



# ORACLE



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BENJ. D. ROSEN, '24

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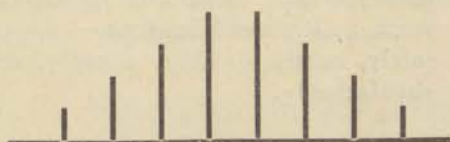
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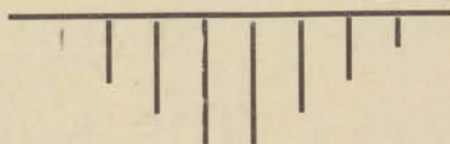


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The Bangor High School Oracle, issued by the pupils of Bangor High School has a regular time and date of issue and therefore does not come under the agreement of the business men against advertising in publications and programs not regularly issued as a periodical.

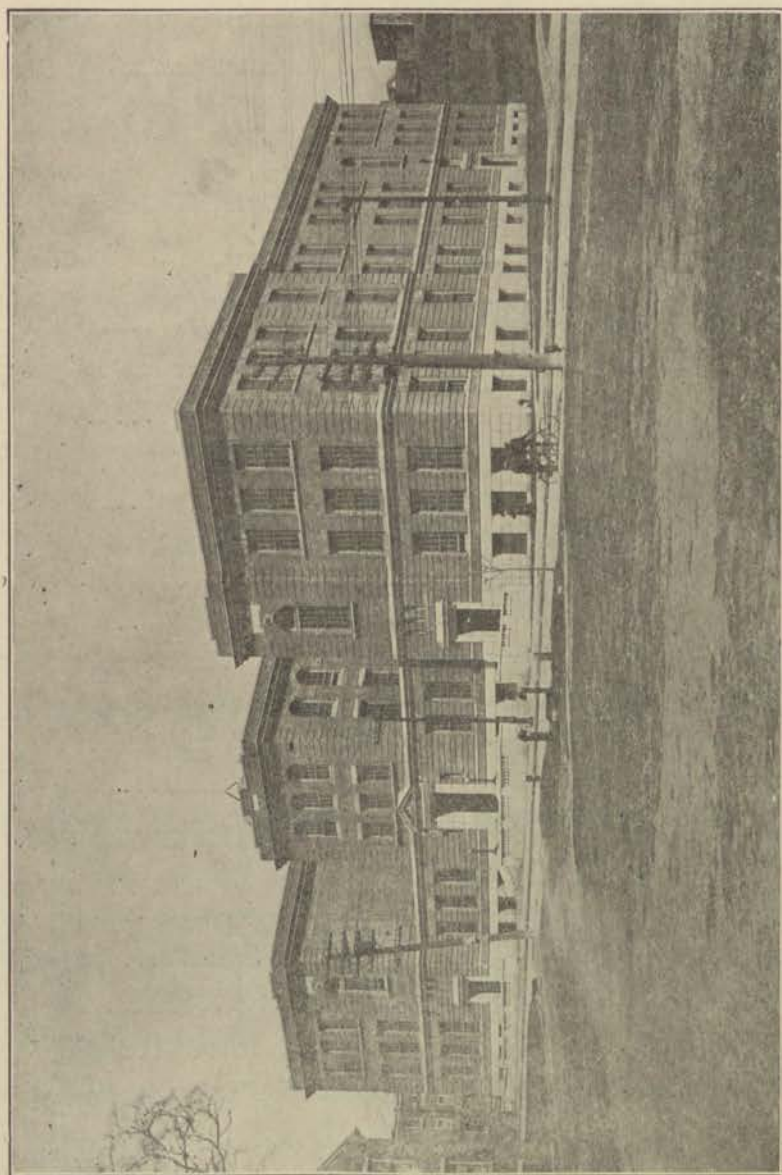
(Signed) W. A. Hennessey

Secretary.



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ALMA MATER.



# THE ORACLE

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JANUARY, 1923

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## The Oracle Board



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Edith O'Connor, '23



Students, glance back over the year 1922 and think of the countless trifling things that you could have done, to increase your associates' estimation of you, and, above all, your estimation of yourself. If you think seriously, there is no doubt but what you will regret these omitted trifles, and you probably would be happier if certain other acts of yours had been left undone altogether. If you have the intelligence that Bangor High students should have, you will reach the conclusion that if you could have 1922 to live over again, you would right all of these petty mistakes in order to make your record as creditable as possible.

You can readily understand how hopeless it is to dwell on these flaws. Get busy. Why not use them to the best advantage? Why be any more satisfied with the same old habits year after year, than you would be with the same old hat? Make a mental tabulation of all your bad habits, and by a solemn resolution, determine to avert the temptation of a full-grown bad habit. Remember that we only pass this way once, and let us do all in our power to make it as smooth and straight a road as our common sense tells us is correct.

This by no means, intimates that you are to lead a solemn life, working all of the time, but that you are to enjoy life in a clean, benefiting manner. If you resolve to do this, and accompany your resolution

with a generous quantity of stick-to-it-iveness, you will be bound to feel much easier and happier in every day life.

Pure common sense is the one great essential in determining the right and the wrong of our actions, and we are sure that any boy or girl who has the ability to be a student of Bangor High, is possessor of a sufficiency of this quality to see what is right.

The question is, Has he the will to do it?

The 1922 football team has recently closed a very successful and creditable season. Every single member of the student body is proud of it, and every Bangor citizen who is public spirited enough to take an interest in high school festivities, must feel that the team is worthy of their utmost support. The victory over Portland was certainly a "grand finale" for the season.

We are glad to hear what Portland thought of our team. They found, on November 18, that Bangor sent them not only an aggregation of fine athletes, but also a body of gentlemen. This is a compliment which can rarely be given a victorious football team and a body of rooters in a strange city.

Now that the football season is over, our attention is turned toward basketball. Let us do all in our power to keep up our fine athletic record and also live up to the standard we have set in conduct.



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During the last few years the art of dancing has undergone many spectacular changes, and when we compare **Saner** the present methods with the stately minuet of Washington's day, the contrast is great, indeed. Recently, it has seemed to be the popular desire to dance as though one were a contortionist or a victim of St. Vitus' dance. It is interesting and gratifying to know that this kind of grotesque dancing is fast disappearing, and is no longer the ideal of the best dancers.

On December the ninth, in City Hall, a competitive dance was given, and it is a significant fact that all of the 15 or 16 couples chosen by the judges as eligible for the prize, were chosen not for a gymnastic performance, but for the grace and smoothness of their dancing.

We had feared that the days of the Indian war dances were returning with the toddle and trot and whang of the jazz, but let us take courage—things are looking better.

How many of you went to Portland? How many of you stood up when the **A Lesson** School Song was played by the **For** band? How many of you **B. H. S.** cheered when the cheer leaders gave the signal? And last of all, how many of you heard Portland cheer their team when it was being "ripped up" in such a disheartening manner by the **Crimson**? Everyone of us heard Portland cheer,—yes, we heard them cheer,—but the **Crimson** supporters—well, it was the same old story. One of the Portland players remarked to Captain Casper during a stall in the game:

"This morning I saw a lot of red and white flying around the city. What's the matter? Did they think the game was over

across the bridge, and go over? I haven't heard a sound, other than the band, yet."

All that Casper could say in answer to their questions was:

"There they are, over on those bleachers, but you would never know it unless you had seen them before."

Yes, that was the way they recognized the Bangor supporters this year—by looks and not sound. Not only in Portland was the cheering, if you could call it that, a disgrace to the name of Bangor and its team, but even at home the High School "bunch" were like a group of mummies.

How did the "Blue" supporters start and end their cheering? They were on their feet from the time that Portland was first threatened by the **Crimson** and they stayed on their feet with their mouths wide open. Yes, the more the points piled up for the Bangor team, the wider those Portland mouths opened. To be sure the Blue lost but it was not the fault of its cheering section. The **Crimson**, on the other hand, won, but it was no fault of the cheering section.

Now, on the other hand, we the student body, ask if we can't have a chance to show that we are not "dumbells" at the basketball games? Can't we have a good section reserved for us and have a cheer leader on the stage? This is up to Mr. Mitchell and the Athletic Council.

And, now, think it over Bangor High School. Some of you forget that you are at a game and if Bangor is losing you turn the game into a regular funeral. Therefore, open those mouths of yours and spell out the cheers as the cheer leader gives them to us. The teams this year will win many games, but, unless you fight with the teams it will mean that the basketball season will end as the football season ended.



