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EDITORIALS

"No One is Wise at All Times"

The Oracle respectfully devotes this number to the Faculty of Bangor High School. Through the good work of the Oracle Board and the co-operation of the Faculty it is possible to have in this issue the individual pictures of most of the teachers and also a few words about the schools from which they graduated. The modesty of some of the Faculty prevented the picture list from being complete but all have been mentioned in the brief sketches.

Bangor High is fortunate in having such a complete and able corps of instructors, over forty in all, and a fine and progressive principal at their head. We have with us this year a new sub-master and also many new teachers who have entered heartily into the spirit of B. H. S. and to whom we extend our best wishes.

It is only proper to offer at this time a word of appreciation to our advertisers who have supported us so whole-heartedly and unselfishly during the last four months.

We must realize the strain that has been put on every business man

during the past year and a half. Liberty Bonds, War Saving Stamps, the Red Cross, the K. of C., the Y. M. C. A. and other good causes, each has made its call and each has been answered with true American spirit. B. H. S. also appealed for assistance and Bangor business men responded not because of any expected gain but because B. H. S. was calling. Our merchants have supported B. H. S. loyally, let B. H. S. support them. Let our motto be, "One for all and all for one."

After a long period, during which the value and accuracy of news from Germany was uncertain, it is now possible to obtain some information that can be relied upon. Political, military and economic conditions in Germany are, however, still too much disturbed to permit the making of a clear and general statement. The government of the socialist majority under Ebert, has been through a severe struggle in Berlin with the revolutionists or Bolsheviki. There was a time when the extremists seemed to be about to gain control but the military factions favored the more orderly leadership

of Ebert. After much street fighting order has been restored and as a result the Ebert government submitted a draft of a constitution to the National Convention, which met about February 10. The draft proposed a Federal Republic and was met with much approval. A constitution, however, was not the most important point at issue, for on February 11 the Convention elected Ebert President of Germany. For the first time in their history the popular vote of the people chose the head of their state. The choice seems to be a wise one for this eminent socialist and his supporters were successful in combating the revolutionists and should be able to carry on the affairs of Germany. If this is accomplished not only Germany but also the Allies will be benefited, for it is highly important that a firm and liberal government be established in Germany, one with whom business can be carried on and one that can make and keep agreements.

One cannot realize the great task, which, with the coming of peace, presents itself to the French Government, unless one knows the extent of the ravages of four years of German invasion and occupation. The following data from official sources show the loss to France to be in five parts closely related to one another; in agriculture, in manufactories, in finances, in national economy and in human lives.

It has been calculated that the German invasion, at its height, covered about one-sixth of the total area of France, and in-

cluded several thousand villages, towns and cities where 350,000 houses were destroyed. These houses, dwellings and farm buildings must be reconstructed and, without considering the work necessary to complete their interiors, this will require a half million days' work and at a cost of \$2,000,000,000.

As to the soil no sources of revenue whatever exist in this region. The land has been ravaged by artillery fire, the crops and live stock have been wiped out or carried away. All farm machinery, wagons, etc., have suffered the same fate. In other words, a market value of a billion and two hundred million dollars' worth of property has been destroyed.

Agriculture, however, was not nearly as important as manufacturing in this devastated region. Here again everything has been wiped out, workshops, machine factories, mines, factories; everything has either been destroyed or carried away by the Germans.

The destruction is so complete, that, in the particular case of the coal mines, two years' work will be necessary before a single ton can be mined, and ten years must elapse before the production of these mines can even equal that of 1913.

Such a destruction of property does away with all possibility of financial reconstruction on the basis of the national budget in times of peace. The total expenses of the war which amount to twenty billions of dollars, augmented by the expenses of reconstruction, has increased the ordinary annual budget to more than two billion dollars, an increase of more than one billion

dollars over that of 1914. To meet such an outlay, the country finds itself deprived of the resources of the ravaged North, which amounted to 25 per cent. of the total revenues. Such a wide diversity between the expenses and the revenues cannot fail to weigh heavily on national prosperity during all the period of reconstruction.

Agriculture and manufactories are not the only things needing to be reestablished in full possession of their means of existence. The enemy destroyed the lines of communication, rendered useless the roadbeds of the railways, and reduced the rolling stock by several hundred thousand cars and locomotives. If we add to these devastations the destruction or theft of all stocks of raw material in the invaded regions we may estimate that the sum of five billions of dollars is necessary for industrial reconstruction alone.

But, by the side of this reconstruction, defined by precise losses, there remains the vaster work of national reconstruction.

The concentration, through four years, of the entire energy of the country on military needs has caused a great injury to the economic life of France. The ruin of the merchant marine, the disappearance of export trade and the loss of all foreign markets give an idea of some of the gigantic problems which require practical and rapid solutions by the national administration.

But what cannot be replaced, that which no indemnity in the world can ever compensate, is the sacrifice of two million and a half human lives, through death, mutilation and disease. Such a loss represents about one-fifteenth of the total population—a

source of wealth which is completely annihilated and lost for the restoration of national life, and which will never answer the call of peace.

France owes a sacred debt to the dead—that of caring for the needs of their families, of their widows and of their children.

She has promised to care for those whose wounds have rendered them incapable of work. Looked at from the material standpoint, this is a new and heavy charge, which will run into billions in the years to come.

Here, again, no figures could give an exact estimate of such a national, social and economic weakening, caused by the disappearance of such a mass of men, who constituted by their youth, health and intelligence the fortune of the nation and the hope of generations to be born.

