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# THE ORACLE



## BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

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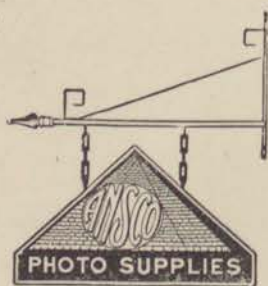
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## "Banking Beginners"

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Bangor



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Lloyd M. Dearborn, '21.....	Business Manager
Hazen E. Nutter, '22.....	Associate Editor

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-----------------------	-----------------------

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Elizabeth M. Williams, '21

### PSLAMS

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Crosby G. Hodgman, '21

### ALUMNI

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## ATHLETICS

Leslie J. Bowler, '21

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Richard P. Denaco, '22	Alden J. Sawyer, '23
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## CONTENTS

The Oracle Staff.....	1
Editorials .....	2
Report of 1919-20 Business Manager .....	3
Literary.....	4
When Right Conquered Wrong—By Carolyn E. Witherly, '21.....	4
A Man's Job—By C. E. Stevenson, '22 .....	5
Overheard After Drill.....	6
Morale—By R. H., '21.....	6
The Capture of the Four Outlaws—By Vivian Savage.	7
Overheard at the Concert .....	8
Squirrels and Spies—By P. G., '22.....	8
The Masquerader—By Frances Willette.....	10
Our Country's Greatest Menace—By Mary Mutty, '21.	10
Reminiscences No. 1—By Crosby Hodgman, '21.....	11
Overheard in a Home—By Justina Buckley.....	12
John P. Frawley, Jr.....	13
Locals.....	14
Alumni.....	16
Debating.....	18
Exchanges.....	20
Athletics.....	23
Pslams.....	25

# THE ORACLE

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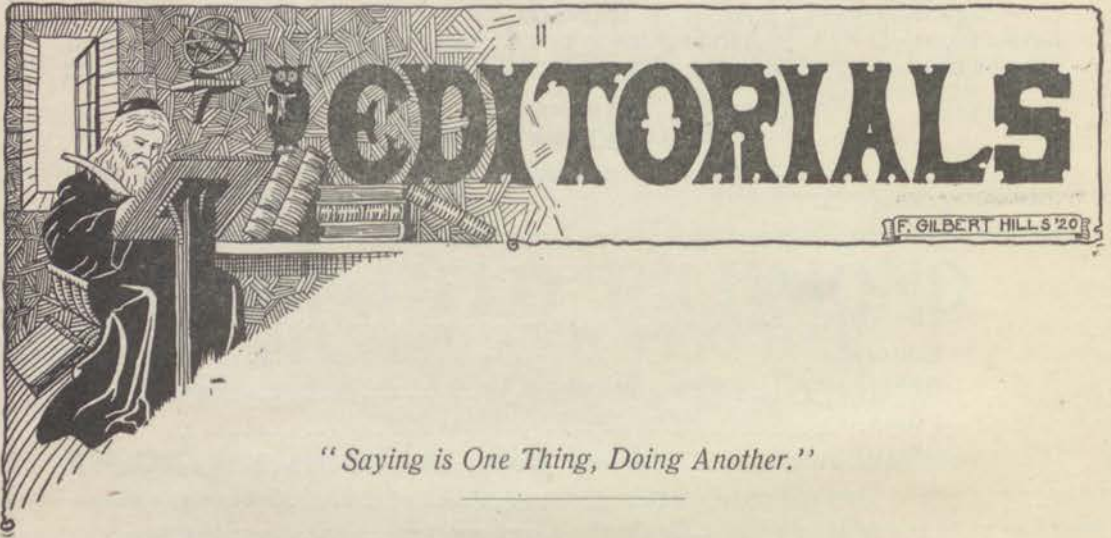
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VOL. XXIX

OCTOBER 1920

No. 1



*"Saying is One Thing, Doing Another."*

With this number begins the twenty-ninth year of the Oracle's success and prosperity. May it have the same brilliant future before it as it has enjoyed in all years past!

**Our  
Twenty-  
Ninth**

Moreover, now begins the work of a new Oracle board. We are but humans and as yet extremely new to the work, the editorial chair seems rather large and the pen more or less of a novelty. We beg, however, for consideration and with the whole hearted support of the school hope to keep the Oracle in the place it has always occupied, among the foremost of amateur papers. Also we desire to impress upon the students that the Oracle is published by the school as a whole and not by the editorial board alone. The Oracle Box was originally built for a purpose.

September 13, has produced and let loose an interesting and attractive collection of human beings. All shapes and

**The Class  
Of '24** sizes, the feminine section crowned as a rule with lovely,

flowing curls and with shanks encased in half hose gathered at the top with pretty blue ribbons, are seen rushing hither and thither about the corridors. We heartily welcome these unsophisticated morsels of humanity for they, too, are become part of us. Impossible as it may seem, they are representatives of the class of '24! Like the New Year they are strangers lost in a strange world. Their deeds of glory have never been sung by praise acclaiming multitudes for they have never been. But we will don the sage's cap for a moment and prophesy for them a



four years of honor and glory, exceeded only by ye grande olde class of '23!

We wish to call attention to the cuts of our former football stars and heroes on page . Let them prove an inspiration to go into the game THIS fall with a will and a stick-to-itiveness that knows no defeat.

This number is generously dedicated to the above mentioned class of '24. Realizing the Freshman's inability to comprehend matters of such weighty science, we have relieved him of the necessary responsibility of producing a number which would prove agreeable to all its readers.

Freshman, your number is large and we consequently expect you to help pave the

way to a bigger and better school paper.

The November issue of the Oracle will be termed the "Sophomore Football Number." It has been a common claim in past years that the Sophomore is logy. That he loses his natural interest in athletics and school affairs in general. Personally, having been Sophomores ourselves, we do not actually believe this and wish to offer evidence to the contrary to the school in general. If we are wrong in our belief we will hang our heads in shame and trust that the next year's board will profit by our mistake.

Now, Sophomore, it is up to you! Show the world the spirit it claims you lack! Flood our paper with stories, articles, cartoons, jokes!

### Report of 1919-1920 Business Manager

#### RECEIPTS.

Balance from 1918-1919.....	\$ 00.00
Sale of Subscription Tickets.....	543.05
Cash Sales and Adv., Oct.....	73.65
“ “ “ “ Nov.....	69.05
“ “ “ “ Dec.....	76.00
“ “ “ “ Jan.....	63.10
“ “ “ “ Feb.....	60.65
“ “ “ “ March.....	65.50
“ “ “ “ April.....	71.50
“ “ “ “ May.....	78.75
“ “ “ “ June.....	248.70
Cuts in June Issue.....	231.90
Cardboard Mountings (June).....	1.20

#### EXPENDITURES.

Cuts and printing, Oct.....	\$138.87
“ “ “ Nov.....	135.61
“ “ “ Dec.....	141.35
“ “ “ Jan.....	124.76
“ “ “ Feb.....	106.00
“ “ “ March.....	114.75
“ “ “ April.....	117.00
“ “ “ May.....	106.00
“ “ “ June.....	517.62
Business Manager's Salary.....	25.00

Total receipts .....	\$1,583.05
Total expenditures .....	\$1,526.96

Balance on hand..... \$56.09

Respectfully submitted,

Lloyd M. Dearborn.



*"Books Belong to the Eyes That See Them."*

## WHEN RIGHT CONQUERED WRONG

Carolyn E. Witherly, '21.



THE man's face was black with anger and hate. To smother his feelings was an impossibility. For days he had wanted to kill James Black but there seemed something holding him back—a power greater than his own. But now he was trying to forget his God and kill the man who had so wronged him.

His gun was across his shoulder when he made his way toward Black's house and murder was in his heart. He stumbled across roots and stubs but with every fall came a stronger memory of his wrongs and a stronger desire to kill.

As he came to the top of the hill he glanced at the setting sun—the handiwork of God. The beautiful golden colors molded one into the other until they became one mass of floating gold.

The heart of the man softened a little but never had his will been broken. He would kill Black he had told himself, and no power on earth could stop him. But was there not a power greater than earthly power? The power that had been staying his hand all these days?

When he thought that he was defying his God he became weak. He was trying to overcome the desire to serve his God by thinking of his wrongs and the contest

which his brain went through made the strong man weaken. He trembled and the sweat of agony stood upon his brow. He realized that the power was breaking his will of iron.

The rays of the setting sun fell upon him and in them he saw reflected only loveliness as if they represented the holiness of the magic power of God, which will reign forever and ever. His lips grew hot and dry and blood rushed to his face. A man of shame he was as he stood there. But slowly came back that mad hate which tears men's souls asunder.

