

Dec 1916

ORACLE

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Bangor High School
1916

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38 MAIN STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

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Stanley Johnson, '17.....	Associate Editor

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THE ORACLE

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS—50 cents per annum in advance

Regular number 10 cents. Special Christmas, Easter and Graduation numbers 10 cents

Address all business communications to Paul H. Eames, 756 Hammond Street

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

VOL. XXV

DECEMBER, 1916

No. 3

EDITORIALS

A tale told by a Schoolboy, the wonder of the World

THE NEED OF SPANISH.

In this country every high school of any size includes in its curriculum French or German, or both. This is well; at least one of these languages should be studied by every high school student. Undoubtedly these languages benefit the person who studies them even though he may perhaps never have occasion to speak them after leaving school. The school authorities realize the importance of these languages; they include them among the high school studies. But a language that might be of much more value to an American boy is omitted from the language group. Spanish, which in this country stands next in importance to English, finds no place in the majority of American High schools, although it is spoken as commonly as English in some of our western states.

It now seems likely that the turmoil in Mexico is about ready to cease. Mexico has remarkable latent resources which the people of Mexico have not shown themselves capable of developing to any extent. In the past Europeans have done about all that has been done there in the way of development. But now the attention of all Europeans is withdrawn from

Mexico and turned towards Europe itself.

This leaves a great opening in Mexico for men of ability from this country. There is now a chance given to the people of the United States to correct the false impression that the Mexicans have of our nation. But to take advantage of this opportunity, a knowledge of the Mexicans' language is necessary. It is indeed to be regretted that Spanish is not more generally taught in the United States on this account.

Recently there has been formed between the United States and Nicaragua a treaty which paves the way for a much more friendly feeling between our country and Central American states. There is much that the United States can do for these states which would be of much benefit to them. On the other hand they can do much for us; for instance, they afford a splendid field of endeavor for engineers from the United States. Of course, in order to succeed, these men must know Spanish. More and more are people beginning to understand the great practical value of Spanish.

Opportunities in South America.

But it is in South America that the greatest opportunity for success is given to North Americans. The whole continent of South

America now lies open to skilled men from the North. Before the great European War, all the commerce of South America was with Europe. Europe supplied the men and the money to develop the country. But now all trade relations between South America and Europe are cut off because of war. Naturally enough South America is turning to the United States for commercial relations and for skilled men. A capable American, who speaks Spanish can rise to almost any position in South America. Never since the time that the Middle West of our own country was opened up has such an opportunity for success existed for the young men of the United States. But to take advantage of this opportunity the young men must know Spanish. So on every hand the need of Spanish makes itself evident.

The Spanish language is not yet taught in Bangor High school; if, however, enough students in this school should show their desire to take up this study, it is probable that it would be added to the curriculum.

VERS LIBRE.

As often as anything new is introduced, whether in literature or science, at once there arises a controversy between the exponents of the innovation and its opponents. And, there are always people who will oppose anything so long as it is new. Such has been the case with Vers Libre, or free verse. By looking at the pros and cons of the question, we may form conclusions of our own which need not place us with either the exponents or opponents of the thing in question.

Vers Libre may be defined as "Writing whose cadence is marked, more definite, and closer knif than that of prose, but which is not so violently nor so obviously accented as the so-called regular verse." From its definition we can see that Vers

Libre approaches poetry in cadence or sound, but in form and structure, the two fundamental elements of poetry, it differs as much from poetry as prose does.

Vers Libre and Prose.

Considering the qualities wherein Vers Libre differs from prose, although much prose can very easily be changed into Vers Libre and vice versa, two things stand out clearly. Vers Libre, being more musical, holds the attention of the reader much better than prose does. Again, its swing and more poetic way of expressing sentiments are far superior to prose. Where the writer does not wish to write in prose and cannot write poetry, Vers Libre offers an effective way of expressing himself,—especially if he would deal in commonplace things. Indeed through this medium the writer has a better means of expressing his emotions and holding the attention of the reader than by prose.

Vers Libre and Poetry.

Poetry is music expressed in words. We enjoy it far more for its rhythm, its regularity, and its form than for its subject matter. But Vers Libre has no rhythm, no regularity, and no form. Owing to this, it is much easier to read, and to remember. Long poems, sad to relate, become dreary and wearisome on account of the stereotyped form and rhythm. Because of this Vers Libre is preferable to poetry.

But we have spoken of Vers Libre as being "preferable to poetry" as if it were not poetry. Indeed, it is not poetry and should not be classed as such. By the very definitions of the two kinds of literature how can that which does not possess any of the requisite elements of poetry be called poetry? And upon this assumption lays the basis of our conclusions respecting Vers Libre: Vers Libre is neither poetry nor prose. Possessing elements of both, and other qualities peculiar to itself, it should be

kept in a class by itself and not be confounded with either of the other two.

Here are a few lines from Lincoln Colcord's "Vision of War," which, by the way, is the best example of Vers Libre we have seen:

I went into the night of quiet stars,
I looked up at the wheeling heavens, at the
mysterious firmament;
I thought of the awful distances out there,
of the incredible magnitudes, of space
and silence and eternity;
I thought of man, his life, his love, his
dream;
I thought of his body, how it is born, and
grows, and of his spirit that cannot be
explained.

What can be more poetic or beautiful? This is not prose, neither is it poetry. Surely by its very aim and composition Vers Libre cannot be poetry nor can it express what poetry can in combination with music. In this poetry will hold its own against all assault.

And so Vers Libre has a place of its own to fill, and which only it alone can fill. Through it Walt Whitman gave to the world those restless, free, and careless pieces of literature which could find no other means of expressing itself through his genius than by Vers Libre. Yet even Walt Whitman occasionally used rhyme and metre,—we all remember "Captain, Oh My Captain."

Perhaps our views upon Vers Libre are not correct, or perhaps they may not coincide with the reader's opinions. However, whether one likes it or not is purely a matter of temperament and taste, so we would advise all to read Vers Libre for themselves.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

As we glance over the papers we receive from other schools, we see that they have the same difficulties that the Oracle has had

to encounter,—increased cost of paper, ink, covers, and cuts. It is also noticeable that many of these schools have raised and in many instances doubled their subscription price. The Oracle has not raised its yearly subscription price although all numbers, including the special numbers which alone formerly sold for ten cents, now will sell for ten cents instead of five.

But even this advance in single copies cannot meet the demands made by the running expenses. We owe the present Oracle to our advertisers. They make it possible for us to print the Oracle as it is this year,—but very slightly smaller than last year, with printing cost fifty per cent. greater.

We appreciate what the business men of Bangor are doing for us by advertising in the Oracle. For this the Business Manager and Oracle Board, as well as the school, we are sure, thank those who have stood so loyally by the paper at this time.

In return we ask that in common fairness the students and their parents and friends will patronize those whose advertisements appear in our columns.

Business Manager

B. H. S. Oracle.

WEIHNACHTSABEND

By Ruth Newcomb.

Der Schnee glantz in das Mondlicht;

Die Sterne leuchten klar;

Das Licht von vielen Fenstern,

Macht alles wunderbur.

Von aus der kleinen Kirche,—

Die Ture offen weit,

Man hort die Tone freudig—

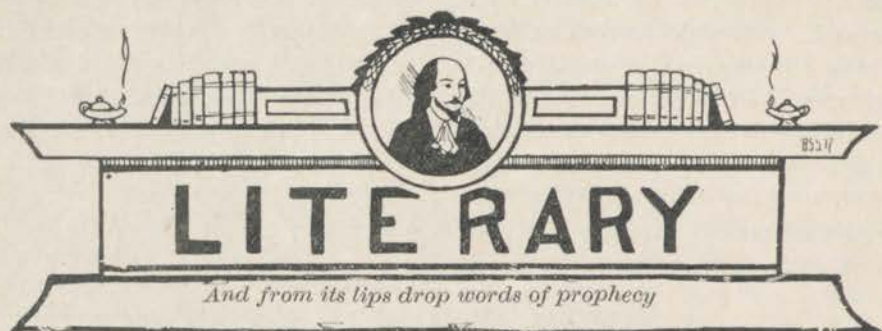
Das susses Weihnachtsleid.

Die Glocken kunstvoll lauten,

Durch die eiskalte Nacht,

Verkunden ihre Botschaft,

Uber Dorf und Stadt.



PRIVATE COLLINS' CHRISTMAS

By Lester Black, '18.