# LITERARI



## THE CAPTAIN'S BALLROOM

By Helen Benner, '23

THE Twambley house was the oldest in Kittredge. The beautiful, big white house, surrounded by wide lawns and gay gardens, had stood nearly a hundred years on the crest of Tory Hill, overlooking the gorge where the river rushed in white-foamed rapids to the ocean. Eighty years ago it was the home of a happy family of boys and girls and the scene of the gayest festivities in the little town. Captain Twambley had provided for that when he built the house. The largest and pleasantest room in the house was the one it pleased the townsfolk to call, the "Captain's Ballroom." Although hardly worthy of this name, it was an ideal place for all merrymakings. The floor, smooth and waxed, was excellent for dancing; the great fireplace just the right size for a dozen happy boys and girls to cluster around to roast their apples and nuts. A score of pine knots thrown on the flames, cast light on the walls and shed a soft fragrance over the room.

The Captain's family was large but as the years passed, they went away, one by one. Ben and Tom became successful merchants in San Francisco; Ned and Winn laid down their gallant young lives in the Civil war; Mary was a missionary in China; Ruth and Elizabeth married and left the old home. Only Sarah was left; Sally, she

was in the old days and the gayest and prettiest of all the youngest of the Captain's children. She, too, had her dreams of happiness—dreams that were shattered when forty years ago, a sudden storm on the sea swept away father, mother, and lover at one blow.

It was hard for Sally and it is not strange that her heart grew bitter through the next winter when she stayed alone in the big house. She wished to be alone, then. The "ballroom" was closed and for the first time in years the young folk of the village did not gather there for the harvest and New Year frolics.

The village people admitted that it was hard for Sally but prophesied cheerfully that she would feel differently in another year.

And, to be sure, the next few years wrought some change but the gay Sally of old was gone. A few of the old friends were again welcome at the white house but the Captain's ballroom was never the scene of any festivities. The blinds and bars were shut and locked and the old room was silent, dreaming, perhaps, of the happier days.

Each passing year left Sally's hair a little more thickly powdered with white, her face marked with more lines of sadness, and her heart more bitter towards all things which



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general favorite with every one in the village. She went, with the young folk of the village, on picnics and to their merry parties and celebrations. Early in October, she learned of the old days when all the festivities were held in the Captain's ballroom. Soon afterward, she broached the subject of the closed room to Miss Sally. The coming of Phyllis had made more of a change in Miss Sally's life than she herself realized. She loved to know that Phyllis was happy with the others but could not bear the thought of gay, youthful merry-makings in her home. And so Phyllis received a quick, almost sharp reproach when she suggested a renewal of the harvest parties.

New Year's Eve came. Phyllis, after a bit of pleading (it was growing very hard for Miss Sally to refuse any of Phyllis' wishes), gained permission to go and look into the Captain's ballroom. The girl unlocked the doors, threw open the blinds, disclosing a view of the moonlit river. Then, dreaming of the old parties in the ballroom and of the glad times which might be, now, she prepared to build a fire in the big fireplace.

As for Miss Sally, she fell into a reverie before her living room fire. And, in her dream, it was New Year's Eve 40 years ago. She and her sister, Ruth, were girls in gay, new frocks, and with high spirits. The old ballroom was filled with merry-makers. Suddenly, a hush fell over the room, the bells pealed out the birth of the new year, the boys and girls repeated together the old poem, "Ring out the old, ring in the new!" Someone had opened a window. Sweetly and clearly their voices rang out in the frosty air, full of hope for the years to come.

Miss Sally awoke with a start to find herself a sad, old woman again and the words of the old poem lingered in her mind. She went to the ballroom to call Phyllis but a

differed from the old. People began to call her Miss Sally and to regard her as a stern, sad, old woman. Some even forgot that there had ever been a gay Sally. She did not want anything about her to remind her of the newer days. She still brooded over the past, and it was the sorrows of the past rather than its joys that lingered in her mind. This dislike for change became almost a passion. She still wore her soft lavender frocks made in the same old way. No changes were made about the old home. The same, sweet, old fashioned flowers bloomed in the garden through the summer and slept under their blankets of snow in the winter. Great-Grandmother Twambley's quaint old furniture was still in use.

Miss Sally lost all trace of her brothers and sisters through the years since she had shut herself apart from the world. It had been twenty years since she had heard from any of them when Ruth came home one spring. She had been Miss Sally's favorite sister in the old days, the nearest to her in age and next to her the gayest and prettiest. Ruth returned to Kittredge a widow, ill and very poor. With her came her only child, Phyllis, a lovely sixteen-year-old girl.

Then, for the first time, Miss Sally forgot her own sorrows, in caring for her sister and later, in comforting Phyllis; for all the tender, loving care could do nothing for Ruth and she slipped away early in the summer. It was a new task for Miss Sally to comfort the heart broken girl but Phyllis soon began to respond to her efforts to cheer. She began to love the old house and to love Miss Sally, too, in a half timid way.

In September, Phyllis entered the academy. She was a pretty, golden haired girl with charming, quiet manners. Her delight in having companions of her own age again made her more like herself than she had been before in months. She became a



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strange sound made her pause just outside the door—the sound of happy voices and dancing feet. She must still be dreaming!

She entered and, lo, the room was filled with merry boys and girls and Phyllis, her bright hair falling about her face and over the shoulders of the very gown Miss Sally had worn in her dream, was in the midst of them. Phyllis had decided to surprise Miss Sally. She had invited all her friends and found the old dress in a trunk in the attic. Miss Sally was alarmed and angry at first. And then the gladness of it all swept over her and she, too, felt the delight of the eve.

Suddenly, a hush fell over the room, the bells pealed out the birth of the new year,

the boys and girls repeated together the old poem, beginning: "Ring out the old, ring in the new!" Someone had opened a window. Sweetly and clearly their voices rang out in the frosty air, full of hope for the years to come.

When they had finished, Miss Sally smiled and said, "There is no new, my children. Youth is always the same and joy is always waiting for those who will but seek it."

Miss Sally put her arm lovingly about her niece as she welcomed her unbidden guests, graciously and happily. And, I am sure, if it could, the Captain's ballroom would have smiled at the thought of the glad days to come!

## WINTER PANORAMA

By C. C. Drummond, '24.

I sat by the window, and looked out into the night,	The twinkling stars were blotted out, and the landscape varied soon!
A January landscape lay spread out beneath my sight.	The sky looked dark and threatening, the earth seemed cold and drear;
Like a dusky, shadowy curtain was the star bejeweled sky,	The very air seemed waiting for the storm which was so near.
A foil for the brilliant whiteness of the earth, it hung on high.	Then the snow came drifting, eddying, and silently, sullenly fell
The moon was gleaming coldly, her rays of silver bright	While the cold wind in the branches seemed to wail a dying knell.
Flooded the silent meadows with a magical, ghostly light,	I thought how a life of beauty, rich and full of gain
The dark firs threw their shadow on the scintillating snow,	Might be changed in the space of a moment to one of bitter pain.
Which spread its pure white carpet o'er the forest floor below.	I went to sleep with that thought in my heart, but when I awoke next morn,
A single lofty pine tree, lonely and straight and scarred,	Behold, the storm had passed over, and beauty again was born!
Watched o'er the silent forest like a sen- tinel on guard.	Then my thought changd even as Nature, and I knew that what seemed to be pain,
Then the scene changed; as I watched it, a cloud swept over the moon,	Would result in the far flung future, in a final and ultimate gain.



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### SPRING.

By Anna Fogg, '25.

**T**HE old historians made the year begin in the season of frosts; and they have launched us upon the current of the months, from the snowy banks of January. I love better to count time from spring to spring; it seems to me far more cheerful, to reckon the year by blossoms, than by blights.

The budding and blooming of spring seems to belong properly to the opening of the months. The birds sing in chorus in the spring just as the children prattle; the brooks run full—like the overflow of young hearts; the showers drop easily, and the whole sky is as changeable as the mind of a boy. It always seems to me as if an excess of life comes with the melting of the winter's snows. I love to trace the breaking of spring, step by step. I love even those long rain storms that sap the icy fortresses of the lingering winter—that melt the snows upon the hills, and swell the mountain brooks. I love the gentle thaws that you can trace, day by day, by the stained snow banks, shrinking from the grass, and by the gentle drip off the cottage eaves.

Later, come those soft, smoky days when the patches of winter grain show green under the shelter of leafless woods, and the last snowdrifts reduced to shrunken skeletons of ice, lie upon the slopes of northern hills.

Then, grass at your door grows into the color of the sprouting grain, and the buds upon the lilac bushes swell and burst; the peaches bloom upon the wall and the plums wear bodices of white; the sparkling oriole picks strings for his nest on the sycamore and the sparrows twitter in pairs.

Amid all this, come rich rains of spring and the year blooms with showers.

But the clouds hover over an April sky, timidly, like shadows upon innocence. The showers come gently, and drop daintily to the earth with now and then a glimpse of sunshine to make the raindrops bright.

