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RAINSFORD  
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## BESSE SYSTEM COMPANY

Take this opportunity to thank all those who took part in our recent contest conducted through this magazine. The many testimonials to Besse System Values and Service were highly gratifying, and attest splendidly to the esteem in which this store is held by our large circle of friends.

We take pleasure in publishing below one of the winning letters:

(COPY)

Nov. 6, 1923.

Bangor, Me.

Besse System Co.,  
City.

My Dear Mr. Dorr:

I am glad to have the opportunity to let you know in what a good estimation my family has always held your service—courteous and bringing the best results.

Not long ago my uncle bought a suit at your establishment, so I questioned him as to whether or not he got the best results as I wish to give you a truthful, fair-minded judgment. He told me he was attended by an intelligent clerk who gave him the most careful attention. Consequently, he got just what he wanted and the suit has always pleased him.

However, an event which I consider truly remarkable happened last Christmas time. My grandfather stopped one day in your store to look at a scarf on the counter. Going home he mentioned he wished he had bought it but all he could remember was that it had a tag on it "made n Ireland" and had a little green on it. The next day my aunt went back and the clerk remembered him looking at that special scarf. Enough said.

Your slogan may well be "The Best Value with the Least Price." I remain

Respectfully yours,

---

## BESSE SYSTEM CO.

Bangor's Leading Store

Geo. C. Dorr, Mgr.



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**S**AVING with a bank account is the easy way to get ahead financially. It doesn't involve any self-denial or unusual economy. All that is necessary is a *regular method* of small weekly deposits.

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*Fredrick B. Johnson*

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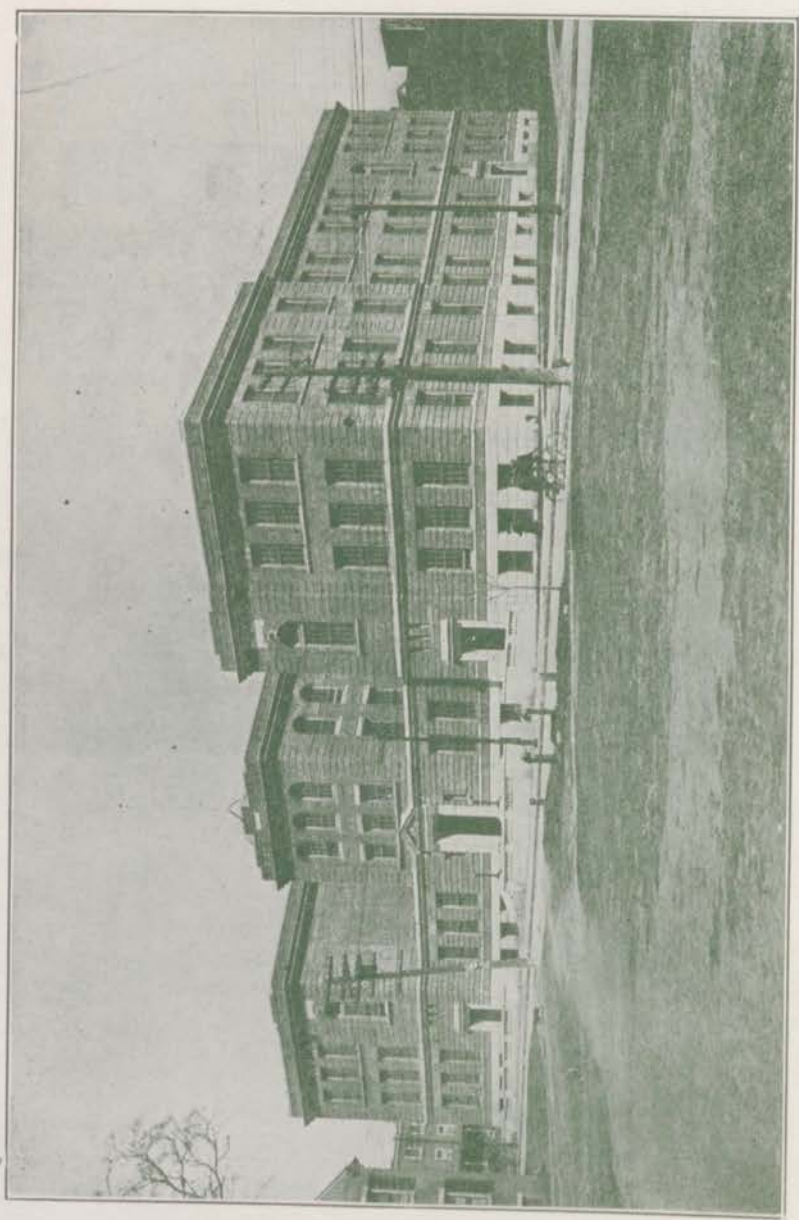
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"THE PICTURES THAT ARE DIFFERENT"

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ALMA MATER.



# THE ORACLE

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No. 3

## The Oracle Board



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*"There is no disease of the soul but ignorance."*

Holworthy Hall, whose real name is Harold E. Porter, tells the following incident in regard to courtesy: "I know a man who for three terms was a United States senator. He was never a politician, and he had never previously held any public office. He was nominated at a time when his party apparently had no more chance than a fish in a furnace. But he was elected, and he stayed in Washington until ill health compelled him to retire. One of his townsmen told me the secret.

"'Jim wasn't elected because he never made an enemy. He was elected because he never lost a friend! And he made a friend out of almost anybody that so much as asked him for a match, because he was so darned nice about it you'd have thought the only thing he had to do all that week was to give that particular man that particular match.'"

There is much material for thought in this little story. He kept his friends by kindness, courtesy and thoughtfulness. Why can't you do the same thing? Just a little more care on your part will keep friendships that otherwise would be lost.

The primary object of Christmas is not, as some people may suspect, to bankrupt Dad buying presents he can't afford, but to pay marked respect to a birthday. It is the birthday of the Man who first said to this world, "Love your neighbor as yourself." That idea is probably the most im-

portant one ever uttered on this earth. Let us try to remember it wherever we may be. The habit of helping someone is one of the main thoughts in the spirit of Christmas, and happy is he who not only practices it at Christmas time but throughout the year. The world would be a changed and wonderful place to live in if men and nations only stopped long enough to let this sink in. But right here in our own school we can, each one of us, do out little bit toward making it a better place in which to spend the rest of our Bangor High School days.

On November 21 and 23, the High school had two periods of the regular morning work in the evening, in observance of education week. This enabled parents and friends, interested in the school, to come and see a modern high school in operation. We students fail sometimes to appreciate this wonderful opportunity we have of attending a modern school. A great number of the visitors attended the old High school which stood on Abbott Square, and only by talking with one of these people, can we realize what an advantage we have over the school of twenty-five years ago. These friends were astonished at the amount of fine equipment we have. As one man carefully noticed the fine band and orchestra, the well equipped gymnasium, the fully-stocked chemistry and physics laboratories, etc., he was heard to remark that all



## THE ORACLE

the equipment he had when he went to school was an old broomstick, which the boys held up to jump over at recess.

It is only when we hear a statement like that, that we can begin to appreciate our school. This equipment is for a purpose; we must use it to our best advantage and thus show that we appreciate it.

Hurrah for the basketball season! Here is where B. H. S. shines! In the football **Basket** season we did not collect as many **Ball** scalps as we usually do, but nevertheless we realize that we **played the game** as hard as we could, and took both our victories and our defeats like true sportsmen. Now we get our revenge! Let us all cooperate and turn out a real B. H. S. basketball aggregation, and show the world what we are made of. Buy a season ticket, go to every game, and boost the good old crimson, because we're going to win!

### A Communication:-

"All the world's a stage," said Shakespeare, but very few of us will carry on our part on the stage of life, as well as did Silas Crabtree in the play, "Cuthbert," recently staged at chapel. A large rifle fell on Silas' head with terrific force, stunning him with the blow. Silas, however, kept right on with his part so bravely that neither the cast nor the audience realized he was hurt until afterwards. Let us take example from Silas Crabtree. "With head bloody but unbowed," let us keep on with our parts, however humble, and when sudden, unexpected blows fall upon us, let us bear them bravely, and keep right on as if they didn't hurt. The world needs men and women of courage, and the humblest person in real life, often plays the heroic part. Let's all be like Silas Crabtree. Silas, you're a brick!

