose it was nearly dark. With a lump in his throat and a numb, deadened feeling clutching at his heart he set out and plodded on heedless of direction—speed—time. The squirrels in the trees chattered mockingly but he did not hear. Only one thought was in his mind. His people were gone! Dead!

When he at last came to his senses again he was in a part of the country unfamiliar to him. With a pang of remorse he reminded himself that he must "carry on" and "play the game." It was now very dark and he resolved to ask at the first house which he came to for shelter. It was a long time before he came to one, but at length he perceived a little house set back in a clump of trees with a light in a downstairs room. He walked dejectedly up the narrow path and rapped on the door. A woman came to the door and inquired what he wished. He told her and she admitted him into the entry. As the door into the sitting-room swung ajar the light fell on their faces; his young and strong, but sad; hers old and careworn and also sad. They looked at one another for a moment almost stunned.

"George, my own dear boy," she cried.

While they were locked in a fond embrace giving vent to the pent up love of ten years the door opened and a man stood in the doorway.

"Hello, my son," he called cheerfully.

"Hello, Dad!" answered the boy.

THE PARTY

Mary L. Copeland



I guess it's the first time I ever did anything the leastest bit out of the way that I'd get hail Columbia for. Aunt Mehitable's dredful 'ticular when she sets out. Now you see it happened just like this—"

The speaker was a tow-headed, freckled-faced, bright-eyed lad who for ten years had patiently borne the name of Jeremiah Elijah. His playmates shortened it to "Jerry" but not so Aunt Mehitable. Fifty times a day that inevitable "Jeremiah Elijah" was to be heard from Aunt Mehitable. She always expected punctuality and never believed that boys will be boys, sometimes.

"Aunt Mehitable," he continued, "never lets me have a party, nor go fishing, nor anything that's real fun. So I made up my mind that if I couldn't have a party when she was home I'd have one when she wasn't. The next time she went to town I issued 'vites to my party but when the time came Jennie White was the only one. Why—I don't know. Jennie's awful nice, lives down by the old mill. Aunt don't like her but I do even if she ain't

'spectibule. Well, as I was saying, none but Jenny came and such a good time as we had—that is for a while. When we were ready to eat I got the bread out and cut it, nice white, thick slices, and then the plum cake and then the jam. The jam was some of aunt's company jam, but wasn't Jennie company? After that was gone I told Jennie about some peach jam down cellar and asked her if she didn't want some. She said she wouldn't mind so I got a candle, lit it, and went after the jam. I knew just where that peach jam was, so I set the candle down and climbed up to the top shelf of the cupboard. How it happened I don't know, but the first thing I did know everything was jam, broken glass and fire. I rushed upstairs, grabbed Jennie by the hand and ran outdoors.

Some men came but they couldn't put the fire out and soon everything was burned. When aunt came there was nothing left but ashes. She never said a word to me nor any one 'cept Mis' Spratt, and to whom I heard her say:

"What a wonder and blessin' that I went to town today a-purpose to pay that fire policy."

JOE'S GARDEN

Dorothy F. Ewer.



HE was not a scientific farmer, not even a Junior Volunteer, but he was seven years old, and a boy of that age, especially one like Joe, could certainly do his bit. Joe planned to make a garden. It was not to be a big garden like grandfather's but just a small one, more the size of mother's flower plot. In it he was to grow potatoes

—oh, such potatoes—big, brown and hard. Carrots, large and orange, like the ones in his Peter Rabbit books. In one corner he would put beans—regular Jack-in-the-Beanstalk beans. Already he had picked out his poles. In another he decided to plant cabbages. In anticipation one of them tasted delicious in mother's vegetable dinner. Another place would be just right for his pumpkins—great, luscious, yellow

pumpkins soon to be Jack-o-Lanterns, and pumpkin pies. Of course he must have some flowers. The best place for these would be the center. Such marigolds, pansies, sunflowers and bachelor-buttons as he would pick! He could see them on the teacher's desk and hear her say to all the class, "See what a smart boy Joe has been, children, to raise all these himself."

When the man came to plow the big garden, father tried to persuade Joe to have his patch plowed too. Joe objected. He wanted this to be his garden and therefore he must do it all himself. He worked manfully all the time he could get—after school noons and nights and Saturdays. After a week or so he realized the large garden was nearly planted and his wasn't even ready. The next day father helped him and Saturday he planted.

One morning while he had been working on his ground, a package had come for him by parcel post. In it were potatoes, pumpkin seeds and beans—the very best to be had—from grandfather. In one corner was a little packet of sunflower seed from grandmother and a bright, shiny quarter from great-aunt Mary "to buy cabbage plants." Father had a few carrot seeds which he donated and mother said she had so many marigold and pansy seeds she didn't know what to do. Some of them must certainly belong to Joe. The little bird that tells things must have said something to the lame man 'round the corner, for when Joe went by with his cabbage plants he had a little pill box of bachelor button seed ready for him.

All these things he planted, and day after day watched for his seeds to come up. Pretty soon things began to grow all over the garden in many places where there was nothing planted. These, he decided, must be weeds, but how to tell weeds from plants was hard. One day he had an inspiration. He would go and look at father's garden

and the things in his that didn't look like the things in father's he would pull up—all others he would leave. He found father's carrots and his potatoes and his beans and pulled up all the different things in his garden 'round the vegetables. He then went and looked at mother's bed and tried to compare his with hers. This was more difficult and so he decided to let the weeds stay about his flowers till the plants got bigger.