'Twas the same old story in which wrong must be returned for wrong. Exceptions come sometimes for which good is returned for wrong and this was what this man of the iron will was trying to decide upon.

A light, feathery cloud passed over the sun and shaded the world. This seemed to correspond with the man's feelings; it helped him to decide, for while those powerful rays were upon him the memory of his wrongs seemed to be gone. But now it came back clearer than before.

He shouldered his gun and was about to walk on to Black's house, when the cloud which had hidden the sun, passed on into nothingness, leaving the golden heavens brighter than before.



Then came the miracle which only the loving God could perform. The man dropped upon his knees and prayed as he had never prayed before. Suddenly a voice came to him as if it might have come out of the golden sky, "Do not sin, for your sins

will find you out. Let the dead past bury its dead."

The man of the iron will still knelt thus as the sun sank beneath the horizon leaving the world full of shadows and sorrows but leaving the man without that dreadful sin.

## A MAN'S JOB

By C. E. Stevenson, '22.



OVER the Top!" The command came in a hoarse whisper from one of our American sergeants on the western front in France. It was given to a squad of eight A. E. F. men, who were about to go creeping out on No Man's Land in search of specific information.

The whole western front was cut up into a network of trenches, and embankments, upon which stretched miles and miles of tangled barbed wire, twisting in all directions. Roads leading to the front from Paris were filled with rushing army trucks of various kinds. Many relieved men, some of whom had been on the front lines for long days and nights, were going, at last, for a much needed rest to the recreation huts; other men coming fresh from behind the lines, were ready to relieve their tired "buddies" and to do their bit for democracy and the world; also large Red Cross ambulances were being rushed back and forth, conveying the suffering heroes of the great world conflict.

One of the eight men about to go out into the night on spying duty, was a Bangor lad, formerly a football player in B. H. S. On receiving his instructions that afternoon Bob sat down and thought of home and mother; of his past life; of things he might have done to better his circumstances, and of his school life at Bangor High. Bob had been a good player on the team, a fine tackle. But as he sat there

thinking he came to one big conclusion—football was a boy's game, but tonight's task was to be a man's job.

Eight men went quietly "over the top" and crawled through the entanglements of No Man's Land. That particular sector had been quiet for three or four days, which fact accounted for this midnight patrol. The men were not more than ten feet apart, and each knew just where his comrade was located, but as it was a dark, cloudy night, they could not see each other. No sound was made as each man crept forward on special duty.

After securing the required information they returned. The roll was called and one man was discovered to be missing. It was Bob's best pal and chum.

Instantly four men offered to go in search of him, but while they were deciding who should go, Bob had stripped off all unnecessary clothing, and before anyone could prevent, he was "over the top" for the second time that night.

Carefully hugging the ground, so as not to be hit by the shells overhead, he crawled along on the trail of his missing chum. About three-fourths of the way to the German lines, Bob found him, lying on the ground unconscious, with a sabre wound in the back. Directly ahead, crouched and ready to spring, were three Germans, whose forms he could just make out in the inky darkness.

A fight on No Man's Land at night is far different from one in the light of day. Or-



dinarily, one man against three would stand no chance, whatsoever, because no weapons could be used. The report of a gun or even the clink of steel would bring a hail of shot and shell from both sides. But Bob was a football player and when he saw those men ready to spring, it all came back to him—the different tackles that he had used with B. H. S. against the Portland line. In an instant he decided on one that always had produced the best and most unexpected results. Making a spring at the foe in the middle, and spreading his arms to catch the

other two men at the same time, he landed just as he had planned, but the result was unexpected. He struck the ground where the Huns had been, and they went right over backwards into a big shell hole near which they had evidently been stationed. Without waiting to see the result of his tackle, Bob lifted his chum on his back and crawled to safety.

A half hour later when receiving congratulations from his friends he said:

"Oh! saving a comrade from the Huns is nothing at all. But, look here, boys, football—that's a man's job."

### OVERHEARD AFTER DRILL

Time: 4.00 P. M. most any Wednesday.

Place: On Abbott Square.

1st Freshman: Gee, but I'm glad that's over.

2nd Freshman: Think ya would be. I would if I were in your company.

1st Freshman: 'Aw g'wan. Company C is just as good as Company D. Anyway, what do you know about Co. C? Suppose you used to be in it, didn't you?

2nd Freshman: Well, Captain C—— is twice as good a fellow as Captain H——.

1st Freshman: He ain't, either.

2nd Freshman: Well, my sister danced one whole dance with Captain C——'s brother up to Houlton, where we used to live, and he says that Captain C—— is a reporter 'n' everthing, so there! An' besides our Captain's got shiniest pair of "putts."

1st Freshman: Your Captain hasn't got

such a shiny pair as our First Lieutenant and besides HIS are red, too.

2nd Freshman: We learn more'n you do, too. Why we have LECTURES, lectures on salutin', real military courtesy stuff!

1st Freshman: So do we. We learn just WHO to salute, just WHEN to salute, just HOW to salute, an' just—

Lieutenant X., newly appointed 2nd Lieutenant of F Company, approaches with an artificial gait, which shows only too plainly the discomfort he is taking in his new and shiny "leathers."

He approaches to within ten yards,—five paces— of the privates and now stands but two feet in front of them.

Lieutenant X.: W-E-L-L.

At last the tardy salutes are delivered, haltingly and irregularly. The Lieutenant "bawls them out" and leaves them staring wild-eyed and frightened at each other.

### MORALE

By R. H., '21.

What is morale? According to Webster it is "that mental state which renders a man capable of endurance and exhibiting courage in the presence of danger." It is more

than that. It is the spirit which everyone of us makes more or less manifest in our daily tasks. It is that might that made our ancestors endure and build great and poten-



tial nations. It is the energy that helped our colonists never to yield. It was only their morale that made Edison and Shakespeare continue in time of despair and give to us two of the greatest geniuses that the world has ever known. It is the force that wins games, whether on the gridiron, the diamond, the courts or the links. It is the spirit that one hundred million of us had in the trying times of war. It is what put five great Liberty Loans "Over the Top," and made innumerable "drives" successful.

It is the power that led hundreds of thousands of our boys to enlist in the service of their country. It is the potency that put our boys in France, made them fight like demons, kept them from temptation and brought them back home, physically fit, leaving thousands of their comrades in Northern France. In short, morale is the strength, force, power, which is embodied in every one of us, not only to be shown in time of danger, but, in truth, to be made manifest in our daily tasks, our classroom and our play.

## THE CAPTURE OF THE FOUR OUTLAWS

By Vivian Savage.



THE sun sank slowly, a large, red ball of fire. It glistened on the snowy Rockies of the West. The eye could rest for miles on snowcapped mountains with the sun reflecting the glory of the magnificent sight.

The sole beholders of this beautiful scene were two well built men, in fancy sporting costumes. One, the younger of the two, was in his twenty-third year. He was tall and straight and moved with the quickness of a tiger. His face was open and bronzed and he went by the name of Charlie Dart.

His companion was not as tall as he, but thick-set and powerful. He was of the age of forty-five. The thick-set man who went by the name of Buffalo Bill, was a famous border scout, now in the employment of the Government with his companion.

They were hunting for four robbers who had held up the westbound train, robbing it of fifty thousand dollars in currency. They had made off without opposition.

The Government had promptly set these

two men on their trail. They were distinguished for their bravery and ability to track criminals of the most cunning brains.

Buffalo Bill and Dart had been on the trail for three days and were nearing the end of the pursuit. The fires of the outlaws showed where they had been resting, thus their pursuers gained on them. Suddenly, they heard a noise directly ahead of them in a clump of cedars. Buffalo Bill and Dart had lassos, besides revolvers; and, their orders being to capture the men alive if possible, they resolved to do it.

Having succeeded in getting within six feet of them, they managed to drop their lassos over the head and arms of the men, thus pinioning their arms to their sides and making them helpless. Recovering the money, they tied up their prisoners for the night and went to cover, satisfied that they had done a good day's work.

Next morning they arose bright and early, and set off for the camping grounds, arriving there in two days with their prisoners ready for trial. The prisoners were tried and sentenced to twenty years' hard labor.

## OVERHEARD AT THE CONCERT

Alice. (In a stage whisper). Oh! here comes the conductor, now. Isn't he just the cutest? He certainly can't be more than four feet tall and with that mustache—he is just too cute for words.

Mary. Oh, yes and there is his daughter, at least six feet tall, playing the English horn.

Alice. Mary, do you see that crimson turban in the third row from the front on the left hand side, downstairs? I came so near getting one just like it but as mother thought it too conspicuous, she wouldn't let me have it. My, but I'm glad I didn't because that girl is my worst enemy and she would be sure to say that she bought her's first and that I had to be an old copy cat and—

Mary. Well, never mind, Alice, you

didn't get—oh, isn't that pretty dreamy waltz one of Sousa's latest pieces? I just adore his sonnets.

