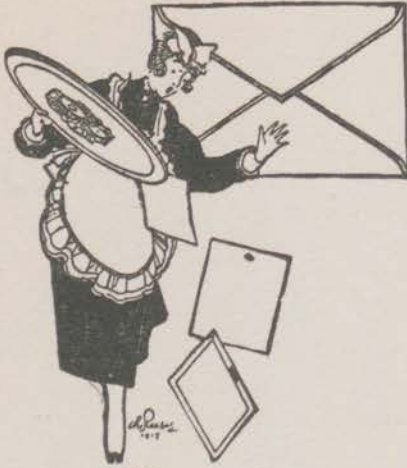


# ORACLES

## APRIL





**Crane's  
Linen Lawn**

[ THE CORRECT WRITING PAPER ]

**EDWIN O. HALL**  
88 Central St., Bangor, Me.

**An Hour a Day**

in the

**Y. M. C. A.**

will keep you fit and  
help you finish the  
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NEWNESS, MERIT, ECONOMY, ARE ALL IN EVIDENCE IN THE FINE COLLECTION OF SPRING GOODS THAT ARE SHOWN HERE. IT IS A STYLE EXPOSITION OF SURPASSING EXCELLENCE AND AUTHORITY AND MERITS YOUR MOST CAREFUL INSPECTION.

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81 Central St. 181 Exchange St. 511 Main St.  
BANGOR, MAINE

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All mail orders given prompt attention

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**WILBUR S. COCHRANE**

*TEACHER OF PIANO*

SIGHT READING, EAR TRAINING AND KEYBOARD HARMONY

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developed, then **GET BACK OF A**

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**THEY ARE MILD BUT VERY TASTY AND AROMATIC**

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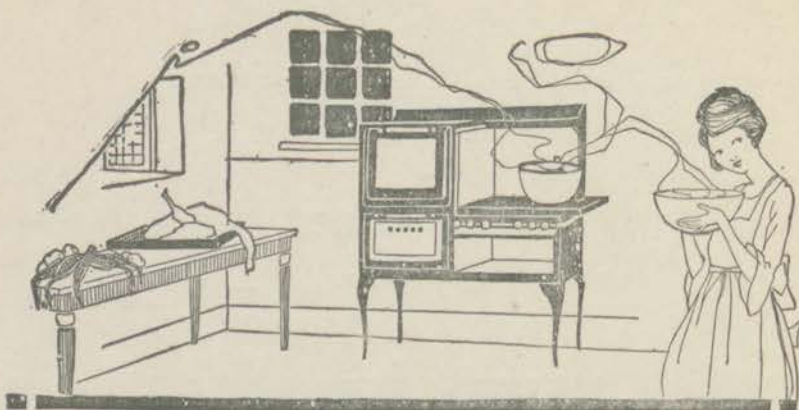
and there are some wonderful fabrics at that price

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# THE NEW YORK SYNDICATE

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We are Headquarters for  
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LADIES' DINING ROOM UPSTAIRS

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BANGOR, MAINE

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Start one now at this Bank.

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We have a great many young people among our customers; we have helped a great many to success in business. We stand ready to co-operate with you and assist you by every means at our command.

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
"THE BANK OF SAFETY AND SERVICE"

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# THE ORACLE

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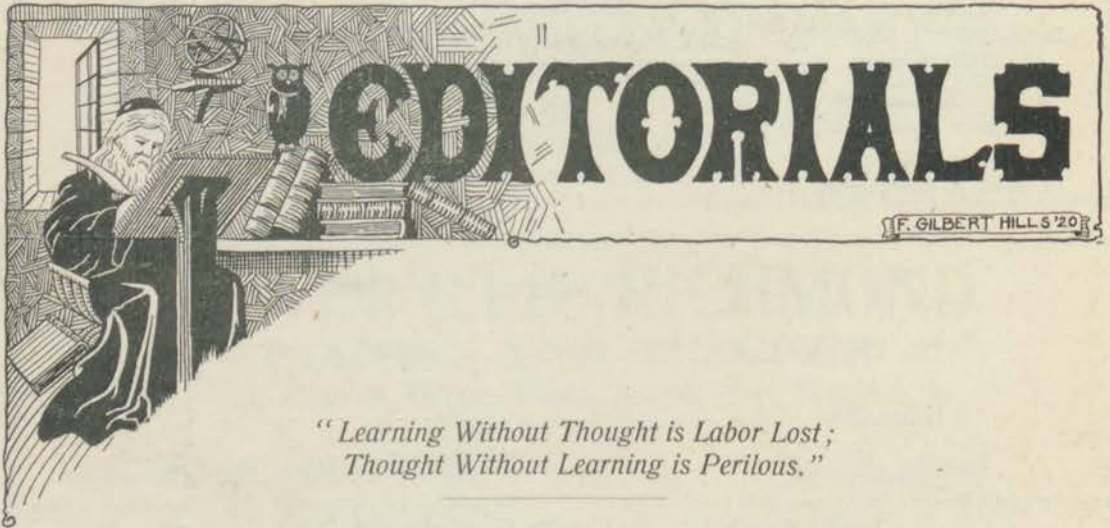
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VOL. XXVIII

APRIL 1920

NO. 7



*"Learning Without Thought is Labor Lost;  
Thought Without Learning is Perilous."*

A Bangor minister, in asking his congregation to contribute to a European relief fund, recently, referred to a cartoon in the "Literary Digest." He said, "That cartoon is expressive of America's generosity; it shows a freight train; one car is labeled 'Millions for the relief of something in Europe,' another, 'Millions for the relief of something else in Europe,' and so on to the end of the long train."

Insofar as he told of the cartoon he was perfectly correct, but he did not explain it all. In the foreground, watching the train, is an American soldier on crutches. He wears three gold stripes on his left sleeve—eighteen months overseas. A placard explains the figure: "Discharged from hospital, unfit for work and without

pay."

Yes, the cartoon expresses America's attitude. The people of this country seem perfectly willing, not to say eager, to give money for the relief of Europe; but they do not seem to be willing to loan money for the aid of their own fighting men. They organize committees and make drives to raise money for Europe; and they organize committees and write letters to their Congressmen to cut down appropriations.