While he was waiting for his flowers to grow, worms began to appear on his cabbage plants and his beans and the potato bugs became numerous.

By the time school opened his garden was fully grown. His beans had climbed on six poles and he had sold quarts. His potatoes were not quite as big and hard as he wished, but then, they were potatoes. His pumpkins would never be pies but he might have one Jack-o'Lantern. His cabbages—well, there were only two, but the cutworms had liked the other ten. His carrots had been a complete success, but his flowers had been a fizzle, all but one row of plants which he had watched carefully from the time they were an inch high, till now, when they were a foot high, with clusters of pink, yellow and white blossoms. These had been a complete surprise and he had never guessed what they turned out to be—chrysanthemums. Where the seed came from he does not know, and does not to this day. Joe left these blossoms for they were too pretty to pick—even to put on the teacher's desk.

One day when his florist friend was going by his house he noticed Joe's chrysanthemums and hastened to ask mother for these plants to exhibit at his annual flower show. It was a proud day for Joe when he walked down past long rows of flowers and came at last to the chrysanthemums—his chrysanthemums—with a big, blue ribbon on them.

BLAIR'S SWEETHEART

Emily Miller, '22



It was a hot, dry day in early September. Blair Dixon turned in her saddle looking with anxiety through the smoke-filled air, at the burning railroad bridge.

"We must ride and tell the rangers, Sweetheart," she remarked to the small brown horse she rode.

She turned her horse's head down the road and tightened the reins. A sudden sharp crackling caused her to pull up and whirl around. What had been merely a bridge fire threatened to be a most serious forest fire, for a dead pine had caught ablaze and from it sparks were flying toward other trees. In northern Minnesota a forest fire is not a joke.

"It will go up the track," she cried, startled, "Number 2 will run into it and perhaps not be able to get back. Oh, Sweetheart, quick, while we can reach the track!"

She slipped off and urged the horse up the steep slope of the bank.

"Come, sweet," she begged, "please come." At last convinced by her mistress' manner that this climbing of the railroad bank was not some new kind of game, Sweetheart scrambled up the steep bank and came puffing to the track.

Blair mounted and urged her horse forward into a gallop. The rough ties nearly caused the horse to fall several times but when accustomed to the footing she ran smoothly and swiftly.

The sinister crackle of the burning trees and puffs of smoke told Blair that she had no time to lose if she would warn No. 2 in time for the train to back away from the danger. Coming to the next block signal she saw that one of the arms was up. The train was two blocks away. Blair dis-

mounted and led Sweetheart outside the track. If the train could not stop she did not want her Sweetheart hurt.

She took off her red sweater to use as a signal flag, and waited.

* * * *

The engineer of No. 2 sniffed as he leaned from the cab window.

"Don't you smell smoke, Jim?" he asked of the fireman.

"Yes," replied the man, pausing to look out, "but it comes from over in the Syndicate holdings. It's been burning over there for days."

"Seems too strong for that," argued the engineer, "look!"

An eighth of a mile down the track stood a girl waving a red sweater. The engineer plied the brakes quickly and the long train sild to a stop in front of her. "It's a forest fire," she called briefly. "Coming like the wind, too."

"Get in here," commanded the engineer. "Can't," she replied. "I've Sweetheart; we'll follow."

"No horse can travel as fast as that fire can," protested the fireman. "Come, the horse will be better off without you."

"No, indeed, I shan't leave my Sweetheart," declared Blair firmly.

"Take the horse, too, Jim," suggested the engineer, "lead her up on the bank and perhaps she can jump to the car platform."

"She can," cried Blair joyfully.

The horse was led up the bank and with the fireman urging and Blair leading she jumped to the car platform and stood quivering with fright.

The fireman ran back to the engine and the train started, backing away from the dreadful danger. It seemed for a while almost as if they had delayed too long, for the sharp tongues of flame could be seen on both sides of the track.

The train was going very fast but so were the flames. Faster and faster the cruel fire leaped from tree to tree, destroying scores of trees that it had taken years to grow. The cleared track on which they would be safe was twenty miles behind them. Slowly, slowly but yet surely they outstripped the fire in the race for life. On the car platform Blair stood caressing Sweetheart whose brown eyes rolled in fright but whose absolute confidence in her mistress kept her from moving.

When the cleared space was reached the train slowed down. The mighty fire that had so nearly caught them finding an end

to the forest, slipped down and tried to burn the closely cropped hayfield, burned to the edge of the stream and died down. The woods still burned slowly but the fire's advance was checked.

At the next town where the train stopped the superintendent in a special train met them.

"You certainly deserve a reward, my girl," he told Blair, "and I shall see that you get one."

"No, indeed," replied Blair, fondling Sweetheart's nose, "I've my Sweetheart and she's all I want."

MISS FANNIE E. LORD

By M. C. R.

Miss Lord taught more than ten years in Bangor High school, leaving in 1879 to accept a position in Quincy, Mass. Some years later she returned to Maine and taught in Brewer and in Westbrook. After her retirement from regular teaching she substituted in our High school for three or four years, sometimes teaching many weeks in succession, and again teaching only two or three days at a time. During our stay at Palm St. few were the weeks when she was not on duty one day or another. In all she taught fifty years—a wonderful record.

