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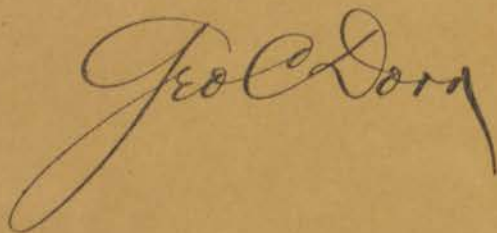
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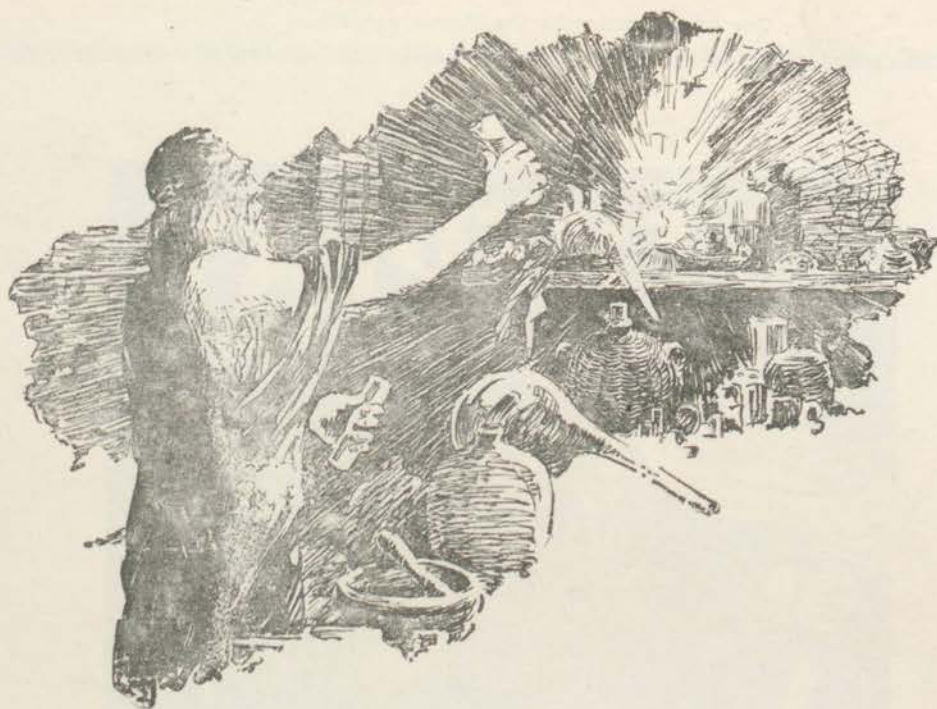


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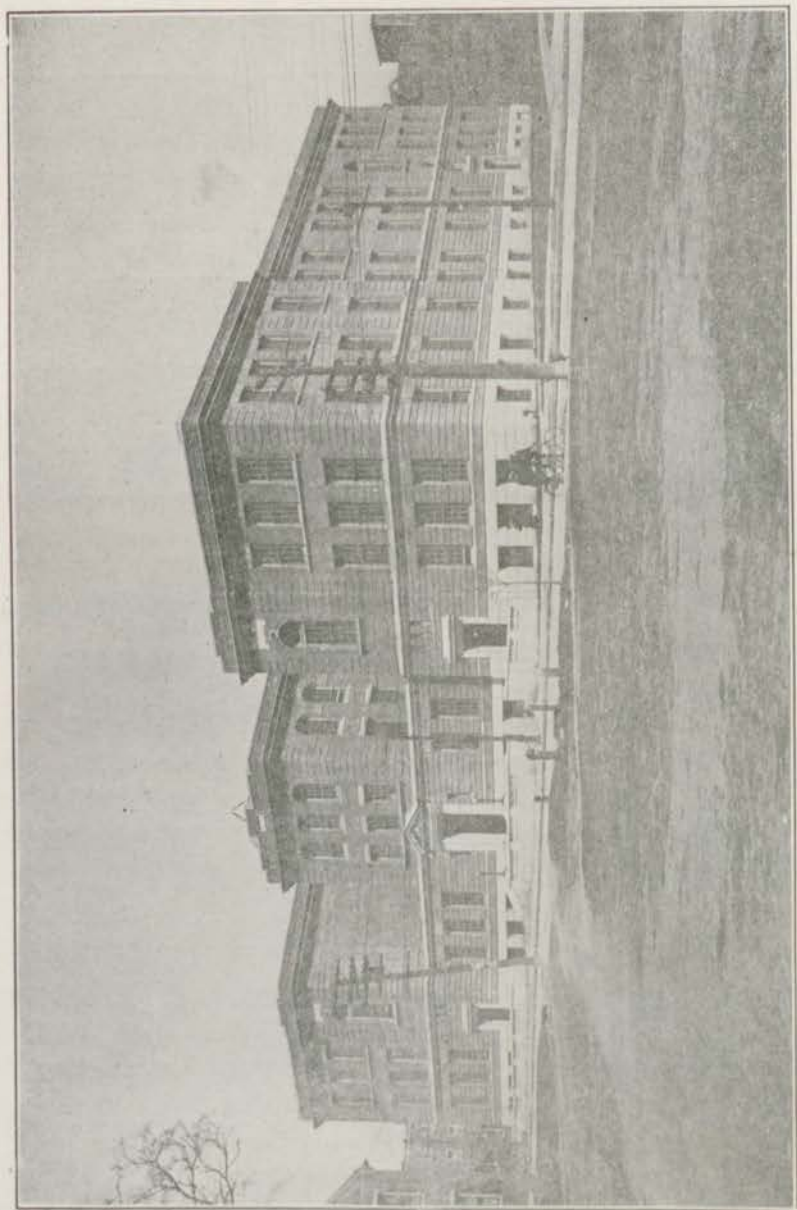
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ALMA MATER.

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The Oracle Board



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"Love instruction; it is the bread of the mind."

Alexander Irvine, in his book, "My Lady of the Chimney Corner," tells of a splendid

Think lesson his own mother taught him.

This This is his story:

Over "One day she called me to her, and asked, 'Ye'll do somethin' for me?'

"'Aye, aanything in th' world.'

"'Shut yer eyes an' stan' close t' th' table.'

"I obeyed. She put into each hand a smooth stick, with which James had smoothed the soles of shoes.

"'Jist for th' now these are th' handles of a plow. Keep yer eyes shut tight. Ye've seen a maan plowin' a field?'

"'Aye.'

"'Think that ye see a long, long field. Ye're plowin' it. The other end is so far away ye can't see it. Ye see a wee bit of th' furrow, jist a wee bit. Squeeze th' plow handles.'

"I squeezed. She took the sticks away and gently pushed me on a stool and told me I might open my eyes.

"'That's quare,' I said.

"'Listen, dear, ye've put yer han' t' th' plow; ye must niver, niver take it away. All through life ye'll haave them plow

handles in yer han's an' ye'll be goin' down th' furrow. Ye'll crack a stone here and there, th' plow'll stick often an' things 'll be out of gear, but ye're in th' furrow all th' time. Ye'll change horses, ye'll change clothes, ye'll change yourself, but ye'll always be in the furrow, plowin', plowin', plowin'. Ye're God's plowman.

"'A plowman who skims th' surface of th' sod, strikes no stones, dear, but it's because he isn't plowin' deep!'"

How does this story apply to you, a student of B. H. S.? What is this furrow? Are you a good plowman? Have you a firm enough grip on the plow handles so that the rocks and snags will not turn the plow aside and thus mar your furrow? Are you plowing deep?

The Oracle Board sincerely regrets that they have lost the services of Charles E. O'Connor, '25, associate editor, who has been forced to resign on account of ill health. We feel that we are fortunate in securing in his place Phillip Whitman, '25, who will at once take up the duties of associate editor.

Play the Game!



When the one
Great Scorer
Comes to write against
Your Name,
He writes, not that you
Won or Lost
But How You
Played the Game!



"The pen is mightier than the sword."

THE LADY OF THE PANSIES

Charlotte Drummond, '24.

BY the side of a winding country road in Maine there stands a weather beaten, little white farmhouse. There is a clump of rose bushes sprawled companionably near the unused front door, and a tangle of weeds around the battered woodshed. But the old house is only a commonplace background for the riot of color and beauty which blooms in a great square almost beside the little side door, parallel with the road.

Every kind of old fashioned flower adds its beauty to the garden, but the great, round, glowing pansy bed is the miracle of loveliness which attracts your eye. Every rich tint of the rainbow is painted on the velvety softness of the pansies. Bright golden petals with deep purple centers; deep red petals with splashes of midnight black; blue petals, and lavender, and henna, glowing with a bright, soft beauty all their own.

