

BANGOR PUBLIC

OCT 25 1921

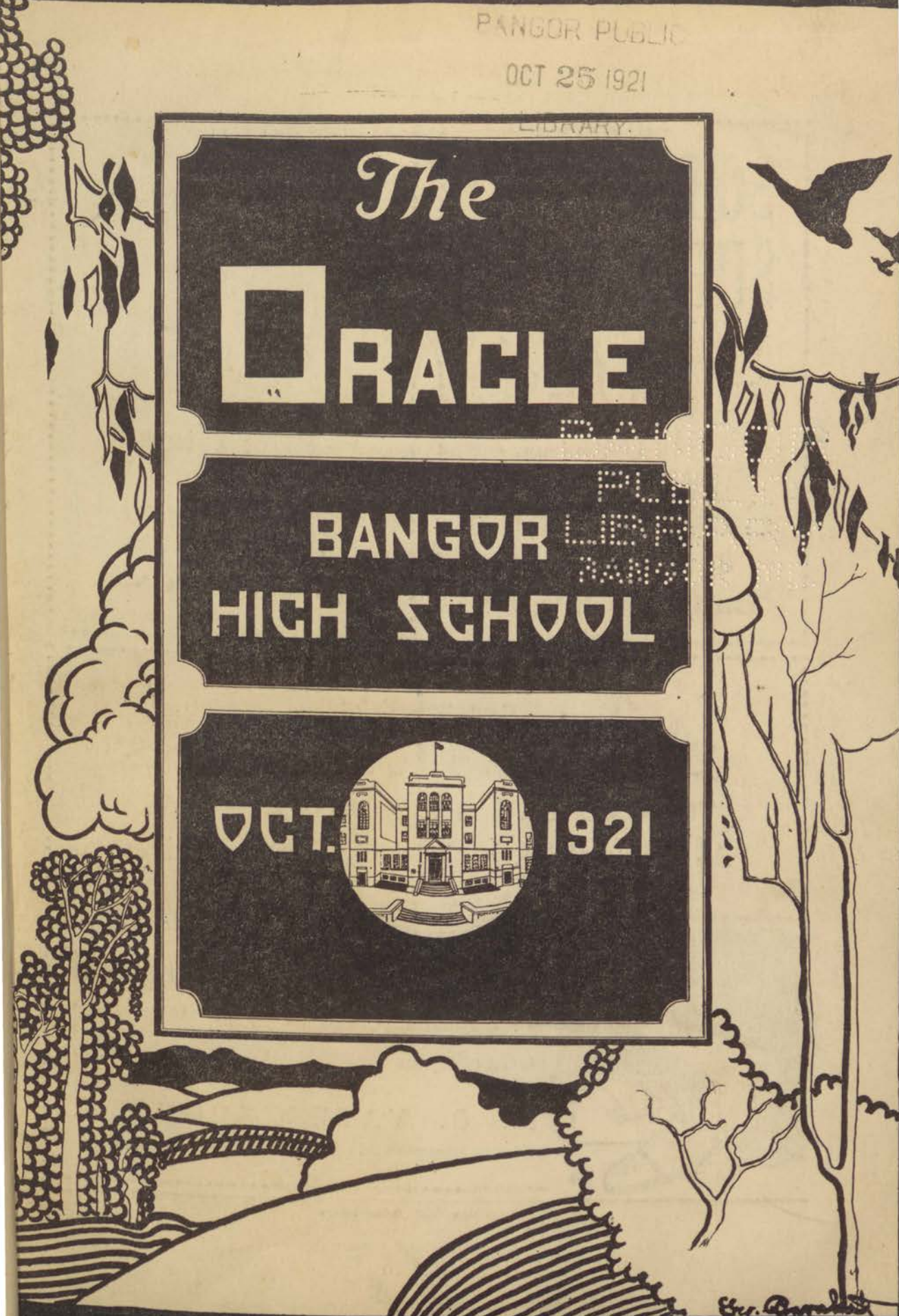
LIBRARY.

*The*

# ORACLE

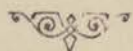
BANGOR  
HIGH SCHOOL

OCT. 1921





# SCHOOL SUPPLIES



at

**Edwin O. Hall's**  
88 Central Street  
Bangor Maine

Allan P. Trask  
Jeweler



Class Rings  
at  
Right Prices

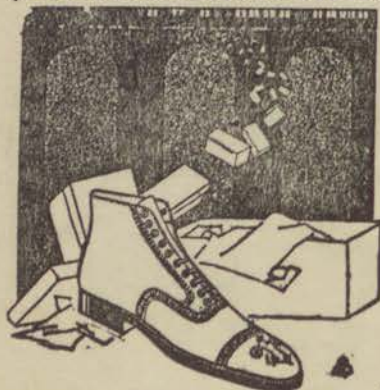


31 Main St.

Bangor, Maine

Compliments of

**G. G. ESTABROOK'S SONS**  
TOBACCONISTS AND LEATHER GOODS  
24 Central St. Bangor, Maine



## See The New Brogues

Scotch Grain, New Ball Strap,  
Latest Style Toe \$10.00 the pair  
Other Styles \$4.50 to \$9.00

at

**A. O. YATES SHOE CO.**

21 Hammond St.

Bangor, Maine

Patronize Our Advertisers

*Compliments of Bangor's Lawyers:*

E. C. Ryder  
Edgar M. Simpson  
Geo. E. Thompson  
Cornelius J. O'Leary  
E. P. Murray  
Donald F. Snow  
Charles H. Reid, Jr.  
J. B. Mountaine  
Hiram J. Preble  
James P. Quine  
Geo. F. Eaton  
D. I. Gould  
Edward J. Hudon  
Jas. C. Maxwell  
Frederick B. Dodd  
Abraham M. Rudman  
Simon G. Levi  
Taber D. Bailey  
Wilfred I. Butterfield  
Raymond Fellows  
Myer W. Epstein  
James M. Gillin  
C. P. Conners  
B. W. Blanchard  
C. D. Bartlett  
William M. Warren



## *Compliments of Bangor's Doctors:*

The following doctors of the City of Bangor, believing in the Bangor High School "Oracle," wish to help support the magazine:

D. A. Robinson  
Elmer E. Brown  
Charles B. Doron, D. O.  
John B. Thompson  
Harrison L. Robinson  
Bertram L. Bryant  
Jarvis B. Woods  
Harris J. Milliken  
A. E. Small  
James D. Clement  
W. E. Whitney  
W. S. Purinton  
H. C. Scribner  
Daniel McCann  
C. D. Edmunds  
James F. Cox  
Ralph H. Knowles  
C. S. Philbrick  
C. H. Burgess  
L. J. Wright  
J. F. Starrett  
A. H. Schriver  
Harry W. Osgood  
W. L. Hunt  
W. Merritt Emerson  
C. J. Taylor





*Compliments of Bangor's Dentists:*

Frank H. Mead

H. E. Mongovan

F. E. Maxfield

Geo. A. Phillips

H. C. McMahon

J. F. Woodbury

June B. Robinson

R. S. Higgins

C. H. King

H. J. McGinnis

Johnson & Whitcomb

C. E. Sawyer



COMPLIMENTS OF

THE NEW YORK SYNDICATE

---

118 MAIN STREET, BANGOR, MAINE

Compliments of

Palace of Sweets Co.

---

HOME MADE CANDIES

ICE CREAM

---

56 Main Street, Bangor, Maine

Patronize Our Advertisers

- FOR FALL -  
MISSSES AND GIRLS DRESSES - COATS - SUITS

New Models In

Betty Wales Dresses --- Peggy Paige Dresses

WOOD & EWER CO.

East Side  
Pharmacy

32 State St.

CHAS. H. DAVIS, Prop.

— — —

Prescriptions

Fine Chocolates

Soda

Ice Cream

DIEGES & CLUST

(*"If we made it, it's right."*)

MANUFACTURING  
SPECIALTY JEWELERS



Class Rings  
Class Pins  
Medals



73 TREMONT STREET  
BOSTON, 9 MASS.

Compliments of

S. L. CROSBY CO.

Sporting Goods

150 EXCHANGE STREET, BANGOR

Patronize Our Advertisers



# H. M. PULLEN, Teacher of VIOLIN

Pupils Prepared for Professional Work

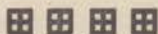
SOCIETY HALL EXCHANGE ST.

■ ■ ■ ■

## S. LEAVITT

Fruit, Confectionery, Sodas  
and Ice Cream

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



Ready-to-Wear  
Gloves Hosiery



Silks Waists  
Blankets



All the latest in

## HAIR GOODS

To Let

Theatrical Wigs  
and Beards

for all classes of  
Entertainments

**LOVERING'S**  
European Hair Store  
52 Main St., Bangor, Me.

## Edgar L. Tibbetts

Teacher of Banjo



Pupil of Lansing in Boston



22 Ohio St.

Tel. 944-X

# SUBSCRIBE TO THE "ORACLE"



Read Your OWN "Oracle," not Your Friend's

For ONE Dollar You can Help Yourself and YOUR School



## SUBSCRIBE NOW!

"Never Put Off Until  
Tomorrow What You  
Can Do Today"

Patronize Our Advertisers



~~~~~

# Park Theatre

Continuous  
from 1 until 10.30 p. m.

The Greatest  
Stars in the  
World's Best  
Photoplay  
Productions

~~~~~

# BIJOU

Matinee 2.15      Evenings 7.45

High Class  
Vaudeville and  
Photoplays

Popular Prices

Compliments of the

# GRAPHIC THEATRE

---

---

The Home of  
the Best in the  
Motion Picture World

---

---

ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW

Patronize Our Advertisers



# Gibson Mandolin School

David L. Carver

---

**T**eacher of Piano, Violin, Mandolin  
and all Fretted Instruments.

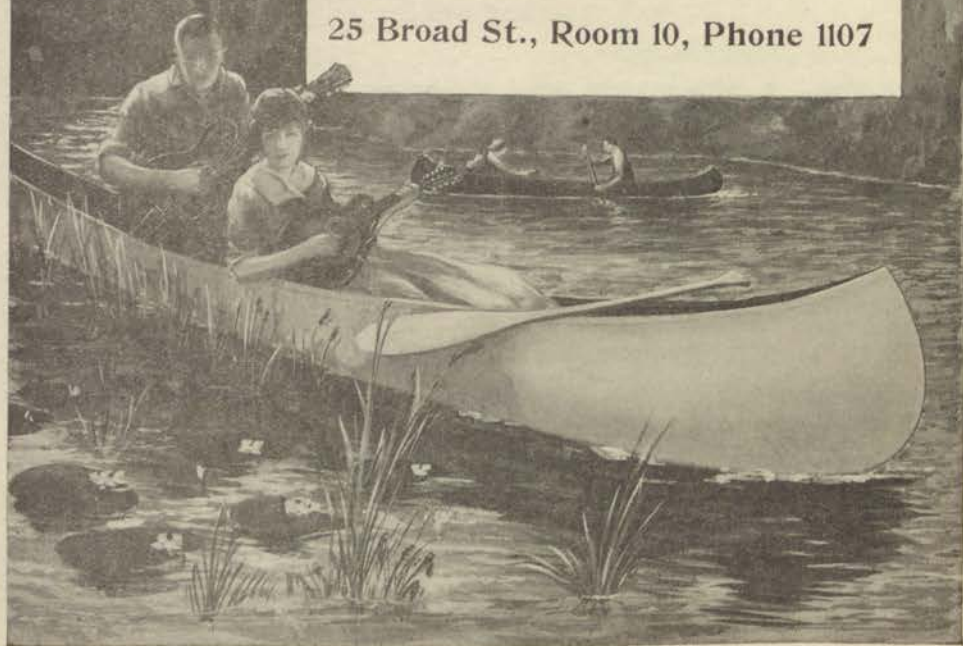
Special attention to Beginners.

Advanced Piano Pupils will receive  
the Professional Course.

Call and see the Gibson Mandolins,  
Best on Earth.

---

25 Broad St., Room 10, Phone 1107



---

Patronize Our Advertisers



# AMBITION

*"The Thoughts of Youth are Long, Long Thoughts"*

Whether your dreams for the future be those of travel, of education, of business, of service, or of whatever is worth while, you will require money for their realization.

Give your ambition a chance. Start now to save. \$1.00 opens an account here and we pay

4% Interest Compounded Quarterly

**MERRILL TRUST COMPANY**

## C. WINFIED RICHMOND PIANIST AND TEACHER

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

—TWENTIETH SEASON, SEPTEMBER 12, 1921—

Played at Institute of France by Invitation of Widor, 1920

Studio in the Pearl Building—Entire Top Floor

## "Banking Beginners"

Probably many of the readers of the "Oracle" already have savings or checking accounts with us. At any rate, we number a great many young people among our customers.

There are good reasons for this. Young people like to do business with a bank which tries to assist them in every practicable way in their financial affairs. Friendly co-operation and a thorough understanding of the problems, perplexities and requirements of "banking beginners"—young men and women about to start in business—will be found at this bank.