And thus one can see the great problems that France faces today. It may be said that social reconstruction depends only upon the nation, but material reconstruction cannot be undertaken in France without the aid of the Allies.

The economic interdependence of countries is such that if one suffers all the others are also injured. The countries united in the war ought, then, as much through self-interest as through sympathy, to remain united in peace.

By the means of co-operation France can be assured of the aid which she will receive from without and especially from America. Let this help be given wholeheartedly, always remembering what France means to every individual American.



"The Best Style of Writing, as well as the Most Forcible, is the Plainest"

THE CASTLE OF HORRORS

By Roger B. Nickerson, '21.



WHEN Roderick MacErc returned home from Oxford where he had been attending the University, he brought with him his American room-mate and chum. The two boys had had a long, tiresome journey from Oxford to Roderick's home, Lairg, which is situated at the eastern end of Loch Shin in the northern part of Scotland.

Along with his friend, Roderick had brought something else: a disbelief in all the quaint old superstitions which make up the beauty of Scotch minstrelsy and folklore.

As the old European-type train slowly wound its weary way northward between the heather-clad slopes and rocky crags, Bob Howard, the American, suddenly looked up from the book which he was reading.

"Rod," he said.

"Hello," Rod answered.

"Is there not an old deserted castle somewhere in the vicinity of Loch Shin?" queried Bob.

"Yes," replied Rod, "there is one about three miles from Loch Shin at the foot of Ben More. It was built in the thirteenth century when the Scotch feudal wars were raging. It has not been occupied for several centuries. For generations the tradition has been that the last lord of the castle suddenly went crazy and believed that his servants and his wife and two daughters were plotting against his life. One day traders on the high road that led past the castle discovered one of the servants staggering down the road with blood streaming from a gash in his forehead and his clothing torn and bloody. He told a gruesome tale of a massacre from which only he had survived. Since then no one has been near the castle."

"Whew," ejaculated Bob, "some murder. I tell you, Rod, let's explore that old castle and find out how much of that yarn is true."

At any time before association with this care-free American, Rod would have balked, but contact with this devil-may-care youth had put out of his mind all thought of superstition, so he readily assented.

When they reached Lairg they went to the quaint old home of Roderick's people, which, while not pretentious was comfortable and gave a stranger the idea that the family was well to do. Bob's heart went out to these warm-hearted old people who, with true Scotch hospitality, felt that the best was none too good for a visitor. Rod showed his chum to a nice airy room on the eastern side of the house where the cool, refreshing winds blew in from the ocean. Bob looked around him. On the bookcase were many choice old books published many years before and among them were Burns, Scott and such old ballads as are dear to the Scottish heart. The bed was an interesting affair of mahogany, the old four-poster style, and a little flight of steps was near at hand by which to ascend. After a good warm supper and a refreshing bath he climbed into bed and was asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow.

The next morning the boys announced their intention of exploring the castle. As they anticipated, the announcement was met with disfavor, and incredulous stares were fixed on the boys. Nevertheless they went to the kitchen, got a lunch, and started off in Rod's sailboat with a favorable wind and were soon speeding up the Loch.

When they reached the small village by the lakeside that was nearest to their destination they disembarked and set off on foot for the castle, three miles distant. When the villagers learned their errand they tried to persuade them not to attempt to explore the place as two Frenchmen who went there for that purpose three weeks

ago had not been seen since. It was useless to try to persuade the boys not to go. They were resolute.

When they came in sight of the castle they unconsciously slackened their pace. The gloomy old place certainly did have a forbidding appearance. They walked all the way around the building once before they entered.

The old drawbridge over the moat creaked and groaned with their small weight, while, centuries before, horses and men had pounded across without a tremor of the bridge. As they unbarred the heavy iron door a low moan came to their ears; peering into the darkness they faintly descried a man sitting in the corner leaning wearily against the wall. Helping him to the light they found him to be a Frenchman, exhausted, torn and dusty. He told them that he had been in there without food for two weeks and his companion had been killed in a mysterious manner, vanished, as it were, into solid ground. Even as he spoke he sank back in Bob's arms, stone dead. The very walls of the place seemed to whisper, "All hope abandon ye who enter here."

Although somewhat unnerved, they proceeded into the depths of the castle. Going downstairs to the underground dungeons they happened upon the body of the second Frenchman. He had fallen through the floor above and broken his neck. They looked around the room in which they were. Old iron wristlets and shackles hung around the room and in them drooped skeletons, which fell to pieces at the touch. In the center of the room there lay another skele-

ton but the skull was missing. Glancing upward their eyes fell on the skull of this poor unfortunate suspended from an iron ring in the ceiling by some hair, old and rotten. It had been a woman suspended there. The boys were horror-stricken.

"Come, let's go upstairs, quick," said Bob, with a shudder.

He started to climb the stairs by which they had descended, but with a crash he came tumbling back as they gave way under him, the boards being old and rotten. Having found another flight of stairs, cautiously they wended their way up. Soon they came to a big chamber. The walls were hung in gorgeous tapestries which told of the deeds of the builders of the castle. Where once these were pleasing to the eye they were now food for moths. Only a vestige of their former grandeur remained. This was evidently the dining hall. Massive golden candlesticks adorned the table and silver wine cups were placed around the edge. Every indication of an elaborate feast was there. With but little imagination one could easily picture a merry group of lords and ladies seated around that wondrous table, clad in silks and satins, and sipping the old Burgundian wines while the servants noiselessly removed course after course and brought in enormous platters laden with good things to eat. Rod tried the gigantic chair at the head of the table; it fell to pieces.