OMEWHERE in France," Christmas morning dawned clear and still. The bright sunlight penetrated the farthest corner of the big hospital, bringing cheer to the wounded soldiers; for even in this place of suffering Christmas had brought something of its cheering spirit. On long rows of white cots lay scores of these wounded soldiers. Here and there darted white uniformed nurses on their errands of mercy. Some patients were reading letters from home while nearly all had a remembrance of some sort which brought some measure of content.

One patient, however, did not share his comrades' cheer. Private Collins tossed feverishly on his cot as he watched the contented faces of the others. For him there was no present, no little gift, no word of cheer from home,—nothing to remind him of far-off Canada, which he had not seen for so many months. A dull pain in his bandaged head continually reminded him of that terrible charge.

Half delirious, he fancied himself in his own regiment. The familiar crackle of the rifles, the purr of the machine guns, and the roar of cannon sounded in his ears. First came the order to charge up that steel

swept hill to the German trench. Then the wild charge up the hill. His comrades fell like chaff before the wind under the withering fire of the machine guns. With half its numbers fallen the line wavered. But Private Collins swept on. On, on, up to the very edge of the trench he charged and the regiment followed with a cheer. Now he felt something warm and sticky trickling down his forehead, blinding his vision. Doggedly he staggered on over the edge of the trench. Now he was falling down, down, down, and he knew no more.

He aroused himself to look up into the face of a white capped nurse, who was feeling his pulse and looking grave. For three days and three nights he had not rested an instant and the strain was beginning to tell. Unless he slept soon the end was not far off.

About this time there was a stir in the room. A tall, erect man wrapped in a heavy coat strode up the aisle. Something about his face and bearing looked familiar, and when he drew aside his coat, Collins saw that he was the general in command. He raised his hand in a feeble salute as the great leader paused before his cot. The general looked down into the soldier's eyes and said gently, "Private Collins, I saw you lead that charge up hill Number Ten. It

was one of the finest acts of heroism I have ever witnessed. When you recover there is a lieutenant's commission awaiting you in your regiment." With these words he slipped a small box into the other's hand and was gone before Collins could speak his thanks.

The wounded soldier opened the box. There lay a little bronze ornament in the

shape of a cross inscribed with the words "For Valor." He, Private Collins, had received the highest award Great Britain ever offered to her defenders, the Victoria Cross! His Christmas gift was the finest in the whole army. A few moments later the nurse found him in peaceful and rest-giving sleep.

A MONTH IN THE U. S. NAVY

By Dexter Pullen, '17.



THIS summer I had a very peculiar experience, entirely different from what I ever had before. I went on the Navy Training Cruise for one month. There was a great deal of excitement about it and everybody was very eager to get on board the battleship. But in a week most everybody wanted to get off, but they couldn't.

As we left Portland harbor the evening of the day we got on board, little did we know but some German submarine might pop up and sink us. After we got under way, we were shown around the ship by a sailor, who said, "You guys follow me." Some tough nut he was! All that night you could hear someone saying, "Oh, this hammock! I cannot stay in it one minute without falling out."

When morning came we found ourselves in Boston tied up to the Navy docks. Here the Boston aggregation got on board. There we were, right up side of the dock and not one of us was allowed to step on shore. That's discipline! Later that same day we set sail for Fort Pond Bay, in the extreme end of Coney Island. We almost ran ashore on Block Island, and would have, if a search light from one of the other ships about fifty miles away, had not signaled to us. When we arrived, we found three other ships waiting for us.

During the week's stay at Fort Pond Bay, we had boat races and other water sports. After we had been there five days we set sail for Newport, R. I., to coal up, for the war game.

The program of the events of the day was very hard to learn at first. For the first few days the only call that we knew was mess call, but it only came three times a day. At five o'clock the Boatswain's mate piped down and the quartermaster came around crying, "Are you all lashed up?" In a few minutes he came around again, and woe be to the man he found sleeping whom he knew ought to be up. What did he do? Oh, nothing, but turned the hammock over and let you and the bedding come down on the hard deck. Not much like what they do at home is it? I guess not. No, "Please get up John, your breakfast will get cold,"—on board ship; but "Get to !!!!! out of there, or I will knock your block off."

At five forty-five, "Bright work" was sounded and you had to go to the station where you were supposed to work. At six-fifteen, "Knock off bright work!" sounded. At seven, fresh water call sounded and each one got his bucket and got in line to get a half pail of water. At seven-fifteen, "mess gear" sounded. This is for the table boys to get the table ready for breakfast.

After breakfast you had until eight-fifteen

to yourself, and if you went to sleep some boob was sure to walk all over your clean white suit. At eight-fifteen "quarters" sounded and you went to your quarters and stood around until nine o'clock when the captain held inspection. He made things very uncomfortable for those who had dirty suits on. Just my luck, I did not have a clean one to wear, but he could not see it, and made me do extra work. After inspection we had instruction until eleven o'clock and then retreat sounded. At eleven-thirty, if we were at anchor, swimming call sounded and all went swimming. Again at twelve-thirty mess sounded. At one o'clock the bugle sounded, "Stand by, you scrub, and wash clothes." Then the line was let down and you got your clothes. If any one forgot his washing it went to the luck bag and he would have to get along without it. At two o'clock we again took up instructions as to the running of the ship. At four o'clock retreat sounded. At four-thirty the Boatswain's mate piped down and went about crying, "Scrub clothes on port side of the forecastle."

Just after four-thirty, fresh water sounded, and you got water and went to scrub clothes. If our mothers could have seen us scrubbing our clothes they would say, "What's the use of hiring our washing done when our sons love to do it?" Yes we do,—NOT. It is not any joke although it seems to be one. Just get down on your hands and knees and try it once. You won't care a whole lot about doing it again, I bet.

At six o'clock supper sounded. After supper we had the rest of the night to ourselves. On the quarter deck we had moving pictures until eight-thirty. At seven-fifteen hammock sounds. Everyone goes up to the boat deck and stands beside the locker where his hammock is stored. When the officer of the deck gives the signal, the Boatswain's mate pipes down and you get your hammock, and hang it up in your regu-

lar place. You can go to bed at any time after hammock. At nine o'clock taps is sounded, all lights out, and no more noise until the next day at five o'clock.

We arrived at Newport Sunday noon, and those that wanted to, could stay and coal ship, and those that did not could go ashore and stay until Monday, at one o'clock. At last I could go ashore! I did. We had quite a time at Newport beach. Lots of fair damsels here, too!

We also went to the Newport Training Station. It is a wonderful place. Many were there training to be sailors. I met some Bangor boys here, and they seemed to enjoy it. I am glad they do!

Monday afternoon we set sail to join the rest of the fleet for the war game. The game was to last a week. When one ship got in range of the other it was considered sunk. We did not meet the enemy until the last day of the game. When we did, we were sunk the first thing.

After the war game was over, we set sail for Tangier's Sound, to hold target practice. We came up Chesapeake Bay right where the Deutschland had sailed out two days before. We anchored off Old Point Comfort and got shore leave until ten o'clock that night. I did not get back until six-thirty the next morning. My, but I got a good lecture! Then we set sail for Tangier's Sound and held target practice which was very interesting. The target was set eight hundred yards away, then there were thin red flags each eight hundred yards apart. As we came to the first flag the bugle sounded the call which meant coming on the range, and a red flag went up on the signal wire which means that the ship is going to fire. After they pass the last red flag, they stop firing. Our ship made the best hits of all, three out of three.

At last we set sail for Boston. Everything was made ready for open sea; all loose timbers and other material were lashed

tight. As we got into the open sea, a large whale made his appearance; he was almost as long as the boat. Then some porpoises, or sea hogs, raced along in front of the boat.

After two and a half days, we reached Boston, and I left the ship. Therefore, I cannot go on with what happened the last week.

THE JADE DEMON

By M. T. Hills, '17.



THEY were seated around the fire comfortably after a good dinner. The guest of honor, a great traveler and one who had seen many strange things, was talking. One of the men had just spoken to him concerning an odd ring he wore on the third finger of his right hand. It was a large disk of beautiful jade set in an unusual heavy silver setting. On the jade was carved a weird human, or semi-human, figure. The traveler looked at it a moment retrospectively, then, gazing into the fire, he began:

"That ring is several thousand years old. It was given me in Thibet by an old Chinaman in whose family it had been for years. I found him by the roadside as I was hurrying to reach, before a storm should strike, a monastery high up on a cliff. He was ill and I took him with me. He died that night, but before he died, he called me to him and gave me this ring which was all he had left in the world. He told me its story.