Alice. Sonnets? You mean his sonatas, don't you?

Mary. Why do they keep insisting on playing the "Star Spangled Banner"? Just as soon as we are comfortably seated, they make us stand up, but I suppose—

Alice. What do you think, Mary? I just remembered that I told Gwen and Dot to meet me at the "Park" at half past four and it is almost that now! I guess I will have to go but you can come, too, if you want to. There is a dandy picture there, starring Charlie Chaplin.

Mary. Well, this concert will probably be terribly dry, so I might as well go with you.

## SQUIRRELS AND SPIES

By P. G., '22.



'M going to get a picture of that squirrel if it takes all the rest of my vacation," declared Marguerite Vincent to herself as she adjusted her camera.

It was a warm afternoon in the summer of 1918. The rest of the camping party had gone for a row up the lake but Marguerite preferred to stay at the cottage. She wanted to get a picture of this squirrel and she knew she could not get it except when she was alone. Ever since she was big enough to hold a camera she had taken pictures and for the last two years she had been devoting her time to nature studies with remarkable results. She had tried several times before to get a picture of this same squirrel but something would always happen to spoil her chances. This afternoon she hoped to be alone long enough to snap him as he came down to the old oak after nuts. Marguerite was

seated on the brown carpet of pine needles in the shade of five small pines, forming a little room, completely shut in on all sides and just large enough to hold a person and a camera. Once in there, she could not be seen from outside and dressed as she was in dark green, one could hardly tell her from the background of pines.

After adjusting her camera and focusing it on an old stump, where she had often seen the squirrel, she settled herself to wait patiently. Opening a book, which she had brought with her she tried to read but the book was not interesting and she soon threw it aside.

The afternoon was sultry and dull. A slight breeze was lazily waving the branches of the pines to and fro. The odor from the warm pine needles all around gave her a drowsy feeling. She could hear the splash of oars in the lake, at first loudly, and then more faintly, till they finally died



off in the distance, as the rest of the party rowed off for a good time. She tried to keep her mind on the work before her, namely, that of getting a picture of the squirrel, but the sleepy feeling overcame her and stretching out on the soft brown carpet of pine needles, she was soon in dreamland.

She awoke with a start, realizing she had slept a long time for the sun was low in the west. She lay lazily staring at the patches of blue sky showing between the tops of the pines. Suddenly, the sound of low voices close by made her sit bolt upright. She started up so suddenly that her head hit a dry twig which broke with a snap.

"What is that?" came in an excited whisper.

"Dot iss noddings," was the reply in decidedly foreign accents. "You iss hearing tings. Get down to business now. Iss everything yet ready?"

Marguerite turned slowly and cautiously around to see from whence these voices were coming. She was surprised to see how near she was to the speaker. Two men, both rough and fierce looking, sat on the ground at the foot of one of the trees that formed one side of her lookout. The only thing that separated her from them was the thick screen of branches. One of the men was a surly looking person who, Marguerite was sure, worked at the munition plant in the village. The other, a large, dark-featured man, was evidently a foreigner. At the first sound of the gruff voices Marguerite had been rather frightened but she knew there was no way to escape now. The rest of the girls were up at the other end of the lake and she was alone with these two men. However, she was so well hidden she knew they could not see her and from the free and easy way in which they talked she guessed they thought they were entirely alone on that side of the lake. The men kept on talking and she

saw no harm in listening; in fact, she could not have done otherwise if she wanted to.

"Tomorrow night, iss it, then?" asked the foreigner.

"Yes, I guess so," was the reply. "I'm willing if there is money enough in it. Make it ten thousand and it's a go."

"Yes; ten thousand, but you furnish the dynamite yourself, see?"

Marguerite became suddenly interested. So they were going to blow up something, were they? Well, she would stay there until she found out what it was. She did not have long to wait. The evil looking foreigner was speaking again.

"Ve vill show dis Uncle Sam vun ting," he was saying. "He vill be surprised, maybe, ven his munition plants blow up. I vill be out on der ocean den and haf noddings to do with it." He smiled, a malicious grin, which made Marguerite wish she could choke him right then and there.

His face was directly in front of the opening, where she had focused her camera and turned so the full rays of the setting sun showed up his ugly features. She could not let such a chance go by. Quickly adjusting her camera, she snapped him just as he reached the climax of an unintelligible speech, which he emphasized by vigorous use of his fists. Then in his funny English he made a few more arrangements with his companion, after which both men slowly strolled away toward the village.

As soon as they were out of sight, Marguerite snatched up her camera and books and rushed up to the camp. In ten minutes she was paddling across the lake in the direction of the village, the precious film in her pocket and a good deal of information in her head. After leaving the film to be developed she went at once to the munition plant. Of course she was not admitted but after a great deal of trouble the manager came out to speak with her. She told him just what she had heard and described



the two men. That night a special guard was stationed around the plant, and the next night the man was caught attempting to place dynamite under the building. He proved to be one of the night workmen.

Marguerite's snapshot was handed over to the government officials and was an aid

to them in catching the foreigner. He turned out to be a German spy who had been making trouble all over the country and successfully getting away each time.

Marguerite received a special letter of thanks from the government for her aid and she admits now that it is almost as much fun to photograph spies as squirrels.

## THE MASQUERADER

Frances Willette.



THE Masquerade ball had begun. The great hall was brilliantly lighted and was already well filled with many queerly costumed people. A steady stream of automobiles had, for some time, been depositing their gaily dressed occupants upon the marble steps which led to the hall.

At last a great black limousine drew slowly up and stopped. Out of it stepped a regal looking woman, attired in a clinging gown of black satin. Her satin slippers were black, as was her large broad-brimmed hat. The only touch of color about her costume was a large red poinsetta on the front of her gown.

She swept up the steps and toward the

ballroom, where the dancing was just beginning. Pausing for a moment in the doorway, she looked about and then slowly entered.

The evening wore on and it was easy to see that the woman in black was the "belle of the ball." Her dance card had been quickly filled, and an eager crowd gathered about her wherever she stood. Many were the questions about her. Who was she? Where had she come from? Was she someone they all knew? These unanswerable questions and many more were asked by the puzzled crowd.

At last the hour for unmasking arrived. Every eye was fixed on the woman in black as she slowly raised her hand to her mask, drew it off and stood revealed—A MAN.

## OUR COUNTRY'S GREATEST MENACE

Mary Mutty, '21.



IF we could step into a New York office today and look over the death lists, we would be astounded at the high death rate of infants of New York city alone for one year. "What is the cause of so many deaths?" you ask yourself and you find it is due to lack of proper nourishment.

If we were to follow a poor laborer on a winter's day home from a hard day of drudgery to a little dingy house, we would find his family half freezing with scarcely

clothes enough to cover their poor bodies, not fire enough to keep themselves warm, and an insufficient supply of food.

Now, let us turn from the slums and go to the houses of the rich. There we see wealth and luxury. We see society ladies dressed in robes for which they have paid thousands of dollars. We go to their dining rooms, and find the tables overloaded with food, from the tenderest meats to the highest priced wines. We then look at their garbage cans, and lo and behold, the waste! We are filled with horror when we



think of the millions of people in the world slowly dying for want of a little food!

But who is to blame for these wretched conditions? With one voice we answer, "the profiteer." To be sure. And he also is the one who exercises great political influence. But is he ALONE to blame for the two extremes pictured? No, he is not, for if we could look into some of the farmyards of the West we would find an overabundance of grain, piled up as high as the roofs of their houses. Why is not this grain made use of? Look at the price of flour! It is because the farmer can only see his OWN goal. He waits until the demand and scarcity are great. Then the prices go up and he releases his grain. The "profiteer" controls it. The same is true of sugar, fruit, wool, and other necessary articles.

When we look underneath it all we see

the two horrifying monsters—twins—Greediness and Selfishness. The profiteer becomes the slave of these two passions. His eyes are blind to Christian charity. He hears of the terrible conditions of the starving Armenians, Rumanians, the terrible horrors of Russia, but his heart is closed by Selfishness, his ears by Greediness. He hears the calling only of HIS god—Money.

Greediness and Selfishness, in the form of the profiteer, control our ships, the stock markets, and to some extent our whole country. It is they who are to blame for the delicate, uncertain, fearful conditions of the world today and especially of our own country. And until these men can be made to understand their duty as human beings, Christians, and citizens of the United States, there will be no lasting peace.

## REMINISCENCES NO. 1

By Crosby Hodgman, '21.



