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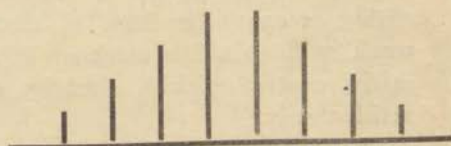
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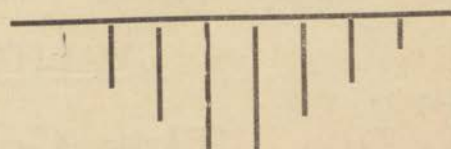


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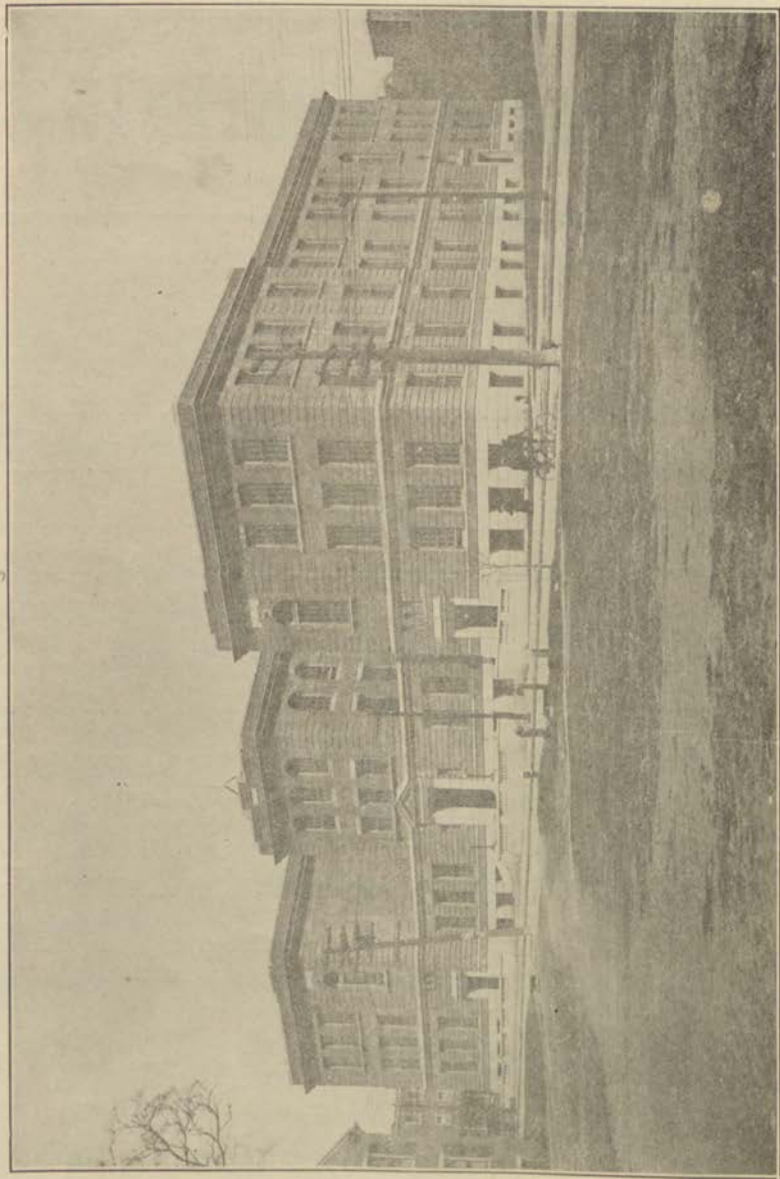
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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Oracle Board.....	1
Editorials .....	2
Literary .....	4
An Exciting Race—By Edward A. Herrick, '26.....	4
Kazan of the Snows—By Charlotte Bowman.....	5
Observations on Life—By Raymond F. Worster.....	7
Reflections—By Mary McManus, '24.....	8
If Dreams Came True—By '23.....	9
The Evils of An Unprepared Lesson—By Anon .....	10
On Thanksgiving Day—By Joseph H. Lobley, '23.....	11
After the Storm—By Elizabeth McGarrigle.....	12
Locals.....	13
Athletics.....	15
Personals.....	17



ALMA MATER.



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NOVEMBER, 1922

No. 2

## The Oracle Board



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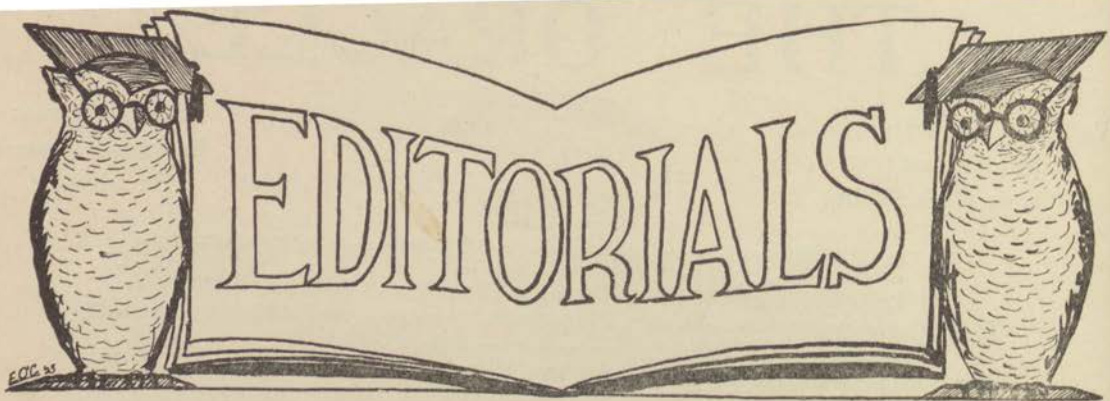
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### LEANING AND LIFTING.

"There are two kinds of people on earth today,

Just two kinds of people, no more, I say,  
Not the saint and the sinner, for 'tis well understood

The good are half bad, and the bad are half good;

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth

You must first know the state of his conscience and health;

No! The two kinds of people on earth I mean,

Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go you will find the world's masses

Are always divided in just these two classes;

And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,

There is only one lifter to twenty who lean."

In which class are you? Think it over. Let us take for an example the Oracle. There are a great many leaners in Bangor High school. This class is always the loudest in its criticisms, although it rarely makes any effort to improve the Oracle.

The Oracle is by no means a one-man product, nor is it a job for ten. It must have the support of every pupil in B. H. S.

If anyone were asked the question, "Who builds the Ford car?" his answer would undoubtedly be, "Henry Ford." This is

wrong, for that is surely not a one-man job. The part Henry Ford plays in the manufacture of the Ford car is similar to the part the editor plays in producing the Oracle. The laborers at the Ford plant can be compared to the Oracle board in that they shape and fit the material into the finished product. Now, let us consider the material. The Ford organization would be entirely helpless if it were unable to get machinery, metals, tires, glass, coal and other things which help make the automobile. The organization depends on powers outside of its own boundaries for all of its raw materials. It is exactly the same principle with the Oracle. It depends entirely on the student body for its raw material and yet seventy-five per cent. of the students cannot or will not see it in this light.