Presently you see, across the fields, the dark gray streaks stretching like lines of mists, from the green bosom of the valley. The cattle linger still, cropping the new grass, and the children laugh joyously at the warm rain and sunshine; or under the cottage roof, they catch, with eager ear, the patter of its fall.

### MANNERS AND CONDUCT

By Doris M. Haisey, '23.

Characters:

Mrs. Brown, a motherly old lady.

Johnny Brown, her son.

Mrs. Jones, a vulgar woman.

Alexander Jones, her son.

#### ACT I.

Scene I.—(A living room well furnished with a door at the right. A lovely, motherly woman of about forty years, is sitting before an open fire. She is looking into the fire as if reading the future. Steps are

heard rapidly descending the stairs. Johnny stops in the hallway to put on his coat.

Mrs. Brown: Johnny, are you going now?



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Johnny: Yes, mother.

(Enter Johnny. He walks towards his mother).

Mrs. B.: All right, dear, be home early. I will wait for you. Good bye.

Johnny: Yes, mother. Good bye.

(Exit Johnny. He seems quite happy. Mrs. Brown goes to the table, picks up a book on manners and conduct, which was brought home by Johnny. She seats herself before the fire with the book).

Mrs. B. (reading): "Boys, the word gentleman means, ideally, a fine, athletic, manly fellow, who is an all round good sport in the best sense and who has manners that do not prevent other people from seeing how fine he is." My! I hope Johnny is all of that, he is so courteous to me and my friends and this book will make him more so. When I see how Alexander Jones acts I think what a real gentleman Johnny is. And—(a loud knock). My! What is that? What did I hear? Why! It is someone who seems to be trying to knock the door down. They must be in a hurry. (She leaves the room and hurries to the door).

(Outside). Mrs. B.: Oh! Why, Mrs. Jones, come right in. (They enter the

Mrs. J.: Well, Mrs. Brown, I thought ye must all be abed. I didn't see no lights room Mrs. B. has just left).

but I see now ye got the curtains all down.

Mrs. B.: Yes, Mrs. Jones, I somehow seem safer with the blinds down. (They take chairs before the fire).

Mrs. J.: Yes, I s'pose so. Well, I just thought I'd run over 'cause Alexander has gone to some party or other. He wouldn't tell me nothing about it. He never does tell me where he goes but I suppose he's all right. But he did say this party was at a Ruth Cranston's or some such name.

Mrs. B.: Yes, Johnny has gone there, too. I believe it was a dancing party.

Mrs. J.: Really! Alexander just loves

to dance. He showed me some of them dance steps and my! They are great but I never could do them, he wiggles his feet all this way and that way (she illustrates), and the music is so grand and lively.

Mrs. B.: Yes, I suppose it is, but I never liked it. I stick by the Beautiful Blue Danube and the like.

Mrs. J. (laughing loudly). My! You're not a bit stylish, are ye?

Mrs. B.: Perhaps not. Why, it's raining and hark! Is that thunder I hear? Oh! I am so frightened in a thunder storm.

Mrs. J.: Am, 'taint goin' to be much. (She notices the book Mrs. B. has been reading). Whatcha readin'? I just finished a dandy book named "Lights of Love." It's one of them ye git down here. Alexander got it for me and mind you, he says he only paid ten cents for it.

Mrs. B.: Oh, this is one of Johnny's school books. He brought it home so I could read it. I like—

Mrs. J.: Sakes alive! I never can see any sense in them school books that Alexander brings home.

Mrs. B.: My! That storm seems to be getting worse. I wish Johnny were home.

Mrs. J.: Oh, don't think about it. Listen, I thought I heard steps on the veranda.

(A loud knock is heard).

Mrs. B. (breathlessly), Oh! Oh! Oh! I can't go to the door. (Another knock is heard, this time louder).

Mrs. J.: I'll go. (She leaves the room. Outside, the door is heard to be opened).

Mrs. J.: Why, Alexander, is that you? Whatcha doin' here?

Alex.: Oh, that crazy girl cut me and then that little fool what was dancin' with her told me to mind my business when I told her she maybe would find out some day that she isn't so pop'lar as she thinks she is and then, just for spite, I left!



## THE ORACLE

Mrs. J.: I should say so. D'ya want the key to the door?

Alex.: No! You come along home. I'm nearly froze to death, this is some storm. Come on, I ain't gonna wait out here all night.

Mrs. J.: All right, wait till I git my things. (Enters the living room). Good-bye, Mrs. Brown, I gotta go home and fix my boy up, he's so cold.

(Exit Mrs. Jones).

Mrs. B.: What a woman! What a boy! Oh, I wish Johnny would come. Oh! I hear him now. I hear his cheery whistle. Yes, he is coming up the steps. (The outer door is heard to open and close and a smothered whisper), Mother! (pause), Mother!

Mrs. B.: Yes, son.

(Johnny enters without cap and coat. He comes over to his mother, stoops and kisses her on the forehead).

Mrs. B.: Did you have a good time, son?

Johnny. Yes, mother, I had a good time until a silly fellow came up to ask Ruth for a dance. She was talking with me and I had also engaged that dance with her. She told him politely enough that she had that dance and he was bound she didn't have it

and that she was going to have it with him and when he insisted she told him flatly that she was not going to dance that dance with him, he said something rude to her and I told him to go mind his business. He got mad and left the party. Did I do right, mother?

Mrs. B.: Yes, son, you did just right and as you didn't tell me who he was I am going to make a guess. Was it—Alexander Jones?

Johnny (surprised), why, mother, how did you guess?

Mrs. B. (smiling): His mother was here and he came over to get her and told her about it. But he didn't say anything about the other boy being you. And I am so glad that it was you.

(Johnny notices the book on manners and conduct. He comes and sits at her feet).

Johnny: Mother, isn't that a great book? We read that book when we were freshmen and I have tried to be what that book calls a true gentleman.

Mrs. B. (tenderly caressing his head): And you have been one always, at least, in my sight.

(Curtain)

## ONLY A DOG

By Therma Perry.

PETER was only a dog. There was not the slightest doubt about it. Every earthly pleasure, every material satisfaction he traced to his wonderful master, that strange being sitting hour after hour in the leather chair with the big folio open on his knees. Nothing had ever thrown the faintest shadow of doubt on Peter's conviction. Nothing the being in the chair might do in the future could detract from his divinity and in this knowledge was the greatest content.

Peter made no pretense of understanding his god. Long since he had acknowledged

that his ways were past finding out. It was enough for Peter that the master was the dispenser of good and evil that he was asleep by his fire would presently walk with him in the wood, and sup with him on their return.

It did not matter to Peter that he, himself was misunderstood. He was not bothered by what he did not know. He took life and his god as they were given him. For Peter, in the eyes of his master, was only a dumb animal, credited with only sordid thoughts of supper, the fire's warmth and the rug's softness. As for death, Peter



## THE ORACLE

had no idea that this great mystery existed.

To Peter, the light seemed to be failing fast. His eyes were growing dim. He was proud, without vanity. He lapped the water at the spring without seeing the reflection and passed the woman's mirror with the greatest indifference. He was thus ignorant of the gray hairs gathering about his eyes. He did know, however, that something was happening—something sinister, unaccountable—which warned him that it was better to creep under the four bars he used to take with one leap to seek the flat stone warmed by the sun.

Flat on his side, he heard far away the subdued murmur of conversation. Opening his eyes at the sound of his name only to close them again, he found they were talking of him and not to him.

Then, suddenly, the master rose with decision, put on his hat and coat and spoke.

"Come, Peter."

Peter, wincing, bounded to his feet, wide awake in a second. The horse and wagon were at the door. It was humiliating to be lifted to the seat. There were tears in the woman's eyes as usually was the case when master went on a journey. Peter curled himself up on the seat. If the master was

going on a journey, he was going, too.

Peter thought he knew every road-turning with his eyes shut—but this road—he knew not this road nor its ending! This house and its tenants were strangers! That the master should leave him among strangers was unbelievable! But Peter followed obediently. Was not the friend of the master his friend, also?

The room whose door closed upon him was a strange one—straw for carpet. Where was the furniture? Peter sniffed, suspiciously. There was a strange odor. Peter was a judge of odors. This one, attached to no personality, was disturbing. He listened—the sound of wheels was dying away—then he barked furiously. For the first time in his life he was utterly lonely. He so far forgot himself as to howl. But betrayal never entered his mind. He took three uncertain steps—the room was growing dark his legs wobbled—he steadied himself with an effort, then tumbled over on his side, seeing visions—visions of wood and stream, of rug and fireside—and master. Then he stretched out his weary legs and gave a long low sigh.

Going on his last journey, Peter took his god with him.

## SCHOOLS IN COLONIAL DAYS

By Pauline Tomkins.