Then you see the Lady of the Pansies, as she comes from her doorway to greet you. She is no lovely girl, this guardian of the flowers; neither is she a frail, white-haired little old lady. She is a thin, middle aged New England housewife, with a care lined face and capable hands. Her thin gray hair is drawn neatly back under her floppy, old black straw hat, her brown eyes are bright,

and her thin lips open in a smile of welcome as she invites you to look at her flowers. She wears a faded blue dress and white apron, coarse stockings and brown canvas shoes. She is not a heroic figure—she has had no tragic past (although sorrow has entered her life), and she has no prospects of a gilded future. But her pansies express the beauty which she loves, they brighten her commonplace surroundings, and they give pleasure to many people, for no visitor ever leaves the little white farm unless his hands are full of flowers.

If you ask her the secret of growing her splendid blossoms, she will tell you that all her great bed of pansies came from a single package of ten cent seed, that she planted the seeds in March and set them out later. That is all.

She is leaving her flowers this fall. Her husband is dead, and she cannot manage the farm alone, so she is moving to the city. Her house is sold, and the grounds with it—what a wrench it will be to her, we will never know. But we know that her beautiful flowers have given joy to many a person besides herself, and that she has thus done something worth while in the world. She would not look at it in that way. She would say simply—this Lady of the Pansies—"I love flowers."

THE GREAT FOOTBALL GAME

From "Brown and White."

IT was October 30, 150 B. C. All Rome was excited. But no wonder, for the great football game between the University of Rome and the University of Athens was to be played that afternoon in the amphitheatre. Each team had gone through the season without a defeat and the two ancient rivals were now to face each other for the championship of the universe. Preparations were being made to take care of the large numbers of Athenians who would be present to view the great struggle. Extra seats were being put into the huge amphitheatre, which seated about 7,000 people. All arrangements were being made to handle the largest crowd of the year.

It was rumored that Achilles, Athens' great center and captain, was not able to play. This would mean a great loss for Athens, as he was a tower of strength to the eleven. Tickets were at a premium and the scalpers were busily at work among the leading hotels in the city, reaping their dishonest harvest.

The line-up was as follows:

ROME	ATHENS
Pompeyl.e.	Plato
Brutusl.t.	Alcibades
Marc Antonyl.g.	Herodotus
Augustusc.	(Capt.) Achilles
Romolusr.g.	Achimedes
Octaviusr.t.	Clisthenes
Ciceror.e.	Socrates
Marcus Aureliusq.b.	Themistocles
Scipiol.h.b.	Pericles
Neror.h.b.	Draco
Julius Caesar (Capt)f.b.	Solon
Umpire, Aristotle.	
Referee, Hannibal.	
Head Linesman, Hippocrates.	
Water Boy, Gaius Gracchus.	

At last the time for the great game arrived. People flocked to the amphitheatre by the thousands. Ten legions of soldiers

were dispatched to keep order in the crowd. Finally the amphitheatre was full, 8,000 human beings were packed into the huge building.

Then the teams ran onto the field. The vast throng arose as one man to cheer their champions and a great shout welled up as the teams came on across the field. They began to practice punting and catching till game time. Their uniforms consisted of regulation Spalding Intercollegiate football shoes, iron shin guards and a corselet of plated steel. They also had steel helmets with spear points on the top. The umpire called time and the teams lined up for the kick-off. Athens won the toss and elected to receive the ball. What slight advantage Athens had with the light breeze at her back was offset, however, by Caesar's kicking ability. The two teams stood facing each other for a few seconds, every man alert and poised for the kick-off. The referee blew his whistle and Caesar ran forward to kick the ball. The game was on.

Caesar kicked and Themistocles caught the ball on Athens' five yard line and ran it back to the thirty before he was brought down by Pompey. The teams lined up quickly. Themistocles called signals seven-sixteen-twenty-seven. Pericles got the ball and went through center for two yards. Solon added three more, Draco was stopped at center for no gain. Pericles punted and Scipio caught the ball on his 30 yard line and ran it back to his 45. Caesar bumped the line for eight yards. Nero got three more and a first down through tackle. On the next play Marcus Aurelius was thrown for a five yard loss. Caesar threw a forward to Cicero, who ran 20 yards before he was downed. Nero hit the line and fumbled, Achilles recovering for Athens. After two ineffectual attempts at line bucking, Pericles punted out of danger. Rome

was penalized 15 yards for holding. Scipio threw a forward to Pompey, which was intercepted by Plato. Plato with fine interference raced across the goal line for a touchdown. Achilles missed goal.

The quarter ended with the ball in Rome's possession on her 45 yard line.

In the second quarter Rome began a march toward Athens' goal. They were halted, however, on the 30 yard line and Caesar stepped back for a try at placement. He booted the ball square and true between the goal posts. Rome was greatly encouraged, for six to three is a whole lot better than six to nothing. Athens kicked off and Marcus Aurelius caught the ball on his 15 yard line and ran it back 25 yards. Nero hit the line for two yards. Scipio made two more. Caesar took the ball around right end for fifteen. After that there were no more gains of any account. There were many exchanges of punts. Rome usually gained a little on these. Thus the half ended with the ball in Athens' possession in mid-field.

During the intermission the hot-dog sellers did a rushing business. The betting had shifted from nine to seven on Rome to ten to eight on Athens.

At last the intermission was over. Rome kicked off and Themistocles caught the ball on his 15 yard line and was stopped in his tracks by Cicero. Solon threw a forward to Plato. Athens gained 15 yards on a complicated cross-buck. Draco made seven yards through center. Pericles got away for a long end run of 30 yards. On the next play Solon carried the ball across. The spectators rushed out on the field and it was ten minutes before the field was cleared. Achilles kicked goal, making the score, 13 to 3, in Athens' favor. Things began to look dark for Rome. Just then the quarter ended.

Rome started the fourth quarter with a

rush. They swept Athens off her feet. Almost before anyone realized it, Rome was on Athens' 15 yard line, Caesar hit the line for eight yards. Nero got five more and finally Scipio on the receiving end of a triple pass, scored a touchdown.

Caesar kicked the goal. The score was 13 to 7. There were only five minutes to play. Rome kicked to Athens. Athens began a steady march down the field, featured by long end runs, successful forward passes and line bucks by the Athenian back-field. They were held for downs on the one yard line. The teams lined up. There was but one minute to play. Augustus snapped the ball back to Scipio, who held it while Caesar came bearing down at full speed. Scipio thrust the ball into his hands, Caesar tucked it under his arm and bang! He hit the line like a bullet. He tore his way through and raced up the field. There was but one man, Solon, in his way. Down went Caesar's head and the sharp point of his headgear came in contact with Solon's stomach. The point stuck. He tried hard to dislodge the body but could not. Already opponents were gaining on him. He had but a few seconds till they would be on him, so up went his head, and, carrying the inert body of Solon above his head he ran down the field and across the goal where he fell in a breathless heap at the foot of the goal post.

How the crowd shouted and roared. They rushed out on the field and raised Caesar to their shoulders and carried him triumphantly off the field. Solon was left in care of Hippocrates and soon recovered.

So ended the greatest football game the world has ever known. Rome had won the championship of the world and Caesar's name went down forever in the glorious annals of football, and in the hearts of the people.

THE ORACLE
THE BUGLE GIRL

Anna C. Ebbeson, '24.

Part I.

THE sun was slowly sinking into its bed, deep down behind the horizon. The birds were all resting from their day's work and all was still, save the cries of the night hawk and the whippoorwill. There were two whippoorwills, and the call of one was heard clearly, followed by the faint answer of his mate, "Whip-poor-will."

The wind had ceased to blow and the lake was like an immense piece of glass, ruffled only by the slowly dripping paddles from two canoes.

On the beach sat nine girls. Not a word passed between them as they gazed into the distance.

Farther back, on the porch of the Recreation hall, sat the leaders of Camp Freeman. Back beyond the buildings was a grove through which only a few paths were made. This grove consisted of underbrush and tall, stately pines. Huddled near the foot of one of the trees, sat the last, the twelfth girl of the camp—Juanita.

When the camp had been opened, scarcely a month before, she had been one of the most popular girls. Now, she was an out-cast.

"I don't know why they hate me so," she said to a chattering chipmunk, who sat opposite her.