Now and then you will hear one of the upper classmen say that they guess most of the material in a certain Oracle was turned in by Freshmen. If this is true, whose fault is it? It is the fault of this class of leaners entirely, and if they would look at the situation in a serious manner, it is certain that they would contribute a little of their time in keeping the Oracle supplied with stories and jokes. You must realize that nothing can be taken out of the Oracle box **unless it is put in**. Therefore, students of Bangor High, do not lean until you are sure that you have done your share of the lifting. Altogether now, let's get our shoulders under this load and make it go!



The dedication of the monument on which the shield of the Maine has been **Dedicated** mounted, in Davenport park, **Of Maine** Tuesday, October 17, was a ceremony of national interest. All the high school students who attend the afternoon session, as well as many others, and many of the grade school students attended in a body.

The address by Monsignor John P. Chidwick, who had been chaplain of the Maine, was of strong historic and patriotic interest. In a strong, clear voice which was distinctly audible all over the park, the orator described the conditions which led to the Spanish war; he pictured most vividly the destruction of the Maine, and then in a masterly manner showed the meaning of the struggle as a part of the history of our country.

We, the "Oracle" board, ask you, the student body and faculty, of this school, to **Mention** mention the "Oracle" when you patronize the advertisers of this **The** paper. The people who advertise in **"Oracle"** your paper, the "Oracle," do so because of the circulation that the paper has in this city. There are between ten and fourteen hundred of these papers printed each month, and circulated by the student body through the city.

These people wish to obtain results and at the same time help the paper when they advertise here and therefore it is very difficult at times to show them how it is of advantage to them to advertise within these covers.

You all know that the amount obtained from prepaid subscriptions will only print about two numbers of this volume; so we are dependent upon the advertisers to pay for this paper.

Therefore, whenever it is possible, we suggest and beg that you mention the "Oracle." It helps us and also identifies you. In addition we suggest that you read

the ads and possibly some of you may be able to obtain a real bargain, who knows? We ask you to do this for **your** paper. Remember money talks and it takes money to print this paper.

October the fourteenth, Bangor High's football team was trimmed at Bass Park by the Portland team. We all **School** know that Bangor should not **Spirit and** have lost the game, but some **Cheering** people said the lack of support that the players received was a disgrace—the **cheering**, and **spirit** shown. Well, the cheering was a failure to be sure, but what more could be expected, when the bleacher seats cost so much and the cheer leaders were all mixed up.

It is getting so that it costs a small fortune for a person to get a high school education now. To be sure, a dollar and a half is not a very large sum for a football or basketball ticket, but when you come to take in the other activities and social functions of the school it does cost something that will soon count up.

The spirit at that game and all of the games was running high, but it is certain that a school can't have organized cheering unless the students are in one group. It has been the same old story now for about five years that the students are mixed in with the adults, who do not know the cheers and—well, we have all seen and heard the result.

Why can't the student body of this school have a certain number of seats reserved at the basketball games this winter and have a chance to cheer its team in a way that would be an inspiration to the players and not a disgrace to the school. Don't blame the student body or the cheer leaders for this fault. In order for the school to be organized in its cheering, we must be together. It is up to the Athletic council to think this over. This is the general opinion of the student body of the school.



# LITERARI



## AN EXCITING RACE

By Edward A. Herrick, '26.

THE grandstand at the finish line of the one hundred mile race circuit, was filled, long before the time for the race to start. At one-thirty five cars entered the track. The drivers were Barney Oldfield, Webb Jay, Joe Murphy, Sam Strickland, and Bill Gayer. Glang, went the starter's gong. The race was on! Barney Oldfield was at the wheel of a powerful Hudson Super-six, Joe Murphy an Essex, Strickland a Stutz. These three were driving for America, Gayer for England, and Jay for France. This was the five hundred mile international race, which takes place once a year. A cloud of dust enveloped the cars as they started.

There were no accidents the first lap, and they started the second lap in this order: Gayer first, Murphy second, Strickland third, Oldfield fourth, and Jay fifth. The leading car was going at a rate of ninety miles an hour when they passed the grandstand.

At the half way mark, on the second lap, Strickland's car left the road. A front wheel came off, and the driver was bruised. At the garage a new wheel was put on, and he started again. At the three-quarter mark, he passed Gayer, who had dropped to last. Twenty-five more to gain first place. Could he do it? Five miles left, and he was third. Whiz, Roar! The end of the second lap was over. Murphy led, Old-

field second, Strickland third, Jay fourth, and Gayer on the end.

During the next lap, Oldfield's car left the road, and the mechanic was killed. Barney, however, escaped death by a hairbreadth, although suffering a broken nose. At the pit, he had the doctor there, put a temporary guard on and he then proceeded.

During this time, all the other cars had passed the half way mark. At the three-quarter mark, all five cars were together. Bang! A tire on Murphy's car blew out, just as they started the fourth lap. Murphy leading, up until his tire gave out, three yards on the next lap, Jay second, Gayer third, Strickland fourth, and Oldfield acting as rear guard.

The fourth lap passed with no accident. The only excitement being, that Murphy dropped to third, owing to some misfortune in driving, which he has never told to this day and Jay dropped to last.

A rush and a roar, and they start on the most exciting lap of the race, with Strickland and Gayer leading, Oldfield second, Murphy third, and Jay in the place of the little dog's tail. At the half way mark, there was not more than a tenth of a mile between the first and last racer. When they came into view, a mile from the finish line, Gayer was leading and,—but there is so much dust, that the cars cannot be seen. In less time than it takes to tell it, there



was a rush and a roar, as the big racers crossed the line.

The crowd stood, breathlessly waiting for the results. Finally the announcements came. "Results of the race: Oldfield first, time, five hours, five minutes, fifteen and one-fourth seconds. Strickland, second, time, five hours, five minutes, twenty and one-half seconds. Gayer third, time, five

hours, five minutes, and fifty seconds. Murphy fourth, time, five hours, six minutes, three and one-fourth seconds. Jay fifth, time, five hours, six minutes, and eight and one-half seconds.

Although Oldfield was hindered somewhat, he crossed first, and held the international racing pennant for another year.

## KAZAN OF THE SNOWS

By Charlotte Bowman.

A LITTLE red flag hung on the door of the big boss' cabin. Men were clustered outside talking excitedly. "Perre, what is the matter?" they all cried.

Very much excited himself, the little Frenchman replied, "Da boss' Jean, she got scarlet fever!" Instantly the noise ceased and the men quietly returned to their shacks to talk over this astonishing news. Five years ago this dread disease had taken its toll in La Lubec, and now it had come again.

Inside the little cabin a different scene was presented. Bending over a cradle made of an old soap box, were Robert Dewey and his girl wife, Lois. Two pair of eyes met above their only baby, little Jean, with the golden curls and laughing blue eyes. The baby face was flushed with fever and the child moved restlessly. A look of pain crossed the young father's face as he turned away.

"Do you realize, Lois, that Doctor Stevens is at Colombe, tending poor old Bill MacGregor?"

"I know! Robert, Jean is too sick to resist the fever very long. She is unconscious now."

"Well, Lois, there is only one thing to do,—go to Doctor Stevens. It is one hundred miles and I ought to make Colombe two days. Lois, girl, cheer up, we will win yet!"