"That figure carved in the jade represents a demon of evil luck. Many centuries ago the ruler of a rich province in China was a wizard named Fu-Sing. In spite of his magical power he was the prey to a very human fault, avarice. It happened that he desired the property of a rich and greatly beloved lord, Te-Sing, who, by the way, was an ancestor of mine. Since Te-Sing was so dear to the people, Fu-Sing did not dare to

have him put to death openly, so he called together the most potent evil spirits who served him, and asked them what was to be done. A huge black goblin gave him this ring and said, "Call Te-Sing to your palace and give him much honor and this ring. It contains a poison that has effect only through contact with the flesh of the wearer's finger. This poison will work only when certain stars are in certain positions. Such a time is now approaching, so make haste!" The demons vanished.

"Fu-Sing did as the goblin had commanded. He called Te-Sing to the palace, honored him with a fine feast and much praise and finally presented him with this ring. A few days afterwards Te-Sing died suddenly and his estate went to the ruler. Te-Sing's only son, ignorant of the power of the ring, was allowed to keep it, as an honor from the king. It was handed down from father to son and at irregular intervals of years, the wearer died a sudden death. But still no one knew that the deaths were caused by the ring. The dying man then hurried on, 'I have neither sons nor daughters. I am the last of my family. Today the demon of the jade appeared to me. He told me of the poison in the ring and warned me that my end was near. He told me to give it to the last person I saw. Being thus commanded, I must give it to you who must wear it. It can neither be lost nor destroyed. Its power lasts until some person whom it kills can give it to no one.'

"The man died soon after, and I, having no faith in his delirious mumblings, have worn it ever since."

The speaker stopped. A curious look came over his face. He sat gazing in a fascinated manner at the demon carved in

jade. Instinctively the eyes of his hearers turned to the ring. All could have sworn that the thing had a malicious grin of triumph which gradually faded. The traveler's hand suddenly stiffened. A grey shadow passed over his face—he was dead!

THE HOLY GRAIL SERIES

By Louise Leonard, '17.



IN the lower corridor of our High school building, opposite the offices of the principal and the superintendent, is a fine collection of ten pictures from the famous Holy Grail series by Edwin A. Abbey. The original frieze from which these copies are taken is in the Boston Public library.

Beginning at the end of the corridor near Room 105, the pictures are arranged in the order in which they are placed in the frieze.

The set begins with the first panel, called The Vision, which represents the baby Galahad in the arms of his nurse, stretching out his little hands to reach the Holy Grail. The treasure is held by the Angel of the Grail, who is clad in a robe of snowy white beneath which the wings of white doves may be seen. A white dove holding a golden censor in its beak is hovering above the Grail. The background is a tapestry pattern with figures of lions and peacocks, which stand for the Resurrection. This is the child's first glimpse of the thing which he labored all his life to attain; for Galahad, as it had been foretold, was destined to achieve the Holy Grail.

Next in order comes the second panel, The Oath of Knighthood. Galahad, whom we last saw as a little child, has now completed his education with the nuns, and is ready to leave this quiet life, and enter upon his great career. He is kneeling at the

chapel altar, his helmet before him. Sir Launcelot and Sir Bors are fastening on his spurs, an action which shows that the new life must now begin. Behind the two knights are several nuns carrying long candles. The light of early dawn steals through the chapel window and lights up the walls which form the background of the scene.

Following this picture is the third panel, The Round Table of King Arthur. This scene shows Galahad about to join the knights of King Arthur. He enters the great hall, where the king is sitting, with his knights, led by his ancestor, Joseph of Arimathea, who first possessed the Grail. Joseph wears a white robe which conceals his face. In the foreground at the right, King Arthur is seen rising from his throne to receive Galahad. The new knight is advancing toward the Siege Perilous, the magic seat, made by Merlin, and up to this time all who sat in this chair have been lost; but as Galahad approaches it an angel lifts a drapery from the chair, above which magic letters appear to signify that this is Galahad's seat. Above the heads of the astonished knights is a chorus of white robed angels, whose wings form a regular pattern in the upper part of the picture. All the knights seated around the great table, and also the jester and the little page beside the throne have a curious, wondering expression on their faces.

Then comes the fourth panel, The De-

parture, showing Galahad and the other knights who have vowed to search for the Grail kneeling in the cathedral to receive a benediction before setting out upon their quest. Galahad, who is kneeling in the front rank, holds his sword, and his lance, which bears a banner with the pattern of a cross. The bishop is giving the benediction, and several priests are kneeling about the altar. The crowd of kneeling knights, holding their lances and banners erect, make a very striking scene; while the dim background of the cathedral walls gives a soft and beautiful finishing touch.

Beyond The Departure hangs the large fifth panel, The Castle of the Grail. Galahad has now reached the enchanted castle where the Grail is kept. There is a dream-like spell over the whole building and its occupants, who evidently hope to be released by the young knight. The aged king, Amfortas, is lying on his couch half asleep. At the right of the picture is the mysterious procession of the Grail, which is invisible to all but Galahad. There is the bearer of the Grail, a maiden with a golden disk, two knights with seven-branched candlesticks, and a third with a bleeding spear. In the midst of this drowsy court stands the young knight, Galahad, wondering and perplexed; because he thinks he has guessed the mystery, and yet he cannot break the spell. He is the only bright, living form in the picture; the other figures in the background look like shadows.

In the eighth panel, The Key to the Castle, Galahad has come to free the imprisoned Virtues from their confinement. He has overcome the Sins who guarded the gate, and is now receiving the key of the castle from the old keeper. Galahad has removed his helmet, and, sword in hand, is kneeling reverently before the old man, who is dressed in religious garb. As for the keeper, he holds forth the keys as if he

were eager to give them to so good a knight.

Hanging next to the eighth panel is the beautiful ninth panel, The Castle of the Maidens. Galahad is now inside of the castle and is receiving the thanks of the Virtues, lovely maidens, who are shyly extending their hands to their deliverer. A tall, queenly lady with long dark hair, who is standing near Galahad, seems to be the leader. Others are looking over her shoulder, and still more, at a respectful distance, are peeping through their veils and smiling at the brave young knight. The helmet, sword, and shield of the knight lie on the ground behind him. The bright dresses of the maidens are in sharp contrast with the dark and gloomy walls of the dungeon, which are seen in the background.

The twelfth panel, The Deliverer, shows Galahad mounted on a fine white charger, and about to begin a further search for the Grail. In his right hand he holds his banner, which is floating in the wind as he rides along. In this picture his face plainly shows the nobility, virtue, and great strength of character which have aided him in his exploits. He is surrounded by the people whom he has restored to happiness and prosperity during his adventures. In the background is a glimpse of the sea, and a high hill with a castle on its summit.

In the thirteenth panel, Solomon's Ship, Galahad is on his way to Sarras, a large city on an island of the Mediterranean, which was to be for a time the home of the Grail and the kingdom of Galahad. The little ship is safely crossing the stormy waves under the guardianship of the Angel of the Grail, who is seated in the bow with her precious burden. The light of the Grail shows upon Galahad and his companions, Percival and Bors. Galahad alone can see the Grail, and he is kneeling before it; his comrades, although they do not perceive the

source of the light, know by Galahad's manner that the Grail is near them, and they have bowed their heads. In the background is a mass of storm clouds, pierced now and then by the light of the clear sky underneath.

Last of all comes the fifteenth panel, The Golden Tree. In this picture, the last of the series, Galahad fulfills his quest. Again Joseph of Arimathea appears, discloses himself, and reveals the Holy Grail, which is floating toward Heaven its final home. For the first time the Grail is seen unveiled. But no man can behold it and live; so Galahad knows that the end of his life is near. He has laid his crown and sceptre at his feet for he will need them no longer. Beside him is the golden tree which represents

the pure knight's perfected works on earth. Seven angels stand near to witness Galahad's last and greatest achievement. On the knight's face is an expression of supreme happiness as he gazes long and earnestly at the sacred emblem for which he has worked so many years. No wonder that he wishes to leave this world at the moment when he sees his highest ambition fulfilled.

This panel is a fitting conclusion to the other scenes and when its meaning is made clear it is the most beautiful of the series. All the pictures are most interesting and are a valuable addition to the works of art in our school. We are very grateful to the classes whose generosity and school spirit made it possible for us to have them.