It was my privilege to know Miss Lord

both as her pupil and her colleague. She always stood for what was best. Her religious faith was deep and strong. She gave of herself gladly and freely in her work. Her scholarship was so broad that she taught language, science, mathematics, history and literature, at a moment's notice, without the slightest hesitation, but her chosen subjects were French and English literature. A woman of noble character, she endeared herself to her pupils. Bangor High school, from which she was graduated and to which she gave so many years of faithful service, honors her memory.



THE R. O. T. C. AS AN INSTRUMENT OF PUBLIC SERVICE

Capt. McCord.

Comparatively few people in the civilian world understand and appreciate the significance of the words Public Service. Few more knowing the meaning of these words ever think of them in conjunction with their everyday life.

Those among us who have been and are now engaged in public service have a sense of responsibility and duty toward our fellow men that is an ever present reminder that we should not only do what we are required to do but just a little bit more—not for any reward particularly do we do this but for the satisfaction of knowing that by helping the whole we are benefiting ourselves who are a part of that whole.

Look to the average male civilian in time of peace if you will. What constitutes his contribution to the public service? He registers to vote when he becomes of age, pays his poll tax, and other taxes, votes, buys thrift stamps, liberty bonds and lets it go at that. He has done all that is required of him. He does not see the connection between himself and the Federal Govern-

ment, the nation itself. He is an individual, the nation is the nation. He is not inspired by the fact that a good deed done by him will benefit not only his community but also himself.

The Reserve Officers' Training Corps is fundamentally and primarily an organization designed for public service. Its ultimate purpose is to produce Reserve Officers—men competent to lead their fellows in performing a duty in the public service in times of national emergencies.

Let us not eclipse the means to the end by seeing in the R. O. T. C. only the final product—the Reserve Officer. There is more to it than that. Answer this question: Who was it that procured subscriptions to the Victory Loan to the amount of \$31,722,750? It was no other organization than the R. O. T. C. If this alone does not stir within you a pride in being a member of one of its units, then you are called upon to bestir yourself, to get into action and put over something original on your own hook.



LOCALS

"There is Nothing New Except What is Forgotten."

School opened September 15 with a larger enrollment than ever before. There are now 1112 scholars attending Bangor High school, including a great many tuition pupils. This is an increase of 32 over the total registration for last year.

The first chapel exercises were held Friday, the 19th, and our band played. On the next Monday, two of the Oracle Board spoke to the school in behalf of our school paper. Carl Meinecke, the editor-in-chief, called attention to the Oracle Box, and asked for contributions to the different departments. Alan Crowell, the business manager, asked for the financial support of the school. Pledges were passed the next day in the home rooms and a large percentage of us signed them.

There are a great many changes in our faculty this year. At the close of school last June, there were the following resignations:

Miss Fannie H. Robinson, who is the head of the Mathematics department, has one year's leave of absence to study at Radcliffe College.

Miss Nellie M. Worth, who taught English, is to marry the Rev. John C. Hatch of Montpelier Seminary, Montpelier, Vermont.

Miss Irene Cousins, one of the History instructors, has left to teach in Malden, Mass.

Miss Alice E. Wormwood, who taught Latin and Greek, is teaching in Malden, Mass.

Miss C. Imogene Wormwood, an English instructor, was married in June to Mr. Everett P. Ingalls of Portland, Maine.

Miss Helen V. Bransfield has accepted a position in a New Haven, Conn., High school. Miss Bransfield's home is in Connecticut.

Miss Emily F. Lee, who was the physical instructor for the girls, is teaching in California.

Mrs. Marion W. Hunt (Mrs. Harrison J. Hunt), who taught Mathematics and History, has resigned.

Miss Gladys G. Reed, who was one of the English instructors, was married to Mr. C. Neil Merrill of Bangor, a former B. H. S. student.

Miss Margaret L. Holyoke, one of the Science teachers, was married to Mr. Harold P. Adams of Portland, Maine.

Mrs. George F. Eaton, who was the instructor of Music is to give her whole time to the grades this year.

Mr. Robert P. Webber, a graduate of Colby College in the class of 1913, is teaching mathematics.

Miss Mary E. Cousins, a graduate of the University of Maine, class of 1914, is teaching History.

We regret the departure of so many of our teachers but extend a welcome to those who are coming to Bangor High for the first time.

Miss Sally E. Dow, who is to teach English, was the principal of Garland High school from 1916-18 and has been teaching in Brewer High. Miss Dow is a graduate of Smith college, 1916.

Mr. Harvey E. Miller, a graduate of Bowdoin College, in the class of 1917, is an instructor of English and Debating.

Miss Mary E. Utecht, who is teaching English, is a graduate of the University of Maine, class of 1918.

Miss Grace M. Hodgdon, who graduated from the University of Maine, class of 1919, is teaching Physiography, and will be Physical Director for the girls.

Miss Frances McCann is teaching Commercial English, and has charge of the School Library. Miss McCann is a graduate of Manhattanville, class of 1917, and of the Conklin Secretarial School, 1918.

Miss Vivian Skinner, a graduate of Colby College, class of 1916, is an instructor in Mathematics.

Miss Pauline Mansur, a former B. H. S. student, and a graduate of University of Maine, is to teach English.