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Bangor



Maine

Patronize Our Advertisers

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Oracle Board.....	1
Editorials .....	2
Contests Conducted by the "Oracle".....	5
Literary.....	6
Outside—A Serial—By Emily O. Miller, '22.....	6
With the "America" in Africa—By Wade White, '22	9
Real Life—By Louise Ayer, '23.....	13
With the C. M. T. C. at Devens—By Roosevelt	
Pease, '22.....	15
The Victrola in School—By Laura J. Pratt, .....	16
George Barton Buys a Motorcycle—By Dorothy	
A. Ryder,.....	17
Ocean Scenes—By Nathalie E. Tefft, '23.....	18
Poetry.....	20
Dark, Mystical Deep—By Blanche Bowden, '22	
Pourquoi?—By A. Bowe, '22	
"Multum in Parvo"—By Lois Holt	
Locals.....	21
Faculty Items.....	23
Alumni .....	25
Athletics .....	27
Military.....	29
Exchanges .....	31
Personals.....	33



# THE ORACLE

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS—\$1.00 per annum in advance

Regular number 15 cents, Christmas and Spring numbers 25 cents, June number 40 cents

Address all business communications to RICHARD P. DENACO, 322 Center Street

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

VOL. XXX

OCTOBER, 1921

B. H. S.

No. 1

## The Oracle Board



### EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

H. E. Nutter, '22

### BUSINESS MANAGER

Richard P. Denaco, '22

### LITERARY

Henry Starr Dowst, '22

Louise M. Ayer, '23

### PERSONALS

Herbert C. Glass, '22

Josephine C. Cleary, '22

Emily O. Miller, '22

### LOCALS

L. Arline Bowe, '22

Ralph A. Scherer, '22

### ALUMNI

Blanche Bowden, '22

Madeline K. Heath, '23

### ATHLETICS

Walter Whittier, '23

### MILITARY

Roosevelt R. Pease, '22

### EXCHANGES

Frank P. Morrison, '22

### POETRY

Howard Corning, Jr., '22

### ASSOCIATE EDITOR

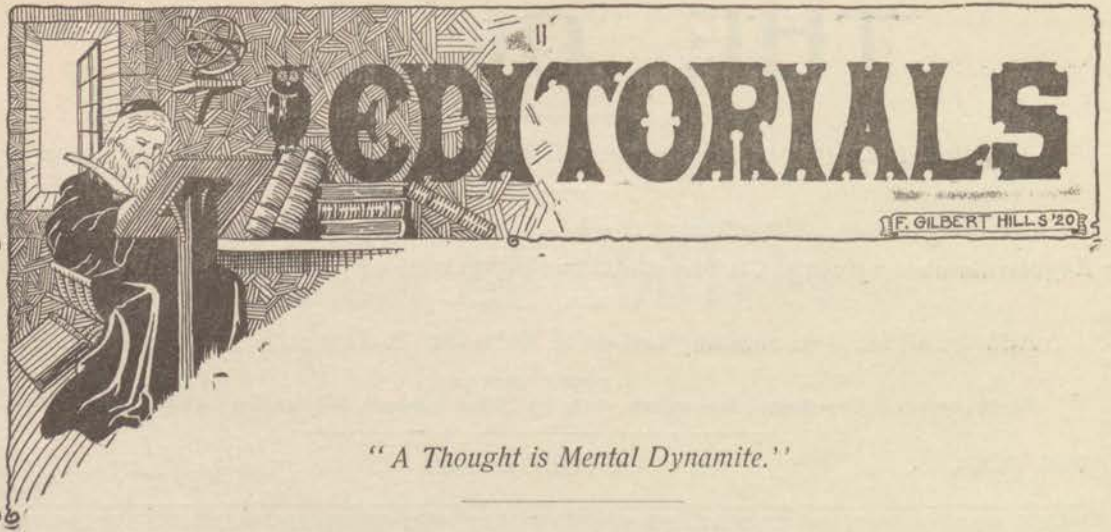
Kenneth S. Field, '23

### ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

Charles H. Sawyer, '23

Robert S. Harrigan, '24

5057



*"A Thought is Mental Dynamite."*

**1925** A class of future successful men and women is 1925. The largest class that on the opening day of school has ever entered the honored doors of Bangor High School. May this class, when its thirtieth reunion is held still cherish the ideals of their Alma Mater as do the graduates of the past!

We take pleasure in welcoming you, 1925, as a friend and helpmate in further increasing the honor and reputation of good, old Bangor High. At this time we also wish you untold success, both in B. H. S. and in the years after graduation. Bangor High will always be your loyal backer and remember you and your achievements, and so, 1925, it is your duty to uphold her banner wherever you may journey.

**School Spirit** Every year, every month, every week and in fact, most every day YOU hear the expression, "School Spirit." Perhaps you have often wondered what it meant. To tell the truth it means a whole lot. School Spirit means the backbone of the school, the result-producer of Bangor High. Without spirit nothing human or no machine even, could run. The Spirit of Ban-

gor High School is the very source of its existence. Years ago the citizens of our city were possessed with a spirit which deemed it wise to establish a school to educate their children. And today we—just think of it—we are in one with the result of that spirit all banded together with a common spirit: To tell the world that Bangor High's the grandest place on earth! And it is! But do we all realize it? We can't—all of us. Because if we did athletics wouldn't have to beg for money and cheers and because if we did the "Oracle" would be swamped with stories, news items and jokes. For true School Spirit is nothing more or less than your own individual support of Bangor High's different representatives. Show your loyalty! And show your School Spirit by supporting the "Oracle" and Bangor High!

**This Year** We do not believe in promises. What we think is the right thing is straight knowledge. We know and assert to you here that we of the 1921-22 "Oracle" Board, all believe in each other, that we are all pulling cooperatively with everybody else and that we are going to give to you, students of Bangor High, the best and classiest "Oracle" in thirty years.



According to a decision reached after much discussion last June, the City Council of Bangor refused to give the School Department the necessary amount of money to maintain our schools. Then arose the need to do away with some one thing which would lessen the expense of maintenance. The Art Department of B. H. S. was selected to economize upon, so both the school as a whole, the students who have talent in drawing and the "Oracle" all are at loss to find a suitable substitute. It seems to us that this deep loss to our finely established reputation and standing as an excellent High school having complete departments, should be at once remedied.

In regard to education the ideas of the controlling body of men of the city vary widely. Some, last June, favored ed education and were willing to support the appropriation for the schools but there were others who favor and strongly acclaim lower taxes rather than well educated boys and girls of Bangor. Other city councils support their School Department to the utmost and there is no reason why the taxpayers of Bangor should not stand behind a suitable education for their sons and daughters.

A public meeting was called last June to decide the momentous question. The sentiment expressed at this meeting favored passing the order then up before the council, giving to the schools the amount asked for, but the men who proudly spoke of lower taxes, cared little whether the High School had any Art Department or not. This seems to us of the "Oracle," who gloried in the valuable and interesting work done in Room 301, under the skillful direction of Miss Ethel Pfaff, a great mistake. We have to take the consequences this year, but we hope things will be different next year.

Many arguments, both pro and con, have been given, much discussion has been waged and many emphatic assertions have been made concerning the establishing of a Junior High school in Bangor.

Everybody admits that an outlet must be found as soon as possible for the overcrowded conditions of Bangor High school and of the two grammar schools. The conditions in Bangor High are extremely inconvenient; it has taken weeks and months to decide how to manage overcrowdedness with least loss to all. If a Junior High school should be built on Abbott Square, to be occupied by the eighth and tenth grades, both the student and the school itself would be benefited.

When, after the Bangor fire of 1911, the present High school was built, many of the sage and prominent citizens of that time sadly shook their heads at the seemingly serious error the city had made in building the High school so large. Today it seems that their folly was not because the building was too large but because it was too small.

Junior High schools have been adopted in other cities and stand successfully on their merits. Bangor has always had the reputation of being an up-to-date city and if other live wire cities can find good in Junior High schools there is no reason why Bangor cannot.

This year if a large enough building had been ready there would have been two thousand students. To limit this number regulations were made by the school board, one of which prevented any pupil entering this school who came from a city or town which supported a four-year high school; by another the tuition was raised. Last year the building was considered crowded and this year with one hundred more than last year, it is filled to overflowing. Many of us are reciting in classes numbering 32 to 34, while there are but 24 to 28 seats in the room. What do we do, you ask. We

bring in chairs, or even stand. The need of a Junior High school is imperative. Conditions and times warrant it.

Too many people of Bangor claim that the Junior High school proposition would be very expensive. Isn't lack of education more expensive? Can't Bangor better afford a high tax rate for one year than students without school rooms? Doesn't one have to pay for all good things one receives? Bangor really must afford a Junior

High school. The city to keep in line and to maintain its reputation of an advanced city, needs a Junior High school.

Much is said concerning the booming of Bangor at this time. Why not boom Bangor in an educational way by erecting a Junior High school? In order still to hold the position that the city's educational system now holds, it is necessary to advance. The direction in which we must advance is plain. Build a Junior High school.

### Report of 1920-21 Business Manager

Before submitting the Financial Report of the 1920-21 "Oracle" Board, we wish to explain to the school that it was not inefficient management that was the cause of the deficit. The management was very unlucky. It seemed to lose all the "breaks" of the year. Their plans seemed always to alter as they progressed. Much praise should be given to Lloyd M. Dearborn, the business manager, for his faithful, interested and conscientious work and we of the 1921-22 Board, who have to overcome the loss, wish to take this opportunity to express the fact that he was not the cause of our misfortunes in the least.

#### RECEIPTS.

Balance from 1919-1920.....	\$ 56.09
Received from Season Tickets.....	596.00
Advts. and Cash Sales, Oct.....	64.00
"    "    "    "    Nov.....	63.50
"    "    "    "    Dec.....	74.00
"    "    "    "    Jan.....	61.30
"    "    "    "    Feb.....	60.40
"    "    "    "    March.....	63.60
"    "    "    "    April.....	64.20
"    "    "    "    May.....	71.30
Senior Class Cuts.....	244.20
Advts. and Cash Sale, June.....	261.76

\$1,680.35

#### EXPENDITURES.

Cuts and Printing, Oct.....	\$153.97
"    "    "    Nov.....	136.90
Trip to Portland for Athletic Ed....	10.54
Cuts and Printing, Dec.....	154.68
Postage and Printing, Jan.....	116.00
Cuts and Printing, Feb.....	142.02
"    "    "    March.....	132.14
"    "    "    April.....	121.57
"    "    "    May.....	127.92
"    "    "    June.....	756.11

\$1,851.85

Expenditures .....	\$1,851.85
Receipts .....	\$1,680.35

Deficit ..... \$171.50

#### NOTE

There is a remainder of \$171.50 on the June printing bill to be paid by the Board of 1921-22. There remains for the business manager to collect about \$91 in outstanding bills, which should reduce the deficit by nearly that amount.

Respectfully submitted,

Lloyd M. Dearborn.



## School Song Contest

In order further to promote the already famous school spirit, Bangor High School, for the second time in its illustrious career, will hold a contest with the ultimate purpose of getting a new school song. The song now in existence, while a work of real literary merit, expressing the best and most lasting sentiments of all students, need not be the ONLY expression of such feelings. So why not, poets and musicians of B. H. S., produce a new and lively school song which will give us another chance along with other high schools in the country to further express our spirit and loyalty for this grand old school.

This contest will be held at once, in fact, it is on now, so get busy every one of you! The judges will be the Editor of the "Oracle," Miss Mary C. Robinson and a third person to be announced. A prize of a yearly subscription to the "Oracle" will be awarded both the writer of the best words and the composer of the best music. If the winners have already purchased subscriptions their money will be refunded them. Pass both the words and the music in to the Editor of the "Oracle."

The contest closes November 15th. Announcement of the winners will be made in the December "Oracle."

Now, once more, we ask you all to show your school spirit by producing a new school song. Get Busy!

---

## Story Contest

A worth while prize to be announced later, will be given to the author of the best story submitted to the Literary Editor.

Rules governing the contest: The author must be a student of Bangor High school and the story must be original. It may be upon any desired subject and must contain at least 2,500 and not more than 4,000 words.

---

## Essay Contest

A worth while prize, to be announced later, will also be given to the author of the best essay on the subject, "Why Advertisers Should Advertise in the 'Oracle.'"

Rules governing the contest: The author must be a student of Bangor High school and the essay must be original. It must contain between 400 and 700 words.

---

All stories and essays must be submitted to the Literary Editor (Room 211), on or before January 3rd, 1922.

The judges for both contests will be Miss Mary Robinson, the Literary Editor and the Editor.

The prize winning story and essay will be published in the February issue of the "Oracle."

# LITERARI



"The Pen is the Tongue of the Mind"

## OUTSIDE

By Emily Miller, '22.

### CHAPTER I.



DEMPSY Greenier was superstitious. As she gazed at the ruins of the woodshed, she puzzled to think what it precluded. An unprejudiced person would have looked upon it not as a prelude of anything, but as the aftermath of forty years of service with no repairs. The more Dempsey thought the surer she was that it was an omen and as it consisted of the ruin of a perfectly good woodshed it seemed to her like an ill omen. However, the ruin of the woodshed might not have capped the climax had not her nephew, Paul, at almost the same moment ridden up on his bicycle and handed her a long legal envelope. Miss Dempsey turned it over and over.

"Why, ain't this queer," she exclaimed. "I ain't had a letter for quite a spell. Not since Frank died, poor brother. I do wonder what this is."

Dempsey sought the house and her sister, Seville, before opening the document. The letter proved to be a last communication from brother Frank, his will, in which he left his two sisters his moderately valuable property and his residence in the neigh-

*The "Oracle" considers itself very fortunate in securing this serial written by Miss Emily Miller, '22.*

*It is with pleasure that we present you with one of the few serials ever published in the "Oracle."*

boring city of Brookline. Dempsey's omen was complete. Providence intended them to move. After an interval of straightening out business affairs in Adams the Greeniers moved to Brookline. Now it is only fair to mention the one to whom the change made the most difference—Paul.

Paul Greenier was a complete example of the effect of environment. He was a tall, stalwart boy with a fine athletic build. His heavy black hair was often in need of cutting and his deep set gray eyes had a habitual squint. He thought slowly, moved slowly and reached conclusions slowly, just as did all Adams. But like most boys, under his cloak he had great ambitions which he was far too shy and slow to realize. To him the gateway of Brookline High School was the gateway of Paradise.

The house which the Greeniers had inherited was on a wealthy residential street and the automobiles bringing loads of merry vacationists flashed past. Paul saw them and spent his time in dreams. Some day a big car would flash up the drive and a merry voice would hail, "Come on, Paul." How much fun it would be to go for a joy-



ous, unplanned holiday! The shriek of an auto horn sounded suddenly in Paul's ear. He jumped backward—the wrong way. The mudguard of a big runabout grazed him, flung him into the ditch, dazed but unhurt. The car paused abruptly and a pair of angry brown eyes glared at him.

"You big Rube!" snapped the boy in the car—a boy bareheaded and dressed in soiled khaki but quite clearly one of THE set. "What are you jumping in front of a car for. Are you hurt?"

Paul slowly got to his feet but did not answer.

"Don't be so cross, Don," broke in the girl, from the car. "It was more your fault than it was his. I told you not to startle him with that horn. Can't we take you home?"

Paul's grey eyes were open wide in admiration at the girl.

"I—I live just over there," he said, finally. "I'm not hurt. I'm sorry."

"We're the ones who ought to be sorry," replied the girl. "Hope we get to know you. Good-bye." They were gone as quickly as they had come.

Paul brushed his clothes and sauntered slowly homeward. What a beginning! How awkward he had been! How could they ever want to know him! How pretty the girl was! A new trend was given to Paul's dreams.

Meanwhile the two in the car were laughing over the mishap.

"Came near having a tragedy then and there," chuckled Don Holt, "if he had jumped a little farther or you hadn't turned as quickly we wouldn't have gone to any ball game this afternoon."

"No, we'd gone up on the hill," replied Jed, laughing. "I told you not to startle him. Maybe next time you'll mind. He was new to the city, I guess."

"New, I'll testify," agreed Don, "and green. He nearly scared me to death. Hope he goes to school. Revenge, ye gods,

how sweet."