"They must have liked me some, because I've been made 'bugle-girl' and I've always been prompt. Every morning at seven o'clock and at half-past, I stand among the sleeping-tents and sound the morning call upon my bugle to awaken them. Every evening at nine o'clock and at half-past nine, I blow taps. I've been late to meals, sometimes, but we've all done that. I've never told on anything they have ever done that wasn't right, so that can't be the reason. Oh, why! Oh, why, is it?"

The question kept ringing through her head as she thought of various reasons but none seemed to answer it.

"I'll find out, though," she continued. "But I'll not take part—"

Her thoughts were interrupted by Marcia sounding mess call. She jumped up quickly and made her way towards the camp.

One passing between the camp and the grove would have seen the tall figure of Juanita as she made her way through the underbrush. She was about five feet, eight inches, in height, and was clothed in khaki knickers and middy. Around her neck was a large, black tie. With the last rays of sun shining upon her yellow-gold hair, the entire scene looked like a picture—and oh! how tempting for an artist!

Juanita was the last to enter the dining room, and received a quick, unpleasant glance from Miss Whitcomb, the director. During the meal, she said nothing, except when answering Miss Whitcomb's questions, which were few.

After the meal, she helped wash the dishes, and then slowly made her way towards the grove.

The other girls raced down to the beach, the first three jumped into the three canoes tied to the landing, and made their way towards the middle of the lake. The remaining eight ran about picking up dry driftwood and started a camp fire, while Miss Wakely, the nurse, told stories.

The three girls in the canoes returned, and all were silent. Suddenly, a cry was heard across the lake, to which they responded. The first call had come from the boys' camp across the waters. Then the noise of paddles was heard and as six canoes came in sight, bearing fifteen boys, the girls ran to the landing.

There was to be a canoe race by moonlight that evening. The moon had been

very kind, and was shining its brightest. It was a perfect evening.

"All ready, now," called Bob, the chief official of the race.

As the canoes stood in line, one place was vacant. It was that of the "Bess," the canoe Juanita was to lead on to victory.

"Where's 'Nita?" was Bob's next question.

"Oh, I don't know. Back yonder somewhere, I suppose," was the careless answer of Alice, the biggest snob of all the girls, also Bob's sister.

"Where's Juanita?" Again Bob questioned her.

"I don't know," impatiently.

"Well, you should know, and it's up to you to find her. You are held responsible for the girls entered, because you were made overseer of them for this race; but why you were, I can't understand. And now to answer your question, I'll say No!"

"I don't care where Juanita is and what's more, I don't see why you are so terribly particular this evening, Mr. Bob!"

He caught her by the wrist as she turned to leave, and commanded, "You go and find her, and bring her back before five minutes. Go now! I'm going to have a fair race and you know it!"

He gave her a light push, and daring not disobey her brother then, she went in search of Juanita.

Bob walked over to Miss Whitcomb.

"Where's 'Nita?"

She looked ahead a few seconds and then replied, "I don't know. She's not been herself this past week. When I question her she gives short answers, and when possible, none at all. The others seem to know nothing about her. She was late for supper tonight and ate very little. Then she disappeared when we all came here. Oh! here she is with Alice."

Bob turned, to see Juanita and Alice a short distance away. As he approached

them, Alice left to join a group of girls.

"Where have you been?" he began.

"Just in the grove," was the reply.

"Do you realize that it is time for the race?"

"Yes."

"Then, why weren't you here?" He looked at her sternly, but not unkindly.

She said nothing. Then, looking ahead, answered, "the girls don't care if I'm in it or not, so why should you?"

"You're going to enter, for this is to be a fair race, with no 'come-backs' of, 'If she had taken part we would have won.' I hate that kind of a race and everyone knows it! You've been named and now you'll enter so there'll be no chances for any come-backs of that kind. Go, now, and be at the start in two minutes."

Leaving him, Juanita ran to the landing where the canoes waited. She sat in hers and gave a light push off towards the line for the start. She seemed to use all her energy.

"Stop!" called Miss Wakely. "Not so fast!"

"This won't hurt me."

Again she turned her attention to the canoe and reached the starting line last.

Crack! went the pistol and eight canoes started. Eight paddles dipped into the water and away they sped.

Everyone on shore was watching with a straining eye. The "Bess" was fourth. Slowly, with even strokes, she gained third, and then second place. Only one more place and the finishing line was in sight. She came nearer. First place was held by Paul, a sturdy lad and fine oarsman.

Juanita was angry. Having vowed to herself not to enter, and then having been forced to do so, made her angrier.

"I'll show them," she gritted her teeth. "I'll beat Paul this time, if never again. I've broken one vow, having entered, now, I'll show them!"

(To be Continued).

THE ORACLE
THE FOUR SEASONS

Therma Perry, '24.

IN describing the four seasons, it is natural to begin with Spring. Why? In the first place it is the time when all nature—everything, takes a new lease of life. As the saying goes, "Every clod feels a stir of might, an instinct within him that reaches and towers." Doesn't that express it exactly? The earth puts on a new dress of velvety green, buds burst forth upon the trees, the mountain stream casts off its frozen jacket and bubbles merrily once more. Even the sky grows deeper blue and fleecy clouds float lazily.

I always like to think of the seasons as four ages in the life of man. Spring is the childhood. I imagine him as a mere babe. In his hands he carries flowers which he strews about here and there, his golden curls are the rays of the sun, his eyes the blue of the sky. When he is happy, sunshine warms the earth but when his baby heart is sad and tears fill his eyes, spring showers hide the sun.

Summer is the next season, and probably the most enjoyable one. It is, in reality, an improvement upon spring. It is warmer, berries ripen, gardens flourish, flowers grow profusely, and the fields are ready for haying. To carry out our figure of speech, the child Spring has now grown to manhood. In the place of flowers he carries baskets of fruit, berries, and other things. When he frowns and his brow grows dark in anger, a fierce thunder storm sweeps the earth. If he stamps his foot, the ground shakes in an earthquake shock.

Autumn is to me the saddest time of the whole year, for it is then that all nature begins to take a downward step. The

leaves turn from green to gorgeous shades of red, yellow, orange and brown. Stacks of wheat and other grain, with huge pumpkins beside them, become familiar sights. Apples are gathered and prepared for shipment or for home use as the case may be. Everything is stored away to provide against a long, severe winter. Then comes Thanksgiving with its good things—pies, cakes, turkey—but why say more, for who does not consider this one of the finest holidays of the year?

The young man, Summer, is now fast approaching middle age. He is laden with wheat and winter vegetables, nuts and apples and he wears a crown of autumn leaves.

Then comes the thrill of the first snow storm and we know that Winter is here. Slowly the white flakes fall at first, and later more swiftly until it covers "field and highway with a silence deep and white." The little brooklets freeze, trees are gaunt and bare, the sky is overcast and gray, and the wind moans dismally. However, not all the changes are for the worse. At night the stars gleam and twinkle merrily, and the moon shines with a ghostly light. Sleigh bells ring, skating parties are formed, and throughout the world is heard the cry, "Christmas is coming." The man who was Autumn is now bent, aged, and old. His hair and beard are as white as the snow itself and he waits patiently for the touch of the Grim Reaper's hand. Finally, it comes and the old year gives way to another, which brings with it new ambitions, new joys, and new sorrows.



LOCALS

"Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told."

ASSEMBLY.

The music in chapel has been very fine this year. The orchestra, under Mr. Sprague, and the band under Mr. Robinson, has been doing good work and have played several excellent selections in chapel, while on Mondays different students have played the piano.

One morning in chapel, Miss Gretchen Hayes made a short speech, telling about the Girls' Debating society and asking for new members. Miss Hayes spoke well and gave some good arguments in favor of debating.

Captain Miller of the Red Cross, gave a short talk on life saving one morning in assembly. He was introduced by a member of B. H. S. faculty, Mr. Search, who was one of Captain Miller's classmates. Mr. Miller told interesting and useful facts about life saving and resuscitation in a very humorous way, and was much enjoyed by everyone.

On the Thursday before the Portland game a football rally was held in the Assembly hall the sixth period. The hall was crammed and the students wildly enthusiastic. Speeches were made by Superintendent Garcelon, Mr. Search, Mr. Daley, Mr. Mathews, Manager Bruce Smith, Louis Youngs, and Captain John Lynch and Clayton Gary of the team. The cheering was led by O'Donnell, and Manuel Epstein introduced the speakers. Several selections were played by the band, with a running accompaniment of hand claps, singing, and

book slamming. The students sang the school song with a will, almost drowning out the band. It was by far the best rally held in B. H. S. for years, and school spirit seemed to be at its height. Although Portland won from our team seven to nothing, almost the entire number of students at the game, together with the band, marched from the field to the High school, to show that we were good losers and that we would back our team, winning or losing. A banquet for the teams was held in the sewing room of the High school, at which 60 were present. A dance followed at City hall.

