

ORACLE



H.P. Bolton

COME IN AND LOOK THEM OVER!

The new Fall Suits and Coats are here
Late Models and Colorings

Everything That's New In Furnishings

"MANHATTAN" Shirts "ARROW" Shirts MALLORY "CRAVENETTE" Hats

JOHN T. CLARK CO.

Exchange Bldg.

=

Bangor, Maine

TELEPHONE 422-W

L. H. THOMPSON

Printer

BREWER, - - - - - MAINE

**THE ENLARGED SHOE DEPARTMENT
OF THE OUTLET CORPORATION**

will afford better means of procuring
Shoes at lower prices. Shoes in a great
variety of styles are to be had, the sea-
son's newest at prices that will agree
with your pocket. We also carry a
complete line of Men's and Boy's
Clothing and Furnishings.

THE OUTLET COR.

91 MAIN STREET

MAINE'S LARGEST CUT PRICE STORE

C. H. Babb & Co.

PLUMBERS

and

STEAM

FITTERS

106 EXCHANGE ST.

BANGOR,

MAINE

Patronize the Advertisers

THE BEAL BUSINESS COLLEGE

Bangor, Maine

A Distinctive School For Discriminating Persons

Send For Booklets

Telephone 767-W

Night School Mondays and Thursdays

The Shaw Business College

Our CIVIL SERVICE COURSE should interest you at this time. Other SHAW courses are BOOKKEEPING, SHORTHAND, STENOTYPY, BURROUGH'S BOOKKEEPING MACHINE, Secretarial, Teacher.

Free Catalogue, Telephone 830, 49 Hammond Street, Opposite City Hall

Jack Frost turns the leaves and also
turns down Summer Footwear

Come and See Our Fall Footwear

KIMBALL & NICKERSON

60 MAIN STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

BOYS' FALL SUITS
BOYS' FALL OVERCOATS
BOYS' FALL FURNISHINGS
BOYS' SWEATERS
BOYS' MACKINAWS

**NOW
READY**

BENOIT-MUTTY CO.

191 Exchange Street,

Bangor, Maine

Patronize the Advertisers

Military Supplies

UNIFORMS
SHOES
TENTS
AMMUNITION
KNAPSACKS
ARMY SHOES
LEGGINS
CARTRIDGE BELTS
OFFICERS' SABRES
MACHINE GUNS

Full Equipment for any military unit supplied on a few days' notice. Individual orders accepted. Special attention given to outfitting High School Cadets, and Lodges.

JAMES T. SULLIVAN

P. O. BOX 837

BANGOR, - - - - MAINE

Our Stock of Hats and Caps

Is the Largest and Finest in the State

Lyford-Woodward Co., ❀ ❀ Leading Hatters

Telephone Connection

WILBUR S. COCHRANE

TEACHER OF PIANO

Studio, 57 Fifth Street

The PERRY STUDIO

Maker of
Fine Photographs

193 Exchange St. Bangor, Me.
Phone Connection

All Work
Guaranteed

Formerly
Edwards' Studio

A. J. FARRINGTON

PHOTOGRAPHER

Try Us For Your Class Photos
3 STATE ST. BREWER, ME.

BOYS — DON'T SMOKE

Until you are old enough and fully
developed, then GET BACK OF A

B. C. M.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Patronize the Advertisers

The Latest From The World Of Fashion
SUITS COATS DRESSES FURS

Every Garment we are showing is a special
edition of the New Autumn Styles

"THEY ARE DIFFERENT"

WOOD & EWER CO.

COMPLIMENTS OF THE

NEW YORK SYNDICATE

118 MAIN STREET, BANGOR, MAINE

C. WINFIELD RICHMOND
PIANIST AND TEACHER

Pupil of Philipp, Paris; Joseffy, New York

Seventeenth Season

STUDIO IN THE PEARL BUILDING
ENTIRE TOP FLOOR

GUS. A. YOUNGS

Soda Fountain, Cigars
and Smokers' Supplies

100 Harlow Street

Bangor, Maine

The Oracle Staff

J. Wilson Harthorn, '19	Editor-in-Chief
Philip C. Chalmers, '20	Business Manager
S. George Gallison, '19	Associate Editor
LITERARY		
Mabel B. Peabody, '19		Winifred M. Day, '20
LOCAL		
Nina B. Stanchfield '19		Wilfred Gillen, '19
ALUMNI		
Arabelle G. Hamilton, '19		Walter R. Whitney, '19
ATHLETIC		
Carl W. Meinecke, '20		H. Raymond Bolton, '18
Frederic Jacques, '20		Robert F. Cochran, '21
Allan W. Crowell, '21		
} ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS		
PERSONAL		
EXCHANGE		
ART CONTRIBUTORS		

CONTENTS

The Oracle Staff.....	1
Editorials	2
Literary	5
The Story of a Poor Freshman—By Jack Senior-witzky, '19....	5
The Story of the Other German—By James Albert Black, '19	6
Martha, the Bridge-Tender's Daughter—By Caroline E. Witherly, '21	8
One of the Fellows—By Paul J. Searles, '19	11
The Boy Who Served His Country—By Clyde Swett, '21	13
Locals	17
Alumni	19
Athletics	21
Exchanges.....	23
Personals.....	25

THE ORACLE

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS—75 cents per annum in advance

Regular number 10 cents, Christmas and Spring numbers 15 cents, June number 25 cents

Address all business communications to PHILIP C. CHALMERS, 396 Center Street

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

VOL. XXVII

OCTOBER, 1918

NO. 1

EDITORIALS

"Every Man's Work shall be made Manifest"

Bangor High School extends a cordial welcome to her largest entering class. May this class prove to be not only her largest but also her best! You are beginning your four years' course with the lightheartedness which you bring fresh from the grades, you will complete the course sobered by the responsibilities that you are sure to face in B. H. S.

Your first duty to yourself, to your parents, and to your teachers, is the duty of study. Don't waste four years and have nothing but a diploma to show for it. Study with the idea of learning. Then there are other things to which you can devote your surplus energies: Athletics, debating, military drill and the Oracle. Enter into the spirit of good old B. H. S. and do your best, for the saying goes, "Give only your best and only the best comes back to you."

John Joseph Pershing was born in Linn County, Missouri, on September 13, 1860.

His parents were poor and therefore he was obliged to work in order to help pay his expenses while in school. Overcoming the greatest obstacles he succeeded at last in graduating from normal school. Shortly after receiving his diploma, however, he heard of a competitive examination to be

held in his county for appointment to West Point. He took the examination more because of a desire for further education than because of a taste for military life and won the appointment, entering West Point in 1882. The career of "Black Jack" Pershing his nickname at the Academy, has been one of military action ever since he graduated in 1886.

For four years General Pershing was military instructor at the University of Nebraska and while at this institution he studied law, he was also instructor of military tactics at West Point for one year. Outside of these and a few minor positions Pershing has been engaged in service of a more active nature. He has won fame as an Indian fighter, as an officer, commanding troops in the Spanish-American War, as conqueror and military governor of the Moro Province in the Philippines, where through his diplomacy and knowledge of the Moro language much bloodshed was prevented.

Just after his marriage to Miss Frances H. Warren he was sent to Japan as military attache to the embassy where he expected to be able to devote much time to his home; but he was disappointed in this for immediately upon his arrival in Japan he was ordered to Manchuria as military observer. The report which he sent back to the government is considered a masterpiece of its

kind. In 1906 Pershing, then a captain, was promoted to be brigadier general over the heads of 862 officers of grades senior to his—the longest jump in the history of our army. After this promotion events happened rapidly until we find General Pershing on the Mexican Border. It was here that he received news of the great tragedy of his life; his wife and three little daughters had been burned to death in a hotel fire in San Francisco.

When war with Germany was inevitable, President Wilson chose General Pershing as the commander of our expeditionary forces. He chose the man who would compare well with the veterans of France and England; the man whose own words expressed the spirit of America and our reason for entering the war, "If a nation has set up high ideals either for itself or others, it must be prepared to enforce those ideals if need be by its armies and navies. Of course it would be better to enforce them through moral prestige." John Joseph Pershing is this man in whose hands has been placed the honor of our nation and which honor he upheld in his first message to France from America at the tomb of Lafayette; the honor which he is still upholding by such victories as Cantigny, Chateau-Thierry and St. Mihiel.

For months the world wondered. Why the retreats? Why such sacrifice of men and material? These and similar **Supreme** questions were asked on every **At Last** hand. People could not understand what had become of Foch, who in the first Battle of the Marne, when disaster seemed inevitable, had sent this inspiring message to Joffre, "My left is broken, my right is routed, therefore I will attack with the center." Military critics asked, "Where is the man who says that there is no war

but offensive war?" Foch's answer was the second Battle of the Marne. Foch changed his tactics only when he knew that success was assured and then he struck and has been striking ever since. The world no longer wonders.