With a resolute face young Robert Dewey, the boss of the Pan Fur Trading Company, left the cabin, and went to the main shack of his men. "Boys," he said, as he burst into the room with that determined look on his face that had made him respected by all his men, "Jean needs a doctor and I am going after him! Look out for Lois and the baby!" With that he hurried back to his cabin, confident that his wife and child would be safely guarded, for every man among them admired gay, impetuous Lois; every one of them was as pleased as a child is over a new toy when he was allowed to play with Jean, a fairy baby girl. It seemed hard for them to realize that their pet was ill.

With a last look at his wife and baby, Robert snapped his whip at the waiting dogs and drove off amid the cheers of his men. The clouds looked gray and threatening, but nothing daunted the determined man.

The dogs raced along over the frozen snow drawing the sled with great speed. Their leader was Kazan, one of the most intelligent dogs of the North. Many a battle had he and his master fought together in that great, white country. Kazan realized by the look on his master's face that they were to fight another one. He, too, had missed Jean's morning romp with him, and he knew that something had happened to her. On and on they drove, in



deep silence, save for the click of the steel runners on the snow. Stopping only for food, they drove ever onward.

Meanwhile back in the cabin, the brave mother watched over her little one and prayed that the baby's life could be saved. The men went about their daily tasks, but with no jesting nor good-natured laughter, as was their custom.

Toward afternoon snow sifted down in fine flakes; the sky looked dark, and the dogs impatiently looked back to their master. "Yes," he said, as if in answer to their questioning looks, "we have got to go on, comrades!" But he thought with a pang of what a blizzard would mean to him and his. The wolves uttered their warning howls, as on and on they sped amid the fast thickening snow. By dark a blizzard had set in with its steady fall of sharp, icy missiles made harder by the wind.

Kazan lead his followers on. He knew that soon it would be impossible to drag his pack much longer. Already they were slackening speed as they floundered amid the piling drifts. Numbed by the intensity of the cold, having driven all day and part of the night, Robert was approaching unconsciousness. Many times had he aroused himself, knowing that if he fell asleep, it meant certain death. Finally, Kazan stopped, unable to drag his pack any further. In the fury of the storm he had lost his way and with a yelp of crossness, he turned to his master for commands.

Arousing himself once more, Robert awoke enough to unharness Kazan and tying his glove to the dog's collar, he pointed toward Colombe and told him to go find Doctor Stevens. Not understanding, Kazan did not move. Then there flashed across his brain an incident in which he, Kazan, had been given a piece of meat by this kind man, who had patted him, and called him a brave dog. Then, with a bark of understanding, he trotted away, leaving his master in the snow with the rest of the

pack. With a groan Robert fell back in the snow, unable to move. "My baby, oh, my baby! Lois," he called, "Why don't you come to me?" And with a loud cry, he settled back in the snow, unconscious.

Back at La Lubec almost all had given him up as lost. Only with an effort did Lois keep that spark of life in the little breast. With a dull pain in her heart, she watched the storm without. Did she give up hope? Not she! Had not her Robert said, "Cheer up, Lois, girl, we will make it yet!" Had not she seen his resolute eyes and his set jaw?

On and on ran Kazan! Freed of the burden of the sled, and pack, he fairly sped through the drifts, plowing the snow before him. He was a thoroughbred of the North! Such strength, and courage as have never been known in any other dog, he possessed. Was not his master in trouble and needing help?

After about a half hour's steady plodding along, Kazan reached a tiny cabin, in which a light glowed. There were many such cabins clustered around, but instinct told him to go to this one. He whined and scratched at the door, but no one came to let him in. Why could they not hear him? With a bark of rage he lunged at the door. This time he was rewarded by the kind man he liked, who let him into the tiny cabin, in which a light glowed. Shaking himself free of what snow he could, Kazan lifted his head to the kind man. "By Jove, it is Dewey's glove," gasped the surprised doctor. "He needs help or he never would have sent Kazan on in this blizzard." The doctor knew just what was needed and what to do, and without a moment's delay he gathered supplies, grabbed his medical bag and set out for his dog stables.

As for Kazan, he lay exhausted on the fur rug in front of the fireplace, where, indeed, he was content to be. He had done his duty, this kind man knew what to do now.



Almost any person would have thought the doctor very unwise, had he known the good man was going out that night, but he never once thought of turning back. Dewey needed help and he was going to have it. At last all was in readiness and Doctor Stevens with his experienced dog-team was on his way.

When Robert had stopped he was on the direct path to Colombe, so Dr. Stevens could not possibly miss him. In their fresh condition, the doctor's dogs made great headway even over the great drifts. The snow was packed so hard that the sled now slid easily over it. The blizzard was less violent now. Laboring through the snow for what seemed an age, the doctor thought he saw a drift that appeared much higher than the great sea of snow over which he gazed. He called a halt when he arrived at this queer looking drift, adjusting his snowshoes, he dug the snow from it, and then fell back with a cry of horror! There lay Dewey, with his dogs surrounding him, stretched in stiff, frozen attitudes. He pulled his friend onto his sled and forced his mouth open. Pouring a stimulant into his mouth, he turned his mackinaw up over his head. Next, he found a rope in his bag, this he tied around Dewey's waist. Tying this to his sled, the doctor proceeded to drive on. This may seem a brutal, inhuman thing to do, but many a life has been saved in the unfeeling North by doing just this thing.

The storm had ceased now and daylight was just lighting up the sky, when the doctor stopped in front of Robert's cabin.

When he was seen by the men, they came crowding around him with awe-stricken faces, for was not the "boss" tied with a rope to the sled—the "boss," whom they had never expected to see again? The rough action of being bumped over the snow so far had aroused the spark of life remaining in this strong man. He was murmuring faintly, "My baby, Jean! Lois, come to me!"

The men lifted him tenderly and carried him into the cabin, placing him on a bunk. With a cry of "Robert," the anguished wife and mother ran to his side, leaving for the first time the cradle of her baby. The doctor was already administering the necessary aids to baby Jean, as she lay tossing and crying in her cradle. He marveled at the strength which the little one showed, resisting the awful disease as she had done. In a few hours the small daughter, as well as her daddy, were sleeping comfortably.

When Robert awoke he clasped Lois to him and two pair of eyes met above the cradle of baby Jean; this time tears of thankfulness stood in the eyes of both. "Thank God!" muttered Robert, thickly, as he lay on the bunk. "Thank the doctor and Kazan, too," he said. "Our baby is saved!"

Kazan was brought back to the cabin the next day, a tired, but a very happy dog, for was not he the hero of a great rescue.

## OBSERVATIONS ON LIFE

By Raymond G. Worster.

**H**OW beautiful nature is in the autumn. The leaves of the trees are aglow with every color imaginable. The shrubbery seems more full of color than ever.

A month passes. The trees are no longer robed in their beautiful clothing, but stand blank and bare, adding very little beauty to

our life. If we should go into the woods alone and there let our souls go out to nature, into the trees and the shrubbery, how should we feel? Sad, perhaps, for autumn, we say, is the time of dying nature and dying flowers.

Then winter comes and we no longer can see the flowers or the grass or hear the



trickling brook, for they are covered with ice and snow. In winter nature is dead, but there has never yet been a winter that has not been followed by a spring. The flowers, grass, and leaves have died only to live again and the world is brighter because they live.