It was not until a week later that Paul discovered the identity of the two who had run him down. One day when he returned from a walk he discovered his first friend in Brookline draped across the hammock. Draped exactly described the position of "Doc" Morrison. His body slid well down into the spacious folds of the hammock. His long legs stuck out on both sides and his arms hung over to the floor. He had a long, solemn looking face, a pair of mild blue eyes and an extremely bashful disposition. Paul did not guess the mighty will power in a certain person's influence that had induced Doc to approach him.

"Lordfrey," greeted Doc. "Don came mighty near mowing you down the other day."

Paul frowned but understood. "Who was that?" he inquired.

"Don Holt and Jed Heath," returned Doc comfortably. "I'll never dare ride with Don again. He"—then suddenly recalling the purpose of his visit—"are you going to enter high next week?"

"Yes. I suppose you go?"

"I'm a sophomore. What class are you in?"

Doc remained an hour. At the end of which time he and Paul had swapped a good deal of information. Paul had learned that Donald Holt was president of the Junior class at Brookline High School, played football and basketball, was the leader of the well-to-do gang and excelled in nearly everything except studies. Geraldine Heath lived next door to Paul between his home and Holt's. She was also prominent in the class and excelled particularly in sports and managing Don. Don had one sister, Jean, who was a nice, quiet girl and went around a lot with Jed Heath. Doc, for his part, learned Paul's past life and his intentions for the future, all of which knowledge he obediently reported to Don and Jed.



A week later the high school opened. Paul approached the big building and its chattering throngs with inward trepidation. How lonesome it felt to stand alone at one side while all about you were merry greetings and familiar scuffles. For a long five minutes Paul listened to fragments of conversation which were to him meaningless yet full of meaning. He had no one in the whole wide world who cared for him as some of these boys cared for each other. Everybody had one special pal. Was he always to be on the outside! His desolation could have been no more complete had he been on a desert isle. A desperate longing for companionship overtook him. He felt that all eyes must be upon him as he alone of the multitude was friendless. Then a hand was laid on his arm.

"Greenier, I want you to meet Holt," said Doc.

Paul turned to scrutinize Don Holt. Holt was a boy of medium height and slim build, with a suggestion of wiry quickness. He wore a gray suit and was bareheaded. His dark brown hair was clipped in a close pompadour. His long lashed, brown eyes met Paul's with a suggestion of mockery in their depths. Don was blessed with a happy faculty for leading the minds of men and although his temper was known to be of the hair trigger variety, there was not a boy in school who had more friends.

"Glad to meet you more ceremoniously, Greenier," he said, extending a firm, long fingered hand. "Hope you will like B. H. S. Of course anyone here will tell you it's the finest little school in the world. Do you go out for athletics?"

"Never tried," replied Paul. "I doubt if I would be any good in so large a school."

"Nothing like trying to be sure of a thing," urged Don. "I expect there are a good many unknown athletes in B. H. S. Excuse me, Greenier, I see Haynes beckoning. See you later," and with a genial smile Don left to talk to his football cap-

tain. Doc trailed along in his wake and once again Paul was left alone. With Paul Don had left the same warm friendly feeling that made him the school idol. How fine it would be to have a pal like Don, thought Paul, a fellow could sacrifice anything for a boy of that type. Paul did not stop to think that a boy of that type might demand a lot of sacrificing.

The morning of readjustment passed quickly once it began. By noon time Paul was so bewildered that he was scarcely able to find his way home. He loitered along until he heard rapid footsteps behind him.

"Oh, Greenier," said a friendly voice.

Paul turned to face Don Holt and the girl of the automobile.

"This is Miss Heath, Mr. Greenier," introduced Holt, easily. "Greenier has just entered our class at school."

"I'm sure he'll be a credit to '23," said Jed, extending her hand. "You look like a football man, Mr. Greenier."

"He denies that he is an athlete." Holt spoke considerably as he saw Paul was overcome with embarrassment. "But those shoulders say otherwise."

Paul recovered from the ordeal of being introduced and said simply, "I never tried."

"You must try now," said Jed. "It is the duty of every B. H. S. man to try to help the school."

"And if you are successful you have your share of glory beside," added Don.

"That's why Don plays," Jed observed to Paul in an audible aside. "He can't play any position except fullback 'cause there isn't applause enough!"

"Same reason you can't play anything but center on a basketball team," retorted Don. "Well, here's where I leave you. Stick around about three Jed, and maybe we can go out to camp. So long, Greenier."

Don went whistling up the path to his big brick house.

"Do you swim?" asked Jed, abruptly.



"I never learned," replied Paul.

"I was thinking you ought to go to camp with us some day," said Jed. "But if you don't swim it wouldn't be much sport. So long."

Paul continued his way alone. He had met Jed Heath! Meeting her had only strengthened his admiration. Paul's mind had been filled with a vague picture of Jed ever since their first meeting but now the details were complete. Her hair was darker than he had remembered, a deep-red brown and half inclined to curl. Her eyes were deep blue black, shaded by straight black lashes. Paul could not recall ever seeing a girl in Adams so daintily dressed in sheer white stuff. Jed was fast becoming the hub about which Paul's dreams revolved.

At three o'clock, when Don bore Jed off to camp, Paul, seated on the front porch, watched with envious eyes. Don wore his white sweater with a big red B and Jed wore a gay white middy suit, with a scarlet tie. Paul envied Don, the sweater, the car and most of all, the girl. Both young people waved at him and Miss Dempsy waved back.

"I been thinking I'd have nie one of them," she announced. "You could learn to run it."

"Oh, Aunt Dempsy!" exclaimed Paul. "I'll work night or day if you'll get one."

"Land sakes, boy, don't choke me," protested Miss Dempsy. "There ain't any need of work. We've money enough."

Paul was in a blissful day dream. If he got the car might he not get the girl?

(To be Continued)

## WITH THE "AMERICA" IN AFRICA

By Wade White, '22.



HE "America" was resting at her berth in an aviation field a few miles from New York City. We were preparing her for a long trip into Africa, where we, in the employ of a large contracting concern, were to construct and help to start an aero freight service.

As I was walking along the runway of the "America" I heard something that showed me that I was not the only person on board who was glad that the "America" was to sail again. What I heard was my chief engineer, Mr. Springer, whistling softly to himself that famous old sea song, known as "Billy Bones' Fancy." Mr. Springer was sitting on a locker in the engine room cleaning the parts of one of the gasoline engines. I stood watching him for a few minutes and then asked him when the machinery would be in condition to start. He looked up and said with a smile, "When do you want to start?"

"Well," I replied, "our passengers certainly won't come aboard until day after tomorrow noon, but I wish we could start sooner."

"We might take a trial trip," he replied.

His reply gave me an idea, and so I called an officers' meeting in my cabin that afternoon. When we were all assembled I proposed my idea as follows:—"Brother officers, we, being all from the noble city of Bangor, up in the state of Maine, will naturally hang together in the project I am about to explain. About three-thirty the 'America' will leave the ground, apparently for a trial trip. Roughly our course will be northeast. Now, boys, where would that bring us in about four hours and a half of flying at full speed?"

Mr. Kendall cleared his throat and said, "I should judge that we would be somewhere in the vicinity of Bangor."

"Exactly," I replied, "we will fly at about three thousand feet and when Mr. Springer



gets the high sign from me he will cause something mysterious to happen to the dynamos so that no power can be procured for the motors. We will land in a large field that I know of, apparently to locate the trouble. Has anyone any suggestions or remarks to make?"

Mr. Kendall rose and said, "Do any of us get leave?"

"That depends on whether you are good or not," was my reply.

That appeared to end the discussion so I dismissed the meeting and went to inform the crew that we were going on a trial trip. At just three-twenty I had assembly blown on the bugle and had the roll called. Then, ordering the ports closed, I rang for slow speed. When the cables were sufficiently slackened I gave the order to cast off. Signaling for more speed, I had the nose of the "America" swung into the wind and the elevating rudders raised. Slowly we rose from the ground. At five hundred feet we leveled her out and started cruising in a general northeasterly direction. I then turned to the speaking tube leading to the engine room and inquired how the engines were working. After Mr. Springer's report I requested him to join me on the bridge.

When Mr. Springer arrived, I requested him and Mr. Kendall to join me in an inspection of the craft, leaving Mr. Williams, the second officer, in charge on the bridge.

Leaving the bridge, we commenced our inspection. First, we visited the wireless room and talked a moment with Mr. Saunders, the officer in charge. Next we dropped down to the next deck and inspected the crew's quarters. After that we went down a narrow passageway to the rear of the craft and, after opening a little door, passed into the after compartment where the electric mechanism that controls the steering and elevating rudders is located; also the steering yokes for use with the direct hand control of the steering are located in this room. After inspecting all this we

descended to the deck below. Here we inspected the kitchens and the mess hall. Forward of the mess hall is the gear room, where all the spare gear of the ship is kept. This includes mooring gear, electrical supplies, in short, anything needful to repair a breakdown, could be found in that room. Forward of the gear room is the room from which the two great searchlights which light our way at night are controlled. This room communicates directly by means of ladders to the crew's quarters above and the engine room below. We went down into the engine room and after inspecting this Mr. Kendall and I returned to the bridge, leaving Mr. Springer in the engine room.

About seven-thirty I commenced to watch for the field I had mentioned. As soon as I sighted it I rang the buzzer in the engine room, and when I got Mr. Springer at the speaking tube I gave the agreed on signal and soon the low hum of the dynamos died out and was followed by a deathly quiet. Then came the buzz of the engine room speaking tube. I answered it and Mr. Springer's voice came up, "Dynamos stopped sir, will try to start them again immediately." I then turned and began giving orders to make a landing in the field I had picked out. When we had made the landing I ordered the mooring cables got out and the craft secured.

This done I went down to see how Mr. Springer was getting along with the "repair" work. I found the whole engine room crew sitting on the lockers, spinning yarns about their past experiences. Mr. Springer looked up and said with a wink, "business before pleasure," and then turned to listen to the story teller. I then mounted to the crew's quarters and announced that they could have the evening to go into town and amuse themselves. I sent the second officer and the third officer with them to see that they did nothing to hurt the good name of the craft.



The next day Mr. Kendall, Mr. Springer, the engine room crew, myself and all those who had remained aboard the evening before went into town. We spent the afternoon showing visitors over the craft. About six o'clock we rose and flew back to our berth outside New York City.

At one o'clock the next afternoon, our passengers having come aboard, we took to the air for the trip across the Atlantic to England. It took about a day and a half to fly across and at the end of that time we came down a few miles from London. We stayed there for a week and then, after taking on the officials of the Aero Freight Co., we flew across France, Spain, and the Mediterranean Sea, finally landing in Algiers after twenty-four hours of flying. Here we picked up the engineers who, with their native helpers, had been at work on the proposed route.

After picking up these men we flew out over the desert at a height of about two hundred feet, going as slowly as possible while the engineers took observations and laid out the course we followed on a chart. Whenever they came to a place suitable for a station we would stop and the engineers would take observations with their transits and make rough drawings of the lay of the land. We spent a month traveling across the desert taking a different route each time. We had to cross four or five times before the engineers finally found a route that it was practical to use.

We then started to explore the section of the route that lay from the edge of the desert to Cape Town. We traveled over this stretch three times before finding the most practical route to follow. We then flew directly to Algiers, where we left the engineers to plan out the work while we went to England with the financiers of the enterprise, to make arrangements for the necessary materials for the job.

After a month's stay in England we sailed back to Africa with a crew of skilled

laborers and some materials that would be needed at the very start on the construction work. At Algiers we picked up a gang of natives and a little more material. We then went to the site of the first station, where the work was begun in earnest.

From then on the work for us began. Loads of men, cement, lumber, food, and in short, everything that was necessary to the comfort and health of the workmen was carried in the "America."

We did not have many accidents during our stay in Africa, in fact, we had only two notable ones. Once we were delayed two days while we dug the "America" out of the sand that had sifted in around her during a big sandstorm, in which we had been caught. The other one was not as serious for it was only a violent electrical storm, accompanied by a high wind that forced us to rise to a height of about ten thousand feet. We were obliged to stay there for twelve hours until the wind went down. On descending we found that we had been blown about three hundred miles out to sea. The health of the officers and crew were exceptionally good on this trip for we had only one case that required medical treatment. That was the case of Mr. Williams who had a severe case of jungle fever, having to be taken to a hospital in Cape Town for treatment.

Finally, we worked our way down to Kimberly, where we were to establish a station, the last before the one at Cape Town. One day while we were there we received a wireless message that sent us hurrying along the line of stations with all possible speed. We had learned that a band of savages had fallen on one of the stations and looted it, making all the workmen prisoners. While rushing along at full speed toward this station one of the coils in our big dynamo burned out, causing the machine to short circuit. Luckily, we were able to make a landing in a large open space in the jungle.



As I did not know in what kind of a locality we were I set two armed sentries at the mouth of every path leading from the open space. About noon word was passed to the "America" that a party of natives was swiftly approaching along one of the paths. I hastily led a detail of men to that path and concealed them in the bushes on either side of the path. The natives marched into the clearing without noticing the presence of the men, but when they got to the clearing and saw the "America" they stopped short and looked at it without stopping to see if anyone was anywhere in their neighborhood. I ordered my men to fire a volley over the heads of the savages and to yell at the top of their voice. They did so but the savages were not scared at all, due to their constant contact with Arabs who had firearms. By this time we had discovered that our friends were with the natives as prisoners. Resolving not to let the savages get away with our friends, I led my men back to the craft. I had a machine gun mounted on the rail of the observation platform and trained on the natives. When they attempted to leave the clearing I had the gun fired at the path just ahead of the savages, taking care not to hit anyone. We did this only when they attempted to leave, stopping the fire when they turned back. They finally settled down in the middle of the clearing about three hundred feet from the "America." When night came on I had two demountable searchlights rigged on the platform with the guns and played constantly on the camp. We were enabled to do this by the quick work done in the engine room rewinding the coil on the dynamo.