A FOXY GHOST

By Emil H. Gren, '19.



AR back in the time of Charles the Second, when it was the fashion for each favorite of the king to obtain a grant of land in the new western world, a courtier named Lord Lowder, foreseeing that his royal master would soon be liable to part company with his royal head, be thought himself that it was time to seek his share of the western booty. Perhaps he wasn't as much beloved or feared, or hadn't as much influence as his friend, William Penn, so he had to be content with a few thousands of acres in Eastern Maine; and, the grant obtained, he at once betook himself and his possessions thither, and a valuable asset his new estate proved to be, being covered with a heavy growth of fine timber, having fisheries nearby possessing very fertile soil; but best of all, furnishing a shelter where he might keep his head upon his shoulders, which was more than his royal master had done.

Here then, Lord Lowder built himself a home in the wilderness and lived the life of a colonist; but when he knew his end to be approaching, he decided to erect unto the Lowders a sepulchre fit for a Pharaoh; so he put his men to work, heaping up a big mound of earth and stones, which covered a vault of masonry, and this he draped with sombre silken tapestries. He set his escutcheon on the massive oaken door, and leisurely awaited his call.

When, at last, the remains of Courtier Lowder rested within the newly-made mound, when his dutiful and loving survivors had duly quarreled over his possessions, the grant was finally clinched into several shares and the matchless forest was quickly wasted and nearly destroyed. Towns and villages forthwith sprang up which soon grew to be cities, even as the forest was transformed into vessels which swept the ocean waves under many a savage buccaneer's flag, under the skull and cross-bones of many a pirate of old; where

was once the great Lowder grant, not even the name of Lowder remained, for the members of a once courtly race all slept with their great ancestor, and the last token of the Lowders was the heaped-up mound and its fast decaying oaken door, with its moldering escutcheon.

* * * * *

Allie, the incorrigible, was fourteen, as big an imp of mischief as old Lowder could have selected to tread his grant in the western world. If any one told Allie not to do anything, the accomplishment of that very thing became the end and aim of Allie's existence. So, when his gentle mother whispered to Allie not to venture near the decaying old Lowder tomb, the purpose to do so at once took full possession of all the brains in his cranium—he thought of it by day, he dreamed of it by night. Explore the old Lowder tomb he must and would, rats, snakes, toads, or ghosts to the contrary. But Allie's bedtime was at a very old-fashioned early hour. The eyes of his mother were ever vigilant by day, till Allie was well-nigh exasperated.

One night, late in autumn, Allie turned and twisted, unable to go to sleep on account of this haunting scheme. He finally arose and crept softly to his low chamber window. He looked down on the shed-roof beneath and thought how easy it would be to slide down. Then he remembered a stout rope by which he could drop to the ground. He decided to go.

It was a dismal night. The ground was bare and brown. There was scarcely any moon, for the great black clouds, arising in the northwest were gradually covering it, although it shone out fitfully at times, making the long, dark spells even more gloomy. The wind sobbed, and sobbed, and sobbed again and whirled the fallen leaves here and away. 'Twas the very night for ghosts to be abroad. Allie shuddered as his feet touched the ground, but he darted over the

barren fields as if Pluto, himself, were behind him. He never paused till he reached the half-yielding oaken door.

Many times he had peered into the widening crack, but always the hired man called him away, or the dog would yap, if he ventured too close, or his tell-tale brother would pull his coat. Now he was free, absolutely free! Free as Columbus with the Western Sea before him! Allie fairly gloated in the abundance of his freedom. He seized an old club and begun to beat the tottering door. All at once it gave way and fell with a reverberating crash. Allie felt as if all the Lowders were about to step out and seize him. His boots started for home before his brains knew it, but only a few steps, for the brains conquered and back went the boots.

Probably Allie had never really considered even the possibility of going right into the old tomb. He had only expected to peek into the cranny of the broken door, and to pause under it and see a snake wiggle away; and yet, here he was, face to face with an opportunity far beyond his fondest yearning. Back out? Never! Although it must be confessed his hair-roots began to tingle.

The moon was sinking lower and lower. The black clouds had devoured all the light. The wind still moaned. Slowly it had grown darker and darker. The fields looked like ink beyond him. Allie almost wished to go home. Then one edge of the moon shone out of the gathering gloom and Allie's courage arose. "*Faciles descensus Averno.*"

Allie stepped boldly over the fallen remains of the shattered oak door, and found himself in utter darkness. Now his hair fairly bristled, a peculiar musty odor sickened him as he groped along, with both hands outstretched. He kept well to the center of the cavity, having a creepy feeling that on either side he would find coffins of

the defunct Lowders. It seemed to Allie that he had been groping for centuries in this Stygian region. Oh! for a light, just one little match!

What was he about to find? He knew well that he couldn't go much farther without touching something. He felt a faint zephyr blowing about his head, first on one side, then the other. It might have been caused by a bat, but the boy didn't think of that; he felt so sure it was the ghost he had heard so much about, which haunted the Lowder tomb on just such cheerless nights as this. His hair was standing right straight up now.

As he looked back toward the door, a misty whiteness seemed swaying there. Shades of Father Anchises and Polydorus! What more did he see? Coming toward him from the doorway he saw two flaming, glowing balls of fire. They moved slowly, doubtfully, then they danced by him, in front of him, drawing him on and on. Near the floor they were, but in all the weird tales of the country-side to which his young ears had given diligent heed, never had he heard of a ghost with eyes set in his heels.

Yet they were eyes of fire, Allie never doubted it. Something touched his forehead. He put up his hand, and when they found him in the morning, he was still clutching a fragment of the mouldy pall which had hung three hundred years over Lord Lowder's bier.

Then he heard a low growl behind him and a rustling as if some Lowder ghost were about to clutch him in the darkness. Allie thought his blood was curdling with horror. He couldn't even make the effort to get out now. The wind had sunk to a low

moan and he believed it would be the last sound he would ever hear on earth.

He wanted to look back to see how near the ghost was getting to him, but he didn't dare to turn his head. He heard it, nearer, nearer, nearer! Something touched his foot. He couldn't resist turning now, and he saw two more balls of fire, bigger and fiercer than the first. Yes, and behind the second pair came two more and two more, till the whole cave seemed filled with burning orbs. His blood fairly froze in his veins. Again he noticed that sickening odor and thought of the Lowders burning in fire and brimstone. He turned slightly to one side and at last he touched something tangible. Crash! Bang! It was a relief even though he knew that the sarcophagus of the elder Lowder had broken. He put his hand down and groped blindly—Heavens! It was a skull which had fallen from the crumbling casket. Nothing else on earth could have been so round, and clammy, and mouldy. Now the gleaming eyes seemed to dance like demons about him, to leap over his feet. The place seemed luminous with eyes.

Then Allie fainted. In the morning they found him there limp and almost lifeless, beside the fallen casket, and the rolling bones of old Lowder. They carried him tenderly home; but they killed the bats and an old mother-fox which had become entangled in the rusty iron supports of the casket as it fell, so that she could not escape. Playing about her was a number of nearly grown cubs, for whose sake the neighboring hen-yards had been plundered all that summer.

When Allie recovered he had a beautiful rug made from their skins as a memento of his great adventure.

 QUATTUOR ANNI

By S. H. B., '17.

Vers Libre.

As Freshmen
 With faltering feet
 We came
 With high resolves,
 And castles builded,
 Yet bore the wrath and scorn
 Which they for our sakes
 Laid upon us.

And, soon
 Were we wise to Seniors
 And their ways,
 Not caring, nor fearing.
 Our mind from them
 We set apart and went our way,
 For we were only
 Freshmen.

As Sophs
 With new dignity
 Adorned, we
 Felt it our duty
 And our just right
 As upperclassmen wise,
 To teach the Whys and Wheres
 Of High School to those
 Who followed us.

We spent
 Our minutes in strutting
 And the like
 Through all the corridors
 And rooms like peacocks,
 And in our conceit
 Sufficient to ourselves.

But awakened!
 With a sense of guilt
 Of hours wasted
 And days unwisely spent,
 As Juniors strived
 Our bad reputation
 To amend.

Our days
 Were spent in study,
 Wandering like lost sheep
 So deep were we in thought.
 That we might gain
 The honorable estate
 Of Seniors.

Seniors now!
 And looking
 Back o'er years past
 Retall;
 Foolish and wise things;
 The hopes fulfilled;
 The dreams so high,
 But now so fallen!
 Yet not regretting.