Our victories on the western front have been followed by victories elsewhere. In the Holy Land the enemy is in full retreat. In Macedonia the Allies are in the enemy's country and Bulgaria has begged for peace. In Russia some degree of success has been attained, while on the Piave front in Italy, where little activity has taken place for several months, the Allies are confident of their supremacy. A moral victory of great significance is found in the Allies' flat refusal to enter into peace negotiations with Austria-Hungary.

Thus one can see that the Allies have reached an encouraging point in their land operations. There are, however, other victories which have made this state of things possible. What could be more important than Mr. Hoover's statement in London a short time ago, to the effect that the food situation is completely under control, and that America has enough food on hand or in the fields and gardens to supply not only her own needs but also the needs of the civilian population and armies of her allies? This indeed is a great achievement and one upon which the United States can pride herself. This condition is not due wholly to an increased production but largely to the American housewife, who has aided the Food Administration in every possible way. Waste, once an unnoticed part of her daily program has now disappeared—let us hope forever. She has made and is still making sacrifices, because she knows that unless our allies are fed, her boy will fight in vain. Food, the greatest essential in war, has thus supplied both for the present and the future.

The feeding of our allies was, however, beset with other difficulties besides securing the products themselves. The food must be transported across three thousand miles of water where enemy submersibles lay in wait. This feat, too, has been accomplished and herein lies another victory. When Germany started her submarine warfare, naval men soon came to the conclusion that there were but two ways of overcoming this factor in the war. One was to destroy the U-Boats faster than Germany could build them, and the other to build merchant ships faster than Germany could sink them. Both methods were put to a test and both have proven successful. Submarines are being destroyed today faster than Germany can build them, while the United States alone has entered upon the greatest ship building program the world has ever known, and together with England is launching more ships than German submarines are sending to the bottom.

The destroyer, the "Eagle Boat" and other light and speedy crafts have been found to be deadly enemies of the under-sea boats.

The success of this type of craft in combating the submarine is shown in the feat of the successful transportation of 1,800,000 men to France. The German U-Boats have succeeded in reaching only one or two loaded transports and even then the attacking submarines were destroyed. These cowardly boats attack successfully only empty transports, hospital ships, passenger steamers and the like. The reason for the sinking of homebound transports is because there are not enough destroyers to furnish a convoy, but at the rate the United States and England are building this type of war vessel, there will soon be enough to convoy all transports, the entire merchant fleet, and even the innocent fishing fleets and hospital ships. Then the submarine will be heard of no more.

Thus the Allies are superior at last and every man, woman and child in the United States today, should feel proud to think that his country made this superiority possible. With each day we grow stronger in all essentials: soldiers, food, munitions and ships, both merchant and war.

Report of 1917-18 Business Manager

RECEIPTS

1916-17 Oracle Board.....	\$ 20.73
Yearly Subscriptions	451.50
Ads. and sale, Oct. Issue	33.00
Ads. and sale Nov. Issue	33.95
Ads. and sale Dec. Issue	40.65
Ads. and sale Jan. Issue	33.15
Ads. and sale Feb. Issue	36.20
Ads. and sale March Issue	45.85
Ads. and sale April Issue	36.20
Ads. and sale May Issue	43.50
Class, ads. and sale of June Issue..	241.96

Total received	\$1016.69
Total receipts	\$1016.69
Total expenditures	

EXPENDITURES

Incidentals, postage, etc.	\$ 17.80
Cuts and printing Oct. Issue	98.45
Cuts and printing Nov. Issue	93.07
Cuts and printing Dec. Issue	102.25
Cuts and printing Jan. Issue	81.37
Cuts and printing Feb. Issue	78.16
Cuts and printing March Issue ...	101.47
Cuts and printing April Issue	91.74
Cuts and printing May Issue	77.17
Cuts and printing June Issue	238.45
Business Manager's salary	25.00

Total paid out	\$1004.93
	\$1016.69
	1004.93

Balance	\$ 11.76
---------------	----------

Respectfully submitted,

Harold W. Green, Business Manager, 1917-18.



"It evidently matters much what book, prose, or verse lays hold of a man and of what book he happens by temperament, teaching, training or accident to lay hold of"

THE STORY OF A POOR FRESHMAN

By Jack Seniorurtzky, '19



little over three years ago I left the shades of my native Grammar school and ventured forth into the new and unexploited realms of Bangor High School.

At last, thank goodness, I was no longer a mere grammar school boy but a very important personage, an object of awe and admiration; namely, a High School Freshman. I had been a pupil of B. H. S. a whole day and was favorably impressed with the institution. In fact as I sauntered leisurely along to school I was perfectly satisfied, both with myself and the world in general. In later years I have observed that such periods of unusual contentment and light-heartedness always precede the darkest gloom and despondency, but at the tender age of fifteen I had no such forebodings. Indeed just then I was thinking of my appearance, for I was wearing a brand new suit with real long trousers and was absolutely confident that to a casual observer I appeared to be at least a junior of about eighteen. I was thinking also that perhaps, if the football team was a worthy one

and the players all agreeable to me that I might play with them and help them trim Portland. In fact, when I had reached school the question was fully decided—in my own mind.

But somehow or other when school actually began, things seemed just naturally to go wrong. To begin with I was merely making a few confidential remarks to one of my neighbors, after some gong or other had rung, when the teacher reproved me—rather sharply I thought.

It grew from bad to worse until at recess I was quite sulky and cross. However, I thought that perhaps some lunch might revive me, so I hastily made my way to the lunch room and after pushing my way with the rest of the crowd I succeeded in securing a frankfort. How good it looked to me after my strenuous morning's tasks! It was certainly surprising how much better just one bite made me feel too. But Alas! One bite was all I ever enjoyed for just as I was hurrying around a blind corner—crash. Some reckless upperclassman had bumped squarely into me sending part of my lunch

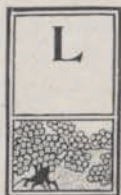
sailing across the corner, while the rest, including all the mustard was mashed artistically up and down the front of my new suit (a perfectly deplorable sight). After I had recovered from the first shock, amidst the giggles and jibes of the bystanders I made my way to the drinking fountain where I cleaned myself up as best I could, but my pride was injured beyond repair. All this took time however and I had scarcely finished when the gong struck. I madly dashed into my home room and seized my books and started for the next recitation. Some how or other I shall never know whether it was an act of cruel fate or simply chance, I blundered into the wrong room and when I finally recovered from the preliminary shock I found myself standing before the eyes of some very startled and amused seniors. I was so completely stunned that for a moment I could do nothing but gaze around in terror. My feet seemed glued to the floor and my tongue had apparently ceased its functions. It seemed hours to me when finally the teacher, a well meaning person no doubt, said kindly "Well my little man what can I do for you?"

"My little man, My little man", how those cruel words reechoed in my brain. Was it not enough to be humiliated and disgraced before all those people without being addressed as My Little Man into the bargain? I vainly tried to draw myself up to my full height and reply haughtily, "Nothing, thank you Madam, nothing at all," and walk out with dignity, but all I could see was the mustard which was beginning to dry in streaks all over me, and those grinning faces. Indeed it was a very meek little voice that said faintly, "Please, oh, Please, where is two hundred three?"

Some how or other I existed until noon and managed to get home and let grandmother have my suit cleansed and pressed before the news of my catastrophe leaked out; but the memories of that awful day haunt me still and probably always will. If by chance, however, this story should meet the eye of some poor abused freshman of today, let him read it and find condolence in the misfortunes of another and learn the secret that I learned: Laugh and the world laughs with you, but frown and you frown alone.

THE STORY OF THE OTHER GERMAN

By James Albert Black, '19



LONG, long ago, in the dark ages, when man was but a beast with slightly higher intellectual powers than the four footed creatures that roamed the hills, the instinct and inclination for good or bad was installed in his brain. Such impulses were followed as a matter of course, for the

untrained mind of the cave-man was unable to form theories for itself about good or evil. Today in our century of enlightenment and culture the human mind has been so trained and disciplined that it is fully able to distinguish between good and bad. Sometimes good conquers, again evil; but always man has the power to put his will against

evil and to strengthen his love of right and justice.

Hans Hoffmann, although brought up among nobility in a country where might is right, showed himself to be not a tool in the hands of a monster, but a person fully worthy of that sacred title hero.

General von Hoffmann was a man whose stern manners and cruel beliefs had made him a power as well as a person to be feared in the city of Magdeburg. His mansion, or rather his castle, built on a lofty precipice overlooking the Elbe was symbolic of its owner, tall, straight, stern, magnificent it stood, firm as the earth itself. The one bright feature of the huge construction, the one ray of sunshine in that cruel palace was the owner's son. Hans strangely enough possessed characteristics completely averse to those of his father with one exception; his strength of will was even at his early age remarkable. His father had brought him up from earliest boyhood with the most strict discipline, but the indomitable spirit of the youth could not be broken and the boy remained as strong in his beliefs, as lovable, and as fair minded as ever. At the age of eighteen he was sent to a military academy and received the most thorough instruction and discipline. And after three years he returned to Magdeburg with the instilled training which characterizes the German but with the same unconquerable desire for right and justice as before.

At the outbreak of the Great War, Hans Hoffmann was summoned to fight against humanity and justice, the very things that he loved, on the side of beastliness, cruelty

and ambition, the things that he most abhorred.