They moved on to the next room where an appalling sight confronted them. Three skeletons were strewn around the floor. All had their skulls split wide open. A

huge ancient battle-axe lay on the floor near them, the instrument with which this awful deed had been done. Seated in an arm-chair raised up as a throne was another skeleton; the skeleton of the maniac who, having killed his servants and placing them in the dungeon underground, had murdered his own family and sat in this throne-like chair and watched their agonized dying struggles with probably not a pang of remorse at his awful deed.

"Look, Bob!" whispered Rod, "what's that in his hand?"

Bob advanced slowly and took a small yellow piece of paper from the hand of the skeleton. It read thus, "Gold of estate of Castle Calidale in iron box in floor of dungeon directly under inner gate."

"The chamber where all the skeletons are," ventured Bob.

The boys hastened down a nearby flight of stairs and after wending their way through dusky torture chambers in which were diabolical devices for the torture of human beings they came at last to the dungeon which they first had entered. As they went in they heard a low rumble which increased to a deafening roar, then ceased as abruptly as it had begun. The boys looked at each other in alarm then fell to work hunting for the gold. Again came the roar swelling on a mighty crescendo until the very walls of the castle shook. Bats flew about wildly and rats scampered around in bewilderment. The boys abandoned their search by mutual consent and hastened upstairs to the gate. They found the moat a raging torrent and rain

coming down in sheets. As they turned around to look an immense blue-white bolt of lightning crashed on the castle.

In a couple of hours the stately old castle of Calidale and all its gold was nothing more than a smoking heap of ruins. The scene of so many brutal deaths had been

obliterated from the gaze of curious travellers and the villagers were at last easy in their minds. The long trip home was made in silence and as the boys neared home faintly the words, "All hope abandon ye who enter here," were borne on the evening breeze. Was it an echo?

THE REVENGE

By Mildred M. French, '20.



A storm of angry, blustering words broke from Sterns' lips—words that made the boy look at his father in astonishment, that made him pale, his light blue eyes snap warningly, that made him straighten proudly as he faced his father.

"Of course I shan't take that flag down!" Fritz looked almost reverently at the flag, its pure white stars on that deep blue background, those majestic red and white stripes fluttering and floating in the air, far above a dingy, dirty narrow street.

Carl Sterns took from a pocket in his coat a foreign looking letter which he passed to his son.

"Read it!" he commanded.

As Fritz read, his face flushed and his hand trembled, as he silently passed the letter back to his father.

"I won't take that flag down, father. Neither will I sail tomorrow. I've enlisted," he added, proudly, as he saw the incredulous amazement on his father's face.

An ominous silence settled in the room. A dark red mounted to Sterns' hair, turned

to purple, then fled, leaving his face a chalky white. When at last Carl Sterns spoke his voice was husky.

"You go, you nelter coom back here!"

"Dad!"

"You go, you nelter coom back here," his father repeated slowly. "Vich is it?"

Fritz' lips settled into a determined line.

"I never break my promise, father."

"Den go, get your tings and get out!" Relentlessly Sterns pointed to the door.

An hour later when going through the hall, the boy saw his father sitting in the Morris chair, his face buried in his hands. He dropped his bag and entered the sitting-room.

"Dad!"—his father did not stir.

"Dad—for God's sake, don't let me go like this!" the figure before him was motionless.

Abruptly Fritz walked over to the mantle-piece and stood looking up into the pictured face of his mother, with the big, tender, blue eyes.

"Mother, Oh, little mother, keep him; he doesn't understand, but I think you do." With a sob the boy pressed his lips to the

portrait, then hurried from the room, snatched up his bag and closed the outside door.

Carl Sterns bitterly repented his action, for he saw that the boy had been right. They were no longer his people: these who killed babies, murdered women and sent thousands of innocent victims to a watery grave. Fritz was right, but Carl was of a nature that neither forgets nor forgives.

And so, for two years, he lived alone in the shabby little house—it was no longer home—on a dingy, narrow street in New York, watching and waiting with almost pitiful eagerness for the letters written in the big, boyish scrawl. But never once did he write Fritz; not even did he send the picture of the mother that the boy asked for. He lived for nothing; just waiting—for what, he did not know.

Then came the letter. Carl's fingers trembled as he opened it. So sick did he feel that it was not until he had sat down in the old Morris chair that he took the letter from the envelope. Then, unfolding it, he read:

Dearest Father:

When you get this I shall be in eternity, for I know that it is only a few minutes before I go out into that other world. I got it just above the heart. I'm not a bit afraid, either, Dad, for it seems as though I can see mother, and, Dad, I'm going to her for I know she wants me. Just a little time more and I'll be over the top. And don't feel bad

for I am so tired and so I am going to sleep in Flanders field, father, forever. In the field of the poppies; they are dripping with dark crimson blood, but Dad, it is pure. They are nodding and beckoning to me, those poppies. O, Dad! it is growing dark—terribly dark. I can hardly see and so I am going to kiss you good-night and then—dearest father, I am going to sleep—forever.

Fritz.

A convulsive sob tore the man's soul. He looked up at the picture of Christ. Was he dreaming, or really were those lips parted in a mocking smile? No! He would cheat Christ. With a quick, catlike movement he threw himself toward the table, wrenched open the drawer and snatching up the revolver that lay inside, Carl pressed it to his heart.

