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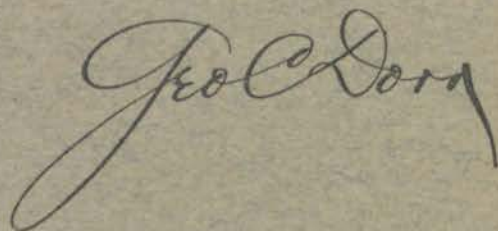
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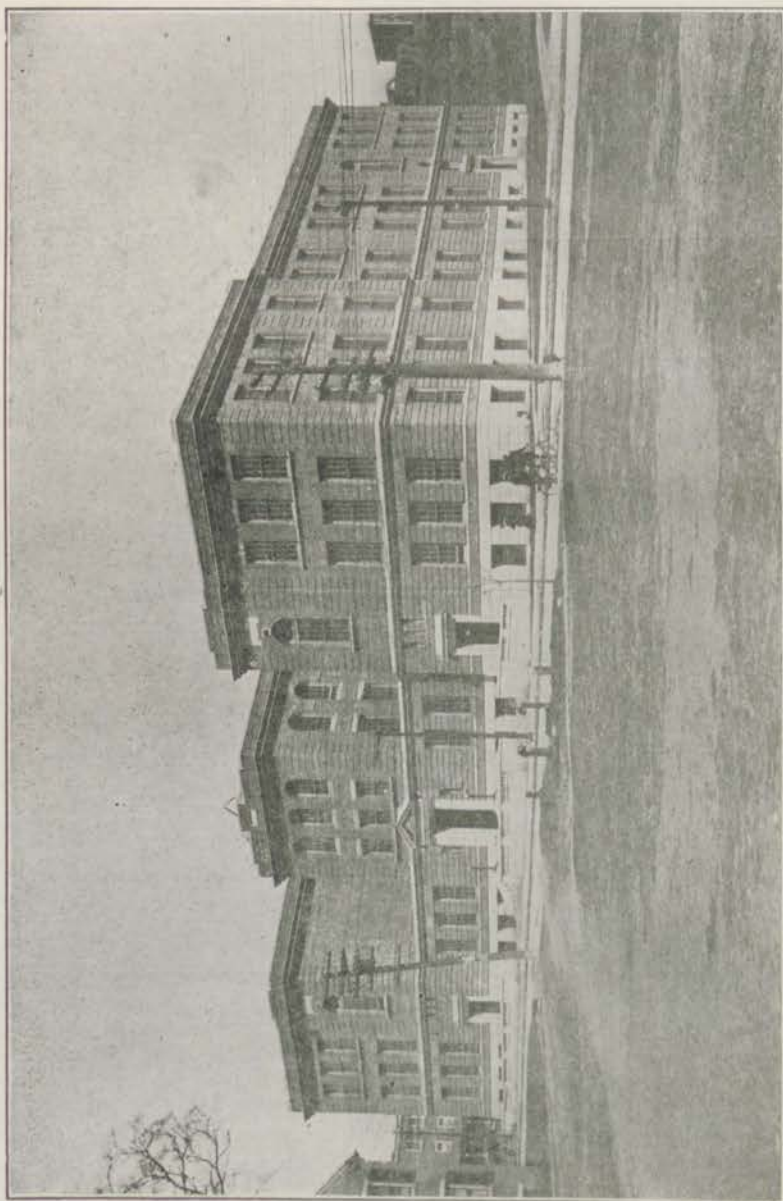
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ALMA MATER.

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OCTOBER, 1923

No. 1

The Oracle Board



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7931



Lucky it was that the City Council recently reserved Abbott Square for a public parking place for automobiles. **To The Class of '27** This affords a splendid opportunity for you to romp around, before and after school; and also makes a fairly safe place to park your kiddie-kars and velocipedes. It has been noticed that in spite of the general minuteness of most of the freshmen, the size of their heads is practically up to standard measurements, and the hope has been expressed by many of the upper classmen that these large "beans" may contain a good amount of gray matter floating around in the hot air.

According to Hoyle, all Sophomores, perhaps Juniors, and possibly even Seniors, have passed through this hopeless stage. Without a doubt the freshmen are just a link in the evolution of man, only they have not entirely lost all of their monkey traits. Before this year B. H. S. has always had a lot of trouble in keeping the freshmen from showing their youth and spirit by bounding up and down the stairs in the building two or three at a time. But thanks to their diminutiveness, this year they are not able to take more than one step at a time without gaining a reputation as an infant contortionist.

But cheer up, '27, you will grow up; be-

cause it has been done before. Always eat a lot in the lunch room and you will grow up physically. Always read a lot in the Oracle and you will grow up mentally. But don't get a swelled head from being a student of B. H. S. or you will blow up bodily.

Remember that in the next four years you are the ones who will represent B. H. S. You will learn to love the old school and to respect our fine faculty, and then you will take great pride in the fact that you represent the class of '27 in our B. H. S.

Class of 1927, in my day dreams I oft-times wonder, as you enter this finely appointed High school, with every modern facility for learning, provided in spacious, finely furnished rooms, if you realize the chance that is yours in comparison with the days when our forbears were young.

All of us are familiar with the story of Abraham Lincoln, but maybe this oft-told tale from the western frontier seems so far away in distance that we think the boys of Maine a century ago had a different time in acquiring knowledge. Let me bring it closer: The great grandfather of the writer frequently told of his struggle for the meager education he received. Born with-

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in nine miles of this building, where we now have every advantage, in a log cabin, which was the best the then eastern frontier provided, he found no schools, whatsoever, on the plantation where he lived. His earliest instruction in the rudiments was given by his mother, a real Daughter of the Revolution, who taught him to read and write, but what was a greater gift, she taught him a love for good books.

The new homestead farm was covered with heavy pine and when he had reached the years of strength, with his father and brothers, he had to work all through the day, clearing up the land. As he had ambitions to teach, time must be found for study and he has left a story of how, early in the morning, he would get up and take his book by the fire and there in the quiet hour study before any of the rest of the family were stirring.

Thus, without any of the aids that we have today, of fine teachers and well arranged class books, he secured ample edu-

cation to fit himself for teaching and in later life accepted town offices and was elected a member of the legislature.

All your advantages, class of '27, go for naught if you do not do your part. Let pleasure have its place but, fellow students, remember that schools are primarily for study, and make the best of the grand chance you'll have to secure training, that in after years you may prove able leaders and keepers of the heritage of our fathers.

Students, do you realize that this is the beginning of the thirty-second successive **Its Up to** year that the Oracle has been **You** published? You all know that the Oracle is one of the finest school papers that you ever saw or heard of, and it is certainly our duty to continue this reputation. Now, the size and quality of our paper depends on the kind of material and financial support we receive from you. Come on! We are prepared for a flood of slams, jokes, stories, articles, and cartoons.

Statement of Business Manager 1922-23

RECEIPTS.

Advertising for the Year.....	\$1,011.37
Season Tickets	677.00
Outstanding Bills	10.00
Cash Sales	46.84
Interest	2.55
Senior Cuts	322.50
Other Cuts	10.00
	\$2,080.26

EXPENDITURES.

J. P. Bass Pub. Co.....	\$1,540.00
Pioneer Engraving Co.....	149.50
Suffolk Engraving Co.....	224.60
Chalmers Studio	6.10
Postage	4.00
Express	1.77
Unpaid Bills	16.00
Printing Season Tickets.....	10.10
F. Press Association.....	1.00
K. S. Fields, Traveling Expenses..	10.00
Business Manager's Salary.....	15.00
	\$1,978.57
Bank Balance	101.69
	\$2,080.26

Respectfully submitted,

C. H. SAWYER,
By R. S. H.



MODERN SLAVES

Gretchen W. Hayes, '25.

ALTHOUGH the days of human slavery are gone, I have a hundred slaves of my own. Whenever I have need, there are many, many more at my disposal.

In Athens, it would have been considered very wasteful to have so many slaves, each one having little to do. Where each Athenian school boy had several teachers to teach him several subjects, I have as many hundred to teach me nearly everything under the sun. My slaves are ready for use day and night. They never are sick. They never die. When I tire of one, I throw him in a corner. He is there when I want him again.

One of the best qualities of my slaves is that they can be used by fifty people, and that use would not detract from their strength.

In Athens, there was a slave to do each kind of manual labor. I have slaves who can teach me to do everything better than the Athenians ever dreamed of having them done.

There were many professional story tellers in Athens, who had to know many stories by heart before they could tell them. Fifty of my slaves have nothing to do but

tell stories, although each one has only one story. But I can hear the stories of as many public story tellers as I want, and whatever tales I want, all by going to the slave storehouse, where each slave stands on a shelf waiting to be called out.

But my slaves are more than that. They are companions. Each slave's mood and feelings are fixed, but there is enough variety to make them companionable.

I have five or ten traveling slaves. Last evening, one of them took me to Europe. I had a very interesting trip, without any of the discomforts and expenses of the usual journey; and I was back in three hours instead of three months.

Instead of having to go on the streets in order to tell their ideas about how things ought to be, as Socrates had to, the modern philosopher tells them to a slave; and he tells five thousand more at once. One of these comes to me; and I hear the great seer's teaching a thousand miles, or a thousand years away.

But none of my slaves would have ever been made without a human master. Each book on my shelves is the representative of a master mind. Through them, I can

know what the greatest thinkers of all ages have thought, and can think with them and compare them, which is more than even the writers of some of the best books could do. I can be with the greatest explorers in every realm from the earth to the eternal.

And perhaps some day their torch will be thrown to me along with the thousands of others of my age.

Truly books throw a great responsibility on their readers. They are a challenge which must be answered.

MEMORIES

Charlotte C. Drummond.

