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BANGOR, MAINE

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Harold W. Green, '18.....Business Manager
Donald J. Valentine, '18.....Associate Editor

LITERARY

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Alice L. Gallagher, '18

LOCAL

Parry E. Boyd, '18

PERSONAL

Doreen E. Gregory, '18, Edward C. Perkins, '18

ALUMNI

Rachel G. Connor '18

ATHLETIC

Herbert C. Webb, '18

EXCHANGE

Gladys A. Reid, '18

ART CONTRIBUTOR

Donald J. Valentine, '18

Donald J. Eames, '19

Philip C. Chalmers, '20

} ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

CONTENTS

The Oracle Staff.....	1
Editorials	2
Literary.....	4
The Test—By Roger E. Small, '18.....	4
A Wish Fulfilled—By Edward F. Kenney, '18	5
Polly—By Lillian Knowles, '18.....	7
The Country Snob—By Arthur Neal, '18.....	9
Locals	11
Alumni.....	13
Senior Class Debates	15
Athletics	16
Exchanges.....	18
Personals.....	19

THE ORACLE

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VOL. XXVI

OCTOBER, 1917

No. 1

EDITORIALS

"Attempt the end and never stand in doubt."

Again Bangor High School throws wide her portals to an entering class, the largest in her history. To these first year students she extends a hearty welcome!

The Entering Class

She desires them to take an active interest in school life and expects them to begin now and support her in every manner possible. She wishes to remind them that there are many ways they can be of benefit to her and to her institutions.

She wants them to remember, above all, that they now form a very important part of Bangor High School and that their work and progress, whether good or bad, reflects back eventually upon her.

In the past few months this great nation of ours has, against her will, been drawn into the greatest struggle that history has ever known.

Our Work As Americans

She has become a participant in a terrific conflict closely following the days when man thought that war was fast becoming a thing of the past. And now that she is fighting, and fighting for righteousness sake, we, the people of the United States; we, the students of Bangor High School, should take

hold with both hands and give her our very best.

We should begin now, right here during school activities and aid those in authority over us by making better records in scholastic work, in conduct, and in attendance. By doing this we shall help ourselves and by helping ourselves and striving to place American manhood and American womanhood on a higher plane than ever before, we shall be aiding the nation.

We must aid the Red Cross in every possible manner. We must never forget those who have gone across the deep to fight for the principles of right against might. They will frequently be in need and whom have they to look to for aid, but their own people at home?

We must aid in the conservation of food and not be wasteful or extravagant. We must aid in gathering the crops and in canning and preserving food products. Next spring we must plant more gardens. We must listen to the leaders throughout the country who are striving for America's welfare and learn of every way that we can be of service.

And again, we must be ready, if need be, as true Americans, to make the supreme

sacrifice, that of life, in defense of our native land.

The expression "slacker!" is in vogue now. Everybody is acquainted with the army and navy slacker, or **Slackers** shirker of military duty. The application of this emphatic term to other work is a new thing which is, however, none the less appropriate. Whoever, for no good reason, purposely avoids the execution of a duty is unquestionably a slacker.

When we turn this definition over in our minds, we discover that at some time or other most of us have been slackers. We have probably all been in the same boat, so to speak, in our desires to have chapel speakers use up the first period in order to lose some recitation. Thus we rank with Coach McCann's so termed slacker.

Then we may have shirked our lessons now and then. Perhaps we decided we wouldn't try that algebra example because we knew positively that it could not be done. Or, perhaps it would take too long to learn that Latin lesson and we tried to avoid it by some well known expedient.

Then perhaps some of us who could easily make the athletic or debating teams decided that it would take too much time and trouble and just leaned back and let George do it.

But, **now**, even before the new year, we want to turn over a new leaf and make the firm decision that we will not be slackers in the future; and that we will earnestly endeavor to face the difficult side of studies as well as everything else cheerfully, and at least, try our best.

So, hereafter, don't show any slacker spirit around Bangor High School.

Report of 1916-17 Business Manager

RECEIPTS.

Yearly subscriptions	\$ 317.50
1915-16 Oracle Board	7.45
Ads. and sale, Oct.-Nov. issues...	107.65
Ads. and sale, Dec. issue	78.65
Ads. and sale, Jan. issue	61.15
Ads. and sale, Feb. issue	60.10
Ads. and sale, March issue	110.40
Ads. and sale, April issue	63.45
Ads. and sale, May issue.....	58.30
Class, ads. and sale of June issue..	223.20

Total received\$1,087.85

Total receipts \$1,087.85

Total expenditures 1,067.12

Balance \$ 20.73

Respectfully submitted,

Paul Eames, Business Manager, 1916-'17.

I find that this report is correct. Elmer T. Boyd.

EXPENDITURES.

Incidentals, postage, prizes, etc....\$	13.08
Cuts and printing, Oct.-Nov. issues	170.29
Cuts and printing, Dec. issue.....	104.46
Cuts and printing, Jan. issue.....	87.02
Cuts and printing, Feb. issue.....	85.45
Cuts and printing, March issue...	121.65
Cuts and printing, April issue....	88.74
Cuts and printing, May issue.....	84.30
Cuts and printing, June issue.....	287.05
Business Manager's salary.....	25.00

Total\$1,067.12



"We turn'd o'er many books together

THE TEST

By Roger E. Small, '18.



JIM Bradley, the youngest engineer in the history of the Flying Eagle Express, had just received his orders from the division superintendent to have his train ready in one hour and a half. Could he do this—collect his crew and get a lunch? Well, if he couldn't his name wasn't Jim Bradley.

Of course Jim knew nothing about where he was going, any more than did the rest of his crew. As he walked along the street, on his way to get a lunch, he was accosted by a stout old man of forty, whose whole appearance indicated that he had just stepped out of a beer-garden.

"I say, Mr. Bradley, will you step into my car? I'm just a little bit lame and I can't get out very readily."

"Why, of course, sir! Do you wish to speak about something?"

"You're going to your hotel, I take it? Good, then I'll take you there in my machine."