NO greater contrast of conditions could exist than between the school days of the "good old times," and those of the far better times of today. The schoolhouses then were small and uncomfortable, the books were few and uninteresting, and the methods of teaching were tiresome and indifferent, and very severe. These circumstances of school life were unaltered until this very century.

Yet with all these disadvantages, the children obtained an education and no difficul-

ties could still the longing for an education. Not only did the parents strive to educate their children, but the colonies assisted by commanding the building and maintaining of a school in each town.

By a law of Massachusetts, passed in 1617, it was ordered that every town of fifty families should provide a school, where children could be taught to read and write, while every town of one hundred householders was required to have a grammar school. These schools were public but not free, for they were supported at the ex-



pense of the parents.

A child's name had to be passed in at the beginning of the school year, with a statement of the amount his parents would give for the year. If a child's parents were poor and could not afford to give anything, the town would pay for the child. Lists of the children were made out in the towns, and if the parents were well-to-do, they had to pay whether their children attended school or not.

Land was sometimes set aside to partly support the school. It was called the "school meadows," or "school fields," and was let out for an income to help pay the teacher. This was a grant made on the

same principle that grants were made to physicians, tanners and other useful people, to help to support them, and not for the purpose of establishing free education.

At a later date lotteries were a favorite method of raising money for schools.

It was not until about the time of the Revolution, that the modern signification of the word, "free"—a school paid for entirely by general town taxes—could be applied to the public schools of most Massachusetts towns, and when the schools of Boston were made free, that community stood alone for its liberality, not only in America, but in the world.

## SEENES FROM CICERO

By C. C. Drummond, '24.

I was studying Cicero at ten o'clock at night, and I was decidedly sleepy. My head nodded, I pulled myself awake with a start and doggedly stared at the printed page. "Recognosce tandem mecum"—the words danced and blurred before my eyes. I could fight off the overwhelming drowsiness no longer; my head dropped on my desk and I sank into a grateful sleep.

I was aroused by someone prodding me in the ribs. "Rouse yourself, Claudius," hissed an exasperated voice. "By Hercules, if the killing of Cicero depended upon you he would live to a ripe old age." I looked up, dazed. Around me were a group of men clad in togas—the word seemed perfectly familiar to me—and we were in a room such as I had often seen pictured in the pages of my Cicero in B. H. S. Cicero, that was it! And what had this fellow said about killing? Gathering my wits together, I listened. Another man was speaking, and his voice seemed to be keyed up to a high pitch of excitement.

"Tonight," he exclaimed in an excited whisper, "no longer can we delay in rid-

ding ourselves of this accursed man! He suspects our meetings here; Marcus Laccus' house is no longer safe for us."

Then another voice broke into the talk, cool, yet burning with a magnetism which drew men to him.

"Marcus, you are unduly worried. You, Gaius, you Claudius, Quintus, and Titus will see that our cherished friend Cicero, is in a condition to do no more spying, before tomorrow morning."

Bewildered, I passed out with the others, blindly following them while trying to reason out my situation. Somehow, I had been transformed into a member of Catiline's band of conspirators, and was even now on my way to kill Cicero. But murder was an unpleasant thing to contemplate, and besides, I remembered Cicero as a good man and a splendid orator. Clearly, I could not participate in this wicked deed, or even witness it. But how to warn Cicero?

The conspirators were making their plans. We were to enter Cicero's house by different doors and meet outside his room. They anticipated no resistance. I was still racking my brains for a plan to circumvent



this dastardly act when we drew near the great orator's dwelling place. My companions, treading softly, were stealing nearer, when I caught sight of dark forms stationed at regular intervals along the sides of the house. Guards! My heart gave a throb of joy, which quite as suddenly subsided for might not the determined conspirators overcome the guards? The assassins were creeping closer, I was in a very agony of excitement when I felt myself falling into oblivion. \* \* \* \* \*

I awoke, finding myself still at my desk with my open Latin book before me. My first thought was of Cicero. Had he

escaped scot free? I hurriedly looked back and forth between vocabulary and text; the story slowly unfolded itself beneath my eager eyes. "Exclusi eos \* \* \*" Oh! I breathed a sigh of relief. So the murderers had not succeeded. Than the astonishing thought came to me, I had done my Latin lesson! Through my interest in the story, the task of translating had become easy. Then and there I determined to let my imagination work overtime, if need be, in order to work up a real interest in the usually dry Latin, and to visualize the scenes which occurred in the days of long dead Cicero.

## THE SYMBOL OF GIVING

By Mary Reid

**M**OST people differ in their opinions of the Symbol of Giving and some are so busy, and tired out over giving that they have no idea what a Symbol of Giving stands for. What could be worse than getting tired of giving! It seems to me that the more we give the more spirit of giving we ought to have.

I never have been able to agree with anyone as to what the real Symbol of Giving is, and yet only the other day did I finally find, what to me, was the perfect Symbol—the Salvation Army Workers.

For weeks before Christmas they stand there at the edge of the crowd, ringing their bells and smiling "thank you's" to all who give. No matter how cold or stormy it is they are always there—the sting of the cold only makes them ring their bells the harder and smile the brighter. These army workers, like real soldiers in the field, stand out alone in that surging, laughing grumbling crowd, waiting for the odd pieces of silver and a few bills to find their way through the wire of little bright kettles and rattle to the almost empty bottom.

They must have wonderful patience, and faith in us all to stand there for hours with

so many people going by without a second look or thought!

Just think, they do it for someone they do not even know! that is real giving. And we let ourselves grumble and get tired when we give to those whom we know and love!

Not only are they a Symbol of Giving at Christmas time but at all times,—winter and summer, at peace and at war.

At war! Where is there a Buddie that hasn't a good word for the Salvation Army girls? If there was any way to get up to the boys in the trenches they were there—and with the goods! They were not content to do "their bit" behind the lines, they had to do their lot for the fellows in the front lines. And they did it and gave—gave—gave gave smiles that did almost as much good as the coffee and doughnuts.

And now at peace they are here—and again are here with the goods! Let's stand behind them and with them and give, and give, and give and see if we can ever give as freely as they do.

Theirs is the true Symbol of Giving—to me.



## MUSIC IN THE HALL

By Galen Irving Veayo.

A generation ago, the rural singing school shared honors with the spelling school as a winter diversion. Church choirs were large, and were drawn from the parish membership, and, as a rule, were unpaid. Even in humble homes the parlor organ or melodeon was a magnet that drew the family together.

Today, the singing school is presented merely to raise funds for charity. Every year it becomes harder to find the churches where the village choir still survives; instead of making our joyful praise to the Lord, we buy it. A paid quartet does the work—at considerable expense to the church. The parlor organ has been put in the shed chamber, and even the piano gets

pushed farther into the corner, to make room for bridge tables. Knowledge and appreciation of good music have probably increased in America, but the actual practise of it by Americans has become less general.

Why not encourage music more among students in the public schools? Why not give them a credit or two for the study of music they do outside of school? This aim is not so much to develop concert players or musical geniuses as to foster the love of music in the home. A trained musician in every home is the ideal. It may never be realized, but it would surely help to introduce a regenerating social influence that does not have to be diagnosed in order to be palatable.

## MY PHANTOM SHIP

By M. P. McManus '24

A ship! A ship! on the dark, dark sea!

My hope, my dream, the life of me

A phantom ship in fairy hue,

All grey, all dim, as the skies melt thru?

O Song! Sweet Song! What pow'r thou hast

To lure, to charm, when ocean's cast

My fairy ship from the misty shore

Of joy, of peace, forevermore.

The hand on the ship's wheel wavers

My soul is a tempest within,

Should I follow the wake of the briny break

Or yield me thereon to a life of sin?

The Rutherfordian, Rutherford, . J.: Al-

My heart, my ears are then frozen

To the siren, "never her songs!"

A light! A light! of righteousness golden

Shines thru the mist of my tempest and storm.

Alas! Alack! How sadly the ocean

So blowing, so throwing, the salt spray away

Tells of the dangers of hope and devotion

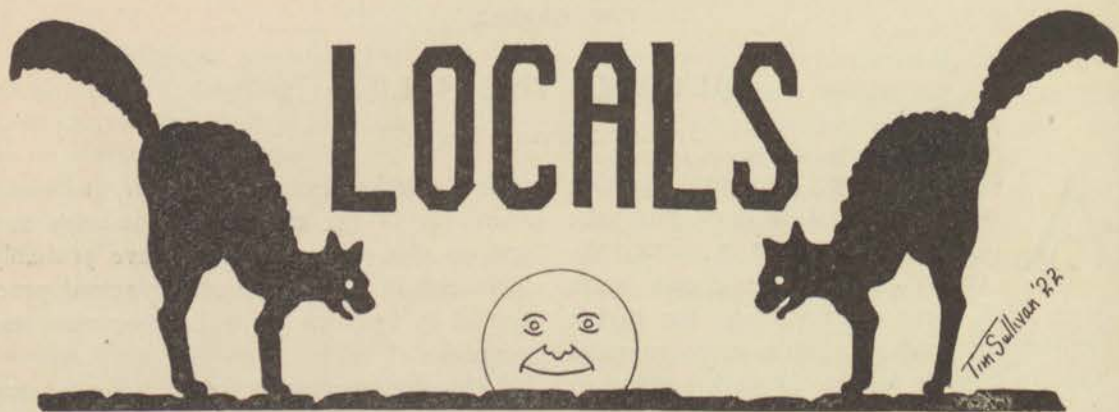
Which by carybda are threatened each day!