Did it ever occur to you how similar human life is to the life of nature? You have probably read in books of the contrast between the present day man and the savage of yesterday. Perchance you have heard of the comparison of man with monkey. In every case of this kind you will discover that the person or thing compared with man lives, or has lived, the same general life as man, only a few stages lower. If this is true it is very reasonable to compare the life of man with nature.

If we live our lives as we should, and, "play square," with ourselves, we will be

able to die like the flowers and leaves—beautifully; only dying to live again in a far better life. For a dark cloud always has a silver lining; a sunset is always followed by a sunrise; winter is always succeeded by spring. Then, as the poet says:

"So live that when thy summons comes to join

The innumerable caravan that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of Death,  
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained  
and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy  
grave

Like one who wraps the drapery of his  
couch

About him, and lies down to pleasant  
dreams."

## REFLECTIONS

By Mary McManus, '24.

ONCE upon a time there was a Youth who aspired to be great. He wished so much to be great, that he prayed for the perception of mind to make his soul expand in beauty. Often he pondered the questions: In what lies true greatness? Do success and fame constitute its sole factors? Minds are mirrors of souls, then does the light of a brilliant mind make more discernible the great problems of the soul? Or does it, instead, reflect a shadow of doubt back upon itself? May a dull mind, with only a faint gleam of light, magnify its brilliance a thousand times upon the soul?

Such were the thoughts of the Youth, and he set about to search the world over for a mind that might be beautiful in its reflection, and that would be truly worthy of the title, great.

He searched everywhere. He talked with famous men and women, who pos-

sessed wondrously bright minds. He was surprised to find the Reflections dull and dingy, dimmed by the mist of Conceit. Men who had contributed to the accomplishments of science, blinded by their own knowledge, dared even to doubt the Sacred Truths, and to advance new theories with themselves as authorities. Oh, foolish men! What is knowledge compared to The Knowledge that knows all things? Oh, fickle world, so easily led from The Path of Truth.

Disgusted, the Youth decided to look in more humble stations for his object. Here his discoveries were various. Most Mirrors showed a flickering light, like the flickering of an oil lamp, which must have more fuel to feed itself, or die from lack of it.

Then a great fear grew upon the Youth. Was it possible that in this whole vast world there was not a single great Soul? Discouraged at last, he stood on the street



corner of a great city. A drowsiness came over him, his head dropped upon his breast, and he dreamed a dream.

He was, he thought, in the hall of an immense mansion,—the World. On both sides of the hall were hundreds of maidens, dressed in snowy garments. Although their beauty was astounding, the Youth did not regard them, for his eyes were riveted on a sight in front of him.

Standing, with her arms outstretched to him, stood the Lady of His Heart. She was his ideal, his conception of all that was great. So dazzling was she, that it blinded one's eyes to look at her.

When the Youth saw this Lady, he walked straight towards her, hoping to reach her at length. He walked for miles down an Endless Corridor 'till finally he fell in a faint from exhaustion. Then, one of the maidens, whose name was Love, chafed his hands, and consoled him by soothing words. Another, named Hope, told him not to care, that the Lady of His Heart would return sometime; still another told him she **knew** he would find his Lady before long.

"How is it?" asked the Youth, "that I did not see you before?"

"You would not see us," answered all three in chorus, "You passed by our sisters and ourselves, and went following a phantom. We are the greatest of virtues, for what is more sweet than Love? What is more joyful than Hope? What is more true than Faith?"

The Youth awoke. He remembered his dream, and realized what it meant. This world is full of great deeds of self-sacrifice, of triumphs over self, that are passed by unnoticed, modestly hidden from the passing observer.

Looking about him, the Youth saw a uniformed nurse, young and in the bloom of her beauty, enter a house of pestilence, to nurse the stricken at the risk of her own life. His heart grew warm in his breast at witnessing this willing sacrifice, and he rejoiced that his dream had given him new eyes with which to see.

"Love," said the Youth, smiling to himself.

A woman came down the street, leading a child by the hand; her own child, the Youth knew, by the tender manner in which she held the little hand.

"Hope," said the Youth, smiling again. As he strolled along, he passed a cathedral, where he heard the voices of the choir raised in faithful chanting.

"Faith," said the Youth, solemnly, to himself.

So the Youth obeyed his dream. He sought not for the greatness of a single person, for no mortal creature can be wholly sublime, but he saw virtue in every person, in everything, and seeing these things, his heart was glad, and the spark in his soul became a living fire of Love, Hope and Faith, so that the Reflection in his mirror was wonderful to behold, and of real service to the men and women in the world.

## IF DREAMS CAME TRUE

By '23

**N**OT long ago, I received a piece of wedding cake from a friend for whom I had acted as bridesmaid and along with the cake came directions for use. I could plainly discern that it was not edible.

One night as I prepared for bed, I placed

the cake beneath my pillow and named the four bedposts, as directed; then sleep overcame me.

One of the four posts appeared and said, "Come with me. Haven't you heard of the Canadian invasion? We must flee south."

"I will go with you always," I replied.

We departed hand in hand. Then, hastening toward the river, we embarked in the "Bon Ton" and ordered the owner "to speed her up."

She went aground at Mt. Desert Island, so we lingered to view the circus parade; there, on the steps of the Park Theatre, stood Geraldine Farrar. I remarked how old she looked without her make-up; but regardless of the barefaced candor, she very solicitously shook hands with me and asked if I would lend her seven cents to buy a lemon and lime.

Then the Canadian hordes descended upon us and my companion was slain while I was taken prisoner. Back in the camps, I was made chief cook and ordered to make a wonderful cake to celebrate Charlie Chaplin's birthday. If this cooking proved successful, I was to shine boots in an advanced position.

The receipt was something like this:

2 pecks of sand (well-sifted).

4 good sized rocks.

1 quart of jelly fish.

7 yeast cakes

4 panes of frosted glass.

The commanders were horribly indignant because there was not enough to be divided among them and ordered me to be burned at the stake.

I was looking forward to this ordeal with much pleasure, but one of the officers became so angered because he could not play golf on account of a black eye, that he decided "to stab me with a clothes pin and leave me there for dead."

I struggled furiously but was doomed to die, so with my last breaths, I fervently sang to the tune of "Humoresque":

"I woke up in the morning,

And looked upon the wall,

The cockroaches and the bed bugs

Were having a game of ball,

The score was six to nothing,

The bed bugs were ahead,

The cockroaches made a home run

And I fell out of bed."

## THE EVILS OF AN UNPREPARED LESSON

By Anon.

ONE—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine. Slowly the clock in the hall chimed out the hour and I raised my head from the book I was reading with a start. Surely it was not that late, but, on going into the hall to find out whether or not I had heard the chimes correctly, I found it only too true. Oh, well, it wouldn't do any harm to read a chapter more of my book.

One—rang the clock. Heavens! Again I had become so interested in my book that the time had slipped by unnoticed and now it was nine-thirty and I had not studied even one of my lessons. It was of no use to put them off any longer, so regretfully I put my novel away and prepared to study.

Picking up my algebra I turned to the assignment the teacher had given us for the next day and read over the first example.

"The difference of two angles of a triangle is equal to the third angle, and their sum is thirteen-fifths of the third angle, what are the angles?" There would be no use in puzzling over that as I couldn't do it anyway, so I turned to my English. "Analyze the following sentence, 'In all the ages the extent and value of flood plains have been increased by artificial means.'" Oh, English didn't come until the last period, so I wouldn't bother with that.