M. M.



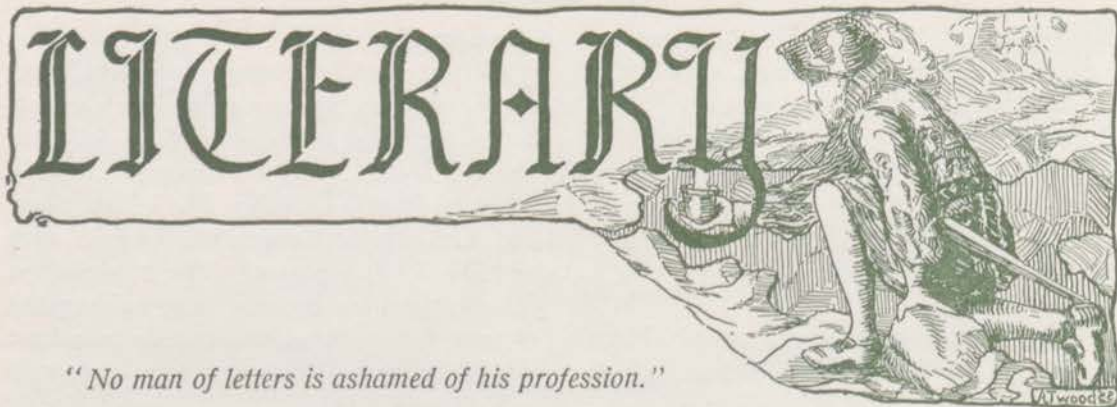
# A Merry Christmas

and

# A Happy New Year

from

# The Oracle



*"No man of letters is ashamed of his profession."*

## MR. SANTA CLAUS

Mary P. McManus, '24.

**T**WAS the day before Christmas. A soft snow began to fall from above, and everyone was glad to see it. Shop windows were decorated with red and evergreen, white bearded Santa Clauses were bowing and nodding on street corners. The spirit of Christmas was everywhere. The bright faces of people spoke for happiness, while their hearts sang, "Christmas Time! Christmas Time!" The very air seemed the breath of joy.

As Mr. James Jennings walked down Main street, it seemed that the merry wind blew away full twenty-five of his fifty years—he straightened his back, walked with a freer gait, and looked with a kindly eye on all of Christmas that there was to be seen.

A few minutes before, alone in his palatial home, he had felt very lonely, left out of the whole Christmas plan. He had no one to love him, at that time when people like most to be loved, and most of his associates were so much in awe of this gruff old man that few dared to greet him as an ordinary human being.

Mr. Jennings knew this, and it hurt him deeply. His gruffness was merely a way of covering his kind heart, and added to this, Mr. Jennings had a peculiar sensitiveness of disposition which at times made life unbearable to him. This same sensitive-

ness, however, often gave him a great deal of pleasure, such pleasure as he was enjoying now, breathing the Christmas air, and feeling the Christmas spirit.

On this Christmas afternoon, Mr. Jennings was determined on playing Santa Claus, a strange whim for an old man who had never played Santa Claus before, who had never known the joy of filling a child's stocking.

A man was walking before him, a happy man, of about thirty years. "I wonder where he's going," said Jennings to himself.

The young man stopped before a toy shop and looked at some dolls. Then he pulled a ten dollar bill from his pocket, together with a list of articles. "A doll for Nell, a drum for Ted, a sled for Tommy, a dress for mother," the young man frowned slightly, "and all must come from ten dollars!"

The man went into the toy shop, Mr. Jennings followed behind him.

"How much is that doll in the window?" he asked the clerk.

"The large one?"

"No, the small one."

"Two-fifty."

"Haven't you got something about a dollar?"

"Here's a little Dinah for a dollar."



"I'll take that," said the man, although Mr. Jennings saw plain disappointment written on his face. Little Nell had ordered a doll with golden curls and blue eyes. Her father was sorry he could not afford to buy her more than a Dinah.

The father purchased a drum and a sled, in all cases squeezing each dollar to get the most out of it. Then there was mother's dress. Oh, how could he get anything for four dollars and a half?

He left the toy shop and passed a dry goods store. The display of silks dazzled him. How pretty Nancy would look in a dress of that light blue. He had promised her a dress—but she didn't know how very little money he had. Perhaps she expected a silk dress,—and he only had four dollars and a half? Mr. Jennings was in the distance all this time, guessing at the man's thoughts by the expressions on his face.

"Well, perhaps Nancy would just as soon wait until I sell my painting. Nancy always was a noble little woman—perhaps she wouldn't mind," still the young man's heart was heavy as he turned his footsteps toward home.

Mr. Jennings followed the man home, and saw that he lived in a small house, in the poorer section of the city. Then our friend hastened back uptown to play his role of Santa Claus. A doll he bought—a great big one, and a doll carriage; a whole soldier suit for Ted, with a little gun, for Tommy a big sled and skates; and loads of picture books. Then he went to the dry goods store and bought material for two silk dresses. Laden with these things Mr. Jennings started in the direction of the man's house. Oh! he'd forgotten some candy and corn balls for the children! So back went Mr. Santa Claus to a confectionery store, he bought pounds of candy and dozens of corn balls. Then again he turned his footsteps to the man's house. Arriving there, a strange timidity seized him.

He looked in at the window. The young

wife was busy preparing supper while her husband was hiding the presents under a couch. The children were in another room but Mr. Jennings could hear their laughter.

Timidly, he knocked. The man came to the door. "How do you do?" he said, and his voice had a question in it.

"How do you do?" said Mr. Jennings, and he stepped into the kitchen.

The young man looked with astonishment at his bundles. "Who are you?" he asked.

Mr. Jennings very calmly closed the door leading to the room where the children were. "I am Santa Claus!"

"What!" exclaimed the man, wondering if this were a lunatic.

"Won't you please let me be Santa Claus just for tonight? I'm a lonely old man, and I've never had a real Christmas. Won't you please let me help fill the stockings and decorate the tree? Just for once?"

This young man was an artist, and artists, you know, are very refined and understanding; so this artist knew the loneliness and kindness that prompted Mr. Jennings' speech. "Why, certainly," he said. "We'd love to have you."

"This is Mr. Santa Claus," he told his wife.

Nancy was a gentle, pretty woman, and her black eyes sparkled. "Oh, won't you have supper with us, Mr. Santa Claus?" she asked him. Mr. Jennings was delighted to stay.

The artist told our friend that he was making a painting which he hoped to sell at a good price. Mr. Jennings prided himself on his knowledge of art, and when the artist showed him the painting he knew it was a fine piece of work. "I'll buy your painting," he said, "for one thousand dollars."

"Oh, Mr. Santa Claus, that's too much!"

"It's worth every cent of that!" said Mr. Jennings.

So Mr. Jennings was the first to recognize the great genius of Leroy Maloon.



Maloon always called him "Mr. Santa Claus," because he had started him on his career, and Mr. Jennings was never so

happy in his life, as he was on that Christmas Eve, when he forgot himself, and set out to bring happiness to others.

## THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA, IN JAZZ

(The editor found this epic poem in or near the editorial waste basket. It is thought that it may be copied from Poet's Corner in the Veazie National Tribune or some other equally inspired contraption.)

ONCE upon a time, there lived a gay young blood, named Columbus, who resided in the garlic center of Italy. He got the idea in his dome, that he would like to explore the oblate spheroid, before he wore his wooden overcoat. So he told a couple of graybeards that the earth was round, and they broadcasted the news, which spread like a tenement fire, and the people began to think poor Columbus was moon-struck. But he stuck to his theory as wall paper sticks to the wall. Columbus, then wanted to show the gossips that he wasn't in need of a keeper, so he tries to borrow the money for the trip across the ocean, from the King.

The King tells Columbus he is cleaner than a sanitary handkerchief, as he spent his last frogskin for a radio. But our brave hero pulls the Queen's leg for the kale, and gets it. He is then as happy as a baby with a box of matches. So the day comes to sail. The crew of the ship begin to get cold feet, but Columby cheers them up by telling them, that in the new land, they can find sweet mama's, by the dozens. The launch steams away from the shores of Ja 'Know 'Er, while the crowd bids them skidoo. The band plays Blue Hoosier Blues for the departing ship.

That night after Columbus had taken off his W. L. Douglas shoes, put on his bed slippers, and used his Pebeco, he went up on the deck, to drink in the moonshine. The sailors amused themselves, by pitching

pennies, and bulling each other, till their Ingersolls registered time to crease the sheets. But our adventurous hero stays up all night reading The Ladies' Home Journal.

After a few weeks the sailors begin to get sore as a stiff neck, and talk about ditching Columbus, and making a break back to the spaghetti country. But Columbus quiets them for the time being, by telling them they can all ride around in Packards, in the new land. On day the sky gets black, and Columbus senses a whopper of a storm. The sky gets darker than a coal man's face, and the wind begins to blow corners off the ship. Now the crew gets real scared, thinking they are coming to the jumpin' off place. They intend to feed Columbus to the fishes, but this wise bird hides in the bath tub where he won't be likely to be found for months.