The hand on the ship's wheel firmly

Guides my ship to the heav'nly port;

The bright light of Right is shining afar,

My goal is reached! I have crossed the bar!



A dramatic sketch, *A Midnight Fantasy*, was given at the two assemblies, on Monday morning, Dec. 11, 1922. It was produced by the Dramatic Club under the direction of Miss Dorothy Butterfield. The members of the cast were: "1922," Eleanor Buck; "1750", Lois Holt; a fairy, Marion Schniver; a quintet consisting of Anna Torrence, Venetia Watson, Eleanor Whittemore, Charlotte Drummond and Madeline Heath, sang a Christmas carol, before the presentation of the play.

There was one part of the program at the night session of High School, Wednesday evening which deserves special mention. The senior English Class of boys, was conducted by Alden Sawyer, a member of the class, as Miss Robinson, their regular teacher, was unable to be here. From all reports the recitation was very good even if "Sonny" was a bit strict. Perhaps this was to have been expected considering the great responsibility which was his.

Dec. 7, Major Roy A. Hill made his semi-annual inspection of the Junior R. O. T. C. Unit of Bangor High school. He expressed himself as being very much pleased with the appearance of the officers and cadets of the battalion, saying that the unit showed a marked improvement over last year and that it stood a good chance of being placed on the Honor list for large schools.

The Rifle Team of the High school held its first competition match on Dec. 7, with

Boston Latin school. The score was Bangor 967 and the Latin School 954.

The R. O. T. C. Unit put on an Exhibition at the City Auditorium, in which students were picked as to their proficiency and put up a snappy drill, under the command of Lt. Ralph Frost, Cadet Officer. The Picked Platoon as it was called gave a demonstration of the various movements in the Infantry Drill and Manual of Arms. The names of the Platoon are:

Lt. Ralph Frost, Platoon Leader, Harold O'Connell, Kenneth Tibbets, Philip Whitman, Charles Alexander, Paul Bunker, Irving Somers, Robert MacManus, Samuel Levitz, Ambrose Bowden, Russell Hobbs, Keith Googans, Kelley Earle, Forest Long, William Snow, Jack Pinkham, Ethridge Fowler.

On Oct. 31, 1922 a letter of commendation was sent P. M. S. & T. commending the above named R. O. T. C. Students, which reads as follows:

Dear Captain Parks:

I wish to thank you very much for your efforts to make the program of last Friday a success. Your exhibition was first class and very much appreciated by the audience. Also your kindness in "bearing a hand" during the performance was very much appreciated.

Yours very truly,

L. E. Williams  
Superintendent





# DEBATING



November 6, 1922

Miss Robinson called the meeting to order, as both the President and Vice-President were absent. The Secretary's report and the roll call were read. The chairman of the committee appointed by the President at the previous meeting to select the subject and speakers for the next debate reported.

Gretchen Hayes then took the chair and the Society imagined itself the "Woman's Club" of an imaginary community, Riverside. The question of a new school for Riverside was discussed and the Debating Society received further practice in parliamentary law.

Respectfully submitted,  
Arline Palmer, Sec.

November 20, 1922.

The President called the meeting to order. The Secretary's report was read, followed by the roll call. The following new members were elected:

Thelma Blackwell, Mary McManus and Sylvia Dennis. The club voted to omit the next study meeting and instead debate on the question: Resolved, that if one of a group does wrong the whole group should be punished if the offender does not confess. The President appointed a committee con-

sisting of Emma Townsend, Anna Ebbeson and Arline Palmer, to select the speakers.

A debate on the question: Resolved, that the Federal Government should direct as far as possible all forms of business in this country, followed.

Frances Billington, the first speaker for the affirmative, spoke of the present high prices, irregularities of production, and unfair competition.

Edith Bowen, the first speaker of the negative, spoke of the failure of the railroads under the direction of the government during the war.

Dorothy Spear, speaking for the affirmative, said that it was unfair to judge by previous failures. She also spoke of the progress of goods from the manufacturer, through the broker, wholesaler, middleman and retailer to the consumer, who pays a large profit.

Charles Drummond, the second speaker for the negative, proved that government workers are bound by red tape and slow formality, with no prospect of advance.

A lively rebuttal followed.

Miss Bowen closed for the negative and Miss Billington for the affirmative. The decision was given to the negative by vote of the club.

Respectfully submitted,  
Arline Palmer, Sec.





The Rutherfordian, Rutherford, N. J.: Although a new exchange, this is one of our best. We find nothing to criticise. The departments are well arranged.

The Salemica, New Salem, Mass.: Your paper would be better arranged in departments. Why not have a table of contents? The editorials are good.

The Empehi, Morgan Park, Chicago, Ill.: You use poor paper. Why not have some school notes? The department "The Once Over" is clever. Where is your exchange department?

The Racquet, Portland, Me.: A good paper with a fine literary department. You have an appropriate cover for your freshman number.

The Tripod, Roxbury Latin School, Boston, Mass.: You need more jokes. The idea of an alumni number is good.

The Arrow, St. Joseph's Commercial School, Detroit, Mich.: You need a table of contents. Why not have more jokes?

The Delphian, Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I.: This paper goes to show that the Quakers have much more "pep" than they are usually thought to have. The contributors to your literary department have imaginations and make good use of them.

The Red and Black, Claremont, N. H.: Your paper is well arranged, but why not have a larger literary department?

The Recorder, Winchester, Mass.: Your paper would be better with smaller pages

and more of them. Where are your school notes and exchanges?

St. Joseph's Prep. Chronicle, Philadelphia, Pa.: You have a good paper. We enjoyed "The Last Adventure of the Seven Seas."

The Argus, Classical High School, Worcester, Mass.: Except for the lack of an exchange column, your paper is very complete. Why not have some cuts as headings for the different departments?

The Altruist, West Hoboken, N. J.: This paper has three unique features; the "Science Page", "Student Opinions", and the "Book Review Corner." These, in addition to all the other departments, make one of our best exchanges.

The Acropolis, Barringer High School, Newark, N. J.: This is another of our fine exchanges. "At the Sign of the Quill" is an original department and a good one.

The Gleaner, National Farm School, Bucks County, Pa.: Your paper would be improved by having a table of contents and a more extensive literary department.

The Early Trainer, Essex County Training School, Lawrence, Mass.: You have a good paper, but it would be made more attractive by adding more jokes, and the so-called "Editorials" are only school notes. We especially enjoyed "The Busy Man", "The Broken Wheel", and "The Success Family", and wish to quote the following:



## THE ORACLE

"Just take this comfort into your soul  
In the midst of your worries and frets,  
The football could never score a goal  
Were it not for the kicks it gets."

Lawrence High School Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass.: Some department headings would improve your paper, and you have no exchange column.

The Tripod, Thornton Academy, Saco, Me.: The literary department of your fine paper is especially good.

The Oracle: Your paper contains some very original features, but where are the Exchanges? We read the "Tatler" with interest. —The Tripod, Roxbury Latin School, Boston, Mass.

Oracle, Bangor, Me.: Your headings for the various departments are the work of genius. —Lawrence High School Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass.

Oracle: An old exchange, but one that never grows tiresome. We note that your magazine is much bigger and better than last year, but it looks as though you have a superfluous amount of advertisements for the amount of printing. Your editorials are O. K. but I do not think much of your stories. —The Arrow, St. Joseph's Commercial School, Detroit, Mich.

The Bangor Oracle: Your paper is not only an excellent publication but it is supported wonderfully well by your students. The stories are so pleasing we wish you might include a few more. You have a very slender exchange department. Why not have a few more exchanges and some comments on them? —The Bouncer, Madison High School, Madison, Me.

The Oracle: You have a good advertising section. Your slams surely drive away our blues. You have a fine literary department which shows good training in English. —The Crescent, Lee Academy, Lee, Me.

The B. H. S. Oracle, Bangor, Maine: You have a splendid paper as usual. We are

waiting impatiently for the next installment of "Outside". The Spud, Sherman High School, Sherman Mills, Me.