This country can do as much as, if not more than, England, Canada and Australia for her returned soldiers, England and Canada gave their soldiers substantial bonuses and saw that they had sufficient money to live on till they obtained employment. Australia employed her soldiers practically as soon as they were discharged.



Canada and Australia both saw that lands were given to the men who desired to take up farming, and that about \$2,500 was advanced to each man at easy interest that he might get a fair start. Australia went a step farther than Canada: she gave her soldiers substantial homes on farm land at a yearly rent of one shilling—two cents a month.

All three of the countries pensioned their disabled men so that they can live comfortably. Australia, which, by the way, is nearest like this country, gave each permanently disabled man about \$3,000.

Compare these records to what this country has done for her soldiers. On, or perhaps sometime after, receiving their discharge our soldiers were given a bonus of \$60. As one soldier expressed it: "After buying an outfit of 'civies' and a package of cigarettes that \$60 was gone." The government made no direct effort to furnish employment for the men; that was left to organizations like the K. of C.

Shortly after the demobilization was completed a plan for giving land to the ex-service men was proposed. No plan for making loans to the men, was made. Without this the land-grant idea would have been practically useless for the men would have had no money to purchase the necessary equipment.

So far Congress has done nothing for the aid of the discharged soldiers but it is reported that no less than thirty-four different bills now awaiting action in the lower House contain plans for this action.

It has been proposed that money for soldier relief be raised by a small tax on necessities of life. This, it is thought, would meet with no great objection and would provide money for the carrying out of one of the proposed plans of action.

Even if a strong objection were made the objectors could probably be made to realize that by cutting down their gifts to Europe

the small tax could be easily paid and that by paying this they would be doing a great patriotic service.

"Charity begins at home."

An experiment conducted recently by one of the greatest weekly magazines of this country brought out some interesting facts about deportation of the "Red" agitators on the "Buford." The magazine communicated with labor leaders all over the country asking about the number of known agitators in their districts and their opinions concerning the deportation of the "Reds."

The replies show that Maine is free from "Reds," or at least "Red" agitators. Three other states also report freedom from the pest.

The opinions on the deportation were varied. A good part of the leaders favored unrestricted deportation, others a trial and the deportation of the worst of the "Reds" and jail sentences for some of the less rabid but guilty ones. Still others were against deportation as being directly opposite to the ideas of the founders of this country. Another group demanded an explanation of the term "Red" agitator" before committing themselves. Twenty-two were not wholly in favor of either one course or the other, but favored a compromise. Six said they were indifferent; six leaders without any opinion! They must be officers of unions that have "Red" members or they must be simply figure heads.

Of those with divided opinions, the majority seemed to favor a five-year period of no immigration and the Americanization of the aliens in this country.

All the replies emphasized the fact that true American laborers will have nothing to do with the "Reds" and assured the magazine of the "hundred per cent. Americanism" of their respective unions.





*"The Richest Minds Need Not Large Libraries."*

## PUBLIC SPEAKING

By Crosby J. Hodgman, '21.



IN the first place let it be known that far be it for me to give any authoritative advice on Public Speaking. In my brief career I have faced an audience only twice (as it were) so I will not write about that. The subject that I am going to expound upon is an event that falls due March 26. The three witches, along with Hecate in "Macbeth"—plus several other deliverers of evil and fate—have upon me placed their curse. On March 26, I must face an Audience, spelt with capital "A." My imagination pictures the event.

I am sitting in the first row on the stage. On my left are four more suffering individuals; on my right five more. Little pity have I for them—I need my entire supply for myself.

I am sitting in the front row on the stage. Before me, row after row, aisle after aisle, are faces. Yes! down there on the left hand side, third row down, I see mother, dad, and my kid sister, with her hair done up in pigtails. How I wish I were sitting with them! There in the center, first seat in the balcony is, is—(how I wish I were beside her). It seems to me that every one is staring at me; there is not a friendly face in the hall. Everybody is gazing at me until it seems to me that they can read the

very terror written upon my soul.

I am sitting in the first row on the stage. My mouth becomes dry; I swallow—and wonder what that lump is that is slowly rising toward my throat. The back of my head begins to itch. I am afraid to scratch it. It seems to me that my necktie is twisted over one ear (after I had spent all that time tying it). The part in my hair is gone, so I dream. Another time I will moisten it with vaseline instead of water. The cold sweat stands out upon my noble brow, my mighty fists clutch with terror. My shoe string comes untied—I dare not bend over to fix it. Some clumsy fellow has been standing on my shoe—I need another shine, but cannot take out my handkerchief to do it. I feel as though I am going to sneeze. The lump by now has reached my throat; my heart is beating there, instead of in its customary position. My mighty frame is shaking with horrible fear, my eyes are staring straight ahead—seeing only faces, faces, more faces. As I sit there terror-stricken, distracted, paralyzed, I hear a voice; it sounds as Gabriel's trumpet must sound, calling me to my doom, calling me to stand before that mob. I slowly unwind my shaking form; I am before the audience.



## MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Julia Johnson



I am only a stubby little pencil, but I was once as long as the best and newest of you. My coat was of the prettiest green, and my cap was the cutest little pink rubber that ever graced a pencil.

I had a name, too,—“Velvet No. 3”—printed on my side in dainty silver letters.

Oh, such treatment as I have received! My pretty cap is now entirely gone because my owner was often hungry (the school sessions were so long), and chewed it to nothing. My handsome name has disappeared, and I have been tortured incessantly by a queer looking machine, which I have heard those thoughtless pupils call a pencil sharpener, a name very suitable. I must say, as I have left more than two-thirds of my slender form in its cruel jaws.

Perhaps you would like to hear my story. Well, one day as I was enjoying myself on a shelf in Ara Warren's store, a rosy-cheeked girl came in and paid ten cents. I was then picked out and given to her (un-

happily for me).

I found myself in a bookbag in bondage with a French Grammar, a Modern History, and an exceedingly disagreeable book named The Sketch Book. The next thing I knew I was in a schoolroom and from that time I had a wonderful time writing notes under the teacher's disapproving eye, and sometimes being caught with a graceful scrawl like this

“He's getting ready some nice little ‘come backs,’” which was true, though I never received any of the blame or punishment. It was always my owner.