Y some strange combination of circumstances with the aid of several good spirits, I am a Senior. Four long years have passed since, as an innocent, unsophisticated youth, holding my new cap between my trembling hands, I entered under the mighty portals (as it seemed to me) of this building—entered as a Freshman, a simple, foolish, uneducated Freshman, a lot more, nothing less.

Now, I see myself as a trembling, shrinking youth, facing the world for the first time. Those were the days when the girls wore pigtails, button shoes, red cheese cloth hair ribbons, and gingham dresses; when as Freshmen the boys wore Widow Jones suits, green Windsor ties, Buster Brown collars, and shoes with bulldog toes; a cent looked to them like a million dollars. Those were the days when I carried marbles in my pocket, now I have pic-

tures of beautiful actresses; those were the days when I bought O K chewing gum, and penny candy; now I must buy Page & Shaw's chocolates, though little do I see of them; those were the days when I attended dancing school, and if I had the courage, I would perhaps ask to see HER home; those were the days when I was a bashful, snickering, stammering, stumbling infant. What I am today goes unsaid—I absolutely will not shock the public, it would surely be censured.

I try to picture myself at dancing school—'tis the last dance and as I step, slide up—"one," "two," "three," (STEP meant step on her foot, SLIDE meant slide off, UP meant lifting a shoe to STEP again)—as I glide gracefully along, riding on her feet, I begin to speak, making witty conversation, bright, humorous remarks, stammering with childish freshness, as she dances and I STEP along. "Heh"—thus

clearing my throat, attracting her attention and receiving a beautiful smile, "T-t-the mu-music is fine, a-a-ain't it?" As she agrees I begin again, using the same line as before. "A-a-ain't the mu, mu, I mean ain't the f-f-floor f-fine?" She agrees again as I go from second into high, "S-s-say did that b-b-big bum, I mean, d-did Richard ask to see ya home?" Very sweetly she shakes her head, "Gee, gee! t-that's great. Can I?" She nods her head, perhaps a little sadly, I swallow, my sagacious heart beating with mannish joy, break off this witty conversation—wondering what I would talk about as I escorted her home. Then to show my appreciation I step on both her feet with both of mine. (I did use to have such taking ways with the women in those ancient days).

The dance is over, I gallop to the hall to get my cap in order not to keep her waiting. Then I take my post at the head of the stairs and try to look disgusted instead of ashamed as Richard and several other cheap jokers try to kid ME along.

Then I see myself waiting nervously at the top of the stairs, first putting on my gloves, then removing them. At last I hear some light footsteps and glancing down I see Her on the landing. She glances up, smiles—I blush, grin, cough, open the door, stumble through—we descend the steps and start home.

The sky seems to be a field of twinkling diamonds, while the moon resembles an enormous torch, lighting the quiet streets of this beautiful city. We move down the street, she next the fence on one edge of the

sidewalk, I next to the street on the other. I, pretending to be at ease, swing with one hand the bag that contains her dancing pumps. The other hand I place in my pocket—then swing to and fro—and fix my cap. I start to whistle, stop—start to hum, stop—start to speak, stop—all I do is grin. Suddenly I have a frightful inspiration, a horrible idea enters my childish brain—I start to walk nearer to her, then I move back again, terror stricken. Oh, if I had the courage to take her arm. I glance at her, trying to catch her eye, but she is looking sadly at the ground—so I cough—and begin to talk. As I could not talk about the same witty subject that I had used, I begin to make comments about the weather, about Latin, Algebra, other interesting subjects. She tells about her different teachers, and to every priceless word of wisdom I agree—thus we reach home.

She is standing on her front door step; I on the walk. I politely hand her the bag—and we silently stand there. "D—d—did ya see me fall," I say. She smiles, I giggle. "I f—f—flunked that last history test." She smiles, I giggle, blush, thinking what a wonderful hit I am making—"W—well." She steps down into the walk. I retreat several steps, grab off my cap, "I h—h—had a peach of a time, smush obliged. See ya in school M—Monday." I grin and move down the walk, turning my neck, "G—good night." She turns and walks up the steps without a word. As I walk home I think what a terrible man I am with the women.

## OVERHEARD IN A HOME

Justina Buckley.

Mrs. Fussbudget: Jane, do hurry with that table! Land sakes! They'll be here before it's set now—and here's this chair not been dusted for a month! Oh, bless my soul! The hearth hasn't been swept

yet, and those rubbers and overcoats MUST be put away before those people get here.

Jane: Yes, mum. I'll do it soon's I kin. Sure an' I've only got two han's.



Mrs. Fuss.: You simply must not be impudent tonight of all nights, with those wealthy people coming to dinner, and I simply MUST make a good impression!

(One hour elapses—in which time Jane completes her various duties and dons a neat black dress and white apron. Mrs. Fuss. appears, regally garbed in black satin).

Mrs. Fuss.: Well, I guess everything is ready at last. Thank goodness! Don't forget your orders about admitting them, Jane. (Bell rings). There they are! Go quickly, Jane! No, don't put your hands on your hips. What? Of COURSE you won't SHAKE HANDS with them. Take

their wraps and show them into the drawing room and don't tell them you're glad to see them.

(Jane starts. Voices are heard. Five minutes elapse. Jane returns alone).

Mrs. Fuss. (hysterically), Jane, what DID you DO with them?

Jane: Faith, mum, 'twasn't thim at all. 'Twas only a bye with this missige. (Hands Mrs. Fuss. a telegram).

Mrs. Fuss: What can it mean—(reads it). Jane! After all this fuss, they're Not Coming!

(Jane swoons).

Curtain.

### JOHN P. FRAWLEY, JR.

The entire student body of Bangor High School, particularly the Senior class, was deeply moved by the death of John P. Frawley, Jr., which occurred at his home in this city, August 23, 1920. Although he had suffered for three months, the end was a complete shock to his family, friends and teachers.

John was born in this city, March 16, 1902, the son of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Frawley. He attended the Valentine and Hannibal Hamlin schools and in the fall of 1917, he entered Bangor High School. There, always thoughtful, kind, and striving for the best in life, he endeared himself to all with whom his winning personality came in contact. Strangest of all is the

fact that John, who had led his class, as president, for three years, should be one of the first to leave us. He, who had so much for which to live, he, for whom life's pathway was only just beginning, is gone—nevermore to return.

But behind him is left the memory of a devoted son, a loving brother, a sincere friend and faithful student. We might even say he has left "Footprints on the sands of time,

Footprints, that perhaps another,

Sailing o'er life's solemn main,

A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,

Seeing, may take heart again."

J. E. B.



# LOCALS

*"Still Events Run On and On."*

Though all the teachers who have left us this year will be missed, for all were cordially liked, yet it is safe to say that one of them is missed more keenly than the rest on account of her long and efficient service. It hardly seems as if High School can go on without the presence and assistance of Miss Annie M. Pease, whose decision to resign last spring, was learned with deep regret by students, and teachers alike.

The following is a list of the other teachers who have resigned from the faculty. The entire school extends to them heartiest wishes for success in their new positions:

Miss Ethel Nichols, who is now teaching in the Woods School of New York, Mr. Harry D. O'Neil, Miss Grace Hodgdon, Miss Sallie E. Dow.

The following are the new members of the faculty. Bangor High extends to them a hearty welcome:

Miss Charlotte Jennison, formerly a teacher in Gorham High School, is teaching French.

Miss Elsie G. Floyd is teaching shorthand. Miss Floyd taught in the Thomas Business College, Waterville, before coming here.

Miss Margaret Carroll, a graduate of B. H. S., '07, and of "Maine," '11, is teaching English.

Mr. Leyland Whipple is teaching chem-

istry and also leading the band. Mr. Whipple, for many years has been a photographer in Bangor, and has been employed as a chemist at the Bangor Waterworks.

Miss Alma Davis, for many years a teacher in the Abraham Lincoln School, is teaching English.

Mr. Cecil D. MacIlroy, a teacher of Mathematics, is a graduate of the U. of M., '17. Mr. MacIlroy served in the army, and was employed by the Government in Washington last year.

Miss Hope Buxton has been teaching for the past four years in Maryville College, Maryville, Tenn. Miss Buxton is a graduate of the Leyland Powers School of the Spoken Word in Boston, and is teaching elocution.

Miss Emily Roseland is teaching science and hygiene. Miss Roseland taught in Auburn High School before coming to B. H. S.

Miss Annie Ervine, who is teaching English, has been a teacher at Hannibal Hamlin school for a number of years.

Miss Elsie Jenkins is teaching Mathematics. She is a graduate of Castine Normal School and has taught in East Corinth Academy.

Miss Irene Cousins, who resigned last year to teach in Malden, Mass., has returned and is teaching American History.