This year gymnasium work is compulsory for all the girls in the lower three classes and for the Freshman boys. As long as the weather is good all the classes are out on Abbott square, the girls playing field hockey and the boys, soccer. We all enjoy this new addition to our school work, especially since we have such fine instructors in Mr. Search and Miss Goodwin.

A social meeting of the Girls' Debating society was held September 27, when plans for the year were discussed. Miss Robinson brought pictures of places she had seen in the West, which were viewed with interest by those present. One of Miss Harrigan's eighth grade cooking classes served ice cream, lemonade and fancy cookies.

The Senior Dramatic club has held several meetings and has tentatively planned

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the year's work, under the leadership of Miss Greene. The officers for this year are: Robert Harrigan, president; Dorothea Lewis, vice president; Paul Bunker, treasurer, and Georgia Treat, secretary. The club is planning to put on a little playlet, which was written last year by three B. H. S. students. Later will come the one-act plays, and a three-act play.

In the last week of September the Oracle Board received the following letter:

Portsmouth, Va., Sept. 21, 1923.

Dear Sirs:

It may interest you to know that Philip Smith, who attended Bangor High school last year, is studying medicine in the United States Navy Pharmacist's Mates school, located at Portsmouth, Virginia. He says he hopes the football team will have a successful season and beat Portland both times they play them.

From One of His Schoolmates.

On October 10, there were two fire drills. The first came at the end of the first period. Everyone was out at the end of two minutes. After the fire drill a general mixup occurred. Some went to first period classes and some to second period. Finally that was straightened out by sending all to second period classes.

The second fire drill was at the end of the fourth period, when all were out in a minute and a half. Then there was even worse confusion in getting back to classes. Some teachers said it was fourth period.

Some said fifth. Many students couldn't get in anywhere and they were found wandering up and down the corridors like Freshmen on the first day of school.

Finally, Mr. Proctor managed to bring order by sending everyone to his fourth period class and keeping him there an extra period.

In the afternoon the fire drill was in the middle of the third period. The building was emptied in somewhat less time than in the morning.

The Boys' Debating society no longer consists of two sections, the House and the Senate; these two houses have been merged and the boys' society now has the same form as the girls'. At the first meeting the following officers were elected: Harold Schiro, president; Edward Stern, vice president; Sidney Pol, secretary, and Leo White, manager. Horace Brown spoke in assembly on the 22nd of October, concerning the purpose and work of this society. The first formal debate will be on the 48 hour law. Leo White, Norman Wynch, and Thurlow Chandler will speak on the affirmative, and Harold Schiro, Jacob Gross and Edward Stern, the negative.

Seventeen girls of the class of 1927 have organized a Junior Debating society, under the name of the Snapdragons. Following are the officers who were elected: President, Irene Murray; vice president, Pauline McLaughlin; secretary-treasurer, Hilda Powers.



"He that won't be counseled can't be helped."

AS OTHERS SEE US.

"Oracle": Cover design of April issue very appropriate and clever. Department headings very original.—Echo, South Portland High.

"The Oracle": We like your Athletic department. Your Literary department also deserves praise; in brief, we think your whole paper is O. K.—Foxcroft Academy.

"The Oracle," Bangor, Maine: Your Literary and Editorial departments are very good and the large number of "ads." shows good work on the part of the solicitor. Keep up the good work and your magazine will be one of our very best exchanges.—"Palmer," Palmer, Mass.

"The Palmer," from Palmer High school, Mass.: Your publication is an interesting one. We especially enjoyed the account of your trip to Washington.

"The Panorama," from Binghamton, N. Y., featured a poetry number last May. The poetry was fine and the literary department was exceptionally good. This magazine is complete in every detail and is one of our best exchanges.

"The Echo" comes to us from Winthrop, Mass. It has a fine literary department and some very good cartoons.

AS WE SEE OTHERS.

"The Echo," from Tricounty High school, Tripoli, Wis.: A fine magazine but in many ways not complete. Why not have some editorials, a literary department and an exchange department?

"The Crescent," from Lee Academy, is hard to improve on. Some quotations at the heads of the departments might add to its attractiveness.

"The Red and Black" comes from Stevens High, Rumford, Maine. It is an interesting paper but why not have a larger literary department?

"Lost somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered for they are gone forever."—Ex.

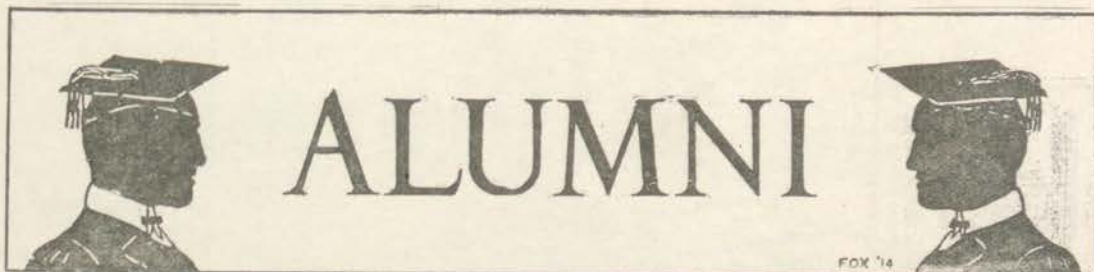
Freshman: "You surely are a good dancer."

Senior: "Thank you. I am sorry I cannot return the compliment."

Freshman: "You could if you were as big a liar as I am."—Ex.

First Convict: "When I get out of this pen I am going to have a hot time. Aren't you?"

Second Convict: "Don't know, I'm in for life."—Ex.



"Lest we forget."

Bangor is Brought Into the Limelight.

In the early fall Vernon H. Somers, '22, took part for the second time in the national rifle match held at Camp Perry, Ohio. This year, he shot in the Dewar International Trophy match in which United States, Canada, England and Australia are represented.

A comparatively small percentage of the country's best small bore riflemen is found at this match for it represents the highest attainments in shooting. It has been said there were three thousand at Camp Perry for the matches.

In the tryouts Somers placed fifth, but in the match he was way up in the lead, shooting 392 out of a possible 400. This score is better than the preceding year's when the highest score was 380. With him were his younger brother, Irving, '25, and Eugene Winch, '23, who represented the C. M. T. C. camp at Devens.

The marriage of Myles Thomas Finnegan to Miss Eleanor Steuernagel of Buffalo, N. Y., took place at the home of the bride. Mr. Finnegan, better known as "Mickey," was very prominent in the high school athletics, being the 1919 captain of the football team.

The announcement of the marriage in

London, England, of Lawrence H. Crosby and Miss Aileen O'Hea of Richmond, England, has recently been received here. Mr. Crosby is a graduate of B. H. S., '09, of Bowdoin, '13, and of the University of Oxford, England, where he was a Rhodes scholar. As the representative of a New York law office he has been recently located in foreign countries.

Charlotte Blanchard, '19, has gone to New York, where she will study at the Parsons School of Fine and Applied Arts. She graduated from Smith College last June.

Bertha Wilson, '22, has taken a position as clerk in the War Department in Washington.

Evelyn Burpee, '23, has entered this fall the Flushing Training School for Nurses.

Leonora E. Hall, '23, has entered Colby as a Freshman.

Madeline Heath, '23, has entered the Gorham Normal School.

Dorothy Black, '22, has entered Miss Wheelock's school, where she is training for kindergarten work.



"Infinite riches in a little room."

STATUARY IN THE LIBRARY

By Mary C. Robinson.

The bust of Hermes was presented by a group of girls in honor of the boys who had won the big silver football cup. The bust is taken from one of the most famous statues of the ancient world. In the marble the god Hermes is represented as holding the infant Bacchus, but the infant is not reproduced in this cast, probably because it is so absurd. The ancient sculptor was a man of wonderful skill in representing the adult human figure, but he had not observed, apparently, that a baby has a fat little body, short arms and legs, and a comparatively large head; so he represented the infant Bacchus of the same proportions as an adult and therefore the statue is much more beautiful with the infant left out.

The statue of David by Verrocchio, in the corner, was presented by Mrs. Tilton's music classes, who had given an operetta in City Hall. Like the bust of Hermes, it went through the great fire of 1911. The principal of the school, Mr. Larrabee, on

that awful Sunday afternoon in April, with many boys, worked hard and saved much of the school property. Among other things they rescued was this statue of David. They carried it down to the banks of the Kenduskeag behind the old schoolhouse and questioned among themselves as to whether David could swim; but as he showed no signs of taking a plunge of his own initiative they waited until a man from the opposite side of the stream came across in a boat and ferried him over. David was carried up the opposite bank and spent the night in an open shed on Court street.