I am now abandoned in the dark recesses of a bookbag with a handkerchief, (for my tears maybe) a pen, and a hateful looking-glass that delights in showing me how old and ugly I look. My place has been taken by a new pencil, while my owner's only excuse for hiding me away is because, “exams are coming so I must turn over a new leaf and start in all fresh with a new pencil.”

## A PLAY

Mary Copeland.

Cast:

Mrs. Blake.

George, the eldest son, age 19, commonly called Georgie.

Robert, the younger son, age 13, called Bob.

Miss Gertrude Knowles, a niece.

Place—Partly in Manchester, a large city, and in the Blake home in Ashford, a suburb of Manchester.

Time—An evening and following day of April.

Act I. Scene I.

Place—The cheerful living room of the Blake home.

Time—Middle of evening.

Mrs. B.—I don't see where Georgie can be.

Bob—Why, where's he gone?

Mrs. B.—Just over to Manchester but he always gets in early.

Bob—'Taint late, Ma.

Mrs. B.—Surely nothing could have happened to him but he ought to be home by now.

Bob—Cheer up, Ma, probably he's gone and got run down by an automobile, an' all mashed up an' most likely they've carried him to the hospital an' don't know who he is an'—

Mrs. B.—Hush, Bob, don't think of such things!

Bob—I wasn't only tellin' what most likely'd happened.

Mrs. B.—Don't contradict and don't tell such stories. It's beginning to rain. I am thankful Georgie took an umbrella. April is catchin' weather but where can he be?

Bob, (who is determined to make only the most brief and polite answers now)—Don't know ma'am.

Mrs. B.—I can't remember whether he wore his rubbers.

Bob—Don't know, ma'am.

Mrs. B.—He really needed his overcoat. It is chilly.

Bob—Don't know, ma'am.

#### Scene II.

Street in Manchester. Raining hard. Georgie Blake walking along, sees a young lady who has taken refuge from the rain in a doorway.

Georgie—Er—er will you accept—er—my protection of the umbrella—Oh, I mean er—of the protection of my umbrella.

Young Lady, (slightly surprised and amused)—Why, yes, thank you. I was very careless not to have brought my umbrella.

Georgie, (who discovers that the young lady is really good looking)—Er—er I'e'me, I mean may I take your bag.

Young Lady—Thank you again. You are very kind. Is the Hotel Astoria in the next block?

Georgie—Yes,—then you don't live here regularly, er—I mean you—

Young Lady—No, I came in on the 9.30 train which was late. I am going to visit my aunt in Ashford but it is so late and raining that I won't go out until tomorrow. (They have reached the entrance of the hotel and stop).

Georgie—Is your aunt er—er—(remembering that the young lady is a stranger and

he had best not ask too many questions). These showers are very unexpected at this season er—er.

Young Lady—Yes, thank you this is the hotel (takes her bag and prepares to enter hotel).

Georgie—Er—you are welcome—perhaps I will see you again. My home is in Ashford.

Young Lady, (realizing that it is a hint to call)—Perhaps so—you see, I have never been here before and I haven't my aunt's address. Do you know—

Georgie (clock strikes ten and Georgie must be safely in bed by that time)—Er—er—good night. I may see you again.

#### Scene III.

Same scene as in Scene I. Mrs. Blake and Bob, Georgie just entering.

Mrs. B.—Well, Georgie, I was nearly crazy about you.

Georgie—I am sorry ma'am but it rained and—

Mrs. B.—Yes, I know it rained, all the more reason you should have been in early.

Georgie—Yes, ma'am, it rained—

Bob—So you've told us twice and if we didn't believe it all we'd have to do is to look out the window. Gee! it's raining cats and dogs now. (Rain beats against window).

Georgie—Well, it rained sort o' sudden like—

Bob (teasing)—Sure it didn't snow?

Georgie—It rained and I had my umbrella and—it rained—er—er—so hard and it was pourin' and in a doorway—

Mrs. B.—Well, for massy's sakes, Georgie, what is the matter?

Bob—Oh, Ma, he's only tellin' us that it rained, and it rained and poured and some-thin' was in a doorway. What was it, Georgie—a cat?

Georgie—She was standing there and I asked her if she wouldn't accept my um-



rella, oh, I mean the protection of my umbrella as it was rainin' sort o' hard.

Mrs. B.—Who was she, one of the Ashford girls?

Georgie—The truth is—I didn't know who she was. She's going to visit her aunt in Ashford. I'd like to know her. Such big, brown, deep eyes and hair—

Bob—Eyes deep as our well, I s'pose. How deep did you say her hair was?

Georgie (too deep in his thoughts to notice Bob)—And a voice like running water.

Mrs. B.—GEORGIE BLAKE!!!

Bob—What happened next, Brud, you asked if she'd accept you?

Georgie (a little enraged)—I asked if she would accept the protection of my umbrella and she said yes and that she was a stranger here.

Bob—Where did you land the lady of the deep, brown, big eyes, and hair and the rippling watery voice?

Georgie—At her hotel, of course—she's going to visit her aunt.

Bob—Cheer up, Georgie, you'll see her again. Ashford is no metropolis.

Mrs. B.—Was that all, Georgie?

Georgie—I guess I asked where her aunt lived or who she was or something but I guess she didn't say. I said—er—I hoped to see her.

Bob (who has completely given way to his mirth)—Is that all?

Georgie—Er—I guess so but I haven't any address.

Mrs. B.—Never mind; it is never safe to take up with a stranger.

Georgie—But ma'am, it was raining and she had no umbrella.

Mrs. B.—Yes, we understand—now to bed, boys, it's eleven o'clock (clock strikes).

#### Act II. Scene I.

Place—At Blake home. Family at breakfast, morning following Act. I.

Mrs. Blake—Your cousin, Gertrude

Knowles, is coming today for a visit. I didn't tell you before as I knew how you would object.

Bob—How long is she going to stay?

Mrs. B.—Indefinitely. She wants to get rested.

Georgie—Well, mother, if three isn't enough in a family?

Bob—Aw, Georgie, remember the girl of the shower. Would you live in the same family with her?