Jim stepped in and sat down beside the gentleman. Now Jim had never seen this man before but he determined to find out what he wanted.

The chauffeur was told to take them to the — hotel, which was only a few blocks away. Suddenly the car swerved to the right and went up Milk street, down

Boylston and across Main before Jim knew much about it. He thought they were just taking him by a roundabout way. After spinning along for about a mile the car stopped before a large brick building.

The old man invited Jim to come in, as his business with him would take about twenty minutes. Jim, innocently accepted the invitation. As soon as Jim entered the room, the old man locked the door.

"Now Jim Bradley, where are you going this afternoon? Do you know?"

"Sir! even if I do know, what business is that of yours?"

"See here, Bradley, your train is going to carry 7,200 troops from Newark to Ayer, Mass. Now then is \$75,000 enough for you to overrun a block signal?"

"You mean to-to-to bribe me?" whispered Bradley.

"Yes, think of it man, 75,000 bucks. Think of good times awaiting you if you take this opportunity."

"Yes, but think of the disgrace and shame. Why, I'd never be able to look my mother in the face again."

"Oh! that'll be fixed for you. I'll have men near block 4970 to cut the wires. Then nothing can be said against you. It will be nothing more than an accident."

"Are, are you **sure**?" faltered Jim.

"Yes, my boy, and honor and fame shall

be yours in the future history of Germany. Here, sign this paper, quick. You've about twenty minutes for me to take you to the round-house."

Jim, pretending to reach for his fountain pen, hauled out a trusty .44, and getting the drop on his former capturer, said: "Now you dirty, rotten spy, give me the key to that door. Mind now, no funny business, or you'll be a second Von Bernstorff."

The old man obeyed.

"Forward march, you hound!" came the command from Jim Bradley.

Jim went through the door, the gun pressed against the back of the spy, who preceded him.

The street was reached in safety. A policeman was called and the three men went to the station where Jim turned the culprit over to the authorities.

After a few minutes consultation with the judge, the spy, to Jim's surprise and disgust, was allowed to go. But Jim had no time to argue so he hastily returned to

his engine just in time to start on his run.

That evening Jim received a telephone call from the division superintendent requesting him to call at 8.30. Of course Jim went.

"Well, Jim, how are you this evening? Do you recognize me as the old man who was 'just a little bit lame' and couldn't get out very readily?"

"What! Your're not the person I called 'a dirty, rotten spy' are you?"

"I am, Jim. You see on account of you being a very young engineer, we decided to test you and see if you were true to the good old U. S. A. and the road. I guess you are all right."

"Yes, I think so," replied Jim; "is that all?"

"Yes, Jim. Good night."

"Good night, sir," came the reply.

And as the door closed, the superintendent exclaimed:

"There's a true American."

A WISH FULFILLED

By Edward F. Kenney, '18.



GEORGE Davis is a person who earnestly believes that whoever is responsible for the supply of adventure has carelessly neglected to furnish enough to go around. Always had he wanted adventure. He had sought for it from early childhood, risking his life carelessly—but still, it seemed to duck around the corner when he approached, and to vanish into an alley when he reached the corner.

Sauntering along leisurely, grumbling at himself and the world in general, he turned the corner into a short street this particular evening. This street was lined on one side with homes of the prosperous, and on the other, with stores and places of business. Although still quite early, there were lights

in many of the dwellings, and rays from the shop windows filtered upon the sidewalk.

A middle-aged, shabbily dressed individual, his stubby beard trying vainly to hide the hollows of his cheeks, approached George slowly from the opposite direction. He came very close to him and, just as he was about to pass, thrust something into his hand. George looked down quickly and saw a piece of paper. His heart leaped and struggled strenuously toward his mouth. A whole day he had been searching for excitement. A whole day he had spent in places where he was sure he would find it. A whole day had he wasted in the search. And now, just as he was on his way home, it came to him from an unknown, mysterious source.

Reaching the corner, he stopped beneath the lamp-post. The light from the street lamp afforded sufficient illumination for him to read the paper. And as he read, he saw that adventure had come. He had been cast into his world of dreams. The paper spoke the mysterious, wonderful message of adventure.

"The Black Box, No. 14. Go now!"

It might have meant nothing to another, but George thought he found the solution of the matter. For years he had been longing for this chance. Now, it was here!

He glanced furtively toward the house on the corner, whose number he could see was sixteen. He knew then that the next building was the one he sought. Quickly he went up to it and, noting the open door, slipped in.

It was dark inside and George lit a match, covering it with the palm of his hand; so as not to betray him. In a corner, behind the door, as he had suspected, was the object of his search,—a black, metal case, about a foot long and eight inches high and wide.

George leaned over and succeeded in getting it into his arms. As he was about to make off, footsteps sounded from above, and he stopped. Then grasping the case tighter, he slipped out the door. Again on the street, he immediately headed for home, and without delay carried the box to his room. There, for nearly two hours, he worked over it, trying to pick the lock, but in vain.

And then came the thought that upon many occasions, bombs were made in just such cases—and the cases were always black. This supposition should have occurred to him before, but it hadn't. The proper thing to do now was to inform the police. He rushed down the stairs and into the street. Five minutes later he succeeded in finding an officer, and together they returned and took the box to the police station.

Here, George, happier than ever, laid the case on the chief's desk and proceeded with

his story. When he had finished, several of the officers were chuckling to themselves and the chief smiled faintly, but our hero did not seem to notice this. Tools were applied to the case and the contents of the box revealed. George craned his neck to catch a glimpse of the inside, but there were too many in front of him. The chief turned.

"Mr. Davis," he said scornfully, "the first thing for you to do in the morning is to take your mysterious case back to No. 14 Seldon Place where you stole it. The owner might have trouble starting his automobile without his batteries."

Everyone laughed. George gasped! His life's dream was shattered! He had sought adventure, tried to manufacture it, and had thought it had come to him, only to have disappointment take its place in the end.

Then, in the darkness, there was a light—a light of hope. He remembered the note. No one could have come up and slipped such a message to him without a purpose. George took it from his pocket and handed it to the chief, telling him to read.