THE subject of snow would be appropriate for almost any inhabitant of Maine at any time between November and March, particularly the present year. Snow is defined in Webster's dictionary as "watery particles congealed into white or transparent crystals or flakes in the air, and falling to the earth, exhibiting a great variety of very beautiful and perfect forms."

The poets have eulogized those perfect and beautiful forms in many a graceful song, yet the pessimist—I am going to turn pessimist on this subject of snow, admitting beforehand that I shall probably take it all back at some time when I am feeling a little less prejudiced.

As a pessimist, then, I declare that there is a difference between sitting by a comfortable wood fire, writing about snow laden trees, and floundering through some three feet of that same snow while trying to clear a path to the door. Oh, the joy of awakening some morning to find the snow drifted level with the piazza railing and to realize that it must be removed by hand labor! I could describe the joys of shoveling at length, but I dislike to recall painful memories. After the job has been done, what self congratulations! What a swagger in the gait, what a jaunty lift to the aching arm! With what pride one looks fondly on the canyon which is the back path, and on the neat flight of steps with mountains of snow on either side. With what a virtuous feel-

ing one gazes upon the snow filled domain of one's neighbor!

Then in the late afternoon, a few stray flakes come drifting down, are joined by more—the wind whirls them faster and faster—and soon legions of "transparent crystals" are dashing down in sheets, settling themselves in impish glee on one's steps and path, and obliterating all one's painful work. As the poet says,

"And busily all the night

Are heaping the fields and highways
With a silence deep and white."

Then the whole job has to be done over again, and the beautiful aspect of the landscape loses a little of its value as shovelfuls of snow are heaved painfully over the evergrowing cliffs on either side of the comparatively tiny highway, which is being dug.

Then the leaks! If one is unfortunate enough to have a roof which can leak (and most roofs can and do), the snow will take care of the rest. One is wakened at midnight by a musical drip, drip—location unknown. One rises from a comfortable bed and searches for the origin of the elusive sound. After blundering into furniture before turning on the light, and futilely searching for some moments afterwards, the offending spot is found and attended to. This performance will probably be repeated some two or three times during the night, and if it does not tend to cultivate patience, it at least exercises the vocabulary.

Then our optimist will say, "Oh, think of the skiing, snowshoeing and all the delightful sports which come with the beautiful snow!" All very well, but it is seldom that the beautiful snow condescends to make snowshoeing and skiing enjoyable. It is much more likely to fall in those soft, light flakes of which the poets are so fond. Then as our optimist steps out bravely, his snowshoe will sink about twelve inches in the feathery snow, and he must shake his foot vigorously at every step, progressing at the maximum rate of a mile an hour. The same applies to skiing with the exception that it is a little worse. The skating—any skate enthusiast will tell you how enjoyable is a foot of snow when one desires to glide over the glassy surface, as it were, and there is no surface, only a field of snow.

The painful delay while the ice is being cleared—can be described fluently and at length by anyone who has experienced it. Decidedly, the beautiful snow has its disadvantages.

The walking, of course, is wonderful! As our optimist will tell you, no good sport should object to wading through unploughed sidewalks, but the pessimist will reply—and truly—that even a good sport can be exasperated when he is obliged to advance by a series of jerky, uneven and ungraceful steps, instead of the free stride of the athlete—so to speak.

Now, having stated the disadvantages and the utter uselessness of snow, and having thereby freed my mind, I nevertheless have a sneaking idea that snow is beautiful!

THE PIANO

Galen I. Veayo, '24.

THE following is a brief description of one of our best known and most popular musical instruments, the piano.

The piano is a stringed instrument. The strings extend over bridges, resting on a thin, vibrating sounding board, and are made to vibrate by means of small felted hammers, which are put in motion by levers connected with keys, struck by the fingers of the performer. There are also dampers, which deaden the sound after the note is struck.

The name pianoforte, is compounded of two Italian words, signifying soft and strong, and the piano was so called in distinction to the harpsichord, in which it was not possible to increase or diminish at will the strength of the notes. The mechanism by which the movement of the keys is conveyed to the strings, is called the action, and in no part of the instrument is careful adjustment of parts more necessary, in or-

der to produce an agreeable and firm quality of tone. When these parts are correctly adjusted, a skillful performer, by carefully controlling the force with which he strikes the keys, as well as the manner of striking, can produce tones of widely different quality, to accord with the purpose and meaning of the composition. There are usually three strings for each note in the higher and middle octaves, two in the lower, and one in the lowest notes. The strings are of steel wire. The longest strings are wound with a double coil of brass wire, and those next above, with a single coil. All pianos have two pedals, and some have more. These are worked by the feet, and when pressed down, by moving the hammers or dampers, with relation to the strings, they regulate the intensity of the stroke of the mechanisms and consequently control the quality and intensity of the sound.

In form pianos are either grand, having

the strings parallel with the keys, or upright with the strings vertical or perpendicular. The common compass of the piano at present is six and seven-eighths, or seven octaves.

The invention of the piano can hardly be ascribed to any one man. The first satis-

factory hammer action appears to have been invented by an Italian of Budua, named Bartolommeo Cristafali, about 1711. Among the principal improvers of the pianoforte are Sebastian, Erard, Collard, Bechstein, and many others.

A TRAIL

Raymond G. Worster.

THE sun was in the mid-heavens. A lone traveler was breaking the sheet of white expanse. Such a scene was not strange in the frozen country of the north, and yet there seemed to be something peculiarly strange about this individual.

Let us observe him closer. He is a man of forty years, at least six feet tall, and of medium weight. He gives every appearance of being a giant in physical strength. From his waist up he is clad in a gray flannel shirt, with a brown leather garment flung carelessly across his shoulders. On his head he wears a fur cap. Brown riding breeches tucked into the tops of a pair of boots, high and heavy, constituted the remainder of his dress. The print of his trail informs us he wears snowshoes. But there is nothing strange in any of this; inasmuch as the garb he wears is the customary dress of the north woodsman.

Let us look at his face. Now we see what is strange. His face is marked and scarred by many wrinkles. His eyes are blue, almost steel color, and seemingly give evidence of an iron heart. His lips are drawn tight, his nostrils seem to swell with each breath he takes. A wisp of gray hair hangs neglected over his brow. As we gaze upon him, his expression strangely changes. The muscles of his face seem to relax. A dark blue creeps into his eyes. His lips twitch. In fact, his iron-hearted expression has turned to an expression almost effeminate.

Now a tear appears. The formerly high held head drops, as he trudges along over the hill and out of sight into some great unknown beyond. His trail was the only mark left of his existence. His tracks, a sentence written on the white northern snows.

Ashville was situated on the border of the timber land. The principal building there was Gus Packy's barber shop, grocery and department store, and hotel. Here all the town gossip was related with the usual high minded fairness; and various checker tournaments were held. The latter amusement was in full swing, that is between arguments. But the checker game was not the only thing that was in full swing, for around the old stove in the corner, a most important town topic was being discussed. The group was made up of Cy Gilmore, the sheriff; Glenn Billings, a henpecked husband, and, needless to say, his wife, Samantha, was right there with him.

"Well, the way I figger it, Ben Williams air a fool and yella clear through," Cy Gilmore was saying "Ain't that right, Samantha?"

"It sure air," came the answer very emphatically. "Ben sure were a fool. The idea! A man tha' ain't got sense 'nuff to fight a fella that has played him dirty fer ten year or more are sure yella. He never dared to fight Alec, no how. 'Course Alec married the gal Ben was kinda stuck on, but that ain't no reason."

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So, the talk proceeded and Williams was hauled back and forth over the coals of gossip, because he didn't dare to fight the man who had hurt him.

Let us again turn to the trail of the "fool." A man who had for his motto "The way to render harmless an enemy **without** is to prevent his enemy **within** from distilling bitterness and hate against him." A man who so completely had control of his faculties that he truly believed that his enemy, the man who had harmed him wrongfully, had really got the worst of the bargain and ought to be pitied. You say such an extreme temperament is impossible in such a man. No, not impossible but rare and much needed. A man who cares noth-

ing for the talk of men and human society but rather prefers a home in solitude, living with nature and the wild things of the forest and close communion with God.

The sun has set. The moon has risen, shedding its mellow beams on the deserted trail. A trail portraying on the snows of existence, the memory of a man who was considered a fool and a coward, in the minds of men. The tracks in the snows might be melted by the suns of time; grow dim and completely be obliterated in the eyes of the world; but to him the trail will always be plain, winding over the hills and valleys of time towards Mount Eternity and his great Maker and Example.

SCOTTISH CASTLES

Therma Perry.

AS we all know, Scotland is a country noted for its historic castles and keeps. Most of these are in the southern part since it was that section which was most desirable, and therefore, was the scene of many foreign invasions. However, there are in the north a few worthy of mention, and preeminent among them is Cawdor castle.

This imposing structure stands on the edge of the shire of Nairn, in the town of Cawdor, on the banks of a burn of the same name. The appearance of the castle is that of a magnificent, ancient fortalice, battlemented, turreted in the most picturesque manner; most of the buildings, however, are of comparatively recent date though built in harmony with the older keep, which occupies the center, and towers above all the surrounding buildings.

The Calders of Calder, are said to have descended from a brother of Macbeth to whom he resigned his thanedom of Calder, when he ascended the throne. Their origi-

nal castle was at Nairn and they received a license to build the tower of Calder in 1393 and another in 1454. It was at this later date in all probability that the present keep was built. The last of the line was Muriella Calder, born about the beginning of the sixteenth century. John of Lorn, head of Clan Campbell, considering her a valuable possession, in 1510, ordered her abducted. This was accomplished. She was pursued and it was only through a trick of a Campbell that she was retained. She was taken to Argyle, where she lived until her marriage to John of Lorn. Thus the Campbells acquired the lands of Calder, the name of which they changed to Cawdor. By them the castle was much enlarged and thus assumed its present aspect.