Georgie—Cut it out, Bob—besides she's not my cousin.

(Family rises from table). (Curtain falls).

#### Scene II.

(Miss Knowles just arrived at the Blake home).

Mrs. Blake—Well, Gertie, I surely am glad to see you. You've grown considerably since I've seen you. When did you get to Manchester, this morning?

Miss K.—Last evening, the train was late and I didn't get in until 9.30 and it just poured. I had no umbrella and stopped in a doorway and a young man—oh, Aunt, it was so funny. He was a most embarrassed and stammering sort of person. He asked if I would accept the protection of his umbrella (he got dreadfully mixed when he asked). I said yes, and then he took my bag—it was so funny.

Mrs. B.—I have no doubt. One often has peculiar experiences while traveling.

Miss K.—When we finally reached the hotel he said he hoped to see me again. A pretty broad hint to call—imagine it—the nut—I made the excuse, which I admit was pretty flat, that I didn't know my aunt's address but had to look her up. I certainly didn't want him calling around.

Mrs. B.—No—er—of course not—he being a stranger.

Miss K.—But the funniest part was when the clock struck ten. He stopped me

right in the middle of a sentence and blurted out good night, then rushed off. Evidently his mother doesn't allow him out after ten.

Mrs. B. (somewhat confusedly)—Well—er—well, it was an odd experience. Please excuse me. I must see about supper. (Leaves room somewhat hurriedly).

Miss K.—How different my aunt acts from what I expected. Can it be—no, of course not.

### Scene III.

Blake living room just before the evening meal. Mrs. Blake and her niece, Gertrude Knowles, waiting for the boys.

Mrs. Blake—It is time for the boys. I make it a special rule that they always be prompt. (Bell rings). There they are! (Mrs. B. goes into hall and opens door).

(Enter Mrs. Blake followed by Bob).

Mrs. B.—Robert, this is your cousin, Gertrude Knowles, who is to stay with us for a time.

Bob—Most delighted to meet you (shakes hands).

Miss K.—Glad to know you. I am sure—(Enter Georgie).

Mrs. B.—Georgie, this is Cousin Gertrude Knowles, who—

Georgie (who recognizes his cousin)—You—my cousin!

Miss K. (laughing)—You—my cousin!

Georgie (to his mother)—Pardon, Ma, but—er—er— we have met before under rather—er—unusual circumstances.

Miss K. (slyly)—Yes, and rather wet ones, I believe.

Bob—Gee, are you the girl Georgie raved—

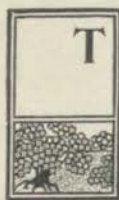
Mrs. B.—Hush, Bob, (a little confused and unable to find anything to say). Come Gertrude, come boys, supper is ready.

(All move toward dining room door—Bob behind).

Bob (aside)—Mighty lucky for Georgie, on account of Ma, but what a shock for him—it sure did rain last night. She's not bad looking—eyes, hair and voice like "rippling water"—Oh!

## THE GREAT MENACE

Gertrude Kearney.



HERE was once upon a time a great kingdom, both powerful and rich. It had the greatest of all rulers, whom we shall call Love.

When I said that the kingdom had great riches, I did not mean gold, silver, and precious stones. I was referring to riches even greater than these—to health, prosperity, and peace.

Here people knew right from wrong. Their laws had been written out for them centuries ago. I do not mean court or political laws. Their laws were of higher degree: "Love thy neighbor as thyself" and "Do unto others as you would have them

do unto you."

Their Ruler was the greatest of all rulers. They knew, loved and obeyed him, yet never conversed with him or saw him. He was always with them; he knew their wants and necessities. He wished them to be as one large family living and working together as brothers. He provided for them and they trusted him.

A few centuries pass. Dark clouds gather over the great kingdom. They seem to be a warning of some great catastrophe. Slowly, but surely, a dim, frightful spectre appears. People do not notice him at first; only a few realize his presence. Unknown to them he is taking possession of their



reasoning powers. Slowly and stealthily he creeps among them, spraying his poison of discontent and envy. Steadily he gains his ends.

They no longer work together in brotherly fashion. Their reasoning powers have been destroyed. They break apart; some are now higher than others. The spectre is whispering his orders among them. They forget their great Ruler and his commands. They rise up in arms and one conflict after another takes place. No sooner does one

die down than another springs up. The spectre is pleased; he has done his work well. Discontent, fighting, and bloodshed are everywhere. Can nothing be done? Will the fierce spectre never cease disturbing? Can no one overcome the spectre?

Yes. Let the people rally to their King; and with common sense, brotherly love and unity, they can surely overcome the uprisings. Then will the whispering spectre indeed be conquered.

## QUIET HOUR IN CAMP

Edna Starrett, '20.

Place: Tent 11, W—— Camp, D——, Maine.

Time: July, 1919. Between 2 and 3 p. m.

Characters:

Miss Moulton, the councillor.

Ann Broad.

Frances Du Moulin, known as Fritzie.

Edna Starrett.

Pat, the mail boy.

Curtain rises. The three girls and their councillor are sitting around the tent talking when a whistle is heard in the distance.

Miss Moulton: Come, girls, rest hour has begun and I'm sure we all need it after the long ride we had this morning.

Fritzie: Did you see Mary Roberts when Illinois threw her? She landed in a cloud of dust. But anyhow she couldn't ride well enough to handle a horse like Illinois!

Miss Moulton: Fritzie! Quiet please.

Ann: I don't need to rest, may I write a letter home?

Miss Moulton: Certainly, if you'll be quiet and not disturb those who want to rest.

Quiet reigns for exactly one minute.

Ann (looking around among her scattered belongings): Where's my pen? Who

had it last, anyway, and why don't they put things back?

Edna: You'll find it on my shelf, just where you left it yesterday. Yes, "why DON'T they put things back?" (Sotto voce). I'm not tired, are you girls?

Ann: No. Anybody got any paper. I left mine up in the Wigwam and can't go get it.

Fritzie: I've got some in my trunk. (Scrambles to get it and soon brings it forth).

Ann: But this has your monogram on it. Well, never mind.

Miss Moulton: Girls, I must insist on quiet!