Miss Mary L. Webster has changed from the Mathematics department and is teaching Latin and Greek.

Miss Mary C. Robinson has been appointed Dean of Girls. Bangor High school is the only High school in the state which has a teacher in this position.

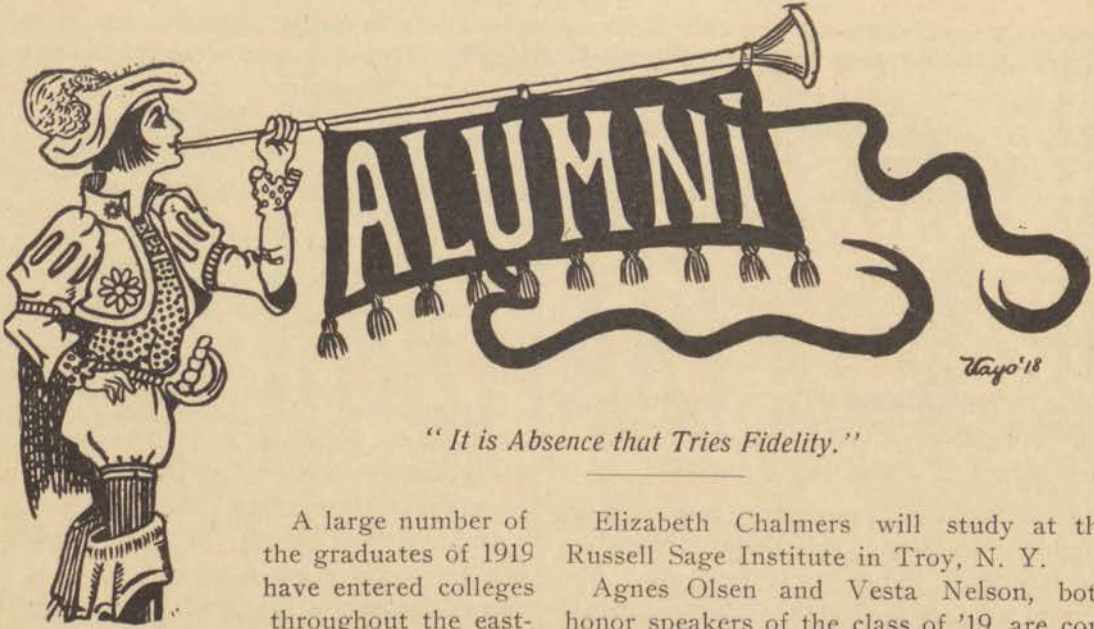
Orchestra rehearsals began the first week of school, under the direction of Mr. Sprague. At chapel Friday morning of the second week of school, the orchestra played for the first time.

Mr. Adelbert Sprague, the director of the Bangor Band, is conducting the School Music.

Miss Frances O. Townsend, who graduated from Wheaton, class of 1918, is a French instructor.

Before the Lewiston game, Mr. Jordan, our football cheer-leader, spoke at an assembly about school spirit and suggested that a whole lot of that spirit be put into the cheering at the game. The football pledges were passed and a great many pupils signed.

In Memoriam
Raymond Roundy
Class of 1921.



"It is Absence that Tries Fidelity."

A large number of the graduates of 1919 have entered colleges throughout the eastern part of the United States.

As usual the University of Maine claims the greater percentage of these students. Among those registered there this year are:

Gladys Staples, Doris Rideout, Margaret Manchester, Alice Heath, Alice Graham, Marion Quinn, Rowena Hersey and Beatrice Davis. The boys: Franz Dolliver, Robert Matthews, Robert Bailey, Frank Washburn, Wilfred Gillin, Appleton Gould, Paul Searles, Crane Morrison, George Smith and Lincoln Patten.

Albert Black, Donald Eames, Frank Peirce and Walter Whitney, all of the class of 1919, have entered Bowdoin.

Geraldine Hallett, Ruth Holden and Marjorie O'Connell are commencing their studies at the New England Conservatory of Music.

Raymond Bolton, having passed a successful summer at the Berkshire Summer School of Art, in connection with Pratt Institute, has entered the Chicago Academy of Arts.

Doris Plaisted is training at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston.

Elizabeth Chalmers will study at the Russell Sage Institute in Troy, N. Y.

Agnes Olsen and Vesta Nelson, both honor speakers of the class of '19, are continuing the study of elocution at higher institutions. Miss Olsen at the American School of Dramatic Art, Miss Nelson at the Emerson College of Oratory.

Miss Charlotte Blanchard is registered at Smith College.

Vincent Smart is '19's representative at Harvard. Mr. Smart gave the parting address at graduation and was major of the cadet battalion during his senior year in Bangor High.

Robert McCann is studying at Georgetown university. Mr. McCann's two older brothers, James, president of the class of '16 and Junior Exhibition Medal winner, and John, also a medal speaker in the class of 1918, are both at Georgetown.

June Fitz and Alice Chase are students at the Gilman Business College of this city.

Esther Kinney is teaching school in Enfield.

Donald Hathorne and Ruth Hunt, both of the class of 1918, were married this spring soon after Mr. Hathorne's return from training camp where he received a second lieutenant's commission.

B. H. S. is fortunate in having among the new members of its faculty several Alumni. They are Miss Frances Townsend, '14, Miss Mary Frances McCann '14, Miss Pauline Mansur '15, and Harvey D. Miller '12.