A remarkable tradition respecting the foundation of this castle is worth notice, because circumstances still remain which plead strongly for its truth. It is said that the original proprietor was directed by a dream to load a donkey with gold, turn it

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loose, and, following its footsteps, build a castle wherever the donkey rested. In an age when dreams were considered as the immediate oracles of heaven and their suggestions attended to, it is natural to suppose that the donkey received its burden and its liberty. After strolling about from one thistle to another, it arrived at last beneath the branches of a hawthorn tree, where, tired by the weight on its back, it knelt down to rest. The space around this tree was immediately cleared for building, the foundation laid, and a tower erected; but the tree was preserved and remains at this moment a singular memorial of superstition attended by advantage. The situation accidentally proved the most favorable that could be chosen: the country around it was fertile, productive of trees and a wholesome spot; and a river, with a clear and rapid current flows beneath its walls.

The trunk of the tree is still shown in a vaulted apartment at the bottom of the principal tower. Its roots branch out beneath the floor and its top penetrates through the vaulted arch of stone above, in such a way as to prove beyond dispute that the tree stood, as it does now before the tower was erected. For ages it has been a custom for guests in the family to assemble around it and drink, "Success to the Hawthorn," that is to say in other words, "Prosperity to the house of Cawdor."

Another castle of interest is Glamis castle. It is known to all by the connection of the thane of that name with Shakespeare's tragedy of Macbeth and is situated in the southeastern highlands in the town of Glamis. It is needless to say, that no part of the existing structure goes back to the shadowy times of King Duncan nor indeed, farther than the fifteenth century. The central portion of Glamis castle, is an L-shaped keep, with walls more than ten feet thick and with its multitude of turrets and pinnacles, it makes a most attractive spectacle. It has often been described by the older writers who are enthusiastic about its beauties. It is said that the son of James VII, when he returned to Scotland in 1715, lodged for a night at Glamis and said that no castle on the continent could compare with it.

Glamis was the residence of Malcolm II and here he was slain in 1031. His murderers fled across unfamiliar country by night and everything being covered with a layer of snow, they happened upon the thin ice of the frozen Lock of Forfare, broke through and perished.

This castle is now the ancestral home of the Earl of Strathmore, the daughter of whom, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, recently married King George's second son, the Duke of York.

THE STORY OF AN UMBRELLA

Gretchen Reinhardt

THE first man to carry an umbrella about in London was Jonas Hanway, and a very bad time of it the people of London gave him. He was born in 1712, and, while still a young man, traveled as a merchant in Persia and Russia and other lands. He traveled into lands where his life and goods were in danger but he had no fear. When he found

how useful the umbrella was in those lands, he made up his mind to use it for his protection against the weather in England. So, when he was thirty-eight years old, he opened the first umbrella ever carried by a man in a London street. He was the first man to walk with one but not the first person.

Before Hanway was born women had

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used umbrellas, but the umbrella was thought to be as feminine as the veil for the face is now; and that is one of the reasons why the stupid people of Hanway's day made fun of him. It was ridiculous, they said, for a man to carry about a woman's thing. So, while the more dignified people poked fun at him, boys pelted him with stale vegetables and bad eggs, and made his life a misery to him. Most of us would have preferred the rain to the storm of eggs and cabbages, which the sight of the umbrella brought down upon the head of poor Jonas Hanway.

The owners of coaches plying for hire at that day, said the umbrella would ruin their trade. Other people thought that the umbrella was an insult to God. Unless the rain were intended to wet people, they said, it would not be sent; certainly nobody had a right to keep off the rain with an umbrella. But Jonas went on his way with his stout umbrella over his head, never heeding the eggs and cabbages and dirty water flung over him from the houses. "It

will soon be popular," he used to say. But he was wrong.

It took thirty years for the use of the umbrella to become at all common. The owners of inns and coffee houses would keep one umbrella, which their customers could borrow in going to and from their carriages; and there would be one umbrella in use at a large private house. When their use became more common, it was said that there were three classes of people, the class who could afford a carriage and therefore did not need an umbrella; the people who could afford an umbrella but not a carriage; and the people who were too poor to afford either.

We can see in our larger museums today carvings of a king of Assyria, carrying an umbrella as he led his army forth, and that was seven hundred years before the birth of Christ. Umbrellas had been used, too, in other countries centuries before Hanway's time, but they were brought into common use in England and afterwards in the United States by the man who was jeered at every time he raised one in London.

CHINESE WOMEN

Constance Osgood.

PERHAPS you do not know but there are no bachelors in China. As soon as a boy is old enough his parents arrange a suitable marriage for him, concerning which he is in no way consulted, not even about his bride. His parents send a suitable sum of money to the bride's parents for her education; in other words, they buy her. She is then taken to the house of the bridegroom's parents and can never return to her father's house again, even if her husband dies; that is, if she wants to be considered a faithful wife.

The bride-elect is attired in a full red gown, which completely covers her, and an

enormous red hat, draped with a veil, is placed on her head, covering her features. She is then placed in a litter having sides of red flannel, with no opening. A procession follows her, bearing her trousseau and household furniture. A band goes in front to escort her to the home of the bridegroom, where she will stay before the marriage and after it.

After she alights she is exposed to all the criticisms of the female members of the family she is about to enter. They express their opinions about her just as they would about a piece of furniture they had bought. All their relations and friends come to pay their respects to her and sometimes the

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ceremony lasts several days, or as long as the guests keep coming. When it is all over the young couple are quite worn out from fatigue and loss of sleep.

From the very first the young bride is forced to submit to her husband's mother and the latter prepares to take out of her daughter-in-law all that she herself had to suffer as a bride. The wife becomes a slave to the whole family, being treated with great disrespect until the time when she becomes a mother. Then matters change, especially if the child is a son. It is no surprise that there are so many suicides in China.

It is very improper when talking to a Chinese man to inquire about his wife or any female member of the family. Chinese

women are never seen at a dinner party with men.

Although a Chinese woman suffers constant humiliation as a wife, she has an all powerful influence over her children even when they themselves are grandparents. When she dies her sons wear mourning for her for three months, but her husband would cover himself with ridicule if he were to show the slightest grief at her loss. The husband may remarry as many times as he likes, but the widow who does so is not considered respectable. If she commits suicide on her husband's tomb great honors are given her. In any event she shows her respect to the memory of her dead husband by devoting herself to his parents for the remainder of her days.

WALKING

Mary Reid.

W where you will? Sometimes, is yours and yours to walk in rating than to feel the world HAT can be more exhilarating when you feel that the roads and paths other men have made are as good and lead to as pretty places as your own private ways do, you will keep to the roads; again, the longing to discover something, anything new and beautiful; the first Mayflower, a new scene, a funny shaped old tree but above all a rare and beautiful picture, that may be stored away to call upon, time and time again, when we can't go to see them.

Often it is better not to go to the same place twice as conditions make a place sunny or dreary, beautiful or plain. It is horrid to find out that what we remembered as a lovely picture painted in our thoughts at the first glance, has lost its beauty before painted on canvas, for all who want to look.

There isn't a season that doesn't have some charm for a walker. It is a wonderful sense of freedom to put on rubber boots,

an old rain coat and a hat and set forth on a blustery March day, with the rain beating incentively cool on your face. I don't think Addison ever stood on the top of a hill, in March, with the wind and rain racing around him and looked down into a hazy but clean valley with distant hills, that seem to belong to another planet, on the other side. If he had he would never have written: "Foul with the stains of gushing torrents and descending rains." Nothing can be foul because of rain.

Spring and fall are the best times to walk. Early spring is a teasing tomboy—a rowdy gypsy. It makes, or tries to make—gypsies out of the best of us, and I pity those that aren't made gypsies. Who doesn't want to play hookey in spring and hike out through the woods and fields? The fun, freedom and rhythm of keeping step with:

"A comrade, blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
While he walks a mile with me."

THE ORACLE

HERMES

Barbara Reynolds.

THE Greek god, Hermes, was the son of Jupiter and Maia, daughter of Atlas. Hermes was born in a cave in Mount Cyllene. A few hours after his birth he escaped from his cradle and carried off some of Apollo's oxen. Because of this, he is often known as the god of theft and cunning. So that nobody could trace his footsteps, he put on sandals, and drove the oxen away. He killed two and hid the rest. Then he went home and, at the entrance to his cave, found a tortoise. Taking the shell, he stretched strings across it, and thus invented the lyre. By this time, Apollo had discovered the thief, and went to tell Hermes' mother. Maia showed him the child in the cradle, but Apollo carried the boy to Jupiter. Hermes agreed to return the oxen, and took Apollo to the cave. Here he brought out his lyre. Apollo was so charmed with the music, that he made Hermes a present of the oxen. The two became close friends, and Apollo gave Hermes his own golden shepherd's staff. He also taught him the art of prophesying with dice. Jupiter, seeing this friendship, made Hermes herald of the gods. Thus, he became known as the god of eloquence. Tongues of animals were sacrificed to him. He is said to have in-

vented numerous things. Hermes was Jupiter's cup bearer and charioteer. Jupiter was supposed to send dreams, and Hermes carried them to men. Another important duty of his was to lead the shades of the dead from the upper to the lower world. Hermes was believed to be the inventor of sacrifices. The Greek artists always represented him as a beautiful youth, whose limbs were wonderfully developed by many gymnastic exercises. He is pictured as always wearing a traveling hat, with a broad brim, which in later times was adorned with two small wings. He carried the staff given to him by Apollo. To this were attached white ribbons, but later these were changed to two serpents. His sandals were beautiful golden ones, which carried the god over land and sea with the swiftness of the wind. At the ankles of the god were more wings.