For who
 In the long path
 Called Life does not
 Learn by his mistakes;—
 And learning
 Strive for the better
 And the best?

From some Boston Exams—
 Julia Seezer was a roman general which
 was burned to a stake.

Witchcraft was more a power supposed to
 be possessed than anywhere else.

Boy in stationery store: "I want a nick-
 el's worth of dates."

Clerk: "We don't keep fruit."

Boy: "Brighten up! Brighten up! Give
 me a five cent calendar."

RED HAIR

By R. Newcomb.



"H, dear, I wish I was pretty."

Frances turned gloomily away from the tiny mirror that her room boasted. Today some little girl would go out the big grey door of the Home, never to come back again; to go to a home that wasn't spelled with a capital, but in Frances' mind with four capitals. It would be a pretty little girl though, not one with freckles, and hair the same color, tied tightly in two little pigtales. They were pitiful little pigtales, too, for the very reason that if they hadn't been pigtales, they would have been curls. But in Homes spelled with a capital there isn't time for curls.

With a sigh Frances looked down at the dark blue apron which served the same purpose as the ruffles and lace which the little girl across the street wore,—namely, a dress.

Another sigh.

Sighs were quite common to Frances. She knew that the day when someone came to find a little boy or girl to mother was a hard one. She also knew from past experience that the smallest occupants of the big building had to have quite unusual attention, and since Frances had attained to the dignified age of twelve, and was the oldest one in the Home, the responsibility of the scrubbing and polishing rested heavily upon her thin little shoulders.

"Come here, Bobby," she called to a plump, red-cheeked youngster, who was amusing himself by smearing the contents of a tube of toothpaste over his ruddy cheeks.

"Oh, Bobby, Bobby, what would Miss Daniels say if she found you looking like that?"

Bobby smiled blissfully and delivered

himself into the hands of Frances, for whom his little heart held a great deal of affection; for Frances was the nearest to a mother he had ever known. Why, hadn't she told him a story one night, and stayed with him until he fell asleep? Bobby was four, and in the whole previous course of his life had never experienced anything so wonderful. Therefore, Bobby bore manfully the ordeal of having his cheeks polished until they shone like two gleaming apples on the Christmas table, and at the end, clasped his arms tightly around Frances' neck, and raised his rosy mouth for her kiss.

"Oh Bobby," she breathed, as she held him close for a moment. "They ought to take you, but—I almost wish they wouldn't."

"I touldn't go wifout you," he promised consolingly, as Frances kissed him again and sent him away.

"Frances!"

The shrill voice of Miss Daniels sent a shudder through the girl's heart.

"Aren't those children ready yet? It is one o'clock and the parlor has to be dusted before anyone comes."

With a quickly mounting flush Frances remembered that of the dozen children to be "fixed up." Bobby was the only one as yet presentable.

"Esther," she called to a girl of eight, who was at the end of the long room playing with her doll, "Can't you wash the twins' faces, and put a clean dress on Elizabeth?"

Esther started to refuse, but remembered that Frances made very nice dolls' clothes, and so thought better of it.

Frances looked about for Johnnie, and discovered him much engrossed in a box of thread which he had managed to extract from the sewing box, and found also that he objected strenuously to being disturbed.

Contriving to get him to a convenient chair, she scrubbed vigorously while Johnnie wailed accordingly. Jessie, Beth and Tommie followed successively and emerged shining from her diligent hands.

With a look of relief she sent the last one to the nursery, patiently charging them to keep very clean. Then, seizing a duster, she started for the parlor. Half way to the stairs a wail from Bobbie drove the dusting from her mind and sent her scurrying to the nursery.

"Bobby's horsy broken," wept the chubby faced one, while one hand vainly struggled to wipe away the tears and the other held up the broken toy to Frances. As she stood there tying together the broken joints of the small animal, a sonorous peal from the doorbell brought back the realization that an especially effective scolding would be due her, for the undusted parlor, when the visitors were gone.

From the head of the stairs, Frances beheld the matron, in her best blue chambray, and her company smile, ushering in a tall man, who had—yes, Frances saw even in that one short glance—he had **red hair**. Yes, **red**, and Frances, thinking of the color that crowned her own head, liked him for it.

"He'd make a nice father, even—for—Bobby," she reflected, "and Bobby would love to sit on his shoulder and pull his hair."

Bits of the conversation from below, drifted to her ears.

"Yes, there were two, a boy and a girl," he was saying, "but it's a boy I'm after now—to take the baby's place."

The voice was kind, so kind that the listening girl wondered; she had heard so few kind voices.

"Frances!" called the matron, from the door below, "bring John, Bobby, and Tommie down to the parlor."

A casual observer would have smiled at the contrast between the three: Johnnie,

thin, a dark sallow face framed by black hair that refused to be denied curling; Tommie, tall for his five years, his hair light and straight, his eyes dancing with mischief; and Bobby hitherto described.

Frances' heart sank, for she knew the balance must tip in favor of her pet.

It did.

But she was not prepared for the storm of protest to which that small person gave vent, when the stranger, calling him "Son," had raised him to his shoulder (just as Frances had known he would), and started towards the door.

Giving a lusty yell, Bobby squirmed down from the broad shoulder and running to Frances, threw himself sobbing into her outstretched arms making it quite manifest in his baby way that he preferred a Home with a capital **with** Frances to the other kind **without** her.

The big man sat down again, scanning the two faces before him; the girl's bent low over the other's, her cheek against his. As he watched, he caught the girl's whispered, "You must go Bobby; the man will be so nice to you. He'll buy you a sled, and—and—" her voice trailed off into a pathetic sob.

It may have been the sob, or it may have been the red hair so like his own, but whatever it was the big man swept them both into his protecting arms.

"I guess we'll need you to take care of Bobby, anyway," he explained in answer to the questioning eyes turned toward him. "And if you will be ready for the noon train tomorrow, we shall be home in time for Christmas dinner."

Packing her few possessions, Frances paused and looked again into the little mirror at her hair, not in pigtails, but in curls, in honor of the departure, while in her heart a little song repeated itself over and over again.

"It's just because his hair was red, too."

HAIL TO BANGOR HIGH!

This is the title to the song for which the Oracle has conducted a contest. The interest in the contest was great, as was shown by the number competing for the words and music to be selected. We wish to thank all those who contributed words and music. To them we owe the appropriate words and beautiful music finally selected.

W. J. Creamer, Jr., '14

H. D. O'Neil, '12

Allegretto

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of three systems of music. The first system begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The first system of music includes a piano (f) dynamic marking and lyrics: 'School of our hearts, we now proclaim Our loy - al - ty to you: De - vot-ion's chain shall To you with joy - ful hearts we sing, Oh al - ma ma - ter dear: To you a pledge of Hail to the school where friend-ships fast Are made with bands of gold, Where you and I are'. The second system continues the melody and includes lyrics: 'link your name To us, your chil-dren true. Let all who can the ac-cents frame Up love we bring: We raise a might-y cheer Un - til the walls and hail-ways ring, Loud sub-tly cast In deep-er, broad-er mold. Hail to the life we love! And last Our'. The third system begins with a fortissimo (ff) dynamic marking and includes lyrics: 'raise the joy - ful cry: And let it fan the spark to flame! All hail to Ban-gor High! ech-o - ing the cry, And back this shout of tri-umph ring! All hail to Ban-gor High! buoy-ant spir - its cry: Hail to the fut-ure, pres-ent, past! All hail to Ban-gor High!'. The score is signed 'Drawn by Walter J. Creamer, Jr.' at the bottom left.

f School of our hearts, we now proclaim Our loy - al - ty to you: De - vot-ion's chain shall
To you with joy - ful hearts we sing, Oh al - ma ma - ter dear: To you a pledge of
Hail to the school where friend-ships fast Are made with bands of gold, Where you and I are

link your name To us, your chil-dren true. Let all who can the ac-cents frame Up
love we bring: We raise a might-y cheer Un - til the walls and hail-ways ring, Loud
sub-tly cast In deep-er, broad-er mold. Hail to the life we love! And last Our

ff raise the joy - ful cry: And let it fan the spark to flame! All hail to Ban-gor High!
ech-o - ing the cry, And back this shout of tri-umph ring! All hail to Ban-gor High!
buoy-ant spir - its cry: Hail to the fut-ure, pres-ent, past! All hail to Ban-gor High!