The Oracle: Your Literary and Exchange Departments are very good and your cuts are well worth mentioning. —The Lever, Skowhegan High School, Skowhegan, Me.

The Oracle, Bangor, Maine: We like your quotations at the heads of the sections; very apt to say the least. We like the idea of your Music and Military Departments. Come again. —The Durfee Hilltop, B. M. C. Durfee High School, Fall River, Mass.

The Oracle: Your first page is neatly arranged and you certainly are "there" with advertisements; but where are your jokes? —The Banner, Rockville High School, Rockville, Conn.

The Oracle: Your quotations attract attention to your various departments. Your personals are exceptionally good. —The Periscope, Winslow High School, Winslow, Me.

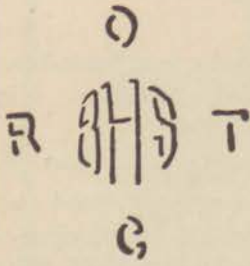
The Oracle, Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine: Your joke department and school notes deserve high praise but your large and unique literary department eclipses both. The idea of a dramatic number is both clever and unique. —The Chronicle, Lyman Hall High School, Wallingford, skee Ripple, Oakland High School, Oakland Me.

In the "Oracle" we especially admired the personals. They add much to the paper. —The Guagus, Cherryfield Academy, Cherryfield, Me.

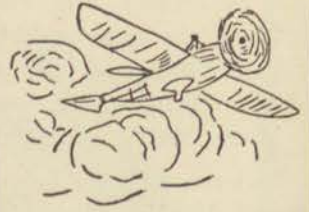
Oracle, Bangor, Maine: Splendid literary department artistically arranged. —The Castle News, East Las Vegas, N. M.

The Oracle, Bangor High School, Bangor, Me.: A dandy paper. You have many interesting departments. —The Messalon-skee Ripple, Oakland High School, Oakland, Me.





# Military



Major Roy A. Hill, Inf. D. O. L. Officer in Charge of R. O. T. C. Affairs, 1st Corps Area: Headquarters at Boston, aMss., made his Semi-Annual Inspection of the Junior R. O. T. C. Unit of Bangor High School, December 7th, at 3 p. m. Co. "B." of the High School, gave an exhibition drill and Manual of Arms, covering a period of one hour, which covered practically every movement in Close Order Drill in The Infantry Drill, the entire Battalion would have given a parade and Review but due to the cold weather, these drills had to be held in the High School Gymnasium. Company "B" was under the command of Cadet Captain Lewis Neale, of the Junior Class at High School, who had the able assistance of Cadet 1st Lieut's Prilay, Stetson, and Paul Bunker. Major Hill highly complimented the Cadet Officers and Cadets and said they had made a marked improvement also said he was under the impression that Bangor High School, R. O. T. C. Unit stood a very good chance of being placed on the "honor list" for high schools. There is now only one high school, in New England on the Honor List, that being Gloucester High School, Mass. The Rifle Team of the high school, has been organized, and had its first competitive match with Boston Latin School, last evening at the Target Gallery of the High School, the score being, Bangor, 967 and the Latin School, 954, beating the Bostonians, about thirteen points. Considerable interest is being taken by the students this year in both rifle shooting and Military drills.

The R. O. T. C. Unit participated in the Armistice Day parade and was under the Command of Cadet Major Whitman Lord, and Cadet Adjutant William Snow. The various companies were under the command of Capt. Mayo, Co. "A" Capt. Neale, Co. "B", and Capt. Philip Trickey, Co. "C"; the band also took part in the parade under the leadership and direction of band leader, Arthur Atwood.

The permanent appointments and promotions of Cadet Officers this year are:

To rank from Nov. 21, 1922

To be Major—

1st Lieut. Whitman P. Lord.

To be Captains—

Sergt. Philip Trickey,  
Sergt. Ralph Mayo,  
Sergt. Lewis Neal.

To be 1st Lieutenants—

Sergt. Hilton Humphrey,  
Sergt. Eugene Winch, (Capt. of Rifle Team),  
Sergt. Ralph Frost,  
Sergt. Prilay Stetson.

To be 2nd Lieutenants—

Pvt. Paul Bunker,  
Pvt. Irving Somers,  
Sergt. Sumner Fifield,  
Pvt. Rudolph Spurling, Supply Officer,  
Pvt. Bertram Alward,  
Sergt. Earl Kelley,  
Pvt. William Snow, Battalion Adjutant

To be Captain with Temporary Rank,  
Nov. 28, 1922, 1st Lt. Lewis Youngs.



## THE ORACLE

The following permanent Promotions and Appointments are announced to rank from Nov. 21, 1922.

To be Sergt. Major—  
Pvt. William Griffin.

To be Color Sergt.—  
Pvt. Philip Whitman,  
Pvt. Clyde Mallett.

To be 1st Sergts.—  
Sergt. Keith Googans,  
Sergt. Joseph Emple,  
Pvt. Kenneth Tibbets.

To be 1st Platoon Sergeants—  
Pvt. Robert MacManus,  
Pvt. Maurice DeMerritt.

To be 2nd Platoon Sergts.—  
Corp. Robert Harrigan,  
Corp. Harold O'Connell.

To be Sergeants—  
Co. "A".

Pvts. Forest Long, Left Guide 2nd Platoon.

Pvts. Samuel Goodman, Right Guide 1st Platoon.

Pvt. Charles Alexander, Left Guide 1st Platoon.

Pvt. Ethridge Fowler, Right Guide 2nd Platoon.

Pvt. Arthur Hicks,  
Pvt. Maurice Dunphy,  
Pvt. Samuel Levitz.

Co. "B".

Pvt. Jack Pinkham, Right Guide 1st Platoon.

Pvt. Hubert Ring, Right Guide 2nd Platoon.

Pvt. Alton French, Left Guide 1st Platoon,

Pvt. Othello Robinson, Left Guide 2nd Platoon.

Co. "C".

Pvt. Donald Thompson, Right Guide 1st Platoon.

Pvt. Maurice Levitz, Left Guide 1st Platoon.

The new Professor of Military Science is Captain Hervey Tribolet, Inf. D. O. L., who was relieved from 5th U. S. Infantry, stationed at Fort Williams, Maine. The 5th Infantry, was part of the American Forces in Germany. This organization was sent overseas during the years 1920 and 1922 and was sent to Portland, to take station. Major Hill said, during his recent visit, that Captain Tribolet, was a good all round athlete, having been athletic officer of his regiment, which played baseball, basketball, and football, beating practically all the different Regimental Teams, in the American Army of Occupation. He is a college man, and has taken part in athletics, before his entrance to the army. He entered the Army as 2nd Lieut., Aug. 27, 1922, being commissioned as 2nd Lieut. Officers Reserve Corps, Infantry, and received Regular Commission Aug. 1918, and has served through successive grades up until promoted as Captain in 1920.



# Columbi

C.F.H. Menges '23

Rachel Connors is teaching in the New Bedford Schools. She was home for Thanksgiving.

Edward Kenney, '18, has been appointed through the United States Civil Service Commission as a chemist for the United States Food Inspection Laboratory, New York city.

Albert Black, Theodore Fowler, Bowdoin Neally, Walter MacCready, Crosby Hodgman, Jasper Starrett, Charles Davis, Donald Eames, Blair White, and Hazen Nutter were all in Bangor for Thanksgiving.

Franklin Gordon, '22, is attending the New England Conservatory of Music and is clarinet soloist in the Conservatory orchestra. He also has a fine position playing in the orchestra at the Copley-Plaza. He was home for Thanksgiving.

It was of great interest to many young people in Bangor to hear of the engagement of Mr. Paul Eames and Miss Elizabeth Head both students of B. H. S. Mr. Eames has a position in Boston and Miss Head is a senior at Wellesley College.

Maude Murray, '22, now a student at Laselle, was in Bangor visiting her parents for the Thanksgiving holidays.

Derinda Connors, '22, was in Bangor for the Thanksgiving vacation. She is attending Springville School this year.

Clarence B. Allen, a student at Tufts Medical school, was in Bangor, during the Thanksgiving holidays, visiting his parents.

Miss M. Maud Murry, '22, took part in a radio concert of the combined Glee and Mandolin clubs of Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., which was broadcasted by the Shepard Stores, W. N. A. C., Boston, Mass.

Bentley S. Hutchins, '20, is business manager of "The Prism," the annual publication of the union casso at the University of Maine. Mr. Hutchins is one of the battalion adjutants in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps unit, manager of the Junior class basketball team, and is a member of the Sigma Nu fraternity, Sigma Delta Chi, and Scabbard and Blade, the National honorary military society.



## THE ORACLE

Robert McLeod, '22, John White, ex. '23 and Donald McGary, were visiting their parents for the Thanksgiving holidays.

