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NOVEMBER, 1926

NO. 1

The Oracle Board

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AN EDUCATION

What is an education? We think that an education is not mere book learning. Of what use is knowledge unless you are able to apply it? The man who is well educated is the one who gets the most out of school life. Confining oneself to any one branch of study is not getting an education. An education in our opinion means an all round development in mind and body. It is hard to get but once captured it is priceless.

Athletics and studies go hand in hand in getting an education. With much satisfaction we view some hard-won lines of translation or the solving of some intricate problem in mathematics. It is the same way with sports except that in winning some contest where physical exertion is required we are heated to a higher pitch of enthusiasm. We would never give up.

The man who combines these two things is getting an education. Few can excel in both studies and athletics but a good student can at least have a working knowledge of every game and the athlete can do his best in studies. A combination produces the education. The fellow with a great mind and no development physically is in no better case than the athlete who is not of great intellect.

You of the class of 1930 have just entered high school. You have four years ahead of you. The scholars among you should at least take some interest in athletics and the athletes

should do their best in their studies. You owe it to your parents and yourselves to grasp and make use of your opportunities. A man who takes no interest in either studies or sports is a pretty poor sort. If you cannot excel in both strive to reach some happy medium and learn something of each.

OUR SCHOOL

Every little while some one says Bangor High is not a first class school. When such a person makes this remark he shows two things: first that he doesn't know what he's talking about; second that he is of decidedly inferior mentality. He doesn't know anything about the school and yet he finds the opportunity to make a malicious remark and does so. Ignorance of the true state of things does not excuse anyone for running down the school.

Bangor High is a first class school in every way. We send more students to college than any other school in the state. And not only that but our graduates are winning honors for the school. The other day our principal displayed a chart in assembly. On the chart were the figures in percentage form showing how Bangor High's graduates of '25 in college compared with the graduates of '25 in college of all other high schools in Maine. This comparison was in regard to scholarship. Bangor High had a much higher average than any other school. Also her number of failures

was lower. This point is of significance inasmuch as the school with the largest number of graduates in college usually has the largest number of failures. Furthermore there are many of our graduates in out-of-state colleges who are winning honors in scholarship and debate. This is sufficient proof that Bangor High stock is rising instead of falling or at least makes a favorable showing as compared with that of past years.

Remarks, too, have been made concerning the football team. People run down the team, not taking into consideration the fact that we started in the season with a squad that was green and inexperienced. Different combinations had to be tried out until a winning one was found. The last few weeks have demonstrated that it has been found and that our team had the ability to win but lacked experience. In producing this winning team the coach has done the almost impossible. Experienced linemen are vital to a football team and this year's line was entirely new.

On Armistice Day, Bangor High played against a team that was favored to win by long odds. The team was every bit as good as it was claimed to be but Bangor was better.

If the people who make these disparaging remarks have a remote idea of what football is, they must understand that a green team cannot win every game it plays. Doubtless since the Armistice Day game the remarks have been reduced to a minus quantity for no one can deny that Bangor High then played

one of the greatest games in the history of the school. Who can say what the team would have done had it started in at the first of the season in the form it is playing now?

Next year with half a dozen or more regulars we are bound to be more successful at the start. We still have basketball, track and perhaps baseball ahead of us. We are in far better shape to make teams in these branches than we were in football, yet our football team improved remarkably during the season. The basketball team of 1925-6 improved in much the same manner. They started as the underdog in the Maine Tourney and then brought home the proverbial bacon.

After the gentle reader has read the foregoing we hope he will not jump to the conclusion that we believe the winning of games is the sole criterion of success at football. Quite the most noteworthy thing about this season's squad is that they have worked in practice with almost unprecedented faithfulness and the measure of success which has in due course come to them is a demonstration that the reward comes to him who seeks for it. Likewise the measure of success that has attended graduates of Bangor High demonstrates, too, that the school has something to offer to those who can make use of it.

After making such high marks in scholarship and after steadily improving in Athletics this year who can say that Bangor High is not a first class school?



The Lone Skipper

By Rosamond Taylor, '27

In every summer colony, or small village frequented by summer visitors, one may find some person who is spoken of as a "character." Very often one finds this "character" idolized by the people as a type which is not very often found in these days of conventionality, and which for some reason delights their imagination.

In a tiny village on Penobscot bay such a character is to be found. In this instance it is an old sea captain, well past seventy, who is an ideal hero of old-time romance. He is tall, broad shouldered, with snow-white hair, a rosy complexion and the keenest pair of twinkling eyes ever seen. He is the picture of health and happiness and every thing about him breathes of the sea.

The Captain is a great talker and tells the most wonderful stories imaginable, about the sea, sailors, mutinies on shipboard, and pirates. With an interested audience around him he will talk for hours without stopping. These stories are rendered all the more amusing because of the fact that he stutters. He will sometimes talk for two or three minutes without a hitch but suddenly something seems to go wrong and he will begin to stutter. It sometimes seems impossible for him to get beyond the first syllable of a word and he will stick there for nearly a minute, his eyes never leaving his listener's faces, so that it is impossible for them to laugh without his knowing it.

Another of the Captain's peculiarities is the manner in which he sails his three-masted schooner. He never carries any help with him and no companion except a cat. He carries lumber from the mill in the little village, to Boston and other ports, managing his schooner in a way which has often been wondered at, for it seems nearly impossible that one man could do it alone.

When the Captain's ship is being loaded he comes ashore,—goes to the village barber for a shave and a hair cut, and to learn all the latest news; and then, donning his best clothes, he starts out for the nearest dance. In the summer, he will appear at the dance looking very natty in white linen pants, a white sport shirt with red, white and blue stripes about half an inch wide and a huge, blue tie of soft silk covered with white anchors. He looks carefully around the room, picks out the prettiest girl and the best dancer and starts the dance, of course he dances nothing but the old fashioned *contras* and *quadrilles* but he is always in the midst of one of these and is usually the best dancer in the set. He never tires of dancing, and I, myself, heard him say one spring that he had not had a very good winter. "You see," he said, "as the snow was so deep and I had a lame knee, I was able to get to only about three dances a week."

During the worst of the winter and the time

that he does not stay on shipboard, the Captain lives with his cat in an old farm house, in the woods back of the village. On cold winter nights when all the men of the village gather around the stove in the village store, to talk over everything,—from their own experiences to the question of who the next president will be, the Captain is always one of the central figures. One of his chief topics at these meetings is the "liquor question." He has always talked strongly against drinking and says that he has never tasted tea, coffee, or liquor of any kind. This can easily be believed because of his perfect physical condition.

The old sailor's cat is an ordinary-looking one with a very long tail. The Captain doesn't believe in bobtailed cats. One day while he was talking with a group of young people a bob-tailed cat appeared suddenly. The Captain broke off in the middle of a sentence and said with many stutters: "There's a cat that's lost its steering gear. I wouldn't have one of those for anything! There's nothing to catch them by."

The Captain's cat is a great companion for him for it never tells secrets and people say that the Captain has some real secrets in his life which account for his solitary way of living.



The Old Meeting-House

By Peter, '27

Atop a small steep hill by the side of the highway, the old meeting-house stands. The highway, with its bustle of traffic and business, is almost a typification of the clash and clatter of modern every-day life. Yet,—by ascending a steep, grass-grown road to the top of the meeting-house hill, one may transfer himself to the past,—to the old colonial times of our country.

Plain, quaint, and regular in its architecture, the old church is simple in every detail. However, at the fall of the year, with the trees clustering protectingly before it, the old burial-ground lying reminiscently on the slope beyond, and with the glorious foliage glowing from across the valley, the plain old church is peculiarly appealing. To one who is well learned in the stories and history associated with it, the aged and weather-beaten church is unusually beautiful;—beautiful in the memory of the hard struggle of the early villagers to obtain a living for their sturdy families;—beautiful in the thought that each one of the band of pioneers in the vicinity, gave willingly of his time, labor and money to build this, the

emblem of civic pride and of the feeling among the members of the village of indebtedness to God for his guidance.

The interior, as the interior of a church, is quite surprising to anyone who is accustomed to elongated houses of worship, with their seats arranged in rows facing the end of the building, where the pulpit is situated. Here, however, in this old colonial church the ground floor consists of twenty-four pews arranged about the walls, and of two groups of six pews each, in the center of the house. These pews are all of the high-backed, square, "fenced-in" style with a gate to each one, swinging out into the aisle. A seat runs along three sides of each pew;—the seat on one side of some pews being located in such a way that the occupants thereof must needs have rudely turned their backs on the venerable pastor. The gallery contains twenty-four more box-pews surrounding the outer walls, while, in front of these, are three rows of straight backed benches, descending a steeply inclined floor. The pulpit, not very dissimilar to those of present-day churches, although bigger and of

heavier timbers than those of today, is reached by a winding stair; and overhead is the old sounding board which was constructed so as to catch whatever sounds of the pastor's voice strayed in that direction, and to relay them to the gathering below. Directly in front of the pulpit is a narrow box-pew reserved especially for the tithing-man, deacons, and other church officers. The church can easily hold an audience numbering well towards a thousand.

Before the church, and to each side, are stretches of ground which, on midsummer Sabbath noons of well over a century ago, were often covered, in all probability, with groups of pioneer families of the neighborhood, enjoying their Sunday "picnic" dinners, between sessions of the all day church services. In these groups were no rollickings and whoopings, as might be the case if youths of present times were substituted for the sturdy farmer's sons of that day. Here was a solemn and inbred reverence for the day, and no unseemly or boisterous antics were to be seen.

Behind the old meeting-house is the burial

ground in which are interred many of the prominent citizens of the early times of the town. The graves are marked, for the greater part, by old fashioned slate stones; cut into shapes, and decorated with quaint designs and epitaphs, such as are rarely found in present-day cemeteries. Some of these epitaphs are extremely interesting and amusing, giving quite an insight into the personal lives and particulars of the persons in whose honor they are written. One even states that the subject of the inscription had thirteen children, one hundred and thirty-four grand-children, and one hundred and seventy-six great great grand-children living at his death, which occurred in the ninety-sixth year of his age. Other such inscriptions, typical of colonial cemeteries, are to be found in all parts of the burial-ground behind the old meeting-house.

By passing down the grass-grown road on the other side of the meeting-house hill, one finds himself again on the highway of modern, bustling life, but refreshed in mind and spirit by a delightful vision into the lives of the rigid, pious pioneers of old colonial times.



Repairing the Auto

By Leslie Whitcomb, '27

To see a fine automobile whizzing along the highway on a hot summer day arouses your envy and you usually wish you owned one.

But,—after three or four years, behold the same auto: a thing with four wheels; four tires; a dirty, grimy body; bent mud guards; a disreputable top; and, underneath all this, two human legs protruding out from beneath the contraption; also mutterings,—loud bangs from a hammer meeting steel. This wire is loose, that nut needs tightening and—what isn't the matter with it?

The owner finally crawls out from underneath and surveys his tub. He loves this mechanical donkey,—you are sure, because

he is smiling so sweetly and calling it such nice friendly names. He slams the hammer down on the floor of the garage with a loud bang,—another token of love. He opens the hood and peeps into the engine,—not a sound. How nice and quiet! But somehow its muteness doesn't seem to please the happy owner. He then gets into the driver's seat and steps on that little knob that sometimes starts the engine,—but not now.

With a face black as a thundercloud, he jumps out and grabs a thing from the floor known as a crank. This he takes around front and inserts in a hole at the foot of the radiator. He turns it around and around until his face

is as red as the garden vegetable, beet; and until he is sweating freely. He stops. He goes to the side of the car and sits on the running-board, his head in his hands. Finally he gets up, grim determination written on his face, and he crawls under the monster from whence he first appeared.