Drawn by Walter J. Creamer, Jr.

The judges of the words were: Miss Mary Robinson, Mr. Hal R. Eaton, and the editor of the Oracle. Mr. Walter Creamer, '14, and now a student at the University of Maine, is the winner of those who submitted poems.

It is regretted that the Oracle could not print more than one of the songs. The melody by Mr. H. D. O'Neil, '12, University of Maine, '16, received the winning number of points from the judges of the music. They were: Mr. Winfield Richmond, Mrs. F. E. Simpson, Miss Gale Littlefield, Mr. K. A. Ringwall, and Miss Anna Strickland.

Students of Bangor High school learn the words and music of this song. Sing it at all times where your school loyalty and spirit should show itself. We now have the words and the music. Let us respect and treat them as the song of Bangor High school, whether in victory or defeat!



Records recall memories

Miss Bertha Files left her position in school about the first of November. Miss Files has gone to East Orange, New Jersey, where she will keep house for her brother and take care of her mother who is very ill. Her position is being filled by Mrs. Hunt.

Mrs. Hunt is the wife of Dr. Harrison J. Hunt, who is a surgeon for the "Crocker Land Expedition." This will be the fourth winter Dr. Hunt has been in the Arctic region and although two relief ships have been sent for the party, they have only been able to reach a point 125 miles from the headquarters of the expedition. Dr. Hunt was graduated from Bangor High in 1898 and was captain of the football team the same year. Mrs. Hunt, a graduate of the Girls' Latin School in Boston, and Radcliff college, has taught in Buffalo, N. Y., and in Connecticut.

Mr. Joseph Beach took Miss Fannie Robinson's classes on Tuesday, Nov. 7, and for the rest of the week. Miss Robinson, representing the Teachers' Club of Bangor, went to Springfield, Mass., to attend a pageant given there called "Heroines in Literature." The Teachers' Club intends to give the same thing here next April, and if this idea is carried out, it will be the first pageant given in Bangor. Miss Robinson also visited classes in the Classical and Technical High schools in Springfield, at Smith College in Northampton, and Mt. Holyoke College in South Hadley, thus having a busy and instructive week.

On Thursday, Nov. 9, before school, the manager and assistant managers of Track, '17, and Baseball, '17, were voted upon in the different home rooms. The following were nominated: Manager of Track, Frank Gillin and Willis Hammond; assistant manager, Raymond Adams and Osgood Nickerson; manager of Baseball, Harold Hubbard and Warren Preble; assistant manager, Parry Boyd and Harold Green. The following were elected: Frank Gillin, manager of Track; Raymond Adams, as assistant manager of Track; Harold Hubbard, manager of baseball; Parry Boyd, assistant manager of baseball.

At chapel on Wednesday, Nov. 15, Miss Gertrude Griffith, National Secretary of Girls' Work of the Y. W. C. A., addressed the school, speaking particularly to the girls. She brought out the fact that Indians like best rainbow stories because of the promise in the rainbow. She told two or three tales bringing out the wonderful qualities of Hope.

Friday morning, Nov. 17, after chapel, a football rally was held to show the team that we were all standing behind them before they started for Portland. Coach McCann made a fine speech asking especially that we all be at the station and give our team a big send-off. After some cheering, under Hubbard's leadership, the rally was over.

School closed at 12.45. The train, on which the team went to Portland, left at 1.45. Many and varied were the strategies employed to enable various students to get home, have dinner, and arrive at the Union station in time to do some cheering. About 100 loyal Bangor girls and half as many boys, however, did it, although many had to go without their dinners. With Robert McCann leading the cheers, the team was given a send-off such as it has seldom, if ever, received before.

Saturday afternoon, Nov. 18, the Bangor-Portland game in Portland was shown here at the Bijou Theatre on a miniature gridiron. A great number of B. H. S. students and sympathizers were present and made the theatre fairly rock with cheers. If only the team could have heard them there might have been a different result.

On the evening of the eighteenth the Bangor team was given a banquet by Portland High school at the Falmouth Hotel in Portland. After the feast, Principal William B. Jack, of Portland High, acted as toastmaster, and introduced the speakers: Mayor Wilford G. Chapman, of Portland, Hon. Edward W. Murphy, Hon. Scott Wilson, Coach McCann, of Bangor, Coach Ostergren, of Portland, William E. Connell, Captain Herwood, of Portland, Manager Boardman, of Bangor, and Manager Johnson, of Portland. Following the banquet a reception to the Bangor team was held in Wilson's Hall.

Our school orchestra played at chapel, Wednesday morning, Nov. 22, in a very creditable manner. A plan has been made to have this repeated every other Wednes-

day morning, which will be greatly appreciated by all. The program was as follows:

"The Crusader".....T. H. Rollinson
 "Columbine".....R. Gruenwald

Miss Webster was out of school Nov. 22, because of illness.

A Bangor night, in honor of the football team, was held at the Bijou Theatre, Friday evening, Nov. 24.—The theatre was decorated to suit the occasion. The team occupied the boxes and a large part of the remainder of the audience were High school students. The football record was shown on the screen and everything and everybody was cheered under Harold Hubbard's leadership. Everyone certainly had a fine time, and went away hoping that another Bangor night would come soon.

The Sophomore Reception to the football team was held Wednesday evening, Nov. 29, in the Assembly Hall. The receiving line consisted of: President Eames, of the Sophomore class, Captain Hickson, of the football team, Principal and Mrs. Eaton, Miss Alice Wormwood, and Miss Imogene Wormwood. The hall was tastefully decorated to suit the occasion. The music was furnished by four pieces of Pullen's Orchestra. Dancing began shortly after eight and continued until twelve; punch was served in the hall during the evening. Robert McCann acted as floor manager, while Theodore Chilcott, Vincent Smart, Frank Pierce, James Buckley, and Franz Doliver were the aids. The success of this very enjoyable affair reflects great credit upon the Sophomore Class and upon all who had charge of its details.



By their fruits ye shall know them

Walter J. Creamer, Jr., '14, has been chosen from the Junior class at the

University of Maine as a member of Tau Beta Pi, the honorary engineering society of the college. Mr. Creamer was editor-in-chief of the Oracle during the year 1913-14.

Willis B. Hayes, Jr., '16, has entered the University of Michigan.

Miss Dorothy Harvey, '15, was recently elected president of the class of 1919 at Wheaton College, and Miss Pauline Mansur, '15, vice president.

Miss Valentine E. Kenney, '14, has taken a position as assistant commercial teacher in Waterville High school. Miss Kenney is a graduate of the Bryant & Stratton Training school. During the past fall she has been teaching in the Parochial High school at Orono.

John M. O'Connell, B. H. S. '14, U of M. '18, has taken a position on the reportorial staff of the Bangor Commercial. He intends to enter the Pulitzer School of Journalism.

Miss Eleanor Shaw, '14, has entered Miss Beal's Business College.

Miss Dorothy Smith, '14, a member of the junior class at Smith College, was recently chosen a member of the Mandolin clubs of the college.

The marriage of William F. West, '13, and Helen L. Danforth, '11, occurred recently at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. West was editor-in-chief of the Oracle in 1913. Until recently Mr. West was a student at the University of Pennsylvania School of Finance. Mr. West is now employed in the valuation department of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad. Miss Danforth attended the University of Maine for two years where she won several honors.

Two marriages of much interest occurred recently; that of Miss Lena H. Rogers, '04, and Ernest W. Lovel; and that of Miss Mary W. Gordon, '08, and William J. Collomore. The former will live in Hartford, Connecticut; the latter will reside in Essex, Connecticut.

Waldo Peirce, a former student at B. H. S., has recently been in Bangor after serving in the American Ambulance Corps in France during the past year.



A sound body and a sound mind

B. H. S. vs. M. C. I.

Saturday, Oct. 7, Bangor met its first defeat of the season, due mostly to the playing of Emery and Young of the M. C. I. backfield. The field at Maplewood was dried so by the wind that it was in no condition for a football game. Kennedy, our fast end, was on the injured list, and Gordon and Quinn were injured in the first few minutes of play so that the team was considerably weakened. They put up a game fight, however, and secured two touchdowns through the efforts of Peters and Heal.

The summary:

Bangor: Gordon, r.e.; Howard, r.t.; Eames, r.g.; Johnson, c.; Malone, l.g.; Quinn, l.t.; Russell, l.e.; Peters, q.b.; Garland, r.h.b.; Heal, l.h.b.; Hickson, f.b.