The next morning the chief sent a man to us to arrange for a parley. We agreed to talk with the chief and soon he came toward us followed by his body guard. About fifty feet from the "America" the chief and his men laid down their weapons and approached the craft. I met him at the

port and with the help of an interpreter, we made it clear that all we wished was his prisoners. He refused to give them up and I told him that if he did not do as we wished I would call down the wrath of his gods upon him, for I was the greatest of all medicine men. He laughed at my claim so I led the way into the engine room of the "America," where I attempted to make good my claims. Going over to the big dynamo I said, "by merely raising my hand I can make this huge machine become alive. I raised my arm and the dynamo began to revolve as Mr. Springer, who was at the switchboard, closed the switch. I then said that by placing a stick in a dish of water, I could make the water boil. I picked up the "stick" (an electric immersion heater), and made the water boil. The chief was still determined to not give up his prisoners so I decided to try something that would make him give them up if anything would. I said, "With only a few motions I can make this huge house move through the air like a bird." He quickly denied my ability to do this and so, after a whispered word to Mr. Springer, I took him up to the bridge. Stepping up to the wheel I gave the engine room jingler one pull and then waited for Mr. Springer to follow my instructions. As the propellers commenced to revolve I put the elevators into the position to raise the craft. I ascended to about one thousand feet and then turned the nose of the "America" for the open sea, which was only a few miles away. Then I commenced to climb again when we were about five miles from land and had gained a height of nearly six thousand feet, I leveled the craft and then almost immediately turned her nose downward. Gripping the wheel with every nerve tense, I watched the altitude register and the surface of the sea. In almost less time than it takes to tell it we were at the surface of the sea. At what I judged to be the right height I leveled out the craft; but



I was not quite in time. The "America" dove into the sea up to the two big searchlights before she finally straightened out. Luckily nothing was broken, but we all had a big scare.

The chief was so scared that, when he saw that I was going to go into the air again, he jumped to my side and promised to give up his prisoners if we would not try any more of our magic on him. We agreed and soon we landed in the clearing where his men were waiting for him.

Wishing to show the chief that I desired to be friends with him I gave him a jack-knife and showed him how to use it. Then taking a detail of eight men, I escorted the chief back to his camp. On arriving there he at once ordered the prisoners turned over to us. We took charge of them as if they had been dangerous, marching them back to the "America" at the point of the bayonet. Going aboard we quickly got under way and started back to Kimberly.

About two months later, after completing the station at Cape Town, we commenced the work of making accurate charts for the use of the pilots who would fly over the newly completed line. Besides making the regular charts we were required to take the pictures necessary for the construction of

a large photographic map of the country for twenty miles on each side of the charted course. This work took about three months more, including the time it took to fly over the charted route to make sure that the charts were absolutely correct.

After finishing the charting we attended the formal opening of the route in Cape Town. Then we flew as convoy to the first airplane to carry freight commercially over the route. We flew with them as far as the terminal in Algiers.

A week later after closing all our affairs in Algiers we started for home, Mr. Williams, fully recovered by now, having come aboard after the opening of the route at Cape Town. We sailed northward over France and then turned west and went to England. Here we stopped only long enough to fill our gas tanks and land the passengers that we had brought from Africa. Then came an uneventful trip across the Atlantic. Within two days we were tied up at our moorings just outside New York City.

After a week spent in overhauling the "America," we all took the train for home to spend the two months that would elapse before the "America" would be in condition to take another trip.

## REAL LIFE

By Louise Ayer, '23.



**W**HAT is more lifelike than to grab a kettle of beans, snatch a few pounds of pork, flour and necessary ingredients for the construction of bread, haul the old boat down to the lake and "strike" for camp? Well, that is just what we did.

It was Saturday afternoon and someone had suddenly become overburdened with the idea of camping over Sunday on the shore of Mattanawcook lake. So, in order to relieve the terrific pressure on his brain and save the whole household from dis-

traction, Mother, Dad, Button, the dog, and I, found ourselves already embarked on the journey at half past five.

"Hungry as bears," as Dad expressed it, we paddled at full speed and arrived at Brown Fan Lodge in less than an hour. While Dad made a wild dash to the spring for water, Mother and I set the table. Then the feast began. The good things were: Baked beans, corn bread, cabbage salad, gingerbread, and coffee. Never had food been so appetizing or so quickly devoured.

Then, of course, the usual question of



washing dishes arose. It was easily settled, for we all cleaned our plates out with pieces of bread and turned them bottom side up to await the morning meal. Probably health officers and societies dealing with sanitary living conditions, would highly disapprove of such a performance, at least while their representatives were lecturing before the public, but under like circumstances, such representatives would doubtless have done the same thing.

In the evening, seated round a cheerful campfire, we told stories and sang to the accompaniment of the autoharp. At intervals, when the singing ceased, how quiet and peaceful everything seemed! Only the soft swaying of the trees to and fro and the gentle swish of water on the rocks could be heard.

Nine o'clock came all too soon and we reluctantly left the friendly blaze to prepare for bed. The Lodge furnished excellent sleeping rooms but somewhat rickety beds, with springs which gouged into our backs. However, everyone slept the sleep of the weary and not a sound was heard until 6.30 A. M., when someone dropped the coffee pot. (Accidentally?)

Breakfast was a bountiful repast, prepared over the campfire. No one had forgotten his appetite, so food just disappeared like dew before the sun.

While we were sitting on the piazza, awaiting the arrival of our guests, we heard the pecking of a woodpecker just behind the camp. Somewhat curious to see just what the little fellow was up to, we cautiously crept round the end of the camp to catch a glimpse of him.

There he was, driving his bill into the trunk of a decaying spruce and eating the grubs and insects which he found there. Dad told us that by clapping the hands together so as to make a hollow sound like a woodpecker, that we might coax him to draw nearer.

We tried it, and to be sure, he listened

but could evidently detect our amateur efforts, so went busily to work again. Then Dad called to him and he came within two or three feet of us. We stood perfectly still and had a splendid opportunity to see his many beautiful colors: Red head, black and white striped back with touches of green, here and there.

On our way back to camp, we noticed insects clinging in great bunches to the fir and spruce trees and were told that they are the destroyers of many, many acres of timberland.

No sooner had we seated ourselves, than the company arrived and we left for the upper lakes—Folsom, Crooked, and Long Pond. We had hardly reached Folsom dam when—Crack! Splash! came the noises almost simultaneously.

Evidently, Dad had fired at a duck and the gun had kicked. Nothing was certain because he was not there to speak for himself. However, the other occupants of the canoe were literally strewn over the water.

Someone said, "Guess your Dad has went right down and shut the door." Meaning that he had sunk.

But no. In a few moments, he appeared on the opposite shore over a hundred yards away, grinning sheepishly.

We continued our journey and landed at Camp Roosevelt on Folsom for lunch. There was more corn bread, fresh fish, caught while going up, coffee, and potatoes roasted in the coals.

While the men were making estimates of timber, the women folk picked elderberries, wild flowers and leaves, which had already turned red, in spite of the fact that it was only August.

About 5 o'clock, we all met at the landing, preparatory to leaving for Mattanawcook. Everyone had had a delightful time and was loath to leave such a lovely spot.

As we approached Brown Fan Lodge, someone softly began to sing, "Perfect Day." Then everything seemed complete.



## WITH THE C. M. T. C. AT DEVENS

By Roosevelt Pease.



HERE are thousands of young men who at the closing of their schools, colleges, and institutions leave for their camp, their seashore abodes, and their hunting lodges in the mountains, while there are thousands of others, who considering it their patriotic duty, leave for months of intensive training, beneath the summer's scorching heat.

Are those young men who linger at home, and who are unemployed, benefited by remaining at home when they might be preparing themselves for that which threatens and imperils all nations. WAR?

It is the duty of every young man who can spare his summer to enroll in the Citizens' Military Training Corps, especially those who are between the ages of sixteen and twenty.

When the United States was forced to enter the war in 1917, the War Department awoke to the fact that we were without the Regular Army that was required of such a nation, and that the National Guard was poorly equipped and very badly in need of training, its Reserve Corps was small and little attention had been paid to the strengthening of these three organizations; and therefore, it became necessary to pass the Draft Act.

After the Draft Act had been passed, it was found necessary to take months for the building up of the bodies of the young men for military service before they could be put into actual combat.

With the end of the World War, the Congress of the United States decided that this country should never again be in so great unpreparedness.

Through the efforts of Army officers who had commanded different organizations and units in France, and who knew how to train men, with the assistance of the com-

mander-in-chief of the American Armies, Gen. John J. Pershing, a plan was decided upon whereby young men between the ages of sixteen and twenty could attend training camps in their respective Corps Areas, each summer, and prepare themselves to become officers in the Reserve Corps.

It is not the purpose of the summer camps to make good private soldiers of the young men who attend the instruction course each summer, but to build up a body of men, who in the time of need, may be able to lead men to battle with intelligence and tact.

This result can be accomplished only by intensive training, and by making the young man familiarize himself with other people, learn their characteristics, and understand their nature.

With the reduction of the Regular Army, and the reorganization of all Army units, it becomes necessary for the War Department to have as many such bodies of Reserves, as can be possibly obtained, including veterans and officers in the World War, college men and high school students and men from all the walks in civilian life.

Therefore, if such a body of Reserves is to be maintained for service, it becomes necessary to have large summer camps to keep the men well trained, and make them familiar with Army life. To further this plan the War Department has completed its plan for the Citizens' Military Training Corps, making it possible for every young man to attend a summer camp each year, and at the close of a period of three camps to be in line for a lieutenancy in the Reserve Corps, without any cost to himself, whatsoever.

With the cooperation of the students and their officers in the various training camps, it has been possible to produce such a military machine in the space of one month as



would amaze the world. Some young men enter camp, hollow chested, round shouldered, with shoes unpolished, untidy condition, hat cocked on one side, and eyes on the ground. But after one month's training they leave the camp with chest arched, shoulders back, head up, looking everybody squarely in the face; their clothing is neatly arranged and they walk with the easy swing that military training brings.

Young man, are you preparing yourself

to jump into the game where your forefathers and brothers left off? Are you prepared to face Hell in the form of War, and give your life as your brothers did on the field of honor? Are you preparing yourselves to protect your mothers and sisters?

Get into the game, play it, dream it, PREPARE, because the day is coming, and the cause that your brothers have fought and died for must not be in vain.

## THE VICTROLA IN SCHOOL

By Laura J. Pratt.



ARK! the record on, the needle placed, the Victrola started; and we are carried back to the year 1066. Indeed, we are taken to the very battle of Hastings, which has so changed our history from what it might have been. I hear the mighty voice of Taillefer, the greatest of Norman minstrels, challenging any soldier of the Saxon army to combat. Then I picture to myself the pride of the Saxon army when the brother of King Harold goes forth to accept the challenge. I see the two armies eagerly watching the struggle—the Saxons tense and expectant, the Normans eager and confident. I even hear the mighty cries of the Saxon army as they cheer the brother of their king, after he has slain the Norman minstrel. I see the Saxons relaxing and forgetting for the moment that a greater and harder struggle is soon to follow. All these things I seem to see and hear as the Norman battle hymn is chanted in our recitation room.

But my dreams come to an end as the challenge stops, only to be directed into another channel as a different record is put upon the victrola. This time there is no army of living men ready for battle but rather an army of skeletons and ghosts, ready to obey for a few hours their master, Death. The name of this weird and ghost-

ly selection is Danse Macabre or Dance of the Cemetery, which shows very plainly the superstition of mediaeval times. A remnant of this particular superstition has even been handed down to us in our imagined ghosts wandering about on Halloween night. In the Danse Macabre, Death is represented as playing a violin and all the skeletons as obedient to his demands. Look! See that tallest skeleton there! See those deep eye sockets, and those hideously grinning lips! See those claw-like hands as they grasp the violin, fearful lest someone should snatch it away and so destroy his power over the ghosts! Watch him as he creeps forward among the tombs and upon one stone knocks vigorously! Immediately out of the earth rises an army of skeletons. A few quick measures and the dance has begun only to increase in speed and fervor as the moments fly. At last Death faces the fact that soon his control will cease, and again the speed and frenzy of the music increases only to sink in a long, piercing wail as in the distance a cock is heard sounding the signal of the departure of Death's power over the ghostly army.

In this strange bit of music one measure is repeated fifteen times to emphasize the extreme dizziness caused by the mad whirling; and at the very last a few measures



make us hear the skeletons as they sink back into their graves, there to rest for another year until Death again summons them with his trumpet-like call, to another night of revelry.

Again my mind is brought back from the ghostly regions into which it has wandered, by another change of record. For as a few measures are played we recognize the gayly substantial air that we now sing to the words, "We Won't Go Home Until Morning," and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." A twentieth century tune? Ah, no—this tune, first sung as a Crusader's song for the march to Palestine, originated over ten centuries ago. Someone has said that only great music lives any length of time; yet here is this old martial tune still surviving the wear and tear of years. Who knows how it has been handed down to us? And who knows how it may still continue to be handed on through centuries to come?

We were then given a little Anglo-Norman song—the first ever set to music. The diction is very much like that of Chaucer's time, but the spirit like that of all times since the Saxons first began to write. Think of the countless numbers of poets who have written about nature; think of those who at the present time write of it; and think of those who will write of it in the future!

For who could find a more beautiful theme to write about, "Summer y-comen In." It is one of the daintiest, most exquisite little lyrics of our Norse ancestors that we now possess.

This selection was followed by two Shakespearian lyrics celebrating the song of the lark. One of them began with the ever-familiar, lovely words: "Hark, Hark, the Lark"; the other not so familiar, opens with the words, "Lo, hear the gentle lark." In the first the singing of the lark is represented by a flute. In some places the flute is accompanied by a colorature soprano voice. This voice and the flute blend perfectly and produce a very lovely harmony, in fact, it is so lovely that I am sure we should all have liked to hear it again had there been time.

Our program ended with the familiar serenade, "Who Is Sylvia?" The most unusual thing about this serenade is that it is not sung in the evening but in the morning. Sung in the morning by a romantic lover beneath the window of his ladylove to awaken her. The words were originally accompanied by a lute, an instrument very much like our guitar. Can you picture the young man playing on the lute? Can you picture—Whiz-Whiz-Whiz—alas, there's the gong and our recreation period is at an end.

## GEORGE BARTON BUYS A MOTORCYCLE

By Dorothy A. Ryder.



GEORGE Barton bought a motorcycle. When he told his wife, she shook her head and sighed.

"Motorcycles," she said, "might be all right if they were run slowly, and if a man on foot went ahead to beat a gong and warn pedestrians out of the way. A prudent man, George, wouldn't buy a motorcycle. Did our grandfathers ride motorcycles? They did not!"

Of course George respected his wife's

wisdom, and usually tried to follow her advice, but he also wished to convince her of the error of her prejudice against motorcycles. The first night he had the machine out, he turned it toward the downtown district. It was in his mind to demonstrate how out of date were his wife's forebodings.

George Barton's motorcycle came sputtering down the street, and drew near the curb in front of his home.

It was a third-hand machine, "as good as new." Instead of stopping, which was the



rider's intent, it shot ahead with a sputtering bark of exploding gas that brought the whole neighborhood to the windows.

The rider turned the first corner in a cloud of smoke. Within a minute he had encircled the block and was put-put-banging down the street again past his wife, who was staring after him with amazed eyes.