So the hurricane blows over, and everything is K. O. with Columbus, who tells the crew, that the first one to see land would be awarded a pair of celluloid fire tongs. That night, Columbus sees floating along the water, a couple of empty packages of Wrigley's, and a roll of Life Savers. He spreads this to the crew, who now know they are approaching America. About six hours later when the clock twelved, the cry of land comes from the masthead. Columbus views the Statue of Liberty with a ten by four patented grin, as he throws away the evening paper and rushes to the lifeboat. About five hundred hard pulls later, Columbus does a Doug Fairbanks onto Plymouth Rock. When the whole crew is ashore they go off exploring. Columbus goes to (Columbus), Ohio, and there invents the first Columbia talking machine.

His crew find a guy hanging around a cabaret, and ask him to name this fair land they have discovered. The fellow, whose name is, A Merry Cuss, calls it America for short. So Columbus takes back to Queen

Is-A-Bella, a lot of pipeless furnaces, a bunch of O'Sullivan heels and ten bottles of Listerine, and a pearl handled cuspidor for the king.

FINIS (Pronounced "Finny")

## THE BUGLE GIRL

By Anna C. Ebbeson, '24.

### Part II.

EVERY eye was strained. Every muscle was put to its most severe test. Slowly Juanita came abreast of Paul, then she passed slightly; a little more; and still more.

Those were strenuous moments. The fight between the boys and girls for first place was at stake.

Then the "Bess" passed the finish line an entire length before "Old Faithful," Paul's canoe.

Juanita turned the canoe towards shore, and paddled quickly. She had won first place. The second and third places had gone to the boys. Reaching the landing she sprang forward, and with two bounds cleared the sands. She ran away from the crowds into the grove where no one could find her.

She lay there, breathless, resolving that she would not face the girls now, as they had not wanted her before. She lay very still asking herself over and over, "How did I do it? Never before could I beat Paul."

At eight fifty-five, she arose and crept toward her tent. As she neared it she heard calls from the boys and girls, cheering the winners of other events. She entered her tent, took her bugle, and at exactly nine o'clock sounded first taps. Then she disappeared, returning half an hour later at her post to give the final call for sleep.

The next morning she arose for early call before the sun left his bed. Mr. Sun was lazy that day, for he did not show himself until nine. Later she ate breakfast, then

disappeared, returned for dinner, vanishing soon afterwards.

She was next seen at supper, but not again until she blew taps.

This sort of thing went on for four days. On the fifth day, Miss Wakely stopped the girl after breakfast and questioned her.

"Nita, you haven't eaten much this past week," she began. Then paused, but as Juanita offered no suggestions, she continued, "Are you ill?"

Nita shook her head but said nothing.

"Why don't you join the girls any more?"

A few seconds passed. No reply. Miss Wakely asked again, "Why don't you, Nita? Answer me, now."

Her voice sounded stern and it frightened Juanita a bit, but she did not want to answer Miss Wakely.

"The girls don't want me," she mumbled.

"They don't want you?" Miss Wakely was totally surprised. "Why not?"

"I don't know," faintly.

"If you don't know any reason, why do you go off by yourself? Have they hinted?"

"No, they haven't hinted." Juanita's voice was so low that Miss Wakely had to draw closer so that she might understand the words.

"Do you just feel as if you were not wanted?"

She nodded her head.

"You surely must have some reason for even that; what is it?" A minute of silence, then she continued, "I'm not intending to force an answer if you won't give me one. Will you? I'd certainly like one, no matter



how short. Come now, just one small reason or thought?" Her voice was a very winning one and Juanita could resist no longer.

"When I'm around they never continue the game or story they were playing or telling." She stopped, looked about her, and then went on in a very low voice, "One of the girls told me to keep away when not invited. The others,—that is, some of them—begged me to stay; but I wouldn't after that."

"Which one was it?"

"I—I'd rather not say now, if I might be excused," she pleaded.

"I would rather you would tell, but we'll let the matter rest here at present." Miss Wakely tried to cheer Juanita but the weight in 'Nita's heart could not be lifted so easily. The interview seemed to be closing, as Juanita would offer no more information, so she left and went in the opposite direction from the girls,—into the grove and away from the beach. Miss Wakely quickly noticed this, opened her mouth to call; but decided to question the girls and let Juanita continue on her way.

Juanita did not return for dinner. Nor did she come back during that afternoon. At supper, Miss Wakely was very nervous, and as she looked at the girls, who were laughing or talking, it was easy to be seen that they did not miss her.

"Marcia," she said, suddenly. Marcia dropped her spoon at hearing her name spoken in the quiet, crisp manner and meekly answered, "Yes, Miss Wakely."

"I should like to see you after supper is over," and then, much to the surprise of all, "Come to my tent, directly after you finish and wait there for me."

Very few girls were directed to her tent, so the order frightened Marcia.

"Yes, Miss Wakely," she muttered.

The meal finished, Marcia did as she was bid. Miss Wakely was detained longer than she expected but she entered the tent

at fifteen minutes past eight. Supper had been over at seven.

"I'm sorry to keep you so long, Marcia, but I came as soon as I could," said the elder woman. "What I have you for is this, to ask why is 'Nita not wanted?"

"Oh, she is wanted," cried Marcia in a surprised voice.

"She told me this morning," Miss Wakely went on, "that, whenever she joined any girls they discontinued whatever game or story they were engaged in. One of them went so far as to tell her to stay away when she was not invited. She told me all this this morning after breakfast when I talked with her. As you possibly noticed, she has failed to come to dinner or supper; nor has she been around this afternoon. Go to her tent quickly and see if she is there now."

Marcia ran the short distance that lay between the two tents. She was very much puzzled, as to the behavior of Juanita. Reaching 'Nita's tent, she looked in it and all about; but there was no trace of the missing friend. She hurried back to Miss Wakely. Her face was one of disappointment. She had gone forth with hope and had come back surprised and troubled.

"See her?" inquired Miss Wakely, eagerly.

"No," was the disappointed answer. "I didn't see her anywhere, yet I looked all around."

"She is nowhere to be found. Will you give taps?"

"Yes, Miss Wakely," was the mumbled reply.

"You may have first taps at ten minutes after nine tonight. Early tomorrow, I shall begin inquiring from some of the other girls and starting a thorough search. I have looked for her in the grove at various times and in various places; but cannot find her. That will be all now. Good night, Marcia." There was a tired sound in her voice.



## THE ORACLE

"Good night, Miss Wakely," was the reply.

As Marcia walked towards the beach, she was thinking of what Miss Wakely had said to her.

"What shall I say to the girls? I can't tell them everything." The question rang through her head, and one by one, the answers came only to be turned aside in quest of a better one. She glanced at her watch. It was nine o'clock. She went to her own tent, took the bugle she used for "mess call" and then retraced her steps toward the center of the group of tents where she was to sound taps. She stopped suddenly. She heard the first notes of taps rise clearly. She quickened her pace, arriving in time to hear a rustle of leaves and snapping of twigs to mark Juanita's departure.

Marcia was thoroughly puzzled. Whether to inform Miss Wakely or not was the question. Finally, she resolved to stay there and wait for Juanita's return.

The girls began to move towards their tents. Each one was talking and laughing. They passed Marcia. She was in no mood to join them so she moved into the darkness where no one would see her. Here she waited for them all to pass. "They don't miss 'Nita," she thought to herself. "I wonder why?"

Slowly the minutes passed; thus, five, ten, and fifteen minutes sped by. The other

girls were still laughing, some of them were singing. "How can they feel so gay?" Marcia asked herself. She looked at her watch,—nearly time for final taps. "Will 'Nita come back?" she wondered. Her last doubt was answered, for precisely at half-past nine Juanita reappeared through the bushes, raised the bugle to her lips, and once more gave the sleep signal. When she had finished she went to her tent. Marcia watched her closely. Juanita went to bed, and Marcia did likewise. The two were soon sleeping soundly.

All night a heavy fog hung over the earth and Mr. Sun was late in leaving his bed. Every one in the camp was late in rising. It seemed as though the whole world was late that day—just because of Mr. Sun.

Juanita did not even arise to give the morning call. In fact, the call was not sounded at all that morning.

It was nearly nine by the clock when Miss Wakely awoke. She looked at her watch and uttered a surprised cry. Dressing hurriedly, she left her tent, and peered into some of the others. Everyone was sleeping. Gently each one was shook and as she awakened was told the time. Each did as Miss Wakely had done, uttered a surprised cry and dressed. Soon everyone was around, beginning the regular routine of the day—everyone except Juanita.

(To be Concluded).

## THE SAVIOR OF THE NORTH

Charlotte R. Bowman, '25.

PEOPLE had said when young Doctor Brawn married pretty little Janice Wyman, that it was a fine match! Indeed it was; for Paul Brawn was a splendid type of eager, young manhood, and Janice, well, Janice was pretty, with a wealth of dark, brown hair; but the most important feature about her

was her eyes, which were deep brown in color, and dancing with fun and laughter one minute while the next they were sad and sombre.