M C I: Glidden, l.e.; Dwelley, l.t.; Boyce, l.g.; Wardwell, c.; Towle, r.g.; Tarbell, r.t.; Tierney, r.e.; Riley, q.b.; Lampher, l.h.b.; Young (capt.), r.h.b.; Emery, f.b.

Substitutions: Kelleher for Gordon, Royal for Quinn, Washburn for Kelleher, Kane for Washburn, Geagan for Kane, Huston for Glidden.

Score: M. C. I., 27; Bangor, 13. Referee, C. Fitzgerald, U. of M. Umpire, J. Fitzgerald, U. of M. Head lineman, W. Neville, Bates. Time, 12 and 15 minute periods.

B. H. S., 0; Colby Ineligibles, 0.

Coburn Classical Institute, having cancelled its game with Bangor High for Nov.

4, the team went to Waterville and played the Colby Ineligibles. The game was played in the morning so that the players could see the Colby-Bates game. Neither side was able to score. The Colby second, although composed of good individual players, including some varsity material, lacked team work. Dunnack was the star and tried to win the game for his team in the last ten seconds of play by attempting a field goal. Bangor was on the defensive most of the game.

The summary:

Bangor: Kane, r.e.; Howard, r.t.; McLeod, r.g.; Johnson, c.; Ginn, l.g.; Malone, l.t.; Russell, l.e.; Peters, q.b.; Garland, r.h.b.; Heal, l.h.b.; Hickson, f.b.

Colby Ineligibles: Hayes, l.e.; Cross, l.t.; Gallier, l.g.; Little, c.; Piebes, r.g.; Murphy, r.t.; Hayes, r.e.; Dunnack, q.b.; Stowell, l.h.b.; Wiseman, r.h.b.; Ashworth, f.b.

Substitutions: Bangor, Eames for Ginn, Royal for McLeod, Kelliher for Kane. Colby, Day for Hayes. Referee, Taft of Colby. Umpire, Stanwood of Colby. Head linesman, Bagnell of Colby. Time, four eight-minute periods.

Portland High, 7; B. H. S., 6.

Saturday, Nov. 18, the team played Portland High at Portland and was defeated by one point. The game began finely when, in the first period, Hickson went through for 30 yards and a touchdown. Failure to kick the goal, however, lost the game for Bangor, for in the second period Portland

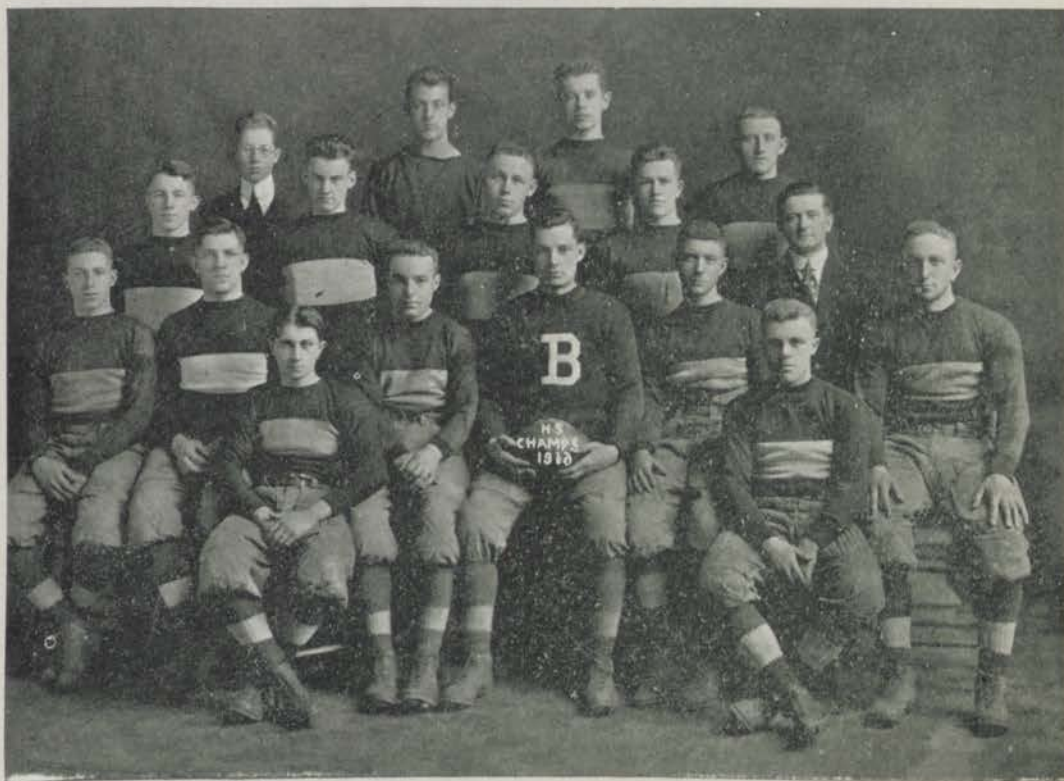
made a touchdown and also kicked the goal, giving them a lead of one point. This lone point stood in Bangor's way the rest of the game although Peters, in the last few seconds of play made a fine effort to overcome it by trying for a field goal.

The summary:

Bangor: Gordon, r.e.; Howard, r.t.; Ma-

lone, r.g.; Johnson, c.; Eames, l.g.; Quinn, l.t.; Russell, l.e.; Peters, q.b.; Heal, l.h.b.; Garland, r.h.b.; Hickson (capt.), f.b.

Portland: Herwood, l.e.; Sherman, l.t.; Schonland, l.g.; Wood, c.; Feurey, r.g.; Payne, r.t.; Conley, r.e.; Dolan, q.b.; James, r.h.b.; Weeman, l.h.b.



High School Champions 1916

Basketball Schedule.

Friday, Dec. 8—Alumni at Bangor.
 Friday, Dec. 15—Open.
 Friday, Jan. 5—Belfast High at Bangor.
 Friday, Jan. 12—Oak Grove at Bangor.
 Wednesday, Jan. 17—E. M. C. S. at Bangor.
 Friday, Jan. 19—Ellsworth High at Ellsworth.
 Friday, Jan. 26—Open.
 Wednesday, Jan. 31—E. M. C. S. at Bucksport.

Friday, Feb. 2—Open.
 Friday, Feb. 9—Ellsworth High at Bangor.
 Friday, Feb. 16—Orono High at Orono.
 Friday, Feb. 23—Orono High at Bangor.
 Saturday, March 3—Westbrook High at Bangor.
 Saturday, March 10—Portland High at Bangor.
 Friday, March 16—Morse High at Bangor.
 Saturday, March 24—Portland High at Portland.



That others may be an incentive to us

The "Imp," Boston, Mass.—You have an attractive paper, but considering the size of the staff, it ought to be made larger.

Your magazine section "Bates Student" was fine. The stories were good and there were plenty of them. As a whole, you have an excellent paper.

The "Aegis," Beverly, Mass.—Your paper is very good. It has some first-class stories. The arrangement might be improved upon.

The "Dragon," Newport, R. I.—Should not your exchange column contain more than a mere acknowledgment of the different exchanges?

The "Lens," Portland, Oregon—As usual, your paper is one of the best we receive. Your literary department is excellent and the book is interesting and attractive from cover to cover. Your art staff is deserving of praise.

Why that advertisement in the middle of your paper, "Trade Winds"? Your cover design is very catchy.

The many pamphlets we receive are always interesting and welcome. They contain some very good stories and school news.

The "Quill," Henderson, Ky.—A very attractive paper for its size. The poetry and class notes are very original. Why not enlarge some of the departments?

The "Argus," Gardiner, Mass.—Your literary department is fine. Your cover design would be much more attractive if it had more to it. In these days of increased cost of paper, would it not be economical to fill all these empty spaces!

The "Tripod," Boston, Mass.—"The Power of Radium" is a good story, but why not have more than one story in your literary department? The cover is conventional, but attractive.

The "Racquet," Portland, Me.—Surely, from the size of Portland High school and the fine enthusiasm exhibited in other things, it would seem that it might have a larger paper. A few cuts would greatly improve your paper.

The "Ingot," Hancock, Mich.—This is one of the most attractive papers we receive. The various departments are all good, but short.

"The Red and White," Chicago, Ill.—Your literary department is excellent. Your stories are interesting and there are plenty of them.