Girls: All right, we'll be good.

(Quiet for a moment).

Edna: Who was that just passed the tent?

Ann (peeping out): Pat, going up to the Postoffice for the mail.

Fritzie: Hi, Pat; bring me a letter, like a nice kid.

Edna: Me, too.

Ann: And don't forget me!

Pat (stops and grins at the girls): Listen to that, wud ye? All a talking to won't!

Miss Moulton: Girls, will you PLEASE

not talk.

Ann: Now, we'll be good, anyhow, we'll try to be. (Begins letter). "Dear Mother." Got any gum, Edna? I can write better if I'm chewing gum. Toss it here!

Fritzie: Want some candy? Take a hunk.

Edna: Look out! You're spilling the ink. Sit on your trunk if you insist on writing.

Ann, (changing from cot to trunk): Where was I? Oh, yes, "Dear Mother"—my goodness, this is an awful pen and what is worse, I can't think of a thing to say in this letter.

Miss Moulton: Well, knit on Louise's sweater, only DO be quiet a moment.

Fritzie: I'll say that's a lovely shade of wool. How much has she got done?

Ann: I'm just beginning the purling at the waist. (Knits slowly, counting aloud), knit four, purl four.

Miss Moulton: Please count in a whisper.

Ann: It's such silly rot to whisper and keep quiet for an hour.

Edna: Who wants to sleep after dinner, anyhow, I'd like to know?

Fritzie: Some one may. Let's really keep quiet now.

Miss Moulton: I don't think any of you know the meaning of the word, quiet. Our

tent will be reported at Councillor's meeting in the morning, I'm afraid.

Ann: Poor dear, what a life you lead, trying to keep three such energetic females quiet!

Silence for a minute or two.

Pat, whistling "I Ain't Got Weary Yet," comes down the path by the tent.

Edna: Miss Moulton, there's Pat. Can't I go get our mail? (Goes out quickly without waiting for permission and returns without mail). Mean old thing. Said I'd have to wait til it was sorted out.

Fritzie: What's your hurry? Expect a letter from your man?

Ann (whispers to girls): Watch me go down to the Wigwam and get it! (Turns to Councillor), Miss Moulton, may I go down to the Wigwam and get a drink? I can't wait, I'm So thirsty.

Miss Moulton: I guess you won't choke before the whistle blows and you can go then.

(Just then a whistle is heard in the distance).

Fritzie: There it goes!

Edna: Thank Heaven's, THIS quiet hour is over!

(Three girls rush out of tent and hurry in direction of Wigwam).

Miss Moulton sighs and starts to read.

CURTAIN FALLS.





## TAPS

By Crosby G. Hodgman, '21.



IF I were to explain about taps at the camp, I would have to begin with first call which is blown at 9.45 P. M. About this time all the ambitious trouble makers,—so called jokers—could be seen running up the stairs, running to prepare the way for a few black marks for a poor unfortunate youth on the morrow.

At one of the bunks are several boys. They have pulled off all the bed clothes and are making the bunk again. Instead of being made up as our unfortunate hero had made it that morning, the sheets are put together as one and folded crosswise in the middle. It is then put back, the crease in the center of the bunk, the bottom part tucked under the sides and at the head; the top part is then folded down into the blanket. Thus the end of the bed comes in the middle.

In another bunk fine sand is sifted into the sheets; another is placed upon the beam that runs over the top of the room. Thus ends the first act of the tragedy; act two follows only too swiftly.

The immense drill ground lies like an enormous white plain in the moonlight. At the farther end the aeroplane shed can be seen, with the guard walking his post; while at the other end is the huge "Y" auditorium, where the best movies are to be seen. Back of these buildings, and on both sides of the ground are the barracks. The Library, the Liberty Theatre, and a "K. of C." hut can be seen high in the hill; another "K. of C.," the Hostess House, and the "Y" Administration Building could be seen in the other side.

Across the drill ground our young heroes can be seen running for the barracks, because they have only five minutes before taps. They carry in their hands their puttees that they had taken off while watch-

ing the movie, thus they would not have to take them off and roll them up when they reached the barracks. Up the stairs they run, dash to their bunks, undressing on the way. Just as the light goes out they jump into bed.

Our first hero tries to straighten his legs, his knees hit his face, and he stares into the darkness, toward the bunks where chuckles can be heard.

Our second hero gets into bed and for the first minute all goes well, but then his bed becomes uncomfortable; he begins to feel the sand that his friends had so kindly placed there. He does not realize what is the matter; he, too, stares into the darkness, but not for long. Suddenly, the bombing commences, the battle begins!

From No 1: "If I knew the guy—!"

From No. 2: "Who put this stuff—?"

From No. 3, who has been looking everywhere for his missing bunk, "Where's my bed? Some guy thinks he's funny, who—?"

The whole bunk room is in a racket. No. 2 while making his bed, gets hit with a shoe; No. 1 with a piece of soap; No. 3's bunk falls from the beam. One fellow gets out of his bed, climbs up onto the beam and crawls until he is over another fellow's bunk; he then drops his victim's barrack's bag, filled with cooking utensils, a pickaxe, and other such things. The victim, who is trying to go to sleep yells, "Who did that? Where's my bayonet? Give me—"

His words are drowned by other voices,

"Aw, keep still!"

"Throw him out!"

"Can that chatter, will ya?"

"Some of you nuts think you are smart."

"Oh, but I wish I were home!"

At this instant the sentinel below gives the riot call; then both he and the top sergeant rush up the stairs into a room, which, strange to say, is absolutely quiet.





# LOCALS

*"I Drown'd These News in Tears."*

On Tuesday morning, March 23, the school was greatly grieved to hear of the death of our superintendent. Mr. Wormwood had been sick for so short a time that few of the teachers or pupils knew of his illness. Miss Alice Wormwood, his daughter, who taught at Bangor High last year, was called immediately. The funeral was held Friday morning and in respect to him, Bangor schools were closed.

## "DESPATCHES FOR WASHINGTON."

On Saturday evening, March 6, the Girls' Debating Society presented the playlet, "Despatches for Washington," in Assembly Hall. Owing to the inclement weather the attendance was small but those who were present were very much pleased with the presentation.