But the sad, reproachful face of his son came to Carl Sterns as he stood there. He could see the deathlike pallor on his boy's face as he lay there in that Flanders field. He saw the blood, the life blood of his boy slowly oozing from the ragged hole in the lung.

"—and so I am going to sleep in Flanders field, father, forever." The words burned in his head; the room was swimming around him. With a clash the revolver dropped from his hand and in agony far more torturing than any bullet could inflict, Carl Sterns sank in a crumpled heap to the floor, dead.



LOCALS

"One Day is Pressed On By Another"

It has been necessary for two years to have Semi-semi Finals in preparation for the Junior Speaking Exhibition, although they have not been public until this year. The following tried out recently in the Assembly Hall:

How Jimmy Tended the Baby.....

.....Eleanor Bragg

The Soldier's Reprieve.....Anna Daley

A Modern Sermon.....Cleora Dickey

Crowned With Glory and Honor.....

.....Marjorie Driscoll

On the Other Train.....Mildred French

Jonathan T. Ward, Jr.....Alice Hewey

The Black Sheep.....Kate Kamenkovitz

On the Other Train.....Mary Largay

The Fool.....Doris Mayo

Home.....June Mills

Woolsey and Cromwell.....Janet Nason

Foes United in Death.....Marjorie Nason

A Man At Court.....Frances Patten

The Bartholdi Statue.....Queenie Peters

Stuart, the Painter.....June Richardson

Barbara Frietchie.....Barbara Tyler

The Mustard Plaster.....Pauline Turner

The Freckled-Faced Little Girl.....

.....Alberta Wakely

The Death of Paul Dombey.....

.....Hazel Wentworth

Young Fellow, My Lad....Carolyn Woods

Following the speaking of the girls there was a ten-minute recess while the judges, Mr. Proctor and Miss Parker, gave their decisions. Then the boys spoke:

Webster's Reply to Hayne...Henry Bacon
President Wilson's Baltimore Address...

.....George Billington

New England.....Granville Bond

Burke on Conciliation.....John Caulfield

The Union Soldier.....Paul Croxford

The Loss of the San Francisco.....

.....David Goldstein

Heroes and Ma.....Andrew Hatch

One Flag for Our Country...Henry Hersey

Not Guilty.....Thomas Jordan

The Gettysburg Address..Elwood Kimball

The Gallop of Three...Eugene MacDonald

The Flag.....John Meade

Adam Roth.....Carl Meinecke

Caught in the Quick Sands.....

.....Thomas Nelligan

A Speech of Patrick Henry.....

.....Chester Nichols

The Meaning of the Declaration of Inde-

pendenceFrancis O'Connor

Liberty and Union.Philip Oak

President Wilson's Baltimore Address...

.....William Rowe

What Is Patriotism.....Gerald Robinson

The New South.....Clarence Sullivan

Of these the following were finally chosen for the Semi-Finals:

Eleanor Bragg, Anna Daley, Mildred French, Janet Nason, Frances Patten, Queenie Peters, June Richardson, Pauline Turner, Alberta Wakely, Carolyn Woods and Paul Croxford, Thomas Jordan, Henry Hersey, Granville Bond, Elwood Kimball, Eugene MacDonald, Thomas Nelligan, Francis O'Connor, Philip Oak and William Rowe.

Following the Semi-Finals the judges announced the following to speak at the Junior Exhibition: Eleanor Bragg, Anna Daley, Frances Patten, June Richardson, Carolyn Woods, Paul Croxford, Thomas Jordan, Philip Oak, Francis O'Connor and William Rowe.

Several rooms were honored by an unexpected visitor recently. A little girl came to school who left her hat and coat in one of the rooms while she went on a tour of inspection among many others. She was a source of amusement to everybody and the only explanation she gave for her sudden arrival was that she came to bring "Tommy's dinner."

The Senior essays will be due this year on March 17th, instead of March 4th as they have been hitherto. The titles should be passed in on or before February 7th. The essays must consist of not less than 500 nor more than 800 words. A new rule has been made concerning them. All students, who

in their Junior year had an average rank of at least eighty in English, are required to write one, while the others are not required to do so but may if they choose.

June F. Ames, ex-'20, is employed in clerical work at the Eastern Manufacturing Company.

There was no school Friday, January 24, on account of the extremely bad weather.

Miss Imogene Wormwood is now fully recovered from an operation for appendicitis which she was obliged to undergo. During her absence her classes have been taken by Mrs. George A. Phillips.

Esther Kinney, '19, entertained the Domestic Science girls of the Senior class, at her home recently. Everybody enjoyed herself immensely. They divided their time between playing games and making pop corn balls and candy which they have learned how to make in Domestic Science.

Carl Smith, '21, has left school and is at present attending Shaw's Business College.

Mumps have been very prevalent this term. Those who have not been afflicted seem to think it quite a joke, but it's no joke to the victims.

One of the school physicians says that the "flu" seems to be "packing its grip" for departure. That is indeed good news.



"We Only Part To Meet Again"

Harold H. Hubbard, '17, who is stationed on the U. S. S. New York, was recently home on a short furlough.