He could guide the machine but he couldn't stop it. Each time around the block its speed increased.

Pedestrians ran out into the street, waved their arms, as men wave their arms to stop a runaway horse; then raced in terror back

to the sidewalk as the motorcycle sputtered by. At two corners, policemen were yelling for the crazy man to stop. An excited young man telephoned the fire department. His idea was to catch the cyclist in a rescue net. He joggled the telephone hook and shrieked, "Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello!"

George's motorcycle solved the problem itself. It ran out of gasoline and stopped within sight of his wife standing calmly on the sidewalk with a contented smile on her face.

She said, "George, you ride beautifully; the whole neighborhood was out watching you."

## OCEAN SCENES

By Natalie E. Tefft, '23.



HOW many different phases there are in which we can see the ocean, and each one as beautiful as the other. The ocean is majestic and cruel, in whatever view it is placed; even in its playfulness, there is a tinge of cruelty.

Is it not beautiful to see the ocean on a pleasant morning, as a ship leaves port? The great expanse of blue water, with hardly a ripple on it; the blue vault overhead; and in the east, the yellow rim of the great sun, just appearing over the horizon, where it seems to us if we were to sail to the edge of the horizon, we should meet it. As the day advances, the water around the ship is now ruffled, not threateningly, but with a playful movement; the sun overhead shines down with an intense heat; suddenly, the wind veers around, predicting a storm. Soon the clouds are piling up in great masses of gray and white, covering the sun, and finally spreading over the whole sky; the wind commences to blow harder, and the swell of the ocean increases; enormous whitecaps are seen in all directions, the ship bends to the wind and is driven hurriedly southward, as the storm roars around it.

As the ship runs before this blast, it soon begins to feel gradually colder, and after a while an iceberg is seen; then the rain turns to mist and snow, but the wind continues to blow until the icebergs are thick around the ship,—great, massive mountains of green ice, which threaten the ships and the lives on board for many days, until the wind again changes and the ship sails safely out of that danger, but into one more horrible.

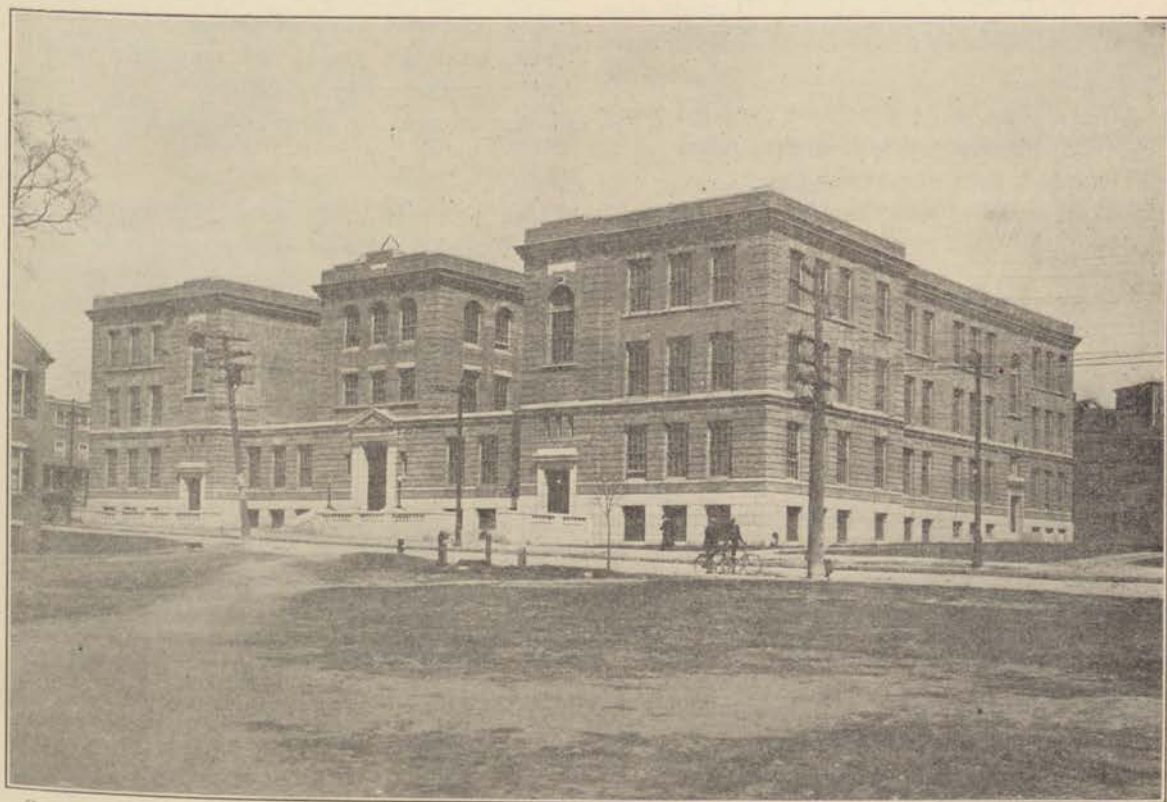
The sails fall limp and lifeless, as the breeze goes down; the sky grows copper color, as the days pass; and the sun seems fairly bloody. There the ship remains, as motionless as in a picture, in this dreadful calm, the sailors so hate. At night the ocean shines green, blue and black, like oil, or stagnant water, and everything seems to be rotting; on the ship many die from lack of water, and the rest pray for rain. The sea-snakes move around the ship, great green and blue monsters, leaving golden trails behind. For many days and nights, the sky is overcast and a thunder shower comes up; the thunder roars in the distance, coming nearer each time and the lightning, in one long streak of yellow, flashes across the sky; soon the heavens fairly seem to



open and the rain pours down; the deep is convulsed, the waves dash over the ship, and try to vent their fury on it. After the storm passes over, the sea calms down slowly and the glorious moon bursts out through the black cloud. One by one the little stars are seen twinkling up above. Finally the water is like a great mirror, as

smooth as glass, with the reflection of the heavens shining in it.

It seems hardly possible that the ocean could have been so suddenly transformed from raging fury to such a scene as now, but thus is the power, majesty, and cruelty of the ocean shown. And yet through it all, there is always the beautiful side which awes and attracts.



#### OUR ALMA MATER

Crowded to the doors, and filled with the loyalty and school spirit that has made Bangor High famous.

# Poetry

*"He Must Write as Homer Wrote, not What He Wrote"*

## DARK, MYSTICAL DEEP.

Over the blue, unbounded deep  
In fancy I long to roam,  
Where mystic crystals lie asleep  
And white sprays billow and foam.

Where gray gulls droop on wearied wing,  
The sea its pipeless organ rolls,  
The coral, ruby structures fling  
And seaweed sways in knotted folds.

Where ragged rocks hold rule supreme,  
And queenly Luna softly glides,  
Where mermaids mild, their bright hair  
stream  
And beauty, a hazy shroud abides.

The pearled shells in murmured song,  
Whisper of depths so dark, so dank,  
In which from lands forgotten long,  
From rocking ships, rich cargoes sank.

And over all a warm wind whips  
Like kisses blown from fairy lips;  
And misty mystery lingers near,  
Enchanting every dreamer's ear.

I wonder if 'tis wrong to keep  
This wish while here at home?  
For over the blue, unbounded deep  
In fancy I long to roam.

—Blanche Bowden.

## POURQUOI?

O sunshine of the morning that smiles on  
me this morn,  
Your light is glad, yet I have seen more  
cheerful rays of dawn,  
Yes, 'mid the grand old mountain peaks,  
under a sky of blue,  
I was content in woodland glens whenever  
I felt you.

Once more beneath your dazzling rays, I  
feel the joy of youth,  
Once more I search through puzzling haze  
to fathom out the truth,  
Yes, here it is,—youth's fear, old age,—as  
often I have read,  
So, it's not you the trouble's with, but really  
me instead.

—A. Bowe.

## "MULTUM IN PARVO."

A package came in the mail today,  
'Twas opened with delight,  
Our eyes were bursting from our heads—  
'Till we beheld the sight.

For when the postman left the box,  
Our expectations soared,  
We thought we'd find some precious gift,  
Perhaps a ouija board.

But it contained, to our surprise,—  
You surely cannot guess—  
Just everything one could surmise,  
A dictionary, no less.

—Lois Holt.





# LOCALS

FOX 14



## *"Scarce Any Tale was Sooner Heard than Told"*

Miss Dorothy E. Sawyer, a former vice-president of '22, has entered Oaksmere, in New York, this fall.

Elaine Utterback, Bunty Caulfield, John P. White and Robert Collins, all former members of '22, have left the High school this year. While students at B. H. S. they were all very popular and the entire school wishes them further success. Miss Utterback will enter Winchester High school, Miss Caulfield enters Mount Ida, Mr. White will attend Worcester Academy, while Mr. Collins is a student at Bryant & Stratton Commercial College.

The care of the High School library has been entrusted this year to Pauline M. Aiken, '21.

A class in Latin for the sake of English will be formed sometime this year if there are sufficient pupils who elect it to make it worth while. This course will emphasize the relation of Latin to English and will treat of the English language historically. It is advised for those intending to be nurses and for all who are interested in the meaning and derivation of English words.

Every year during the summer vacation, changes, some important, are made in B. H. S. Perhaps the most interesting and welcome is that the floor of the Assembly Hall has been greatly improved and is now a REAL dance floor. A partition has been put up in 007, making two classrooms of

this room. Another partition appears between the Chemistry and Physics Laboratories. This is an improvement but it may prove inconvenient. One of the finest additions to the beauty of our building is the new sidewalk, which was constructed during the summer months in front of the High School and Library.

### BAND REPORT FOR 1920.

Net received from:

Three dances

One concert

Basketball games

\$248.28

Collected on Portland trip:

From outside.....\$277.66

From inside..... 63.39

Total .....\$341.05

Expenses of Portland trip..... 304.78

Balance .....\$ 36.27

Expenses for instruments and  
music .....\$137.96

Expenses for banquet..... 52.50

Expenses for the year.....\$190.46

Balance for the year..... \$93.99

The lunch room opened the second day of school with a delicious variety of sandwiches, cookies, cakes and fruit. Miss Harrigan has the supervision as in past years. The sandwiches are only seven cents this year, while they were ten last year, and such appetizing ones that the

lunch room ought to be well patronized by the students. In fact it is so well patronized as to be crowded.

The very first number of the "Oracle" is rather difficult to write up, and the Local department, especially, is sometimes less interesting than any other part of the paper to the majority of the students. Nevertheless as the year advances and things begin to happen, this department will try its very hardest to write items of interest for everyone.

The "Oracle" wishes to thank certain physicians, attorneys and dentists of the city who very willingly furnished the much needed support which was necessary to start the "Oracle" right this year. We appreciate their response and we also feel proud, both of our supporters and ourselves for the interest shown in the "Oracle."

One of the recent changes in Bangor High is the removal of a wash stand from Room 208, which was formerly the Medical room. This stand has been unused for quite a while and it was thought best to remove it altogether. An extra row of seats has been added and these seats help greatly to relieve the congestion in that room.

Class elections are the chief topic of conversation among the students. The elections in the three upper classes are held in the fall while the Freshmen wait until spring before electing their officers. The presidents of the three upper classes are during the year considerably busy and it

is very important not always to choose the most popular man but the most able.

The first Chapel of the year 1921-22 was held on Monday morning, Sept. 19. Assembly Hall was filled to overflowing and Mr. Proctor announced that it would be impossible hereafter to have a general assembly of the whole school. He suggested that the Seniors hold a chapel separate from the remainder of the school.

Part of this first Chapel, as has been the custom in the past, was given over to the "Oracle." After speeches were made by Blanche Bowden, head of the Alumni department, Henry Starr Dowst, head of the Literary department, Richard P. Denaco, the business manager, and H. E. Nutter, editor the "Oracle," pledges were passed. The number of pledges signed further warrants the best and liveliest "Oracle" in years.

Since the closing of the High School last June, several changes and additions have been made in the "Oracle" Board. A new department, Poetry, has been added, of which Howard Corning, Jr., is to be the head. Josephine Cleary has joined the staff as assistant Personals editor. The head of the Military department is now Roosevelt Pease.

The "Oracle" Board of 1921-22, deserves much credit in publishing an issue in the early part of October. This has never been done before by any other Board and it is with great pleasure that the "Oracle" Board presents to the school this the first issue ever published in the early part of October.



# Faculty Items

*"Delightful Task! To Rear the Mind of Youth,  
To Teach the Young Idea How to Shoot."*

The Oracle welcomes the following new teachers:

Ruth Brown, English. Miss Brown prepared at Brewer high school, was graduated at U. of M., and has taught in Garland and in Norway, Maine.

Ruth Chalmers, English. Miss Chalmers prepared at Bangor high, was graduated at U. of M., and has taught in Berlin, N. H.

Marion DuBourdieu, Mathematics. Miss Dubourdieu prepared at Dexter high, was graduated at Bates and has taught in Gardiner.

Marjorie Hornung, English. Miss Hornung prepared in Flushing, N. Y. high school, studied at Hunter college, and was graduated at Colby.

Leota Jacobson, English. Miss Jacobson prepared at Morse high school, Bath, and was graduated at Colby. She has taught in Coburn Classical Institute and has also had some experience in playground supervision.

Lena G. Perkins, English. Miss Perkins prepared at Hebron academy and studied at U. of M. Her previous experience has been in Oxford, Me.

C. William Peterson, Civics. Mr. Peterson prepared at Portland high school, was graduated at U. of M. and has been submaster in Patten Academy.

Stanley W. Spratt, Mathematics. Mr. Spratt prepared at Israel Putnam high school, Putnam, Conn., and Woonsocket, R. I. high school. He was graduated from Bates.

Grace L. Thomas, Stenography. Miss Thomas is an alumna of Bangor high, of the Bangor Business College and the Beal Business College. She has taken course in education at U. of M. and has taught in Mrs. Gilman's Commercial school and in Brewer high school.

Loys A. Wiles, Mathematics. Mr. Wiles is a graduate of Groveton, N. H. high school and of Bates college, where he has also been assistant in mathematics.

But while welcoming new friends the Oracle would not be forgetful of older ones; we regretfully announce that the following teachers have left the faculty of Bangor high school to teach elsewhere: Ethel C. Pfaff, in Port Jervis, N. Y.; Fannie H. Robinson, in East Orange, N. J.; Mary E. Utecht, in Malden, Mass.; Mrs. Mary B. Jones, in Philadelphia; Harriett Sweetser, in Malden, Mass.; Elsie G. Floyd, in New Jersey; Mrs. Margaret Carroll leaves for a year of rest, and Bernice B. Dunning to take a year of advanced study in the Teachers' College, Columbia University.