Among the things sacred to Hermes were the palm tree, the tortoise, the number four, and several kinds of fish. He was worshipped as god of theft and cunning, god of eloquence and prudence, god of sleep, god of peace, god of roads, god of gain and riches, protector of sacrificial animals, fertilizing god of the earth, and patron of all the gymnastic games.

THE BEST RIDE I EVER HAD

Louise M. Prince.

IT was carnival time. Oh, the fun of it! The many things to eat and do. In fact, everything to eat—from pink lemonade to hot dogs. And do—well, there were all sorts of contrivances to ride in, and gaming wheels to turn, to try for baby dolls and chocolates. Carnival time!—why the air was full of it, but I didn't care for carnivals then, and—but that

is what my story is to be about.

It was the first night of the carnival. We were at the supper table when Dad asked me if I would like to go down to the carnival for a little while. I said, "No, but I would not mind a walk." He said that we might walk in that direction and I agreed.

At the top of Baptist Hill, where we could see all the lights and gayety, I began to feel

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little nerve centers communicate to each other all up and down my spine in rhythm to the music below. So, we went down.

At first we walked around, poking and looking in at the different attractions in the booths. Then we rounded a curve and there was a—(I was going to say "the," but that would have given away this story). Where was I? Oh! Just a common ferris wheel.

Well, Dad and I dared each other to a ride. We did, and it was a great ride!

First we stepped up to a small shanty ticket office and got a ticket apiece, then we stepped up an incline way, made of strips of wood nailed roughly to other strips of wood, placed perpendicularly to the first strips of wood. (Isn't that a tangle of words? If you read it over slowly two or three times, I am quite sure it will make sense). This walk led to the seats. Of course, we had to wait for the people then in the wheel to get their ride and I'll never forget the waiting. I never before realized that I had so many nerves and that stomachs could have such sinking sensations, but I vowed I would keep my end of the stunt if I never beheld the light of day again. You can't possibly realize how I felt at the time!

The wheel stopped—the people in the first seat were out—the wheel was being rapidly unloaded—the people in front of us were moving up—our turn was next. We stepped up to the end of the inclined chute and into the ninth car. My heart went down into the pit of my stomach with such velocity that it was a wonder it hadn't fallen out of my body entirely and got left behind, but it still clung to me—and I had

made a vow. I'd keep my vow. No, I wouldn't either—oh, couldn't I get out of this horrible machine before it started? No! For the man had shut and locked the bar. I was in for it now. I must stick!

Up—up—up. First slowly, then faster and faster, till our breath came in gasps, and it was fun—yes, truly fun! For after the first sensation of going up—up—up—then the top (would we ever get over that top?) If the wheel should stop and we were at the top—how would we ever get down? But no—at every turn we glided over the top like birds and then—the sinking sensation of going down—down—down. What if we should not be able to get around the bottom of the wheel? Would we be crushed to pieces? What would Mother think? Then the sensation of joyous freedom as that of fear left, and we could—yes, we surely could—look right down into and observe all the different side shows, and hear the band down below us playing popular airs, which were wafted by the cool evening breeze across the stream and then came echoing back as being played at a great distance. The reflection of the twinkling lights on the shore went far out into the stream and then again, as we neared the ground, people gazed up with bewildering looks at the great wheel.

Such a glorious ride, and didn't Dad think it great fun? He did. He was a boy again and having the time of his life. Why, I had been afraid of this glorious sport! How could I? It was wonderful, this riding at night in a monster machine that showed the earth as a fairyland. It was simply the best ride I ever had had!



LOCALS

On the tenth of September, the students came back to school again, some of them arriving promptly for the first time (and probably the last), this year. At 1 o'clock came the Freshmen, to be initiated into the wonders of High school life. We hope they will grow physically as well as mentally—the Freshmen seem to shrink each year in stature if not in numbers. The commercial Sophomores also came in the afternoon, as they did last year.

The reinstated sixth period was hailed with groans by nearly everyone. The Seniors and three divisions of the Juniors are the only ones who escape it. It pays to be an upper classman! We hope that the rest of the school will profit by the extra study period, which we are sure they sorely need.

We note with joy that recess is about twice as long as it was last year. We shall now be able to wander through the building farther than ever, and will get much needed exercise by wild sprints down the corridors in order to reach our classes on time. Perhaps the Seniors, however, will limit their pace to a hurried walk in honor of their newly acquired dignity.

The first assembly of the upper classes was held on Friday, and was given over to the Oracle Board, as usual. Several of the Board made short speeches, asking for the

cooperation of the school in making the Oracle better and bigger than ever this year. The slogan is, one thousand yearly subscriptions. The Board also spoke before the Freshman assembly on Monday, the 17th. Miss Zachert spoke to the Freshmen on Friday, concerning the value and importance of books and libraries. Miss Zachert has charge of the normal school and rural school libraries in Pennsylvania.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY.

We are very glad to welcome eight new teachers to Bangor High this fall.

Miss Nellie B. Harmon, teaches Algebra, and comes to us from Rockport, where she taught last year. She is a graduate of the University of New Brunswick, in Canada, although her home is in Mars Hill, Maine.

Mr. Phil T. Somerville is teaching Civics classes. Mr. Somerville is a graduate of Colby, '21, and taught in Rockland last year.

Mrs. Cora B. True, who teaches Book-keeping, is a graduate of Bates college, the National Business College of Los Angeles, Cal., and the Maine School of Commerce, Auburn. Mrs. True taught in South Paris, Maine, last year, and her home is in Auburn.

Among the teachers who have joined the faculty this year is Miss Rachel Connor, B. H. S., '18, University of Maine, '22. She is a member of the English department and an assistant in the Physical Education department. While in High school, she was

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for one year, Alumni editor of the "Oracle," vice president of her class for four years, a member of the orchestra, a speaker at the Junior Exhibition, receiving honorable mention, and a speaker at graduation, giving two years of the class history. She also stood well up on the A Honor Roll. At the University of Maine, where she was a member of Delta Delta Delta fraternity, she won her class numerals and a varsity "M" in athletics, and was, for two years, sponsor for the R. O. T. C. Before coming to Bangor High, Miss Connor taught for one year in New Bedford, Mass.

Mr. Charles E. Erswell teaches Physics. He is a graduate of the University of Maine, and like many of our faculty men, was in the World war.

Miss Elizabeth E. Files, who teaches Science, graduated from Bates college last year, with a degree of A. B. Her home is in East Orange, New Jersey.

Miss Janice Goodwin has charge of the Physical Training. She is a graduate of the Sargent School of Physical Education, and has taught in the public schools of Massachusetts, besides having had considerable playground experience.

Miss Marjorie Greene teaches Expression. Her home is in Brookline, Massachusetts. She is a graduate of the Leland Powers School, where she was a classmate of Miss Butterfield, who taught Expression here last year.

The boys are drilling regularly three times a week, and girls' gymnasium classes have been organized under the instruction of Miss Janice Goodwin, our new physical training teacher.

We were all glad to hear that we are to receive credits this year for singing. One-half credit is to be given for chorus work, and one-half credit for Glee club work. If

one does especially well in the Glee club, another half credit will be added. Mr. Sprague has charge of the music, as he had last year, and we look forward to more and better singing this year than ever before.

Arline Palmer, '25, was one of the contestants for the Firestone Essay Scholarship, and her essay was chosen as the best in the State of Maine. It was sent to Washington, D. C., where it is being judged in the finals of the contest. We all wish Arline luck!

A number of our students are leaving B. H. S. this year to attend other institutions. Among these pupils are Lillian Tarbell and Grace Webber, who go to Walnut Hill; Margaret Warren, who goes to Abbott Academy; Robert Martin, who is leaving for Moses Brown Preparatory School, and Philip Cohen, who will go to Hebron. Priscilla Sawyer has gone to Boston.

THE LUNCH ROOM.

The lunch room opened September 13, with a goodly array of milk, fruit, and various kinds of sandwiches on sale. The lunch room is welcomed back with joy, since sandwiches and milk are a better fortification than needhams against the ravages of hard study. Nothing is sold after the first gong at the end of recess. We suppose that this will aid the students to return to their classes somewhere near on time. From now on everyone will have to buy lunch tickets at the assembly hall, as no money will be accepted at the lunch room.

On the afternoon of September 10, about forty football candidates reported to Coach Trowell at Broadway Park. Of these forty the following were veterans and letter men: Connors, fullback; Gary and Rooks, half-

backs; Rogan and Bond, quarterbacks; O'Connell and McClay, ends; Sawyer, Captain Lynch, Caspar, and Strout, guards; and Ulmer, center. Among the less experienced players are O'Brien, Samway, McClay, Furrow, Spellman, Sullivan, Wade, McGinty, Finnegan, and Daley. The first game is scheduled for Sept. 29, with Old Town, and by that time the team will be well rounded into shape.

Manager Bruce Smith is trying hard to complete the schedule, and at the present time has six games arranged; two with Old Town, M. C. I., and Portland. He is also negotiating with Colburn, Cony, and other strong teams.

THE LIBRARY COLUMN.

Last year each of Mrs. Carroll's English divisions formed a sort of English club, which met once a week at the regular English period. The meetings were conducted in regular parliamentary style, and small dues were collected weekly. The plan proved highly successful, and although the dues were small, by the end of the year a goodly sum had accumulated. The classes voted to donate this sum to the B. H. S. library. The money was to be used for the purchasing of books, which were to be the nucleus of a special collection of finely illustrated volumes. The object of this special collection is to make outside reading interesting to the students, who will en-

joy the fine illustrations and the splendid bindings of the books. The books purchased by this fund are: Kidnaped, by Robert Louis Stevenson, illustrated by N. C. Wyeth; The Talisman, by Sir Walter Scott, illustrated by Simon H. Vedder; Poems of American Patriotism, edited by Brender Mathews and illustrated by N. C. Wyeth; The Arabian Nights, edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith, illustrated by Maxfield Parrish; The Argosy of Fable; The Mutineers, by Charles Boardman Hawes, and The Great Quest, also by Charles Boardman Hawes. The latter two books should be of especial interest, since Mr. Hawes was a former Bangor High student. These books may be used in the B. H. S. library at any time, and not only Mrs. Carroll's classes, but all the students in school are invited to use and enjoy them. It is thought that Mrs. Carroll's classes have established an admirable precedent, and it is hoped that other classes will follow their example.