The scene of the play is laid during the Revolution, with all the accompanying thrills of British invasion, spies and secret hiding places. Capt. Fisher, American officer, under the pretense of being on furlough, is really carrying important despatches to General Washington. It is this that furnishes the opportunity for his fiancée, Samantha Ross, to be of signal service, both to her country and to her lover. By her quick wits, discovery of the messenger is avoided.

Josephine Clough as Samantha Ross, was most pleasing in her interpretation of the part. Mary Largay as Capt. Fisher, realistically took the role of an American officer.

Kathleen Hand as Mrs. Fisher and Grace Bowden as Capt. Fairchild of the British Army, both deserve mention for their clever handling of character roles. In fact, every portrayal was fine and it is difficult indeed, to choose anyone as excelling another.

At the close of the play Miss Stasia Scribner, who kindly gave her services as coach, was presented with a bunch of roses by the members of the cast. Dancing was enjoyed during the remainder of the evening with music by Pooler's orchestra.

Miriam Bunker and Rena Baker had charge of the tickets and the ushers were Mildred French, Rose Berson and Elizabeth Chandler.

The Girls' Debating Society wishes to take this opportunity to thank Miss Scribner for her aid, Louis Bennett and Charles Cleaves, who worked the previous Friday and Saturday on the scenery and all others who in any way helped to make the evening a success.

A rally was held at Assembly Hall, the day that the Portland Basketball team came to Bangor to play. Mayor Woodman was present as were a few of the alumni, some of the boys spoke and William Rowe was cheer-leader. A snappy rally it was, too, just the sort one would expect at Bangor High.

Monday, March 15, at the end of the second period, school was dismissed in order that the pupils might attend the inauguration of Mayor Woods. Each year this is a kind of civil government lesson for the stu-



dents of Bangor High school.

Following are the names of those from the four classes who had the best military essays in Bangor High. In the freshman class, Louise M. Ayer; in the sophomore class, Elaine C. Utterback; the junior class, Grace E. Hussey; and the senior class, Elizabeth P. Chandler. Miss Utterback's essay, judged the best of the four, was sent to Washington. Every boy and girl who took English, was obliged to write one of these essays, thus many and varied were the methods used to prove the advantages of enlistment in the United States Army.

The Seniors held a class meeting recently to vote on the folders for the Graduation pictures. There were ten folders to choose from but the third, a very neat and attractive one, was selected by a large majority. Then Mr. Meinecke spoke about having the Graduation pictures in the Oracle. Students were urged to have the pictures taken early in order that the Oracle for June might not be delayed.

Not long ago the Boston Traveller offered prizes for the best short stories sent in. It is interesting to know that Carolyn Witherly, '20, received an honorable mention for her story, "The Woman of the Shadows."

Miss Mary C. Robinson spent a part of the Easter vacation in Boston. There Miss Robinson visited the various schools to get new ideas of the methods of instruction used in the schools away from here.

Miss Irene Cousins, who taught history at B. H. S. last year, was here visiting a short time ago. Miss Cousins now teaches in Malden High school.

The Easter vacation of two weeks, began Thursday, March 25. Everyone was glad

of a rest, especially since the week before was a week of tests. Then after the long Spring term will come June and the summer vacation.

Friday evening, March 26, the Junior Exhibition was held at City Hall. This is one of the big events of each school year and each year there is a great deal of enthusiasm aroused by it.

The class banner in blue and white was at the center of the stage and was the only decoration. The orchestra furnished especially fine music. The chorus sang "Cujus Animam" from Stabat Mater by Rossini and "Waltz" from Faust by Gounod. The music was delightful. As for the declamations, as Mr. Chase said in announcing the decisions, there should have been ten medals. Following are those who took part:

The Bootblack's Story.....  
Crosby G. Hodgman.

An Opera .....  
Ruth T. Clough.

The Storming of Mission Ridge.....  
Clyde I. Swett.

A Cutting from "The Lion and the Mouse" .....  
Justina E. Buckley.

Touissant L'Ouverture .....  
Nathan R. Cohen.

The Prey of the Guillotine.....  
Dorothy Smith.

The Soldier of 1914.....  
F. Arnott Soderberg.

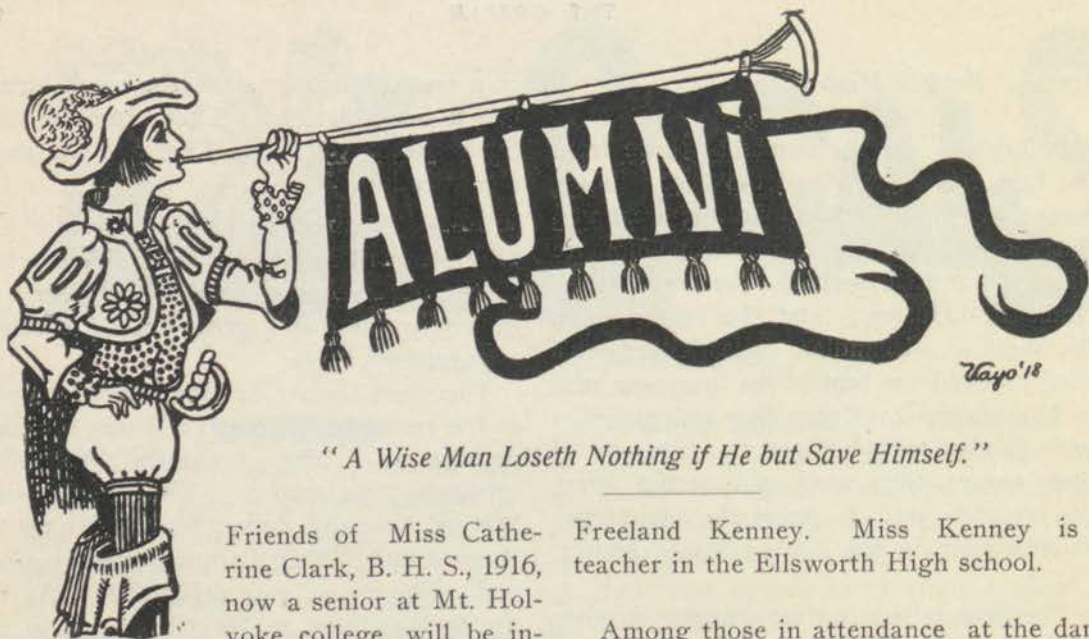
A Cutting from "If I Were King"....  
Rosemary J. Allen.