A wedding of unusual interest to Oracle readers took place on January 22nd, when Miss Frances Marion Dunning was united in marriage to Lieut. Walter Howell Triplett. Both graduated from Bangor High School in the class of 1906. Mrs. Triplett is a graduate of Dana Hall and Simmons College. She has been teaching in the Domestic Science department here until the close of last term. Lieut. Triplett, who is a graduate of both the University of Michigan and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is now a successful mining engineer at Sonora, Mexico, where they will reside.

The sad death of Miss Beatrice A. Grant, '10, occurred in Corinna recently after a short illness with influenza, followed by pleuro-pneumonia. Miss Grant was a very brilliant student and she was awarded the medal for the best essay in 1910. Later

she studied at the University of Pennsylvania and returned here to teach in the Gilman Commercial school. At the time of her death she was teaching commercial branches at Corinna Academy.

Harold Grant, '15, who is studying at the University of Pennsylvania Dental School, and Earl Grant, '17, who is attending the Wharton School of Finance in Philadelphia, were recently called home by the death of their sister, Miss Beatrice Grant.

James P. Quine, '13, who has been in the service at Fort Myers, Virginia, has been honorably discharged.

Lieut. George A. McWilliams, '11, has received his honorable discharge from the service, after training at Camp Gordon, Georgia. Lieut. McWilliams won the Essay Medal in 1911.

Sergt. Kenneth Smith, '13, in a letter to his mother, writes that he received his Red Cross Christmas box the day after Christmas. He says that on the two days preceding Christmas and Christmas day they marched steadily into Germany. Sergt.

Smith is with the 301st Field Signal Battalion which went out with the 76th Division from Camp Devens last July.

Ensign Ralph Jordan, ex-'14, is home on a two weeks' furlough from the navy where he has been since June, 1917. Ensign Jordan has had many interesting and thrilling experiences since he has been in the navy. He took examinations and was commissioned an ensign at the United States Naval Base at Brest. He was on the yacht "Kanawha" when it was ordered to sea from Brest to convoy ships coming from America. The ships were the four great transports bearing the famous Rainbow Division, the first over. Ensign Jordan was on the "Lamson," a United States destroyer, in convoy, when the "Antilles" was sunk and his ship aided in the rescue of the survivors.

Lieut. Donald Bryant, ex-'11, has been ill in a hospital in Vichy, France, but is now recovering. Lieut. Bryant was in the signal corps service and his illness is thought to be due to overwork and nervous exhaustion.

Pvt. Paul Freese, '16, has arrived safely in New York from overseas. Pvt. Freese served in the 57th Heavy Artillery where he was fortunate enough to come through several of the largest battles without a scratch.

Sergt. Louis Fleming, '11, who is stationed at Camp Seveir, South Carolina, came north recently and spent a ten days' furlough in Bangor.

Anna Epstein, '15, University of Maine, '19, has been elected to the honorary society of Phi Kappa Phi. Miss Epstein attained the highest rank throughout her whole four years.

Musician Alton E. Foster, '08, who is overseas with the Second Cavalry band, writes that he received his Christmas box in good condition.

Franklin Gould, ex-'17, who is stationed on the U. S. S. "Porter," has recently been home on a furlough.

"France is a great place, for the longer one stays here the better he likes America. It's my opinion that the French who have never seen the U. S. A. are to be pitied," writes Corp. Donald H. Boothby, '12. Corp. Boothby is located at present in Ussel, a small town in the south central part of France, where once a day he drives a large truck to a coal mine twenty miles away.

Sergt. Roland Lancaster, '10, has recently received his honorable discharge and has returned to his home. Sergt. Lancaster has been serving in the 56th Balloon Company, stationed in Texas, and later at Newport News, Virginia, waiting orders to sail overseas.

Sergt. Forrest G. Lancaster, '07, is now located in Grand Pre, France. Sergt. Lancaster, who is truck master of an ammunition train, expects to return to this country by spring.



"Games Lubricate the Body and the Mind"

BASEKETBALL.

BANGOR VS. ORONO.

Friday, January 10, the basketball team went to Orono. The men who made the trip were: Bacon, Fairbrother, Gallagher, Oak, Toole, Greeley, Goldstein and N. Cohen. The team was accompanied by Mr. Mitchell, Ass't. M'g'rs White and Collins, and a few supporters. Coach Johnston could not go because of illness in his family, but George Smith acted as coach.

The game was played in the Orono town hall and began at 8.10. After about five minutes of play, Virgie scored a penalty shot for Orono. Shortly after, Fairbrother scored for Bangor.

The game was interesting, but Orono seemed to think she was playing football, and consequently there were a good many unnecessary bumps for both sides.

Summary.

B. H. S. (28)

Fairbrother, 2, l. f.....r. b., Virgie, (1) 2
Greeley, 1, r. f.....l. b., Boulter, 3
Oak, 1, c.....c., Burdeen, 1; Ross
Toole (acting Capt.) (2) 9, l. b.....

.....r. f., Finley, 1
Bacon, r. b.....l. f., Page, 1

Referee, Potter, U. of M. Time, two 20-minute periods.

BANGOR VS. RUMFORD.

Rumford won from Bangor by a score of 42 to 17. The game was played January 17 on the City hall floor before a fair-sized audience. Rumford had a far heavier team but the Bangor fellows played their best and made a good showing.

The High School Band furnished music before the game and between the periods. After the game there was a dance for which Rice's orchestra furnished the music.

Summary.