A half-hour later, the same person crawls from under the car and stands up, surveying his possession with anger and scorn. Then, with a remark not wholly pleasing, he stalks stolidly out of the garage and into the house, letting the machine know that he is through with it. Such is the joy of owning an auto.



A Noble Foreigner

By W. Danforth Hayes, '27

In 1833 in a small house in Stockholm, Sweden, there was born to an honest Swedish mechanic and inventor, a son, Alfred. When conditions in the native land became unfavorable for the father's work about ten years after his son's birth, the man left Sweden and settled in St. Petersburg, the capital of Russia, where he built a laboratory for the further pursuit of his chemical experiments. The child, Alfred, was brought up in this atmosphere of machinery and chemistry, and naturally, was early interested in all forms of mechanics, showing, even early in his boyhood, promises of becoming an inventive genius.

At that time, the foremost man in the circle of world mechanics was John Ericsson, a Swedish-American, who had immigrated to the United States in 1839 and had perfected, in the employ of the government, experiments which had already won for him world fame. When the boy Alfred was yet in his 'teens, his father sent him to America to study with John Ericsson, thirty years his senior. After but a few months, Alfred became more than an apprentice to Ericsson; through his remarkable inventive talent, he became Ericsson's helper and valued colleague. Ericsson once said to him, "There is no height you cannot reach; you will go far beyond me." Alfred's education was not wholly devoted to mechanics and chemistry and soon he spoke fluent Russian, German, English and French, in addition to his native tongue.

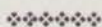
After about twelve years of work with Ericsson, Alfred returned to his father's home in St. Petersburg, where he became a partner in his father's business. He then turned his interest to chemistry,—chiefly high explosives. In 1862, in conjunction with his father, he discovered the formula for nitro-glycerine. While working in the consequent nitro-glycerine plant, Alfred came upon the way to make dynamite.

Thereupon, the father and son returned to Swedish soil, where conditions were now better for their work, and established a manufacturing plant in Helsingborg. Soon afterward, Alfred's father was injured and blinded by an explosion,—just at the peak of two years of most successful work and experiment. However, though in danger of like injury to himself, Alfred determined to carry on. Because of the extreme danger of such experimenting as his, he tried his experiments on a barge anchored in a lake near Stockholm. By this time, he was considered the chemical wizard of the world. He had complete control of the formulas for two powerful explosives; a second plant was erected in Sweden, several in Germany, one in California, and another in Scotland.

Thus, Alfred became a wealthy and respected man. In the late eighties, he married Bertha von Suttner, daughter of an Austrian general. Their honey-moon was spent in the Caucasus, in the country of Georgia. During

the Turco-Russian wars, his wife wrote a little book into which, she poured the deep feeling of her heart in regard to the awful devastations of war. The sentiments of the book, which was called "Lay Down Your Arms," touched Alfred deeply. Because of that little book about peace, the Swedish genius, whose full

name was Alfred Bernhard Nobel, asked that his fortune,—totalling at the end of his life nine million dollars, be distributed in posterity for the promotion of the interests of world peace. Thus began the great series of Nobel Peace Prizes.



Dickens as a Writer

By Lawrence A. Mann

When I find a writer whose works appeal to me, I am ever ready to shout his praises. That is the way I feel about Charles Dickens. I can remember when I was quite young, that if I heard the name of Dickens mentioned, I had a feeling that he was a great man whom I should be glad to know about later. I remember having heard someone speak of the Christmas cheer in "A Christmas Carol" and how my imagination was stirred—for I have always loved the Christmas Season.

We know that Dickens is read and has been read by all classes of people. Now, just what is there in his writings that has made them so popular? It is an individual style, which belongs to him alone. There is in his works a delightful, little exaggeration which ever adds humor to the story. But a better reason is because his characters and the things they do are so true to life, so natural, so human. In fact, some of the incidents are so common that other writers never thought of them, or if they did, they dared not use them.

It is said that in Dickens, one finds many dull pages and sometimes whole chapters of an uninteresting nature. Alas, that is but the truth. However, let me tell you why this is so. The works of Dickens appeared in magazine form, being printed every month by a large publishing house. Therefore, each installment had to contain just so many pages. So, often, when Dickens finished what he had to say, it would be found not long enough.

Then he would have to go back and try to finish it by adding parts here and there. Once, in the Spring of his career, he had completed an installment chock-full of inspiration. But it was found to be too long, and, to keep within bounds, Dickens had to go back over it and take out, perhaps, some of his best thoughts! Indeed, writing for a magazine like that cannot be too heartily deplored. George Gissing in his "Studies of Dickens," remarks about how different the books of Dickens would have been had the author been allowed to make them the length he wished.

But the good in Dickens outweighs the bad. Who can forget the brightness and vivacity of the "Pickwick Papers"? Who of us is not better for the cheeriness of "A Christmas Carol"? I can see Scrooge's clerk trudging off to Somers Town; I can see Tiny Tim, on his father's back; I can see the Christmas dinner of the Cratchit family.

The first book I read by Dickens was "The Old Curiosity Shop." I was quite young then, but the story was so pleasing, and, in some parts, so amusing, that I enjoyed it all the way through. I shall never forget the impression it made on me. On the Sunday afternoon that I finished it, I was in a kind of a daze. It was about a half-hour later when I came back to earth.

Here is an example of how people followed closely any story of Dickens. In "The Old Curiosity Shop" there occurs a very sad event,

that of the death of Little Nell. Do you know that, when the installment of the story appeared in which Little Nell's health seemed to be declining, Dickens received hundreds of letters asking him to spare her life! But he had other plans for his story, and so the death of Little Nell occurred. It is said that Dickens himself wept at her death. Often, also, he would lean back in his chair and laugh heartily at something he had just written. He certainly enjoyed his writing.

One can find every human emotion represented in Dickens. How tragic it is in "A Tale of Two Cities" when Sidney Carton sacrifices himself on the altar of friendship. Who of us can forget the wickedness of the villains, Daniel Quilp and Bob Fagin? Who does not love Little Dorrit, Oliver Twist, and David Copperfield. How interested we are in the gaiety of Dick Swiveller.

Dickens caused a great many reforms by his writings. After he had written about some red-tape in the government offices, perhaps,—take for example the account of the Circumlocution office in "Little Dorrit"—people would say that they had not thought of it in just that way before.

It may be that one of the reasons why Dick-

ens could write about the experiences of the poor so well, was because he himself suffered so many hardships in his own life.



Good Enough

By Katherine Giddings, '28

My friends, beware of "good enough,"
It isn't made of sterling stuff;
It's a thing that any man can do,
It divides the many from the few;
Its name is nothing but a bluff,
For it is never "good enough."

With "good enough" have ships been wrecked,
The onward march of armies checked,
Buildings burned and fortunes lost;
Disasters of an unknown cost.
Who stays at "good enough" shall find
Success has left him far behind.

There is no "good enough" that's short
Of what you can do or ought.
My friends, remember and be wise,
In "good enough" disaster lies.
For this is true of men and stuff—
Only the best is "good enough."



Friendship

By Katherine Flynn, '27

Friendship is not a frail thing, to be used once or twice and then cast carelessly aside. Rather it is something which takes time in the building and strengthening, and something which time cannot destroy. It is to be nurtured and cared for, not used carelessly and roughly.

Friendship should not mean familiarity; for, it is said "familiarity breeds contempt;" and contempt is not friendship. Neither should friendship be used as a cloak to cover up and smooth over our real thoughts and feelings toward a person.

Some people regard friendship lightly as a matter of course, and each acquaintance is called a "friend." Others make the term friend mean a person who may have helped them over a difficulty without inconveniencing himself in the least. A true friend, however, is one who is ready to help even at the expense of his own desires and pleasures. He is ready to deny himself to give to others.

One cannot be too careful in choosing one's friends, for early friendships really mould one's life to a certain extent. We are, as a rule, greatly influenced by friendships, and

therefore, it is wise to choose the right kind of friend who will have the right kind of influence.

The friend whom we feel free to call upon and who we know will call upon us in time of need, is, after all, the true friend.



High-Bush Blueberries

By Peter, '27

When my last chore was done and the radiator of the puddle-jumper filled, we set out, on one glorious day in August, for the mountain over behind Marlow, where we knew we could pick our yearly supply of blueberries. The berries we wanted were not the kind that grow on the ground—we were aiming to get some of the sort which grow on bushes so large that they seem more like trees. These are "high-bush berries," and they can be picked more readily and grow less scattering than the "low-bush berries."

Many times in my young life had I longed to climb a real mountain, and find out what the lower areas looked like from above. Here I was, on this beautiful windy day, on a mountain at last! True—it was not a large or notable mountain and perhaps might have served as merely a lowly footstool for any lofty snow-capped peak such as Hood or Rainier, but to me, who could not remember ever being at such a height before, the experience of that day was wonderful.

The blueberries proved to be as large and as plentiful as reports had stated. From the time we first reached the top of the mountain and began picking berries, until we gathered at noon on a stone-wall to eat our lunch, we had picked, the four in our party, at least eighteen quarts and plenty more were still on the bushes round about,—waiting, as it seemed, to be gathered into our pails.

The stone-wall on which we were perched appeasing our greatly stimulated appetites, was on the edge of the flat top of the mountain. To one side were myriad hummocks and hills,—here a swamp,—there a hill with a solitary pine flinging out its challenge to the winds;—but all level on the average as most

blueberry pastures are. But, on the other side of the wall! Few groups of blueberry-pickers have ever been blessed with such a glorious vista as presented itself here. The side of the mountain stretched on and on—ever downward, with a fence, a group of evergreen, a weather-beaten barn to break the monotony. At the foot, a small town nestled beside a shining lake. Beyond that, hill and dale ever reached lower and lower, until they seemed to drop off in a deep green line. This line marked the banks of the Connecticut,—that broad silvery stream which has rendered miles upon miles of valley land fertile and prosperous for the New England farmer. On the farther shore rose a long low range of hills, above which rose another, and yet another range—each more vague and indistinct than the one before it; until the last and highest tier of hills was but a faint, elusive, grey blue against the turquoise-blue sky. It was a view to inspire awe in anyone and, for my part, my lunch was eaten in a rather absent minded manner, for my entire attention was riveted upon the everchanging yet timeless scene which stretched out below and before me mile upon mile. Now and again, a long black finger would curl itself around one of the numerous hills below me. I would not call it a train; but something more picturesque.

After lunch was over, we resumed our picking, and, when we decided to call it a day, we found that we had prospered to such an extent that we had picked, in all, about forty-five quarts of the finest blueberries imaginable. Perhaps, it was because they grew in such a lofty place—so near to heaven, that they were so cerulean—and delicious.

A Formal Treatise on the Habits and Customs of the Species "Cribber"

By John Bell, '28

A few evenings ago, while perusing the encyclopaedia, I chanced to discover, among the C's, —intersticed between "cria" and "crie" to be more exact,—a short, discursive paragraph concerning the modes of living of the species "Cribber." Although I, Algernon Augustus Philpotts, of Inkville, Nebraska, do not seek to bask in the public eye, nevertheless I feel it my solemn duty to correct divers, serious errors, contained within said encyclopaedia; and to stem if possible, the rushing flood of misleading information, which the aforementioned glaring mistakes, as laid forth on page 10,926 of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and bound to impress upon the mind of the public. Therefore, I feel it a special obligation, devolving upon my shoulders, to correct the said erroneous statements, because of the intimate knowledge of the species "Cribber," which I acquired during my sojourn as an instructor in that wonderful haven of cultural learning, Bangor High School. In the following paragraphs, I will endeavor, to the best of my ability, to implant upon the public mind a truthful collaboration of my observations of this species as received from daily contact with its members.