Next came my French. Translate, "Un vieux paysan entre un jour chez un opticien a la ville et demande des lunettes." Mercy! I could never translate that and it was of no use to even open my Cicero so I decided to leave my lessons and crib the next morning. The teachers surely wouldn't know if I cribbed just once.

Deciding that there was no use in sitting



up any later, I went upstairs and prepared for bed. The soft pillows felt inviting but it seemed as though I had only lain on them five minutes when a slight sound in the room made me open my eyes to see what had caused the noise. When I saw what it was I sat up in bed in terror, for, clustered around the foot of my bed were seven of the most hideous looking personages I had ever seen in my life! On the front of each was a letter so that when arranged in order they spelled "Failure."

"Who are you, and what do you want?" I cried.

"We are the evils of an unprepared lesson," they said, "and we have come to you to see if you won't begin preparing your lessons before it is too late."

Then, arranging themselves in order they said in turn:

"F" is to flunk which you surely will do."

"A" is for "A" which should be on your

card."

"I" is for ignorance which you will certainly rue."

"L" is for lessons you should study though hard."

"U" is for the use of the lessons you have."

"R" is for the regret which will come by and by."

"E" is for each lesson you could do if you tried."

Then in unison they repeated:

"Oh, please take heed and don't stop to wait,

But study your lessons before it's too late."

After that they made a low bow and left me. But my night of rest was ruined, for I tossed from one side of the bed to the other, restlessly until five o'clock in the morning, then I arose and studied, resolving never again to go to bed with my lessons unprepared.

## ON THANKSGIVING DAY

By Joseph H. Loble, '23.

**H**ORATIUS was missing. The whole farm was aroused and in search of him. All of his old haunts were visited in vain. The earth had opened and swallowed him up. Although it was Thanksgiving Day there was little rejoicing for the Wood family.

At last we all agreed that he must have wandered away and we decided to divide our forces into two searching parties and scour every inch of ground in the vicinity. Silently we moved about through the storm with fear in our hearts.

Nearby one could easily make out the cold, dark waters of the pond. What if he had wandered out on the thin shore ice, while at play? I shuddered at the thought.

Then, there were the dark, grim forests that closed the farm in from the rest of the civilized world. One might have wandered

for days in that mass of underbrush and thickets without encountering anything but the denizens of the wild. I tried to shut these thoughts from my mind but they were forever returning.

What agonies one can suffer in a few moments! My eyes were blinded by tears and I felt glad that the storm shut me from the rest of the searchers. They could not see my weakness. They did not know of the black despair that filled my heart.

In my distress I stumbled and fell. As I started to rise I saw something on the ground that caused my senses to reel! A track, almost obliterated by the falling snow. Hastily I began to creep forward on my hands and knees, my eyes never leaving that little line of marks that showed where he had passed. At last, I saw where the tracks were leading me; to a large spruce

tree on the very edge of the wilderness.

I rose to my feet and stumbled forward. Fifty yards from my goal, I fell and regaining my feet, I left a crimson trail on the snow.

At last my hands gripped the shaggy bark of the old tree and I began to climb. How I ever made it I do not know, but at last

I reached the middle branches. There sat Horatius.

I reached forward with extended arms to grasp him before he should fall from his perilous position but he squawked and pecked at me with his bill. Our Thanksgiving turkey was found and peace reigned once more on the farm.

## AFTER THE STORM

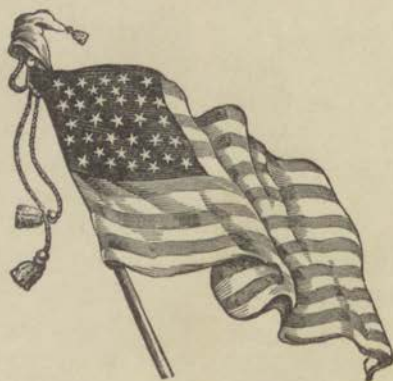
By Elizabeth McGarrigle.

**A**LL day long we had been traveling through terrible thunder showers. How tired I was of hearing the continued pitter, patter of the rain against the top of the car as we drove on and on and on! For three continuous days it had done nothing but rain, rain, rain. We were on our way to Moosehead Lake and were climbing hills, one right after another. At last we started up the last hill, and as we looked up it seemed as if there surely was no summit to that dreadful ascent, and we all breathed a silent prayer that we would reach the top without any trouble.

Finally we reached level ground and I

beheld a sight which I shall never forget! There, before me, lay the largest lake in Maine, surrounded by massive ranges of mountains. Just over the top of the mountain range came a ray of very delicate pink merging into the black rain clouds above us. Brighter and brighter grew the rays, changing from a pale pink to a delicate shade of blue.

The water of the lake began to calm, and the beautiful colors of the sky reflected on the lake, making a picture no artist with any degree of justice could paint. As we had stopped the car I stood there and wondered if there could be a more perfect ending to our trip.







# LOCALS

vayp '18

The results of the elections of the two upper classes are as follows:

Senior Class:

President, Freeman Murray.

Vice-President, Leonora Hall.

Secretary, Eleanor Coffee.

Treasurer, James Gallagher.

Junior Class:

President, Francis O'Brien.

Vice-President, Margaret Chalmers.

Secretary, Margaret Daley.

Treasurer, William McCarthy.

the other classes, too, take charge of the assembly whenever they felt that they could. Consequently, on the morning of Sept. 27, we found Lester Campbell, '23, presiding in Mr. Proctor's place. Following him, Miriam Bunker, Freeman Murray, and Louise Ayer have led. An effort will be made to have a student lead every Wednesday.

The first half of last year, for various reasons, it was impossible for us to have singing lessons here at school. Of course, we were all very much disappointed but there seemed to be nothing that we could do about it. This year, however, has brought about changes and we now have our weekly singing lesson. First and second year pupils are instructed by Mrs. Martin Flanders, while Mr. Sprague teaches Juniors and Seniors.

October 13, at 12 o'clock, we had a chance to make the Assembly hall re-echo with our cheers. It was the day of the rally preceding the Bangor-Portland football game. Of course the band was on the stage and played "Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here." We spelled Bangor the long way and cheered the members of the team. Mr. Daley, Mr. Trowell, and Mr. Carr spoke on school spirit and its relation to the Saturday game. Captain Casper and Buck Conners also said a few words. When we had spelled Bangor the long way again, Mana-

The boys of our football team have long been in need of blankets to use at the games. While waiting their turns to play or after having played it is quite necessary that they be kept warm, so this year the girls decided to help out. Home made candy has been solicited from each class and has been sold at school and at one of the games; a collection also has been taken up. The result is that the boys have eighteen dark red blankets, each of which has a large white B on it.

The credit of this enterprise belongs to Ruth Daggett, '25, and Marion Mutty, '25, who have been indefatigable in collecting and selling the candy, and getting the best possible bargain in blankets.

At the beginning of the year Mr. Proctor told us that he would be very glad to have various members of the Senior class, and of

ger Davis sent the first year pupils to their classes and the rest of the student body went home to dinner.

Sept. 26, all the girls of the school were called to the Assembly hall and Miss Mary Robinson, our dean, gave a talk on dress, speech, and manners, after which Mrs. Odiorne gave an interesting talk on dancing. She showed them the correct and newer dancing positions, also the latest steps that are in good form.