First, came that cowardly, merciless, fiendish raid on little Belgium. The whole soul of Hans von Hoffmann, now Captain von Hoffman, revolted in fury and contempt against that beastly outrage. All through that dreadful night and day he received and gave orders that made his heart grow faint with horror and his very soul cry out in pain. The murderous campaigns which followed seemed only a horrible nightmare. Hoffmann's mind worked mechanically and his body obeyed his mind as a well trained machine obeys its operator. After a month of unbearable torture the soul of Hans von Hoffmann could no longer endure such misery and the real man in the man came to the front.

It was on one of nature's most beautiful days; the world was alive with the fresh green things of the spring time, birds were trilling their sweet notes in the trees along the peaceful streets. The little village of— was assuredly one of the most quiet, beautiful, restful, innocent spots that God ever created.

But Hark! What noise is that to the westward? Surely it cannot be thunder with not a cloud in all the blue of the heavens! The little village is astir; women gather in frightened groups at the street corners; men are conversing in disturbed tones until at last the blow falls. At the horizon appears a long line of glittering objects which come nearer and nearer and as they approach take the shape of men. Women and children run to their cellars for protection

while the small number of men arm themselves as best they can to await the onrushing hordes. On they advance stopping for nothing until they reach the central square of the village. The defenders fire a few shots but to no effect. Men, women and children are lined up against a wall and the word to shoot is about to be given when an officer in the uniform of a captain steps to the front, an automatic in his hand:

"The first man that shoots, dies," he said calmly but with an air of intense determination."

Then to the firing squad:

MARTHA, THE BRIDGE-TENDER'S DAUGHTER

By Caroline E. Witherly, '21



AS soon as the noon whistles blew, the bridge-tender, in his little house perched high above the middle span, would begin to look eagerly across the causeway for the flutter of Martha's blue skirt and the gleam of the red ribbon on her hair.

When Martha crossed the long bridge on her way home from school, she always stopped to make sure that her father's dinner was all that such a wonderful man deserved. She envied her small brother the honor of bringing the dinner pail from home. A treat of which she never tired was going to the airy engine house—there to kiss the big man in overalls and flutter around him chattering while he ate.

After school and in pleasant weather when her home duties were not pressing, Martha would hurry across the breeze-swept causeway to perch in the window of

"Men, to your places. Villagers, I give you thirty minutes to escape."

Thus for half an hour one lone man held a whole company of brutes in his power until every man, woman and child had fled to safety.

After all had gone Hans von Hoffmann lowered his revolver, executed about face, and marched to the wall where he himself had ordered the villagers to be shot.

"Firing squad to your places, ready—aim—fire."

And thus "The Other German" who had chosen to serve God rather than the powers of Hell found his victory in death.

the enginehouse and look down the open harbor toward the sparkling stretches of Long Island Sound. There was always much to see, especially in late afternoon when the oyster sharpies were sailing home from the day's work. At first glimpse their sails were tiny specks against the blue water; and then if the wind was fresh and fair, they grew as if by magic until in half an hour the laden sharpies came sweeping toward the bridge like great white birds eager for home.

Then her father pulled at a shining lever. The engine panted and groaned, and the great bridge opened its arms to welcome the hurrying fleet. The oystermen, skimming through the draw, would look up from under their battered southwesters, and wave their hands at Perkins, the bridge-tender, with such hearty greetings as these:

"Hello, Bill! Here's two dozen flat ones

on the half shell. You send that bright-eyed-kid of yours 'round for 'em after supper!" And if the pretty daughter were near:

"A little breezy up there, eh, Martha, Well, you'd ought to have been down off Black Point today."

One afternoon in late autumn, Mrs. Perkins looked up from her knitting and said to Martha with a worried air:

"Dear, I don't feel quite right about your father. It threatens to be the worst gale we've had in years. He had one of his spells this morning and so I made him promise he'd get Jackson to tend the draw this afternoon while he went for some medicine and then would come straight home and lie down for a while. It's past four o'clock and he's not home yet."

The wind was crying wildly over the roof and the cottage trembled with its fury. Martha tried to reassure her mother.

She stopped and listened to the war chant of the northeaster. Then her young mouth tightened in a firm line of decision as she said:

"I'm going to put on my long boots and raincoat and go down there. The rain won't hurt me and it isn't dark yet."

Although her mother protested, Martha darted into the hall, presently reappearing bundled up like a young midshipman on a winter's night. She kissed her mother and was off before more objection could be made.

The girl did not know the might of the sudden storm until she was out on the open causeway across the marsh. Here the wind had increased the already high tide and the

rain was coming across the land and sea in blinding sheets. Martha crept along, clutching the stone coping of the lowwall and fighting to keep her breath. When she was half way across, the harbor itself seemed to be breaking over the wall in shattered billows. At each coming wave she paused, fearing a heavier one than the last might dash her off the barrier.

Then she crept over to the lee of the seaward wall and fell there, praying that strength might come back to her. Presently she pulled herself along inch by inch, escaping the heaviest fury of the waves by crouching close to the slippery wall.

Once on the long slope leading to the drawbridge, the struggle was less terrifying and Martha was able to rub the salt spume from her eyes and look up at the little house perched among the trusses of the middle span.

She hoped to see a light through the stormy twilight or a face at the window. But her stout heart sank, while she continued her way with vague forebodings when there was no greeting sign from the engine house. She had to fight for her very life as she gained the end of the bridge whose iron railing gave no shelter.

The northeaster drove with a clean sweep across the roadway and lifted her off her feet. It threw her against the rail, leaving her groaning with pain and fright. But clinging, slipping she made her way along and reached the foot of the iron ladder leading to the enginehouse. Now her courage flickered and was almost gone. How could she muster strength to climb? She realized

she might be blown away even if her own weight did not drag her wearied hands from the slippery rungs.

What seemed an age later she found herself tugging at the engine room door. She stumbled inside and lay there panting and sobbing. In later life she was never able to recall how she made the ascent.

When she was able to grope her way in the shadows around what seemed to be an empty room, a great fear clutched her heart as she realized the room was in darkness. She remembered where the lamps were kept and found matches beside them. The light then showed her what looked like a bundle of old clothes in the corner. She ran to it and found her father, who turned a little and groaned at her touch. A pail of water was on the table and she dashed some into his face, which was streaked with crimson. As he raised a hand to his head she strove to help him, but his weight was too great for her to move.

Presently the engineer muttered brokenly: "Martha, is that you? I went on the roof—about four o'clock—to tighten the whistle valve. Blowing hard—my head grew dizzy—I slipped to the platform. Must have crawled inside—all I remember."

Perkins was silent for a moment. Then he made a mighty struggle to raise himself but sank back with a hoarse cry of fear:

"The sharpies haven't come through yet. Who'll turn the draw?"

With strength revived, Martha sprang to the window and looked down the harbor. The driving rain had lifted and an angry sunset broke through the curtaining clouds,

causing light enough for her to catch glimpses of tossing bits of sail which were very difficult to distinguish from the ever increasing breakers on the skyline. She had not played on this bridge through five years without learning the habits of the sharpies and their skippers. The fleet was home-bound before the gale, carrying no more than rags of canvas and trusting that the bridge would swing open in time to let them through. If it did not? She knew these open boats would swamp if they were forced to come about in such a sea as this.

The young girl shuddered and looked down at her helpless father. The agony in his eyes told her that he too realized the crisis: "Open—the drafts", he muttered; "steam's got low."

She toiled at the furnace doors and dampers as she had so often seen him do. Turning toward him, breathless, for further instruction, Martha saw that his head had fallen back. A half smile of relief crossed his set mouth. This gave her courage; and, glancing back to her work, she saw the pointer of the steam gage flicker and begin to move upward though ever so slowly.

She went to the seaward window and saw that the sharpies were rushing toward her as if they were winged. They leaped into sight and then were swallowed between the reeling combers. If they drove straight at the closed bridge and it failed to open, it meant wreck, collision and death, an awful welter of helpless men and broken boats.

Martha turned the steam pipe valve. She cried aloud with joy when the steam hissed

into the piston and then she tugged at the starting lever. The great cog-wheels of the turning gear began to move like a giant. In the closing dusk the storm swept sharpies were hurrying toward the bridge and were hardly a quarter of a mile away. The starting gear gave a sudden whirl and the

bridge opened with a mighty groan. The sharpies rushed through; Martha turned the lever back and the bridge closed with another groan.

Then Martha fell sobbing to the floor, for she realized that it had been given to her to save the lives of many men.

ONE OF THE FELLOWS

By Paul J. Searles, '19



JIM was casually picking his teeth when I came into his Home Room and with the aid of his pen apparently doing quite a good job.

"Hello Bill, come in and see the place," was the first remark that came from him. This remark was quite all right, for he was one of those fellows who said anything to get your attention, although I had seen that same room for the last three years. With my presence there which to me wasn't much but which to him seemed rather cheerful for Jim was having the serious thoughts that followed after receiving his test paper with a letter on it that looked very much like an F and which to him seemed rather conspicuous.