The Cribber is a peculiar animal, which abounds in that section of Maine known as Penobscot County, especially in the vicinity of the metropolis of Bangor. The majority of these animals inhabit that part of Bangor generally known as the High School, where they are to be found in large numbers. In size and shape, the cribber has no general classification, but the habits of the members of the species, in general, are very similar.

These are particularly noticeable at various times in the year, especially in the ninth week of the quarter, when the various tests are

given, although they are in evidence also at other times in the year, excepting the summer school vacations when they spread to the various resorts, in the woods, at the ocean, etc.

The habits of the cribber are very hard to discover, due to the deftness of his movements. A close study reveals that the cribber's main thought in life is to get by in his studies without any work by himself. He is a skilled master in the art of flipping over the pages of his school books without being detected by his teachers. He usually receives very good rank on his tests due to his proficiency in this art and due also to various contrivances for the purpose of helping himself in his tests, such as papers, concealed in various, hidden places on his books, whence he can copy the answers to the various test questions, without being put to the bother of remembering them. In translations, also, of the various classics, especially those in Latin, the cribber is very quick in improvising means of writing the meanings of the various words in English, or in compositions near the Latin words.

The cribber is usually a very affable talker being similar, in this respect, to the species "Cribber," and he manages, under the pretense of conversation, to "stall against time," and thus to shorten the recitation period. He is much given over to slang, outside his classes, and he spends most of his leisure time in dancing, or in other foolish pleasures, such as movies; usually he is of a very flippant nature.

Such are my impressions of the cribber, as received from actual observation, and I sincerely hope that this treatise will correct the many afore-mentioned errors, and instill, in the public, a true understanding of the moods and habits of the species "Cribber."

The Haunted House

By Dorothy Somers

Everyone said that the house was haunted although to be sure, the building did not have that appearance. From the outside it looked very fine. It was a large stately mansion, having an extensive lawn with trees planted thickly upon it. Woods were on one side of the house and a swamp at the back.

Although this house was so good in appearance, it had not been occupied for over five years. Not that the house had anything to do with it, but the ghostly noises that came from the building and the white shapes that flitted about among the trees drove away tenants.

As I have said, no one had stayed in the house for a long time or even asked to do so and consequently it was with great astonishment that Mr. Milton, the owner of the mansion, received a visit from two strangers who asked him if they could spend the night in the mansion that seemed unoccupied at the edge of the woods.

"But don't you know that the house is haunted?" asked the surprised gentleman.

"The house is haunted?" exclaimed Pabst and turning to his companion, he said, "This is more than we hoped for, eh, Rory? Then Pabst turned back to Mr. Milton and said, "I didn't know the house was haunted but I should like to spend the night there and if you will kindly tell me the price for one night's lodging, I'll pay you and then adjourn."

"I warn you, gentlemen, that I wouldn't take any risk and I know what I'm talking about for I was going to spend the night in that same house. I stayed exactly two hours and was lucky to escape with my life. However if I can't dissuade you, try it. Never mind the price because if you aren't able to stay no price would be due and if you do stay all night it will help to restore the reputation of the place."

The two companions thanked Mr. Milton and went out.

"Well, it appears that we are going to have an exciting time of it tonight if what Mr. Milton has just said, is true," remarked Pabst.

"I can see no reason why he should try to mislead us. We must arm ourselves well. We'll have time now to buy some arms and then get to the mansion before dark."

So Pabst and Rory went to a store and bought two revolvers, a dirk apiece, they also found some Indian war clubs that they thought might come in handy. Then as they didn't want to stop to eat supper as it was getting dark, they bought some supplies which they carried with them to eat after they got to the house. They had not reckoned on the long distance that had to be walked so it was nearly dark when they arrived. The house showing up through the twilight looked grim and forbidding, and as the travelers neared the mansion a thick mist settled down and a heavy wind began to moan and howl, with awful silences between.

Pabst and Rory felt chills beginning to creep down their spines although, of course, neither would admit it. They went up the long winding walk and opened the front door of the mansion which was unlocked as there was little danger of people going into a house haunted by ghosts.

After a great deal of searching in the dark hallway, Rory found the button to turn the light on, which he pressed with great haste as it wasn't the most pleasant feeling in the world to be in a house full of ghostly beings and in the dark. They found themselves in a long hallway at the end of which was a winding staircase. Four doors opened off the hallway and Pabst opened the first one they came to. It happened to be the library. It was a spacious room and richly furnished. Pabst and

Rory explored the other rooms on the ground floor but they were all larger than the library and the smaller the room the less chance of ghosts entering it, they reasoned, so back they went and seated themselves and began to talk on the supposed behavior of ghosts.

Now an odd thing about this room was that while all the other rooms in the house were lighted by electricity, this one was lighted by the candles in two candelabras.

While Rory and Pabst were still talking on the subject of ghosts the room began to darken. First one candle and then the next, then a third and a fourth and a fifth were magically extinguished. Soon all the candles in one of the candelabra were put out. The room was in semi-darkness. Pabst sprang up and dashed over to the second candelabra to defend it from also being put out. However no attempt was made to extinguish these lights on the part of the invisible visitor.

A deep silence ensued. Suddenly through the empty house a scream was heard which died away in a moan. The awful silence settled down again, broken only by the wailing of the wind outside.

Drawn by an irresistible power, Pabst raised his eyes upward and to his horror saw an extremely long orange colored claw descending from the ceiling directly over Rory's head. Pabst, spellbound, watched the menacing claw come slowly down, down, down. Bringing himself to by a superhuman effort, he shouted weakly, "Rory, for heaven's sake man." His companion, divining from the other's face that something horrible was going to happen, moved and moved quickly. The claw closed on his cap, which Rory had not removed as the room was cold. Then it drew itself up to the ceiling with Rory's cap closely clenched, and disappeared. Rory turned to Pabst, "That was a close call, old chap and I—"

A second moan broke in upon his speech, and without further warning the library door swung slowly and a misty blue shape slowly advanced toward the two companions until

it stood directly before Rory, then it stopped. It gazed steadily at Rory out of its blazing green eyes. Rory's lips began to move without making a sound, then the apparition slowly and quietly, but very convincingly dissolved into thin air, and the spell over Rory was gone. Five minutes passed without their seeing or hearing anything further, when—"Rory, there it is again!"

Sure enough, it was directly behind them. The shape, perceiving that it was discovered, glided to the door beckoning to Pabst and Rory to follow. They did so without thinking. They were conducted to the door leading to the outdoors. The ghost did not stop them but it glided down a walk after making sure that it was being followed.

"Keep a sharp lookout. This ghost may not be friendly," Pabst whispered to Rory.

All at once the shape began to glide into the field. "Go slow, Rory, we don't know the ground here. What is that just ahead? It looks queer." However, Rory paid no attention to Pabst, he seemed like a person with no mind but one and that was to follow the apparition. Pabst grabbed at Rory and succeeded in getting a good grip on him. Rory fought him trying to break away. However Pabst was the stronger of the two, therefore he was able to hold Rory.

"Heavens! What was that?" To his startled and straining ears, the noise seemed like a gun being fired. It was caused by a big tree which had snapped in the wind. The tree fell about five feet from Rory and Pabst. Pabst gazed at it fascinated. The tree was disappearing! The field that Pabst and Rory were standing in was right on the edge of a swamp and this swamp was slowly but surely sucking down the tree. If either man had set a foot in the swamp, there would have been no hope for them. The ghost was in the swamp still beckoning but Pabst, over whom the ghost seemed to have no power, took Rory back to the house by main force and made him sit down in the library.

Once away from the ghost, Rory was him-

self again. Pabst, seeing that, told him all that had happened, as Rory had no remembrance of anything after he had passed through the door of the mansion.

Rory and Pabst were now determined to find out what it was that was causing the danger which hung over them while they stayed in that house.

"Rory, we have looked in all the rooms on this floor and found nothing suspicious so let's go up on the next floor."

Rory agreed and the two, armed with the weapons which they had bought in the village, went stealthily down the hall to the circular stair-case. However, quiet as they were, they disturbed the inmates, and a wailing and moaning arose on the still night air that was horrible to hear. Rory and Pabst crept up the stairs regardless of the noise. Suddenly the noise ceased and all was silent.

Pabst stopped near the top of the stairs and whispered, "Someone or something is planning to do some thing now. Be on the watch for—." This last sentence was not finished for Pabst and Rory had thrown themselves simultaneously on the floor, while a missile sailed across their bodies above them. It was a lead ball which had been dipped in poison. If it had touched the flesh of either man, death would have been theirs.

"Now, at least, we know that our assailants are human. That last attack of theirs was very clumsy but if we don't do something quick, they'll do something quick to us so when I count three, charge that middle door."

"One, two, three," and the two leaped up from the floor and dashed with all their might against the door. It gave in with a crash and Rory and Pabst, with a revolver in each hand, plunged into the room.

"Hands up, " snapped Pabst.

"Ah-ha" exclaimed Rory, "We know who our ghosts are now. Why if it isn't old Slim Charlie. How did you escape from Singing? And Jim Carlyle, you here? And—say, what is this an escaped criminal's quarters?"

Pabst said, "Rory, this is no time for reminiscences now, you go over and take their weapons from them and then take that rope hanging upon the wall and tie them up securely, then rope them together."

"Now, you, " said Pabst to the criminal, "the first one that moves, I'll shoot first and then empty the rest of the bullets into the remainder of the crew."

As none of the men wished to be shot they remained sullen and defiant but motionless while Rory roped them.

"Now march! single file through that door," ordered Pabst, "Rory, you go at the head and I'll go behind."

The criminals were marched out of the house and down the front walk in this manner. Neither Rory nor Pabst were sorry to have their last look at the mansion.

"Now don't try anything funny, " warned Pabst, seeing one of the criminals working his hands. The man immediately desisted. Rory went back to look at his hands. The ropes which bound them were nearly unknotted so he tied them up again.

The jailor was very indignant at being aroused from his bed at four o'clock in the morning, but when he saw who it was that had been captured, his anger vanished. All of the men except three were wanted for murder or assault and the other three were wanted for robbery.

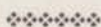
This is the end of "The Haunted House" for with the ghosts away, the house was just what an ordinary house should be.

Our Umbrella Man

Helen Cahill, '28

Umbrellas to mend! Umbrellas to mend!
A little old man—our rainy day friend—
With patches and wire, and needle and glue,—
Will make our umbrellas useful and new.

Umbrellas to sell! Umbrellas to sell!
He carried a number of new ones as well,
That he himself made, and he has some new
canes
Which he carries with him
Each day that it rains.



Rivers

Gertrude E. Ebbeson, '27

Rivers are odd things. Many times they begin from what seems to be almost nothing; just a mere pool of water. Who would think by looking at that pool, that it would sometime be a great river?

At first there is no beauty in the little stream. As it grows larger by the addition of smaller streams along its way, loveliness appears. The trees, flowers, and grass along the banks; the reflections of white, fleecy clouds in the blue water; a bright sparkle now and then, as a ray of sunshine manages to reach some brightly colored fish, adds a beauty that one loves to see. Sometimes wonderfully feathered birds are found on the water, adding a touch that only birds can give.

Then the river reaches the city and most of the beauty is lost. Ugly buildings and wharfs border the banks. Drab boats sail on its surface. Nevertheless some beauty is brought to the poor city-dwellers who are unable to leave the terrific heat of the city, for the cooler weather of the country.