The Bangor High School Band has resumed its weekly rehearsals after the summer recess. The practice started promptly the first week of school. The main band rehearses every Tuesday evening, and the Junior band on Wednesday evening. The members consider themselves very fortunate to be again under the expert leadership of Mr. Alton Robinson, who so successfully conducted them last year.

In Memoriam

Pauline Tompkins, '24.

Marjorie P. Norris, '25.

Alberta E. Howell, '26.



The papers with which the Oracle exchanges can be found in the school library after the first of the month. It is interesting to read some of these school papers, which came from all parts of the country. In all of them, there are interesting stories and good jokes. If you should find among them any item which attracts your attention, and which could be used for a comment, it would be considered an act of kindness if you would report it to the exchange editor.

TO OUR EXCHANGES.

The Oracle needs **new ideas** to make it a better paper. Will you help us? Any comment in way of criticism or suggestion, will be gratefully received, and returned with thanks.

AS WE SEE OTHERS.

"Netop," from Turner's Falls, Mass.: A table of contents would improve your paper. The Literary department is good, but lacks short stories. "Who's Who in

the Class of 1923," is unique, and the Athletic department is very complete. On the whole, yours is a fine paper and we wish you success in the coming year.

"The Caduceus," from Norway, Me., is a very complete and attractive paper. The editorials are especially good. It would be difficult to improve such a paper.

"The Spud," from Sherman Mills, Maine: Why not have a table of contents? It would be an asset to your paper. Your departments are numerous and the cartoons add to the attractiveness of the magazine. Your Senior Statistics are clever. Call again!

"The Iris," from Penobscot, Maine, is compact and well put together. The editorials are good, and the slams are quite original.

"The Gloucester Beacon," from Gloucester, Mass.: Your paper could be made

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more attractive by making your departments more distinctive. As it now is, it's hard to tell where one department ends and the other begins. However, your editorials are good and you have an abundance of poetry. Let us hear from you again.

"Pine Spills," from Kittery, Maine: Some cuts at the heads of your departments would add to the attractiveness of your paper. The Literary department is especially good.

"The Tripod," from Roxbury Latin School: Your's is a fine paper and one we enjoy reading. However, some cartoons would add to the attractiveness of your paper.

"The J Bird," from Juneau, Alaska, is a publication in the form of a newspaper. Its editorials are short and to the point and "The Keen Stuff" is surely keen. Call again!

"The Gleaner," from Farm School, Doylestown, Pa.: Your publication is complete in nearly all respects; but why not

have an exchange department? A reader from the outside, unless otherwise informed, would find it difficult to ascertain the name and location of your school. A clear statement of the name of a school and the town or city in which it is situated, is always desirable.

"The Spectator," from Chicopee, Mass., is another newspaper publication—and a good one, too. It might be an improvement to have a square devoted to proverbs, placed at the end of editorial column.

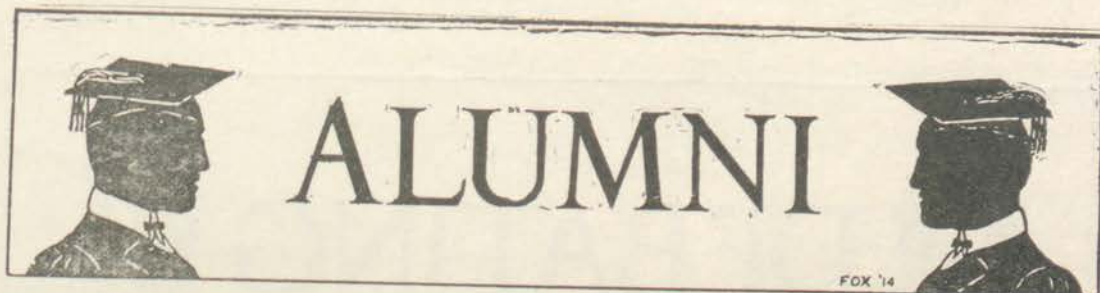
AS OTHERS SEE US.

The "Oracle": Fine cover design. Your editorials are very good. Your Exchange department is well written up.—"The Iris."

The B. H. S. "Oracle": We are glad to welcome you to our exchanges. We found your paper most interesting and don't forget to call again.—"Caduceus."

The "Oracle": Your cover design is fine as are the cuts for the different departments.—The "Salemica."





Grace Bowden, 1921, was united in marriage with John Smith, September 2, at the Grace Methodist church. Mr. and Mrs. Smith will reside in Buffalo, N. Y.

A great many boys and girls of the class of 1923, have entered college this fall. Among those entering Maine are:

Edith H. O'Connor,
Burdette O'Connor,
Elizabeth Collins,
Anna Torrens,
Venetia Watson,
Blandena Couillard,
Helen Benner,
Ada Peters,
Sumner Fifield,
Arthur Atwood,
Kenneth Field,
James Gallagher.

Miriam Bunker has entered Mt. Holyoke, Florence Hillman, Farmington Normal School, Miss Kathleen McCann, the College of the Sacred Heart, in Manhattanville, N. Y.

Henry Fairbanks has left for Cornell, Walter Whittier has entered Bowdoin, Edwin Short and John E. Lynch have entered Canisius college in Buffalo, N. Y.

Theresa Thompson, 1920, married Donald Osborne, September 19. Mr. Osborne graduated from the University of Maine in

1921. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne will make their home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ralph (Timmy) Brown, 1921, has left this city to enter the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshali G. Torrey of Boston, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Marshall, Jr. Mr. Torrey, a former Bangor boy, graduated in 1914.

Lawrence Connor, B. H. S., '20, Hebron Academy, '21, was recently elected to the Junior Mask society at the University of Maine. This society is an honorary organization, whose prime purpose is to instill and promote University spirit, as well as to form closer interfraternity relations. Ten members are elected to Junior Masks yearly, on the basis of their popularity and college activities. This is the first time in a great number of years that a Bangor High School graduate has won this honor. Mr. Connor is assistant varsity football manager, a second lieutenant in the R. O. T. C., a member of the Intramural A. A., a Sophomore Owl, and is a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity.

Charles Boardman Hawes, 1907, recently passed away at his home. Mr. Hawes has written many well known books, some of which may be found in the school library.



On Friday, Sept. 21, 1923, the three divisions in senior English each held a debate. Mr. Miller judged them all. The leaders in each case were chosen by ballot.

The first period senior boys debated on the question: Bangor Should Adopt the Commission Form of City Government. The leaders were Harold O'Connell on the affirmative and Robert Harrigan on the negative. Edward Sawyer helped uphold the question and Paul Bunker was second on the negative side.

After very able speaking, there came open rebuttal given by Ernest Legere and Robert O'Connell for the affirmative, against Rogers Bond and Harold Jewell for the negative.

Robert Harrigan and Harold O'Connell gave the closing speeches; then Mr. Miller rendered the decision to the affirmative. The speaking was good, as all the points were well proved, and was interesting because the debaters were in earnest and were enthusiastic.

Julian Waterman.

The debate the second period was on the same question. Mary McManus, first speaker for the affirmative, showed why Bangor needs a commission form of government.

Raymond Worster, first speaker for the

negative, began by showing why the commission form of government was impractical and un-American.

Ruth Thompson, second speaker for the affirmative, showed how the commission form of government does away with ward politics.

Robert McManus proved that commission form of government places too much authority in the hands of a few and that Bangor does not want it.

In rebuttal for the affirmative, Norma Day spoke of how Galveston, Texas, adopted commission form of government and had paid up their debts.

Margaret Chalmers, in rebuttal, for the negative, spoke well.

Ruth Thompson, affirmative, gave some clever points and showed that she knew her subject.

Harvey Boyd, for the negative, told how easily officials could be bribed.

Robert McManus, last speaker for the negative, proved that the government we have now is successful and will continue to be so.

Last speaker for the affirmative, Miss McManus, showed that the commission form of government, was successful and beneficial.

The judge, Mr. Miller, gave the decision in favor of the negative, because of the ad-

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mirable way in which they arranged their points.

Victorine Bailey served as chairman and Cressida Hellier as time keeper.

Constance Osgood.

In the debate, the fifth period, Ruth Thistle acted as chairman and Mildred Phillips as time keeper.

The question was: Resolved, That the Government Should Own and Operate the Coal Mines.

Warren Creamer was the first speaker on the affirmative. He proved the defects in the present system of the coal mines.

John Lynch, the first speaker on the negative, endeavored to prove why the government should not own the coal mines.

The second speaker on the affirmative, Donald Taylor, proved the necessity of government operation in order to save coal.

Lucile White, negative, proved that gov-

ernment operation was unnecessary and unsatisfactory.

Georgia Treat, in rebuttal for the affirmative, gave strong points for her side.

Julia Hickson, in negative rebuttal, challenged her opponents to give reasons as to why the government had not owned the mines before now.

Dorothy Bell, on the affirmative, proved her point efficiently and well.

John Lynch, final speaker on the negative, proved that it would be expensive to the people for the government to own the mines.

Donald Taylor, final speaker on the affirmative, in his turn proved that it would be economical for the government to own the mines.

The debate being finished, Mr. Miller rendered his decision for the affirmative.

Evelyn Spaulding.