The morning after the fire will never be forgotten by those who lived through it. All was ashes, smoke and ruins; everybody was haggard and red-eyed. Mr. Larrabee went around to look after the things that he and the boys had saved and he told me that the most encouraging thing he saw was David smiling brightly from that open shed.

"Primarily the purpose of a school library is to train boys and girls so that they may

know later to make use of the public library."—Dr. Sherman Williams.



"Strike while the iron is hot."

BANGOR, 32; OLD TOWN, 0.

Bangor High easily defeated Old Town High at Bass Park, Saturday afternoon, September 29, in an exceptionally well played game for the first of the season. The Bangor team did not reach its best form until the second half, only one touchdown being scored in the first half, while in the last session the men of Captain "Big John" Lynch crossed the goal line four times. On the defense Bangor played a splendid game, Old Town failing to make first down time and again. On the offense, however, the team seemed to lack the punch at the critical time, nevertheless, "Buck" Conners and Clayton Gary tore through the Old Town line at will.

Bangor's first score came in the second period, when by a series of line rushes, they carried the ball to the eight yard line, where Gary, the flashy halfback, carried it over the line for a touchdown. In the third period Gary, upon receiving the ball from Old Town on the kick-off made a brilliant dash of 40 yards before he was brought down. The blonde back followed this with a dash off tackle for 15 additional yards, and then the other backfield men carried the ball to the one yard line where it was lost by a

fumble, and Old Town punted 30 yards from behind her own goal line. After the ball had changed hands a few times Gary hurled the leather oval to Sullivan for a beautiful pass of about 20 yards and the fleet end scampered over the Old Town goal line for a touchdown.

The third touchdown was scored after Old Town had fumbled on its own 20 yard line and a series of rushes carried the ball across the line. The fourth tally came after a drive from the center of the field by the Bangor backs, and a neat ten yard run around right end by Gary, netted another touchdown. After kicking the goal, Gary was taken out of the game by Coach Trowell and the sturdy blonde received a big ovation as he trotted off the field.

"Steve" Caspar was the next gentleman to step into the limelight, when he made a brilliant dash around left end for the final touchdown, neatly eluding the would-be Old Town tacklers by means of a stiff arm.

Bangor was on its way to another touchdown when the final whistle blew. Gary was probably the outstanding star of the afternoon, but "Big Will" Conners, Rogan, Bond, Rooks and the whole line played an excellent brand of football.

THE ORACLE

The summary

B. H. S., 32.

O. T. H. S., 0.

Caspar, l.e.....r.e., Lowell
O'Connell, l.t.....r.t., Severance
Sawyer, l.g.....r.g., Hurd
Ulmer, c.....c., Cust
Strout, r.g.....l.g., Jedero
Lynch, r.t.....l.t., Fraser
McClay, r.e.....l.e., Jedero
Rogan, q.b.....q.b., Griffith
Gary, l.h.b.....r.h.b., Wright
Rooks, r.h.b.....l.h.b., Preble
Conners, f.b.....f.b., Merrill
Referee, Hitchner, U. of M.

BANGOR, 20; M. C. I., 0.

Bangor defeated M. C. I. in a rather loose game at Bass Park, Saturday afternoon, Oct. 6. The game was marked by fumbling on both sides and in the first two periods neither team made any noticeable gains against the other until the last few minutes of the first half, when the local lads started a march down the field, but the whistle blew with the ball on M. C. I.'s 30 yard line. In the third period the Bangor team began to reach its stride and after Conners had recovered a fumble on M. C. I.'s 19 yard line, the crimson-jerseyed warriors by a series of line plunges, scored the first touch-down of the game, "Buck" Conners carrying the ball over the line. The other two scores came in the fourth period, when the constant battering of the M. C. I. line began to show its effect and the Bangor backs tore through almost at will.

The local boys failed to try a single forward pass, Coach Trowell evidently wishing to save these tactics for the Portland game. The M. C. I. team, however, attempted several passes but completed only one, which netted a splendid gain.

All the Bangor backs showed up well in this contest, with Gary playing his usual fast game, and giving the spectators a real thrill when he circled right end and dashed down the field for a nice 30 yard run.

Walter Ulmer, the M. C. I. fullback, and a brother to the star center of the local aggregation, played a wonderful game, both offensively and defensively, while Andrews, the right halfback, played a fine game. In the latter part of the game Coach Trowell sent in a number of his second string men, who put up a good fight and showed that Bangor has some good material in the making.

The summary:

Bangor, 20.

M. C. I., 0.

Caspar, l.e.....r.e., Reynolds
O'Connell, l.t.....r.t., Sirois
Sawyer, l.g.....r.g., Coombs
Ulmer, c.....c., Hodgkins
Strout, r.g.....l.g., Landry
Lynch, r. t.....l.t., Tibbetts
Sullivan, r.e.....l.e., Whitten
Bond, q.b.....q.b., Harkos
Gary, l.h.b.....r.h.b., Andrews
Rooks, r.h.b.....l.h.b., Lancaster
Conners, f.b.....f.b., Ulmer
Referee, Hitchner, U. of M.

PORTLAND, 7; BANGOR, 0.

Bangor was defeated for the first time this season at Bass Park, Saturday afternoon, Oct. 13 and this defeat was administered by none other than Portland High school, the ancient rival of the Crimson.

The game started with "Shank" McClay kicking off to Handlon, the blue's fullback, who returned the pigskin ten yards before he was downed by "Packer" McClay. After making first down twice with Handlon, Hefler, and Black tearing through the line, Portland was forced to surrender the ball to Bangor on the crimson's 42-yard line. Bangor then started a march down the field, but Portland tightened up after Bangor had made a couple of first downs and regained the coveted pigskin. Portland failed to make any great impression, and once more had to give up the ball.

Gary was hurt on the next play and was forced to leave the game. After the ball

THE ORACLE

had changed hands a few times more the period ended with the ball in Portland's possession on her own 20 yard line.

In the second period a series of plays, including a pretty 12-yard run by Handlon,



Capt. John Lynch.

carried the ball to the crimson's 12-yard line. Here the local lads put up a stiff opposition, which stopped the blue attack. On

an attempt to skirt Bangor's left end, Black fumbled and Caspar recovered for the crimson. An exchange of kicks followed and it was on one of these that Portland received the break which won the game. Rogan dropped one of Boyd's punts and Lee, the fleet Portland end, fell on the pigskin for Portland. With Shatz, the midget quarterback of the blue, driving the team for all he was worth, Heffer finally hurled himself across the line for a touchdown, Zakarian kicked the goal. Soon after the first half ended.

SECOND HALF.

In the third period Gary went back into the game, and after receiving the kickoff, Bangor attempted to march down the field, but the blue put a stop to this and Connors punted. The Portland backs with Handlon the most consistent gainer, tore through the Bangor line at will until they were halted by a fumble. Gary then threw a long pass to McClay and had the Bangor end been able to keep his hands on the ball a touchdown would probably have resulted but as it was the crimson lost its best chance to score. On the next play Gary tossed a pass to Caspar for 25 yards but it was of no avail for Portland tightened up and regained the ball on her own 20-yard line. After a few more plays the period was over.

In the final session the Portland backs again marched through the Bangor line with ease, but a penalty saved Bangor from being scored on again. Shatz on the next play, dashed through the line for 12 yards, before he was downed by Gary. With a yard to go for first down and the ball on Bangor's three yard line, the crimson held and Connors at once kicked out of danger. After the ball had changed hands a few times more, the game was over, with Portland the victor.

Perhaps the real star of the afternoon was Handlon, the brilliant fullback of the blue, but Capt. Lynch, Caspar, Connors,

THE ORACLE

and Gary of the crimson, and Shatz, the midget quarterback of the Portland team, carried off their share of the honors.

It is hoped by all the crimson supporters

The summary :

Portland, 7.
 Boyd, l.e.....l.e., Caspar
 Norton, l.t.....l.t., Sullivan
 Kirvan, l.g.....l.g., Sawyer
 Zakarian, c.....c., McClay
 Robinson, r.g.....r.g., Strout

Bangor, 0.

Referee, McDonough, U. of M.

that with Ulmer and O'Connell, who are down in their studies, playing, that Bangor will get sweet revenge for this defeat when they meet Portland at Portland, Oct. 27.

Feeney, r.t.....r.t., Lynch
 Lee, r.e.....r.e., McClay
 Shatz, q.b.....q.b., Rogan
 Black, l.h.b.....l.h.b., Gary
 Heffler, r.h.b.....r.h.b., Connors
 Handlon, f.b.....f.b., Gotlib



Manager Bruce Smith.