Harvey Sleeper '11, was recently married to Miss Josephine Vickery of Brewer. Mr. Sleeper has accepted a position in Pittsburg where he will reside.

Guy S. Bachelder, B. H. S. '10, has married Miss Marion White Gleason of Wakefield, Mass.

Paul White, '13, recently pleased a large audience by his complimentary recital in Society Hall. Since his B. H. S. days, Mr. White has achieved an enviable reputation as a violinist and he is at present a first violinist in the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Ysaye, who is his instructor.

Carrie Rowe, B. H. S. '15, has accepted a position as teacher in one of the Bangor rural schools.

Thomas Kane, '16, has resumed his studies at U. of M. after his long absence in the service.

Theodore Robbins, ex-'20, has gone to Chauncey Hall, Boston, while Azel Devoe of the same class, is a student at Manlius Military Academy.

Mona Mayo, an ex-member of the class of '20, has entered Boston university.

Everett Glass has been elected to the staff of Amherst college where he will teach

English literature and dramatic composition. Mr. Glass went overseas with a medical corps from New York and for a few months before sailing for America taught English at the University of Bonne.

Melvin Thomas Copeland, Ph. D., B. H. S. '02, Bowdoin '06, Harvard Graduate School '10, has been appointed to a full professorship in his department at the Harvard Graduate School. Dr. Copeland's career has been a very successful one. Graduating from Harvard Graduate School in 1910 he was soon appointed to the School of Business Administration at Harvard and while serving as a member of the faculty he completed the studies required for five years in four, besides doing special war work at Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. David N. Beach, Jr., B. H. S. '12 and '13, are the recipients of many congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Martha. Mrs. Beach was Marguerite Mills. Mr. Beach served in France with the Y. M. C. A. and has recently been ordained to the ministry.

Simmons Tyler, '18, and Herbert Webb '18, have registered at Bowdoin college. Mr. Webb, formerly Cadet Captain in the B. H. S. company, served several months in the regular army as a corporal, receiving his discharge early last summer.

Lora Blanding, '15, has returned to B. H. S. to teach in the place of Pauline Mansur, also '15, who has resigned. Miss Blanding was a speaker in the only Junior Exhibition ever held in the High School building.



"Worthy Fellows are Apt to Prove Most Sinewy Swordsmen."

Nothing in Bangor High this year is attracting more attention than the military work under Capt. Walter D. McCord. Last spring when the Cadets were taken into the R. O. T. C. there were three companies with a total strength of perhaps 150. It was decided at a meeting of the school-board to make military training compulsory in the two lower classes, so that this year's battalion has assumed quite formidable proportions, there being at present 365 men who are taking the training.

The organization of the unit follows:

Battalion Headquarters

Major, Philip T. Oak.

Capt. and Adjutant, J. G. L. Caulfield.

Supply officers, 1st Lieut. Burrill; 2nd Lieut. Morrison.

Physical Training Officer, 1st Lieut. Nickerson.

Bayonet Instructor, 2nd Lieut. O'Leary.

Signal Officer, 2nd Lieut. Holt.

Sergeant-Major, Crosby Hodgman.

A Company

Capt., Carl W. Meinecke.

1st Lieut., George Grant.

2nd Lieut., James T. McAloon.

B Company

Capt., Phillip Chalmers.

1st Lieut., Gerald Collins.

2nd Lieut., Louis Bennett.

C Company

Capt., Granville Bond.

1st Lieut., Julian Humphrey.

2nd Lieut., Walter Ulmer.

D Company

Capt., H. Eugene MacDonald.

1st Lieut., Theodore Butler.

2nd Lieut., Arthur Stanhope.

E Company

Capt., Leslie Bowler.

1st Lieut., William Rowe.

2nd Lieut., John Vickery.

Each company consists of about 65 men. So far there has been no company organized to take care of those who are unable to drill in the afternoons but it is expected that there will be a night company, if there are enough men who prefer to drill them.

Although requisitions for supplies were in before the close of school last spring all equipment has not arrived as yet.

About 20 boys from Bangor High attended the R. O. T. C. camp held at Devens this summer. Captain McCord was also there in command of one of the five companies which made up the camp. The course lasted six weeks and many subjects were covered—physical training, bayonet work, range practice, minor warfare, signalling, etc. It was really quite a comprehensive course and no one feels that he

could have done better than spend part of his vacation getting a taste of real army life. Everything was done to keep up the morale of the camp—free movies, tennis, swimming, amateur theatricals, and dances. The dances were of the very best. Most of them were gotten up by the Y. W. C. A. and were held in the association hostess-house. Toward the end of the camp a special honor

list was prepared of those who had shown the greatest zeal and aptitude. On this list were the names of three Bangor boys, Vincent Smart, Ralph Thompson and Roger Nickerson.

Next year there will doubtless be another training-camp held and Bangor should be represented by a far larger number of students than this year.

DEBATING

The three divisions of the Senior College English class each held a debate Sept. 30 on the subject, Resolved, That the president of the United States should be elected for a single term and be ineligible to re-election. Mr. Walter J. Creamer, B. H. S. '14, U. of M. '18, acted as judge. Mr. Creamer gave the decision in the first period to the affirmative, commending particularly their knowledge of the subject historically. He commended as speakers Josephine Clough, Mary Copeland, Barbara

Tyler, Dorothy Freese, Constance Day and Carl Morrison.