CLASS OF '25 VISITS KING TUT'S TOMB

The entire Junior class visited Egypt in a body during the summer vacation. We made the trip in a Reo speed wagon, driven by Merrill Kittredge, and paid for by popular subscription. In Alexandria we were held up for speeding, but when we explained that we didn't understand about not being allowed to exceed the speed limit (as we do at home), they released us after taking half our money. Afterwards we went canoeing on the Nile. As the class of 1925 has over four hundred members, we were obliged to take two canoes. Marion Schriver and Dodo Clarke took the larger canoe, and the rest of us the smaller one. Ruth Daggett and Marion Mutty began to scrap and upset the bunch. When Marion and Dodo saw what had happened they got hysterical, threw the paddles away, and tipped their canoe over, too. It seems that swimming in the Nile is unlawful, for we were arrested and taken to a magistrate. They fined us ten dollars apiece, and as we only had four dollars in the crowd, we had to go to jail. Our sentence was two years, but Ella Bulmer escaped through the bars and invented a pitiful tale to tell the officers, so we were released after a few weeks. We

were very careful after that, and it was two days before we were arrested again.

As soon as we were out of jail we tried to find King Tut's tomb. We stopped at the entrance to a big cave and asked a frozen-faced mummy whose joint this was, but all he said was, "Toot an' come in." We started to do as he said, but he made us leave both the Reo and Lloyd Colby outside. It turned out that this was old King Tut's grave, and believe me, it was some sweet cemetery. There were Jules and everything around. We helpfully tried to scrape some hieroglyphics off an ancient roll of papyrus, but were arrested again, much to our disgust. However, we eluded the guard by hiding behind a pair of earrings once owned by Queen Tut.

Finally venturing out sightseeing again, we found a tablet carved in queer letters and pictures. It made us homesick for dear old B. H. S. with its initialed desks. Frank McGuire tried to cut his initials, but the stone was hard so we all helped to carve the name on the tablet. We were arrested, but we really didn't mind it—it was getting to be an old story.

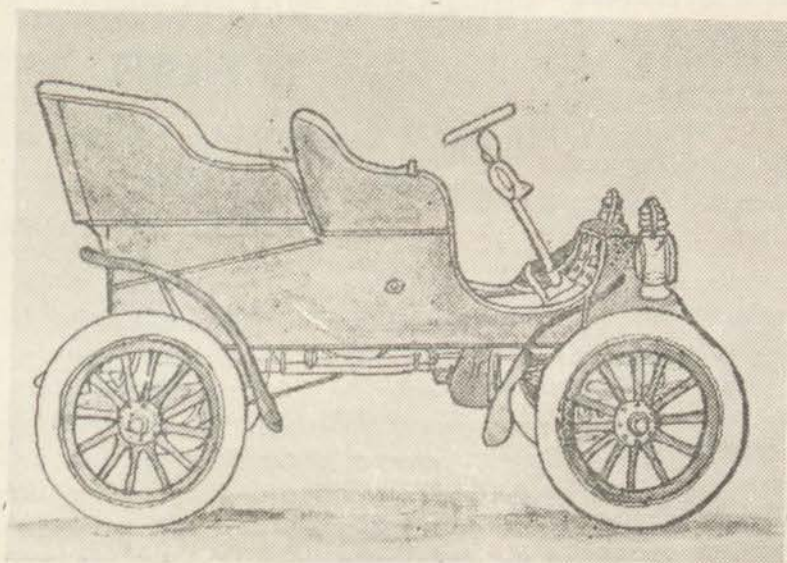
THE ORACLE

This time we were deported. It was just as well, because we wanted to leave anyway, but didn't have enough money.

Everything considered, we were glad to get back to high school, where we can cut initials in the desks if we don't get caught. Once in a while we are handed a comeback

with hieroglyphics on it, but that isn't like spending two years in a Tootankish jail.

The boys say they had a good time, but they wish we had visited some live places like Westminster Abbey, because ever since the return the girls have been trying to fix up B. H. S. like the inside of a tomb.



FOR SALE.

A brand new, second hand automobile. Gaze on this wonderful work of love! A sculptor, a painter, and an architect, joined in designing this exquisite benzine buggy. I have been operating this car for nearly two months and have thundered down to school in it each morning with the power

plant hitting on all two cylinders and purring just like a steam roller. This would make a fine car for a mechanic or someone who likes something to take up his spare time. The horn is in perfect condition having been added to the car less than seven years ago. For further information inquire of N. M., '24.

Heard in Chapel.

Excelsior—Coming to our dance tonight, Mildred?

Mildred—I haven't made up my mind.

Excelsior—You don't have to go to all that trouble. Come just as you are.

Teacher: "Who was the first man?"

Head Scholar: "Washington; he was the first in war, first in—"

T.: "No, no; Adam was the first man."

H. S.: "Oh, if you're talking of foreigners, I s'pose he was."

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THE B. H. S.

VOLUME II

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

EDITORIAL

Once more we welcome to our midst the small, green specimens of humanity known as freshmen.

This class is a necessary evil and must be endured.

As we seniors think back over our long years at Bangor High school, we can hardly help from shedding tears to think that once, we too, were as green as these incoming freshmen. Looking back over our experiences, we find the following essentials, which, if followed by the Freshmen will be a boon and blessing to them:

1. Be wise, think you know it all—it's all right if you get away with it.

2. Never make a remark about the size of a Soph's head. He is very sensitive on this point.

3. If you want advice ask a Senior.

4. If you want lunch checks ask a Junior.

5. If you want nothing ask a Soph.

6. Look and act as green as possible if not greener.

CHESLEY B. WEDDLETON RULED OUT OF INKWELL-GOLF TOURNAMENT

Greatest Catastrophe in the History of Pruneville Center; Fear That Tournament Will Be Discontinued

At a meeting of the board of directors of Room 209, Country Club, C. B. Weddleton was ruled out of the ink-well golf tournament on account of a serious matter. Fear that the tournament will be discontinued is evident. The reason for this catastrophe was given by the board of directors. It is evident that Chesley was using loaded ink-wells in making his wonderful drives, without the knowledge of the directors. All would have been well and fine and no one would have been the wiser if it hadn't been for an incident that took place during practice.

Chesley was about to make

a drive. In one hand he held a **Red** book and in the other a yard stick, evidently he was reading directions from that **Red** book. The yard stick rose above his head. (In the meantime a pretty blonde crossed the course, all the while looking at Chesley—of course you know he is attractive). It was too late—the yard stick descended with terrific force upon the ink-well—then the tragedy happened—a great transformation took place, for on the spot where the blonde had stood, there now stood a **Brunette!!** The cover of the ink-well had come off.

B. H. S. BRIEFS.

Johnnie Williams has opened his soft drink Emporium at the Chem. lab. Everyone is cordially invited. Free drinks will be given the first day. Ask for the Williams special, H₂SO₄. "Drink

here and you'll never drink anywhere else," says Mr. Williams. "You will also find my ad. elsewhere in this paper."

It is rumored that Fat Dumphy will take the place of center and guards on the B. H. S. football team.

TATLER

NOTICE!

Lloyd Colby will not need his usual amount of dill pickles this week

OCTOBER, 1923

NUMBER 1

LUNCH ROOM OPENS

**Hundreds That Nearly Starved
Last Year Were On Hand
Early To Avoid Rush**

On Thursday, Sept. 13, 1923, the Lunch room opened its doors to the starving students of B. H. S., after being closed for one year.

In less than five minutes all the platters were wiped clean and hundreds of starving students were turned away without even getting a smell.

The crowning achievement of the day was completed just before the last bell rang. Bill Griffin, a stately youth of eighteen, with a glass of milk in each hand, his arms full of sandwiches and approaching the door at the maximum speed of 90 miles per hour, stumbled over a stray toothpick and deposited the full contents of both glasses down the neck of an unhappy bystander. Suffice it to say that little Willie did not eat his little lunch that day.

SOCIETY ITEMS.

Galen Veayo was quietly married last week to Miss Many Flatts.

B. H. S. BRIEFS

The many friends of "Deek" Philips Byer will be pleased to hear that he has returned to B. H. S. and is doing excellent work.

WEATHER.

Generally bright and fair, with continuous showers and thunder storms in the north, south, east and west portions. Considerably cold throughout with warm temperature in the upper, middle and lower regions. Probably some rain in all sections, except where clouds fail to gather.

WANTED.

Some extra courage by some members of the Senior class before entering Room 113. Send either by Parcel Post or Express.

JOHN WILLIAMS' EMPORIUM

Oil Stoves, Coal, Candies and Soft Drinks—English Walnuts, Cheese, Summer Nuts and Some-Are-Not.

LONELY HEARTS' COLUMN.

I am a young man of about 15 years, black hair, three teeth, big feet, and a good reputation. I would like to correspond with a little girl of about eight years old. Care of Tatler.

NOTICE.

It takes brains to run this paper—if you have any show it by passing in some slams for the Tatler.

Pass in all slams marked Tatler to Tatler Editor, Room 209.

LATEST!

Early this morning at 7 o'clock, Deak Burns was arrested by the sheriff and taken to the locker room for safe keeping until his trial. The cause of his arrest is of a grave nature and up to a late hour today our reporter was unable to get any details of the case. Finally it became known that Mr. Burns attempted to drown a fish in a pail of water! A hearing will be held in a few days.

"When rain falls, does it ever rise again?"
asked the professor of Chemistry.

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"Why, in dew time—"

"That will do, Mr. Wilson. You may sit down."

Great Scott!!

If Ivan hoed the bonny brae,
And Athelstaned his tunic new;
If Friar Tucked away the food,
Pray, what did Rhoderick Dhu?

E. Welch—He is the most stunning fellow I ever knew.

R. Stone—Is he married?

To the Pessimist.

"Tom carries his optimism too far!"
That bird can see the silver lining to a cloud of mosquitoes.—Ex.

The Rooters.

"Yes, I have two sons in Hifty college."