Last year Bangor High school was represented by one of the strongest teams the school has produced for years, and also held the state championship in basketball. This year the teams may be equally good if they only receive the support of the school.

It is the duty of every student of Bangor High school to buy a season ticket for all

sports, and to attend all the games possible. Every student should not only attend the games, but he should show his spirit by cheering the loudest he possibly can every time the leader calls for a cheer. If the players realize the student body is behind them they will play their hardest, and nothing can stop a team that has the spirit.



*"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin, so merry, draws one out."*

Smart Dog.

Teacher: "Who fiddled at the fall of Rome?"

Student: "Towser."

Teacher: "No."

Student: "Hector."

Teacher: "No, it was Nero."

Student: "I knew it was some pup!"

Heard in Girls' Glee Club.

"Would you just as soon sing as make that noise?"

"When they all sing I can't keep together, but singing all alone I keep together beautifully."

"You must be all alone when you try to sing."

"No, I'm not alone when I begin, but after I sing a few minutes I am."

A Slippery Story.

Student (collecting book-issue slips): "Oh, here are some slips that slipped my attention when they slipped onto the floor."

It Would Take Some People a Long Time!

Mrs. Carroll (in Senior English, speaking of metrical feet): "We must talk more about the feet after this."

We Advise:

D. Lewis, '24, to give away her bracelets.
G. Treat, '24, to keep away from open cars.

A. Whitley, '24, to give up his food.

L. White, '24, to try for class vice-president.

M. Patten, '25, to eat less candy.

D. White, '25, to learn the verb "etre."

L. Colby, '25, to use slickum.

A Simple Question.

C. Osborne, '27, wants to know what room in the public library is called the school library?

No Doubt.

Freshman—"Do you have to take gym?"

Sophomore Girl—"Yes, I had a physical examination and the doctor said I was sound as a nut."

Freshman—"Oh, did he examine your mind, too?"

Logical.

Bright Freshman—"I have the advantage in this course."

Friend—"How's that? You are behind in it."

B. F.—"Yes, but I have a chance to pursue it."

SUBSCRIBER'S NOTICE

PAUL S. BUNKER will please pay for the two issues of the "Tatler" that were sent him. No instalments will be considered.

THE B. H. S.

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

VOLUME II

GREATEST DISCOVERY SINCE FARADAY'S

**Made and Perfected by "Prof." Chas. Alexander;
Astonishing Results; Agrees to Pay
For Material Wasted**

Suffering from a bad attack of curiosity late Tuesday morning, Charles Alexander, upon entering the Chemistry lab, decided he would find out what made ink blue, if a glass tube was hollow and what effect would be produced if a vacuum was created at one end of said tube after the other end had been put into some ink.

With this goal ahead of him and to fulfill his curiosity, he proceeded. One end of a glass tube was masterly inserted in a full inkwell—the other he slid into his mouth. The next movement was to produce a vacuum with which to draw the liquid to his mouth as if he was drinking soda. This he did successfully—immediately the inkwell was drained. The ensuing event proved to Charles beyond a shadow of doubt that the tube was really hollow and from the color of his mouth—that the liquid was blue. The vacuum was so great that before the "Prof." realized it his mouth was the

container of a liquid far different from soda.

The most common thing happened—so sudden did the experiment work—before he knew it, Prof. Alexander had swallowed the greater part. The remaining he quickly deposited on the floor. It was a serious matter and every one was grave (there were about twenty-five in the room). But one member who had been absorbed in the First Principles of Chemistry and was unfortunate enough to miss this extraordinary experiment, immediately hunted up a full inkwell and putting a glass tube in same, pushed it before the now convalescing professor.

Continued on Page 2.

Special to Tatler.

Teacher in English:

"Miss Willis, what have you in your mouth?"

Miss Willis (who had an Orthodontic appliance in her mouth): "Ten dollars' worth of wire."

B. H. S. BRIEFS

According to latest reports, Miss Margaret Chalmers has found the solution of the coal situation—"More money and less pay."

"General" Bert Alward wishes to say through the columns of this paper, that he has bought a brand new soldier suit, which he will wear to drill this year.

The public will be interested to know that Reg. Wilson has gone into business. He will sell at reduced rates, the milk that is left in the bottles at the lunch room.

Donald Allen has been accused of whispering once or twice, for which he received a bill of lading for one afternoon back. He did not return with said bill, with the result that he immediately received a large cargo for one week. Let this be a warning. Be careful how you keep your books—make all accounts balance.

Lost—While walking from the first floor to the third, a pair of false teeth, with initials R. U. Fnder please leave at Tatler office and receive reward.

TATLER

NOVEMBER, 1923

NUMBER 2

SPORTING DIPS

Harold O'Connell has organized his marble team and practice has already started. With such excellent material as Dodo Clark, Jake Segal, and John Largay, a successful season is predicted.

As a token of respect to the Freshman class, Jasper Bailey, will donate a brand new rubber ball and elastic with which they may play during study periods.

Bob O'Connell's battery average is not up to standard. He hasn't got used to such pitchers as Solid Geom. and Chemistry.

WEATHER REPORTS

Owing to the new and improved weather forecast instrument which The Tatler has installed, we will now be able to give the public a more definite prediction of the weather than in former months. This instrument is entirely different from any now in use. Please note the results:

Sun rises after it sets—usually in the morning.

There is a strong tidal wave in the air, probably indicating a storm. We will be in a better position to tell you after it happens.

Up to date it seems to state that if it doesn't rain or snow tomorrow it will be a good day.

LONELY HEARTS' COLUMN.

I am a young girl of about sixteen and a Sophomore at school. I would like to correspond with a little boy about eighteen years of age, either during study periods or by notes. See me in person or write to Tatler.

Lonely Eleanor.

GREATEST DISCOVERY

Continued from Page 1.

With tears in his eyes, he asked him to proceed with the demonstration. Now Charles had had too much ink already and was quite exhausted and when he saw the extra glass of blue liquid handed him—he collapsed and slid under the table. It was fully three weeks before Prof. Alexander recovered and at that time he was politely asked to pay for the material he had wasted. This experiment went down as a wonderful achievement in the chronicles of the Chemistry lab.

According to latest reports: Paul Goodwin still has his Boston bag.

William Viner is the sole support of the Glee Club.

Donald Thompson knows his Geom. by heart.

AMUSEMENTS

PRUNEVILLE OPERA HOUSE

One Month Only

Don't Fail to See This Stupendous Production,
"THRU THE LINE IN 18 DAYS,"

featuring
MISS RUTH JORDAN

FAT LIEBERMAN

in

A Comedy Sketch,
"ROLL DEM BONES"

AMUSEMENTS

B. H. S. PALACE

Supreme Vaudeville and
Feature Pictures

Continuous: 8:00—4:30.

Special for This Month

A. CUSHING
in

"WHEN A MAN SEES RED"

(Red is the name of the girl).
A Smacking Drama, including
the Heroic Hampden Corner
Mounted Police

NOTICE!

This is to notify HORACE BROWN that the horse and plow he drove to school in will be found parked under the corridor stairs.

BANDOR

HIGH

SCHOOL

SNAP SHOTS

NOW OLD TOP, I'LL SHOW YOU A NEW EXPERIMENT I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT FOR A LONG TIME.

ALL RIGHT LET 'ER GO



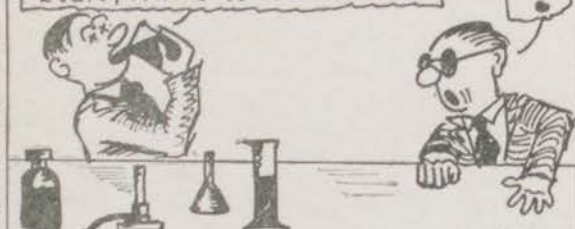
1

NEXT I'LL ADD SOME HYDROCHLORIC ACID TO THE MIXTURE - AND EVERYTHING IS READY.



2

NOW I'LL TASTE IT TO SEE IF EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT



3

GEE THAT WAS GOOD - NOW FOR THE FINAL TEST IF IT WORKS I'AM A MILLIONAIRE



4



5

ER-ER, I GUESS IT DIDN'T WORK!



6

BEN J. ROSEK '24

Pitiful Condition of Freshmen Revealed by Upper Classmen.

The ignorance of the Freshmen is amazing. There is only one way to remedy the evil. We must immediately appoint a committee to inform the poor, deluded creatures that the mere fact that there is a room 313 does not imply that there are three hundred and thirteen rooms in B. H. S.