Miss Fannie Robinson, head of the Mathematics department, has returned after a year's study in Radcliffe College.



Miss Harriett Sweetser, a graduate of Colby College, '20, is teaching Commercial English.

Mlle. Estelle Beaupre, who taught last year at Coney High, is teaching French.

On account of the shortage of recitation rooms, the lecture room on the third floor has been divided by a curtain. Recitations are heard in the front of the room and the back is used for study.

Miss Mary C. Robinson, Dean of B. H. S., would like to acknowledge through the Oracle, a mysterious gift that she received last summer, a portrait in oil of Abraham Lincoln, a fine piece of work. The picture came through the mail and the wrapper was entirely torn off except for the small piece which bore her name and address. She has absolutely no clue to the sender but would be glad to learn his name and express her thanks for the valuable and beautiful gift.

A Bangor lady, a graduate of B. H. S., when it was less than one-tenth its present size, one who has always kept up her interest in the school, contributes to those mathematically inclined this easy way of finding the day of the month without consulting a calendar. Notice on which day of the week the first day of the month falls; if it is on Thursday, for instance, the succeeding Thursdays will be 8th, 15th, 22nd and 29th. You have only to commit to memory those numbers and you can easily reckon the date without help from a printed table.

On the 20th of September the first chapel exercises were held in the Assembly Hall. It took some time to show the throng of students, where to sit, but everything progressed wonderfully. After the usual announcements were made, two

members of the Oracle board spoke briefly in behalf of that paper. Theodore Butler, the editor-in-chief, spoke first, showing clearly why a school paper cannot thrive without the united support of the student body. He then cordially invited all to patronize the "Oracle Box" and urged those literally inclined to contribute their offerings freely. Mr. Dearborn, the business manager, then called for the financial support of the school and promised that the pledges should be passed out in the immediate future. The speeches of both young men were well given.

On Monday, the 20th, the members of the High School Band met in the Assembly hall, and held an informal business meeting. The unit was entirely reorganized and afterwards ample time was taken to discuss the various problems which confront the new leader. Mr. Whipple, the new bandmaster, is liked very much throughout the school and after perceiving the admirable manner in which he conducted the band at chapel Wednesday morning, everyone is convinced that a more capable leader could not be found.

Mr. Sprague has charge of the singing classes this year and on Wednesday morning the school resounded with the notes of numerous melodies, sung by hundreds of youthful voices. We shall hear melodies every Wednesday.

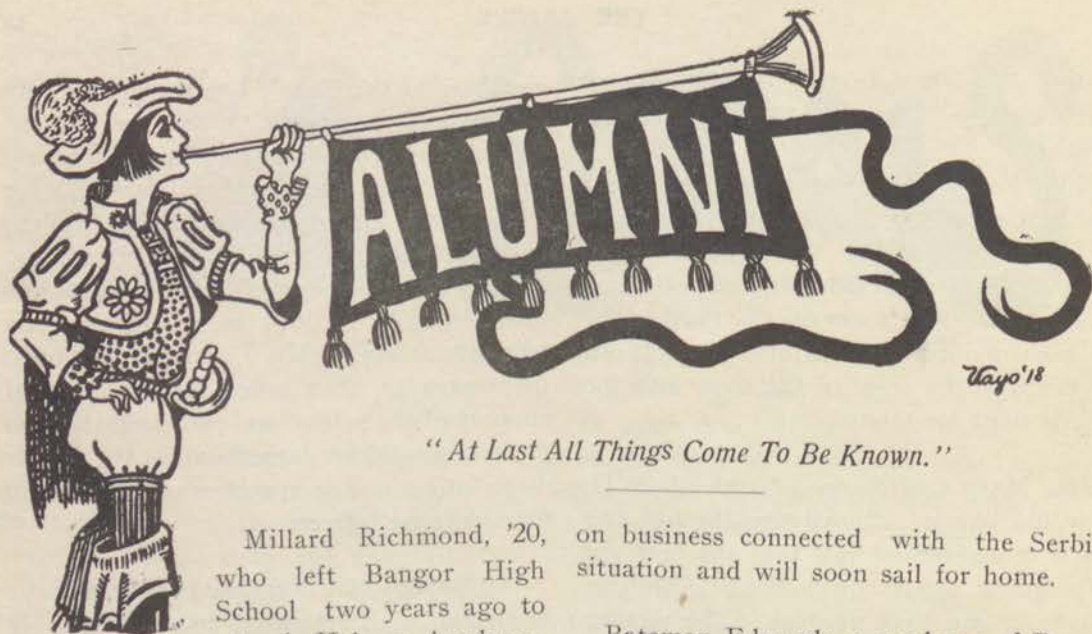
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### In Memoriam

John P. Frawley, Jr.

Class of 1921.

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*"At Last All Things Come To Be Known."*

Millard Richmond, '20, who left Bangor High School two years ago to attend Hebron Academy, has entered Boston University.

Miss Doris Plaisted left recently for Boston to enter upon her second year at the Emerson College of Oratory.

Among the Bangor High School students entered at Manlius Military Academy this season are Jasper Starrett, Ralph Eye and Azell Devoe.

Miss Edrie Mahaney, '21, Miss Edna Starrett, '20, and Miss Teresa Thompson have entered Lassell Seminary at Auburn-dale, Mass.

Miss Helen Anderson and Miss Bianca Farhi are registered in the first year class at Gorham Normal School.

Russell S. Washburne recently left for Boston, where he is to attend Harvard College this fall.

The many friends of Miriam Dole, who went to Serbia some months ago to take charge of a 500-bed hospital which was donated by the state of Virginia, will be interested to learn that she is now in Paris

on business connected with the Serbian situation and will soon sail for home.

Bateman Edwards, a graduate of Bangor High School and of Bowdoin College, has gone to London, Ontario, where he is to teach French in the Western University.

The many friends of Arthur Stanhope, '20, were very much grieved to hear of his untimely death, which occurred at Manlius Military Academy, Sept. 23. During his High School course Mr. Stanhope was one of the most popular students of the School and took a great interest in military and musical affairs. A few months ago, Mr. Stanhope received an appointment to West Point and went to Manlius to prepare for the work. He was held in great respect by both teachers and pupils and the news of his death came as a matter of deep regret to all who knew and loved him.

Miss Elizabeth Chalmers, '19, and Miss Mildred French, '20, left recently for Troy, N. Y., where they will study at the Russell Sage College. Miss Chalmers enters as a Sophomore and Miss French as a Freshman.

Miss Onalee Bickford, '19, has left for Boston to enter the Faelten Pianoforte School as a Sophomore. Miss Bickford is



a very accomplished pianist and has been very popular in musical circles.

A wedding of local interest took place at Machias recently, when Marjorie L. Brooks of Orono, was married to Austin W. Jones of Bangor. Mr. Jones is a graduate of Bangor High School and of the U. of M. in the class of 1912. He is now president of the Austin W. Jones Co., which carries on a large Holstein dairy business in Veazie.

Robert J. Travers recently visited his parents in this city before returning to Boston, where he has a position with the American Tel. & Tel. Co.

Alfred C. Frawley, James Buckley, and Walter L. Frawley have entered Columbia University. They are all graduates of B. H. S. and also former Maine students.

John McCann, '18, and Robert McCann, '19, recently returned to Georgetown University to resume their studies. John McCann is registered as a Junior and Robert McCann as a Sophomore. Among the new students at Georgetown are John T. Quinn, '18, and Blair White, '20.

Mr. and Mrs. David T. Smith recently announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Doris E. Smith, to Langdon S. Chilcott, Jr. Both young people were former B. H. S. students.

Miss Mary Largay has left for Tarrytown, N. Y., where she will enter upon her first year at Marymount College. Miss Mary R. Hexter left Sept. 26, to enter upon

her Senior year at the Academy at Marymount.

Included among the new students at Dana Hall this year, are Miss Carolyn Woods and Miss Ruth Henderson.

Miss Eleanor Bragg and Miss Barbara Tyler are to study this winter, at Miss Capen's school in Northampton, Mass.

Among the students at Smith College this year are the Misses Susan Sawyer, Frances Bragg and Huldah Doron.

Miss Serena Wood, ex. '21, has entered Walnut Hill school in Natick, Mass.

Miss Elizabeth P. Chandler, '20, and Miss Dorothy Freese, '20, have entered upon their first year at Mt. Holyoke College.

On September 25, Miss Dorothy Ewer left for New Haven, Conn., where she will attend the Gateway, a school for girls.

Miss Helen Harrigan left recently for Brookline, Mass., where she will attend Simmons College.

Among the new students at Abbott Academy, Andover, Mass., are Miss Elizabeth Palmer, '20, and Miss Geneva Burr, ex. '22.