For a year the Brawns lived in a cosy, little bungalow just outside the city. Everybody liked young Doctor Brawn and his wife. Paul Brawn was having a fine

practice for a doctor just starting out; in fact, everything seemed to be progressing with the young couple.

Then people heard the astonishing news! Paul Brawn and Janice were going to leave Wainscote to go up to the frozen wastes of Alaska! What a perfectly unheard of thing to do! Yet they were going to do it despite the warning and pleading of friends who could not understand why a young couple with such a prosperous outlook should want to leave every comfort of civilized life for the terrible hardships of the frozen North!

Yet now and then there are born just such courageous souls, longing to fight and win in the battle with nature, even though their very lives are at stake. Such a man was Paul Brawn. Janice was, if possible, even more determined to go than her husband.

In a confidential chat with a very dear college chum, Paul gave his reasons for the change.

"Jim," said Paul, "did you ever have a dream as a child which you clung to faithfully year after year, until it became a reality? If you have then you know why I want to go North. For years and years, I have been dissatisfied with this life in the city. Oh, how I have wanted to get away from it all!

"Jim, I want something bigger, something better. Something tells me it is my duty to carry out boyhood dreams. Why should I settle down in this little town when I have been offered a chance to go to Alaska? Then, too, Jim, I shall be a wealthy man in due time if I accept this offer. Why, Jimmy, old pal, I can just see a little log cabin amid great drifts of pure, white snow. That is why I became a doctor, Jim, so that I could do more for the people of the North. But there's more to it than that, Jimmy, it takes a real man,

and a real woman to fight the wilderness; that is what Janice and I are going to prove!"

They had been just a year in this great wilderness of their's, I say their's for their little cabin was the only one for miles around. These two intelligent, well educated young people had found the peace and understanding together in the wilderness which they never could have found in the crowded cities of civilization.

It was Christmas Eve. The night was cold and clear. To the young people within the little cabin it was like that Christmas Eve so many, many years ago, when the star had appeared in the East to guide the three wise men to our Savior's manger. Just as beautiful and just as holy whether in Judea or Alaska. Thus was little Paul born on Christmas Eve.

"Paul," said Janice, "our little Paul is going to carry on our work where we leave it. He will be the hope of the North."

Little Paul was just five years old when his mother was taken from him. Broken in heart but never in spirit, Paul Brawn took his little son back to his old home town, for little Paul must have his education before he could ever carry on his Daddy's work.

Let us skip over the years, to the time when little Paul, now grown to manhood, is ready to carry on the work of his father. Paul, together with a second Janice, found their peace and happiness in that wilderness. But this Paul had even a larger purpose than did his father. He had a mother's wish to fulfill.

He gave his life as his mother intended he should, to bringing relief to the sick and needy. This great man became known near and far as the "friend and helper of the North." So will his sons be known for the spirit of that first Paul Brawn will live on forever!





# LOCALS

*"Now 's the time and now 's the hour."*

Mr. Miller spoke in chapel about the Neihardt lecture, and read a little of Mr. Neihardt's work to the students. Mr. Neihardt is Poet-Laureate of Nebraska and is very widely known. He lectured in City Hall.

We note with glee that many of the teachers in B. H. S. were requested to write essays for the newspapers Education Week. It was some satisfaction to us that they had to hunt for a title, and count the number of words, and pay due attention to Unity, Coherence and Emphasis,—those three bug-bears of the B. H. S. English student—and so forth and so forth interminably.

Mary McManus, '24, one of our literary geniuses, has recently had a story published in the Post. We are certainly proud of our authoress and wish her luck in future works of literature.

We hear that a B. H. S. Chemistry Club has been organized, and we understand that the members of the club divide their time between exploring the mysteries of radio and investigating the disappearing qualities of the sandwich.

On November 20, Mr. Boyd gave his annual talk to the second year students about the Bangor Public Library. Within the next few weeks all the Sophomores visited the library where they learned the use of the card index and the reference room.

The rank cards for the first quarter were given out on November 15, bringing disappointment to many, as a much higher standard of ranking has been established. Indeed, some teachers gave no A's at all. There were the usual sighs and groans floating through the corridors, punctuated by an inirequent exclamation of delight when some deserving one drew an A. But the A's were few and far between, and the groans outweighed the shouts of joy. Of course everyone planned to get A next quarter! But "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley" particularly when dealing with those unrelenting rank cards!

On November 21, the morning pupils came to school from seven until nine in the evening, so that parents and friends could see how things are run in B. H. S. The playlet "Cuthbert," was repeated in assembly, and two periods of Thursday's work took place, the students coming Thursday morning at 9.40, the beginning of the third period. Friday evening, the afternoon pupils kept open house for assembly and the two last periods of Friday's work. Refreshments were served to the parents, friends and teachers at both evening sessions by Bangor clubwomen. These sessions were even more successful than last year, many more parents attending. They wandered through the corridors and in and out of the classrooms where the regular recitations were going on; and, although one lady was heard to ask if 105 was the



## THE ORACLE

Chem. Laboratory we have no doubt that some one finally directed her to the third floor. The office was turned into an information bureau for the benefit of the parents, many of whom wished to look up some recitation in which their particular son or daughter was holding forth. Mothers and fathers sat with proud smiles on their faces listening to their "Jimmy" or "Johnny" recite, while "Jimmy" and "Johnny" were probably inwardly denouncing the person who ever invented Education week. In the assembly period, instead of the "bright and beaming" faces of the regular students in the first four rooms, we had the equally bright and beaming faces of the parents and friends of said students. Many of the friends were of the class of '23, who, having graduated last year, come back with a slightly superior and rather condescending air to hear "the infants" recite. The orchestra played well, as usual, or perhaps better than usual, owing to the appreciative audience. "Cuthbert" went off without any accidents. The telephone rang at the proper time and no mustaches fell off. Precautions were taken so that the heavy R. O. T. C. rifle should not fall on the head of Silas Crabtree, as happened at the presentation to the Freshmen. One small and green Freshman was heard to inquire afterward, "why they had the gun fall on that fellow's head!" We imagine poor Silas would have liked an answer to that question, too. (Confidentially, the answer is that he leaned too hard on the scenery, thus dislodging the rifle. Stage scenery was never meant to be leaned on!) The refreshments served to the parents and friends were much appreciated by us also, as there was enough left for the teachers and a few enterprising students who hung around waiting for a chance of this sort. Decidedly, Education Week has some advantages!

High school education is quite popular nowadays. The very dogs come to school seeking more knowledge. Perhaps they want to find out how many calories of meat they should have a day or how a French dog barks. But it has been rumored that the real object in their coming is to find a lost master or mistress with whom to play or it may be that they want to visit the cooking classes or lunch room.

There was one dog who encamped at the refreshment table on the evening of November 23, waiting for a feed. He was caressed by many of the visitors but it isn't known whether or not he got anything to eat.

Nearly every locker is taken this year by the upper classes, so the Freshmen (poor, abused things), have to use the coat rooms opening onto the assembly hall. As a result these coat rooms are rather overcrowded.

On November 9th, the Dramatic Club put on the little playlet, "Cuthbert," in chapel. The scene was laid in a fishing camp in Maine in the early spring. The list of characters is as follows:

Silas Crabtree, proprietor of sporting  
Camp .....Chesley Weddleton  
Hannah, his wife.....Margaret Chalmers  
Pierre, French Canadian guide..Louis Neal  
Guests at the Inn.  
Mr. Jones, a crook.....Robert Harrigan  
Mrs. Montgomery.....Arline Babcock  
Cuthbert, her son.....William McCarthy  
Professor Wise.....Raymond Worster  
Cynthia Maxwell.....Dorothea Lewis  
Claire Maxwell.....Lucile White

The play was written by Charlotte Drummond, Mary Reid and Raymond Worster, three members of the class of '24.



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

#### AS OTHERS SEE US.

The "Oracle," Bangor, Me.: You are first among our exchanges. You certainly have some excellent artists.—Aquila, Ricker Classical Institute.

The "Oracle," Bangor High: Your April and May numbers were read with interest. Your Commencement number was "exceptionally" good.—Higgins Classical Institute's "Scroll."

The "Oracle," Bangor High School, Bangor, Me.: Your cartoonists' handiwork we greatly admire. Among our exchanges there are none that rank higher.—The Breeze, Milo High School.

The "Oracle," Bangor High School: This publication remains in the front rank of school papers and its every page shows literary ability of the editorial board and staff. Your heavy advertising, no doubt, helps the treasury and warrants the man sized publication.—The Scarlet Tanger, Chatham (Mass.) High School.