"The Black Box. No. 14. Go now!"

George smiled triumphantly. When the chief turned the paper over, the smile went off George's face, even quicker than it had come. In his excitement, he had not thought to look on the other side. The chief was reading again.

"The greatest motion picture serial ever produced! The fourteenth installment is even better than the preceding thirteen. Don't fail to see it. Go now!"

The chief crumpled up the paper and tossed it into his waste basket. Not even a glance did he cast at the young adventure-seeker. George uttered a little sigh, turned, and started out through the door, conscious of many pairs of eyes following him.

"The Black Box," he muttered to himself as he went down the steps. "Guess I'll go around and see it tonight. I hope it'll be exciting—this is such a dry old world!"

POLLY

By Lillian Knowles, '18.



“SIR John! Sir John! Now where has he gone, Thomas? I have looked in most every corner of the house, even under the beds and chairs and I can't find him.”

“Ah! Miss Polly, no doubt he is by the lake, in the tiny vine-covered pagoda. But, probably he —”

But Polly was already half way over the green lawn, her brown curls bobbing up and down. Polly never walked when she could run, that was why the toes of her shoes always wore out first. She soon found him sitting down, sadly looking out upon the lake.

Sir John had not always been so sad and melancholy. No, indeed! Once, when his own lovely daughters were with him, he had been the happiest man in the world. But that joy had passed. Sylvia, the older, had married, and died childless a few years later. Eva, the younger, and livelier, had married against his wishes; indeed, she had eloped with a grocer's son. Sir John had angrily sent her from his home and, although he took no trouble to learn of her whereabouts, he saw that a yearly allowance was sent to her through his lawyer.

For one month Polly had been with him—had come so strangely out of nowhere. Sir John had, in an unfortunate moment, run over the tiny girl, as she stepped in front of his horses' before he could check them. He had taken her, bruised and crumpled, to his own home. She was so small, so alone, and so interesting that he could not let her go. He, himself, had showed much concern in her recovery, visiting her daily in her room.

What caused Sir John's brow to wrinkle in perplexity now, was that the child's relatives could not be found. Advertise-

ments in the paper and the most diligent searchings of detectives had proved in vain. The child, herself, knew only her first name, that she used to live in France, and that she had come to England with her mother and brother. The train had been wrecked and someone had brought her to London. She had wanted her mother and had wandered off in her baby way from her protection. Sir John decided that the mother and brother must have been killed in the wreck and the child had become lost.

“I will keep her at least until she recovers, unless some trace is found of her parents,” Sir John had said.

However, it had now been a month since then, and Polly's broken arm and cuts had healed. Sir John had been drawn to the child from the first. Now, although he was really fond of her, he would not admit it even to himself. But, who could blame him? She was four and a half, not a handsome child, but a fascinating one. Her face was quaint, the forehead over-balanced the rest. Her brown curls were cut short in the French style, though it was clearly evident she was English born. Her chief delight was in speaking English and this English was usually perfect for so small a maid.

Polly's special mission to Sir John at this time was to ask when “Uncle Dick” would return. “Uncle Dick” was an old friend of Sir John's, who had no home of his own, but visited from house to house wherever he was invited, and Dick Carlton was invited almost everywhere; but “Wildwood,” Sir John's estate, was his favorite abode. He had been the leader in the search for Polly's home. He, too, had won the child's favor and had been fondly called, “Uncle Dick.”

"I don't expect Uncle Dick will be home for at least a day, Polly,"—then as her dimpled face fell in disappointment, "you aren't lonesome, are you?"

"Oh, no, I was only thinking I would be seeing mother sooner. When is my mother coming? I miss Laddie, too. Won't you please tell my mother I wish to see her?"

Sir John turned his face away. She was so innocent, could he possibly tell her the truth?—that she might never again see her mother and Laddie? No! it would break her heart, and his, too. She would perhaps forget in time. "Come Polly," he said, "let's take a walk through the woods." A walk with Sir John was such a pleasure, mother was soon forgotten.

"Laddie goes to school now. I know all his spelling words, too," said Polly.

"Then you do not go to school?" questioned Sir John.

"No! Mother says I am not to go for some time. I am quite too smart now."

"Tush, tush, my child, what does a little mite like you know about such things?"

"I heard mother and Dr. Lutz talking one day. I was in the garden and I pulled my little chair close under the window so I could hear."

"But that was very wrong, Polly, to be listening to things not intended for your ears."

"So mother said when I told her, but it was about me, why shouldn't I know?"

"Never mind, but here comes the carriage, it must be Carlton after all."

"Oh good!" cried Polly and clapped her hands excitedly.

As the carriage neared the couple it stopped, and Polly eagerly climbed in. But her face suddenly changed to bewilderment. "Where,—where is she?" she stammered as the big tears began to come to her gray eyes. As Uncle Dick answered nothing, she cried again: "My mother? Where is she?"

"We could not find her this time, little one, but I will hunt again soon, and then we will find her I am sure."

Polly brushed the tears away and tried to smile. "Yes, we will find her soon," she said.

The days wore on and no news was heard of Polly's mother. At first the new scenes and pleasures amused Polly. She loved Sir John and she loved to walk with him and to sit in his room while he wrote letters. Yet a shadow flitted occasionally across her forehead and she became quiet. This shadow deepened until at last Sir John became alarmed. Polly was put to bed, and the family doctor called. He pronounced her case serious. Dick Carlton came into the library the next evening while Sir John was writing.

"I have just written a telegram to Dr. Kent. We will have the highest authority," Sir John said.

"Then you are anxious?" asked Carlton.

"Anxious! As if the mere fact that the child is ill is not enough to make one anxious! Her mother must be found. Her life depends upon it. I have sent men everywhere in search of her."

"That is well, Polly is a strange child. She resembles that famous picture of your grandmother."

"Have you never noticed that before?" asked Sir John rather sharply, and quickly changed the subject. It was almost two o'clock in the morning, yet neither man cared to go to bed. Knowing that that tiny form upstairs was burning with fever, sleep would be impossible. An hour or so later a messenger came hurriedly to the house bearing a telegram.