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### In Memoriam

Arthur L. Stanhope

Class of 1920.

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*"An Ounce of Wisdom is Worth a Pound of Wit."*

Thursday morning, September 23, a class debate was held in Room 207 on the subject, "Resolved, That the United States Should Join the League of Nations." Gerard Collins led the affirmative side and Frank McLean, the negative. Mr. Soderberg acted as chairman.

Gerard Collins, the first speaker on the affirmative, showed that the League of Nations would benefit the world by making all nations equal and by preventing secret treaties between nations. The sixty days that two nations would have to wait before beginning war would give them time to think over what they were about to do. After this time had passed they would not be so likely to commence hostilities.

Frank McLean, the first speaker on the negative side, said that although the League of Nations is now in effect, many countries belonging to it are at war. By this League the United States could be drawn into foreign wars against her consent.

Bessie Cooper, the second speaker on the affirmative, proved that the United States would not have to give aid in foreign wars unless a committee composed of Americans gave its consent.

Ruth Lipsky, the second speaker on the negative side, said that if the League of Nations were practical, it would have been in use years ago.

Leslie Bowler, the third speaker on the affirmative side, asserted that the League of Nations had not yet been given a fair

try and that after England and France had recovered from the World War, the League would be of use.

Harold Mosher, the third speaker on the negative side, proved that the League of Nations would be against the Monroe Doctrine.

In the open discussion Leslie Bowler showed that the League of Nations would further the Monroe Doctrine.

Next, Nathan Cohen compared the Monroe Doctrine and the League of Nations.

Barton Hubbard, the last speaker on the negative side, stated that the League of Nations would not prevent war as twenty-nine of the forty-four now belonging to the League were at war.

Nathan Cohen, in concluding the debate, stated that as the League of Nations would insure peace and benefit the world in many other ways, the United States should join this League.

The judges were Miss Buxton and Mr. Miller. The decision was given to the affirmative side.

The first classroom debate was held first period Thursday, September 23. The question was, Resolved, That capital punishment should be inflicted for the most serious crimes in the United States. Ruth Clough was captain of the negative side and Crosby Hodgman captain of the affirmative. It was a lively debate lasting thirty-five minutes.

Arthur Dennis opened the debate for the affirmative, making strong the point that



capital punishment was the only safe means of disposing of criminals.

Ruth Clough was first speaker on the negative side. Her strong point was that Maine had twice as many murders a year with capital punishment, as it did without it.

Crosby Hodgman, who was the second speaker on the affirmative side, feared that life imprisonment meant pardon sooner or later, only to let the criminal out to do more harm. There were four speakers on the affirmative side, the last two being Lovis Sawyer and Rosemary Allen.

On the negative side there were two speakers besides Ruth Clough—Pauline Fairbanks and Pauline Aiken.

After sixteen minutes' debating there was five minutes for open discussion. Miss Clough and Mr. Hodgman had some spicy discussions during these few minutes. The captains had two minutes apiece to speak, in closing the debate.

judge. Her decision went to the negative and her praise to Pauline Aiken, who clinched the most points.

A debate of which Miss Eleanor Crowe was chairman, was held in Room 208, Thursday, September 23. The judges who kindly gave their services, were Miss Buxton and Mr. Miller, both of whom are teachers in Bangor High School.

The question was, Resolved: A Person Should Vote for His Party Regardless of the Personality of the Candidate. Francis Cunningham was the leader on the affirmative side and Eleanor Hicks, the leader of the negative side.

The speakers for the affirmative were Leonard Pooler, and Henry Paul, while those of the negative were Ethel Hammond, Hildred Avery and Albert Schiro.

Although the arguments were good on both sides, the decision was awarded to the negative on points and delivery.

Miss Buxton kindly agreed to be the





*"When Two Hlay One Must Lose."*

### FOOTBALL.

The prospects for another championship football team at Bangor High School are very bright. An exceptionally large squad has turned out, an able coach has been obtained and a fine schedule has been arranged.

The very first afternoon after school opened the football candidates were called for and forty-three turned out at once. Of this number, four were letter men, and many having been out last year, know the game from start to finish. There are also several new men from the Freshman class and other schools, who are showing marked ability.

The four letter men are Captain Cohen, Harrington, Maling, and McNeil. The other candidates are Bennett, Boulter, Burns, Casper, Colburn, Conners, Corey, Coyne, Cunningham, Doherty, Downing, Flannigan, Gallagher, Griffin, Hillman, Hutchins, Ives, Janssen, Jordan, Kelley, Largay, Littlefield, Lousey, Lynch, Mayo, McClay, Murdock, Murphy, Noddin, O'Brien, O'Connor, O'Leary, Quirk, Sewall, Shannon, Short, Tozier, Ulmer and White.

With "Tommy" McCann coaching this squad, it is not unreasonable to expect another winning team at Bangor High.

Manager Staples has arranged a fine

schedule. Last winter he sent individual challenges to practically every prominent high school in New England. These schools did not see fit to send their teams against Bangor High for various reasons. Probably the biggest reason is the 21 to 0 defeat suffered in 1912 by Waltham High, the only Massachusetts football team that ever ventured so far east. A strong schedule has been arranged nevertheless. Nine games have been arranged and several more are pending. Bangor plays five teams at home and four away. Among the home games is a game on October 9th, with Swampscott, Mass. The schedule as now announced, is as follows:

Saturday October 2, Kent's Hill Seminary at Bangor.

Saturday, October 9, Swampscott (Mass.) High at Bangor.

Tuesday, October 12, Old Town High at Old Town.

Saturday, October 16, Portland High at Bangor.

Saturday, October 23, Lewiston High at Lewiston.

Saturday, October 30, Maine Central Institute at Bangor.

Saturday, November 6, Old Town High at Bangor.

Saturday, November 13, Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield.



Saturday, November 20, Portland High at Portland.

As you have seen from the foregoing paragraphs, we have the team, the coach, and the games. All that we need now is your support.

There are two kinds of support—financial and moral—and you are expected to give BOTH to this team.

By financial support we mean that you should be willing to pay your part toward meeting the team's expenses. Manager Staples has already offered his season tickets for sale and many have been sold. The price this year is one dollar, and it is a big bargain. If you don't have a season ticket and go to all the games it will cost you about three times as much. Truly, the team would make more if you bought an individual ticket for each game, but if you buy a season ticket, the management will have just that much more to depend on. When approached for financial aid, the

business man's first question is, "how many student tickets have you sold?"

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

By moral support, we mean that you should attend every game—away as well as at home—and "cheer your head off." The team will fight twice as hard if it feels that the entire school is trying to encourage it.

Last year the cheering was very lax and indifferent. This year it should be exceptionally good to make up for last year, and it should be twice as lively when our team is not leading as when it is. Think it over!

On Saturday, September 25, the entire football squad were the guests of the University of Maine Athletic Association at the game between the U. of M. and Boston University.





Some of Last Year's Veterans. Can You Guess Who They Are?





*"That Others May Be an Incentive to Us."*

It is fitting at this time of the year to stop and consider for a moment the years of the past. Without doubt criticisms received heretofore from other school papers have been of great value. Now we are entering on another school year. Let us hope to derive greater benefit than ever before from true and honest criticism in the Exchange department.

#### AS WE SEE OTHERS.

"Racquet," Portland, Me.—We admire very much your poem entitled, "The Greatest Gifts to Men." Your departments are well edited throughout.

"Clarion," Arlington High School—A fine magazine. You are always welcome.

"Tripod," Saco, Me.—A paper which we enjoyed reading. Your department called "Poet's Corner," is fine. Don't you think, however, that a few more jokes would improve your paper?

"Herald," Holyoke, Mass.—We quite agree with your sentiment in the Exchange column. Please visit often.

"Crescent," Lee, Maine—This paper is well edited, the Literary Department deserving special mention.

"Echo," Hazelton, Pa.—Your literary department is excellent. Wouldn't your magazine be improved by placing the jokes all under the same head?

"Messalonskee Ripple"—This is a very complete magazine. The Editorials are especially good. Judging by your "Poet's Corner," there must be plenty of talent in your school.

"Breccia," Portland, Me.—We received the Breccia with our usual eagerness. The departments are well edited.

"Eastonia"—There certainly is no scarcity of stories in Easton High School judging by your Literary department. It isn't a case of "Quantity not Quality," either.

"Signet"—Your Joke department is very complete. The other departments are also very good.

"Laurel"—We find your magazine as good as ever. The appearance of the paper is excellent.

"Wyndonian"—Wouldn't a few comments in your Exchange department improve the Wyndonian? Otherwise, we admire the magazine very much.