Then the river passes onward, taking with it many stories of joys and sorrows which

will never be known. After a while the river comes, perchance, to a larger river, and, joining itself with the larger one, flows onward to the ocean. Here it goes outward into the great expanse of water, to return once more.

So too is life. Many of us rise up out of what seems to be nothing. The little streams are associations with others. As life goes on, much beauty is added; not only in body but in soul as well. Later we come into drab, homely lives; nevertheless if we keep that beauty of spirit, we may be of great help to those who need our aid. We experience many things; hear many stories of great sorrows which we never tell, for we cannot bear to wound another. We profit by these experiences and add them to other lives.

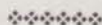
Then we go out into the world, the great river of life. We join ourselves with others to carry on the work of the world; bringing beauty and happiness to the ones who are bleak, and bare in spirit. Then, without a final murmur, we pass on to Eternity, our work in the world completed.

But then, is our work completed? Just as

the sun draws up water from the ocean for some future use, so too does the Son of our Father gather us to Him and then sends us back into the world, to once more take up and carry on His work. Oftentimes we return in an entirely different form but then, again, we may come back in another body, so like our old one that people will notice the great resemblance. Peradventure we return in the guise of sleet, doing damage to everything we touch. Then our hearts may be softened by the word of God and turning our steps from badness to goodness, we do the will of our Father.

I have often heard that when we are born, a star appears in the heavens and remains there until our death. Sometimes stars disappear for a time, and then, centuries later they may be found. Perhaps the re-appearance signifies the return of some soul on earth and then when he leaves, it too will disappear to come back again.

Some day, a star, more brilliant than the rest, may appear in the East, and all our hearts will be guided by that light, not only a few as the magi. Then, in peace, will God reign over all once more, as before the time when sin entered into Eden.



Winter Rambles with Thoreau

Ruth E. Smith, '28

Henry David Thoreau was born in Concord, Massachusetts, a little more than a century ago, and, with the exception of a few brief excursions, his entire life was spent within his native town. He is, however, one of the most original, observant and entertaining travelers whom America has ever produced.

In loyalty to his own village, he states this conviction: If these fields and streams and woods, the phenomena of nature here, and the simple occupations of the inhabitants should cease to interest and inspire me, no wealth would atone for the loss. Only that travel is good which reveals to me the value of home and enables me to enjoy it better."

Thoreau found so much charm in the mystery and beauty of Concord fields and woods, such variety in flower, bird, and butterfly, and delight in watching the change of seasons, that he had no time for foreign travel. There was a reward in this for others besides Thoreau. For he has given us a wonderful picture of New England outdoor life which will afford enjoyment and inspiration to thousands of people through all the years to come. He could never have drawn this picture for us had he given much of his time to travel abroad.

Thoreau hailed the advent of the New England winter and noted every step of its progress. Every snowstorm was a fresh reminder to him of Nature's beauty. He liked days of intense cold. He was out in all kinds of weather exploring the ice of the ponds and river.

To the changefulness of New England winter is due a great amount of its beauty and this was what Thoreau admired and wondered at.

First of all, is the snow blanket, which Thoreau called: "A pure garment, as of white satin, over all the fields."

The falling snow is such a sight of mystery and witchery to anyone. And then after the snow has fallen and the sun shines once more, the wind whirls the snow into drifts, burying the fences and stopping the highways. At the coming of the sun, too, there are those lovely blue shadows on the snow.

In his tramps after every fresh snowfall Thoreau took delight in reading the story of the wild life of the woods found in the tracks of fox, squirrel and rabbit, crow and partridge, mouse and mink. He learned many secrets of the wild in the study of these footprints. The tracks of the fox interested him the most

and he would spend large portions of the day unraveling his wanderings.

There occurs at rare intervals during the winter what Thoreau speaks of as "the frozen mist" when the trees and all other outdoor objects are covered in the early morning with a delicate frost. Akin to this are the crystallized "rosettes" which are found sprinkling the surface of the ice after a night of severe cold. Both of these he calls uniquely beautiful.

But rarest and most beautiful of all is the "ice-storm" something which does not occur every winter. These occur when the rain freezes as fast as it falls and there is gradually built up around every object a coating of ice. Then, when the sun comes out, the whole world is turned into a crystal palace. One who has once witnessed a New England ice-

storm can never forget its beauty.

Another icy spectacle which Thoreau always observed was the formation of icicle "organ-pipes" on the face of a certain cliff in Concord. The water from melting snow trickles down over the perpendicular rock-face and its constant drip at night builds the great organ-pipes.

The least promise of the coming spring, or the breaking up of the ice in the ponds also gave Thoreau great pleasure.

There is one common occurrence especially in the winter time which Thoreau dwelt upon with marked frequency. On January 7, 1852, he wrote: "I go forth every afternoon and look into the west a quarter of an hour before sunset, with fresh curiosity, to see the new picture painted there."



Too Clever

Lawrence Huot, '28

Of the many swindles attempted during the twenty years that I was employed by Smith and Dawson, the largest jewelry establishment in London, the following was the most interesting.

A gentleman entered one morning and asked to see Mr. Smith. I directed him to Mr. Smith's private office and he entered. From that day on he called frequently for about a month. About a week after his last call I learned the facts concerning his business.

The first day he had asked to look at our stock of large diamonds. He stated that he wished to purchase a pair of large and perfect stones. Finally, as our paired stock did not suit him, he bought a single diamond for £8000, an usually fine stone. We were commissioned by him to obtain a stone that would be large enough and fine enough to mate the one which he had purchased. Several were obtained but they were unsatisfactory, being either too small or blemished in some way.

At the end of the third week he came in and stated that he had seen a diamond at some social gathering that was very similar to his. By inquiries he had found the owner to be a Mrs. Van Blitz. We were asked to purchase it for him and as a result Mr. Dawson, the junior partner, left immediately to examine the stone and find if it was for sale. He found the diamond to be satisfactory but the price high. The customer was interviewed and commissioned us to pay as high as £12000 for the stone. Finally it was purchased at that figure.

At the end of a week's time, as the customer had not come in, we called at his hotel and found that he had left town a week previous. We then hunted up Mrs. Van Blitz, only to be informed that she had left town also. And then we smelled the rat. Mr. Smith examined the diamond and sighed. "£4000 will give them a well earned vacation," he said.



Charlotte Drummond, B. H. S., '24, is attending Smith College where she is a member of the Varsity debating team. A short time ago the debating team met and defeated the debating team of Cambridge University, at Northampton by a score of 271 to 177. Miss Drummond spoke, successfully on the affirmative side of the question, which was "Resolved That this house deplores the policy of Cambridge University respecting women."

Miss Drummond was a popular participant in many varied forms of activity while in Bangor High School and B. H. S. is proud of her success at Smith College.

John W. White, B. H. S., '25, is attending Cornell University, in Ithaca, N. Y., where he is pursuing a four years' course in hotel management.

Charles P. Whittemore, B. H. S., '26, is in Philadelphia, attending the University of Pennsylvania. His special department is the Wharton School of Finance.

Gorham Robinson, '26, Ralph Brown and John G. Dunning, formerly of B. H. S., are attending Hebron Academy this year.

Dorothy Ireland and Harriet Cross, both of the class of '26, are attending Wheaton College, where they are prominent in school activities. Both are out for the Freshman Hockey Team this year.

Raymond G. Worster, B. H. S., '24, and Bowdoin, '28, occupied the pulpit of the church at Northport, Maine, during the summer. The period of Mr. Worster's ministry was most successful and he was very popular among the summer colony of Northport. He has, however, returned to Bowdoin to finish his course.

Miss Rachel Connor, Dean of Bangor High has recently been asked by the University of Maine to be one of the speakers in the Extension course lectures on the subject "The Home Economics Course and the Dean."

John McClay, B. H. S., '26, is attending M. C. I. where he is prominent in athletics, being a member of the football team. "Packer" was one of the star members of our football team while in B. H. S., and proved himself one of the best centers in the state. He was also a star in basketball and Captain of the team his Senior year.

B. H. S. is very well represented this year on the Kents Hill football team. "Mike" McGinnis, "Izzy" Raichlin, Francis Sullivan, Jim McGinty and Bill Richardson, all of the class of '26, are playing on the School team. Malcolm Tapley, '25, is also on the Team. B. H. S. thinks that Kents Hill should succeed.

Charlotte Hubbard, B. H. S., '26, is attending Radcliff College this year.

Frances Clark and Doris Richardson, both of the class of '26, are at Farmington Normal School.

Georgia Mayo, '26, and Tillie Weddleton, '25, are both attending Gorham Normal School.

Earl Purington, '26, is at North Easton College.

Donald Finnigan, who was President of the class of '26, and Ernest Turner, one of our former athletes, are both at Georgetown University, in Washington.

Dorothy Alexander, B. H. S., '26, is attending Miss Leslie's Kindergarten School in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Guy Campbell, '26, who was editor of the *Oracle*, in 1926, has entered Bowdoin.

Burnham Chapman, B. H. S., '26, entered Norwich University this fall. "Chink" was always prominent in school activities while in B. H. S., and he has certainly started in well at Norwich. He, thus far, has been elected Treasurer of his class and Captain of the freshman football team.

Helene Mosher, '26, is now living in Berkeley, California. Helene carried away all the honors in the singing line while she was with us and also the Girl's Medal at the Junior Exhibition. At present, she is singing in the Trinity Methodist Church in Berkeley, and is also continuing her musical studies.

LeRoy A. Campbell, B. H. S., '22, Harvard, '25, has recently been ordained as a minister and is pastor of a church in Dexter.

Ada Peters, Pauline Aiken, and Harry Stern, have distinguished themselves by being elected as members of the Phi Beta Kappa, honorary collegiate society at the University of Maine. Miss Peters has been one of the highest ranking students at the University, having straight A-grades for two semesters. She was also winner of the French scholastic medal while attending Bangor High School. Harry Stern was a Junior Exhibition speaker while at B. H. S., and was regarded as one of the institution's leading scholars. He was also a member of the Debating Society. Another honor has come to him also—election to Phi Kappa Phi. Miss Aiken was also one of the leaders of her class while in B. H. S., and was one of the school's most popular students. Bangor High is proud of these three alumni and hopes they will continue to keep the name of their Alma Mater at the top of the list.

Robert Sullivan, B. H. S., '25, is attending Georgetown University, where he has already made his mark in football. "Terry" was one of our star football players while he was in B. H. S., and he played in the Freshman team at Georgetown last year where his defensive work was a strong feature of the season. It is thought that Terry will win a regular berth on the Varsity team next year. We wish him luck.

Among the graduates from B. H. S., in the class of '26, who have entered the University of Maine are:

Oscar Anderson, Emory Bailey, John Crowell, Paul Hickson, Thurlow Chandler, Brenna Blaisdell, Mary Quinn, Richard Billington, David Rudman, Dorothy E. Bowlby, Doris Eisnor, Adrian Levelle, Edward Stern, Carlton Wiswell, William Daley, Edward Annable, Davis Annable, Roger Merrill, Margaret Warren, Jack Atwood, Richard Munce, Dorothy Culley, Thelma Shea, William Richardson, Donald Fogg, Pauline Dunn, Helen Haskell, Donis Scott, Ruth Pickard, Charles Silsby, William Eldridge, George Bryant.

Charles Sawyer, Bangor High School, '23, and of the class of '28, at Bowdoin, is playing this year on the Bowdoin Football team.

John T. Quinn, B. H. S., '19, who coached the Brewer High School football team, so successfully two years ago, is this year line coach for the University of Maine Varsity Team, which won the championship of Maine.

Marriages of interest to High School students are those of Timothy Brown and Miss Ruth Black, Albert Black and Miss Ruth Crowell.