B. H. S. (17)

Orters, 3, l. f.....r. b., Roy
Greeley, Short, r. f.....l. b., Powitt
Oak, McNeil, 5, c.....c., Galvariski, 13
Goldstein, l. b.....r. f., Bovin, 6
Toole, (acting Capt.) (1) r. b.....l. f., Clark, 2

Referee, Verne Beverly, Bangor. Time, two twenty-minute periods.

R. H. S. (42)

BANGOR VS. MORSE HIGH.

Bangor sent seven men to Bath, Friday, January 24, to play Morse High in the school gymnasium. Mr. Mitchell and Manager Matthews accompanied the players, who were: Toole, Goldstein, Oak, McNeil, Greeley, Orters and Short. The players returned Saturday.

Summary.

B. H. S. (12) M. H. S. (44)
 Toole (acting Capt.) (2) l. b.....
l. f., Holbrook, (2) 6
 Goldstein, Oak, l. b.....
r. f., Haraden, (Capt.) 5
 McNeil, 2, c.....c., Perkins, 9
 Greeley, 1; Orters, l. f.....
r. b., McMann; Cummings, 1
 Short, 1, r. f.....l. b., Call
 Referee, Coss of Bath. Time, two
 twenty-minute periods.

BANGOR VS. KENT'S HILL.

The Kent's Hill Seminary team came to Bangor, Friday, January 31. The team was accompanied by Coach Gales and Manager Steves.

The game was played on the City hall floor and was fast and exciting. Kent's Hill started by getting a basket in the first minute of play. Short evened the score in the next minute and from that time on Bangor was in the lead or tied with Kent's Hill.

Summary.

B. H. S. (32) K. H. S. (18)
 Toole, (Capt.) 5, l. b...r. f., Herson, 1; Luce
 Goldstein, r. b.....l. f., Hammond
 Oak, c.....c., Horan (Capt.) 7
 Fairbrother, 1; Orters, r. f....l. b., Talbot, 1
 Greeley, 2
 Short, 8, l. f.....r. b., March
 Referee, Earl Heal, B. A. A. Time, two
 twenty-minute periods.

* * * *

Capt. Pierce of C Company, is promoting inter-company sports. Basketball teams have been formed in the cadet companies. The teams practice or play after their respective company drills.

TRACK.

B. H. S. is to send a team to the Bowdoin meet, February 22. Clarence (Pete) Allen, B. H. S., '18, is coaching the team. Several of last year's men are out so the team will probably be a good one.



"A Knock-Down Argument, 'tis but a Word and a Blow"

On Thursday afternoon, January 19, the Senate, represented by Frank Washburn, Robert McCann and Wilson Hathorn, accepting the challenge of the Girls' Debating Society, took their stand against Marjorie O'Connell, Josephine B. Clough and Agnes B. Olsen in debate upon the question: Resolved, that a League of Nations should be adopted in the year nineteen hundred nineteen.

A League of Nations—a federation, representing every nation on the globe, is nothing more than the century-old ideal of universalism—a universalism dreamed of since the time of man. But never has the need been so great as at present—the need for every nation to contribute "her service, her time, and her purpose, to the one object of procuring some kind of an agreement among those people upon which can be based the assurance of peace among the civilized nations of the world; upon which there may be constructed some form of an arrangement or organization through which all disputes arising between intelligent men and Christian peoples might be heard and disposed of, without being subject to the bloody arbitration of war with its desolating results; in a word, to prevent the repetition of the unspeakable calamities, these indescribable horrors, these unnamable atrocities

ties to which civilization has been forced to descend; and, in the name of Christianity, to bring about an everlasting peace, now and forevermore."

The Affirmative, upheld by the Girls' Debating Society, argued that a League of Nations was merely the realization of a century-old principle of unification which has been the dream of man since time immemorial; that it was necessary for the future welfare of the entire world; that it was moral; and that the method would in every way be practicable. As an example of this last point, the United States was cited as a notable example of forty-eight separate sovereignties living together in peace and equanimity.

The Negative, upheld by the Senate, argued that the situation of Russia, the desire of England to retain her navy, etc., would inevitably result in great disturbances if such a plan were adopted; that the very wording of the question was such as to make a League of Nations impossible. A year would be absolutely too short for the adjustment of all the complexities which would of necessity arise.

The Negative rebuttal was given by Mr. McCann and that of the Affirmative by Miss O'Connell.

The debate was hotly contested by both

the Affirmative and the Negative, and lasted for about an hour, the decision being awarded unanimously to the Affirmative by the judges, Miss Mary C. Robinson, Miss Ella Pennell and Mr. Clarence Proctor of the school faculty. In making the announcement Miss Robinson spoke of the excellent quality of the speaking, and of the fact that much assertion had been made without proof. However, she said that as

the question was one that the future must decide, proof was of necessity lacking.

The second meeting of the Girls' Debating Society was held January 30, in the form of an open forum, on the subject: Resolved, that the Classical Course is more beneficial to the student in the long run than the Commercial.





"Our Best Thoughts Come From Others"

The Exchange list of The Oracle was lengthened this month by over a dozen new papers. We wish to extend our greetings to our new friends and the sincere wish that we may often find them with us.

Hampden Academy has succeeded in publishing as their first copy of the "Sedan" a paper in which any school might justly take pride. From cover to cover it represents the most painstaking work and we consider it one of our best Exchanges. Come again!

The Budget from Vail Deane is a unique but wholly pleasing magazine. The Literary Department is especially creditable.

The Tripod—Your paper, although severely brief, is nevertheless good. A blank page in the Advertising Section, however, does not indicate all that might be desired.