When asked in what year Caesar was born, a Freshman replied 1492 B. C.! Everyone knows that the date should be A. D. 1492. Another verdant student said that Caesar defeated the greatest number at the battle of Waterloo. Ask any of the Sophomores who take Latin; they will tell you that he defeated far more people on examination day—a striking example of the saying, "The pen is mightier than the sword."

These unfortunate youngsters are discouraging in Algebra, too. After a teacher has spent half an hour carefully explaining a problem, some child will come to him and ask, "What's the x for?"

History and Algebra are not '27's only weak points. Some of them actually think that goose is the plural of tooth. The Freshmen excel in only one thing—the size of their feet. In fact, the class of '27 is the most ignorant Freshman class since '26 was green.

This roast will not hurt their feelings, because most of them will not be able to read it and those who can read will not understand it, and those few having a glimmer of intelligence will probably think it all a lie, anyway.

Horrors!

We hope that the new serum used to make people tell the truth will not be tried on us. Considering the lack of support from the school, we fear that if the serum is used on us, there will be no personals department.

Modern History.

"Why do your pupils look so tortured?"

"They have to memorize the names of all the towns where peace conferences were held after the war."

This Is What It's Coming To!

Teacher: "Who was the man who never told a lie?"

Pupil: "Ah! Who, indeed?"

Illuminating.

Pretty Senior (to football hero): "In what position do you play?"

He: "Bent over."

Father's method of doing Algebra problems:

"Ask your mother—I'm busy."

Domestic Science.

A pint of milk, egg, orange, and greens
Will give you your daily vitamins;
After which try a steak or choice cut of
beef—
You'll find that it comes as a welcome relief.

"I fear the new maid is dishonest."

"You should not judge by appearances."

"I'm not, I'm judging entirely by dis-
appearances."

"You dirty boy, you!" said the teacher.
"Why don't you wash your face? I can
see what you had for breakfast this morn-
ing."

"What was it?"

"Eggs!"

"Wrong; that was yesterday."

Urgent Request.

Will those painfully few contributors to this department please try to write so the editor can read it?

THE ORACLE

FREE PRIZE GIVEN

To anyone who knows what Jonah said
to the whale.

The prize is to be a celluloid stove poker.

Oh, they call him loving Neil,
He owns an automobile.
It's a mean, rough, shaking, frame-breaking
car,

When our Neil goes speeding by
He catches every eye.
Does he flirt? Does he speed?
He's got a Ford car that answers every
need.

We wonder how Steve Casper cut his
finger shaving with a safety razor.

In Chemistry:

"What is H_2SO_4 ?"
N. H., '24: "Drinking."

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Knowledge to be given away by H.
Kimball Boyd in 113 any day, the 5th pd.
Absolutely Free!—Advt.

A woman in a drug store asked for
talcum powder.

"Mennen's?" asked the clerk.
"No, Wimmen's," she replied.
"Do you wish it scented?"
"No, I'll take it myself."—Ex.

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Keep the Balance Right

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

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

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Bangor,

Maine

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

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

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION

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

EARNINGS

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

APPLICATION

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

CATALOG

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

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

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BANGOR HOUSE

American Plan

200 Rooms

MAIN STREET - - BANGOR

You should make their advertising profitable.

CHATEAU



DANCING
Wed. and Sat.
Nights

THE BANGOR COMMERCIAL

“Maine’s Best Paper”

50c per month Delivered by Carrier

Our advertisers make the Oracle possible—

RICE'S MUSIC SHOP

*Complete Line of
Latest Popular Music*

15 Central St.

*Teaching Music
and Musical Mdse.*

W. J. Cherry's Barber Shop

We Specialize in Bobbing Girls' Hair
Electric Clippers to each chair
Electrical or Hand Massage
79 CENTRAL STREET
(4 Chairs)
All Star Crew
PATRONIZE CHERRY'S
BANGOR



13 State St. (Next to Bangor Savings Bank)

**STICKNEY & BABCOCK
COAL CO**

19 State Street, Bangor

WHY GUESS ABOUT WHAT TO WEAR?

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

Benoit-Mutty Company

191 Exchange St.,

Bangor, Me.

When in need of a Haircut or Shave visit

MASON'S BARBER SHOP

Daniel H. Mason

20 Hammond Street

"GIFTS THAT LAST"

W. C. BRYANT, JEWELER


You should make their advertising profitable.

E·B· ROWE
Commercial Artist
BANGOR - MAINE

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

INSTRUCTOR of
DESIGN
SUPPLIES for
STUDENTS

TELEPHONE CON



HIGGINS
AMERICAN
INDIA INK

The Largest Sporting Goods Store in Eastern Maine

Wholesale and Retail

Special Discounts to Students

CAMPBELL'S, INC.

Telephone 222

146-150 Exchange Street,

Bangor, Maine

THANKSGIVING PARTIES

Favors Decorations

Suggestions Gladly Given for
Decorating Tables,
Halls, etc.

Orders for Personal Christmas Cards
Now Taken

EDWIN O. HALL

88 Central Street, Bangor, Maine

—R-A-D-I-O—

We carry complete supplies for building Radio sets and are equipped to assist YOU in completing yours. Come in and talk it over.

Complete sets \$15 up

Bangor Radio Laboratory

87 Center St. Bangor, Me.

Compliments of the

Penobscot Exchange Hotel

BANGOR, MAINE.

One Block From Union Station

40 YEARS A LEADER

CIGAR B.C.M. CIGAR

“Made to Meet a Demand, not a Price”

WINDSOR HOTEL

European Plan
Bangor's
Newest Hotel

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

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

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

BANGOR, MAINE

John Skoufis

Stanley Crawford

New York Cooking School

Wholesale and Retail

FANCY BAKERY

Tel. Connection

146 Main St.

Bangor, Maine

Cool, Crisp Days

and

Hart Schaffner ^{AND} Marx OVERCOATS

A Great Combination

Miller and Webster Clothing Co.

Miller and Webster Corner

Bangor Bottling Co.

McAloon & Geagan, Props

24 P. O. Sq., Bangor, Me.

Exclusive Agency For

Hire's Root Beer

and

"WHISTLE"

"It's Wrapped in Bottles"

Manufacturers of

All Kinds of Soft Drinks

Building Your Fortune

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

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

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

Call or Write

For Circular Giving Full Details

Bangor Railway & Electric Co.

Securities Department

90 Harlow St.

Bangor, Me.



HOME MADE CANDIES

56 Main Street,

Bangor, Maine

East Side Pharmacy

32 State St.

CHAS. H. DAVIS, Prop.



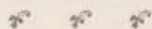
Prescriptions
Fine Chocolates
Soda
Ice Cream

The W. H. Gorham Co.

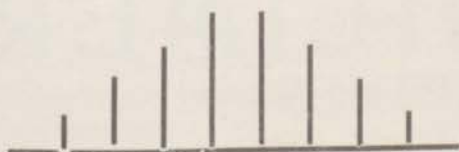
Painting
and
Decorating



Wall Papers

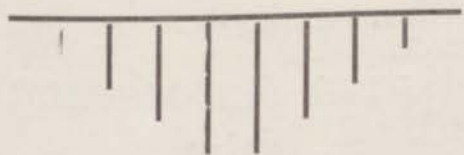


54 State Street



COMPLIMENTS OF

SAM LEAVITT



PEARL & DENNETT COMPANY



CHAS. S. PEARL, Pres.

JOHN H. MAGEE, '14

H. S. PEARL, '98



*"Large as The Largest
Old as The Oldest
Strong as The Strongest"*

Headquarters for Outdoor Supplies

New, Full Line Just Arrived

Northland Skis and Toboggans. Canadian Cycle Skates and Shoes. Tubbs Snowshoes. Spaldings complete line Athletic Goods. "Club" rates to schools. See the Spalding Sweaters and Skates. We've just unpacked um. Full line Basketball Shoes, Hiking Shoes and Moccasins. Barker Hunting Shoes. "Red Top" Sox. **Nestor Johnson** Hockey and Racing "Tubulars." You'll find them all at

Dakin Sporting Goods Co.

School
Pennants

"The Gun Shop"

B. H. S.
Arm Bands

25 Central Street

"The best quality at a fair price"

KUPPENHEIMER

GOOD CLOTHES

Sold by

W. J. LARGAY CO.

110 Exchange Street

Bangor, Maine

When In Bangor—

men as well as women eat with the

Young Women's Christian Association

69 Main Street, Bangor, Maine

REST ROOM IN CONNECTION

You should make their advertising profitable.