IN MEMORIAM

Faye R. Soper, '29



LOCALS

FOK 14



On Sept. 20, 1926, the first assembly of Bangor High School was, as is customary, turned over to the Oracle Board. There were four speakers, Miss Robinson, Faculty Advisor, John Cutler, Editor-in-Chief, Bruce Cunningham, Business Manager, and Burpee Berry, Editor of the Athletics Department. All four of the speakers stressed the need of having the students support the *Oracle*, as the real interest of the *Oracle* is mostly for the students.

A new plan was disclosed to the students whereby the *Oracle* is to be issued in four large issues, the price for the four being one dollar and fifty cents. Six hundred subscriptions are needed to carry on the work and expenses of the *Oracle*.

On Wednesday, Sept. 29, our new cheer leaders, Jimmie Keegan, Jane Murphy, and Marise Gordon took twenty minutes from the first period to practice some cheers for the football game with Waterville. With this able staff of cheer leaders, the team was assured of fine support at their games.

Oct. 1, 1926, Mr. Henry DuBois was the speaker and entertainer at assembly. Mr. DuBois will be remembered by many of the students, Seniors especially, as he was here last year and the year before. He is the man who imitates the noises and whirrings made by aeroplanes.

Mr. DuBois took the student body on an imaginary trip to Los Angeles and back, giving a fine lecture, and description. He also imitated various birds and animals which were seen along the way.

In Assembly recently, Mr. Puffer of the Y. M. C. A., gave a lecture to the students, telling of the advantages of certain habits, among

which were, "Cheerfulness," and "accuracy." Mr. Puffer said that these habits were absolutely priceless both in business and home life. His lecture was received very enthusiastically by the Students.

Bruce Cunningham, president of the Boys Debating Society, and Jessie Fraser, president of the Girls Debating Society, each gave a short talk the first week in October, presenting the advantages of the Societies to any who were desirous of joining.

The class elections have been held at the High School, with the following results:

Seniors: Henry Samway, president; Helen Baker, vice-president; Rosamond Taylor, secretary; Alden Denaco, treasurer; Tom Perry, Athletic Council.

Juniors: Donald Pressey, president; Charlotte Browne, vice-president; Augustav Martin, secretary; Treasurer, Fred Gillen; Athletic Council, William Valenta.

Sophomores: Robert Russ, president; Pauline Brown, vice-president; Elizabeth Young, secretary; Howard Day, treasurer; Harold Tremble, Athletic Council.

Oct. 13, in Assembly, Manager McCarthy of the football team, Coach I. MacKeehnie, and Bruce Cunningham spoke to the students about giving the team the proper support, by buying season tickets for the football games. The season tickets cost one dollar and fifty cents for six games.

Oct. 27, 1926, the first regular rally of the High School was held in the Assembly Hall at 12 o'clock. The band played the school song and one other selection.

The speakers were Mr. Daley, Mr. O'Connell and Coach MacKeehnie. The cheer leaders then took charge of the meeting for twenty

minutes and went through the cheers for the Portland game. A plea was made by each of the speakers that the students turn out in a body for the parade, and support the band, which is certainly worthy of support, and one to be proud of, as it is the best in the State of Maine.

The first meeting of the French Club was held Monday, Oct. 4, in the Assembly Hall. The by-laws were read by President Harold Robinson and a few corrections were made. The President then read a statement of the common club aims telling what is expected of the club. It was decided that the meetings should begin at 7.30.

Madame Beaupre, and Mrs. Hall, each spoke a few words concerning the work of the club. The guest Miss Trickey, told about last year's French club.

Plans for this year were discussed. A committee of John Largay, Jessie Fraser, and Julia Schiro were appointed for reporters for two months. An entertainment committee consisting of Edward Allen, Constance Chalmers, and Donald Yates, assisted by Mrs. Hall, was chosen. The Marseillaise was sung and the meeting was adjourned. A very pleasant time was had by all.

The second meeting of "Le Cercle Francaise" was held Oct. 18, in the Assembly Hall. At this meeting the club was glad to welcome some new members.

Mrs. Mills was the guest speaker, and gave a very interesting talk on her trip to France. The talk was very much enjoyed and in appreciation she was given a rising vote of thanks. Piano selections were rendered by Mr. Sargent and Miss Schiro. Mr. Hayes and Miss Hathorne each recited a French piece.

The evening passed very rapidly, and the meeting adjourned with all looking forward to the next meeting with much pleasure.

The third meeting of "Le Cercle Francaise" was held Nov. 1, in room 211. President Harold Robinson in a graceful French speech, introduced the speaker of the evening, Miss

Mary C. Robinson of the Faculty. Miss Robinson told in a very interesting way of the French cities, Cherbourg, Paris, Besancon and Belfort. Her talk was educational as well as interesting and the club gave her a rising vote of thanks.

The officers of the Latin Club for this year are as follows: Consuls—Charlotte Brown, Henry Cushman; Praetor—Bernard Mann; Quaestor—Harriette Flagg; Aedils—Gertrude Ebbeson, Jack Bell; Associate Member—Mr. H. L. Bryant; Censors—Miss Webster, Miss Estes; Tribunes—Lawrence Mann, John Berry.

The Latin Club held its first meeting on September 23. Owing to the rather small attendance, committees were appointed to arrange interest in future meetings.

The Latin Club had its second meeting of the year Thursday, October 7 in the Assembly Hall. The praetor was advised to write Professor Chase, inviting him to become an honorary member of the Club. After this, games were played and refreshments were served. All had a very pleasant evening.

The third meeting of the Latin Club was held in Room 211, October 21. Miss Robinson gave an extremely interesting lecture on her trip to Pompeii and Mt. Versuvius. Every one spent an enjoyable evening.

The Latin Club held its fourth meeting in Room 211, November 4. This was "literary night" and each member read a selection from some Roman author. Many members chose selections from the splendid lyrics of Horace. Thus, a most enjoyable and instructive evening was spent.

The first regular meeting of the Girls' Debating Society for the year 1926-1927, was held in the lecture room of B. H. S., Oct. 14. Mr. Harvey D. Miller of the University of Maine gave a talk to the combined Boys and Girls Societies. His lecture was upon strategy in debate, and those present were not only entertained, but also received much benefit from the lecture.

MUSIC



“Music is God’s Best Gift to Man”

THE IMMORTAL FIFTH.”

The Symphonies of Beethoven are judged as the greatest ever produced; out of these, the “Fifth, in C minor” looms up, transcendent. We may, then, call the “Fifth Symphony” the greatest of all symphonies. It is certainly the one that brought Beethoven into the eyes of the world. It served as a recommendation for his earlier symphonies and paved the way for his later ones.

The great work was begun in 1805. With the master’s engagement to Countess Theresa Brunswick, it was put aside for a time, and Beethoven, in full exuberance of his joy, composed the B-flat Symphony. (Fourth). The “Fifth,” resumed, was completed in 1807 or early 1808. We find that it includes the period before and during the engagement, and also part of the period of agitation in which the lovers were separated.

The “Symphony” is an expression of that troubled period in the life of Beethoven. The work begins with four massive notes—in unison—which are to be played fiercely. It is “the blow of Fate on the door.” We can imagine someone unwilling to submit. There is a struggle; despair comes, for who can gainsay Fate, who wins at last?

The characteristic of the whole work is agitation. One can feel it—that spirit of interest. It is expressed in short, quick notes on subdued strings. How these hurry! They proceed at a desperate pace, like someone who, discontented with the present, hastens on to the future and there finds no rest.

A very beautiful passage is the one when strings and wind sing themselves to exhaustion; revive; fade again; arise once more in uncontrollable agitation. The oboe solo is very expressive. Unaccompanied, it seems to say that the poet, must be reconciled to Fate or he will never be happy again.

We must understand that all the emotions, joys, sorrows, and otherwise that the greatest poets allowed to creep into their verse, were placed by Beethoven into his music. And his “Fifth Symphony” is particularly emotional. It is one work that will live through the ages. It is immortal!

“O did he ever live, that lonely man,

Who loved—and music slew not.”—Keats.

THE CRITIC

October 13—The Orchestra gave a superb selection for its Chapel appearance. Bizet’s “Farandole” from his “L’Arlesienne Suite” was played. Rough, fiery, and wild, with intricate melodies and counter-themes—it was played just as the composer would have wished. The horns were splendid in their solos. The School is very fortunate this year to have a pair of dependable horn-players, who know music, and who are thorough performers on their instruments. The musician-ship of the whole Orchestra was, however, much in evidence.

October 20—The Band made the best first appearance it has had in years. “The White Queen Overture” by Metra was given. While this overture is not a standard one, it is, never-

theless, well-constructed and pleasing to the ear. The Band is an exceedingly well-balanced one this year, and should develop into one of the best bands that has ever represented Bangor high.

November 5—The Orchestra gave a splendid performance of Carl Bohm's "Sarabande." The sarabande is a stately old dance in three-four time. It is usually written in minor and is somewhat melancholy in nature. A very fine balance of strings was noticed.

November 10—The Band performed masterly. Zamecnik's "Valse L'Amour, Kisses" was played. Zamecnik, a present-day composer, has written some very beautiful things. "Kisses" is a fine example of his work and contains some splendid melodies. As for the Band—truly it is a symphonic band in every respect! The inside parts were sufficiently hushed; the battery was immense; the solo instruments stood out as they should. In fact, the mass of instruments, bound together in a unified whole, gave an exhibition that might have been expected from one of America's great concert bands.

POLYPHONIC MUSIC

Polyphonic music is just about as different as possible from the simple Folk-song, or single melody. In polyphonic music, instead of this single melody, there are several melodies which act simultaneously. In fact, the term "polyphonic" means "many-voiced."

This style of music was very pleasing to the Old Masters, and particularly to Johann Bach whose works are almost entirely polyphonic.

We shall discuss four forms of polyphonic music: the canon, the figure, the Invention and Prelude of Bach—of Bach, because the Invention is really a little experiment of his own and because the Preludes of Bach are on the whole, the only ones which are in polyphonic style.

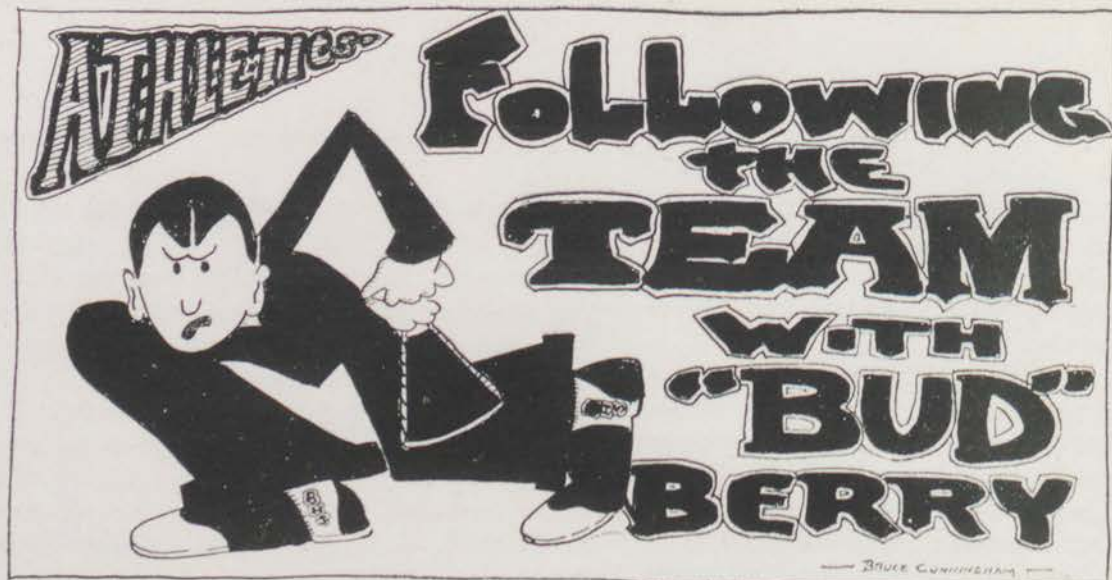
The Canon is a composition in strict form. One voice begins the melody, and after it has sung for about half a measure or more, a second voice appears, at the interval of a third,

a fifth, or an octave—the best canons are at the interval of an octave—and sings exactly the same thing that the first voice has sung. According to strict canon rules, the voice which begins last will finish last. A good canon is most interesting to hear.