The Meaning of Americanism.....  
Edward M. Curran.

A Cutting from "The School for Scandal" .....  
Lovis Sawyer.

The judges were Superintendent Chase of the Old Town schools, the Rev. James Gilrain of St. Mary's church, and Miss Grace Oakes of the Commercial. The task of the judges is always a most difficult one.





*"A Wise Man Loseth Nothing if He but Save Himself."*

Friends of Miss Catherine Clark, B. H. S., 1916, now a senior at Mt. Holyoke college, will be interested to learn that she has been elected to the Mount Holyoke chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa society.

At a recent meeting of the Senior class at Bowdoin college, Richard K. McWilliams, '16, was chosen class orator.

Dr. and Mrs. Joseph K. Folsom sailed March 6, from New York for Cherbourg, France, on their way to Russia. Dr. Folsom has accepted a position as educational secretary under the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. for service with the Czecho-Slovaks, in cooperation with the government of Russia.

Mrs. Folsom was formerly Miss Jessie Newcomb. She graduated from Bangor High school in the class of 1915 and later from Gorham Normal school. For a time she taught in the rural schools of Bangor.

Since their marriage in August, 1919, Dr. and Mrs. Folsom have resided in Pittsburgh, Pa., where the doctor has been associate professor of social economy and Mrs. Folsom has been connected with the Child Welfare Bureau of that city.

Miss Marion Kenney, B. H. S., '18, recently visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs.

Freeland Kenney. Miss Kenney is a teacher in the Ellsworth High school.

Among those in attendance at the dancing party given by the alumni of the Benjamin School for Girls, which was held a short time ago in the rose room of the Plaza hotel, New York, were four B. H. S. graduates: Miss Mona McWilliams and Miss Nellie Davis, both of whom are now associated with the faculty of the Benjamin school, and G. Arthur McWilliams and Marshall G. Torrey.

In the recent city election, John M. O'Connell, Jr., B. H. S., was elected a councilman from Ward One.

To Miss Gladys Allen, a graduate from Bangor High, class of '17, has come the honor of heading the Y. W. C. A. of Mt. Holyoke College for the ensuing year. Miss Allen is a member of the class of 1921 and served as vice president of the college Y. W. C. A. during the past year.

Douglas Thompson, ex-'20, a former B. H. S. athlete, who is now attending Kent's Hill, is a member of the Kent's Hill basketball team, which recently was defeated by Bangor in City Hall.

The March number of the Bowdoin Quill might be called a Bangor High School



number. It contained a story by Richard K. McWilliams ('16), a dialogue by the same, a poem by Reginald W. Noyes ('17), and an essay by Harry Helson ('17).

Miss Harriet Bailey left New York, February 26, for Geneva, Switzerland, where she will be a member of the medical staff of the League of Red Cross Societies. Miss Bailey's work will be the collecting of information and the writing of digests along the lines of nursing for the medical division of information and publication for the League.

Miss Bailey is a graduate of B. H. S. and of Johns Hopkins Training School for Nurses. She took a special course in Hospital Economics at Columbia University in New York and was for several years superintendent of Johns Hopkins Training School for Nurses.

Miss Bailey's appointment makes Bangor High's second representation in the headquarters of the Red Cross Society League, for it was at Geneva that Carl P. Dennett was in charge of Red Cross work for American prisoners in German camps.

Miss Jeannette Croxford of Brewer, a Senior in Smith college, has been chosen for a part in the Senior play which will be presented during Commencement week in June. The parts are given to those students having the highest rank in their class. Miss Croxford is a graduate of Bangor High, where she was a medal winner in her Junior year for declamation, an honor student at graduation and leading lady in the Senior-Junior play presented in 1914.

Richard K. McWilliams, an alumnus of B. H. S., was recently elected orator of his class at Bowdoin College.

A recent wedding of much interest took place in Brewer, March 27, when Miss Hazel Robinson and James Dinsmore, both

of this city, were united in marriage. Mrs. Dinsmore graduated from Bangor High in the class of 1917 and is a talented violinist.

Stanley Pullen, ex-'19, is home on a sick leave of six months, from Annapolis Naval Academy, where he was studying in the class of '22.

Miss Helen Patch, a graduate of Bangor High School and also a former Bangor High teacher, has forged steadily ahead in her chosen profession, that of mastering and teaching the French language. Recently in Paris, she lectured, without notes, for three-fourths of an hour, in French, before Professor Lanson, one of the most learned men of France. He afterwards wrote her, complimenting her upon the perfect French pronunciation and ease with which she delivered her lecture. This compliment Miss Patch prizes among her most valued possessions. And, indeed, it is a compliment to be prized!

Mr. and Mrs. Donald H. Hathorn are receiving congratulations on the birth, March 31, of a daughter, Ellen Althea. Mrs. Hathorn was formerly Miss Ruth Hunt and both Mr. and Mrs. Hathorn are graduates of B. H. S.

The many friends of Stanley B. Adams were saddened to learn of his death, which occurred. Mr. Adams was a graduate of Bangor High, where he was one year captain of the baseball team and very prominent in athletics. After graduation from High school he entered, in the class of 1920, Bowdoin where he became a member of the D. K. E. fraternity and continued his affiliation with the fraternity at the University of Pennsylvania. In June, 1918, he enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserve forces and later entered the ground school of naval aviation. His death will bring genuine sorrow to hosts of friends.





*"The First in Glory, as the First in Place."*

## BASKETBALL.

### BANGOR VS. MORSE.

Friday, March 5th, 1920, Bangor High swamped Morse High. There was a fair sized crowd to witness another victory for our team. It seems that each man starred for Bangor. In Bangor's line up there was a very welcome face, that of "Mike" Traynor. "Mike" left us for a while but he is back. We are glad. "Mike" certainly led everybody during the game. "Ralphy" Jordan and "Touchey" Short did work finely together. Nobody can stop those two.