"Bill what is the use of going to school anyway? Look at this, and I shall probably get another in French."

I looked at Jim silently. He was a good appearing fellow, could talk easily except in the presence of girls when he would say but little. That was always sure, however, to make them like him, for then they could expand their views about anything in general, and he could always smile at the right time, even if what he said was quite inaudible.

Jim always took life easily and when it came to studying he could always, with the best conscience, say that he would get his lessons when he came home from the dance, or from practice in basketball where he was considered the best player on the team. Naturally Jim was having hard luck with his lessons. But he had also a clear conception of his troubles and he knew he could get over them if he would try.

"Bill, it's hard for me to get down and study and if it is this way in High School what will I do in college?" said he.

"Looking ahead to a bright future: I should say you probably would get all A's and B's and, of course, honors," I said unfeelingly as I dodged a book which was thrown with much zeal toward my head which I had luckily removed from that location just in time.

Just then the gong rung and I proceeded toward my fifth period recitation without much thought of Jim's troubles as I thought he would soon forget them himself.

The next day I went into his home room expecting to see him, but as I did not I asked one of the fellows where he was.

Jim had been troubled with a "test ache" that day, so he thought he wouldn't come

and thus spoil the teacher's wonderful sense of sympathy.

School passed off that day with a few occurrences, such as French verbs, chemical experiments, etc., which I had rather expected. But what was my surprise next day when, coming through the corridor, I beheld Jim coming out of the office with his coat on and his hat in his hand.

"Now what's up," I said, "what teacher sent you to the office this time."

"Well, Bill," he said, rather gloomily, "I am through. I had to show my report card to the pater and, well, of course, he went off the reel and gave me a lecture for one solid hour, telling my past history and how I had been behaving the last few years. He reached the climax by calling up the principal and asking him what I was doing there that gave me such rank. Well, the principal gave his reasons, that I was not willing to study or pay attention to the teachers. All this time I was sitting down gloomily thinking of what a mess I had made. Finally the pater closed down and turning looked at me. I had expected another lecture, but he asked me very quietly if I wanted to continue school, and with the look on his face and his stooped over attitude as if he was discouraged with me, I felt like the darndest bum I could imagine. But I told him it was no use for me to continue and he left the room. So here I am."

"So you have left," I mused, "well, now what are you going to do?"

Here his face lighted up with pleasure. "Say, Jim, I am going to enlist."

"Oh! yes, I see, you are going to learn how to be a hero and strut around in a —"

"Dry up! You know very well that I shall leave here at once."

And Jim did leave the next Tuesday and what a send-off he got! The fellows were fond of him and he got a rousing farewell.

When Jim saw all his friends coming into the station, a lonesome feeling possessed him and clung to him until he neared his camp.

"Say, fellows, what are you trying to do, flood the station?" was his first greeting.

They all laughed uneasily and started to tell him to send the news of the camp and shouted, "Here is my address," nineteen different ones of them.

"Well," said Captain Meters, of the basketball team, as the train began to steam up, "I guess you must be going." This was followed by a husky cough, "and here is a little remembrance the fellows thought you might need," and he presented Jim with a red sweater with a big "B."

"Gee, thanks fellows," said Jim, rather slowly. "I guess I must be going," and turning abruptly he jumped on the train which began to move.

We saw him looking at us and although we waved he could not seem to see us.

* * * * *

It was nearly a month before I received a letter from Jim. One of his remarks in it was: "I think that I shall be soon 'over there' so do not be surprised if you see the next letter from across the deep."

Three months later I received a second letter from France. This time Jim was getting along fine, although he had some difficulty in understanding the Frenchmen.

"You know, Bill," he says, "when I think of the opportunities I lost when I did not

pay any attention to my French teacher in old B. H. S. I know now what a fool I was. This sounds solemn to you, Bill, but I have felt that I am changed since starting out in the world. So, Bill, although I love the old Army life with its discipline, don't you come unless you are prepared; as

you do not want to have to wish you had paid more attention in school."

Such news I still receive from Jim, excepting that he is getting near the front line and soon will be among the men in the trenches fighting for his country.

THE BOY WHO SERVED HIS COUNTRY

By Clyde Swett, '21



ICTOR lived in a little town just back of the firing line on the Allies' side. He lived with his aged father who kept an inn for the passers-by on their way to the front. Emil Fonteney, his father, was a true patriot.

One day Victor's father took him into the back of the shop when no one was around.

"Victor", he said, "On looking out of the window you will notice that the people from nearer the fighting line than we are, are coming more thickly every minute as they push their way from the advancing Germans. The enemy must have advanced by night toward our little inn.

"Now, my boy, is the time for you to show your patriotic spirit by serving your country in one of the most daring of ways.

"At the beginning of this war, I was instructed, by the leading men of France, to prepare something which in time of great danger would prove very effective. Now, son, follow me and I will show you what I mean."

Taking Victor to a great old-fashioned fire place in which roared a blazing fire, Emil ran his fingers over a certain spot on the rough surface of the bricks on one side of the opening in the front of the fireplace.

Suddenly, to Victor's amazement, the brick side of the fireplace swung around showing a little room. This room was not very large and was a part of the chimney itself. The chimney could be spoken of in a general way as one chimney inside of another. At one side of this little closet-like room was a small stairway which ran up to an elevated platform in the top of this double chimney.

"Well, Victor, you now see what I meant by that talk I made just a little while ago," Emil said. "And tonight I will give you food enough to last a week. You will stay here and do the work I will now explain to you."

After giving his instructions to Victor, Emil made arrangements for his own departure. It would not do for him to stay behind much longer as the enemy would soon be near his little shop.

Victor mounted the little stairway to the platform above. There were holes in the four sides of the chimney from which he could make observations. Near him lay a pair of field glasses. From the wall a wire ran to a telegraph instrument on a little table. This electric wire ran down the length of the chimney and from there, un-

der the ground to the trenches of Victor's friends, the Allies.

Night soon came on and the advance scouts of the enemy had arrived at the inn. Later the generals with their staff came and stopped at the inn. As there were no other houses in that vicinity, the commander decided to make the inn his headquarters to the satisfaction of Victor.

That same evening a meeting was held at one of the tables where very important plans were being discussed. While the meeting was in progress, a shout was raised outside the inn, probably the cheering of some fresh arrivals at camp. The generals in their haste to get outside, did not notice the most important of the plans slip to the floor under the table. Picking up as they thought the whole of the plans, they filed out of the room. But Victor's sharp eyes, looking out through a small crevice in the bricks, had seen this paper as it fluttered to the floor. He decided to get it. After accomplishing this daring deed, Victor, well satisfied with his night's work, dropped to sleep on some blankets spread out in his little room.

When Victor awoke the next morning and looked out into the room from which he had stolen the plans the night before, he found that everybody was excited. After eating a hurried breakfast he went up to the platform above to do the work his father had laid out for him. As he looked over the enemy's position he was surprised at the clever way the enormous guns were concealed. Going over to the telegraph instrument which has been mentioned before, he

proceeded to telegraph to his friends the exact position of the enemy's most dangerous guns. In this way he could direct the firing of the allies to the exact position of the gun to be destroyed. By afternoon there were only a few of the smaller type of guns left.

As the German commander had decided that the plans had been stolen at the inn and as the allies had so successfully found out the hiding places of their most important guns, he naturally turned his investigation toward the vicinity of the inn. Every inch of ground was dug up around the inn that afternoon and in one place they struck the wire leading from the chimney. It was immediately cut. The German commander then ordered the inn to be burned.

Victor was surprised when he found that the pressure on the key would not respond, but he soon came to the correct conclusion that the wire had been discovered and cut. As he again looked out through a hole in the chimney he was met by a blast of hot air and smoke. All he could see was flames rising about him. As it was beginning to grow decidedly warmer where he now stood, Victor made his way down the stairs to the little room below. Here he stayed as close to the ground as possible and night had come on before it began to grow cooler again.

The German commander had stationed men around the little inn to shoot the spy as he came out of the burning building. As nothing had been seen of the spy, the commander decided he had been burned to death.

Victor, still alive, inside of the chimney which stood all alone, decided to start for his friends on the other side of No Man's Land. After getting together what food he had left, Victor opened the trap door and stepped out into the cold night air. He was pleased with the darkness which would just suit his plans.

Walking along by the roadside, he heard some auto trucks coming along behind him. Victor immediately jumped into some bushes by the roadside to wait till the trucks had passed by. As the last one was passing him, he slid on behind and hid himself among the sacks piled up in the back. Up hill and down hill the truck kept on passing post after post until the boundary post was reached. Here he dropped off and hid himself again in some nearby bushes.

Near where Victor hid lay a row of dead soldiers and again his quick wit did not fail him. Dragging one of the nearer bodies into the bushes he changed clothes with the dead man. When Victor stood up again, he was dressed in the full uniform of a German private.

His quick ear catching the sound of the steady tramp of foot-soldiers, Victor quickly concealed himself in the bushes again. It was a detachment of German soldiers on its way to the front trenches. These men were making this night march in order to be at the trenches for the morrow's fighting.