"Maroon and White," Chicago, Ill.—This magazine boasts a fine department called "Humor."

"Our School Times," Londonderry, Ireland—An interesting part of this magazine from Ireland is a story entitled, "La Chasse Aux Fantomes."

"Bulletin," Lawrence High School—The many cuts make the June number very attractive.

"Pharetra," Monson Academy—Your paper is a very welcome arrival. The "Quotations" are quite amusing.

"Megaphone," Dean Academy—We admire your magazine very much. Wouldn't more humor be an improvement?

"X-Ray," Sacramento, California—Yours is a big, interesting paper. The cartoons and cuts are very good.

### AS OTHERS SEE US.

"Oracle," Bangor, Me.: "We thoroughly agree with the sentiment of the editorial, 'The Ex-Service Men.' Your Social Section is delightfully entertaining, likewise 'B. H. S. Pslams.'—'Racquet,' Portland High.

The "Oracle," Bangor, Me.: The quotations which head your departments are very apropos, and, together with your excellent cuts, add a great deal to the attractiveness of your paper.—"Clarion," Arlington High.

The "Oracle" of Bangor, Maine, is a lively, nicely balanced, clearly thought out monthly. The jokes might be more and more humorous. Your Alumni department, while not long is fine.—"Owl," Fresno, California.

The Bangor "Oracle" is a good paper but we think that a few cuts would improve it.—"Eastonia."

"Oracle," Bangor: Another paper that is all "best." Keep up your reputation.—"The Breccia," Deering High.

"Oracle," Bangor, Me.: Stories are fine. Cover is good.—"The Echo."

The "Oracle," Bangor, Me.: An excellent paper throughout. Your cartoons are unusually good.—"The Laurel," Farmington High.

The "Oracle": Your paper shows that you have talented people in your school. We would like to hear from you always.—Orono "Comet."

"The Oracle": You have a good advertising section. Your Pslams surely drive away the blues. Your literary department contains very pleasant reading matter.—"The Crescent."

The "Oracle" is an especially good school paper. Its cuts and stories certainly deserve mention and its exchanges and editorials are well handled.—"Tripod," Boston, Mass.

"Oracle," Bangor, Maine: We are always glad to welcome you. We have received two issues of your paper. Every department is excellent and the cartoons are good. Your Exchange notes are particularly well arranged.—"Messalonskee Ripple."

"Oracle," Bangor, Maine: You have a fine paper. You have a very good method of writing your Alumni notes. We hope that you will appear often on our Exchange list.—Ellsworth H. S. "Oracle."





*"You Beat Your Pate, and Fancy Wit Will Come;  
Knock as You Please, There's Nobody at Home."*

Teacher to lazy pupil: "If you only had a little more spunk you could pass this quarter. (Angrily) Do you know what spunk is, anyway?"

Pupil: "It is the past participle of spank."

#### **"THOSE NEW VOCABULARIES."**

First Sophomore: "D'ya see the condition (partition) in the Physics Lab?"

Second Sophomore: "Yer, they conducted (constructed) it this summer."

A boy said his idea of fun  
Was to return to 201,  
So they examined his head,  
Found his brains were dead,  
So they stuck him to his seat with gum.

#### **PLUCK THE DUCK.**

The man who had made a huge fortune was speaking a few words to a number of students at a business class. As usual, the main subject of his address was his own successful career.

"All my success in life, all my tremendous financial prestige," he said, proudly, "I owe to one thing alone—pluck, pluck, pluck!"

He made an impressive pause here, but the effect was ruined by one student, who

asked, impressively: "Yes, sir but how are we to find the right people to pluck?"—Ex.

#### **A PITIFUL PARODY OF A POOR PUPIL.**

Oh! By Jingo!

In that stuff called Chemistry,  
Alas, I only pulled a D,  
Ta da y da da da da da,  
Umpa, umpa, umpa, umpa,  
I was told that in my Math

I was not going to pass.  
Ta da y da da da da da,  
Umpa, umpa, umpa, umpa,  
Madame said my work was punk,,  
She also said that I would flunk,  
So every night I howl in the pale moon-  
light.

—Ex.

Chorus.

Oh! With French and Geom and Chem and  
Trig,  
With this stuff I know I've got to dig,  
I will build myself a hut,  
There I'll rest my tired nut  
And I'll spend all my days  
Signing report cards with A's.  
My Daddy says, "If you love me  
By Jiminy, just get a D!"  
But I just sing, "By Gee,  
An A's the thing for me."

## Now for Your Fall and Winter Suit and Overcoat

We are showing just the kind of clothes that the good-style well-dressed young man desires. Among the new goods just unpacked there are beautiful models and colors and our moderate prices are much lower than the general trend for good quality clothes. Come in and let us show you

New Hats—New Furnishings—New Shoes

J. WATERMAN CO.

Maine's Largest Outfitters for Men and Boys

## GUS A. YOUNGS

Soda Fountain, Cigars  
and Smokers' Supplies

104 HARLOW ST., BANGOR, ME.

WHEN the frost is on the pumpkin  
the Social Season will begin—  
Have you appropriate footwear?

*Mrs. B. J. Dolliver, 44 Main Street*

DAD PLAYS HERE

SO CAN HIS BOY

## GOODWIN'S BILLIARD HALL

Frank D. Goodwin, Prop.

7 Hammond Street

Patronized by Bangor's leading business men. A perfectly clean, wholesome, safe place for your boy. Minors can play only with parent's consent, and never in school hours.

Parents:—We urge you to call any time and know how we can amuse and protect your boy.

## 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

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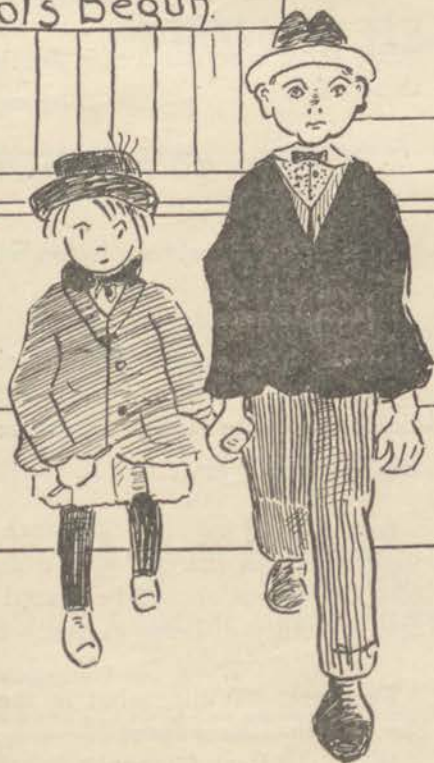




WE HAVE A ZERO HOUR  
BEFORE A PERIOD EVERY DAY  
BEFORE WE ENTER MADAM'S ROOM  
OUR FRENCH LESSON TO SAY.  
WE STAND OUTSIDE IN TERROR  
HORROR IN OUR MANLY CHESTS  
DREADING EACH RECITATION  
BUT DREADING MORE EACH TEST.

The first sufferer - "Do you know your  
gargle (French) for to-day?"  
The second, ditto - "Now - but I'm going  
to risk it."

School's Begun.



Hodgman

**SO INTERESTED.**

She—I'm so interested in football. I have a cousin, you know, who was on the college team last year.

He—Indeed. What did he play?

She—Well, I forget just whether he was a touchdown or a punt.

**A RISE OUT OF HIM.**

A farmer and an Irishman were at work in a field when an aeroplane passed over their heads. "I'd hate to be up in that thing," said the farmer.

"Faith, I'd hate to be up there and not in it!" retorted the Irishman.—Ex.

A Junior in Bangor High,  
Thought he was going to die,  
He said with delight,  
I'll go out every night  
Because I won't have exams in the sky.

**A SAD SWALLOW.**

Oh, he swallowed half a dollar  
And it lodged below the collar,

But by a stroke of scientific skill  
The coin was excavated  
When the surgeon operated,  
And the man "coughed up" a twenty-dollar bill!

**In B. H. S.**

Teacher: "Who sits in that seat?"

Pupil: "That feller. He's sittin' in front of himself."

Teacher: "Please ask the teacher in 314 to open the desk with these keys and take out a paper and send it to me."

Pupil, returning: "He couldn't find the keyhole."

Freshman (rushing up to Mr. Mc): "Say, Mr. Mc——, have you a circumference?"

Miss S—(in Geometry): "What do you put at the end of the proof, Miss X—?"

Miss X—(thinking for a minute): "Oh—P. D. Q.!"

Senior: "If a burglar broke into the cellar would the coal shute?"

Brilliant Junior: "No, but the kindling-wood."