Sir John took the message, read it hastily twice over. He grasped the table hysterically. "Thank God!" he gasped. "She is coming. She has been found at last!"

"The mother?" cried Dick, jumping to his feet.

"Yes."

Soon after Dr. Kent arrived and was admitted to the death-like chamber.

"If only she comes before it is too late," breathed Sir John as he slowly ascended the stairs.

The next morning a slight, neat lady walked hurriedly up the stone steps and was admitted at once. Sir John stepped forward to greet her. He suddenly halted, paled, and grasped frantically at the air. At last he stammered, 'Eva, what does this mean? Is it,—can it be possible it is you?' He ran forward and clasped her in his arms. Silently he led the way to Polly's bed,—his Polly, his own grandchild. That, then, explained the remarkable likeness between her and the picture of his grandmother.

The beloved presence of her mother soon brought back the roses to Polly's cheeks. Meanwhile Mrs. Monroe explained how she had been in the terrible train wreck with her little son and daughter. The son she had found, but she had feared after a fruitless search, that Polly had been killed. She had, therefore, gone sadly back to France and mourned away the long, weary days. Then at last Laddie had found a scrap of paper containing a full account of Polly's coming to Sir John's estate. Mrs. Monroe had lost no time in sending the telegram to Sir John and coming herself. Now, after Laddie had been sent for, after many years of pain and loneliness, the happy mother was forgiven and the family united, never again to be separated.

THE COUNTRY SNOB

By Arthur Neal, '18.



JOHN Hartley had lived, all his life, in the little country town of Portage, in the very heart of the great pine forests of Maine. He was one of those selfish young men who think only of themselves and of their own troubles.

The father of this young man was a wealthy farmer and landowner, who was very prominent in town affairs. Among the many possessions of James Hartley was a magnificent power-boat, of which John was very proud and boasted much. Old Jim Hartley was wholly unlike his son. Although he was a hard-headed business man, he believed in dealing fairly and generously with rich and poor alike.

Although Hartley, Sr., was strict in business principles, he had allowed his son to do very much as he pleased. This course had produced in John its usual effects.

One fine day as John was navigating the lake in his motor boat, he saw just ahead of

him a small canoe, paddled by a boy of ten or a dozen years. John made no attempt to turn aside, but kept on, straight ahead.

The boy, with his line over the side of the boat, was half asleep—when—crash! he was floundering in the water!

"Oh-h, help-help me! I can't swim," he cried.

But John only laughed, and continued indifferently on his way.

The boy, meanwhile was struggling desperately in the water. When aid came from an unexpected quarter, he was almost exhausted. An old Indian trapper pulled him out of the water and into his own canoe.

"How this happen?" inquired the trapper.

"John Hartley ran into me," breathed the lad.

"Why not help you?"

"Oh, I don't know, what will my father say? The canoe is ruined."

"Bad! Bad! We go home."

But John, where was he? Far up the lake exploring coves and harbors. After about two hours of such idleness, he decided to go home. But he had no sooner reached the middle part of the lake than he ran aground.

Until six o'clock he worked and fumed, but to no avail. He could not move the boat. He groaned as he thought what the night might bring. Then he thought of the incident back on the lake. What had happened to the boy? He recalled that he had said he could not swim. What if he had died? Horrors! That would mean the reform school, or prison for himself, if his cruel deed was discovered.

Suddenly warned by that instinct which one feels at the presence of some unseen being, he turned and beheld the old Indian trapper sitting placidly smoking in his battered old canoe.

"How?" said the Indian.

"How, yourself! Come help me get out of this."

"What matter?"

"Woodenhead! haven't you brains enough to see that I'm aground?" retorted John.

"Little boy gone. Better stay here till the next sun and think um over." Then, after a pause; "want um go home?"

"Of course, you fool!"

"Better stay here. Sheriff heap looking for um."

"Sheriff! for me?"

"Bad! Bad! And the trapper paddled away.

Heavens! the boy was dead! Prison for life! Would his father help him? Of course he would not let him go to jail. But as night came on a terrible fear seized him,—that he was doomed. Everything about him seemed uncanny, ghostly.

The night advanced,—sleep was out of the question. Morning found him worn and tired, worry and terrible care were stamping their lines upon his features.

About ten o'clock he saw a canoe coming toward him up the lake. Three persons were in the boat, Hartley, Sr., the sheriff and another man. John, hardly noticed his father and the other man, it was the sheriff, whom he saw, the sheriff!

"Well, John, you seem to be in trouble," said his father.

"Yes, sir," despairing at the coldness of the tone.

The men said practically nothing while getting the boat off the shoal and under way, but after landing, "Old Jim," his face hard and voice terse, ordered John to follow him into the cabin.

"Well John," he said, "I thought that you possessed some sense. Heretofore, I have paid no attention to your thoughtlessness, but now, I have come to the conclusion that I have let you go too far. To leave a boy whom you have injured to die is no childish joke!

As the old man continued, his face became harder, his voice terser and his eyes snapped viciously. He concluded by saying that he would immediately send John to some military school where he might learn to be a man.

* * * * *

Three months later as James Hartley sat in his office, a messenger boy brought in a telegram, which ran as follows:

Mr. James Hartley,

Portage, Maine.

Boy hopeless. Cannot manage him.

(Signed) Perkins.

To which "Old Jim" calmly dictated the following answer:

Mr. J. R. Perkins:

Give him ten dollars and tell him to shift for himself. Letter to follow:

James Hartley.

Poor John! But was he wholly to blame?



LOCALS

"As the days pass by"

On Monday, Sept. 10, the school year of 1917-18 began. As has been the arrangement for the past few years, the three upper classes met in Assembly Hall at eight o'clock, while the Freshmen, nearly four hundred strong arrived at eight forty and waited around for their turn, which did not come until eleven. In this way the principal, Mr. Eaton, could handle the classes with more ease and speed. This year there is at the present time, an enrollment of nearly one thousand students in the B. H. 'S. so that the problem of providing recitation rooms for this great assembly is no easy one.