As the last of the detachment was passing, Victor silently slipped in among the soldiers. Though the men nearby looked around at the newcomer, no one said anything to him and he kept on with the rest to the trenches.

At last the trenches were reached and the men silently selected their positions. Victor, on the end, tried to get as far away from the others as he possibly could without attracting attention. Selecting as favorable a position as he could, Victor lay down to wait till most of the men had gone to sleep before he tried to carry out his bold plan. He listened to the big guns as they lazily answered each other. He watched the searchlights as they played over No Man's Land. And finally he could not help hearing the snores of the poor German soldiers stretched out on the cold ground around him.

Thinking that now would be the time to carry out his hazardous plan, Victor crept forth "Over the Top" and lay quiet on No Man's Land to see if he had been noticed. After being satisfied that he had not been discovered, he moved forward very slowly. Little by little he wormed his way past the dead heroes of the battle field and approached the Allies' trenches some yards away. When the large searchlights came sweeping over his way, Victor would play the part of a dead man. In this way he had covered two-thirds of the distance when he came upon a wounded man crying for help. Victor's attention being now riveted upon this wounded man, he forgot about the deadly searchlights which at this moment swept around and caught him in the act of lifting the poor man to a sitting position. Immediately a shout was raised by the lookouts. He was discovered. Shots began to fly about him. Should he leave this man to die here alone? If not he must act quickly. Somehow he could not bear the thought of

leaving this poor man to die, so he grabbed him by his coat collar and started onward with renewed vigor. It was slow and tedious work dragging the man. Already he could hear the panting of the German soldiers as they gave pursuit. Suddenly a sharp pain came in his arm and he began to feel faint. He realized that one of the many flying bullets had found its mark in his arm. He now brought into play all of the will power he could command but it was of no use, for he began to fall down—down—down into a seemingly endless pit. Then Victor knew no more. He had fainted.

When Victor opened his eyes it was not in another world nor was it in a German camp. He looked around at several men whom he recognized as belonging to that branch of the Allies called the Red Cross. Trying to speak his bewilderment, Victor was quickly shut up by an officer who seemed to be in command of the little corps that was gathered around him.

"No, sonny, you just keep your mouth

shut and I'll tell you all about it," vouched the commander. "We were out picking up the wounded near our trenches when we heard shouting in this direction. Rushing over here, we found you and your comrade in trouble. We thought perhaps they had fixed you for sure but I guess you're as much alive as you ever will be."

"It's kind of funny though," he mused, "why they should be chasing you and your comrade, both Germans by your dress."

For the first time Victor remembered that he had a German uniform on.

"Sir", Victor answered, "I'm no German and if you will take me to the one in command I'll further prove it; but this poor fellow here is a German and I wish you would take care of him."

"All right, we'll take you to the commander and **do as you say**," replied the Red Cross leader.

Taken to the commander, he turned over the plans, and was commended for his bravery in serving his country.





LOCALS

Mayo '18

"An Ounce of Performance is worth a Pound of Preachment"

Monday, Sept. 16, the school year of 1918-19 began. The three upper classes met in Assembly Hall at eight o'clock and were assigned to their home rooms and later to their recitation and study rooms. The Freshmen arrived at eleven o'clock and went through a short daily program. In spite of the fact that the enrollment this year is greater than ever before, there was no confusion and every thing went as arranged.

Thursday morning, September 19, all students were called to Assembly Hall in order to learn the seating arrangement for chapel for the year. The next morning we were greeted by our High School Band, which played the "High School March" recently composed by Mr. H. D. O'Neil, leader.

Friday, Sept. 20, plans for the Oracle were presented to the whole school in Assembly Hall. Wilson Harthorn, Editor-in-chief and Donald Eames, Business Manager each made a short speech. They told that the only way the standard of our Oracle could be kept up this year was through generous subscriptions from the students. Subscription blanks were passed around and nearly 800 pledges were signed, which means that nearly four-fifths of the students in High school will pay in advance for the Oracle. We heartily thank all those who did their part and signed the pledges. We consider that we have a subscription list to be proud of.

There are several changes in our faculty this year. The following teachers are no longer with us. The Oracle wishes each and all much pleasure and success in their new positions.

Miss Rachel Hall, teacher of typewriting is now principal of a Business college in Cambridge, Mass.

Miss Gladys Kavanah, U. of M., '11, who for five years has been teacher of Mathematics, has taken a position in Beverly High school, Massachusetts.

Mr. Herbert E. Congdon, formerly Head of the Commercial Department has a position in Bryant and Stratton Business College, Boston.

Mr. Lee T. Gray, Sub-master, is now principal of Portsmouth High school, Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

The following new members have been elected to the faculty to fill vacancies:

Mr. Clarence Proctor, former Principal of Belfast High school—Sub-master.

Miss Alma Clapp of Brewer—Mathematics.

Mr. Forest Kimball of Auburn—Commercial branches.

Miss Melvena Parker of Belfast—Special.

Miss Isabel Frawley of Bangor—Spanish.

Miss Valentine Kenney of Bangor—Typewriting.

Miss Gladys Reid, Bangor—English.

We heartily welcome them all to Bangor High school.

The Public Library wishes to announce to you through the Oracle that the bulletin board which you see just as you enter the door of the library is there for the purpose of advertising in as attractive a manner as possible all public events of the city. We wish the cooperation of Bangor High school students in this way: We wish you to help us to have **all** public events there and to have them there on **time**. All advertising on this board is free.

If you wish to help, we shall be very glad to explain further if you will inquire at the delivery desk at the library. Any bit of news will be greatly accepted.

The girls of the General course, '19, have about decided that they will never rise above the first floor. Last year they were seated in Room 202, but they are now back in Room 114. Keep up your courage girls, you'll get higher up in the world sometime.

At a special assembly Monday, Sept. 30, Dr. D. A. Robinson explained to us some facts about the Spanish Influenza. This disease has been prevalent all over the world during the last year and is just beginning to get into Maine.

Dr. Robinson mentioned a few simple precautions, like always putting a handkerchief before your face when you cough, that everybody should take to avoid catching or spreading the disease.

Donald Eames has resigned his position as business manager of the Oracle, as he intends to leave school in the middle of the year. Philip Chalmers, who was assistant business manager, is his successor and Frederick Jacques is now assistant business manager.

On Thursday, Sept. 19, the boys in the three upper classes met in Assembly Hall to hear the plans of the Cadets for 1918-19. Ralph Farrar, '17, former captain of the B.

H. S. Cadets and now attending Harvard College, made a fine patriotic address. He emphasized military training in the high schools not only as increasing the military efficiency of the United States but also as increasing the physical efficiency of oneself. Captain Smart, '19 then outlined the plans for the coming year. He said that drill this year would be elective and those taking it would receive credits as in any other study. He said that there would be rifle practice, hikes, exhibition drills and everything to make the work interesting. Enlistment blanks were then passed out and 812 were signed.

So many boys thus having declared their intention of taking drill, it was necessary to form new companies. Therefore after much work a battalion of three companies was formed. The following is the roster of the acting staff and acting commissioned officers of the various companies:

Staff

Major, Vincent Smart.

Sergeant Major, Frederic Jacques.

Adjutant, Albert Black.

Battalion Quartermaster, Robert Bailey.

Chief of Signal Division, 1st Lieutenant, Charles Downing.

Company A.

Captain, Ralph Thompson.

First Lieutenant, Carl Meinecke.

Second Lieutenant, Henry Hersey.

Company B

Captain, Franz Dolliver.

First Lieutenant, Granville Bond.

Second Lieutenant, Philip Oak.

Company C

Captain, Frank Pierce.

First Lieutenant, Philip Chalmers.

Second Lieutenant, Wilfred Gillen.

Beginning Wednesday, Oct. 2, school was closed by order of the Board of Health. This step was taken to prevent the spreading of Spanish Influenza.



"A Friend is Nature's Masterpiece"

The following graduates of Bangor High school have entered college this fall: Mary Wheeler, Rachel Connor, Corinne Furbush, Antoinette Gould, Frances Curran, Ruth Coombs, Cora Russell, Charles Whalen, Roger Small, Albert Pitcher, Donald Valentine, Walter Frawley, Everett Mansur, Earl Honey, John Quinn, John Eames, University of Maine; Regina Wardwell, Hulda Doron, Greta Wood, ex-'18, Smith; Frances Crowe, College of St. Elizabeth; Catherine Mullen, Trinity; Simmons Tyler, Evans Sealand, Bowdoin; Katherine Bryant Bradford Academy; Joseph Lynch, Holy Cross; John McCann, Georgetown University; Dorothea Quincy, Miss Capen's School for Girls; Mary Clough, Mt. Holyoke; Edward Perkins, University of Pennsylvania.

James O'Loughlin, Clarence Allen, Raymond Adams, James Mitchell, Parry Boyd, and George Whitwell Pierce have enlisted in the Naval Training Corps at the University of Maine.