Teacher to Freshie: "What is your name?"

Freshie: "Jule, sir."

Teacher: "You should say Julius."

To the next boy: "What is your name?"

Boy: "Bilius, sir."—Ex.

#### AS WE SEE OTHERS.

"The Academy Review," from Foxcroft Academy: We like your paper; the exchange cartoon is a fitting one.

"The Ferguson," from Harmony, Maine: We enjoyed your humorous short stories.

"The Alpha," from New Bedford, Mass., has an exceptional exchange department. The exchanges, in your graduation number, are especially well written; your other departments are also good.

"The Messenger" comes to us from Westbrook Seminary. The graduation number contains some fine addresses. There must be some wonderful orators at Westbrook.

"The Arguenot," from Norwood, Mass.: We like your magazine. The literary department is good as are also the other departments.

Dumb: "Have you ever heard of conscience?"

Dumber: "Sure, Conscience Talmadge."  
—Ex.

Garb: "Harry ate something that poisoned him."

Charlie: "Croquette?"

Garb: "Not yet; but he's very ill."

—Ex.





*"Our business in the field of fight is not to question, but to prove our might."*

The Reserve Officers Training Corps unit of this year is being run upon an entirely different basis from past years. In the first place, there are four hundred and thirty-eight men in the unit as compared with about two hundred and fifty of last year. This is by far the largest enrollment in its history. Instead of drilling in the afternoon, the six morning study periods are being used, a fact which not only makes things easier for the students in general but also results in almost perfect attendance. The large number enables the forming of six companies, two battalions of three companies each.

Careful inspections are held every week by Captain Tribolet and Sergeant Cummings, the regular army officers in charge of the post, and a written report is made and posted upon the bulletin board to show the relative standing of the different companies. Such items as a thorough knowledge of the work up to that time, ability to apply that knowledge, general appearance, wearing of uniforms, etc., are taken into consideration in the markings.

Owing to the fact that many of last year's officers were in the graduating class and that there are now twice as many positions to be filled, a large number of men are being tried out for commissions. Many students attended the Citizens' Military Train-

ing camp at Camp Devens last summer and these naturally have the advantage in that they not only have learned to drill better themselves but have had the opportunity of witnessing a regiment of regular United States Infantry drill.

Many men in the class of 1923 are attending University of Maine and since most of them took drill in Bangor High, they are either exempt from drill or are in line for advancement.

The temporary list of commissioned officers, subject to future addition and alteration, is as follows:

Lieutenant Colonel:

Louis Neal.

Majors:

Ralph Mayo,

Louis Youngs.

Captains:

Paul Bunker,

Bertram Alward,

Maurice De Merritt,

Robert McManus,

Philip Trickey,

Earl Kelley.

Regimental Supply Officer:

Harold Holmes.

Assistant Supply Officer:

Leland Greene.

Personnel Officer:

Philip Trickey.



Battalion Adjutant:

Keith Googins.

The lieutenants have not been definitely determined yet.

Word has been received from Roosevelt Pease, John Dillingham, Francis Jarvis and Orvil Hough, former members of the Bangor High School R. O. T. C., who have now joined the regular service, and all four seem to be succeeding very well in their different branches of the army. Jarvis is stationed in Hawaii, and Dillingham and Pease are at Fort Wright, New York. Pease says that Dillingham likes the service so well that he will probably be one of those men who serve thirty years and then retire upon a pension. Walter Ulmer has passed his preliminary examinations for West Point and is now eligible to try the finals. He is now attending M. C. I. in preparation for these.

The Rifle Club has begun its work this year under the leadership of Captain Louis Neal. Practice is held on Tuesday and Thursday and the team is being primed for a schedule of shooting matches with other

schools. There are over twenty-five members already enrolled and there is still a chance for anyone in the R. O. T. C. who is interested in rifle work to join.

The veterans of the team, Mayo, Somers and Neal, form a good nucleus to work with and some of the newer ones are equalling their marks. The team, as a whole, is doing exceptional work on the targets and they will undoubtedly uphold the record held for the last two years; namely, the High School and Prep School champions of New England. The rifle that is being used is a regular Model 1903 Springfield with a .22 bore for indoor target work. If the unit is able to hold regular outdoor shooting on the Hammond Street range this spring, the ability to handle the Springfields will be a great advantage. On November 15, 1923, the result of the trials is as follows:

23—Anderson, McNaughton, O'Donnell.

21—Baldwin, Chandler, Winch.

20—Clark, Cutler, Luro, Murray, Whit-

tier.

19—Bowden, De Merritt, McCarthy.

Out of a possible 25.

Fresh: "I don't know what to do with my week-end."

Soph: "Put your hat on it."—Ex.

Have you read "To A Fieldmouse?"

Why no, how do you get them to listen?  
—Ex.

Teacher: "Did anyone help you with this, Sam?"

Soph: "No, sir, my brother did it all himself."—Ex.

Cy: "That there college don't spare no expense on its men. Got its own cows so's the football men can have all the milk and cream they want."

Si: "Thasso?"

Cy: "Yep. Jeb writes that they have

bought 11 Jerseys just for the use of the football team."—Ex.

Old Lady: "What was the score?"

Rooter: "Nothing to nothing."

Old Lady: "Thank goodness, I didn't miss anything."—Ex.

A small storekeeper to the surprise of his brethren suddenly decorated his window with a gorgeous new blind.

"Nice blind of yours, Isaac," quoth his neighbor.

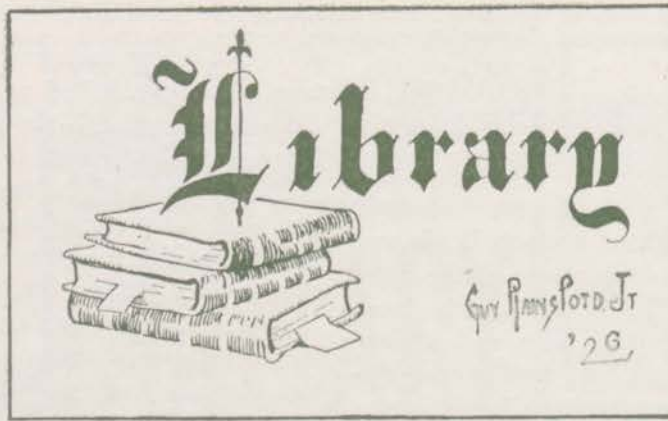
"Yes, Aaron."

"Who paid for it, Isaac?"

"The customers paid, Aaron."

"What, the customers paid for it, Isaac?"

"Yes, I put a leedle box on my counter 'For the Blind,' and they paid for it."



*"Infinite riches in a little room."*

**"You Are Old, Little Book."**

"You are old, little book," the small boy said,

"Yet your pages are still clean and white,  
Your covers are stiff and your corners are straight,

Do you think at your age it is right?"

"In my youth," said the book, "I came into the hands

Of children who 'handled with care';  
They opened me gently, their fingers were clean,

My margins they kept clean and fair.

"They never used pencils as book-marks,  
nor tried

To pull me apart in their strife,  
With such kindly treatment my strength  
and my looks

Will last me the rest of my life."

Anne T. Eaton.

The High School library is now the proud subscriber to sixteen magazines. Four of these are gifts and the High School library wishes to thank the Bangor Public library for the "Scientific American" and the "Open Road." We also wish to thank Miss Mary Robinson for the "Literary Digest" and the "News Bulletin of the Bureau of Vocational Information."

In the recent magazines there have been

some unusually interesting articles, a few of which are listed below:

"'Esteemed Guests' of the Chinese Bandits," by J. B. Powell.

A personal story of one of the most famous bandit raids in modern history. "Asia"—November.

"Cartoons and Cartoonists," by Charles Dana Gibson.

The story of cartoon making from early times down to the present day, with reprinted cartoons of the various periods. "Mentor"—October.

"Mariners of Gloucester," by James B. Connolly.

Short sketches of fishermen and schooners of a quaint, old port, with colored reproductions of Jane Peterson's paintings of Gloucester. "World's Work"—October.

"Princeton's Greatest Athletes," by "Intercollegiate."

"Intercollegiate," who writes this article, was himself an athlete of exceptional ability, the winner of five letters in major sports in one of the great American universities. He will follow this article with others and in each will tell the stories of classic athletic feats and pick from each college the six athletes since 1900 that in his opinion, qualify as the half-dozen greatest.

"Open Road"—October and following numbers.

Marjorie R. Driscoll.





*"Strike while the iron is hot."*

**BANGOR, 19; M. C. I., 0.**

Bangor High, recovering from its slump of the Portland game, defeated the M. C. I. gridders by a score of 19-0 at Pittsfield, Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 17.