In the third period the decision went to the negative, Paul Croxford, James Sullivan, Alberta Wakely, Geraldine Brackett, Edward Rosen and Anna Daley being commended.

The decision went again to the negative during the fourth period, Mark Crowley, Philip Oak, Thomas Nelligan, Edna Starrett and especially Mary Largay winning the commendation of the judge.





"Games Lubricate the Body and the Mind."

FOOTBALL

Football should come back to its own this year. The war is over; fighting and training for fighting are at an end, we hope, therefore, what better outlet is there for all the energy which is stored away in the boys than football. You can easily see that there is nothing better than football to satisfy the bloodthirsty youngsters. They have many things in common, war and football.

This should be a big year for Bangor High school's athletics; many men who have been in the service have come back to school, and from this you can judge that we have good material for our teams. Now in order to have a successful year the team must have your support. Your support does not mean the expressing of your idea as to what should be done.

It means that you should buy a season ticket and **be at ALL the games.**

Don't simply buy the ticket and then feel you have done your part, but go to every game and when you get there, make yourself heard. Get with the crowd from Bangor and when the cheer-leader calls for a cheer **YELL YOUR HEAD OFF.** Make all the noise you can, because the fellows out on the field need a little encouragement now and then.

When the team is being pushed back and back, don't sulk. Don't say "Oh, they are

quitters." That is not the time to slam the players; it is the time to get together and make so much noise that the men on the team have to make good.

When the team is winning, it is easy for them to fight, but when things go against them then is the time they look to you for support and if you are a loyal follower of Bangor High School you will make yourself hoarse for a week. No! You won't! Be hoarse only six days, you'll need your voice again the seventh.

The day of the Lewiston game the cheering was terrible! It couldn't be heard at the middle of the field. One end of the line was always ahead of the other or else they were not giving the same cheer, something was wrong anyway. After this, learn your cheers and follow the cheer-leaders. Let us see if there can't be about five times as much volume and spirit at the next game.

On Monday, September 15, fifty men reported to Coach Captain McCord. He explained a few matters, and suits were given out. The next day practice began at Broadway Park.

Many of last year's men are in togs as well as a great many new men. There is a lot of good material and with Coach Captain McCord behind them they will surely "come across with the goods."

On Friday, September 26, the team had its

first practice at Bass Park. The field is now in fair condition and practice will continue there. To be sure the ground is a little harder than Broadway Park but the boys don't care. If you have time turn out for practice and help the boys along with their work.

Bangor High (26) Jordan High (0)

On Saturday, September 27, Bangor High School played its first game. It was a nice warm afternoon and a good sized crowd attended. At three o'clock the whistle blew and Lewiston kicked to Bangor. The ball went into scrimmage and about two minutes after the ball had been kicked, "Teddy" McNeil romped across for the first touchdown of the year. McFadden failed to kick the goal because of the difficult angle. Another kick-off was followed by a few rushes and "Mike" Trainor sailed over the line for another touchdown for Bangor. McFadden kicked the goal. The first half ended with the score Bangor 13, Lewiston 0.

The second half began with Lewiston kicking to Bangor. Scrimmage followed and then McFadden plowed across the line for a third touchdown but failed to kick the goal. Bangor kicked to Lewiston who came back some distance. Bangor took the ball on downs and McFadden got away for a big end run which brought the ball near the goal. MacDonald got across for another touchdown on the next play. Trainor kicked the goal.

Bangor kicked to Lewiston who kept the ball the rest of the period. Game ended with the ball on Bangor's 30-yard line.

Summary:

Bangor	Lewiston
Finnigan (Capt.)...r. e.....	Fairbanks
Baconr. t.....	Goddard
Cratty	
Bullockr. g.....	Jackson
Hersey	
Downing	
Goldsteinc.....	O'Neil
Russell	
Bondl. g.....	M. Keenan
Sullivan	
Maling	
Thompsonl. t.....	C. Keenan
Roganl. e.....	Wiseman
Harrington	
Chalmers	
Trainorq. b.....	Stott
McNeil.....r. h. b..	Kerrigan (Capt.)
MacDonald	
Toole.....l. h. b.....	Berube
Cohen	
McFadden.....f. b.....	Donovan
Carr	
Touchdowns, McNeil, Trainor, McFadden, MacDonald. Goals from touchdowns, McFadden, Trainor. Referee, Pratt of Bowdoin. Umpire, Guthrie of Bangor, Headlinesman, Daley of Maine. Timers, Gillen and Buckley. Linesmen, DeRocher and Short.	

SCHEDULE FOR 1919

Kent's Hill at Bangor, Oct. 4.
 M. C. I. at Pittsfield, Oct. 11.
 Old Town at Bangor, Oct. 13.
 Portland at Portland, Oct. 18.
 Old Town at Old Town, Oct. 25.
 Rockland at Rockland, Nov. 1.
 M. C. I. at Bangor, Nov. 8.
 Portland at Bangor, Nov. 15.
 Westbrook Seminary at Bangor, Nov. 22.



"Criticism is not Construction, it is Observation."

The "Oracle" extends greetings to all its old friends with cordial invitations to call again soon. We would also like very much to have schools not now exchanging with us do so, for by exchanges and friendly criticism one school may do much to help another.