The sad news has been received here of the death of Lieutenant Harry L. Savage, ex-'18. Lt. Savage left school to enlist in the Royal Flying Corps at Montreal. He trained in Toronto and later in Texas, receiving the commission of second lieutenant in the British Army. Lt. Savage was

sent overseas early this year and was promoted to the position of an instructor in the aviation. He was killed in England while in discharge of his duties.

Corporal Almond Hart, ex-'18 and Julian White, ex-'18, were both wounded in France when the 103rd regiment took part in the great allied drive in July.

Elliott S. Boardman, '12, Bowdoin, '16, has been commissioned second lieutenant in the 20th Engineers. Lt. Boardman was formerly with the New England Saw Mill units in Scotland.

James E. Geagan, captain-elect for football this fall, is top sergeant in Motor Car Company 314. Sergt. Geagan trained at Franklin Institute for two months, then stationed at Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Florida. At present he is at Camp Merritt, New Jersey, waiting orders to sail for France.

Louise Nickerson, '18, Madeline Chaplin, '18 and Grace Nichols, '18 are training at the Eastern Maine General Hospital.

John Kennedy, '18 and Joe Gray, '18, two of last year's football team, have joined the Navy.

Herbert Webb, '18, is a corporal in the U. S. Army at Fort Jay, N. Y. While in High school, Corp. Webb was captain of the B.

H. S. Cadets and a member of the Oracle board.

Mildred DeWitt, '18, has accepted the position of cashier with the E. C. Nichols Co.

Teresa McDonough, '18, has left for New York, where she will enter the New York Training School.

Pvt. Alton E. Foster, '08, has been made a musician in the Second Cavalry Band now in France. Musician Foster enlisted in Boston with the Medical Corps of the Second Cavalry and was at Fort Ethan Allen before sailing. He is now stationed in the southern part of France where the Second Cavalry has a remount station.

Doris A. Drew, '18, is teaching school in Levant, after studying during the summer at Castine Normal school.

Private Albert R. Hickson, '17, former football captain, has been sent to Camp Johnston, Jacksonville, Florida, to complete a course in gas engine work, which he began at Franklin Institute.

The death of Edward W. Shaughnessy, '16, occurred July 20.

The death of Edward W. Shaughnessy, gassed and wounded July 21, in the battle of the Marne. Sergt. Boynton enlisted in Co. G, now 103rd regiment, and went overseas October 1917. He is now recovering at an American Base Hospital in France.

Sergeant Harold C. White, B. H. S. '11, U. of M., '15, is stationed at Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland, with the Fourth Battal-

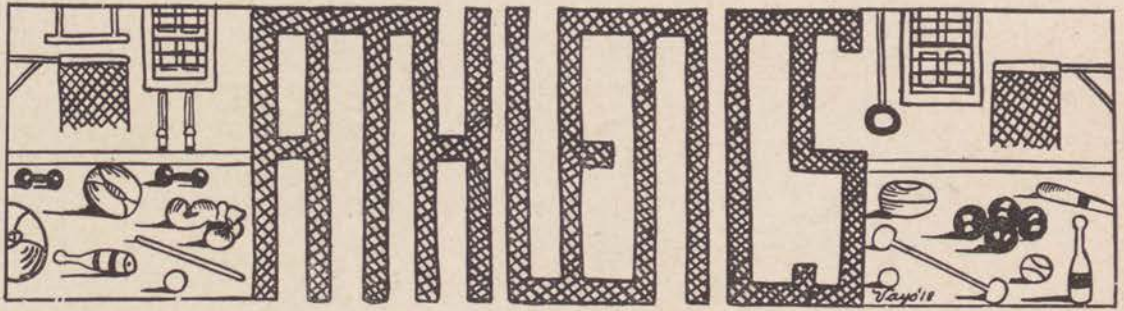
ion, Chemical Warfare Service. Sergt. White after graduating from college was employed as a chemical engineer with the Canadian Explosives Co., Ltd., of Ontario for a year and a half. Sergt. White left this position for a similar one in Chicago.

The engagement of Thelma Martin, '18, and Lieutenant Eugene W. Tippet, 29th U. S. Infantry has recently been announced. Miss Martin was a member of the B. H. S. Orchestra for two years. Lt. Tippet has served with the Regular Army for five years.

Marshall G. Torrey, ex-'12, has recently been commissioned as second lieutenant in the aviation section. Lt. Torrey received his training at Cornell University in Ithaca, N. Y. Later he was stationed at Loucke, Ark., where he received his commission, afterwards being transferred to Call Field, Wichita Falls, Texas.

Fred W. Benner, '10, recently home from overseas, has been commissioned a captain. Captain Benner went out with the Bangor Machine Gun Co. as second lieutenant. He has been cited for bravery while under shell fire. Capt. Benner was editor-in-chief of the Oracle and a captain of the Cadets while in High school.

Lieutenant Harry D. McNeil has recently arrived home from overseas on a thirty day furlough. He has seen service in the front lines with the British forces. Lt. McNeil was in charge of an advance field hospital unit in northern Europe until he was severely wounded April 9th. Since that time he has been in an English hospital.



"He who stands still is Lost"

Many secondary schools in the United States have dropped all athletics this year. Various things have caused this to happen: Lack of support by the student bodies; lack of funds, due to this lack of support, and also to high prices; and chiefly substitution of military drill. Other schools have dropped football, or football and basketball, and are to devote all their time to baseball.

Football, more than other sports, has suffered a decline. This is especially true in New England, where many schools opened later than usual, in order that the boys might be as long as possible on the farms. The Spanish Influenza epidemic, which caused a great number of schools to be closed has also been a contributing factor to this decline.

In spite of all these things, Bangor High school has a football team. It is a **team**, too. There are a lot of last year's men out, and a lot more new ones. The team is going to be a winner and it's going to beat Portland—if it is possible for a game to be played with Portland.

The team needs support, and it is your duty as students of Bangor High school to give this support, which is of two kinds, financial and moral. Your financial support is necessary if the team is to play any

games. Traveling expenses must be paid. Your moral support is necessary if the team is to win a game.

How can you give us your support? First, a season ticket for the games. It is true the team would make more money if



James Buckley, Manager Football Team

you paid at the gate, but the team wants money to start with so it will know what it can do. Once you have bought a season ticket you have practically pledged your moral support. If you can't go to the game you'll lend your ticket to some one who can. Human nature demands some return from an investment.

Second, when you get to the games **cheer the team**. If they start playing badly, cheer them up, make them fight. Don't sit on the fence and sulk, use your voice, wear it out if necessary, but cheer. If you sulk, the team will too; they will think you are not behind them. What will happen then? Use your imagination. If you haven't got one, ask the coach.

Third, travel with the team if possible. They're going into hostile territory, go with them and support them. If you can go with them only once, go to Portland. We've got to beat Portland this year, and we'll do it if we all back the team.

If you don't believe cheering helps, compare the records of the football and baseball teams of last year. The football team was cheered, the baseball team was not.

Practice started the third day of school with about thirty fellows out. While school was open light practice was held in the gym

on rainy days. When school closed because of the influenza, practice was stopped by order of the Board of Health.

"Tommy" McCann is coaching again, and everyone knows that that means the best team possible.

Manager Buckley is having his troubles in getting games. Everything considered he has arranged a good schedule. So far, he has secured seven games, four at Bangor, one at Orono, one at Pittsfield and one at Portland. He has hopes of securing others.

The Orono game has been postponed twice. The first time at Orono's request and the second time because of the influenza epidemic.

The game with Orono will probably be played some Wednesday. Manager Buckley is also trying to secure other games for Wednesday afternoons.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

Saturday, October 12, Kent's Hill at Bangor.

Saturday, October 19, Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield.

Saturday, October 26, Portland at Bangor.

Saturday, November 2, Lewiston at Bangor.

Saturday, November 9, Portland at Portland.

Saturday, November 16, Maine Central Institute at Bangor.





"The World Welcomes an Idea"

It is very interesting in looking over the Exchanges from so many different schools to note the school spirit which all of them possess. The students are responding to the call of their separate papers for support and material in the same way that they are gloriously answering their country's call for aid, both financially and personally. A school paper could not exist were it not for the assistance of the student body, and the scholars, realizing the fact now more than ever before, are coming forward with all sorts of material. When one realizes that if his article is printed it will be read and criticized by hundreds of people, not only in his own city but wherever the paper may go, it certainly must act as a spur to urge him on to do his best. This is one of the many beneficial results of the Exchange Department. We not only are encouraged to give the best we have but also learn what other schools are doing. We take a look, as it were, into their scholastic life and therefore are brought into closer relationship with them.