The first touchdown was made by Caspar after a march up the field in the second period. The second score came in the third period on a quarterback run by Rogan. The last touchdown was scored in the final period when Rooks, the flashy halfback of the Crimson, saw an M. C. I. forward pass coming in his direction and snatching the pigskin out of the atmosphere, dashed 60 yards through the whole M. C. I. team for a touchdown.

Rooks, Ralph Ulmer, Caspar, O'Connell, and "Buck" Conners all played a fine game for the Crimson.

**BANGOR, 0; KENT'S HILL, 0.**

Bangor High School's football eleven held the heavier Kent's Hill team to a scoreless tie at Bass Park, Saturday afternoon, Oct. 20. The gridiron was a sea of mud and it was next to impossible for either team to execute much in the offensive line.

The Kent's Hill team had a few nifty plays, but they were unable to use them to good advantage because of the condition of the field, and their backs found the Bangor line a stone wall.

Several times during the game "Buck"

Conners found a big hole in the Kent's Hill line and tore through for some good gains, and once a forward pass netted considerable yardage, but outside of these few instances Bangor was held in check.

**BANGOR, 0; PORTLAND, 31.**

The Bangor High School football team met their second defeat of the season at Bayside Park, Portland, Oct. 27. Again it was the blue warriors of Fitzpatrick who crushed the Crimson, and this time by the overwhelming score of 31-0.

From start to finish the superiority of the blue was clearly brought out by the marvelous line-plunging of the Portland backs, Handlon, Hefler, and Black, and the stone wall defense of the line.

Bangor could do practically nothing in line-plunging or end runs, but by forward passes, they often threatened the Portland goal line.

Jack Handlon, the Portland fullback, was perhaps the outstanding star of the afternoon, but Handlon, Hefler, Black, Shatz, and Capt. Feeney of Portland, and Caspar, Conners and Capt. Lynch of Bangor, carried off their share of the honors.

Let us not forget that despite the fact that Bangor was decisively defeated, Captain Lynch's men gave everything they had to win, but they were defeated by a superior team.

## THE ORACLE

### BANGOR, 0; OLD TOWN, 6.

A crippled Bangor team which had not recovered from the Portland game met defeat at the hands of Old Town by a score of 6-0, Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 31, at Old Town.

Bangor had several chances to score during the game but seemed to lack the final punch to carry the ball across the Old Town goal line.

Old Town's score came in the second period by a series of forward passes which finally ended in a touchdown by LaFlamme.

### BANGOR, 0; BREWER, 0.

Bangor and Brewer played a scoreless tie at Eastern park, South Brewer, Nov. 8. Both teams had several chances to score but neither had the final punch to shove the ball over.

This was the final game of the season. Despite the fact that the team was not as successful as it might have been this fall, let us not forget that the players and coach did all they could to make it a winning team.

### U. OF M. VS. BANGOR IN FIELD HOCKEY.

The line-up at the hockey game on Nov. 1 was: Colburn, l. w.; Richardson, l. i.;

Webber, c.f.; Hunt, r.i; Spurr, r. w.; Silsby, (Capt.), c.h.b.; Webster, r.h.b.; Files, l.h.b.; Saulsbury, r.f.b.; McDonnell, l.f.b.; Haley, g.k.; Palmer (sub), l.f.b.

The whistle blew and off the ball went, carried down the field and through the goal by Hunt. The Maine girls looked determined to fight their hardest and Bangor decided that they, too, must fight.

Another bully and some skirmishing, then with startling swiftness, Adams scored a goal for Maine. The remainder of that first half was spent in hard work on both sides, with the ball usually near Maine's goal.

The second half saw Maine putting up a desperate fight against the determined efforts of Bangor. Hunt again made a goal and almost immediately Colburn made another. Hard fighting ended the second half. Each member of our team surpassed herself. The final score was 3-1 in favor of Bangor.

Only four weeks of practice, a strange field, and college girls as opponents—these were big odds for Bangor. But the team was equal to the test, thanks to the instructions of Miss Goodwin and Mr. Search.

The interclass series of field hockey games was won by the Juniors on Saturday, November 17, when they defeated the Sophomores by a score of 1-0.







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

### FABRICATED FABLES.

#### The Hare and the Tortoise.

A Hare was once kidding a Tortoise about his slow gait, when to everyone's surprise the old Shellback up and challenged the Hare for a Mile Dash. When the Wise Boys had done laughing, the odds at once went 1000 to 1 for the Hare, and when the Day arrived, they were 5000 to 1 against the Tortoise. To cut a long story short, however, the Tortoise won and divided the \$60,000 with the Hare before they moved on to the next town looking for more easy marks.

#### What Would Happen If—

We had our lessons?  
Freshmen weren't fresh?  
Sophs couldn't get hats to swell with their heads?  
Juniors didn't own the earth?  
Seniors weren't dignified?  
G. Hayes should miss a lesson?  
We couldn't laugh?  
B. H. S. should become a model school?

#### To the Upper Classmen.

Don't tell the freshmen that Santa Claus is a myth. Ranks being out, Santa is all they have left to live for.

#### This is the Way They Talk About Us.

"Bill!" gasped the poet to his friend—"I wrote a poem about my little boy, and began the first verse with these words,

"My son, my pigmy counterpart."

"Yes, yes?"

"See what that fool compositor did to my opening line."

The result:

"My son, my pig, my counterpart."

Ha! Ha! Ha!

It is said that those students who stayed at the Lafayette while in Portland for the football game last October, several years ago, are laughing yet.

#### Heard in Gym.

Miss G.: "How much is two times four?"

Bright Freshman (promptly): "Six—no, ten!"

#### Help!

"Dad, will you translate this passage for me?"

"No, my son; it wouldn't be right."

"But how do you know until you've tried?"

THE TATLER  
wishes you  
A Merry Christmas  
and a  
Happy and Prosperous  
New Year

# THE B. H. S.

S E C

VOLUME II

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

## Monster Bull Fight In Room 210

Over 10,000 People Watch Spectacular Event!

As Right Angle, the famous Toreador, stepped into the arena, the wild bull Locus, was released from the plane where he was hitched. Locus immediately made a wild dive at Right Angle, but the Toreador was expecting the ferocious animal and caught him by the hypotenuse and with one arm threw him for a couple of spheres. But this disastrous act did not end the drama—for Locus climbed upon his perpendiculars and again charged the reckless gentlemen. This time, although helped by his confederates, Straight Angle and Rhombus, Right Angle was again hit by Locus in the parallelogram and fell on his prism. After this act Right Angle retreated and calling his trusty squire Polyhedron to him, he discussed the matter. They finally decided to dope the monster and in this way get the best of him.

Accordingly they called for time, and mixed up a dose of isosceles triangles, regular tetrahedrons and cones with a few parts, segments and points. Then introducing this mixture in the Locus feed, which consisted of a mash of split archs and dried decagons, the conspirators awaited results. But Locus did not mind a little thing like this and when the afternoon performance started he walked into the arena switching his radius from side to side, and emitting dreadful howls. He finally caught the Toreador in front of the parallelopiped's private cube, and wrecked the whole plane and angle, while the band played S. A. S.-S. A. S.

After this triumphant conclusion Locus walked off the field howling his wacry, Quod Erat Demonstrandum. That's what you get for playing with geometry.

## REVOLUTION UNDERWAY

There was a hush of expectancy, almost breathless. All eyes were centered on the tall figure who towered, stern and grim above his fellows. He moved his arm for a stroke; he raised it aloft and above his head. Once more and for the last time his eyes swept round the circle of anxious faces, then grasping his trusty stick his arm came down in a quick, long sweep—and the band began to play.

## WEATHER REPORTS

As usual, we are correct.

If our last month's weather predictions did not coincide with what actually happened, you were in the wrong part of the country at the time. On account of a terrible earthquake which will take place in 1954 somewhere in the polar region, our barometer is at present out of order; but we won't stop our predictions on that account.

Time—The time is the same as last year this time.

Tide—Tide will be wet all day.

Weather—Snow or rain.

For Sale—A haircut, by a boy who is leaving school.

Bury Your Money in the  
Modern Way and Grow  
Interest.

FIRST SAND BANK

Im A. Robber U. R. Dumb  
Pres. Vice Pres.

Second-hand mittens with  
holes, used gum, Hair  
springs and Oils. Hard-  
wood and soft tonics.  
I. SELLUM & CO.



# TATLER

TION

DECEMBER, 1923

NUMBER 3

## THE TATLER

wishes you  
A Merry Christmas  
and a  
Happy and Prosperous  
New Year

### SPORTING DIPS

Much interest is taken in the coming boxing match between paper weight Lee Grenier and short weight Lewis Youngs. The match will take place in the local swimming tank.

We think a game of snow polo between Veazie Tech and Asia High would be a paying proposition.

We believe that Bob MacManus' soccum team will take the cake this year.