The cover design could be made much more attractive. How do you manage to run your paper without more advertisements to help pay expenses?

The "Bugle," Monroe, Mich.—A very neat paper. The cover design is very attractive. Another page or two from your literary department, if devoted to editorials, would help give the paper better balance.



Logic forever

That beats my grandmother and she was clever!

The Senate.

On the day before election a question was argued before the Senate in which deep interest was being taken everywhere. Upon the statement, Mr. Hughes should be elected president, Mr. Preble took the affirmative, and Mr. Noyes took the negative.

Mr. Preble, on the affirmative, quoted from Mr. Hughes' career as governor of the state of New York. He also emphasized the fact that certain articles could be obtained more cheaply abroad than at home and attributed its cause to the existing tariff laws; that Mr. Hughes stood for a party which would remedy this condition.

Mr. Noyes, endeavoring to prove his side of the argument, showed why the present chief magistrate should be continued in office by citing Mr. Wilson's great financial and humanitarian measures as well as his sensible preparedness program and wise diplomacy. He also suggested Mr. Hughes' failure to commit himself to a definite policy and contended that, according to Lincoln's famous saying, a change now would be unwise.

A debate on the advisability of a third national party had been scheduled. Mr. Mitchell upheld the affirmative, Mr. Green the negative.

Mr. Mitchell endeavored to prove that a third national party was needed for the following reasons: admitting that there is good in both of the great parties, a third national party would incorporate in its platform the best principles found in the other

parties, separating the dross from the gold.

The new party would put forth a disincandidate placing the interest of its country before party prejudices.

Mr. Green denied that a third party was desirable for the nation because an attempt to establish one has been disastrous and its presence would tend to produce an unsettled condition in the country. He said that it was inevitable that two parties should disagree, but to put another into the field would only increase the jumble of theories and policies and would make the tariff question yet more complicated.

Girls' Debating Society.

The meeting of the Girls' Debating Society for Nov. 2 was held in Room 209 at 4 o'clock with thirty-four members present. After the regular business of the society was transacted, a debate was held on the subject: Resolved, That imprisonment reform rather than harms the prisoner. The speakers on the affirmative were Misses Doreen Gregory and Laura Dodd, and on the negative, Marjorie O'Connell and Nellie Jones. The affirmative argued that imprisonment reforms the prisoner providing he has the right type of director, one who will treat him as a man, and also proper daily work. The negative maintained that the class in prison is as a whole very low and not strong enough mentally to be reformed. Though both sides of the question were argued clearly and forcefully, the decision was awarded to the negative.

Rumors.

H. W. G., '18, has made a bid for a place in the Hall of Fame. He has given us a new mathematical rule.

All rooms in use by freshmen are to have the walls painted gray to avoid making the Freshmen look any greener.

A set of traffic rules is being made to apply to the corridors and locker rooms. Silent policemen are also to be installed opposite rooms 104 and 111 and all corresponding corners on the other floors.

Stubby Adams is recuperating from his recent strenuous campaign for assistant manager of track. Stubby has received telegrams of congratulation from all parts of the country.

L. Mansur attended the new skating rink last Saturday. He is speedily recovering and will be back to school in a couple of days.

If any one wishes to feel real sympathy for a person, he wants to go down town some cold day and watch C. Adams trying to crank her little auto which she obtained for one stamp book.

K. Boardman wishes the public to know that he does not use powder or paint, as was published in the last number of the Oracle, and that his color is natural.

McCabe is looking around for a photographer who has a panoramic camera with a wide enough swing to get the whole of his blessed countenance on to the film.

Pupils wishes for afternoon jobs, apply for a position in the lunch-room sticking their faces in dough to make animal crackers.

It is rumored that Dexter Pullen is unable to keep his hands off anything he likes!!!

In 1949 there will be a Freshman Exhibition as well as a Junior Exhibition. How entertaining!

Just before the Portland game there was

rumor around school that Mr. M— was going to get snowshoes for the line and skis for the backfield and that the team that could go the best would win!

Miss H—: That recitation sounds like the efforts of someone who had ambition and rheumatism at the same time.

If you have occasion to use linear measure, do not forget H. W. G.'s new mathematical rule: two feet make one yard.

When translating Caesar, do not translate two pages without turning over a leaf. The teacher is apt to accuse you of using a pony.

When in a study room under Mr. M— do not speak to your neighbor without permission. A room is always open afternoons for such careless students.

If you meet a short fellow in the corridor running as fast as he can, do not think him crazy, he is in training for the track team.

Miss L—: Do you know how to get on your left foot if you are on your right?

Miss D-r-n: Yes, step on it.

Miss McS— to Miss G— (in German): Is it natural for a Freund (friend) to be masculine?

Miss G—: Yes.

Grant, translating French, stops at an italicized word.

Madame: Grant, don't you know the meaning of that word written in Italy?

Miss H— (explaining passage in Cicero which tells of a man deserting his bond: You know what it means to be out on bail?

Frawley, '18: No, Miss H—, I'm not that kind of a boy.

McCabe said the other day in Virgil class that they would have to get the wooden horse into Tröy soon or the men inside would starve to death. It was very evident where his thoughts were, but then—it was 6th period so we will excuse him.

O ye

Who to this court of wisdom come
Consider this—

Great is your reward
If ye but study.
The Idle jokes and schemes of others
Avail nothing to a studious mind.
Let your lessons be your one consideration.
Far, far too soon
Passes the quarter
To leave thee unprepared.

Spend not your days
In gadding and the like
For 'tis not well for one so young and fair
To thusly lose their beauty.
Soon thou wilt larger grow
And wiser.
Hopes and wishes long deferred.
Will be fulfilled.

O ye,
Who to this court of wisdom come
We greet thee.
Soon are our days of glory past.
Soon, ah, too soon the hours pass,
And the work to which we came
We leave to you.

S. Johnson (in Virgil): I shall order the
shores of Lybia to be searched to see if he
has been **shipwrecked in the woods**.

Try this over on your Bean—When is a
fly?

(Answer next month).

Mrs. H— (giving notes in Ancient His-
tory): Namos revolts.

Mr. C—: Who's she?

There was a fellow named Worden
Whose shoe some boys they had hidden,
He went down the stairs
With one shoe on his foot
And borrowed a rubber from Prin. Eaton.

Teachers' Pet Expressions.

Miss C—: Do you get the point?

Miss McS—: Now, class—

Mr. V—: How?

Miss F. R—: Please don't.

Miss K—: Can you follow me?

Miss M. R—: There's a vocabulary in
your book.

Mr. G—: Three afternoons for tardiness.

Mr. M—: Eighteen afternoons back.

Miss P—: I am annoyed.

Miss A. W—: That's it, exactly.

Miss H—: I want to know!

Mr. G— to H. L—: You may give me a
sentence containing an adverbial clause.

H. L—: He struck although he did not
hit.

Mr. G—: That's a good sentence, but it
must have been some hit!

'Twas there he first got into debt

'Twas in a restaurant they met.

This Romeo and Juliet,

For Rom-e-o'd what Ju-li-et!



Miss I. W— (in English): What is a Bachelor of Arts?

B-t-s, '19: A man who is a Bachelor and an artist, too.

A technical Freshman's translation of "Hostes milites expectant."

The host expects the militia.

At the Banquet to the football team in Portland the finger-bowls caused a little trouble. When they were brought in one fellow wished to know where the goldfish were; another, thinking that it contained some kind of a digester, raised the bowl to his lips and left not a drop; and still another, when told that he was supposed to wash his fingers in it, removed his coat, rolled up his sleeves and performed that serious operation upon his fingers.

1919—

Though you are larger in size we greatly outnumber you, so beware!

Though we have not yet read Caesar we still have as much chance to be President of the United States as you.

Though our trousers are shorter our heads are longer than yours.

Though our singing sounds like a "Midnight Serenade of Cats," remember Caruso was once a Freshman.

Though we are not as strong as you, remember you have to climb an extra flight of stairs each day, so you need it.

Though we tip our hats and smile to your face, behind your back we scorn and laugh at you.

1920 has spoken.

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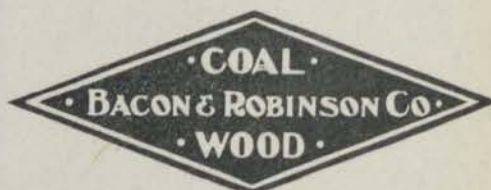
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