AS WE SEE OTHERS.

The "Record" from Newburyport, Mass., has an unusually long and interesting literary department. The paper is very well balanced throughout.

The "Holton," Danvers High, Danvers, Mass.: A very neat paper. The poems are excellent but would not a few longer stories add to the literary department?

The "Scimiter," Lorrain High School, Lorrain, Mass.: One of the best and most interesting of our Exchanges. Your departments are all well conducted.

The "Olympian," Biddeford High School, Biddeford, Me.: Your Literary department is good but why the advertisements in that section? True, it attracts attention to them but we think it hurts the appearance of the paper.

The "Early Trainer," Lawrence, Mass., has an unusually neat cover design. The whole paper is well arranged and well balanced.

The "Pine Needles," Lincoln, Me.: An excellent paper from beginning to end. The Editorial department, from which we take the liberty to copy the following poem, is especially good:

The Man Who Sticks

The man who sticks has this lesson learned:
Success doesn't come by chance—it's earned
By pounding away; for good, hard knocks
Will make stepping stones of the stumbling
blocks.

He knows in his heart that he cannot fail;
That no ill fortune can make him quail
While his will is strong and his courage high,
For he's always good for another try.

He doesn't expect by a single stride
To jump to the front; he is satisfied
To do every day his level best,
And let the future take care of the rest.
He doesn't believe he's held down by the
boss—

It's work, and not favor, that "gets across,"
So his motto is this: "What another man
Has been able to handle, I surely can."
For the man who sticks has the sense to see
He can make himself what he wants to be,
If he'll off with his coat and pitch right in—
Why, the man who sticks can't help but
win!

The "Stetson Oracle," Randolph, Mass.: A very neat paper. Your jokes are excellent. Come again.

The "Quill," Gardiner, High School, Gardiner, Maine: The Exchange department is very cleverly arranged. Is not the humorous section rather short in comparison with the others?

The "Chronicle," Wallingford, Conn., is very interesting as usual, the literary department especially. Would not a few cuts help your paper, however?

The "Nautilus," Waterville High: You do not seem to consider a Table of Contents important. Your Athletics and Locals are fine. Why not add a few cuts. They would do much to make your paper more ideal.

We are very surprised to find no jokes in the E. L. H. S. Oracle. Don't you think that a humorous section would increase the interest in your paper? All the other departments are very well-balanced and very interesting.

The "Echo" of South Portland, Me., is a very complete and finished paper. The Literary department is unusually long and well-written.

AS OTHERS SEE US

B. H. S. Oracle: Your paper is the prize winner of our exchanges with the exception

of the humorous section, which overbalances the other sections. The "Oracle" is bright, snappy, well-balanced, original and a readable paper in every way. Wouldn't a description of the team and its successes help "Athletics." Glad to see you devote so much space to "Debating." Paper is a credit to the school.—"The Echo," South Portland High.

The Oracle—a well balanced paper. We like your Athletic department especially, but think a few poems would improve your paper.—"The Iris," Clark High.

The Oracle—a wideawake, clean and wholesome magazine. You have good cartoons and cuts. The Literary department contained some well written stories—"Scimiter," Lorrain High.

The Oracle—We like the headings that you have for each of your departments. The whole paper is well done.—"The High School Record," Newburyport, Mass.

Oracle, Bangor High School, Bangor, Me.: Your debating column leads one to believe that Bangor is moulding worthy future citizens. The paper is well arranged.—"The Early Trainer," Lawrence, Mass.

Teacher: "Name the five zones?"

Pupil: "Temperature, intemperate, war postal and O."

Judge: "How big was the stone you threw? Was it as big as my head?"

Prisoner: "Yes, your honor, but not so thick."

Miss W.: "Haven't you prepared your lesson today?"

H—: "Er—no. I recited yesterday."

Teacher: "Writing was done on tablets of stone in Cicero's day."

Student: "Then it must have taken a crowbar to break the news."

"Who can tell me who Joan of Arc was?"
"Please, Sir, Noah's wife."

Mr. F—: "Pay attention, Allegra."

A.: "I've been paying attention all morning, already."

Mr. F—: "Well, pay attention already some more then."



"Even Wit's a Burden When it Talks too Long."

Hints for Freshmen

1. Maps of the school building to aid you in finding your recitation rooms may be had by asking at the office.

2. It should be distinctly understood that the table of sand on the third floor is not for Freshman recreation.

3. If you attend the football games please do not crawl through the holes in the wire fence onto the side lines as it annoys the policeman.

4. Never waste time in a study period. If you have finished your lessons for the day, begin on next week's.

5. Do your best to keep on the key in singing period. Remember, upper classmen are trying to study.

6. Contributions to the "Oracle" Box are gratefully received. This does not mean orange peel and peanut shells, however.

7. Upper classmen will be glad to help you in all the little difficulties that may arise. Tell them "just how it is" and you will surely get appropriate advice.

8. Don't ask Miss H—s if you may open the windows.

9. Be cheerful while you are still young and carefree, and before you know it, you will emerge into the great (?) responsibilities of a Sophomore.

It has been suggested that the "Oracle" Box be lowered about two feet for the convenience of Freshman contributors.

Now I lay me down to rest,
And wait tomorrow's awful test.
If I should die before I wake
I'll have no Chemistry test to take.