The Oracle acknowledges the following Exchanges:

Advance, Salem, Mass.; Arcturus, Caribou, Me.; Argus, Gardner, Me.; Artisan,

Connecticut; Boy's Banner, East Lake, Ala.; Brook's School News, Indianapolis, Ind.; Breccia, Portland, Me.; Castle News, East Las Cigas, N. M.; Clivenden, Germantown, Penn.; Coburn Clarion, Waterville, Me.; Dial, Brattleboro, Vt.; Early Trainer, Lawrence, Mass.; Eltrurian, Haverhill, Mass.; Enterprise, Keene, N. H.; Hamptonia, New Hampton, N. H.; High Life, Long Beach, Calif.; Industrial School Magazine, East Lake, Ala.; Jewel, Woodland, Me.; Maroon and White, Chicago, Ill.; Lion, La Grange, Ill.; Megaphone, Franklin, Mass.; Messalonskee Ripple, Oakland, Me. Oracle, Manchester, N. H.; Oahuan, Honolulu, Hawaii; Oriole, Baltimore, Md.; Owl, Fresno, Cal.; Pine Needles, Lincoln, Me.; Pitt Panther, Pittsburg, Penn.; Polytechnic, Troy, N. Y.; Pythia, Winter Harbor, Me.; Record, Worcester, Mass.; Record, Newburyport, Mass.; Schuttle, Boston, Mass.; Signet, Dexter, Me.; St. John's Concordia, Danvers, Mass.; Student's Review, North Hampton, N. H.; Tattler, Rangeley, Me.; Tiger, Little Rock, Ark.; Tsing Hua Journal, Peking, China; X-Ray, Sacramento, Cal.; Iris, Penobscot, Me.

AS OTHERS SEE US

The Oracle: The cover of the Oracle is remarkably well done, but is no better than the material which it covers; for instance, the beginning of a fine continued story—Coburn Clarion.

The Oracle: Yours is a splendid paper, Especially good Literary department and "peachy" cuts.—The Student's Review, N. Hampton, H. S.

The Oracle: Everyone is eager to read the Oracle. The cuts, all of which are symbolical of the departments which they introduce are especially good. All of the departments are well arranged.—Pine Needles.

The Oracle: We like the quotations leading the departments.—The Record, Newburyport, H. S.

The Oracle: Your paper could hardly be better. The material is very good. A picture of the "Oracle Staff" would be an added feature.—The Jewel, Woodland, Me.

The Oracle: The different departments are well edited.—The Hamptonia.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

The Breccia, Deering H. S., contains some very clever stories and personals. It is a superior paper throughout.

The Hamptonia—We hope next time to find a more fully developed Exchange department than the one in your April Issue. It was unreasonably short and not very interesting.

The Oracle, Manchester, H. S.: The scattered arrangement of the Advertisements is the only thing that mars the otherwise fine appearance of your paper. Its departments are of the finest sort. The poem "Crede Mihi" is a gem. Like the rest of your paper, it is decidedly well written.

The Oahuan comes from Honolulu and apparently represents a school of the finest sort. Its Literary department is quite exceptional and is well supported by the school. It would be difficult to find a more attractive paper than this one from the South Sea Islands.

The Maroon and White is certainly a queer paper, in contents as well as in arrangement. Much of the material in the May issue is printed up side down. Is this a regular "feature"?

The Oriole from Baltimore City College is an exceptionally well edited paper. The unusual number of departments are well handled and reflect great credit on the "Oriole Staff".

The Student's Review: Where is your Literary department? With such a large staff the omission of this department is inexcusable—or was that one letter from a boy "Over There" which was very good indeed, supposed to serve as a substitute?

The Lion, La Grange, Ill., is an intensely patriotic paper with a department that could be adopted advantageously by other school papers. It contains letters from boys "Over There" and is brimfull of interest.



"A Good Laugh is Sunshine in the House"

TO 1922

Welcome to you, Freshman class!
 Even though you're green as grass,
 We are glad you've come to stay,
 And we'll advise you every way.
 Girls—don't bring your dolls to school,
 That is quite against the rule.
 And remember—all you boys—
 This is not the place for toys.
 Never mark or tear your books,
 (Can't you see it spoils their looks?)
 Upperclassmen never do (?)
 Their example is for you.
 If it happens on some day,
 That you find you've lost your way,
 Never ask a Sophomore,
 He remembers days of yore.
 Study Latin with all your might,
 So next year you may delight
 In reading of Ceasar's battles galore,
 Which you always get when a Sophomore,
 Work hard, be meek, have always a smile,
 You'll be an upperclass—after a while.

Miss F—(in Spanish): "Now, say, 'The student writes on the blackboard.'"

—'21: "El alumno es en la pizarra"
 (The student is on the blackboard).

Miss F— (in Spanish): "If you have two
 feminines, what will the gender of your
 adjective be?"

C-and-n, '21: "Masculine plural."

Miss P—(day after absence of band mem-
 bers): "Where's Shaw? Is that band still
 marching?"

Miss P— (in Cicero class): "The words
 'mihi crede' can be translated into our slang
 expression 'Believe me'. Now how would
 you translate 'nemo domi?'"

We wonder!

Benny (having difficulty in teaching little
 sister to whistle): "Aw, just make a hole in
 your face and push." Ex.—

Ambitions of B. H. S. Students

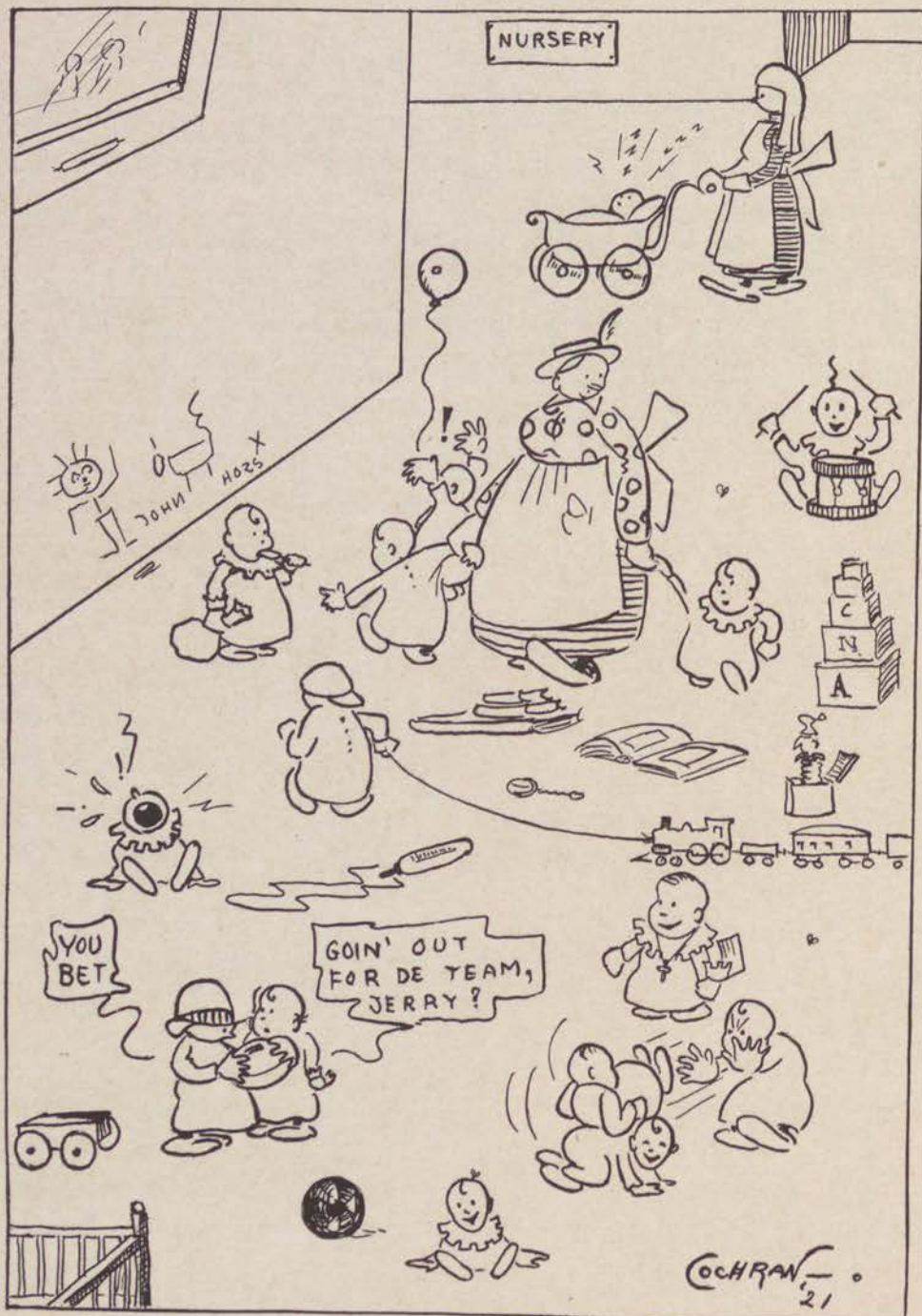
To be President of the United States,
 M. B., '21.

To get Mr. Varney's job, J. J. M., '19.

To repair a Ford, P. J. S., '19.

To live forever, J. B. C., '20.

To teach Latin, P. M. C., '20.