The death of Charles P. Knaide was a great shock to his friends and their deepest sympathy is extended to his father Chief of Police Knaide in his recent loss.

The many friends of Mrs. Theodore S. Lazell, formerly Miss Jane W. Seavey will be grieved to learn of her death at her home in Monticello, Iowa. Mrs. Lazell was graduated from Bangor High school. She taught in the Pearl Street school and later in the Palm Street school, after which she moved to Monticello.

An informal dance was held in the high school on December 29 by the alumni of the school under the leadership of the class of '20. Hundreds of the High school graduates have wished for an alumni association which would represent the former students in various affairs of importance to booming the school, and it is hoped that this dance will be the first of many social affairs to be held by the alumni.

Miss Alice Evelyn Vasseur, '15, was united in marriage to Arthur B. Dell of New York city on Thanksgiving morning.

Warren S. Overlock, '22, has departed for Washington, D. C., to take a position as typist in one of the offices of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Miss Thelma Goodale, '22 and Edgar Goodale, ex. '24, have moved to St. Petersburg, Florida, where they will spend the winter and will move to Georgia in the spring for good.

F. Gilbert Hills, '20, who has gained much repute at the University of Maine for his excellence in drawing is to provide the illustrations for "The Prism". Mr. Hills did a great deal for "The Oracle" while in high school.

The banner of the class of '20 was recently hung upon the wall in the hallway of the second floor, on the right hand side of the building. The banner is of artistic purple with golden letters upon it. On one side is the banner of the class of '22 and on the other side that of '10.





It certainly is about time that Bangor had organized cheering. The first thing necessary is to elect a regular cheer leader. After that we should have rallies so that we can practise our cheers and make them sound like something when we are yelling for our teams. The way the cheering was carried on in Portland should be a lesson to Bangor High.

And another thing which has been talked about is, when Bangor is losing don't get listless in your cheering and commence to criticise the players but yell all the more and show the team that you are behind them. It will make them fight harder, and you know a fighting team stands a better chance of winning the game.

On November 18th, the wearers of the Blue went down to defeat to Bangor at Bay-side Park. From the first it was apparent that Portland was out-classed. Saturday dawned clear and cold with a sharp wind blowing from the East. At 2 o'clock the Bangor High School Band and the Crimson followers met at the Falmouth Hotel and marched down to the field. The crowd was large and the bleachers and grandstands were overflowing with the loyal rooters.

At 2:30 the whistle blew and both teams lined up for the struggle. The first quarter was teeming with excitement and after Portland had lost a ball on their own forty-five yard line, Short, on a trick play, went around the end for the first touchdown. Then the Crimson bleachers roared out

their applause and the Bangor cheers rolled over the field. The second quarter was also Bangor's. The first touchdown being made by Cunningham. Short started what was apparently an end run, but after he had taken a few steps he tossed a pass to Stan, and the fleet footed quarter-back slipping through the Portland guards crossed their line for the second touchdown of the game. Then the Blue tried a forward pass, but Conners, the slashing full back, now came into prominence by intercepting the ball and, eluding the Portland players, carried the ball to the six yard line. The Bangor bleachers were now crazy for another touchdown, and Conners taking the ball crashed through center for the third tally of the game. The half ended soon after with the ball in Bangor's possession. After the players went off the field the Crimson band marched around the field, the rooters following and doing the Snake-dance. Bangor was fully confident of winning the game now.

The second half began, and with the Portland bleachers booming out the "Wearers of the Blue," their men rushed onto the field with the spirit of determination written on their faces, they began fighting with the bulldog tenacity which is traditional of Portland when they are losing.

By a series of mass plays they carried the ball to the three yard line. The Portland stands were now frantic and were crying



## THE ORACLE

out for their players to go over for a touchdown but it was of no avail.

Bangor's line held as firm as a stone wall and Portland lost the ball on downs. Tapley, Bangor's Star punter, booted the ball out of danger. Portland tried to rush the line but could not gain and Crimson received the ball on the 34-yard line. A short pass from Touchy to Cunningham brought the ball to Portland's 6-yard line, and for the second time, Conners plowed through the now wavering Blue line for Bangor's last touchdown of the game.

The fourth quarter began and by a fluke play Portland carried the ball under the very shadow of the Crimson's goal post. Then Jack Handlon, the Portland Ace, crashed through Bangor's end for their only touchdown. Then Portland opened up an aerial attack which gained them many yards. But try as they might, they could not cross the Crimson line for a touchdown. The game soon ended with the ball in Portland's possession on the 50-yard line. The Bangor rooters ran onto the field and carried their players off in triumph. Then they marched into the city with the Band leading, and in Congress Square held a rally. Every one of the players deserve credit for they played the best game of football they probably ever had played. "Touchy" Short, in this, playing his last game of football for Bangor High, played a wonderful game. His end runs and broken field running resulted in many gains for Bangor. Conners also showed up well, being a tower of strength in the back field. His slashing attacks netted many yards for his team.

This year's team was very successful, and we hope that next year's will be as good.

The first basketball practice was held, Tuesday, December 5, in the gymnasium. "Eddie" Trowell is, of course, again coach-

ing the team. A large squad turned out for practice. The rule which debars post graduates from playing hurts the chances of our having a championship team; by this ruling "Touchy" Short, "Ed." McClay, "Bunny" Flannigan and Malcolm Tapley were barred from playing. Everybody is hopeful, however, that a team is being developed that will in every way be a credit to Bangor high, and that before the end of March we shall have won the basketball interscholastic championship of Maine.

These hopes seem to be well founded. We have for letter men, Captain "Bill" Seavey, Archie Kamenkovitz, and "Shank" McClay. These three men alone can trim the average High school basketball team any time they see fit. And there is a great deal of other excellent material, also.

Bangor High has many traditions, among the most firmly established of which is "A mighty good basketball team." A team that can beat Bangor may well be proud of itself. Since "Eddie" Trowell has been coaching, this tradition, custom, or whatever you wish to call it has become all the more strongly established. The game played by Bangor is a fine one; its defense, short-passing, and teamwork are almost perfect.

Manager Wilbur McInnis has secured many games, which are sure to be great attractions. The incomplete schedule is as follows:

- Dec. 28 Rogers High (Newport, R. I.) at Bangor.
- Jan. 10. Stephens High at Rumford.
- " 12 South Portland High at Bangor.
- " 17 M. C. I. at Pittsfield.
- " 26 Portland High at Bangor.
- Feb. 2 South Portland High at South Portland.
- " 3 Stephens High at Bangor.
- " 9 Dexter High at Dexter.
- Mar. 2 Dexter High at Bangor.
- " 23 Portland High at Portland.



# PERSONALS



## The Crowning Feature.

Mr. M— (in English): "What is the climax of Macbeth?"

A. Wh-tl-y: "Where Macbeth gets crowned."

## Notice.

R. Wilson, '24, will give lessons on "How to File Fingernails." Anyone wishing to sign up for course should not miss the opportunity to learn under this instructor.

Diner to waiter: "Do you serve table d'hote?"

Waiter: "No, we ain't got none."

Mr. Trowell (Geometry), picking up a piece of blank paper from Miss D's desk.

Miss D—: "You have the wrong figure there."

Miss R-b-s-n: "Mr. Whittier, throw up the window."

M. Beaupre (French): "What's the matter with the two front seats, they're both yawning?"

Mrs. Carroll (English): "Will someone state the plot of Macbeth in a verse from the Bible?"

Miss D-m-d, '24: "Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked."

It is nice to have an Ep-stein song to go with Maine's "Stein Song."

James Cousins: "I wish I was as religious as Gorham Robinson."

Albert Soucie: "And why?"

James Cousins: "He clasps his hands so tight in prayer he can't get them open when the collection box comes around."

A Freshman and a Sophomore were talking in the corridor. This is what was heard:

Sophomore: "How much bigger I am than you."

Freshman: "In what ways?"

Sophomore: "Oh, in intellect and brain power, etc."

Freshman: "Well, in one way I am bigger than you."

Sophomore: "What way?"

Freshman: "My feet are bigger than yours."

D. F.

"Anesthesia," Miss F—s was speaking learnedly and solemnly, "is very modern. The dark ages know nothing of it. In their—"

"Miss F—s, may I interrupt a moment?" called out Charles Knowles, the wag of the class. "Did not God put Adam to sleep before He took the rib out of him to fashion Eve?"

Miss F—s frowned, the class laughed, and the learned argument was cut short.



# BHS SNAP SHOTS

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN



ONLY ONE  
AT THE  
MIRROR AT  
7:35 A.M.