From an English paper: "The policemen wish to join a union for their protection."

Freshman (to himself): "Carfare to Old Town 12c, peanuts 5c, theatre tickets 22c, 5c for—"

Senior: "What are you doing—mental arithmetic?"

Freshman: "No, sentimental arithmetic."

Miss L—, '20 (in Spanish): "Without having a piece of bread to quench his thirst."

C. W., '20, thinks it will be necessary for her to wear glasses that magnify as she nearly stepped on a Freshman the other day.

Miss H—, '20 (in French): "He was not a saucer,"

Stranger: "About how many students have you studying at High School now?"

Teacher: "I should say about half."

If You Could Always Say What You Think

When you pull F. in a Geometry exam.

When a Freshman tries to run you down.

When you tell a good joke and someone pipes up, 'I've heard that before.'

When you've overslept for the third time and someone informs you where alarm clocks are sold.

When the woman behind you at the movies tells about her trip to "Noo Yawk."

!!!--*!*?—

Chase '20 (in English): "After he has finished paying his bills he still has some to pay."

Freshman: "I'm trying for the football team."

Sophomore: "Very trying, I should say."

Miss H—, '20 (in Latin): "Can she submerge the fleet in the gangway?"

Paintings Personified

1. "The Age of Innocence."—R. E. H. '20.

2. "The Only Pebble."—M. B. '21.

3. "The Girl He Left Behind."—E. P. '20.

4. "The Eternal Triangle."—D. E. S '22, E. C. U. '22, C. H. F. 22.

5. "A Study in Contentment."—D. G. '20.

6. "Dignity and Impudence."—Senior and a Freshman.

"That's over my head," said the Sophomore, as he rested his eyes on the ceiling.

Mme. B. (in French): "Now, write my name straight, someone even called me 'Bo-Peep,' yesterday."

Freshman Movie Fan (at her first football game): "Oh, I like this. Let's stay and see that part over again where he makes the touchdown."

Goldsmith '20 (in Spanish): "He had to go out and beg for a limousine."

Sophomore: "Do you ever think about me?"

Freshman: "You are always in my mind."

Sophomore: "My, how small you make me feel."

—'20 (in French): "He spoke to the stand byers."

Mme: B—: "Is that what you call people who hang around corners?"

'20: "What do you do the mile in?"

'23: "Muh track suit, of course."

Mme. B. (in French): "What was the name of the song he brought her?"

Goldstein, '20: "The first supper"—(Le Premier Soupir.)

Have you heard of the poor little Freshman, Who started for 308?

'Twas an awful surprise—there were tears in his eyes,

When he found he would surely be late.

Have you heard how that misguided Freshman,

At last reached Room 209?

He thought 'twas his place—there was woe in his face,

But the Senior within thought 'twas fine.

Wanted: C. Woods Wampire Wiggles.

Minister (who has a few boarders): "So you have sunk so low, my boy, as to steal my tools from the cellar! But who is it, from whom you can conceal nothing; who sees everything; before whom I am nothing but a grain of sand?"

Boy (weeping): "Your wife, Sir!"

—Ex.

Advice—That all Freshmen Homerooms be painted green within.

Spanish Influenza

"Powder wery mucho, clothes will smucho! Looks wery blanco, bring bad ranko."

G—ith, in physics—"Mr. V—, is it true that the higher up an aviator goes the more his weight decreases?"

Mr. V—: "Why, yes!"

G—ith: "Well then, I should think if an aviator went up very far he'd turn into a skeleton."

Teacher (before examination): "Are you prepared, Mr. X.?"

Pupil: "Oh yes, for the worst."

—Ex.

Mme. B—: "What did the little bird do when he came in—sit down at the table?"

Miss C—: "Why it didn't say in the book where he sat down."

Two hundred pounds of hard rock salt,

B. H. S. will need this year,

The freshman class is now so large

'Twon't be half enough we fear!

—An Old Salt.

"A freshman green to High School came,

With hayseed in his hair,

A green felt bag he lugged around,

Which made all people stare."

—Ex.

Teacher in English: "This composition would have been all right had you not used so much color in it."

Pupil: "What do you mean by 'so much color'?"

Teacher: "Why only here in the first

paragraph you have the father turning purple with rage, the mother turning white with anxiety, the driver turning blue with cold, and the villain turning green with jealousy."

Popular Book Characters

"Daddy Long-Legs"—C. W. M., '20.

"Penrod and Sam"—G. C., '21, and L. B., '21.

"The Great White Waste"—M. B., '21.

"Seventeen"—H. H., '20.

"Private Peat"—P. O., '20.

"Oh, Mary Be Careful!"—M. L., '20.

"Shavings"—D. B., '21.

"The Champion"—M. F.

"Pigs is Pigs"—Lunchroom Patronizers.

"The Diplomat"—R. N., '21.

"Second Youth"—Most Seniors.

"The Merry Heart."—Bunty, '22.

"Freckles"—L. G., '20.

Miss H— in French: "Bonjour! Monsieur H—. Now what do you say to me?"

Monsieur H—"Repetez!"

Brilliant wit in English: "I stood on the bridge at midnight as the clock was striking two."

Miss U—: "Whatever you do class don't make your stories weak-ended."

Hats off to A. Blanchard, in his new job of teaching the freshmen what loyalty is.

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