**SHAKESPEARE AT A GLANCE.**

Found on a test paper as some of Shakespeare's plays:

"King Liar," "A Merchant of Venus," "Old Fellow," "McBath," "Omelet."

**LONGFELLOW.**

(Up-to-date).

"Lives of poor men oft remind us  
Honest toil don't stand a chance,  
More we work we leave behind us  
Bigger patches on our pants."

Science tells us that green is a restful color. It's a lucky thing or we'd all be blind, there is so much of it floating around these days.

**HINTS TO FRESHMEN.**

There aren't any.

The modern freshman is too wise to take 'em.

While dealing with the subject, "Idylls of the King," a boy wrote: "Guinevere didn't recognize Arthur because he wore his knight clothes."—Ex.

A recent ad says: "Clearance sale of slightly scared pianos." We don't know why the pianos should be scared unless at the possibility of being jazzed.—Ex.

Teacher: "Willie, what is the tense of the verb in 'I have loved'?"

Willie: "Remote past!"





GUARANTEED  
PROTECTED  
INSURED } Winter  
Storage

**The  
Vesta  
Way**

**BANGOR BATTERY  
and  
SERVICE CO., Inc.**

119 Franklin St.  
Bangor, Me.

**Winter Storage FOR YOUR  
BATTERY**

The Battery Service Station Nearest The High School  
Phone Us—Our Service Car Will Call Tel. 2516

When in need of a Haircut or Shave visit

**MASON'S BARBER SHOP**

Daniel H. Mason

20 Hammond Street

COMPLIMENTS OF

**W. C. Bryant, Jeweler**

**WILBUR S. COCHRANE**

TEACHER OF PIANO

SIGHT READING, EAR TRAINING AND KEYBOARD HARMONY

Telephone 1503-R

Studio, 68 Fifth Street

Patronize Our Advertisers

Wanted—A mascot for the football team.  
Any freshman may apply.

Stop! Look! Read!

### I.

Did you ever hear of the Oracle?  
This means you and you and you,  
The ones who are always saying,  
"This Oracle's punk clear through."

### II.

Did you ever hear of the Oracle  
As yours, not just a few?  
Yours for the stories and matter  
That help show the others "who's who!"

### III.

Let us all work so strongly together  
For the psalms, stories, locals and such,  
That the future will hear us all saying,  
"I'm glad to have given that much!"

Chaos.  
The feelings of a Freshman.  
Dignus (Dignity).  
Feelings of a Sophomore.  
"The worst is yet to come."  
Juniors.  
"The worst are gone."  
Seniors.

Anawfulfix—"Oh, thou Delirius Tremens,  
dost remember the day when we passed  
through the city of Rome—how the fair

dames threw rotten eggs at us?"

Delirious—Ah, that was when we passed  
under the yoke (yolk)."—Ex.

Miss A-I-I-n, '21 (translating French):  
"Un homme avec huit ou sept pied." "A man  
with seven or eight feet."

Frantic Freshman, flying furiously to  
find 105, says to serious Senior: "Save us!  
Surely I shall be late to Algebra!" And it  
was only the middle of recess!

## CHARACTERISTIC SAYINGS.

L. S., '21—"It's ruinous!"  
C. H., '21—"Come on, let's go!"  
B. C., '21—"Say it with flowers!"

## FRESHMEN!

Notice the little box on second floor op-  
posite the library. 'Tis the Oracle's blind  
beggar. Will you please give him a  
penny!

"Flattery is like cologne water, sweet,  
but not to be swallowed." Is that right,  
girls, when the mirror peeker says, "Oh,  
your hair looks just great, this morning!"

## WHERE'S THE CARBOLIC?

Miss X—(translating): "Black night  
(knight) sits on the bridge."





**“Sunbeam Bread,  
'Nuff Said.”**

**SUNBEAM BAKERY  
42 Central Street**

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Matinee, 2.15

Evenings at 7.45

High Class Vaudeville  
and Photoplays



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The Greatest Stars in the  
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# THE FASHION

## SMART STYLES FOR GIRLS

*School Dresses - Party Dresses - Evening Dresses*

New Models in Betty Wales Dresses and Peggy Paige Dresses

### WOOD & EWER CO.

## KENDALL-WINCH COMPANY



HOW about your Guns  
Mr. HUNTER? We  
carry a Full Line of the  
Best Guns, Ammunition,  
Snow Shoes, Skis and  
Skates. Let us serve you.



25 Central Street

## East Side Pharmacy

32 State St.

CHAS. H. DAVIS, Prop.



Prescriptions  
Fine Chocolates  
Soda  
Ice Cream

## Ours is the Students' Store!

Here you will find all that is new and appropriate in dress for the younger men—particularly college men—Here you're always welcome to come in and loiter awhile and learn of fashion's latest dictation

### Miller and Webster Clothing Co.

The Home of Hart Schaffner and Marx Clothes

—At the Robinson Corner—

BOOK AND JOB  
**Printing and Binding**

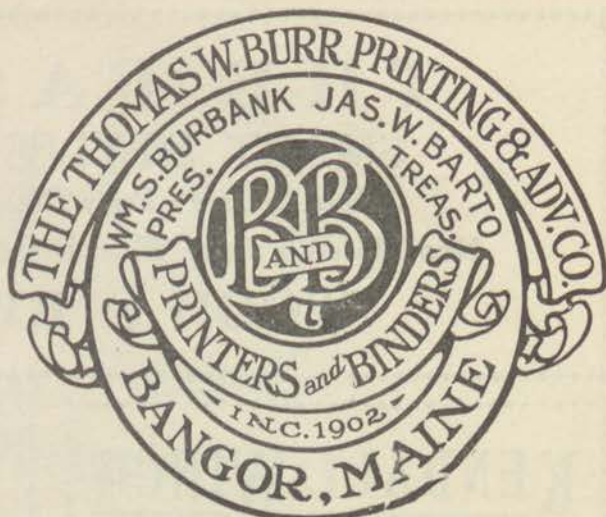
ALL KINDS

Printed or Engraved Wedding Cards  
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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

Electric Clippers

Electrical or Hand Massage

**79 CENTRAL STREET**

(4 Chairs)

All Star Crew

BANGOR

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Connection

Mandarin and  
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**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



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R. H. SANBORN, Prop.

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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

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Photography in all its Branches  
Amateur Developing and Printing

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All kinds of Picture Framing  
Supplies for the Amateur

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19 State Street, Bangor

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ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES AND  
HOUSE WIRING

APEX VACUUM CLEANERS

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Portables

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NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

BEST QUALITY PRODUCTS ALWAYS

93 Central St., Bangor, Me.

Manhattan Shirts

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We have an exceptionally fine line of

### Ready-to-Wear Suits

at very attractive prices

Our Made-to-Measure Clothes

start at \$50.00

and there are some wonderful fabrics at that price

McCann's Quality Shop, 12 State St.

E. & W. Collars

Rain Coats

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**BEAL BUSINESS COLLEGE**

50 Columbia Street

All Commercial Branches taught in  
a thorough manner

Compliments of

**A. J. LODER**  
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84 Central St. 181 Exchange St. 511 Main St.  
**BANGOR, MAINE**

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"Everything Electrical"

56 State Street  
**Bangor Maine**

Electric Work Lighting Fixtures  
Willard Storage Battery Service Station

**THE DOLE COMPANY**

Electrical Engineers and Contractors  
Wm. McC. Sawyer, Treasurer

61 Main Street Telephone 74

**EDWARD I. MORRIS**

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Fur Work Tailoring Plaiting  
Hemstitching Battons

**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

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*Emma J. Taney, Photographer*

*28 Main St., Bangor, Me.*

**EAST SIDE NEWS DEPOT**

W. L. ELDRIDGE

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Postal Cards

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

Home of the famous Pine Tree Taffy

**C. Parker Crowell, Walter S. Lancaster**  
**ARCHITECTS**

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## Eastern Trust and Banking Company

BANGOR, MAINE

Organized April 9, 1887

Paid Up Capital.....	\$ 175,000
Additional Liability of Stockholders .....	175,000
Surplus and Profits .....	700,000
Deposits.....	8,000,000

Maintains a Savings Department paying interest on deposits therein. Loans money on Real Estate Mortgages at favorable rates. Receives deposits subject to check and transacts a general Banking and trust company business.

DAN T. SULLIVAN

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OFFICE SUPPLIES

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The BANGOR COMMERCIAL

50 cents per month  
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All Work  
Guaranteed

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Try Us For Your Class Photos

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All the latest in

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Theatrical Wigs  
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Entertainments

LOVERING'S  
European Hair Store

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Manufacturing Jewelers

All kinds of Jewelry Repairing

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Old Gold and Silver Bought

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