The Invention is just what its name tells us it is, an invention, a little experimental form of composition by Bach. There are two sets of inventions, those in two voices and those in three. They are excellent as piano exercises.

Bach's Preludes are perfect in style and finish. They are beautiful examples of contrapuntal style. They represent Bach at his best and contain some of his most beautiful thoughts.

But, of all forms of contrapuntal music, the fugue is the greatest. The word itself comes from the Latin *fuga* which means a flight. That is what it really is, for one voice chases the other all the way through. Very often, the Fugue has three and four voices, and it is indeed thrilling to hear them sing together. In a fugue the first voice always begins alone and sings some little phrase. This phrase is the subject of the entire composition, and each voice carries it at different times according to certain set rules. When the second voice appears, it always uses the subject and, with the first voice, continues through the entry of the third voice with the subject, as always. Now perhaps, these three voices will work up one tremendous episode and then the fourth appears in the bass. The four voices continue together for awhile. Then, out of the chaos may come two of the voices. They begin in thirds and go up and down in parallel thirds for a time; suddenly, they break and go in opposite directions. As they reach their destination, another voice may appear. This one finds a tone and sustains it, while the other voices play around. The ending of a fugue is very beautiful. The voices are generally all singing now; they arise in a grand chorus of exultant and triumphant tones, to a superb finish on a glorious chord!



BANGOR, 0; BREWER, 0.

A green and makeshift Bangor team opened its 1926 football slate with Brewer High School at Brewer, Saturday, Sept. 25, holding the favored Brewer team to a scoreless tie.

The weather, altho too warm for playing, was fine for the spectators and a large crowd witnessed the battle.

Bangor kicked off, and the game settled down to a punters duel between Valenta of Bangor and Moran of Brewer, with honors being about even. Neither team was able to gain much ground and the ball see sawed back and forth near the center of the field for the most part of the game. Nothing sensational was shown altho Cox and Welch at times broke loose for good gains.

Altho the game was not very interesting to the spectators, it gave both coaches a chance to get a line on their material.

Bangor presented a light, hard charging line and a fast shifty backfield. There were no individual stars, both teams playing good ball for the first game of the season.

BANGOR, 18; MILO, 3.

Bangor opened it's home schedule at Bass Park, Saturday, Oct. 2, defeating Hank Small's Milo eleven 18 to 3.

The Crimson showed a great improvement over its game of a week before, gaining almost at will, Welch, Cox and Valenta continually breaking loose for long gains.

Bangor opened up with a rush and scored three touchdowns in short order. Cox failed to kick the goals.

Milo called their signals with a double "hip," which for a few minutes completely rattled the Crimson linemen. As a result, Milo had 45 yards given to them on offside penalties. Bangor held Milo for three downs on the 20 yd. line, and MacLeod booted a placement, for the visitors lone tally of the game.

Fumbles were disastrous to both teams, particularly so to the Crimson, who lost the ball three times inside Milo's 10 yard line.

Capt. Raichlin, Maynard, Perry, Whitcomb, Cox, Valenta, Murray and Welch all played first class ball for the Crimson. MacLeod and Pineo starred for Milo.

BANGOR, 0; PORTLAND, 24

Bangor went down to a crushing defeat at the hands of their ancient foe, Saturday, Oct. 9, at Bayside Park, Portland, losing 24-0.

Almost the same break happened as in 1925. Three minutes after the opening kick-off, Bangor fumbled, deep in Portland's territory, and Gurney picked up the ball and sprinted 65 yards through a clear field for Portland's initial tally.

Shortly after, Pettis and Donahue broke thru and blocked Valenta's punt, MacGuire falling on the pigskin for the second score. In the second half a touchdown, a field goal and a safety brought the Blue's total up to 24.

The Crimson threatened only once, when a pass Raichlin to Maynard carried the ball from mid-field to the 10 yard line. Portland piled up four Bangor plays, and the Crimson's only chance was past.

The Queen City eleven had no alibis to offer they were simply out generated and out fought by a heavier and more experienced team.

Capt. Raichlin, Maynard, Valenta, Gillen, Cox, Perry, Whitcomb and Nickerson for Bangor, and Capt. Pettis, Johnson, Gurney, Donahue and MacGuire for Portland were the big stars of the game.

BANGOR, 0; OLD TOWN, 6

Bangor High School, or rather eleven young men wearing the Red of B. H. S., but bearing only a faint resemblance to the Bangor that faced Portland, was outplayed and defeated, Saturday, Oct. 16, by a score of 6-0.

The Green and White eleven had been training and waiting all year for their big game with Bangor, and they caught a Crimson team, which altho easily superior, was over-confident and in a bad slump.

Capt. Raichlin won the toss and elected to kick. Bangor tried a fake kick-off, but it failed to work and Old Town took the ball on the 50 yard line. Two line smashes were piled up, and Sirois punted to Raichlin who misjudged the kick, the ball rolling over the goal line, where Smith fell on it for the only score of the game. The try for the goal was blocked.

The remainder of the game was a battle, with Bangor having the big end of the honors, constantly threatening to score, but lacking the punch to lug the apple over.

In the last half, Old Town, using the huddle system repeatedly stalled, despite the warnings of the referee.

It was a lucky win for the Green and White, and Saturday, Oct. 16, was the only date this year that the Crimson has fallen below her usual standard.

Nevertheless a losing team has no right to make alibis—all we've got to say is: Watch out for us in 1927—Old Town!"

BANGOR, 3; WATERVILLE, 3

Bangor and Waterville battled to a 3-3 tie, Saturday, Oct. 23, at Bass Park, before a fair sized crowd.

Waterville kicked off, and after failing to gain Bangor punted. The Black jerseyed lads immediately opened up with a barrage of passes and rushes and carried the ball to the Crimson's 25 yard line. Bangor stiffened and—lifted a pretty drop kick between the posts.

Bangor came back hard in the second period and altho constantly threatening could not score.

The third period was hard fought, with neither team gaining any advantages.

In the last period, The Crimson in a desperate effort to stave off defeat, carried the pigskin deep into Waterville's territory, Cox kicking a nice placement, tying the count, and ending the scoring of the game.

Capt. "Mushy" Raichlin, Cox, Gillen, and Valenta starred for Bangor.

BANGOR, 0; PORTLAND, 21.

A fighting Bangor eleven went down to defeat at the hands of Portland for the second time this year, losing a heartbreaking game, Saturday, Oct. 30, at Bass Park, by a score of 21-0.

Weather conditions were ideal and the largest crowd of the year witnessed the annual schoolboy classic.

Capt. "Mushy" won the toss and Bangor kicked off to Portland's 15 yard line. After a few rushes the game settled down to a punter's duel between Gillen and Stevens. A few minutes later Stevens sent a high spiral 40 yards down the field, where it was misjudged by Cox. MacGuire, the fleet Portland end, scooped it up and ran 20 yards for a touchdown.

The second quarter both teams fought gamely, with the Crimson constantly threatening to score. A minute before the end of the half, Raichlin shot a pass to Valenta who ran 47 yards to the Blues' 5 yard line, setting the

Crimson stands into a frenzy. Two line smashes lugged the apple to the 1 yard line, when the timekeeper's gun barked, ending the half.

A mighty Portland eleven trotted out on the field, at the opening of the second half, and opened up an attack which completely swept the Crimson off its feet. After lugging the oval 65 yards up the field in a series of off-tackle smashes and end runs, Johnson, the big Portland full back, crashed thru center for Portland's second score.

A few minutes later, Gillens' attempt to punt behind his own goal line was blocked by MacGuire who fell on the ball for another touchdown.

A rush of Portland subs were now entering the game and with the ball on Bangor's 25 yard line, Agger dropped back and lifted 3 more points between the uprights, bringing Portlands' total up to 21 and ending the scoring for the day.

With only two minutes left to play, Bangor essayed another trick pass, Raichlin to Valenta, and the Powerful Pollock ran 60 yards before being forced outside on Portland's 4 yard line.

Everyone thought that the Crimson had scored, and the stands were in an uproar, the spectators flooded onto the field, and it was some moments before the Police cleared the field and play was resumed. Portland piled up three Bangor rushes and the timekeepers' gun barked for the second time with the ball on the Blue's 1 yard line.

In spite of the one sided score the game was intensely interesting and replete with thrills.

Capt. Raichlin, shifted to his old position at full back, was a shining light throughout the game. Valenta, Gillen, Cox, Nickerson, Wilder, Colburn, Whitcomb, Perry, Samway and Maynard also played great games for Bangor.

Capt. Pettis, Stevens, Johnson, Connors, Gurney and MacGuire starred for Portland.

Jimmy MacGuire, Portland's flashy end was the big noise of the contest. He made

tackle after tackle, spilled interference, blocked a punt, picked up a fumble and scored two touchdowns. Not a bad afternoon's work! The worst part of this story is, that three days after the Bangor game, Jimmy had a birthday cake with 21 candles on it and thus became ineligible for further high school activities.

BANGOR, 14; THORNTON ACADEMY, 0

Bangor High won a sweet victory over Thornton Academy, Saturday, Nov. 6, at Bass Park, defeating a strong Thornton team 14-0, and gaining revenge for the 36-0 defeat handed to Bangor two years ago by that same school.

Altho the weather was perfect, the smallest crowd of the season witnessed the game.

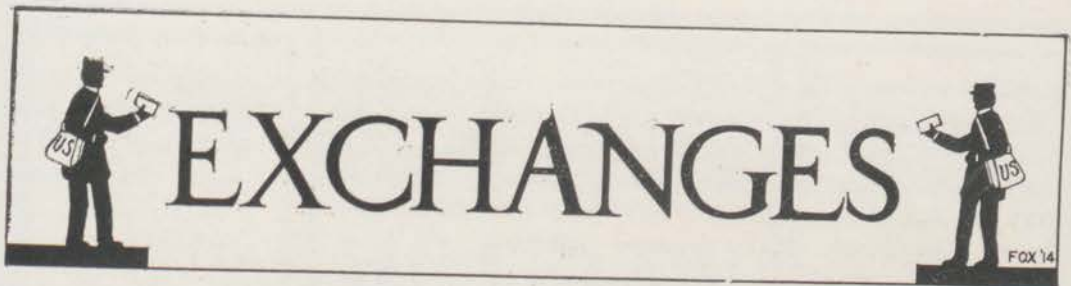
Bangor scored in the first period when Tom Perry, the big Crimson tackle, on a trick play ran 48 yards for a touchdown. Cox kicked the goal.

Bangor scored its second tally in the third period, when after taking the ball up the field in a series of trick plays and rushes, Capt. Raichlin crashed thru center for the six points. Cox again kicked the goal.

Thornton was on the defensive for the most part of the game, their defence being their only asset.

Capt. Raichlin, Valenta, Cox, Gillen, Perry and Wilde starred for Bangor. Dennis was the shining light of the visitors.