UTTERBACK=GLEASON CO.

Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases, Laundry Cases,
Brief Cases, Music Rolls, Pocket Books,
Hat Boxes, Hat Trunks, Boston Bags

44-46 Broad St.

Bangor, Maine

THE Dole Company

Electrical Engineers
and Contractors

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

Safely, neatly, quickly, cheaply, and
Satisfactorily.

Lighting Fixtures and Appliances

Office and Salesroom,
61 Main Street Tel. 74

N. H. Bragg & Sons

IRON AND
STEEL

HEAVY HARDWARE

GARAGE SUPPLIES

74-78 Broad St.

Bangor, Me.

This is a Neighborhood Store

QUALITY AND SERVICE

The Corner Grocery

Tel. 1160

C. F. WINCHESTER

183 Park St.

JOHN W. McCARTHY
Groceries, Provisions and Meats

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

C. WINFIELD RICHMOND
PIANIST AND TEACHER

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

—TWENTY-SECOND SEASON—

Played at Institute of France by Invitation of Widor, 1920
Studio in the Pearl Building—Entire Top Floor

WILBUR S. COCHRANE

TEACHER OF PIANO

Telephone 1503-R

Studio, 91 Fourth Street

H. M. PULLEN, Teacher of VIOLIN

Pupils Prepared for Professional Work

SOCIETY HALL

EXCHANGE ST.

Member Cleveland Symphony 1920-21-22

A. STANLEY CAYTING
Violinist and Teacher

Studio: Pearl Building

Tel. 2982-M

JOSEPHINE W. GRAY
Teacher of Expression and Reader
Leland Powers School

Tel. 1116-M

500 French St.

You should make their advertising profitable.

All Work
Guaranteed

Formerly
Edwards' Studio

A. J. FARRINGTON
PHOTOGRAPHER

Try Us For Your Class Photos

3 STATE STREET

BREWER, MAINE

DAVID L. CARVER

TEACHER OF

Piano, Violin, Mandolin and Fretted Instruments

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

Phone 1107

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

OSCAR A. FICKETT COMPANY

Dealers in Beef, Pork, Hams, Poultry, Fish, Vegetables, etc.

— SALMON A SPECIALTY —

Photography

In All

Its Branches

CHALMERS
STUDIO

23 Hammond St.

Bangor

Amateur De-

veloping and

Printing

LITTLEFIELD & COOMBS

DEALERS IN MILLINERY

UTOPIA AND GOOD SHEPHERD YARNS

34 MAIN STREET, BANGOR, MAINE

Connors Printing Company
DISTINCTIVE PRINTING

Phone 1264-M

179 Exchange St., Bangor, Me.

THE PLACE TO BUY

Wool Sweaters
Wool Hose
Wool Gloves

FOR SPORT WEAR

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

Andrews Music House Co.

98 Main Street, Bangor, Maine

Pianos, Victrolas and Records
Sheet Music and Musical
Merchandise

One Price and the Right Price to All

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

INVESTIGATE—You will see why

7 Pass. Big Six—\$1530 del.

5 Pass. Six—\$1375 del.

5 Pass. Four—\$1050 del.

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

Catalog Mailed on Request.

EDMUND J. MUTTY

87 Washington St.

Bangor, Maine

GIVE US A CALL

**SANBORN'S
BARBER SHOP**

R. H. SANBORN, Prop.

7 Hammond Street, Bangor, Maine

Opp. Merrill Trust Building
Telephone 2553-W

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

DIEGES & CLUST

"If we made it, it's right"

Class Pins
Medals

Class Rings
Prize Cups

Fraternity Pins

73 Tremont St.,

Boston, Mass.

Christmas Suggestions

Skis - Skates - Snowshoes - Sleds
Toboggans

DUNHAM-HANSON CO.

31-39 Mercantile Sq.,

Bangor, Me.

Announcing

The Greatest Advance Since the
Self Starter

Traffic Transmission
An Exclusive Feature of the
1924 CHANDLER

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

Ray Motor Co.

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

Our

12½-inch

Rex Asphalt Strip Shingles
Are Giving Satisfaction.

We have them in colors—

Gray Green
Dark Red
and
Peach Bottom Blue Black

C. WOODMAN CO.

136 Exchange St. Phone 229 Bangor, Maine

The Habit of Thrift

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

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

Bangor Loan and Building Asso.

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

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

Bangor Loan and Building Association

Chas. H. Adams, Secretary 64 Exchange Block, Bangor, Me.

**Sawyer
Boot & Shoe Co.**

BANGOR, MAINE

Manufacturers of

Sport Shoes For All Purposes

ASK FOR

"Sawyer" Sport Shoes and Moccasins

AND GET THE BEST

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

Representative Bangor Wholesale Food Dealers

T. R. Savage Company

Wholesale Grocers

20 Broad Street

Thurston & Kingsbury Co.

Wholesale Grocers

T. & K. Specialties

50 Broad Street

Charles Hayward & Co.

Wholesale Grocers

73 Broad Street



**C. H. RICE
COMPANY**

193 to 199

BROAD STREET.

Sawyer Bros. Co.

Wholesale Grocers

112 Broad Street

Compliments of

Geo. W. Wescott

John Cassidy Company

Wholesale Grocers

101 Broad Street

F. L. JONES CO.

Manufacturers of and Wholesale Dealers in

Crackers Of All Kinds

69-71-73 Pickering Square

Bangor,

Maine

Bangor Egg Company, Inc.

**Wholesale Fruit and
Produce Dealers**

Nuts, Dates and Figs

120 Broad St.,

Bangor, Me.

Merchants Produce Co.

92 Broad Street

Beyer & Small

Investment Securities

Pearl Building, Bangor

Tel. 2706 L. T. Rand, Mgr.

DAILY NEWS

Representative Bangor Automobile Dealers

"The Reliable House"

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

Henley-Kimball Co.

Hudson and Essex Motor Cars

May and Summer Sts. Telephone 2800

Franklin Motor Car Company

Franklin Sales and Service
114 Exchange St., Bangor, Maine

L. C. Atwood

Dodge Brothers
Motor Vehicles

Bangor, Maine

STUDEBAKER

CARS—PARTS—SERVICE

Bangor Motor Company

Knowles & Dow Co.

**BUICKS
G. M. C. TRUCKS**

52 P. O. Square, Bangor, Me.

Bangor Motor Co.

Cadillac Sales and
Service

Compliments of

J. M. NORRIS CO.

Stutz and Packard

Swett & Mullen

Reo White

106 Harlow St.

S. L. Crosby Co.

Authorized Ford and Lincoln
Sales and Service

Hancock and Oak Sts. Bangor, Maine

C. H. Babb & Co.

Plumbing, Steam Fitting,
Sheet Metal Work

106 Exchange St. Bangor, Maine

CHARLES E. HICKS

Teacher of

**Trombone and
Baritone**

Telephone 2341-1 100 Highland St.

Everybody's Candy Shop

149 Hammond St.

Home Made Candy

Fresh Every Day

Fruit of All Kinds

**SPECIALTY
CHOCOLATES**

Soft Drinks of All Kinds

Telephone 3455-W

We Have
The Latest Styles

—IN—

FOOTWEAR

Also a Line of

Ballet Slippers

with both soft and box toes
for dancing

Dolliver Shop
44 Main St.

\$17.29 per year
Buys

\$1000.00

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

Why Go Un-insured

Age 18 or under, Boys or Girls.

W. H. Taylor & Sons

GENERAL AGENTS

16 Broad St., Bangor, Maine

BLAKE, BARROWS, BROWN, Inc.



INSURANCE

Of All Kinds.



41 Hammond St.

Bangor

You should make their advertising profitable.



The Top o' The Season

SIX to Four, and only one more quarter left! My! but that was a thriller." That's what you will say about our swagger topcoat styles, too—thrillers every one of them. Their smart plaidings and striped effects so vividly reflect the dash and spirit of the game and of the season that you won't be able to resist buyine one. Nor will you want to when you see the prices.

MANY HAVE COLLARS FUR TRIMMED
MANY OTHERS DEPEND UPON THEIR SMART LINES FOR THEIR
SWANK. ALL ARE APPROPRIATE FOR STREET, FOR SPORTS,
FOR TRAVEL

Raccoon Collar Sport Coats

Plain, Overplaids, Stripes, Exceptional Values, at

\$25. and \$35.

BESSE SYSTEM CO.

Bangor's Leading Store

Geo. C. Dorr, Mgr.

The Largest
Mill and Lumbering
Supply House in
New England



Snow and Nealley Co.

Located at
Bangor, Maine.