There are a few changes and additions to our faculty this year:

Miss Amy Ware, teacher of science, has been granted a leave of absence of one year. She has gone to study at the teachers' college, Columbia University. Her place is being filled by Miss Margaret L. Holyoke, of Brewer, a graduate of the U. of M., 1915, who has taught at Bridgton Academy.

The position left vacant by Mr. Wark, who has recently accepted a government position in the Philippines, is filled by Mr. Meserve of Machias. Mr. Meserve has been teaching in Calais.

Miss Ethel Pfaff will have special classes in free hand drawing this year. She has been studying in the summer school of art at Monterey, Mass. The courses are very practical and comprehensive.

Miss Bertha Files is back after an absence of two years.

Miss Estelle I. Beaupre has been engaged as a teacher of French. Miss Beaupre graduated from the University of Maine and for the past two years has been teaching in Caribou, Maine.

The first chapel of the year was held Wednesday, Sept. 12. That there is an extra large attendance this year was proved by the fact that nearly every seat was occupied. We wonder what the Junior Volunteers will do when they get back to "civilization" at this chapel. Principal Eaton introduced James E. Mitchell, Editor-in-Chief of the Oracle. Mr. Mitchell asked for the students' support in all the departments of the paper. Harold Green, the Business Manager, then spoke in behalf of the financial side of the Oracle. His pleadings were not in vain for a large percentage of the school signed the pledges which were given out.

Thursday afternoon, Sept. 13, the Bangor High School band, under the leadership of Mr. H. D. O'Neil, met for their first rehearsal of the school year. There were about thirty members present and the rehearsal was very successful. The band has improved wonderfully since last spring as the members have taken a lively interest from the start and besides rehearsals were carried on nearly every week of the summer vacation. We are proud of our band each

Friday morning in chapel, but how much more proud we will be when, at all the football games, with martial music and school songs our band will inspire strength and courage in our fighting gridiron heroes.

At chapel, Friday, Sept. 14, Mayor Woodman, addressed the students. He showed what the city of Bangor is doing for them in giving them the new and expensive school building in which they are receiving such a wonderful chance for education. He showed them that the teachers in Bangor High are the best teachers in New England. In return for this great opportunity for education, he asked of them a very small favor. This favor is the protecting of gardens in and about the city from the ravages of boys and girls, and even of grown-ups, by reporting these trespassers to the city officials. Mr. Woodman said that he had been receiving complaints from all parts of the city in regard to this matter and he sincerely hoped that the students would be willing to help, not only their city, but their country, by complying with this small request.

The cadets held their first drill Sept. 14. A large number of uniformed men were present and also some who intend to buy uniforms. It is hoped that a large number of students will buy uniforms so that two full companies can be formed. By special arrangement with the University of Maine, it is probable that new uniforms can be secured for a dollar less than the cost of them last year, which brings the price to about seventeen dollars and a half.

"Please remember not to say 'Hullo' to a person considerably older than yourself. Find a better greeting." The preceding notice was copied from the board in one of the rooms on the second floor. Special notice should be taken of it by all the students.

The orchestra, conducted by Mrs. Eaton (formerly Miss Gale Littlefield) has started

work again. The total enrollment is about the same as last year, forty pieces. Its prospects are very good and it will be competent to meet all its engagements during the coming school year.

At chapel, Sept. 19, the students heard the orchestra for the first time this year. That privilege will be theirs every Wednesday morning.

Monday, Sept. 17, the Seniors held their annual meeting for the election of class officers. John Quinn, Charles Whalen and Joe Garland were nominated for president; Helena Derby and Rachel Connor for vice president; Hilda Doran and Marion Kenney for secretary; and Herbert Webb and John McCann for treasurer. The result of the election follows: John Quinn, President; Rachel Connor, Vice President; Marion Kenney, Secretary, and Herbert Webb, treasurer.

Our school "Militia" made its first appearance of the year, in parade, when it took part in the procession, Wednesday morning, Sept. 19, given in honor of the drafted men of this city who were leaving for their training grounds in Massachusetts. Three full squads, under Captain Webb, were present. This number was an excellent attendance considering the time of mobilization which was 5.45 a. m. They made a very good showing considering the fact that the "Call to Arms" was rather unexpected, giving them no time for a preparatory drill.

The Juniors have begun work on their speeches for the Junior exhibition, under the instruction of Miss Scribner. Because of such a large class this year the semi-finals will probably be a little later than usual.



"Friends, those relations that one makes for one's self."

Among the graduates of B. H. S. who have entered college this year are Margaret Estes, College of St. Elizabeth; Lois Hodgkins, Simmons; Margaret Woodward and Pauline Woodward, Wellesley; Harry Helson, Paul Eames, Kenneth Boardman, Bowdoin; Francis Perry, Holy Cross; Stanley Adams and James Kelliher, University of Pennsylvania; Grace Brennan, Emerson; Margaret Hills, Russell Sage College; James McCann, Georgetown University; Ralph Farrar, Stanley Cayting, Harvard; Harry Littlefield, Boston University; Gladys Allen, Mt. Holyoke; Dorothea Allen, Framingham Normal School; Maxwell Macdonald, '15, Harvard Medical; Cornelius Sullivan Institute of Technology; Rachel Bowen, Pauline Miller, Helen Reed, Lilla Hersey, Katherine Stewart, Louise Leonard, Carol Hamm, Marion Bragg, Florence Salley, Percy Howard, John W. O'Connell, Warren Preble, University of Maine; Katherine Covelle, Colby.

Carl Holden, ex-'13, who graduated from the U. S. Naval Academy last April, received a commission as ensign before war was declared and is now on the U. S. S. Burroughs. At Annapolis he was one of the sixteen company commanders. These officers are chosen from the midshipmen who have the highest class standing and general efficiency.

Robert Dole, ex-'18, is in France with the unit composed of Andover students. He has been driving an ambulance directly behind the firing lines there.