To "Doc" Wilde, Crimson guard, goes the honor of making the longest run made on this field this season. Doc intercepted a forward pass on Bangor's 10 yard line and ran 87 yards thru a broken field to Thornton's three yard mark. Doc was so obsessed with the idea of making a touchdown that he tried to crawl the last three yards after he was tackled, but the unkind referee immediately penalized him 5 yards for this, and the Thornton defense stiffened and held Bangor for downs. It was a noble run anyway Doc!



EXCHANGES

As we have received only a few of this year's papers from our exchanges, we have taken the liberty of commenting on those last spring which were not, owing to insufficient space, commented on. We also wish at this time to extend a cordial welcome to all papers that desire to exchange with the *Oracle* and have not done so, as well as the old exchanges which we hope will continue this year, as in the past. Here are the papers we passed judgment on:

The Cliveden, Germantown High School, Philadelphia.—An excellent paper. The departments are well arranged. The jokes are clever and the club notes very thorough giving an outsider a clear idea of what is going on in the school.

The Recorder, Winchester High School, Winchester, Mass.—A neat paper containing many interesting stories and sketches. We were, however, unable to find any editorials. This is the only fault we found in this compact well arranged paper.

The Academy Echo, Freedom Academy, Freedom, Me.—Although we believe this paper is published by a small school it would be a credit to many a larger one. The exchanges were well taken care of. The literary department could be improved somewhat as the stories are short and not very well planned.

The Red and White, Sanford High School, Sanford, Me.—As one reads this magazine, he cannot help being impressed by the school spirit that is evident not only the athletic department but also in editorials and numerous special articles.

Somerville High School *Radiator*, Somerville, Mass.—A paper that contains nothing

which we can criticize. The stories are of a high standard that few high school papers can equal.

The Orange and Black, Middleton High School, Middletown, Conn.—A paper that deserves a great deal of praise. The articles by different students expressing their respective reasons for choosing their life work makes very instructive readings, a thesis on "The Constitution" of our country indicates that the writer first studied his subject thoroughly and then carefully wrote it up with an ease and grace of style which holds one quite enthralled until the last word has been read.

The Tripod, Roxbury Latin School, Boston, Mass.—This is a small paper of marked distinction. The "Exchanges" are the best yet, while the story "Pearls" rivals that of many a professional writer.

The Wavillus, Sullivan High School, Berwick, Me.—A well arranged paper of which its staff may well be proud. It has an unusually large literary department which could be improved considerably if the stories were longer and contained better subject matter. The athletic department would be much more interesting if the scores of the various games were given and the names of the teams played instead of treating it in a vague manner which leaves the reader in doubt as to the merits of the teams. The jokes, exchanges, school notes, and the various other departments are of such a marked degree of excellence that it is in the whole—as we have said before—an excellent paper.

The "Tatler" Nashua High School, Nashua, N. H.—The poem "The building of the Sphinx"

may not be perfect in its rhyming or meter—but it certainly is a very clever satire. "The Sea Trail" is a short essay with a swinging rhythm that makes prose as smooth reading as poetry; its author seems to have the spirit of the sea in his blood. Many times we may have had the same thoughts ourselves but have not had the ability, the touch of genius, that Mr. Wade Smith must have, in order to express himself in such a wonderful and stirring manner.

The *Valkyrie News*, Somerville High School, Somerville, New Jersey.—A fine paper of the newspaper style. It is evident from glancing thru its columns that school spirit is high in Somerville. The humorous sketch "Uncle Ezra on the Side Lines" contains many a good laugh.

The *Chronicle*, South Paris High School, South Paris, Me.—This paper contains a very large alumni section which must interest many old graduates of the school. A few more cuts at the heads of the departments would brighten its appearance considerably.

The *Blue and White*, St. George's College, Kingston, Jamaica.—We read with great interest the sporting section of the magazine. The broad jump is called "long" jump. This magazine has an excellent cover and an extensive literary department. One of the stories contains an interesting plot and part of the story takes place in Wiscasset of our own state.

The *Quoddy Light*, Lubec High School, Lubec, Me.—If one can judge from the number of advertisements which it contains this must be a prosperous magazine. The poem "Moonlight" is certainly good. All told this is a good magazine with which we take pleasure in exchanging.

The *Islesboro Argonaut*, Islesboro High School, Islesboro, Me.—A paper which con-

tains considerable verse of excellent quality, many new jokes, and a very extensive alumni section. The other departments are all well represented making this a paper of marked distinction.

The *Beacon*, Gloucester High School, Gloucester, Mass.—We think the cover of this magazine is very appropriate for a seafaring town. The cartoons are clever and the poetry excellent.

The *Onas*, William Penn High School, Philadelphia.—A large magazine which contains much excellent material. The jokes should be placed in one department instead of being spread out so much.

The *Crimson Rambler*, Standish High School, Standish, Me.—We take great pleasure in reading this magazine. The literary department should be enlarged. The cover is very attractive.

The *Acropolis*, Barringer High School, Newark, New Jersey.—A fine paper complete in every detail. The staff of this paper number seventy-five. They certainly uphold the traditions of their high school—the third oldest in the United States.

The *Bugle*, Washington Junior High School, Duluth, Minnesota.—Although published by a junior high this paper contains many features which the magazines of the older schools fail to surpass. The editorial on the conservation of our wild flowers and animal life is well written up.

The *Brocktonia*, Brockton High School, Brockton, Mass.—We do not like the way your advertisements are scattered thru the paper. The jokes are certainly worth reading. All in all a good paper with which we hope to continue exchanging.



The Rifle Team

This year the rifle team started with a smash. Capt. Tribolet had a great surprise, to find on the opening night, November 1, at least eighty fellows, large and small. A large number indeed compared with other years. Three or four years ago no one seemed to be interested in shooting. Boys had to be asked to come down and practice, but each year the boys became more interested and went out in greater numbers for the team. Last year there were about fifty who started practice and out of that group, counting a few of the men of the year before's team, a champion team of New England was formed. It was a busy year, having many matches with High Schools and colleges, even shooting matches during Christmas and Easter vacation. This year the team will be as active as last. The Captain has already received challenges for matches with the Bangor team.

Last year the back stops for firing were small so that only a few fellows could shoot at a time, but during the summer the stops were enlarged to enable twelve to shoot and making it easier for those in charge to see that all get practice. The guns the team shoot with are a Winchester model, a very fine gun for target practice. Towards the end of last year three or four new guns were received. There are also about eight Springfield model guns used to begin with. The new members find great thrill in firing them. There are now, therefore, nearly enough guns. The fee for joining the Club is one dollar.

This year a junior National Rifle Association is to be started in the school. Capt. Tribolet received a letter from the manager of Junior activities, Washington, D. C., giving the regulations and rules of this kind of club. Manager Goebel stated how it would interest the boys of the club and make riflemen of them. He also said that all club members would have the opportunity to compete for various individual qualifications as well as taking part in the team matches. The distance for shooting is fifty feet and the targets used are standard ten point targets. With a little practice a medal can be gotten and with two or three medals won, the boys will be anxious to help the team on to victory. The club was at once started in order to be in practice for the great National Competitions which will come about in the winter months. The entrance fee to the whole club is five dollars.

The election of the club officers was held the evening of November 10.

The boys who were elected are as follows:

President.....	Wilfred Gallant
Vice-President.....	Walter Ludden
Secretary.....	Randall
Treasurer.....	E. Nickerson

These officers have charge of the Club affairs.

Capt. Tribolet, the coach of the rifle team, was assigned to stay four years from the time he first came here. His period was supposed to be ended last year but great news for us was received in a letter from Headquarters of the Army, he was asked to stay another year. By this news the boys of the school and especially

the team were glad to see him stay.

This year's R. O. T. C. has three hundred and thirty members. It may not sound so large, but if three hundred and thirty suits were before us, we would think differently.

The doing away with the army shirts reduced expenses considerably. The shirts were abandoned last year and in the place, white shirts and black ties were worn by the boys. It was a great advantage in the summer, because it was very hard to keep those high and tight collars snapped all the time during warm weather. The collars now are turned down like the collars of dress suit coats.

THE PARADES TO THE FOOTBALL GAMES

The parades to the football games during the latter part of the season were a big added attraction, especially at the time of the Bangor-Portland game. A large number of the R. O. T. C. got together at the school with the band and a large crowd of girls to go and cheer their team. The parade was at least a quarter of a mile in length. It

was such a difference from the size of the parades the first of the season. The band played some of the best march numbers and every thing went off fine. The R. O. T. C. bobbed their heads up and down together making themselves look snappy. This proved to be such a success that it was continued at the rest of the games. The cheering from the R. O. T. C. increased the usual cheering one hundred percent.

Armistice day brought about another big parade. The R. O. T. C. of U. of M. came to Bangor with their band to take part in the parade, the R. O. T. C. of Bangor High and their band were also there making a good appearance. The fire department, the police department and the Bangor band were other figures in the parade, one of the largest ones Bangor has ever witnessed. The different bands played selections which filled the cold air with music. It was very cold and made it hard to perform. The parade started about nine-thirty and lasted about three quarters of an hour. Many flags were hung about the town which created a great fluttering of Red, White and Blue.



PERSONALS



It is suggested that "Bunt" Lynch '29, Arthur Brown '29, Decker Conway '29, and "Rat" Robbins '28, get together and sign a petition to be presented to the proper officials so that special sizes of R. O. T. C. Uniforms may be obtained.

"Red" Cox '27, after the disastrous Old Town—Bangor Game, is said to have remarked that he was the best player Old Town had.

Are E. Fletcher '27 and E. Tewksbury '27, tuition pupils or do they just go visiting in Brewer?

Famous reasons why teachers get gray:

"What would happen if an irresistible force hit an immovable body?"

"I was absent yesterday."

"Shall we write on both sides of the paper?"

"May I speak to _____?"

"Isn't there any English Paper?"

"May I have a dismissal slip?"

"What is the date?"

Do you know "Unca" Walt. Googins '27?

"Deb" Randell insists that his legs are that way because the rain warped them.

Bum Puns:

When the teacher entered the room, Made-line Rose

Babe Ruth Rosa Homer.

"Ken" Mason do his French?

Are you trying to be Varney?

Verna Jennings, '27, has changed her football sweater to one of track which she claims to be a smaller size.

L. Huot, '28, celebrated the Fourth of July by wearing his first long pants.

Isadore Rolnick, '23 89-100 String Bean Avenue was tripped by an unknown person last week. On falling he dropped his books in such a position as to draw blood from the front portion of his map and slightly discolor his left orbit. "Itchsky" would like any information available as to the culprit who performed this dastardly act.

**It is bound
to occur!**

THE B. H. S.

SEC

VOLUME V

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

VAUGHN FURROW DISCOVERS A NEW METHOD OF ECONOMY

Statistics show that out of every cigar smoked an average of one and one-half inch is thrown away—a total loss. Many have tried to devise plans by which they might check the waste, but all to no avail. In truth if it kept up very long civilization would soon come to aught. With this great and worthy cause in mind Vaughn O. Furrow, otherwise known as "Insect" (Also our nickname editor for last year) set to work thinking. (Which by the way is remarkable for this lad.)

After using up several thousand gross sheets of paper, Vaughn came to the secret of the whole thing, it was the answer for which many had sought and failed. He was a matyr—a hero of the people.

In less than one quarter of one hour in one day, week and year, the whole world knew the economic change which had been brought about all by the research of this one bright, healthy, robust, intellectual, humorous, handsome young piece of humanity, V. O. Furrow, Inc.