During the summer the following teachers studied at Columbia University summer school: Mary L. Webster, Anna McSkimmon, Emily L. Roseland, Bernice B. Dunning. Annie M. Ervine attended the summer school at Bates and Alma L. Davis that at University of Maine. Doubtless others studied in these or other institutions and the Oracle would be glad to be informed of any such items of interest.



## MY TRIP TO NIAGARA FALLS.

I was very fortunate in being sent this past summer as a delegate to the National Sorority Convention of A. O. II. at Syracuse, N. Y.

To be sure Syracuse is a beautiful city, but the outstanding feature is that the railroad runs right through the main street.

There were two hundred of us and we were quartered in the girls' dormitories at the University. The University buildings are very beautiful but I couldn't help noticing the lack of trees on the campus but perhaps the stadium that seats 25,000 people, made up for that.

I met charming girls from all over the country. We were very fortunate in having three of our four founders present, one is a writer and the other two are prominent New York lawyers. The fourth is a Socialist and has given up her pen as she thinks sororities are not democratic.

After the convention I really hadn't planned on going farther west but when Imogene Wormwood Ingalls heard that I was to be in Syracuse, she wrote me that perhaps sometime I might be a long ways from home then I'd know how nice it would be to see a friend from home. After that I hesitated no longer, and decided to visit Niagara Falls.

I'm sure most of you remember Imogene and no doubt she taught some of you in English. When my train pulled into the station she and Mr. Ingalls and little Anne were there to greet me. Anne is thirteen months old, and a very bright and lovable baby.

The first evening I was there we took a ride around the Falls. It seemed to me that I had never seen anything so beautiful. We rode around the American side first; strong lights are turned on the Falls so that they may be easily seen at night. Then we came to the bridge. We had to have tickets and Mr. Ingalls had to present his identification card to the agent.

then let us go over to the Canadian side. We rode past the hotel where the king and queen stay and just then Sessue Hayakawa was visiting there. We got a fine view of the Hurricane Falls and as we rode along it seemed as though we had struck a storm but it proved to be only the spray from the American Falls coming way across the Niagara river.

Niagara Falls is a city of about 60,000. It is a factory city and has a large foreign district. There are two business districts at either end of the city. It is the home of Shredded Wheat, Rogers' Silver and many others.

We found it very hot in the city, but just as soon as we got out to the Falls we found a lovely breeze. You know there are two Falls, the American and the Canadian, but of course the American is much the better.

There are some interesting trips to take such as the Gorge trip by narrow gage or the boat trip around the Falls in the little "Maid of the Mist" but the best of all and yet the most dangerous is the trip through "the Cave of the Winds." Everyone who takes that is obliged to don slickers, and you are carried down in an elevator to the bottom of the Falls. There you walk on very narrow, shaky bridges from rock to rock, right under the Falls and you can hear the roar of the water as it rushes over the rocks.

Practically every afternoon we rode out to the Falls and had a picnic supper on one of the "Three Sister Islands." One day we took a trip down to Fort Niagara and went through the historic buildings that are still standing.

You can imagine that I was sorry when my time came to leave. I told Imogene all I could about school, teachers and students and she was so eager for every bit of information. Her last words to me as I left were: "To remember me to every one I know in dear old Bangor."

Madeline F. Robinson.





# Alumni

C.F.H. Menges, '23

## *"Along the Pebbled Shore of Memory"*

The following graduates of the class of 1921 are enrolled this fall in higher institutions:

Adams, Marie	Gilman's Bus. College	Doherty, James	Maine
Allen, Rosemary	Jackson	Fogg, Madeline	Maine
Atherton, Harlan	Yale	Fairbanks, Pauline	Smith
Baumann, Estelle	N. E. Conservatory	Gallison, Kathleen	Northeastern
Bailey, Francis	Gilman's Bus. College	Fairbrother, Russell	Maine
Beal, Edith	Maine	Goodale, Thelma	Gilman's Bus. College
Belinian, Leon	Bryant & Stratton	Gregory, Ivy	N. E. Conservatory
Bowden, Grace	Pratt Institute	Hall, Miriam	Hillside
Ball, Edith	Faulkner Hospital	Haskell, Robert	Maine
Brown, Edna	Maine	Hubbard, Barton	Lowell Textile
Brown, Ralph	Maine	Humphrey, Julian	Maine
Burke, Dorothy	Gorham Normal School	Hodgman, Crosby	Bowdoin
Buckley, Justine	National Park Seminary	Maher, Theodore	Maine
Bowles, Doris	Mount Ida	Mayo, Silsby	Maine
Bowles, Merrill	Dean Academy	McLean, Frank	Maine
Butler, Theodore	M. I. T.	Morrison, Edna	Gilman's Bus. College
Collins, Gerard	Georgetown	Morrison, Robert	Maine
Cohen, Isadore	Maine	Mosher, Harold	Wesleyan
Clough, Ruth	Goucher College	McCready, Walter	Bowdoin
Crowe, Eleanor	St. Elizabeth's	Pickard, Morita	Dana Hall
Crowell, Alan	M. I. T.	Pooler, Leonard	Maine
Corning, John	Deerfield Academy	Purinton, Bernice	Maine
Curran, Edward	Maine	Robbins, Elizabeth	Dana Hall
Daley, Bernice	Gilman's Bus. College	Sawyer, Lovis	Wheaton
Coombs, Grace	Maine	Simpson, Margaret	Dana Hall
Crosby, Charlotte	Maine	Smith, Sanford	Gilman's Bus. College
Dearborn, Lloyd	Colby	Southard, Dorothy	Pratt Institute
		Soderberg, Arnott	Maine
		Swett, Clyde	Maine
		Tozier, Payson	U. of Washington
		Whitney, Francis	Bowdoin

Miss Elsie M. Gregory and John Harold Libby were united in marriage July 27th. The bride was a graduate of last year's class; she was attended by Pauline Madocks, a classmate.

One of the first announcements, after the graduation of '21 was of the engagement of Miss Dorothy Smith to Mr. Forest Dean. Miss Smith is the daughter of Rev. Ashley Smith of the Universalist church; with her elocution and musical ability and her agreeable personality she was a very popular girl at B. H. S.

Best wishes are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Harry P. Broder. Mrs. Broder was formerly Miss Dora Cohen of '21. Mr. Broder has attended two years at the U. of M. Mrs. Broder has the distinction of being the first of her class to be married after graduation.

The Summer School at the University was largely attended. Many former B. H. S. students enrolled. Among them were:

Clarence E. Allen, B. H. S.—Bowdoin.  
Charlotte E. Blanchard, B. H. S.—Smith.  
Theodore Chilcott, B. H. S.—  
Franz R. Dolliver, B. H. S.—Maine.  
William G. Gallagher, B. H. S.—Maine.  
Carol M. Hamm, B. H. S.—Maine.  
Helen D. Harrigan, B. H. S.—Simmons.  
Anna M. Jorgenson, B. H. S.—  
Franklin Gordon, B. H. S., '22.  
Rachel D. Maling, B. H. S.—  
Everett B. Mansur, B. H. S.—Maine.  
Ethelyn M. Percival, B. H. S.—  
Leonard L. Pooler, B. H. S.—  
Blair C. White, B. H. S.—Georgetown.

A reunion was held at the Billington in East Eddington for the class of 1891 on July 22nd. It has been noted that out of twenty-eight invitations issued to members

of the class, seventeen were acknowledged with acceptance.

Miss Marjorie Driscoll, '20, having successfully passed her examinations for Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., left here the last of August. Miss Driscoll will specialize in librarian work.

Many Bangor friends wish success to Mr. and Mrs. Oliver D. Ahearn. Mrs. Ahearn was formerly Catherine L. Whelden, '21.

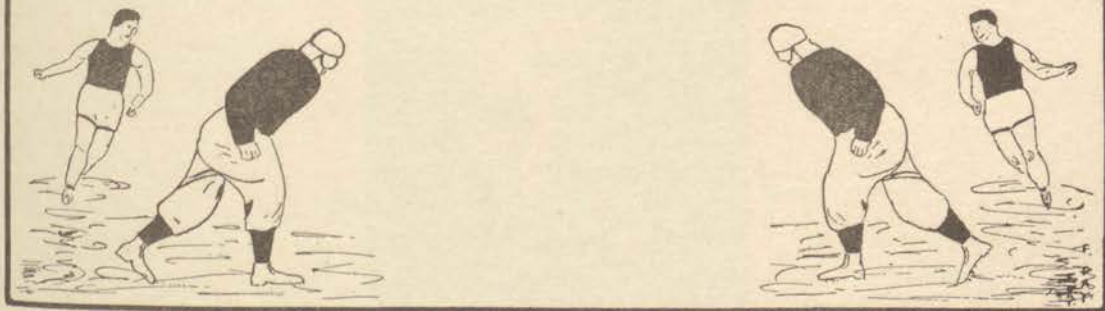
A marriage of interest took place August 15th, at King's Chapel in Boston, when Miss Faye Frances Harvey became the bride of William Scott Smith of Pennsylvania. Mrs. Smith resided for several years in Bangor, while attending B. H. S., later going to Boston to pursue the study of music.

Sunday, Sept. 4, the pulpit of the Episcopal church was filled by Rev. Charles McCurdy, B. H. S., and a graduate of Chicago University, now pastor in Birmingham, Mich. The same Sunday Rev. Frank Lorimer, B. H. S., and a Yale honor man, preached at the Columbia Street Baptist. Sunday, Sept. 11, Rev. Joseph W. Beach, B. H. S., and Yale, preached at All Souls church, telling something of the relief work in the Near East, in which he has been engaged the past year. The work accomplished by this band of Americans is one that should fill everyone with pride. They relieved the sufferings of thousands of orphan children whose parents had been murdered by the Turks, and who, without this help, would have died of exposure and starvation.

Miss Jennie Knowles, '16, a graduate from the Worcester Memorial hospital, has recently taken a position in Millinocket, where she is in charge of the First Aid and nursing work at the Great Northern mills.



# ATHLETICS



*"Defeat Serves to Enlighten Us"*

## FOOTBALL.

The prospects for a successful football team at Bangor High School this year are exceedingly bright. An exceptionally large squad has turned out, experienced coaches have been obtained and an excellent schedule has been arranged.

Soon after the opening of school, Manager Davis called for football candidates and a large number of men turned out at once. Of this number, seven played on last year's eleven. Many other new men reported and taken all in all, this year's team will, according to expectations, be a winner.

Tommy McCann will coach the team. He knows the game as well as the best of them, and Bangor is lucky in once again securing his services. His assistant is Stanley Spratt, who has joined the faculty this year. Spratt, a member of the class of 1921, Bates, is an all-round athlete of ability.

The seven letter men are, Capt. Short, Ulmer, McLeod, Tapley, Cunningham, Colburn and Jansson.

In order to make this team entirely successful, it must have the support of the entire student body. There is both financial and moral support expected from each student.

By financial support we mean that you

should be willing to purchase a football season ticket. The price this year is very reasonable and with so many home games quite a sum is saved by purchasing a season ticket. The team would make more if everyone purchased a ticket for each game but it feels better satisfied if it knows just what it can depend on.

By moral support, we mean that you should go to all the games. When you reach the field don't just watch the game. Cheer whenever the cheer leader asks you to and when you cheer **YELL YOUR HEAD OFF.**

Last year the cheering was very indifferent. This year it should be doubly good to make up for last year—and it should be twice as lively when our team is not leading as when it is.

You would probably rather see the games yourself than have to hear about them from someone else. Go to the games! Show your school spirit! Buy a season ticket!

It is a fact that every student should buy a season ticket but his duty to the team does not end there. He should attend every game but his duty does not end there. He should be prepared to come back from every game with a sore throat. In other words, go to every game and **YELL YOUR HEAD OFF!**



MANAGER DAVIS

## STATEMENT BY MGR. DAVIS.

The football prospects for this season, according to present indications, appear to be most excellent notwithstanding that the graduating class of 1921 took many of our best men. In spite of this loss there is some very good material left, however.

The schedule is very good and also very expensive and I urge that every student purchase a season ticket.

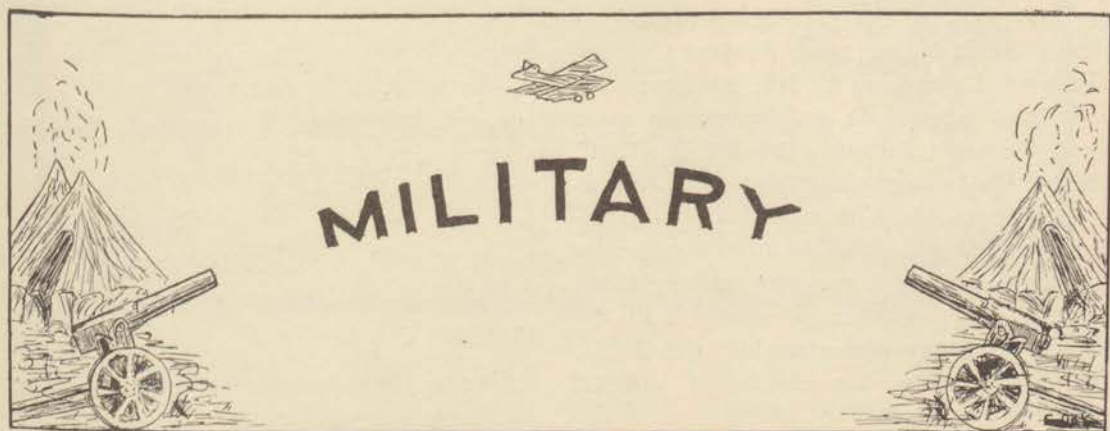
Our team needs men and it is up to you who have any ability at all to come out and try your best.

CHARLES DAVIS, Manager.

## BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1921.

Sept. 24—Waterville High at Bangor.	Oct. 29—Portland High at Portland.
Oct. 1—Old Town at Bangor.	Nov. 5—Lewiston High at Bangor.
Oct. 8—Coburn Classical Institute at Bangor.	Nov. 12—Portland High at Bangor.
Oct. 12—Maine Central Institute at Bangor.	Manager Davis has also arranged for two games with Brewer, to be played on Wednesdays.
Oct. 15—Bowdoin Freshmen at Bangor.	This 1921 schedule is the best schedule the football team has had for many years and much credit should be given to Manager Davis for his excellent work.
Oct. 22—Gardiner High at Bangor (pending).	
Oct. 26—Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield.	