The marriage of Frank T. Donnelly, '06, of Pittsburgh, Pa., formerly of Bangor, and Miss Marguerite Hutchins, of Brunswick, took place at the church of St. John, the Baptist, in Brunswick, Sept. 19. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Hutchins of Brunswick, and is a brilliant musician. The groom was a member of the class of 1911 of Bowdoin, where he belonged to the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity. He is now manager of the Union Twist Drill Company at Pittsburgh.

Walter Gordon, ex-'18, the star end of last year's football team, is stationed on the U. S. S. Vermont. He enlisted in the navy as soon as war was declared and has since qualified as a sharpshooter and is very proficient, having secured 9870.

Miss Madeline Gould, '14, has returned to New York to continue her study of voice culture. While in High School she was very prominent being in the Junior Exhibition and the Junior-Senior plays; at the University of Maine which she attended for one year, Miss Gould had one of the three highest ranks in the class.

Clarence Barker, ex-'18, is on the U. S. S. Vermont; Harold Hubbard, '17, is on the U. S. S. New York; Dexter Pullen, '17, who joined the Coast Patrol, is stationed at Rockland. Max Snyder, '17, has also joined the Navy.

George Thompson, '15, and Phillip Jones, former football heroes, are members of the Second Maine Regiment band.

Miss Marguerite Allen, '16, who studied at the Conservatory of Music last year, will teach music in the public schools of Sorrento and Sullivan.

Harvey Miller, '12, Bowdoin, '17, will teach at Cushing Academy, N. H.

Harold Searles, a graduate of Bangor High School in 1909 and of the University of Maine in 1913, has enlisted in a medical corps attached to a Massachusetts regiment and is now stationed at Fort Ethan Allen, Vt.

H. D. O'Neil and Miss Annie C. Murray were married at St. Mary's Catholic church, August 22. Mrs. O'Neil is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Murray of Houlton, and is a very charming young lady. Mr. O'Neil is a graduate of the University of Maine in the class of 1916 and is now a teacher of English at Bangor High School, besides being director of our splendid band. He is one of the best known cornetists and musicians in the state, and he also composed Bangor High's school song.

The engagement of Miss Elizabeth Thaxter, vice president of the class of 1915, and James B. Watson was announced recently. Mr. Watson graduated from the University of Maine College of Law this spring.

Osgood Nickerson passed successfully both physical and mental tests for the United States Naval Academy and is now at Annapolis.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Gale Littlefield, '10, and George Eaton, '10, took place at the Hammond Street church, August 22. Mrs. Eaton is the teacher of music in the Bangor schools and is the conductor of our remarkably good High School orchestra. Lieutenant Eaton graduated from Bowdoin in 1914 and from the University of Maine College of Law in 1916. He received a commission as second lieutenant in the United States army after

attending Plattsburg. He is now in Toronto studying machine and aerial gunnery.

Harold Milan, '13, was among the graduates of West Point in the class of 1918 to receive diplomas from Secretary of War Baker in September. There were 152 in the class which is the second to graduate from this school this year. Ordinarily this class would have graduated next June.

John M. O'Connell, '14, is first lieutenant of Battery F, First Maine Heavy Artillery. Irving Donovan, '15, has also enlisted in the Heavy Artillery.

Harvey P. Sleeper, Bangor High School, 1911, University of Maine, 1915, has volunteered and has been accepted for the Second Officers' Training camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. He has been employed in the Engineering department of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., of East Pittsburgh, Pa.

The wedding of David N. Beach, Jr., and Miss Marguerite Mills took place at the home of Miss Mills' grandparents at Pittsfield in July. David Beach is the son of Dr. David Beach of the Bangor Theological Seminary and a former student at Bangor High School and Andover, and a graduate of Yale university in the class of 1916. He has just completed one year at the Bangor Theological Seminary. He is now in France with the Y. M. C. A. unit. Mrs. Beach is the daughter of Willis B. Mills. She is a graduate of Bangor High School and is a student at the University of Maine. She has been connected with the Bangor Public Library for several years as an assistant.

The engagement of Miss Margaret Woodman, '15, a former Alumni editor on the Oracle Board, and Donald McSkimmon, of Brookline, Mass., has been announced. Miss Woodman is a student at Wellesley, while Mr. McSkimmon is a Yale man.

It is expected that Lieutenant Harrison Robinson, who commands Section 108, and Lieutenant Herbert Scribner, in command of Section 106 of the U. S. A. Ambulance Corps, in training at Allentown, Pennsylvania, will sail soon for France. Robert Dunning is a member of Section 107 which will soon leave. Lieutenant Allen Woodcock is in camp at Allentown, Pa., and expects to be called to France at any time.

Mlle. Estelle Beaupre, '10, is teaching French at Bangor High this year. She graduated from the University of Maine in 1914 and has since taught French very successfully both at the U. of M. and at Caribou High School.

Miss Delia Walsh, formerly a teacher in Bangor High School, and now a teacher at the American school at Guadalajara, Mexico, has returned to Mexico after a visit at her home in Brewer. Miss Walsh is very devoted to her work in Mexico, where the German schools are in tense rivalry with the American schools.

Miss Bessie Drinkwater, '17, has entered the Eastern Maine General Hospital to train for a nurse.

Maurice King, ex-'17, who graduated from Manlius school last June, has enlisted in the United States marines and is now a first lieutenant.

SENIOR CLASS DEBATES

On September 20, a very interesting debate was held by the Senior classes in College English. The subject was: Resolved, That a trip to Washington is more desirable for the class of 1918, B. H. S., than the regular graduation exercises.

In the first period, Mr. Frawley, leader of the affirmative, opened the debate. Mr. Quinn, leader of the negative, was the next speaker. The speakers for the affirmative were: Messrs. Sealand, Boyd and Perkins. Mr. Frawley gave the rebuttal and closed for his side.

The speakers who supported the negative side were: Miss Clough, Messrs. Downing and Pullen. Mr. Quinn gave the rebuttal and closed for his side.