"What is their yell?"

"Money, money, money!"

Mr. P—(in Chemistry): "After a chemical change the material can not be recognized, but after a physical change it retains its general appearance."

L. Y., '24: "If I should hit you, McCarthy, it would be a chemical change."

Mc.: "How do you make that out?"

L. Y.: "No one could recognize you."

Conditional Piety.

Two Scotch fishermen—Jamie and Sandy, belated and befogged on a rough water, were in some trepidation lest they should never get ashore again. At last Jamie said:

"Sandy, I'm steering, and I think you'd better put up a bit of prayer."

"I don't know how," said Sandy.

"If ye don't, I'll just chuck ye overboard," said Jamie.

Sandy began: "O Lord, I never asked anything of Ye for fifteen year, and if Ye'll only get us safe back I'll never trouble Ye again, and—"

"Whisht, Sandy," said Jamie, "the boat's touched shore; don't be beholden to anybody."

Father's Reasonable Request.

A young man who had just become engaged had a very large mouth, which, when he smiled, seemed to spread over his whole face. At the urging of his sweetheart, he went to speak to her father.

"I—I—have come," he said, beginning to smile with the utmost geniality, in order to cover up his embarrassment, "to—to—ask for your daughter's hand. I—I—"

"Excuse me," the father mildly interrupted, "but will you kindly close your mouth for a moment until I see who you are."

Heard in Chemistry.

"Why is the center of a sawdust pile always damp?"

Bright Senior: "Perspiration."

You should make their advertising profitable.



Keep the Balance Right

Savings should be the difference between income and expenses instead of between income on the one hand and legitimate expenses plus useless luxuries on the other hand. Keep the balance right!

The amount per week you plan to save doesn't count,—it's the start. After you commence saving you will find that the fascination of accumulating money is irresistible. It's just like tennis, golf or radio,—you have to urge a man to start, but once he gets a real taste he's off!

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Bangor,

Maine

Our advertisers make the Oracle possible—

CHATEAU



DANCING
Tues. and Sat.
Nights

THE BANGOR COMMERCIAL

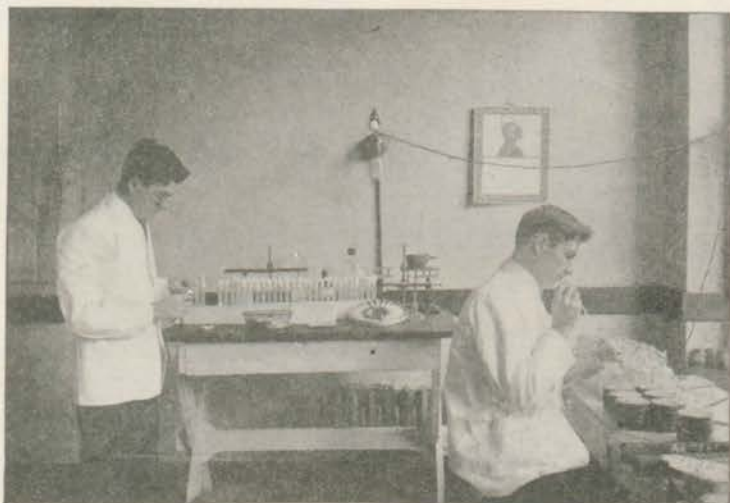
“Maine’s Best Paper”

50c per month Delivered by Carrier

You should make their advertising profitable.

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING



Testing Milk, Boston Bio-Chemical Laboratory

COURSES OFFERED

The School of Engineering of Northeastern University offers four-year college courses of study, in co-operation with engineering firms, in the following branches of engineering, leading to the Bachelor's degree:

1. Civil Engineering
2. Mechanical Engineering
3. Electrical Engineering
4. Chemical Engineering

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION

Graduates of Bangor High School who have included Algebra to Quadratics and Plane Geometry in their courses of study are admitted without examinations.

EARNINGS

The earnings of the students for their services with co-operating firms vary from \$250 to \$600 per year.

APPLICATION

An application blank will be found inside the back cover of the catalog. Copies will also be mailed upon request. Applications for admission to the school in September 1924 should be forwarded to the school at an early date.

CATALOG

For a catalog or any further information in regard to the school, address

Carl S. Ell, Dean
School of Engineering
Northeastern University
Boston 17, Mass.

Our advertisers make the Oracle possible—

RICE'S MUSIC SHOP

*Complete Line of
Latest Popular Music*

15 Central St.

*Teaching Music
and Musical Mdse.*

W. J. Cherry's Barber Shop

Electric Clippers to each chair

Electric Hair Drying Machines

Electrical or Hand Massage

79 CENTRAL STREET

All Star Crew

(4 Chairs)

BANGOR

PATRONIZE CHERRY'S



13 State St. (Next to Bangor Savings Bank)

**STICKNEY & BABCOCK
COAL CO**

19 State Street, Bangor

JOSEPHINE W. GRAY

Teacher of Expression and Reader

Leland Powers School

Tel. 1116-M

500 French St.

When in need of a Haircut or Shave visit

MASON'S BARBER SHOP

Daniel H. Mason

20 Hammond Street

"GIFTS THAT LAST"

W. C. BRYANT, JEWELER


You should make their advertising profitable.

E·B· ROWE
Commercial Artist
BANGOR - MAINE

PERSONAL DESIGNS for —
TRADEMARKS
BUSINESS CARDS
ENVELOPES
LETTER-HEADS
ETC

INSTRUCTOR of
DESIGN
SUPPLIES for
STUDENTS

TELEPHONE · CON



HIGGINS
AMERICAN
INDIAN INK

The Largest Sporting Goods Store in Eastern Maine

Wholesale and Retail

Special Discounts to Students

CAMPBELL'S, INC.

Telephone 222

146-150 Exchange Street,

Bangor, Maine

Our advertisers make the Oracle possible—

Hallowe'en Parties

Favors
Decorations

Suggestions Gladly Given for
Decorating Tables,
Halls, etc.

EDWIN O. HALL
88 Central Street, Bangor, Maine

KUPPENHEIMER

Good Clothes

Sold by

W. J. LARGAY

110 Exchange Street
Bangor, Maine

Compliments of the

Penobscot Exchange Hotel

BANGOR, MAINE.

One Block From Union Station

40 YEARS A LEADER

CIGAR **B.C.M.** **CIGAR**

"Made to Meet a Demand, not a Price"

Start
The School Year
Right!
Wear
Hart Shaffner
and Marx Clothes
and become acquainted
with the store that
sells them
Miller and Webster
Clothing Co.
Miller and Webster Corner

WINDSOR HOTEL

European Plan
Bangor's
Newest Hotel

F. W. Durgin, Prop. F. Youngs, Mgr.

Centrally located across
the street from P. O.
Interurban Terminal ad-
joining.

100 Rooms, all with hot
and cold running water.
Rates \$1.50 per person.
With private bath and
Toilet, \$2.00 each
person.

BANGOR, MAINE

SMOKE

B.F.A.
CIGARS



Compliments of

Benj. F. Adams

John Skoufis Stanley Crawford

New York
Cooking School

Wholesale and Retail

FANCY BAKERY

Tel. Connection
146 Main St. Bangor, Maine

Our advertisers make the Oracle possible—

Building Your Fortune

Or that of someone you love is a most fascinating enterprise.

We have a saving investment plan that is simple, easy and convenient. Your savings start to earn money for you **at the rate of six per cent.** from the day you invest.

You can use this plan for yourself or to start your boy or girl on the road to thrift and a knowledge of the value of money and its earning power.

Call or Write

For Circular Giving Full Details

Bangor Railway & Electric Co.

Securities Department

90 Harlow St.

Bangor, Me.



HOME MADE CANDIES

56 Main Street,

Bangor, Maine

You should make their advertising profitable.

HEADQUARTERS FOR
Athletic Supplies

Special Prices given
to Schools and
Athletic Clubs.

Spaldings Complete Line

Dakin Sporting Goods Co.

25 CENTRAL ST.

BANGOR,

MAINE

**Maine Sales &
Novelty Co., Inc.**

COMPLETE
HOME
FURNISHERS

Watches, Clocks
and Silverware

Tel. 3006

40 Central St. Bangor, Me.

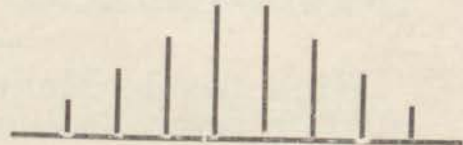
**East Side
Pharmacy**

32 State St.

CHAS. H. DAVIS, Prop.

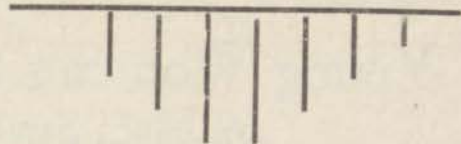


Prescriptions
Fine Chocolates
Soda
Ice Cream



COMPLIMENTS OF

SAM LEAVITT



Our advertisers make the Oracle possible—

Shaw Business College

PORTLAND—BANGOR—AUGUSTA

If you want the Best in Commercial Education investigate our courses in

Book-keeping - Shorthand - Typewriting - Telegraphy
Burrough's Book-keeping Machine - Burrough's Adding Machine - Dalton Adding Machine - Secretarial
Commercial Teacher.

Write today for our catalog or telephone 830

49 Hammond Street, Opp. City Hall, Bangor, Maine

STAPLES & GRIFFIN, Inc.

Dealers in

High Grade Meats, Poultry and Fish

Venison and Game in Its Season

Choice Country Produce, Vegetables and

All Kinds of High Grade Groceries

67 PICKERING SQUARE

When In Bangor—

men as well as women eat with the

Young Women's Christian Association

69 Main Street, Bangor, Maine

REST ROOM IN CONNECTION

You should make their advertising profitable.