*"It is Magnificent, but it is not War"*

The military work of the R. O. T. C. Junior unit for this academic year will begin just as soon as the classes have been arranged and as soon after the establishing of the school work has been completed. Under a new ruling of the War department only the members of the three upper classes will be admitted to the work this year, the ruling stating that enrollment shall be limited to the three highest academic years in institutions not essentially military schools. It is provided, however, that elementary physical and military training may be given to those over 14 years of age, who are not eligible to become members of the unit.

The work of the R. O. T. C. unit this year will comprise infantry drill, including the use and care of the infantry pack and the nomenclature and care of the rifle; physical training; military courtesy and discipline; woodcraft and signalling, scouting and patrolling, message carrying and first aid while on hikes and in camp; marksmanship; military hygiene and sanitation and terrior guard duty; psychology of leadership military hygiene and sanitation and tests and competitive drills.

The Cadet officers appointed for the academic year of 1921-22, are as follows:

Cadet Captains:

George E. Wing,  
Irving Kelley,  
Vernon H. Somers.

First Lieutenants:

Roosevelt R. Pease, Battalion Adjutant;

Francis M. Jarvis,  
L. A. Youngs.

Second Lieutenants:

Ralph H. Shannon,  
Gerald A. Gartley,  
Richard Wallace.

Sergt. John F. Barrett, who has been located at this institution for the past academic year, as assistant to the Professor of Military Science and Tactics, and who has been stationed with Co. A, C. M. T. C. during the summer camp, at Devens, has been honorably discharged from the military service, and will not return to Bangor this year.

### BANGOR'S UNIT AT DEVENS.

This year on account of lack of the necessary funds, the Government was unable to conduct the Junior Reserve Officers' Training Camp, as it did last summer. Only men who made up the senior units were allowed to attend the R. O. T. C. held at Plattsburg. But because of the organization of the Citizens' Military Training Corps, it was possible for the men who had enrolled for the summer training to go to Camp Devens instead of going to Plattsburg. The men who attended the C. M. T. Camp during the month of August were:

Lieut. George E. Wing,  
Lieut. Vernon H. Somers,  
Sergt. Francis M. Jarvis.

Privates Ralph Shannon, Harold Reuben, Sam Goodman, Ralph Frost, Lewis Neal and Roosevelt Pease.

At the Camp work was taken up in Infantry drill, close and extended order, physical drill, ceremonies and parades, minor tactics, bayonet combat, personal hygiene and sanitation, reviews and other military formations.

The Camp was attended by twelve hundred young men from the six New England states.

In regard to the work done by the students of the High school, who attended the Citizens' Military Training camp at Camp Devens during the month of August, Col. Cole has received a letter from the commanding officer of the training camp, which

is a high appreciation of the work performed by George E. Wing, a senior at the High school and an officer in last year's unit.

The letter is as follows:

Headquarters Citizens' Military Training  
Camp, Camp Devens, Mass.

Sept. 7, 1921.

Lieut. C. W. Cole, U. S. Army, Bangor  
High School, Bangor, Me.

My Dear Colonel:

One of your students by name of George E. Wing was with me during the encampment here. I estimate his work at this camp as follows:

He made an excellent showing for industry, attention to duty, discipline, spirit and talent. He was one of the best students in his company. In short, he distinguished himself among 1,200 competitors. I recommend him without reservation to your favorable consideration.

Sincerely,

F. C. Bolles,  
Colonel of Infantry,  
Executive Officer.

Several B. H. S. students who belong to the National Guard, spent two weeks at Devens. Among these were Orville L. Hough, Ernest Yerxa, Donald Smith, Walter Ulmer, Ralph French, Linwood Bartlett, Ralph Goodwin and Fred Glass. Orville Hough also spent two weeks at the Officers' Training School at Devens.





### *"Between Friends"*

#### AS WE SEE OTHERS.

"The Clarion": A magazine with a fine cover but where is your exchange list and Table of Contents?

"The Aegis": Your exchanges seem confined to Maine and Massachusetts. Why don't you go farther afield and let other schools see your fine paper.

Harmony High School with only six seniors, must have a great deal of energy and talent to put out such an excellent magazine as the "Ferguson." It is too bad that your ambitions in football and baseball cannot be fulfilled.

"The Spectator," Highland Park, Mich.: The Spectator will travel far and we hope that it will gaze with profit upon its Exchanges and be less short and sweet.

"The N. H. S. Snooze" and the Stupiditorials are a unique feature of the High School Record.

"The Students' Pen": Your loyalty to your home town is commendable. Here's hoping that the town backs up the school. We take the liberty of copying a joke:

#### **Ford for Sale.**

One Ford car with piston rings, two rear wheels, one front spring. Has no fenders, seat on plank; burns lots of gas, is hard to

crank. Carburetor busted half way through, engine missing, hits on two. Three years old, four in spring. Has shock absorbers and everything. Radiator busted, sure does leak. Differentials dry—you can hear them squeak, ten spokes missing, front all bent. Tires blown out—ain't worth a cent. Got lots of speed, will run like the deuce, burns either gas or tobacco juice. Tires all off, been run on the rim, a damn good car for the shape it's in.

"The Record": Being of a class of very sedate and studious magazines, it only comes once in a while. But when it does come, we sure are glad.

"The Red and Black": "Hello, Riddle." Your magazine with all its fine stories certainly lives up to the old nursery rhyme, "Black and White and Read" all over.

"Blue and Gold": Your paper is all true gold but there is certainly nothing blue about it.

"The Aegis": A lively, hustling paper, but why don't you aspire to the dignity of being a magazine? Use a little of that Texas oil and make the wheels go 'round.

"The Iris": Welcome, "Iris." Glad to see you. Hope that you bloom all the year 'round.

"The M. F. H. S. Pilot." You have a very fine magazine with many fine stories, but why a house divided against itself? Half M. F. H. S. and half E. L. H. S. Kill the proof reader.

### AS OTHERS SEE US.

"The Oracle": Your paper is one of the finest that we have received. We liked the way that the different articles were arranged, and your pen pictures show unusual merit. Why not have a larger Exchange list?—E. L. H. S. Oracle.

"The Oracle": Your drawings are very good. Your Literary department also deserves much credit.—"The Megunticook," Camden, Maine.

"Oracle," Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine: The editorials in your magazine are well written and interesting. In the Literary department, "The Mystery of Howard Lane," and the pretty little sketch, "Hunting for a Shadow," are deserving of mention.—"The Scribbler."

The "Oracle," Bangor, Maine: You have some very fine cuts in your magazine, and your Literary department is one to be proud of.—"Netop," Turners Falls, Mass.

The "Oracle," Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine: We always welcome your paper. "My Daily Adventure" is certainly strikingly clever.—"Red and White," Sanford High School, Sanford, Maine.

Here is one of our steady friends, and one of the very best, too. It is the "Oracle," from Bangor High, Bangor, Maine. It always has the cleverest and most appropriate covers, and its Literary department is really excellent. It has many original and exceedingly well developed departments, and the whole maga-

zine is attractively edited. On the whole, we would say that the B. H. S. "Oracle" is one of the best magazines on our exchange list.—"Cliveden," Germantown, Pa.

"Netop," Turners Falls, Mass.: You have very fine Literary and Exchange departments, but wouldn't some cuts at the heads of your departments improve your paper?

"The Pemetic," Southwest Harbor: We hope that you will continue to publish your magazine and that you will enter us upon your exchange list.

"The Scribbler": You have a very complete Literary department. Your page, "Those Who Advertise With Us," is something decidedly new and original and very clever, indeed.

"The Red and White": The French department and the article, "The Law as a Profession for Young Men," are very interesting. Also your story, "Was It a Waterman's?"

"The Academy Journal," the Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn. You start off a very fine paper with an excellent cover, which shows that you must have a great deal of artistic talent in your school. Your stories, "A Kick," and "When a Comet Struck the Earth," are very interesting.

Here comes another of our old friends, the "Cliveden," from Germantown, Pa. Your Athletic department has some literary merit. It is refreshing to find one that is something more than a table of statistics. Your Joke department is very complete and interesting. It is a wonder to us how you find so many things to talk about in your Exchange department.



# PERSONALS



*"A Good Laugh is Sunshine in the House"*

## By 1932 We Expect That—

1. Even a person smaller than Marion Schriver, '25, will be found in B. H. S.
2. Frank McClay will still be in High School.
3. Albert Cotton will be Ringling Bros.' giant.
4. Kathleen Hand will be president of the Republican Party.
5. On account of the size and weight of the players, Bangor and Portland will not play football but Bangor will have a snappy marble team coached by "Buster" Jenkins, '23.
6. Ruth Thompson will be in the movies.
7. George Wing, '22, will succeed Col. Cole.
8. "Don" Thompson will be a member of the Boston Red Sox.
9. John D. Rockefeller will be surpassed in riches by the "Oracle."
10. The class of 1922 will hold its tenth reunion on Mars.

It is rumored:

1. That G. Smnth, '23, is thinking of going out for football.
2. That Frank Morrison, '22, will be president of a Dumb Society in 1940.
3. That "Bob" Hutchins is going to join th Salvation Army.
4. That Carleton Bean is wearing out his soles on First street.

5. That Eileen Kane, '22, spent a great summer at Green Lake.

6. That there's a reason why Herbert Glass stayed up in the woods as long as he did.

7. That "Dot" Black will be a "collegian" as much as ever.

8. That I. Kelley, '22, is constantly singing the song, "All By Myself."

9. That "Chuckey" Davis was seen buying a hair net at the Five and Ten.

10. That the Freshmen will elect a girl for president. Why not? Don't the girls vote?

Mr. W.: "What is a segment?"

McL—d, '22: "An instrument to measure angles."

Mr. W.: "Who was Archimedes?"

Mr. M—k, '22: "He was a Greek and an Egyptian."

Mr. W.: "What did Archimedes do?"

Mr. W—s—n, '22: "He went in swimming."

Mr. W.: "What happened?"

Mr. W—s—n: "He floated."

Mr. Dowst, '22: "A plumb line is a funny little thing like a sewing machine bobbin."

Mr. W.: "So you take domestic science, do you?"

The class of 1924 is a wild crowd. They show their wild devil-may-care natures in their class elections. The boldest and most piratical among them are:

H. Brown,  
J. Thatcher,  
L. White,  
H. K. Boyd,  
B. Reynolds,  
E. MacGary,  
D. A. Lewis,  
M. P. Cronkhite.

Not one of this band would hesitate to take any office whatever and to hold it down, too, by brain if not by brawn.

L. C., '22, so they say,  
Will be a minister some day,  
But just now he fixes Fate  
By passing exams at 98.

Carlton Bean was a privileged guy,  
Until he caught Miss Brown's eye  
Fixed on him as he stopped to say,  
To "Chucky" Davis the time of day.

When grass starts to grow it is uniform in height but the class of 1925, which is of the same color varies from the smallest we ever saw to some of the largest. The largest per cent. is held by the smallest; as to ability and power to change their color we find it necessary to await a demonstration.

According to the size of the incoming student body, it may be necessary to have two lunch rooms to avoid having the ambulance at the school every day at the recess rush for delayed breakfast.

Mrs. C. (to Street, '23, with a large red bandanna around his neck): "Street, what's the idea?"

Street: "What idea?"

Mrs. C.: "That big collar; did you go to the circus yesterday?"

Miss McC. (in English) to C. Dudley: "Give the future perfect of the verb sweep."

C. Dudley: "I will have been swept."

Mayor (201): "Take your seat."

Mr. L., '23: "Where do you want me to take it to?"

New teacher, when telephone rang: "Sawyer, did you do that?"

Bridges, '23 (translating French): "Par cette existence en plein air" into English he said, By this existence of plain air.

Miss J. M.: "Bridges, when you are down town what kind of air do you see advertised?"

Bridges: "Hot air."

### An Experiment in Electricity.

Scene—In Varney's laboratory in front of the wireless outfit.

Cast of Characters—

Miss Parker—Our shortest and Eric Jansen our fighting football hero.

Eric J. (gazing at wire leading from wireless to the faucet): "Miss Parker, can you tell me what that wire is for?"

Miss Parker: "That's to ground the electricity?"

Eric J.: "How do you drown electricity, Miss Parker?"

Miss —(on the first day of school to a small boy, a mere Freshman, sliding down the bannisters near 207): "I wouldn't do that."

Boy: "No'm. I don't believe you would."

### WANTED.

You! If you are a fellow... W— McI—'22  
A Sweetheart..... L— C—'22  
Some hair..... The Dutch Club  
C. D-v-s' '22; Curling Iron.... By the Girls

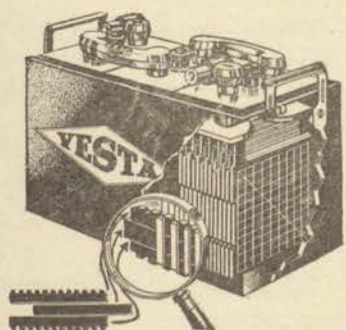
### Latest War News of B. H. S.

Powder has made fearful inroads upon the B. H. S. athletes.

R. McL—d, '22, is often observed powdering his nose.



# WILL YOUR BATTERY LAST THE REST OF THE SEASON



If Not Look at the following  
Prices on Guaranteed Vestas

11 Plate	.	.	\$25.00
13 Plate	.	.	28.50
Dodge	.	.	37.50

*(The Above Types fit most All Popular Makes of Cars)*

Bangor Battery and Service Co., Inc.

119 Franklin St.

Tel. 2516

Bangor, Maine

*The Battery Service Station Nearest the High School*

## ELECTRICITY

means

**Better Lighting**

**Reliable Cooking**

**& in any**

**Event---ideal**

**Comfort**

78 HARLOW ST.  
BANGOR, ME.

Patronize Our Advertisers

## FOUND.

On my doorsteps when I returned home one night, a young man with a downcast look, answering to the name of Alden S—y—r. His parents may have this youngster by paying for this ad.

H—B—'22.

## We Wonder—

How the air is up where Dick Wallace is?

Where Everett Murdock ever picked up that walk of his?

If there will ever be a High School dance on Wednesday night?

## . Heard in the Superintendent's Office. .

Miss McC—: "There's such a crowd here in school that we need Silent Policemen in the corridors, don't you think so, Mr. Morrill?"

Mr. M—: "Silent Policemen? Most of them are Silent Policemen when they are supposed to be reciting!"

Teacher (in Latin): "Who remembers the dates of Cicero?"

D. Min—r, '22: "I never had any dates with him."

A simple blade of green B. H. S. grass (P—C—'25), rushed up to R. Littlefield, '23, and said, excitedly:

"Oh, please tell me where they sell lunch tickets! I've been looking all recess and I'm about starved."