Both sides agreed that a trip to Washington would be beneficial as well as educational. The affirmative declared that the regular graduation exercises would be much more expensive than such a trip. The negative maintained the fact that one graduates only once, and that it is an event looked forward to by both students and parents.

The decision was made by Mr. Joseph C. White, who acted as judge, and decided in

favor of the negative. He especially mentioned Miss Clough for the excellent manner in which she gave her argument. Also he mentioned Mr. Quinn's fine position and voice, both of which count a great deal in debating.

After the debate, Mr. Gray, who has taken classes to Washington, told the ways by which money might be raised so that the trip could be taken at a very little expense for each individual.

In the second period the question was the same as that of the first period. The leader of the affirmative was Mildred Oliver, of the negative, Raymond Adams.

The speakers for the affirmative, in the order named, were Misses Oliver, Quincy and Knowles, the latter speaking for Miss Coombs, also. The speakers for the negative were, in the order named, Messrs. O'Loughlin, Burns, Adams and Geagan. Both sides produced such excellent arguments that Mr. White gave the decision to the affirmative after some hesitation. It was evident to all that there was but little choice. Miss Oliver was named as the best debater.



"Strong are his sons."

With the first day of school, September 10th, came the call for football candidates and a squad of about thirty fellows turned out. There are a few of the old men left and there is some promising material among the new ones. The first few days of prac-

scrimmage. "Tommy" McCann is with us again this year as coach and is confident of a winning team.

The interest in sports shown by the school is great—strongest for football—but we want it even more so this year. Every boy and girl in the school ought to go to the games at Maplewood Park and yell their loudest. Learn the yells and above all, the school song! We noticed in chapel one morning, when Mr. Eaton asked that we sing "Hail to Bangor High," that very few knew the song; this can be excused in the case of the freshman, but—well, what do you think of a fellow who don't know his own school song? Does it not show pretty poor school spirit?

Principal Eaton has suggested that we organize a singing squad of twenty-five or thirty boys—more if they respond; each boy will have a red megaphone with a white "B" on it. With such a squad there certainly ought to be plenty of "music" at the games. Here is a chance for the fellow who can't play football to show his spirit and also to help the team.

We are waiting to hear what the girls are going to do in the line of support.

At chapel on Monday, September 24th, Coach McCann and Manager McCann both spoke to the student body. Manager McCann asked for the support of the school along three lines: first, men for the practice squads, from whom the team can be chosen; second, financial support, as Mr.



John McCann, Manager Football Team

tice were given to light work, but toward the end of the week there was also a little

McCann says the "high cost of living" has hit football just as it has hit everything else, and it takes money to run a football team. Third, there must be other than financial support—there must be cheering.

The football pledges were then passed for signatures. This season-ticket costs only 75 cents and the single admissions come to more than \$2.00, so it is really a good investment to buy one. There were found to be about 350 signed pledges. These will be a great help, for the athletic fund is very small.

Manager McCann has had quite a bit of trouble in arranging a schedule as many of the high schools and preparatory schools of the state do not open until much later than usual this year; the schedule is a good one, however, and is as follows for the year 1917:

B. H. S. VS. M. C. I.

On September 29, Bangor High played her first game of the season, and won from a heavier opponent by a score of 7 to 0. The game was at Maplewood Park and there was a good crowd present.

Peters kicked off to M. C. I. for Bangor. McSherry and Emery made five yards, but Riley failed to gain. Emery punted to the middle of the field, Peters bringing the ball back 10 yards. On the second play, Heal took the ball around right end for a 45-

yard run and a touchdown near the side lines. Heal caught Peters kick-out, Peters kicked the goal.

B. H. S., 7; M. C. I., 0.

Peters kicked off to M. C. I.'s five-yard line and M. C. I. returned for 5 yards. It was Bangor's ball on M. C. I.'s 40-yard line at the end of the quarter.

Bangor rushed the ball from M. C. I.'s 40-yard line to her five-yard line. Peters was injured and Gallagher took his place. Bangor lost ball on downs.

Gallagher returned Emery's kick to Bangor's 20-yard line. Bangor had rushed the ball to the middle of the field when the first half ended.

In the third quarter, M. C. I. rushed the ball to Bangor's 15-yard line, but lost it on downs. Heal gained nine yards and the period ended with the ball on Bangor's 24-yard line.

In the last quarter Peters returned as quarterback. Garland made first down and Peters kicked to midfield on the last down. M. C. I. gained 28 yards on a forward pass, after three unsuccessful attempts. The last play was an unsuccessful forward pass. Final score: B. H. S., 7; M. C. I., 0.

Touchdown, Heal. Goal from field, Peters. Referee, Pratt, of Bowdoin. Umpire, Bagnall of Colby. Field judge, Daley of Maine. Linesmen, Hobbs, of Bates, and Smith of Bangor. Time, 10-minute periods.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

Saturday, September, 29, Maine Central Institute at Bangor.

Saturday, October 6, Coburn Classical Institute at Bangor.

Friday, Oct. 12, Hebron Academy (Pending) at Bangor.

(Columbus Day)

Saturday, Oct. 20, Eastern Maine Conference Seminary at Bangor.

Saturday, October 27, Portland High School, at Portland.

Wednesday, October 31, Higgins Classical Institute (Pending) at Bangor.

Saturday, November 3, Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield.

Saturday, November 10, Kent's Hill at Bangor.

Saturday, November 17, Portland High School, at Bangor.



"From one to another."

We gladly welcome the following papers and hope to see them often: (We are hospitable, remember!) Tennessee Industrial School, Essex County Training School, High School Breccia, Lawrence High School Bulletin, Our School Times (Londonderry), The Cue, The Dial, Burlington High School Register, The Quoddy Light, The Advance, The Shuttle, The Houghton Star, Penn. Charter Magazine, The Boy's Lantern, The Clarion, The Imp, The Olympian, and The Cliveden.

As We See Others.

The Shuttle is interestingly full of girls' work and play. The Exchange department is very original and new. Your material is good and arranged well. But why the objection to advertisements? Let them help the finances.