The first meeting of the Dramatic Club was held Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 20. A large number signed up for membership which showed that there will be plenty of material for the ensuing year. The following officers were elected, Walter Whittier, president; Louise Ayer, vice-president; George Noddin, secretary, and Freeman Murray, treasurer. Kathleen McCann, Henry Fairbanks, and Madeline Heath were elected as a committee to provide for entertainment at the weekly meetings on Thursday.

The corridors were all newly painted last summer, and if you see a boy try to lean easily against the wall and start suddenly to go to his room, you will know that he is trying his best to keep that paint from being marred.

The orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Sprague commenced rehearsals, Wednesday, September 20. In spite of many changes in its personnel the orchestra is in better condition for the year's work than the Band. Both organizations will be able to uphold the traditions and honor of Ban-

gor High, however, as they have in the year's past.

Oh, that lunch room. If only we could get a cone or a hot dog, now and then! But our ardor is cooled when we remember that the return of the lunch room would mean dismissal twenty minutes later.

During the summer recess the School Board spent the sum of \$5,000 on the High School Building. The electric clocks were thoroughly repaired, the entire top floor re-painted, all the corridors on the first floor painted, the offices of both the superintendent and the principal renovated; new floors laid in the machine rooms and a new room added to the Gym to be used by the R. O. T. C. as a supply room.

With just a little care on the part of the students the building will look fresh and new for some time to come, as all of us who belong to Bangor High wish it to look.

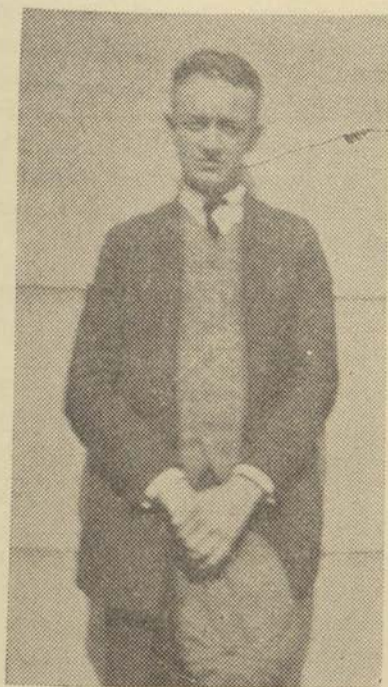
The banquet which was given to the Portland football team on the Saturday night of their game in this city was a very enjoyable part of the entertainment given that team while on their trip here. Mr. Benson Davis made a speech which will long be remembered; "I come to eat, not to speak." We hope that he will have good reasons to speak on his trip to Portland.

A reception was given to our new Superintendent during the last week in October. All of the teachers in the city attended. Music was rendered by an orchestra of High school students, while the guests partook of dainty refreshments.





The team also made a trip out of the State for the first time in the history of the school. We sincerely wish success to next year's team and manager.



**Mgr. Davis**

We have done our best to make this season of football one of the best and we hope that the student body is satisfied with our work. This year the team has played several very good teams and most of the games were on the home gridiron or near home so that the students could easily see the game.



**Capt. Casper**



The Crimson began her football season Saturday, Sept. 23, at Bass Park, by a 12 to 7 victory over Brewer High school. Touchdowns were made by Rooks and Noddin for Bangor, and Collett for Brewer.

The following Wednesday a 7 to 7 tie game was fought out with Higgins Classical Institute. Bangor showed much improvement over her game with Brewer. Conners showed up especially well for Bangor. Touchdowns were made by Conners for Bangor, and Peabody for H. C. I.

Saturday, Sept. 30, the Crimson defeated Maine Central Institute, 7 to 0. The game was hard fought from the first kick-off to the final whistle. Bangor's hard luck was the only thing that saved them from a defeat by a larger score. Conners made the solitary touchdown.

The next Wednesday the Crimson journeyed to Pittsfield, where they again trimmed M. C. I., this time by a 26 to 0 score. The team showed much improvement over the previous Saturday's game. M. C. I. never had a chance, her playing was slow, and her teamwork ragged. Tapley's fine punting was a feature of the game. Touchdowns were made by Conners, Bond, Tapley, and Short.

Millinocket High school was trimmed 51 to 6 at Bass Park, Saturday afternoon, October 7. This game was a "set up" for the local team. Touchdowns were made by members of the Crimson team almost at will. Millinocket's lone score was made by Elliott, who intercepted a pass and raced for a touchdown. Touchdowns were made by Short, Tapley, Gallagher, Murray, Noddin, Rooks, Cunningham, Gotlib for Bangor; and Elliott for Millinocket.

Saturday, October 14, Bangor met her first defeat of the season at the hands of her traditional rival, Portland. The final score was 6 to 0. Portland won fairly and square-

ly; and although the Crimson has no real alibis to offer, it was very apparent that the team was off form. But it can't be said that they "laid down."

Portland was outplayed during the first period, the ball being in their territory practically all the time. In the second period Portland recovered a fumble on Bangor's 22-yard line, a forward pass advanced the ball about 18 yards, and Flavin went over for a touchdown soon after. During the rest of the game the ball seesawed back and forth without either side scoring. In the last of the fourth period the Bangor team put up a game fight and prevented a defeat by a larger score when the Portland team had the ball on their ten-yard line.

Conners played a good game in the backfield, and his kicking was a feature of the game. The work of John Lynch at tackle and "Red" Lynch at guard, was also good. Flavin and McFarland were the two outstanding Portland players.

The men who had played for Bangor up to the second Higgins game and number of games played in are as follows: Curran (6), Jansson (5), Captain Casper (7), Colburn (7), John Lynch (7), "Red" Lynch (4), Tapley (4), Short (5), Bond (7), Murray (7), Conners (6), Frank McClay (6), Rooks (6), Strout (5), Noddin (7), Cunningham (3), O'Brien (5), O'Connell (2), Epstein (2), Rogan (3), Sawyer (3), Ulmer (3), Gallagher (2), Gotlib (2), Samway (2), McClay (1), Furo (1), Keefe (1), Sanborn (1), Sullivan (1), Gary (1), and Collins (1).

Touchdowns have been made by Rooks (2), Noddin (2), Conners (4), Bond, Tapley (2), Short (2), Cunningham, Murray, Gallagher, Gotlib.

Wednesday, October 18, Brewer High was defeated for the second time this season, by a score of 6 to 0. Bangor scored early in the first quarter. Brewer threatened in the last period, but could not score. Bangor's lone tally was made by Conners.



# PERSONALS



## Automobiles.

One Knight a Ford Dodged a Buick, started Overland, and ran into the Hudson, at which poor Lizzy turned White.

Shoemaker—I wan't a sign for my new shop. Just say that I sell boots and repair them.

Sign Painter—Oh, that's so old. Why not have something original?

Shoemaker—What would you suggest?

Sign Painter—Boots sold and half soled!

Teacher: "Now, can any of you tell me the meaning of 'divers diseases'?"

Pupil: "Divers diseases is water on the brain."

One freshman was so innocent that he thought that Daylight Saving was a trust company.

Another one thinks it strange that both George Washington's and Abraham Lincoln's birthdays always come on a holiday.