### B. H. S. BRIEFS.

This is to inform Eugene O. Skofield that the Christmas presents he has been expecting for nearly a year, are now at the post office. He may have same by paying for them.

Keith B. Googins for thirty years a waiter and never known to break a dish, told a fellow the other day that he wouldn't see him starve—he'd close his eyes!

Lizzy McGarrigle has organized a social gossip club, which has thus far proven a tremendous success. All those wishing to join will please hand his name to the janitor and drop a fish scale in the collection box.

## BIG HOLIDAY FIRE IN PRUNEVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

### Fire Department Called Out In Dead Of Night

Heroic Deeds of Fire Chief William P. Snow Will Go Down in Animated History of the Town; Fire Team Breaks All Speed Records.

Special Dispatch to Tatler by  
The Unassociated Press.

Pruneville, Dec.—Early this morning at 2 o'clock, the entire force of the local Fire department (the chief and one man), was called out in response to five alarms rung in by George Hinckley's new alarm clock from the town hall tower.

In less than three hours' time the whole outfit arrived panting, and out of breath in front of Earle H. Kelley's "All Out" Drug store, a distance of thirty yards from the station.

Chief Snow immediately jumped from his chariot and connected the hose to Zeke Drinkum's Home Brew plant on the corner, and began his fight against the fire. The fire was now fast spreading to the three remaining two-story buildings known as the Boyd Block and occupied by the Cuozzo Hay-feed and bottling works.

At this time a goodly crowd had gathered on the sidewalks

to watch the magnificent scene (really the scene of a life time), a real fire outside of a stove!

All at once a cry was heard from the top floor of the High School building. A girl on the second floor who had evidently been locked in, and had fallen asleep, awoke to find herself trapped in by the flames; not daring to jump, she stood at the window, frantically waving her hands and screaming.

Chief Snow at once dropped his hose and made the most spectacular rescue of his life. He immediately placed a ladder under the window and started climbing. Up, up, up, he went until he reached the second story window, through which he jumped into the room.

Immediately he found himself going down—and to his surprise landed in the cellar. (He had stepped on space and had fallen through the two floors). There he found the

Continued on Page 3.

## MR. STEVES WINS!

### Submits Best Answer To Puzzling Problem

#### Celluloid Stove Poker Will Be Presented Christmas Day

Mr. Steves, who is a very athletic young man, won the prize only after 12 hours of continuous thinking and puzzling. If Mr. Steves will come to the Assembly hall at 11.59 P. M., next Christmas, the presentation will be made.

The question was, "What did Jonah say to the whale?"

Mr. Steves submitted the following answer:

"Don't Kid Me, Big Boy!"

### BIG HOLIDAY FIRE

Continued from Page 2.

girl half conscious. The rest was easy; he quickly picked her up and carried her from the burning wreckage, a hero. For the rest he let the buildings burn flat, there wasn't any more water.

### GALEN IRVING VEAYO

Private lessons in dramatic elocution and enunciation. All such different work as heaving sighs, scratching head, etc., carefully taken up. Thorough drill in hemming and hawing, talking with the teacher after class, etc.

Take advantage of this supreme offer.

Special: Half price to good looking senior girls.

Studio, 790321 Spring St.

## B. H. S. BRIEFS

"When is Solid Geometry used in real life, Mr. Bailey?"

Bailey, '24: "Why—er a barber. (He trims wooden spheres)."

Prof. Benj. Dorsky will give free moving pictures at the lecture room demonstrating the correct use of chalk and erasers. A lecture on how men originated from monkeys will also be given, by Farmer O'Brien and Albert Whitley.

## LOST!

A little four-legged dog with three feet finely marked with orange, yellow and blue stripes, has two ears, left one black, right white. Eyes pink and green. Has three rows of perfectly tailored teeth, covered by a pair of red lips. Answers to name of Nero. When last seen had one stocking and a pair of suspenders on. Reward will be given for any information leading to the finding of this pet.

Care of Tatler.

### AMUSEMENTS

#### PRUNEVILLE OPERA HOUSE

Special Holiday Bill For One  
Month Only.

Good Vaudeville and Better  
Pictures.

Our Program Guaranteed to be  
Not Over 1,000 Years Old.

**H. DEANE BENSON**  
Will Appear in Person in a  
Laughing and Talking Skit  
entitled

My Tongue is Hung in the  
Middle So It Can Wag At  
Both Ends.

Don't Fail to See  
**EDWARD SAWYER**  
in

"THE 110 LIMITED,"  
A Drama of Flesh and Steel

By Special Request  
**"CAPTAIN FLY BY  
LIGHT"**

Starring  
**RALPH BERNARD MAYO.**

### AMUSEMENTS

#### B. H. S. PALACE

Supreme Vaudeville & Feature  
Pictures.

Continuous 8:00-4:30.

Hard Boiled Egg March...  
..... Chvokzi

#### BOARDMAN P. HAVEY

Assisted by

**DOROTHEA A. LEWIS**

in

A Dazzling Exhibit of Toe  
Dancing.

#### NEIL OAK MILLER

In Person

Will Appear With His Ford  
**CAR**

In a Little Ditty Entitled  
**"LARRY, TURN THE  
CRANK."**

#### ROBERT P. CROWELL,

"The Doorstep Romeo,"

Supported by

**F. PALMER**

In a little skit entitled  
**UP ON STATE STREET.**



## THE ORACLE

### JUNIOR DIVISION E.

A Many-Act Play.

Time—The Present. Scene—B. H. S.

#### Characters.

Spoiled Child.....Dodo Clarke  
Rude Little Boy.....M. Kittredge  
Gutter-Pup.....A. Hunt  
Herring-Bone.....E. Mulherrin  
The Quiet Kid.....R. Loud  
The Noisy Kid.....L. Kenney  
Naughty Girl.....M. Blaisdell  
Daddy's Girl.....K. Larson  
Dotty Dimple.....J. Atwood  
Pollyanna.....M. Kendall  
Powder-Puff Kid.....H. Geagan  
The Vamp.....E. Welch  
The Sheik.....A. Crowell  
Lady.....H. Russ  
Caesar.....C. Goldberg  
The Soldier.....R. Spurling  
Match-Chewer.....S. Upton

Mrs. Minister.....B. Johnson  
Trouble-Maker.....P. Whitman  
Wise Professor.....P. Vose  
The Gossip.....J. Collins  
Barney Google.....J. Segal  
Streetwalker.....A. French  
The Lawyer.....C. O'Connor  
Spark Plug.....V. McNaughton  
Division E's Brightest Light.....R. Hobbs  
The Undertaker.....J. Cassidy

#### Such Satisfaction

"Tom, where have you been?"

"With Dick."

"Dick, where have you been?"

"With Harry."

"Harry, where have you been?"

"With Tom."

"Heavens! Where have you all been?"

"Together."

**Let Us be  
His Santa Claus!**

ours is

**The Men's Gift Shop**

Pleasing, Practical Presents

**Miller and Webster Clo. Co.**

**Hart Shaffner and Marx Clothes**

**Trop Vrai**

A high school student should study hard;  
(I don't).

With fast companions be on guard;  
I don't.

While others midnight hours keep,  
He ought to get eight hours' sleep;  
I don't.

Good students shun the parties gay  
And have their lessons every day;  
I don't.

While other folks are aping sharks,  
I must have intermittent larks;  
You wouldn't think I'd get good marks?—  
I don't.

**Shocking Smith Scandals—Sh-h-h!**

Smith Senior, salesman, sells sweet-smelling soaps. Samantha, Smith's severe, self-centered spouse, sniffs suspiciously, saying Smith's smoke smells strange.

Smith's spoiled son, Stephen, scientific student, studies science seriously. Sister Sally serenely sings soprano solos. Silly Sophie Smith's several suitors say she showers such sweet smiles. Somebody says Sister Sue's social success surprises Susie's struggling sisters. Small Sherman Smith swears Stanley Stewart saw several swans swimming seaward Sunday. Six Smiths suffer silently seeing Smith Senior sulk.

"How did you like the ruins of Pompeii?" asked an old lady of her son, who had just returned from Europe.

"I didn't go to see 'em, ma. They said they was so dreadfully out of repair that I thought it wouldn't pay."

A book agent took refuge under a haystack during a thunder storm and the lightning struck him on the cheek, glanced off and killed a mule two hundred yards away.

# The Rines Co.

## KNITTED SUITS

for

## School and Sport Wear



You should make their advertising profitable.