In reviewing the past month's Exchanges we found three papers in which grave grammatical errors have occurred. After writing a sentence of the mean sum of eighty-three words one author slightly omitted the verb—a word although perhaps small

in itself, plays a very important role in the sentence. Errors such as these which might very advantageously be corrected in a moment indicate an unwise haste in preparation.

The Kernel from Kentucky represents the ideal paper. Its cover is always novel and attractive and its contents are invariably excellent.

The Lake Breeze—The Advertising Section in your paper is one of the leading attractions. The Ads. are snappy and enlivened with numerous cuts. We think a general expanding would be an improvement as your paper is unusually brief.

The Nautilus—The Memorial number of your paper is, without doubt, one of the best patriotic issues that we have received and portrays very vividly one side of your scholastic life.

ON THE JOKE.

With so many new "Days" being inaugurated we wish to make a suggestion: Why not appoint April First as "Old Joke

Day" and on that date hold appropriate services for the Old Jokes that have continued in circulation since time immemorial? Reading a "stale" joke is, to our way of thinking, about as pleasing an experience as opening a bad egg. Only a person who has been Exchange Editor can realize how utterly discouraging it is to read the same joke in a score of different papers, and then, in unpleasant retrospection, to remember that that joke was one of your favorites years ago. Jokes, like library books, should be labeled with the date on which their period of usage expires.

The Cotec—We like the cuts that head the various departments—and you have a large number of them, too. Your Poetry page is novel and we are glad to see that you have a few in your school who are interested along that line.

The Organug—The Pine Tree State may certainly be proud of her young and enterprising papers, among which you stand foremost. The size of your magazine is unusual but decidedly agreeable. May your career be a thoroughly successful one!

The Wyndonian—Your jokes are very snappy. Why not lengthen your paper by developing the various departments more thoroughly? We take the privilege of reprinting the following:

Murderer—Is this the guy who is to defend me?

Judge—Yes, he is your lawyer.

Murderer—If he should die could I have another?

Judge—Certainly!

Murderer—Can I see him alone a few minutes?

Pupil in French, trying to use "if" in a sentence. Si-si-si-si—

Voice from the rear—Aw, sit down. You're si-sick.

An intoxicated man threw his arms around a telegraph pole, and then began to feel it with his hands. Round and round he went. Finally he gave it up and muttered: "No use, I am walled in."

Mutt—Do you know Theda Bara's brother?

Nutt—No, what's his name?

Mutt—Paul Bara.

Judge—You say the man shot you in the ribs?

Defendant—No, he shot me in the back yard behind the pig pen.

Mr. Dancer—I think Dubbs is the worst dancer on the floor.

Miss Dancer—Hush, you forget yourself.

Soph: "Can a person be punished for something he hasn't done?"

Teacher: "Of course not."

Soph: "Well, I haven't done my Algebra."

Young man (to a clerk in a store): "I'd like to see you apart for a moment."

Lady clerk: "Say, kid, whdayah think I am? A picture puzzle for the little ones!"



"Humor is the Offspring of Man"

Do you read:

Magazine

Edited by

1. "Popular"....."Toody" Olsen
2. "Scientific American"...."Joe" Malone
3. "The Designer".....R. Bolton
4. "Life"....."Kid" Orters (?)
5. "Independent"...."Helligan" Harrigan
6. "Adventure"
-"Don" and "Phil" S. B. (?)
7. "Idler"....."Blocky" O'Leary
8. "Vogue"....."Cohen" Goldsmith
9. "American Boy"....."Shorty" Gustin
10. "Bookman"....."Woodrow" Harthorn
11. "Musical America".....
- B. H. S. Orchestra
12. "Physical Culture".....Major Smart
13. "The Study of Animals".....
-"Brute" Gillen
14. "Leslie's"....."Les" Bowler
15. "Ambition"....."Fat" Clark
16. "Reason"....."Jim" Buckley
17. "Social Service"...."Bunty" Caulfield
18. "Poetry"....."Mort" Bell
19. "Current Opinion"....."The Fish"
20. "The Country Gentleman"
-"Heck" Burrill

21. "Woman's Home Companion"

....."Bunion" Russell

22. "Kindergarten".....P. J. Searles

....."Kewpie" Bond

.....Henry Bacon

.....R. Matthews

23. "War Camp Community

Service".....E. Starrett, W. R.

24. "Little Folks".....The Freshmen

H. H. '20 (translating French): "While Pierrot ate our friends—"

Mme. B—: "What was that, Mr. H—?"

H. H.: "Er—while our friends ate themselves—"

Miss P— (in Latin): "I wouldn't use that meaning. You wouldn't say 'I consumed an hour on Latin,' would you?"

Voice from the rear: "No, wasted."

—

Miss C—'20, (in Greek): "He was summoned to be cut to pieces."

Miss P— (in Latin): "How many terminations has this adjective?"

Miss W— '20: "Two determinations."

R. N. '21 (giving setting-up drill):
"Now go up on your toes, one at a time."

J. A. B. '19, and F. P. '19, were heard
discussing suits.

B—: "My suit wore like iron."

P—: "So did mine—it got all rusty."

Mme. B—: "What is The Rhone?"

Miss W—'20: "Where he was walking."

Miss A. W. (in Latin): "What is the
adjective we get from Gallus?"

Pupil: "Garlic."

Miss D—'20 (in Spanish): "They had
been eating for two days."