VIVIEN SAVAGE -IN-

"A RACE FOR LIFE"



SAY I WOULD HAVE  
SAVED TWO DAYS LONGER  
I WOULD HAVE HEARD YOU



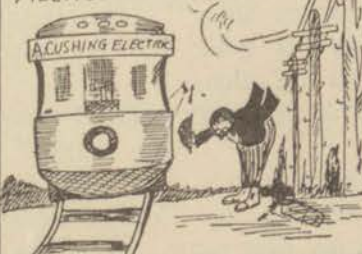
HOW DO YOU  
DO THAT  
ONE?  
WHAT'S THE  
X-FOOT?



IT WAS WORTH COMING  
DOWN FOR

VUM-M  
STRAWBERRIES

A.C. CUSHING IN  
A COMEDY ACT  
ALL ABOARD FOR HAMPTON



DON'T TAKE  
YOUR HAND OFF  
THE MAJOR AND  
BESIDES IT'S  
TOO HEAVY.

JUST AN HOUR  
DADDY WAIT TILL  
I REST MY  
SELF. I AM  
GETTING TIRED

ONE OF THE  
RAMBOS OF  
THE  
BATALION



BE SURE AND  
SEE  
R. MORRISON THE  
LONG DISTANT  
TROMBONE PLAYER  
WHO PLAYS WITH  
ONE HAND



SPECIAL  
CLOSEUP OF  
G. VEAYO  
OUR  
FRESHMAN  
ORCHESTRA  
LEADER  
AND  
PICCOLO  
PLAYER



ALTHOUGH THERE IS  
TWO FEET OF  
SNOW ON THE  
GROUND AND IT  
IS 40. BELOW  
ZERO I GUESS I  
WILL TAKE A  
TWO MILE RUN  
TO WORK UP



I ALWAYS KNEW  
THAT I COULD  
LEARN MORE  
IN A BACK SEAT  
AND YOU KNOW  
THERE IS NO FREE  
ON THE GEAR  
HERE



SOMETHING THAT  
NEVER  
HAPPENS -

V. QUOZZO WITH  
A  
NEEDLE  
HAPPY DAYS



I GUESS I OUGHT  
TO KNOW HOW  
I'VE PLAYED FOR  
THREE YEARS

CAN YOU PLAY  
THE SAXOPHONE  
JENNY?

BY BENJ. ROSEN '84



MIXED LITERATURE.

The other night as I was gazing dreamily into the fire, I suddenly heard a plaintive voice say, "More!" I turned around with a start, and saw a wistful, thin little boy, with an empty bowl in his hand. Just as I gathered my scattered senses and recognized Oliver Twist, a sepulchral voice croaked in answer, "Nevermore." It was, of course, the Raven, and poor Oliver seemed much cast down by the pessimistic answer. Just then I heard a student voice crying: "You blankety, blanked young scoundrel!" and poor Oliver was hauled unceremoniously out of the room by Bill Sykes.

By this time my senses were so dazed that I experienced no surprise when Silas Marner appeared with a bag of gold clutched in one hand, while with the other he was trying to ward off Macbeth, who was attempting to stab him.

These two seemed to be the nucleus of a reception which was being held in my rooms—entirely involuntary on my part, to be sure. Juliet appeared, deeply intrigued by the tale of the Ancient Mariner, while Romeo, far from being jealous, chatted gaily with Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hiawatha was making violent love to Evangeline, who appeared pleased and interested.

Next, I heard a sonorous voice declaiming: "And if you, oh Catiline—" "My ducats and my daughter," interrupted a whining, nasal tone. "Oh, my Christian ducats!"

My room was by this time very crowded, yet still another came pushing his way through. I looked, terrified, paralyzed, into the eyes of John Silver, who was advancing slowly toward me with a murderous gleam in his eye and a murderous looking dirk clutched in his hand. He came on slowly, inevitably,—then the spell broke, the figures melted slowly away, and I woke beside the cold embers of the fire.

Inquisitive—No, Jim has not danced before this year. Yes, we think he does very well.

We hear that M. K. Heath's latest name is Maggie. Would it be impertinent to inquire who is "Jiggs?"

Sawyer (in French): "Non, made-moiselle, je—"

Prolonged titter from class.

Madame B—: "Never mind, Sawyer, I was there once."

Old Gent: "Young man, what breed is that dog?"

Kid: "A hash hound."

"Hash hound?"

"Yep, a little bit of everything."—Judge.

Mr. Proctor: "What are you running for, sonny?"

Francis Rand: "I'm trying to keep two fellows from fighting."

Mr. Proctor: "Who are the fellows?"

Randy: "John McClay and Me."

It happened in Townsend's meat store—down in the square—"Come on, Ed, be lively, now," called out Harry. "Break the bones in Mrs. White's chops and put Mrs. O'Brien's ribs in the basket for her."

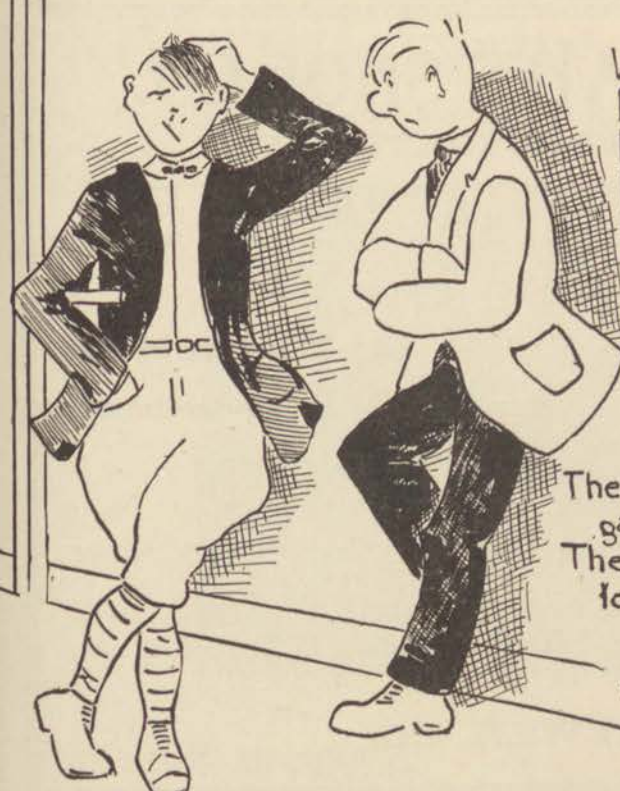
"All right, Harry, old boy, as soon as I have sawed off Mrs. McDonald's leg and weighed Miss Freese's liver."

As a steamer was leaving the harbor of Athens a well dressed young passenger approached the captain and pointing to the distant hills inquired: "What is that white stuff on the hill, Captain?"

"That is snow, Madam," replied the captain.

"Well," said the lady, "I thought so myself, but a gentleman just told me it was Greece."






WE HAVE A ZERO HOUR  
BEFORE A PERIOD EVERY DAY  
BEFORE WE ENTER MADAM'S ROOM  
OUR FRENCH LESSON TO SAY.  
WE STAND OUTSIDE IN TERROR  
HORROR IN OUR MANLY CHESTS  
DREADING EACH RECITATION  
BUT DREADING MORE EACH TEST.

The first sufferer - "Do you know your  
gargle (French) for to-day?"  
The second, ditto - "Now - but I'm going  
to risk it."

School's Begun.



I don't see why  
they have school.  
I wish the darn  
building would  
burn! - etc-etc

\*P!! =  
XXX  
censored



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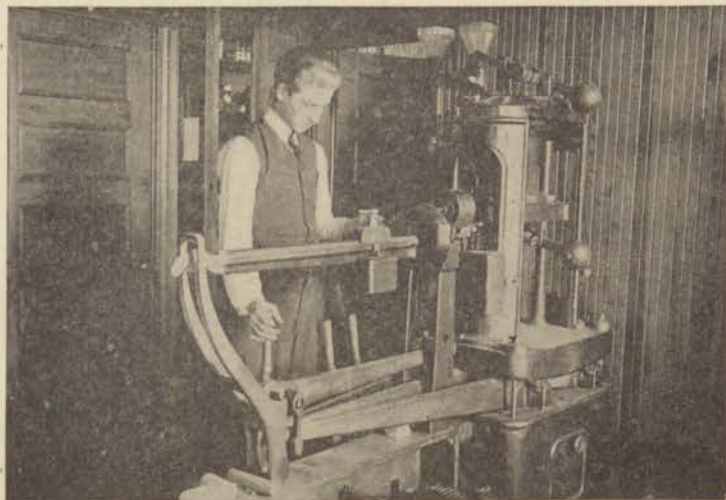
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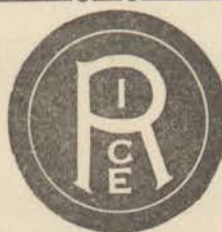
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