The Advance, Salem, Massachusetts—No one need question your right to the title of your magazine. There are many who are clever enough to invent good titles, such as yours, but few who can successfully live up to them. Congratulations to the author of the poem, "The Vision."

The Dial would doubtless increase its circulation if a humorous person joined the board of editors and printed some school jokes; everybody loves a laugh! Otherwise your paper can surely cast a shadow on many another struggler.

Lawrence High School Bulletin. The best jokes yet! But don't let the Joke edi-

tor appear too prominent; by increasing your other departments you would have a more evenly balanced paper.

The Breccia, Portland, Maine, has a fine Literary department, but a few jokes and some new cuts would not be found superfluous.

The Houghton Star, Houghton, New York—Judging by your fine stories the literary people in your school are not lacking in thought and ability to translate their inspirations to our less gifted minds. Your poems are real poetry. And as Voltaire says: "Poetry is the music of the soul, and, above all, of great and feeling souls."

Quoddy Light, Lubec, Maine—Your stories are very good, but a few more would be so much better. Your departments show work, but work is like time—it never ends. Something that Mrs. Browning says is worth remembering on the subject: "Get work! Be sure it is better than what you work to get."

Our department this month is somewhat like a new old lady in a strange town with quite a brief line of introductions. Of course she expects and wants new friends as her "old self," or the former years of the Oracle, has always been successful. In other words we have not received the all important criticisms and compliments from other schools as yet. We hope that their advice will be plenty and frequent in the future.



*"You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home."*

Notice.

Freshmen must stop crawling through the keyhole in Room 210 as it is getting on Miss Robinson's nerves.

Hurry the Freshman.

Hurry the Freshman as fast as you can,
Hurry him, worry him, make him a man.
Hustle him, tutor him, make him advance,
Off with his baby clothes, get him some pants.
Put him in High School as soon as he'll walk,
Send him to lectures and stuff him with talk;
Feed him on brain food, guard him from fun,
Hasten him, hustle him, urge him to run;
Send him to summer school, prepare him for Yale,
Give him six subjects and don't let him fail,
Fill his poor head with figures and facts,
Keep on a-cramming them in till it cracks.
Hurry him, worry him, tutor him—then
You'll have him a Senior before he is ten.

Mr. B— (translating in French II.):
"They slept on the ridge-pole of the house."

Teacher to Freshie, who has just come to the study room: "Where are your lessons?"

Freshie: "I 'ain't got nuthin' to study."

We are blessed with a teacher called Mitchell,

With his bearing and air quite official,
His come-backs galore
Make some freshmen sore,
But he's some witty fellow is Mitchell.

Mr. Dearborn, coming into room: "Are you studying?"

Nichols, '20: "Sure we're counting the horses' ribs as they go by the window."

In Hygiene.

Miss L—: "The slipper Animalcule is found in water." (Here she pauses for a moment). Miss E—, "Where is the Slipper Animalcule found?"

Miss E— (after thinking a moment): "In the feet."

A Freshie's favorite expression: "I'm going to tell my Mamma."

Hodgman (in geometry): "If a line is perpendicular to one side of a line, it is perpendicular to the other side."

Mr. M— (translating French II): "Armed with teeth they went after the wild boars."

Teacher (Sept. 11): "Where have you been?"

Freshies (late to class): "Oh! jist walkin' 'round!"

Students of Domestic Science take special notice of the following recipes:

Clear Soup.

Take two pints of water, wash them thoroughly on both sides, pour into dish and stir around in the kitchen until tired.

Pound Cake.

Mix up some flour and things, put them into a dish, bake for awhile, then screw in the handle and commence to pound.

To drop an egg—Let go of it.

These recipes will be continued next month, for we think that the scholars will learn a lot from them. Be sure and look in next month's Oracle.

What course do you expect to graduate in?

Oh! in the course of time.—Ex.

Freshman: "I could make a worse face than that."

Sophomore: "Yes, but look at the start you have on me."—Ex.

Wanted: A girl of about fifty years of age, to look after the Freshies. Apply at High School, between Eight A. M. and One P. M.

Heard in Latin: The arms of Casey on the high stern."

One of the Senior Politicians asks with a face serene: "What is the Prohibitory Law?"

The Freshmen may be seen wandering aimlessly about the corridors with an "alone

in the wilderness" look on their faces. When you find them thus, be kind. Just remember that you were young once. These wanderers optimistically declare that green is at least a bright color.

Said by the O. G's.

By '17.

"Reggie" W-rd-w-ll, "I'll tell you Watt's right!"

"Tony" Guild, "Perr-fect-ly Won-der-ful!"

"Gaya" R-id, "Holy Macerel, where's my powder-puff?"

Rachel C-n-er, "When do we eat?"

"Kin" F-r-n-h, "Lend me a nickel?"

M-lly Wh-l-er, "B-z-z-got something to tell you."

K-ty B-y-nt, "Suffering Cats!"

H-l-uh D-r-n, "That's right at that."

R-w-ne H-r-ey, "Is may hair all right, girls?"

"Pete" R-id, "Any mail?"

Wanted.

Anna Daley's curls.

Granville Bond's complexion.

Kathleen McAuley's dimples.

Mr. O'Neil's smile.

Elsie O'Connor's pep.

James McAloon's wit.

Daniel McCann's roaming disposition.

Q. T.

Freshman (in Latin): "If the Romans had had to learn Latin they wouldn't have had time to conquer the world."

You can always tell a Senior by his self-satisfied look,

You can always tell a Junior by his declamation book.

You can always tell a Sophomore by his "I'm no Freshie now,"

You can always tell a Freshman by the look upon his brow.

For Rent: A pick of wheels by a freshman who has too many. Brownie.

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Henry W. Savage Offers The Musical Comedy Delight

HAVE A HEART

Book and Lyrics by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodenhouse

Music by Jerome Kern

CECELIA WRIGHT as "PEGGY" JOSEPH KENO as "HENRY"

BIG BEAUTY CHORUS OF SINGING QUALITY

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Orchestra, First 16 Rows.....	\$1.50	Entire Orchestra.....	\$1.00
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