## Why the Idea!

Ben Davis says that just because he isn't one of those guys that likes to tell everything he knows, some of his classmates really think he is dumb in solid geom. It's just like some people at that!

## Use Black Ink.

The Personals Editors will be glad to consider any cartoons or drawings sub-

mitted to this department. Artists should take care, however, to draw their masterpieces with Black India Ink in order to insure their reproduction. The editors acknowledge the receipt of some very clever sketches found in the Oracle box, but could not use them as they were drawn with blue writing fluid. All Bud Fishers and Rube Goldbergs in the school are asked to remember this in submitting any future work.

## Varney's Physics Football.

It was a beautiful physics day and the Specific Gravity was at its highest. The annual game between the Yale Lockers and the Harvard Boilers commenced. They came together with a shock and battled furiously for about forty degrees. The score was 7 to 0, in favor of the Boilers, when, suddenly, Bunsen, who weighed 300 grams, burst through the line and burned his way down the field. There was only Rubber, the quarterback, between him and the goal post.

The coach, Calorimeter, worked himself into a frenzy, let out a lot of steam and screamed, "Rubber Stopper." Instead, Rubber bounced in the air and let Bunsen make a touchdown. Then, with only two degrees to go they froze the ball and put the game on ice.

In the end it was a moral victory and the students cried, "The vernier won and anyhow, it was only a test game as next week we play our big game with our old rivals, Centre Gravity."

## WEATHER

We'll bite.  
What is it?

# THE B. H. S.

VOLUME I

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

## EDITORIAL

The editors wish to announce with wet eyelids, that the proposed Beauty contest is no go. It seems that there are no beauties in the school and it is tough to hold a beauty contest without any material to work on. To date, the B. C. Editor has not received one photo of any contestant, although several names were sent in, and has thrown up the contest as a bad job. The Beauty editor, hired especially for the occasion, is back to his old job, emptying waste baskets.

### B. H. S. BRIEFS.

If You Need 'Em buy "em" in the Assembly Hall.

Local News Pictorial showing local events, will be at the B. H. S. Palace next month.

Camera man will visit several classes in which tests are to be taken. We expect to see many exciting pictures.

It is rumored that D. L., '23, is suing for a divorce from one of our prominent alumni. Defendant will not contest.

## SALEM TRIP WAS A GOOD NUMBER

### Foot Ball Team Had Glorious Time. Trip Makes Burton Holmes Look Like A Campfire Girl

It was a wonderful trip according to all reports, and although the team dropped the decision after a tough deal, still all the boys had a wonderful time and the entire squad arrived home without one player lost, strayed, stolen or pinched. Many of the boys were in the big town for the first time and experienced lots of new thrills.

### MURRAY HAS NARROW ESCAPE.

If Free Murray had not been looking at the top of a new building, he probably would have been instantly exterminated as the workmen on said building were playing baseball with the six foot steel girder.

### RED LYNCH PAYS \$4.00 FOR ROOM.

Mr. Lynch stepped into the lobby of Quincy House and signed for a room for himself only. Authorities claim that when they investigated, there

were at least six in the double bed and three under it to hold it up.

### Big Scoff at Salem Inn.

After the game, the team was set up to a big feed at the Salem Inn. Several roast chickens, and dish after dish of lobster salad were conquered. This feed was the only thing on the day's program that the players and officials agreed upon.

### Late for Game.

Gary and Cunningham forgot that the game was on Saturday and were reposing in slumber at the Quincy House, Boston, long after the team had departed for Salem.

The tardy ones, however, arrived in time for the game.

### STUDENTS MUST CARRY RULERS.

It has been decided that pupils must keep two inches away from walls. This law will be enforced.



# TATLER

TIDE

Wet today.  
All day.

NOVEMBER, 1922

NUMBER 2

## LATE LOCAL LINES

Vivien Savage wishes to procure a boxing teacher.

From all accounts there was no end to the wonders seen on the Salem trip. Gary says that some of the buildings in Boston are so high that they have them on hinges, so as to let the moon go by.

## AMUSEMENTS

### B. H. S. PALACE

Continuous from 8.00 P. M.

to 4.15 P. M.

We Have the Best of High  
Class Vaudeville.

### SHRIMP FROST

in

### SQUADS EAST,

Also Involving the  
Veazie Mounted Police.

Leo Wise, Otherwise Known  
as Wise Leo

in

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

### KEN LARGAY

in

"Watch Me, I'm Fast."

LOST—By Farmer O'Brien  
when speaking at the Junior  
election, His Balance. Return.

## SPORTING DIPS

No one sued Jack Dempsey today.

Favorites are beaten many times.

Battling Siki was the dark horse in his recent fight with Carpentier.

Everyone will no doubt pick Out of Luck for the mythical quarterback but Oil of Cloves has many admirers.

How are you betting on the annual China High-Africa Tech classic at Broadway, Thanksgiving?

Sporting Dips has been requested to select an All-American team and asks for contributions from readers in making up the mythical eleven.

Send in your teams today.

Orono High is so anxious to play Bangor that they would be glad to do their stuff for 40 per cent. of the gate!!!

Can you imagine that, Elmer?

Smoke a

B. U. M.

Kerosene Dipped.

"Save the Surface and  
you have saved every-  
thing."

DOBB'S  
FACE POWDER.

### B. H. S. PALACE

Next Month,

McCLAY AND  
TAPLEY

in

"TERRORS OF  
THE  
SUBWAY."

FREE! FREE! For each  
21 new subscriptions to the  
"Tatler" we will give 1 copy  
FREE!

Miss R—: (checking up class for singing period)—“and Mr. Fogg, do you sing?”  
Fogg, '23: “I try to.”

Whittier, translating Latin:  
“Smiling at her, the father of gods and men.”

Last night as Carl (B.) lay on his pillow,  
Last night as he lay on his bed,  
He sent his song out through the window,  
This morning his neighbors are dead.  
(Sung to the tune of “My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean”).

### How It Happened.

“It was the first time I had ever driven a car,” feebly explained the B. H. S. student, the victim of an accident while taking his girl out riding. “I got to going pretty fast and forgot how to stop. I looked ahead and saw a bridge rushing to meet me. I tried to turn out to let the bridge pass, and—that is all I know about it.”—Ex.

### Heard in English.

Miss McCann—“What was the name of the horse on which Ichabod Crane rode to the party at Farmer Van Tassel's?”

Student—“Dynamite.” (Gunpowder).

### In French.

Mademoiselle to Student: “Translate Suis-je mechant?”

Student: “Oui, Mademoiselle.”

### From Mouth to Mouth.

One Student: “Tell me something funny that I can put in the Oracle.”

The Other Student: “Just hand in your picture, that is funny enough for anybody to see.”

Miss P—(in English): “What are some of the things Benjamin Franklin invented?”  
J. L. G., '23: “New Franklin Laundry.”