Miss P— (in Latin): "What is the
nearest English derivation of Vereor?"

Miss W—'20: "Very."

We think Carolyn's mind must have been
wandering—symptoms of absent-minded-
ness have been noticed since Friday,
January 17.

Miss F— (in Spanish): "If you don't
keep that stress you will lose your eye (i)
Miss M—"

H. D. H. '19, journeyed to Maine one
night last week to give the "Cow Men" a
few lessons in modern dancing.

It is reported that H. Bacon and R.
Matthews are still members of good stand-
ing in the "Cradle Robbers' Club."

Oak, '20: "May I speak to Mr. —?"

Miss P—: "Well if he knows more than
you do, you can ask him something."

Oak, '20: "Oh, I know more than he
does, so I am going to tell him something."

Miss R— in English: "What is Il
Penseroso?"

P. J. Sea-les, '19: "Il Penseroso is the
study of midnight by candlelight."

Mr. V—: "What college are you going
to Mr. O'Le-y?"

O'Lea-y, '20: "Rip Van Winkle's Prep.
down in Sleepy Hollow."



OH YOU WOMAN HATER!

Mr. B—: "Who was the author that
occasionally went fishing with President
Pierce?"

Ha-th-ne, '19: "Harriet Beecher Stowe."

B. H. '20, walking along the corridor with
E. T. '21. Soldier Sea-l-s '19, comes up
from the rear. B. H. drops back two paces.
Searles advances two paces and "Carrys
on."



DO YOU RECOGNIZE ANY OF YOUR CLASSMATES?

Why did R. O-t-rs '19, leave Bath on an early train?

Ask "Jake" Toole.

Explaining "About Face."

You put one of your toes behind another one and turn to the right backwards. If you come out all right you ought to be like when you started, only the other way round.

(And still the world rolls on!!!)

Found in B. H. S.

1. A drink.....Coffey
2. A fuel.....Cole
3. Frozen Mist.....Frost
4. A tree.....Oak
5. A forest.....Woods
6. A bird.....Crowe
7. A cereal.....Rice
8. A city.....Milan
9. A meat.....Bacon
10. A vegetable.....Beane
11. A fruit.....Berry
12. An implement.....Toole
13. A gentle animal.....Lamb
14. A maker of bread.....Baker
15. A maker of barrels.....Cooper
16. A fetter.....Bond
17. A grinder of corn.....Miller
18. A thoroughfare.....Street
19. A part of the year.....Day
20. Wet land.....Marsh

—Ri Juno

C. R.—'20 (in French): "On these trees some young people were mounted."

Miss W—'20 (translating French): "In half a voice he spoke to the children."

B. Davis (calling the roll at drill): "Miss Davis."

No answer.

"Miss Davis."

And then she came to.

Characteristic Proverbs.

Miss M. R.: "Sufficient to the day is the smile thereof."

Miss I. C.: "A restless countenance hides a restful soul."

Miss S. S.: "As the grace of man is mind, so the beauty of mind is eloquence."

Miss E. H.: "One may live without knowledge, one may live without books, but civilized man cannot live without cooks."

Miss F. R.: "And her voice, it sounded as the gentle rain from heaven."

Mr. C. P.: "Deeds, not words."

Miss M. H.: "Wisdom is the mother of all arts."

Miss I. W.: "Sweets to the sweet, farewell."

Miss V. K.: "Of all those arts in which the wise excel, nature's chief masterpiece is typewriting well."

—R. C. '21.

B. Davis (at drill): "Now if you girls will only stop talking, I'll tell you anything you want to know."

H. H. '20, (translating French): "Each house in this region has a mulberry nursery."

Miss S—'21 (translating *Vous etes venu de Londres*): "You came from a laundry."

Teacher: "If you use 'can' for the present tense in the Potential Mood, what is the past tense?"

Voice from back of room: "Canned."

Question for Physics Students.

Why is Boyle's Law similar to love?

Answer: As the volume of the gas decreases the pressure increases.

It is said that N. Cohen never uses his brain except when he is walking.

Announcement.

By the request of one of the parties, we would like to make a correction: The initials of R. Mc, '19, under the title of "Popular Songs" in the song "Mary, Mary, you're the Girl For Me," in the last Oracle, should be changed to G. B. '20.

Miss R— Senior English: Asking the question of how the lady was held in the chair (in Comus.)

Voice from back of room: "Le Page's Glue."

Since P. J. Sea-les, '19, has returned from soldiering at the U. of M. he has made rapid strides here at B. H. S. as a social lion. He has received the nickname of "Katy."

Manager Matthews of the basbet-ball team, reports that a certain young lady of B. H. S. is very anxious that Bangor and Lewiston have a game at Bangor this year.

Grrrrr and Announcement.

In Assembly Hall, H. C. I.,

January 31, 1919.

A. B. C. Olsen,

Bangor High School's famous reader,

Will render a selection on

"Benefits of Rural Life."

Special car from Bangor Everybody Come

Madame in French: What is a man standing on when he is stamping his feet?

G. Sm-th, '19, has discovered some new chemical formulas. It is said they are very dangerous.

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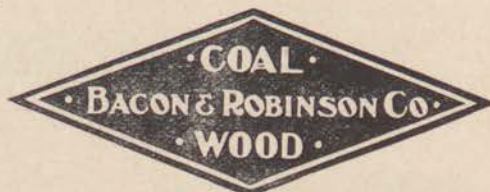
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OR LIVE TO EAT

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