THE FRESHMEN INVASION, 1918

C. F. WINCHESTER

THE CORNER GROCERY

Telephone 1160

183 Park Street

We Sell
ARCTIC SPRING
WATER
Delivered Daily
Bangor, Maine

W. C. BRYANT

Diamond Dealer

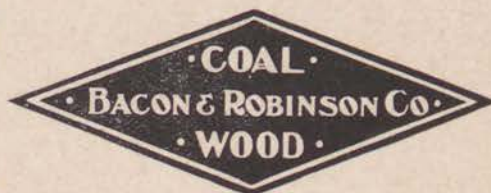
Bangor,

Maine

WARES OF
GOLD, SILVER, AND CUT GLASS
WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS
CARD AND SOCIETY ENGRAVING

The Hincks Coal Co.
COAL
AND
WOOD

104 BROAD STREET



13 State Street [Next to Bangor Savings Bank]

WHEN IN NEED OF A HAIRCUT OR SHAVE VISIT

Mason's Barber Shop

DANIEL H. MASON

20 HAMMOND STREET

WHETHER YOU EAT TO LIVE
OR LIVE TO EAT

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.

GOODE & DRISCOLL, 101 Exchange Street

PHOTOS

ENLARGEMENTS

HOPKINS STUDIO

14 STATE STREET

DEVELOPING AND PRINTING FOR AMATEURS

Patronize the Advertisers

To teach anything, R. H. S., '20.

To get to school on time, W. D. G., '19.

To get A in conduct, C. W., '20.

To have the girls let him alone, G. M. B., '20.

Teacher—(explaining a difficult problem in Trig.): "Now, class, watch the board closely and I will run through it."

The man asked the girl to marry him to see if she was engaged.

She wasn't.

The man speeded up to see if he could beat the train to the crossing.

He couldn't.

The man struck a match to see if the gasoline tank was empty.

It wasn't.

The man blew out the gas to see if the asphyxiation tales were jokes.

They weren't.

Ex.—

Miss F. Robinson in Math—"How do you find the diagonal of a square.

Bullock, '19: Draw it.

Miss Humphrey: "How do you say, 'What day of the week is it,' in French?"

Mr. Rogan, '20: "Sur la table."

Miss Humphrey: "How many French sounds are there?"

J. Short, '19: "Twelve sounds and two grunts."

Miss Hincks: "Now that was some form of liquid, What was it?"

Voice in rear of the room: "Perry's milk."

Pupil translating Latin: "The Belgians were the bravest because they were not visited by merchants who brought in things to weaken their mind."

In Physics: Mr. Orters, '19, when told to write his paper over, "I don't think that is conserving paper."

Teacher: "Why are so many Freshmen taking Spanish?"

Voice from back of room: "So they may be called 'Senor'."

Teacher: "Mr. Smith, How long did you spend on your Latin?"

Mr. Smith: (who had sat on the book on his way from and to school): "About an hour and a half."

Teacher: "What Burns?"

Absent minded pupil whose thoughts are in the land of smoke: "Bacon".

HOW TO CURE A FRESHMAN

Put butter on his head,

Give him a drink

Of Carter's ink

Before he goes to bed

Fill him up to the necktie

With some sauer kraut and cheese

Then put him out in a snowdrift

Clad in his B. V. D.'s

Soak his feet in Cream of Wheat

Cover him over with tar

If he lives through all this treatment

His green won't show so far.

Septimus Serveries



Eye Comfort

There is a world of comfort to the eyes in a perfectly fitted pair of glasses. The lenses should be set in frames or mountings that rest comfortably upon the nose.

We have them.

Arthur Allen Optical Co.

28 Main Street, Bangor, Me.

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

DRESS ACCESSORIES

The carefully considered details of dress—it is the secret every well-dressed woman learns. This season as never before, perhaps, are the Sections displaying accessories—Gloves, 'Kerchiefs, Neckwear, Hosiery—prepared to meet our patrons' needs. By a careful looking ahead there is now ready for selection a wide and varied assortment from which to choose.



CHANDLER

Always
Saves
You
Money

Furniture, Floor Cover-
ings, Draperies, Shades,
Upholstering and Re-
pair work.

84-96 Hammond St. Bangor, Me.

MECHANICAL DRAWING
and
ARTISTS' SUPPLIES

Fine Stationery

AnSCO Cameras and Supplies

Sheaffer's Fountain Pens

Greeting Cards

Christmas Cards for the Boys "Over
There" must be mailed before Nov. 1st.

Pictures and Framing

EDWIN O. HALL

88 Central St. Bangor, Me.

Full Line of

Fine Shoes

for Ladies and
Gentlemen

JOHN CONNERS SHOE CO.

40 MAIN STREET, BANGOR, MAINE

C. H. SULLIVAN

T. N. CURRAN

D. F. CURRAN

BOOK AND JOB

Printing and Binding

ALL KINDS

Printed or Engraved Wedding Cards
and Society Printing

We are especially well equipped with the new-
est and most select faces in type to do this kind
of work. We produce a printed wedding invi-
tation 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.
27 Columbia St., Bangor, Me.

Proper Goods, at the Proper Time at the Proper Price



Patronize Our Advertisers

Diamonds

Pendants

S. L. ROGERS JEWELER

FINE LINE OF WEDDING GIFTS

Kenduskeag Bridge,

Bangor

Watches

Glassware

F. Bernard Russell

INSTRUCTOR OF
TROMBONE

Telephone 1807-W

P. T. DUGAN & CO.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Trunks, Bags, Horse Supplies
and Shoe Findings

Order Work and Repairing a Specialty
34 CENTRAL STREET

SAVE YOUR EYES

HARRY J. COVELLE

OPTOMETRIST

31 Central St. New Stetson Bldg.

Portraits by Photography

Emma J. Taney, Photographer

28 Main St., Bangor, Me.

CURTIS & TUPPER

Druggists

The Fountain Pen Store

5 HAMMOND STREET

Electric
Work

Willard Storage Battery
Service Station

Lighting
Fixtures

THE DOLE COMPANY

Electrical Engineers and Contractors
Wm. McC. Sawyer, Treasurer

61 Main Street - - Telephone 74

Furbush Printing Co.

SOLICIT HIGH SCHOOL PATRONAGE
EXCELLENT WORK, PRICES RIGHT

108 Exchange St., Bangor

EAST SIDE NEWS DEPOT

W. L. ELDRIDGE

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Magazines, Daily and Sunday Papers
Postal Cards

56 STATE STREET, BANGOR, ME.

STICKNEY & BABCOCK COAL CO.

19 State Street, Bangor

LUFKIN'S

Home of Pine
Tree Taffy
and

54 Columbia
Street

Extra Rich
Velvet Ice Cream

"MAINE'S BEST PAPER"

THE BANGOR COMMERCIAL

50 Cents Per Month
Delivered By Carrier

Patronize Our Advertisers



Gibson Mandolin Club

SPECIAL FOR B. H. S. STUDENTS

50 Mandolin, Mandola, Mandolin=Cello and
Guitar players wanted at once

D. L. CARVER, Instructor and Club Coach

Studio, 25 Broad St., Room 10

Merchants Bank Bldg.

Phone 1107

COMPLIMENTS OF

Miller & Webster Clothing Co.

The Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

Bangor

=

=

=

Maine

Chadbourne's Barber Shop

79 CENTRAL STREET

All Star Crew

(4 Chairs)

BANGOR

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 Massage and Shampoo

No long waits, 6 chairs

Compliments of

ANDREWS' MUSIC HOUSE

98 Main Street

Bangor, = Maine

Patronize Our Advertisers

FREDERICK W. HILL, CHAIRMAN OF BOARD

C. D. CROSBY, PRESIDENT

JAMES W. CASSIDY, VICE PRESIDENT

HARRY A. LITTLEFIELD, TREASURER

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 690,000

Deposits..... 6,600,000

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.

YOU BEGINNERS IN BUSINESS:

You need a Bank,—

that will take an interest in your business plans;
that will give you deserved encouragement;
that will do "team work" with you in developing
your opportunities.

Come to this Bank

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

BANGOR, - MAINE

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.

— USE —

JONES' CELEBRATED FINNAN HADDIE

Delicious! Nourishing!
Tempting!

Sold From Coast To Coast. Look for
the tag on every Haddie. For Sale at
all best dealers. Cured by

ALFRED JONES' SONS

BANGOR, MAINE



Patronize Our Advertisers

Always The Greatest Possible Value At Their Price

\$20, \$22.50, \$25, \$27.50, \$30 and \$35

For Young Men's Suits and Overcoats, with all the new ideas in tailoring.

Everything new in Furnishings, Hats and Shoes

J. WATERMAN & CO. Maine's Largest Outfitters
for Men and Boys

**Spaulding and D. & M.
Basketball Goods
are the best**

DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS

THE S. L. CROSBY CO.

146-150 Exchange Street,

Bangor, Maine

FINE FOOTWEAR

FOR LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN

A Fine Line of Corsets, Hosiery, and Neckwear

MRS. B. J. DOLLIVER

44 MAIN STREET

PHOTOGRAPHY
in all its
branches

Supplies
for the
Amateur

**CHALMERS'
Studio**

23 Hammond St.

Amateur
Developing
and Printing

All kinds of
PICTURE
FRAMING