### SENIOR ALPHABET.

A is for Ayer who towards medals is bent,  
B is for Benner, a studious one,  
C is for Cochran, who in speaking does shine,  
D is for Day, who has a good line.  
E is for Everyone; all who are busy,  
F is for Ford, our bright, new tin-lizzie.  
G is for Garland full of life at the best,  
H is for Hurlburt with intelligence blest.  
I is for me who must come in this cast,  
J is for Jenkins, who has long pants at last.  
K is for Kirk, either Florence or May,  
L is for Largay, he'll grow up some day.  
M is for Murry, our class president,  
N is for Noddin, whose heart none can dent.  
O is for O'Connor, Burdette he is named,  
P is for Peters, for A's she is famed.  
Q is for Quizzes, which we have a lot,  
R is for Rice, whose first name is Dot.  
S is for Sawyer, both Sonny and Ed,  
T is for Tests, which we all dread.  
U is for Us and all we have done,  
V is for Victories our teams have won.  
W is for Wrong that we all have seen,  
X is for Xample that we all have been,  
Y is for You, who'll be Seniors next time,  
Z is just to end up this whole rhyme.

### Notice Read in Chapel.

“Lost, a 1923 class ring coming to school down Garland street.” Cheer up, Seniors, the Juniors will have to go some to get educated rings like that.

B rainy, happy, joyous crowd,  
A ngry people not allowed,  
N othing doing underhand,  
G ouchiness is always canned,  
O ften wrong but always keen,  
R ich and poor alike are seen.

H ere they are the joyous lot,  
I n the class rooms they are taught,  
G etting education here,  
H igher climbing year by year.



Why Short Hair  
is Best,

G. HAYES.

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November, 1922.

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IT

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How I Acquired It,"

by

R. DAGGETT.

A

CHORUS

By Freshies,

"THE GRASS GROWS GREEN."

B

—COMEDY ACT—

Room 202,

"The World's Champion Boxer,"

Featuring

BILLY SNOW.

C

Dramatic Play,

"THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN,"

Starring

D. BENSON.

D

SPECIAL

Baseball Game

between

GIANTS AND YANKEES,

Represented by

Dodo Clark, '25, and Peanut Dudley, 26.

E

OVERTURE BY SCHOOL,

"Eight O'Clock in the Morning."

F

Vaudeville EXTRA Vaudeville

A. Fairbanks and P. Sawyer,

in

"WATCH US FLAPPERS."

N

O

T

I

C

E

Free Lessons on  
"Why I Am a  
Success in Latin,"  
by  
MARION  
MUTTY.

"The Woman  
Haters, Who Are  
They?" Ask S.  
Cunningham and  
B. Smith.

Ask the Sophomores  
Why They are Un-  
able to Wear Their  
Last Year's Hats.

"The Advantages  
of Being Short,"  
by  
D. Kennedy, 26.

FOR SALE

A "Virgil"

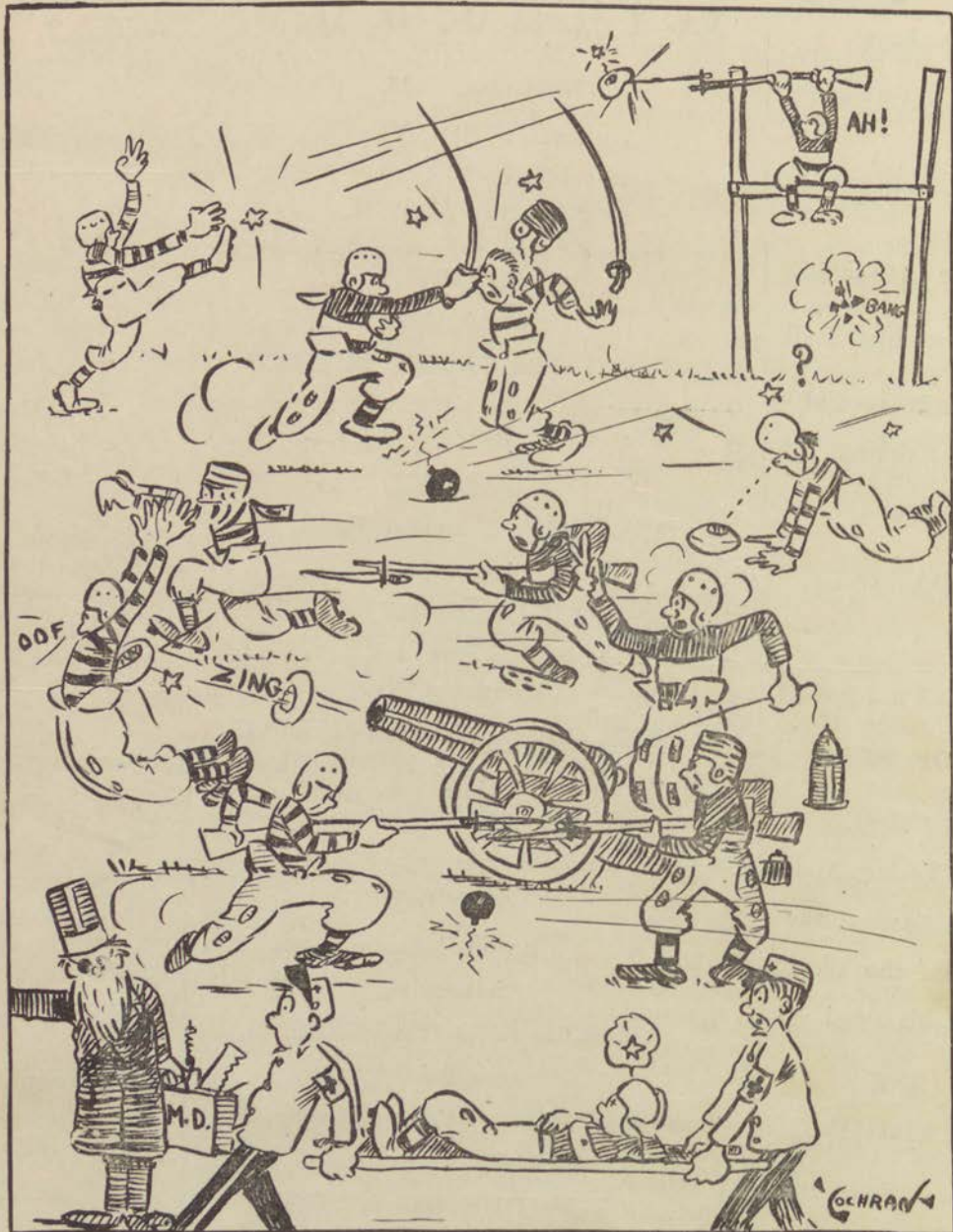
by a Young Man  
Who Carries the  
Light of the World  
on his head.

ASK

K. CRIMMIN.

Give a Fellow a  
Chance and Watch  
Him Grow.

H. O'CONNELL.



Bangor vs. Portland, Nov. 18, 1922—Some Battle



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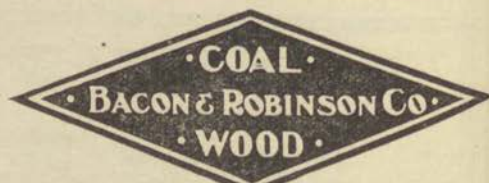
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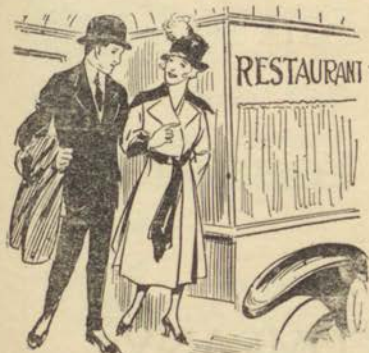
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