It was not his intention that everyone should know about this but after the above mouthful of complimentary adjectives he could not refuse to give us his formula. It reads as follows:

I, Vaughn Osman Furrow, being of sound mind, submit my erratic invention to the critical public of Bangor High School. The purpose of this is to check the needless waste which has been going on in America since Sir Waleigh Ralter discovered the poison weed. It has always been my greatest ambition to make my mark in the world by some other means than by digging sewers. So with this result in mind I have decided that if cigars (it makes no difference as to make or grade) were made one and one half inches shorter, the loss would be reduced to the maximum.

(Signed) Vaughn O. Furrow

Wittless: Mamie Brakeband.

Patent Applied for.

UNOFFICIAL ATHLETIC CHATTER

By Knotta Letterman

Prospects for our 1927 football team are extremely bright. "Rat" Robbins, who, on account of scholastic difficulties was unable to play this year, will undoubtedly list to the call of the squad next year and take his accustomed berth at full back.

In Arthur Brown, our institution has a particularly promising Halfback or end. He was not on the squad this year because the school could not afford a specially built suit.

Mawruss Breidy will have credits enough to be a Junior by next fall, and will, barring unforeseen circumstances, be at his old place in center.

By some chance, Bob Bell may graduate, and have our school without his services, but Jim Mullen '30, will be a candidate in the Fall, and the positions Bell would have filled this year if conditions permitted will be well taken care of by this younger man.

Ken Mason has considered the position of water carrier, but has not definitely accepted as yet.

Buckley, second assistant manager of this year's team, will probably fill the place of McCarthy, to keep up the financial status of the team. Buckley has gained much experience this year in the water power business, as he held the important office of Water-Boy.

The Crimson may well look forward to a bright future, for the Class (if Class it may be called) of '30 will undoubtedly bring forward other good material.

DON'T BE ALARMED FOLKS!

(Special to the Tatler)

If in the course of your daily grind, should you happen to look up and see some one skipping down the corridor, flapping his arms in imitation of wings, and yodeling "Darwin's Theory on Evolution," (Which by the way, is Berlin's Latest) please don't get excited.

In the event of the above happening, it merely means that the poor unfortunate is either a Sophomore taking Latin, a Junior taking French, or what is more likely, a Senior taking both Solid and Review Plane Geometry. The proper thing to do in this case is to report the incident at the office and hide until action is taken by the city authorities.

B. H. S. HAS AN AUTHOR

IN ITS MIDST

Esther Flynn Gains Great Fame

Miss Esther Flynn, one of the best anaesthetic dancers of Bangor High School has heaped honors onto our State, city, school, friends, etc., by her ability as an author. Last year she wrote conclusively for the "Tatler," as the "New Ideas Editor." Her wit amazed the public and encouraged her to continue in her literary career.

During the Summer she took a correspondence course in Electrical Engineering, Etiquette, and several other subjects, all to develop her talents. Then she wrote her first story, in July, for the Detective Story Magazine, entitled: "How I became a World-Known Writer." She next met with great success and people clamored for more. The second article entitled: "Why Freshmen are Freshmen," or "The Dumbness of a Dumbell," was written, under contract for the Bangor Daily News. Her other books may be found in the public library but are too numerous to mention. A series of lectures will be given by Miss Flynn in the Chateau. All are invited to either stay away or be disappointed.

LAWRENCE LYNCH TO HIT THE HIGH SPOTS

Relations and the more fortunate will be overcome to know that Lawrence Lynch is enjoying a trip to Chicago, Sick, (Ill.) At the last meeting of the Famous Rifle Club of B. H. S. he was presented with a silkatteen air rifle to commemorate his recently achieved fame as a marksman. The object in view is to rid the Metropolis of Chicago of Bad Men and Bobbed Hair Bandits.

No word has been received, as yet, but in a day or so radiograms, telegrams, cablegrams, and newspapers will all carry the name of our HERO, "Bunt" Lynch—the pride and joy of Bangor!!

SIX BEST STEPPERS FOR SEASON

1. Doodle Doo Doo
2. Carmen.
3. Aida
4. Uncle Josh Builds a Radio
5. Cohen Buys an Ear Trumpet
6. Whispering

TATLER

TION

FALL, 1926

NUMBER 1

LEONARD LANCASTER CHOSEN KING OF THE SAX SMASHERS

Official Results of Recent Contest

Last Saturday at A. O. H. Hall. L. Lydia Lancaster defeated all comers in the art of Saxing. Everyone is amazed at the great future this young gentleman is to have.

Crowds gathered promptly at 7.30 o'clock that they get the best seats. At half past eight the doors were opened and the mob rushed in, after presenting the door tender with their five-dollar-a-seat ticket. After ten thousand people had entered, and the hall being nearly full it was decided that the performance begin.

The orchestra played first, a selection from the opera "Sybill." Then at 9.30 the curtains parted and out on the stage stepped L. Lancaster, our one and only contester. He held up his hand to silence the bouquet throwing mob. Grasping the instrument between his teeth and on the exhalation of a deep breath, a bel-low, that would make an elephant turn pink with envy, was emitted from the loud speaker. This first note opened every-one's heart, besides closing their ears. Although he played a long solo the audience and judges heard but the first note, which burst their ear drums. At the end, amid a storm of applause he rolled off the stage.

HEARD AT THE GAME

"Keep back from the Gate!"
"Everybody up, the School Song."
"Where's the cheer-leader?"
"BANGOR—THE LONG WAY!"
"All together now!"
"Ah! The Quarter."
"Now if the sun only comes out during the Half."
"Boy, but that was a beauty of a pass."
"Two minutes to go."
"Oh, it was no wonder that they won, who wouldn't with the referee favoring them."

MONKEY DIES IN ZOO

Victim of Foul Play. No Arrests Made,
So Far

Last month an incident occurred which did not cause much thought until last week when further incriminating evidence was found which may lead to the acquittal of a progressive Senior of B. H. S.

It seems a fellow by the name of Jim Keegan, (OUR CHEER-LEADER) was over in the public library and while reading over the current literature came upon an article dealing with "Darwin's Theory of Ebullition." He became very much absorbed in it but on account of his approaching date he took the book and went out. On his way home that night he lost the book in the front of the auto rest in Carmel. It got into the hands of one of the popular monkeys of the Zoo. He too, like the book and began to feel proud of his progressive relations, especially just after a Senior had passed the cage.

While at the highest state of proudness, a crowd of kindergarten children of B. H. S., the class of 1930 to be more exact, came to see the animals, just one sight of the surging mob was enough to change his mind and he died instantly. Without leaving a will.

JOKE CONTEST AWARDS

Katherine Brown wins hand embroidered Black-Jack as First Prize. The following is her winning funny story:

Charlie Lonewolf, a Blackfoot Indian of Northern Montana, recently became oil rich and bought himself a Buick Five-passenger sport model. A few days later the Buick dealer was confronted by Long Wolf again. He was afoot and walked with a limp and was badly bruised. He wanted to buy another car. When asked the how of it he answered:

"Drive out big red car. Buy gallon Moonshine. Take drink. Step on gas. Trees and fence go by heap fast. Pretty soon see big bridge coming down road. Turn out to let bridge pass. Bang! Car gone! Gimme 'nother one."

MORAL: Laugh and show your ligaments.

A tin can to a
yellow dog's tail

POETRY CONTEST PRIZES

Jay Alley wins cotton batting Fry Pan for his clever piece of Rhymery.

THE WINNER

The lightning bug is brilliant
But it hasn't any mind;
It blunders through existence,
With its headlight on behind.

FOR SALE

Pair of Silver Plated Ear Drums, in good repair. These have been driven just enough to break them in, but this defect can be easily remedied by replacing needed parts. Any questions as to price, terms, method of conveyance et si quatre, will be answered by

Carlyle Johnson
63 Band Room
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H. ROBINSON'S CIRCUS

(Relative of John Robinson, the circus man)

5 Axe of Hi Clars Vawderville

- A \$10 Bill, the All American tenor
A song and dance
- B Cross & Flag
A note, here and three
- C (Hur) Ray Spencer
A Sornet Colo
- D M. Goodell, the Italian
Speech entitled: "How I rosa the spaghetti in my homer in Italy"
- E M. Gordan & J. Murphy
A well done act named, "Raw—Raw—Raw!"

F THE FEATURE PICTURE

Stewart Meade in,
"In Spite of this I became a Junior."

FOR SALE

SCOOTER—is in excellent condition,—has solid rheumatic tires with a nice set of brakes, in fact it is all broken in several places. This is a great bargain for any freshman who wishes to become popular.

WE NOMINATE FOR THE HALL OF FAME—

— THE ROGUE'S GALLERY — OR — HOOZ HOD IN B.H.S. —

						
RALPH LEONARD HANDSOME — BASS SOLOIST	HAROLD ROBINSON DRAMATIC SPEAKER	GRACE FAULKINGHAM CURL ATHLETE	MILDRED MACQUIRE CLASS'S OLD MAID	ALBERT TAGBELL SCHOOL'S TOUGH	DUANE BARRY THE SCHOOL'S DRUNKARD	BOB NICKERSON WRESTLER
						
MABEL ROGERS SCHOOL'S STUDENT?	BOBBY RUSS PRESIDENT OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS	MUSHY RICHLIN — CAPTAIN — OF FOOTBALL	IRENE MURRAY — MISS BASHEFUL?	HOWARD DAY A YOUNG CITY SLICKER	"WHIT" WHITCOMB AND HIS SOUVENIR OF BREWER CAFE	FAYLIS DINNING — GEOMETRY SHARK
						
TOBY VALENTA THE SCHOOL POET	CONNIE CHALNER THE VAMP	BILL WELCH FRENCH SHARK	MOPSY TAYLOR — DRAMATIC SPEAKER	ELEANOR PEAVEY B.H.S. GALL CURCH	FRED CULLEN FOOTBALL TRIPLE THREAT	CORNELIUS SULLIVAN "BABYFACE"
						
DANFORTH HAYES BOY ORATOR	HENRY SAMWAY PRESIDENT SENIOR CLASS	ALDEN DENACO — JOURNAL SAXOPHONIST	AVIS BARTLETT — CHARLESTON DANCER	BOBBY GRAHAM — "MR. EAST BANGOR"	TUTH & GORDON GIRL ATHLETE	CLARICE PENNEY FLAPPER
						IF ANY OF THE ABOVE FEEL THEY ARE MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN PICTURED SEE ARTIST.
JOHN MCCARTHY MANAGER OF FOOTBALL	TOM PERRY — SILENT SHIEK	VERNA JENNINGS — STENOGRAPHER	MORACE BRIGGS — MILITARY EXPERT	JIM KEEGAN — CHEERLEADER	PHIL LINN CHAMP ICE SKATER	COMPLIMENT OF BRUCE CUNNING — 1929 —

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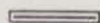
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And into the mirror gaze,
You note that your personal appearance
Could be improved by a haircut or shave
Perhaps a shampoo or massage,
As you think the matter o'er,—
Remember, we are located,
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We have electric clippers, vibrators and
dryers, too,
And styles, massage and tonics, and a
two-chair crew.
Our chairs are white; our case is neat;
You sit on a leather upholstered seat.
While waiting, you may read the news,
Arrange your collar, brush your shoes.
Everyone we try to please,
From laborer, to man of ease.
At all times sticking to the text,
No matter who, the next is—next.

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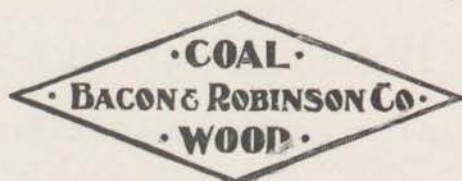
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