# Christmas Suggestions

## For The Man

*"Naught can compare with gifts to wear"*



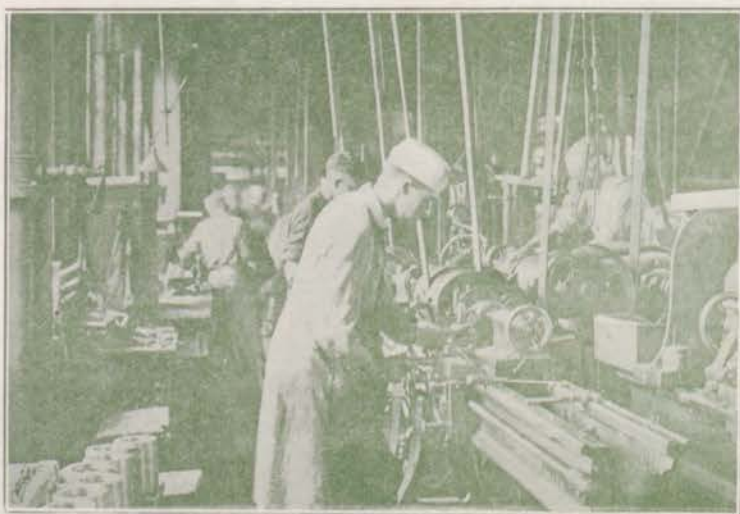
## John T. Clark Co.

*"The Men's Style Store of Bangor"*

State and Exchange Streets

# NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

## SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING



Finishing Castings, Blanchard Machine Company Cambridge

### COURSES OFFERED

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
2. Mechanical Engineering
3. Electrical 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.**



You should make their advertising profitable.



## 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!

# FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Bangor,

Maine

# 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

Trademarks

Designing

Letterheads

Advertising



BANGOR, MAINE

Instructor of Designing

Telephone Connection

*Compliments of*

# *A Friend*



You should make their advertising profitable.

**Fancy Pajamas**

**Sport Coats**

You are invited to inspect our Large Line of Xmas Neckwear made  
by Thompson & Co., London, expressly for our Holiday trade

**J. H. McCann, 12 State St.**

**Fancy Vests**

**Leather Novelties**

Herman Y. Dyer

Herbert Rounds

**DYER & ROUNDS**  
**Plumbing and Heating**  
Agents for  
**Homer Pipeless Furnaces**

Telephone 2096-R

42 Columbia St.

Bangor, Me.

**Make it a Merry Christmas with Gifts bought at**

**The OUTLET CORPORATION**  
**91 MAIN STREET**

Compliments of

**Walter S. Allen** Manufacturer of the **Bristol Cigar**

**BOYS—**

when in need of a First Class Haircut and Shave

CALL AT **Faulkingham's Barber Shop,** 135 State St.

Children's and Misses' Hair Bobbing a Specialty

**BANGOR HOUSE**  
American Plan      200 Rooms  
**MAIN STREET - - BANGOR**

# CHATEAU

---



**DANCING**  
Wed. and Sat.  
Nights

---

## THE BANGOR COMMERCIAL

“Maine’s Best Paper”

---

50c per month Delivered by Carrier



You should make their advertising profitable.

## RICE'S MUSIC SHOP

*Complete Line of*

**15 Central St.**

*Teaching Music*

*Latest Popular 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

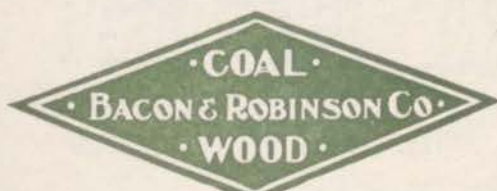
**79 CENTRAL STREET**

All Star Crew

(4 Chairs)

**BANGOR**

PATRONIZE CHERRY'S



13 State St. (Next to Bangor Savings Bank)

**STICKNEY & BABCOCK  
COAL CO**

19 State Street, Bangor

**VISIT OUR GIFT CORNER FOR  
SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS**

**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**

Our advertisers make the Oracle possible—

# PERRY STUDIO

The Home of  
Good Photography

## BANGOR, MAINE

---

Branches at Old Town, Pittsfield, Millinocket

---

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



You should make their advertising profitable.

## GIFTS

Be sure to visit our Gift Shop  
down-stairs. Full of  
Lovely Things



SHOP EARLY

**EDWIN O. HALL**

88 Central Street, Bangor, Maine

## Christmas Suggestions

Centerpieces, Scarfs, Napkins, Pillow  
Cases, Towels, Handkerchiefs, Silk  
Underwear, Linen Underwear, Silk  
Hosiery, Kimonas, Tapestries of All  
Kinds. 10% discount to Students

COME IN AND LOOK AROUND

William Christmas 87 Main St.

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"



*Sunbeam*  
*Bakery*

## BURRILL'S PHARMACY

Ice Cream - Sodas - Candies

Toilet Articles

OPPOSITE THE HIGH SCHOOL

## PARKER'S

Bangor's Real Fish Market

QUALITY and SERVICE

Free Delivery

Tel. 224

---

If It Swims--We Have It

---

66 P. O. Square

W. F. Parker, Mgr.

Best Quality

Largest Variety

C. PARKER CROWELL

WALTER S. LANCASTER

## ARCHITECTS



Exchange Bldg.

Bangor,

Maine



You should make their advertising profitable.

# 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.

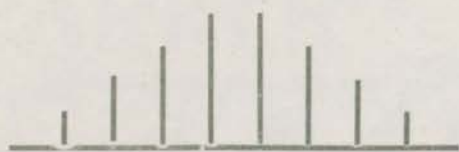


Prescriptions

Fine Chocolates

Soda

Ice Cream



COMPLIMENTS OF

# SAM LEAVITT



## *The* W. H. Gorham Co.

Painting  
and  
Decorating



Wall Papers



54 State Street

## PEARL & DENNETT COMPANY

Real Estate  
Insurance





# Headquarters for Outdoor Supplies

## Seasonable Suggestions for Xmas

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

New Stock of Pearl Handled Penknives—All Guaranteed

# KUPPENHEIMER

GOOD CLOTHES

Sold by

W. J. LARGAY CO.

110 Exchange Street

Bangor, Maine

# Y. W. C. A. CAFETERIA

Special Holiday Service Beginning Dec. 8

Light Lunches and Afternoon Tea

2 TO 5 P. M.

Both Men and Women Served

# LEYLAND WHIPPLE

Manufacturer of

## Radio Parts and Equipment

100 MAIN ST. BANGOR, ME.

## The Dole Company

Electrical Engineers  
and Contractors

Because of knowledge, experience, workmanship, and a few other qualifications 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.



You should make their advertising profitable.

**JOHN W. McCARTHY**  
**Groceries, Provisions and Meats**

PHONE 2247-M

81 PEARL ST.

**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

**C. H. BABB & CO.**  
**Plumbing, Steam Fitting, Sheet Metal Work**  
106 EXCHANGE ST., BANGOR, ME.

## PRACTICAL GIFTS FROM BENSON'S

Handkerchiefs      Silk Hosiery

Hand Bags      Silk Umbrellas

Golf and Kid Gloves



## 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*

*Electric Massage and Shampoo*

*No Long Waits—6 Chairs*

*We Sharpen Safety*

*Razors*

## DIEGES & CLUST

"If we made it, it's right"

Class Pins

Medals

Class Rings

Prize Cups

Fraternity Pins

73 Tremont St.,

Boston, Mass.

Shoe Skates - Key Skates - Hockey Sticks

Skis - Sleds - Snowshoes - Toboggans

**DUNHAM-HANSON CO.**

31-39 Mercantile Sq.,

Bangor, Me.



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.

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

Sawyer Bros. Co.

Wholesale Grocers

112 Broad Street



C. H. RICE  
COMPANY

193 to 199  
BROAD STREET

John Cassidy Company

Wholesale Grocers

101 Broad Street

Compliments of

Geo. W. Wescott

Bangor Egg Company, Inc.

Wholesale Fruit and  
Produce Dealers

Nuts, Dates and Figs

120 Broad St., Bangor, Me.

F. L. JONES CO.

Manufacturers of and Wholesale Dealers in

**Crackers Of All Kinds**

69-71-73 Pickering Square

**Bangor, Maine**



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

**Dan T. Sullivan**

**OFFICE SUPPLIES**

23 Central St. Bangor

**CHARLES E. HICKS**

Teacher of  
**Trombone and  
Baritone**

Telephone 2341-1 100 Highland St.

## Announcing

The Greatest Advance Since the  
Self Starter

**Traffic Transmission**

An Exclusive Feature of the

**1924 CHANDLER**

**WITH THE PIKE'S PEAK MOTOR**



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.



## 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

**\$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

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.

**BLAKE, BARROWS, BROWN, Inc.**



**INSURANCE**  
**Of All Kinds.**



41 Hammond St.

Bangor

The Largest  
Mill and Lumbering  
Supply House in  
New England

oooooo

Snow and Nealley Co.

Located at  
Bangor, Maine.