P. W—n, '22: "Do you know that fellow over there?"

C. S—n, '22: "Oh, yes, he sleeps next to me in Geometry."

Mr. W—s: "What is a broken line?"

P. W—n, '22: "A broken line is a dotted line!"

NOTICE!! Please put your jokes on thin paper so the Personal editors can see through them.

## FRESHMAN RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting held in Assembly Hall, Monday morning at eleven o'clock, the following resolutions were passed by the class of 1925:

The girls resolved to dispense with hair ribbons.

The whole class resolved to ask the Juniors for advice.

Certain members who heard 201 referred to by Seniors resolved to solve the mystery of the room. (We think this will be easily accomplished).

F. G—dy, '25, addressed the class and in spite of much opposition declared that he would bring his mother.

The class voted that, owing to his success as a politician, they would invite K. Largay, '23, to conduct all future elections.

The pupils in the back row of 211 wish that M. L— might change her hair comb so that they could see the front of the room.

Miss B—n: "What is your name?"

Hough, '22: "Fifth aisle, seventh seat."

Teacher in English Class (to F. Morrison, '22): "Now, read the three girls' names on your list."

Morrison: "J. Cl—y, '22, D. M—ch—r, '22, and Fr—k—n G—d—n, '22."

How about it, Franklin?

Mr. Wiles (in Geometry class): "Now, what do you need to bring to class for Tuesday?"

C. St—v—n—n, '22: "An eraser."

Mr. Wiles: "Yes, I've no doubt that YOU will need one."

Did you know that Leonora Hall was Assembly Hall's cousin?

If the misguided student who mistook the "Oracle" box for a gum slot machine, will please call, the editors will be very glad to refund his penny.



**Plan to Look Your Best Always - -** It is a good plan for all of you young men to be at your best always.

In Our New Fall suits and Overcoats, Which Have Just Arrived, you will appear well-dressed at all times. They have style and character and our prices are most reasonable.

**J. WATERMAN CO.**

Maine's Largest Outfitters for Men and Boys

**Our New Fall Lines**  
of High and Low Shoes, Hosiery, and Corsets  
are now in

Our Clerks are at Your Service

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

Compliments of

**GOODWIN'S BILLIARD HALL**

7 Hammond St.

FRANK D. GOODWIN, Proprietor

Telephone 859

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

Clean and Sanitary

Before the War Prices

Light and Well Ventilated

Patronized by Bangor's Leading Business Men

**"GIFTS THAT LAST"**

**W. C. BRYANT, JEWELER**

**Obey That Impluse!**

Send an "Oracle" to  
Your Friends.

**EDWARD I. MORRIS**

27 Central St.

Fur Work    Tailoring    Plaiting  
Hcmstitching    Buttons

Patronize Our Advertisers

WATCH  
ME  
GROW  
Sonny Sawyer

Step Right Up  
Gents!

"Bob" McLeod  
wishes to announce  
that he will instruct  
all male aspirants  
in the art of public  
speaking.

"Bob" fears the  
females and he says  
they are still quite  
a mystery to him.

Check your coats  
and bundles on  
Mr. Proctor's  
desk.

Too Late for  
Classification.

Between Acts  
See Don McGary.  
His long pants  
at last look long.

Next Week  
Old Home Week.  
Complete Change.

Watch this space.  
We haven't time.

## B. H. S. PALACE

High Class Vaudeville,  
First Class Pictures.  
Monthly Program,  
October, 1921.

**A** ORCHESTRA  
"Jazzitis" Davis' Latest Production.  
"Down in Hancock County."

**B** H. Nathaniel Fairbanks,  
the Great Mexican Athlete,  
"Watch My Chest."

**C** "TIM" Kimball,  
The Sophomore 200-pounder,  
"EAT and Grow Thin!"  
Every Recess. Follow the Crowd.

**D** "Reverend" Campbell  
and  
Maud Murray,  
That Clever Dancing Pair.  
This is a Hit.

**E** EXTRA ADDED FEATURE  
Miller's Circus,  
Positively Genuine Circus,  
Wild Freshmen Held by Main Force  
For This Event.  
Room 110.

**F** Corning and O'Connell,  
Assisted by  
B. Bowden  
in  
The Dancing Playlet,  
"We Wish We Were Where We Were."

**G** Five Reel Feature Picture,  
"The Athletic Council,"  
Starring  
BENSON DAVIS,  
The Boy from Hampden.

## WANTED

A pair of well  
trained ponies.  
Must be thoroughly  
broken in and not  
afraid of teacher's  
comments.

## LOST

Powder puff, with  
initials, D. E. S.  
Return to Franklin  
Gordon and receive  
reward.

## NOTICE

Freshman Girls!  
When in need of  
hairribbons see  
Pauline Granville.  
She has lots of  
Bows!

In case of fire  
pray for rain!

Henry "Dusty"  
Dowst  
announces that he  
will give illustrated  
lectures on New  
York City in  
Assembly Hall  
every recess from  
now on. It is  
rumored that more  
will be present than  
there are at chapel.





# Smart Clothing and Furnishings

STYLES AND VALUES  
GUARANTEED

Can Be Found at

John T. Clark Company  
Cor. State and Exchange  
Bangor, Maine



## H. L. Wheelden Co.

THE STORE OF ELECTRICAL  
MERCHANDISE

Apex and Universal Vacuum Cleaners

Eden Washing Machine

Universal Ranges

Electric Dish Washers

Hot Point and Universal Irons

Portables

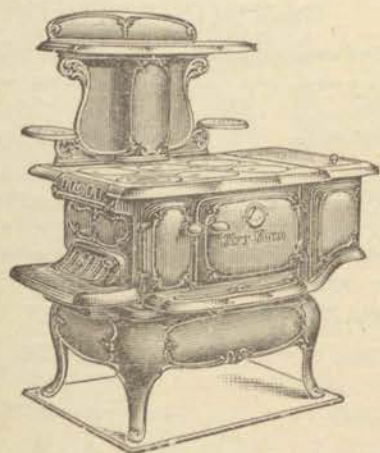
Room Heaters

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

BEST QUALITY PRODUCTS ALWAYS

All Standard High Grade Goods

93 Central St., Bangor, Me.



## Kineo Ranges

For forty years Kineo Ranges have been manufactured here in Bangor, and, during that time, just as they do today, they have produced the best of results.

Kineo Ranges are not only economical but they are also made of superior and durable iron. A satisfactory range in every respect is a Kineo Range.

Manufactured and Sold by  
**NOYES & NUTTER MFG. CO.**

107 Pickering Square

Bangor, Maine

Patronize the Advertisers

## REMEMBER—We're Up-Stairs

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

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

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

GIVE US A CALL

## SANBORN'S BARBER SHOP

R. H. SANBORN, Prop.

7 Hammond Street, Bangor, Maine

Opp. Merrill Trust Building

Telephone 2553-W

*Electric Clipper*

*We Sharpen Safety*

*Electric Massage and Shampoo*

*Razors*

*No Long Waits—6 Chairs*

## Andrews Music House Co.

98 Main Street, Bangor, Maine

Pianos, Victrolas and Records  
Sheet Music and Musical  
Merchandise

One Price and the Right Price to All

## O. CROSBY BEAN STATIONERY, BOOKS, NOVELTIES PLAYTHINGS

16 STATE STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

Photography in all its Branches  
Amateur Developing and Printing

## CHALMERS'

Studio 23 Hammond St.

All kinds of Picture Framing

Manhattan Shirts

Lamson & Hubbard Hats

Special Values in Made-to-Measure Suits  
and Overcoats. We have a Special  
proposition for Suits and Extra Pants.

Our Stock is Complete in High  
Grade Furnishings, Hats and Caps

McCann's Quality Shop, 12 State St.

E. & W. Collars

Peerless Union Suits

## WILBUR S. COCHRANE

TEACHER OF PIANO

Telephone 1503-R

Studio, 91 Fourth Street

Patronize Our Advertisers





## STUDENTS!

**When Hungry Come in  
and enjoy one of our famous  
PIPING HOT FRANKFURTS**

We Carry a Full Line of  
**Candy, Ice Cream, Sodas,  
and Smokers Supplies**

**MAX ALLEN**  
SUCCESSOR TO GUS YOUNG



## Kendall - Winch Company

**Guns and Ammunition  
Footballs and Basket-balls  
Football  
and Basket-ball Shoes**

*Call and Inspect Them*

25 Central St.

Bangor, Me.

## Electrical Engineers and Contractors

Because of knowledge, experi-  
ence, workmanship, and a  
few other qualifications

### *The Dole Company*

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

## Cortell-Segal Co.



Women's Exclusive Shop

**Correct Outer Apparel  
for Ladies and Misses**

Cor. Hammond and Central Streets  
Bangor, Maine

Start the School Year Right!

By Wearing

**HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES**

Style Economy Guarantee

**Miller & Webster Clothing Company**

The Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

At The Robinson Corner

**This is a Neighborhood Store**

DON'T GO BY—COME BUY

**The Corner Grocery**

Tel. 1160

**C. F. WINCHESTER**

183 Park St.

When in need of a Haircut or Shave visit

**MASON'S BARBER SHOP**

Daniel H. Mason

20 Hammond Street

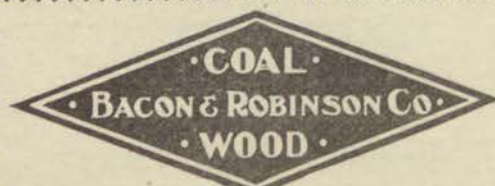
Patronize Your Advertisers

We have Clothing and Furnishing Goods to Fit the Times

**Benoit-Mutty Co.**

191 Exchange St.

**Fashion Park and Morse Made Clothes**



13 State St. (Next to Bangor Savings Bank)

**Furbush Printing Co.**

Solicit High School Patronage  
Excellent Work, Prices Right

108 Exchange St., Bangor

Patronize Our Advertisers





# Sunbeam Bakery

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

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

We are Headquarters for

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

### FREY'S CAFE

30-32 CENTRAL ST.

BANGOR, MAINE



## William Christmas

87 Main St. Bangor, Me.

Importer of

Real Imported Art Laces  
Embroideries, Kimonos, Neckwear  
Sweaters, Waists  
Tapestries of all Kinds

Silk and Linen Underwear. Infants' and Childrens' Dresses



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

—COME TO US—

## C. WOODMAN CO.

136 Exchange Street

Bangor, Maine

# Des Arts Stationery

Made by Whiting & Cook

Receiving a letter written on Des Arts Stationery is pleasing, to say the least. There is a style in this new patented process paper all its own. Made in snow white and delicate tints with smart envelopes to match.

Hand-Loom Finish----by the pound  
Louis XIV----deckle edge  
Sport and Swagger=style Papers

---

## THE W. H. GORHAM CO.

54 State Street, Bangor, Maine

Whether You Eat to Live  
or Live to Eat

GOODE & DRISCOLL,

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

101 EXCHANGE STREET

## The Quality Cigar

Mild

# B C M

Mild

Established 1885

Patronize Our Advertisers



BOOK AND JOB  
**Printing and Binding**

ALL KINDS

Printed or Engraved Wedding Cards  
and Society Printing

We are especially well equipped with the newest and most select faces in type to do this kind of work. We produce a printed wedding invitation or announcement that cannot be surpassed, in fact it compares very favorably with the best of engraving and at a great saving in price. If interested let us show you samples.

Mail Orders Solicited Send for Samples

The Thomas W. Burr Printing Co.  
46 Columbia St., Bangor, Me.

Proper Goods at the Proper Time at  
the Proper Price.



**W. J. Cherry's Barber Shop**

Formerly Chadbourne's Barber Shop

Electrical or Hand Massage

Electric Clippers

**79 CENTRAL STREET**

(4 Chairs)

All Star Crew

BANGOR

PATRONIZE CHERRY'S

Telephone  
Connection

Mandarin and  
American Style

**Oriental Restaurant**

Shopper's Novelty Luncheon

The Home of Prompt, Efficient and Courteous Service

Catering to Banquets, Automobile and Private Parties a Specialty

209 Exchange St.

Bangor, Maine

Patronize Our Advertisers

**See Our** Blouses, Middies  
and Sweaters for

School Wear--Practical Styles--Low-  
est Prices.

62 Main Street **Dainty Waist Shop** Up One Flight

WE MAKE THE LITTLE WALK UPSTAIRS  
WORTH WHILE

"MAINE'S BEST PAPER"

**The BANGOR COMMERCIAL**

50 cents per month  
delivered by carrier

**Beal Business College**

50 Columbia Street

Courses: Business, Combined,  
Secretarial, Normal, Choice of  
Pitman or Gregg Shorthand.

Send for Catalog

**STICKNEY & BABCOCK  
COAL CO**

19 State Street, Bangor

**C. E. PENDLETON**

"Everything Electrical"

56 State Street

Bangor

Maine

All Work  
Guaranteed

**A. J. FARRINGTON**  
PHOTOGRAPHER

Try Us For Your Class Photos

3 STATE STREET

**YOUR EYES**

Should Have Careful Attention, and I am  
well Equipped to attend to your Optical  
Needs.

**J. M. Hutchings**

Reg. Optometrist

14 Central St.

Remember!

The Only Genuine

**Bangor Needham**

Manufactured by

National Confectionery

Co., Bangor, Maine

**L U F K I N**

U. M. CHOCOLATES Sold only at  
58 Columbia St.

Home of the famous Pine Tree Taffy

*"Say It With Pictures"*

Emma J. Taney, Photographer

28 Main St., Bangor, Me.

**EAST SIDE NEWS DEPOT**

W. L. ELDRIDGE

**SCHOOL SUPPLIES**

Magazines, Daily and Sunday Papers,  
Postal Cards

56 STATE STREET, BANGOR, ME.

Formerly  
Edwards' Studio

**BREWER, MAINE**

Patronize Our Advertisers



**C. H. Babb & Co.**

**PLUMBERS**

**and**

**STEAM  
FITTERS**

106 EXCHANGE ST.

BANGOR,

MAINE

**N. H. Bragg & Sons**

**IRON AND  
STEEL**

**HEAVY HARDWARE**

**GARAGE SUPPLIES**

74-78 Broad St.

Bangor, Me.

**A Portrait by  
Perry Studio**

The kind you like to show your friends

The kind they like to see—

We Make Class Pictures

**PERRY STUDIO**

Phone Connection

Bangor, Maine

Branches at Pittsfield and Old Town

Phone Connection

Patronize Our Advertisers

Compliments of

# Maine Knitting Co.

MANUFACTURERS  
OF



HIGH GRADE  
SWEATERS



128 Exchange Street

Bangor, Maine