Kineo Mill End Co.

Dry Goods - Blankets - Towels - Specialties
Curtains - Scrims and Cretons

A Complete Line of Boys', Women's and Misses' Hosiery.

48 Columbia St. Bangor, Me.

Dole Company

The Electrical Engineers
and Contractors

Because of knowledge, experience, workmanship, and a few other qualifications are enabled to do house wiring or any other kind of electric work as it should be done—

Safely, neatly, quickly, cheaply, and Satisfactorily.

Lighting Fixtures and Appliances

Office and Salesroom,

61 Main Street

Tel. 74

N. H. Bragg & Sons

IRON AND

STEEL

HEAVY HARDWARE

GARAGE SUPPLIES

74-78 Broad St.

Bangor, Me.

This is a Neighborhood Store

QUALITY AND SERVICE

The Corner Grocery

Tel. 1160

C. F. WINCHESTER

183 Park St.

Our advertisers make the Oracle possible—

JOHN W. McCARTHY

Groceries, Provisions and Meats

PHONE 2247-M, STATE ST., COR. PEARL.

C. WINFIELD RICHMOND

PIANIST AND TEACHER

Pupil of Philipp, (Paris); Joseffy, (New York)

—TWENTY-SECOND SEASON—

Played at Institute of France by Invitation of Widor, 1920

Studio in the Pearl Building—Entire Top Floor

WILBUR S. COCHRANE

TEACHER OF PIANO

Telephone 1503-R

Studio, 91 Fourth Street

H. M. PULLEN, Teacher of VIOLIN

Pupils Prepared for Professional Work

SOCIETY HALL

EXCHANGE ST.

Member Cleveland Symphony 1920-21-22

A. STANLEY CAYTING

Violinist and Teacher

Studio: Pearl Building

Tel. 1340

WHY GUESS ABOUT WHAT TO WEAR?

You want your clothes to have the correct style suitable to both your personality and taste.

Benoit-Mutty Company

191 Exchange St.,

Bangor, Me.

You should make their advertising profitable.

The Latest Fall Styles
For the Entire Family

The **OUTLET CORPORATION**
91 MAIN STREET

DAVID L. CARVER

TEACHER OF

Piano, Violin, Mandolin and Fretted Instruments

Pianist with Kebo Valley Club Orchestra of Symphony Players for eight seasons in Bar Harbor, Maine. We give all pupils careful training for professional work.

Phone 1107

Studio, 25 Broad St., Room 10, Bangor, Maine

HATS

CAPS

Custom Made Suit With Extra Pants
\$50.00

Latest Styles in Fall Overcoats

J. H. McCANN

Manhattan Shirts

12 State St.

Sport Sweaters

Photography

CHALMERS
STUDIO

Amateur De-

In All

veloping and

Its Branches

Printing

23 Hammond St.

Bangor

GEORGE P. GOULD

Real Estate - Insurance - Auctioneer

98 HAMMOND ST.

TEL. 2-Y

Connors Printing Company
DISTINCTIVE PRINTING

Phone 1264-M

179 Exchange St., Bangor, Me.

STYLE CENTER

Fall and Winter

COATS

DRESSES

BLOUSES

ONE PRICE AT
BENSON'S
The Heart of Bangor's Shopping District

Andrews Music House Co.

98 Main Street, Bangor, Maine

Pianos, Victrolas and Records
Sheet Music and Musical
Merchandise

One Price and the Right Price to All

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

INVESTIGATE—You will see why

7 Pass. Big Six—\$1530 del.

5 Pass. Six—\$1375 del.

5 Pass. Four—\$1050 del.

7 Pass. Sedan, 5 Pass. Sedan, Coupe, Sport
Roadster Carriole.

Catalog Mailed on Request.

EDMUND J. MUTTY

87 Washington St.

Bangor, Maine

GIVE US A CALL

SANBORN'S BARBER SHOP

R. H. SANBORN, Prop.

7 Hammond Street, Bangor, Maine

Opp. Merrill Trust Building
Telephone 2553-W

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

DIEGES & CLUST

"If we made it, it's right"

Class Pins

Medals

Class Rings

Prize Cups

Fraternity Pins

73 Tremont St.,

Boston, Mass.

AJAX

CLIMAX

ROMAX

"THE FAMOUS THREE"

HUNTING KNIVES—AXES—AXE- STONES

HARDWARE

DUNHAM-HANSON CO.

31-39 Mercantile Sq.,

Bangor, Me.

You should make their advertising profitable.

Sawyer Boot & Shoe Co.

BANGOR, MAINE

Manufacturers of
Sport Shoes For All Purposes

ASK FOR
"Sawyer" Sport Shoes and Moccasins
AND GET THE BEST

These goods are carried in the best stores throughout the United States. Buy them of your dealer. We do not retail.

The Habit of Thrift

The thrift habit brings prosperity. It makes youth happy, middle age prosperous and old age comfortable.

This is no better way to the habit of thrift than that of the

Bangor Loan and Building Asso.

To the first dollar and every other dollar, is added interest twice a year, at the rate of 5 per cent.

Get the habit! Buy shares now! You can withdraw at any time. Ours is the best plan ever devised for systematic saving of money. Anybody can take shares—from 1 to 50.

Bangor Loan and Building Association
Chas. H. Adams, Secretary 64 Exchange Block, Bangor, Me.

C. PARKER CROWELL
WALTER S. LANCASTER

ARCHITECTS



Exchange Bldg.
Bangor, Maine

ANNOUNCING

The Greatest Advance Since the
Self Starter

Traffic Transmission An Exclusive Feature of the 1924 CHANDLER

Change at Any Speed
Gears Cannot Clash
Anybody Can Do It
Safest Brake on Hills
Nothing New to Learn

Call In and Drive It

Ray Motor Co.

28 P. O. Sq., Bangor, Me.
Tel. 2892

Representative Bangor Wholesale Food Dealers

T. R. Savage Company

Wholesale Grocers

20 Broad Street

Thurston & Kingsbury Co.

Wholesale Grocers

T. & K. Specialties

50 Broad Street

Charles Hayward & Co.

Wholesale Grocers

73 Broad Street



C. H. RICE
COMPANY

193 to 199

BROAD STREET.

Sawyer Bros. Co.

Wholesale Grocers

112 Broad Street

Compliments of

Geo. W. Wescott

John Cassidy Company

Wholesale Grocers

101 Broad Street

F. L. JONES CO.

Manufacturers of and Wholesale Dealers in

Crackers Of All Kinds

69-71-73 Pickering Square

Bangor,

Maine

Bangor Egg Company, Inc.

Wholesale Fruit and

Produce Dealers

Nuts, Dates and Figs

120 Broad St.,

Bangor, Me.

Merchants Produce Co.

92 Broad Street

BANGOR FREE EVENING
SCHOOL

Monday Tuesday and

Thursday Evenings

7.30 to 9.30

HOWELL A. POTTER, Principal

DAILY NEWS

You should make their advertising profitable.

Representative Bangor Automobile Dealers

"The Reliable House"

Maxwell-Chalmers Distributors
Penobscot Motor Car Co.
142 Exchange St., Bangor, Me.

Henley-Kimball Co.

Hudson and Essex Motor Cars

May and Summer Sts. Telephone 2800

Franklin Motor Car Company

Franklin Sales and Service

114 Exchange St., Bangor, Maine

L. C. Atwood

Dodge Brothers
Motor Vehicles

Bangor, Maine

STUDEBAKER

CARS - PARTS - SERVICE

Bangor Motor Company

Knowles & Dow Co.

BUICKS
G. M. C. TRUCKS

52 P. O. Square, Bangor, Me.

Bangor Motor Co.

Cadillac Sales and
Service

Compliments of

J. M. NORRIS CO.

Stutz and Packard

Swett & Mullen

Reo White

106 Harlow St.

S. L. Crosby Co.

Authorized Ford and Lincoln
Sales and Service

Hancock and Oak Sts. Bangor, Maine

Mrs. Helen P. Hodgman

Teacher of Elocution

71 Norfolk St., Tel. 1086-M

CHARLES E. HICKS

Teacher of
Trombone and
Baritone

Telephone 2341-1 100 Highland St.

Everybody's Candy Shop

149 Hammond St.

Home Made Candy

Fresh Every Day

Fruit of All Kinds

SPECIALTY
CHOCOLATES

Soft Drinks of All Kinds

Telephone 3455-W

We Have
The Latest Styles

—IN—

FOOTWEAR

Also a Line of

Ballet Slippers

with both soft and box toes
for dancing

Dolliver Shop

44 Main St.

\$17.29 per year
Buys

\$1000.00

Endowment Insurance in the
PENM MUTUAL. \$9.59 Semi-
Annually, \$4.88 quarterly

Why Go Un-insured

Age 18 or under, Boys or Girls.

W. H. Taylor & Sons

GENERAL AGENTS

16 Broad St., Bangor, Maine

BLAKE, BARROWS, BROWN, INC.



INSURANCE

Of All Kinds.



41 Hammond St.

Bangor

You should make their advertising profitable.



"What A Clever New Dress!"

"Did you get it at **The Besse System Store**? I thought so. They have such pretty new Fall Dresses at only **\$16.50!**"

"I got my coat there, too. And I'm wild about it. It's so big and roomy, and I adore plaids don't you? Mother thought it such a bargain at **\$25.**"

All of which, but bespeaks the happy selection of every Miss 14 to 20 if she chooses her new Fall things here, for our displays for the Junior Miss are fairly bubbling over with youthful and practical styles. Come in and inspect these displays soon.

BESSE SYSTEM CO.

Bangor's Leading Store

Geo. C. Dorr, Mgr.

The Largest
Mill and Lumbering
Supply House in
New England

ooooo

Snow and Nealley Co.

Located at
Bangor, Maine.