For the visitors Perkins was the star and he shone like a new dime. It seemed as if he was all over the floor at one time.

**B. H. S. 53. M. H. S. 23.**

Jordan 8, (1).....l.f.....Sprague 2  
Fairbrother 4

Short 3 .....r.f.....Haraden 2  
Kamenkovitz

Oak, Bond.....c.....Perkins 6 (3)  
(Capt.) Bacon.....l.b...McFarland, Footer  
Hersey 1

Traynor 10, Collins...r.b.....Fraser

Referee, Hillie Johnston. Time, four 10 min. periods.

### BANGOR VS. BREWER.

On Tuesday, the ninth of March, Bangor High gave Brewer a second trimming.

The game on the whole was rather rough because of the small playing surface of Brewer's City Hall.

"Touchey" Short was the scorer for Bangor; he danced all over the place and caged four baskets. Mike Traynor and Ralphy Jordan were close on his heels with some more baskets and Fairbrother, Oak, and Bond were in the swim also.

For Brewer, Burrill was the big man and his teammates played with him all the time. Summary:

**BANGOR (27). BREWER (14)**

Jordan 2.....l.f.....Carmalt 1  
Fairbrother 1 (1)

Short 4.....r.f.....Burrill 3  
Kamenkovitz

Oak 1, Bond 1.....c.....Pooler (2)

Bacon Hersey.....l.b.....Hatfield 2

Traynor 3, Collins...r.b...Beaulieu, Street

Referee: Basford. Four 10 minute periods.

### BANGOR VS. PORTLAND.

Friday, March 12th, was a night of much joy in Bangor because Bangor defeated Portland in basketball, the first time for a number of years.

The game was closely contested from the very start and every play was watched eagerly by the crowd that filled the hall. "Ralphy" Jordan was everywhere that the ball was and he seemed not to leave it dur-



ing all the game. His running mate, "Touchey" Short, played a wonderful game, too. Phil Oak, at center, was fully equal to his responsibilities, while Mike Traynor, Capt. Bacon and "Russ" Fairbrother made things fly in the backfield. Summary:

|                        |                       |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| <b>B. H. S. (21).</b>  | <b>P. H. S. (16).</b> |
| Jordan 3.....l.f.....  | O'Connell 2 (2)       |
| Short 1.....r.f.....   | Neavling 1            |
| Oak 1.....c.....       | Greeley 1             |
| Bacon .....l.b.....    | Cartarino             |
| Fairbrother 1 (1)      |                       |
| Traynor 4.....r.b..... | Foster 3              |

### BANGOR VS. OLD TOWN.

March 17th, Saint Patrick's night, Bangor High won from Old Town on Old Town's own floor. Old Town had been full of threats for Bangor and was going to spoil Bangor's clean slate but it seems as if they failed in their job.

There was fine passing throughout the entire game and Bangor's defense was wonderfully strong while her attack was equally strong and snappy. Old Town passed well but seemed to have lost the eye for the basket, even on their home floor, and after all their boasts of what they would do to Bangor. Summary:

|                                |                          |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------|
| <b>B. H. S. (22).</b>          | <b>O. T. H. S. (13).</b> |
| Jordan, 2.....l.f.....         | Rackliff 3 (3)           |
| Fairbrother 4 (4).....r.f..... | Fayle                    |
| Oak 2.....c.....               | Hoose                    |
| Short 1.....l.b.....           | Goldberg                 |
| Hersey .....r.b.....           | Lait 2                   |

### BANGOR VS. KENT'S HILL.

Once more Bangor was victor over one of her old rivals. The 19th of March saw Kent's Hill fall before the mightiness of Bangor High. The heavier Kent's Hill team could not follow the wonderfully well drilled Bangor machine. Even though Kent's Hill played an altogether different style of basketball, Bangor pulled off the

long shots with great success.

Summary:

|                              |                    |
|------------------------------|--------------------|
| <b>B. H. S. (22).</b>        | <b>K. H. (15).</b> |
| Jordan 2.....l.f.....        | Gurney 1           |
|                              | Emmons 2           |
| Fairbrother 3.....r.f.....   | Newell 1 (1)       |
| Oak 2.....c.....             | Leavitt 3          |
| Short 3.....l.b.....         | Kenney             |
| Hersey, Collins.....r.b..... | Thompson           |

Just look at this for a record, every one a win for Bangor:

|                                   |       |
|-----------------------------------|-------|
| Orono at Orono.....               | 28-13 |
| M. C. I. at Bangor.....           | 50-18 |
| Alumni at Bangor.....             | 25-21 |
| Brewer at Bangor.....             | 52-31 |
| Morse at Bath.....                | 28-22 |
| Morse at Bangor.....              | 53-23 |
| Swampscott (Mass.) at Bangor..... | 27-16 |
| Meriden, (Conn.), at Bangor.....  | 14-11 |
| Portland at Bangor.....           | 21-16 |
| C. H. Rice Co. at Bangor.....     | 30-13 |
| Brewer at Brewer.....             | 27-14 |
| Old Town at Old Town.....         | 22-13 |
| Kent's Hill at Bangor.....        | 22-15 |

"What's the matter with Bangor?"

### TRACK.

At Brunswick, Maine, there was a track meet, between the High schools and Prep. schools, on the 20th of March.

Bangor High sent over a relay team and won its relay for the first time. Since the men were not able to work for anything except the relay, they did not show up very well in the field events, Clyde Swett being the only one to get points. He took one in the hurdles (he's a wonder at them), and tied for third place in the high jump. In the relay Gene Macdonald got a good start by working ahead of his man nearly half a lap; Fred Jacques added a little to that, then Clyde Swett put on some more and when John Vickery crossed the line, at the finish Bangor had more than a half a lap. Billy Rowe and Billy Hight made the trip, too. Mr. Mitchell went as faculty member.





*"Our High Respect . . . is Praise Enough . . ."*

Manchester High School has a Spanish club, composed of their Spanish students. They call their club "El Club Naon," and have some very good times.

Harrisburg Academy has a soccer team which has aroused a lot of interest in this sport.

A Scholarship club has been organized in Enfield High. This club consists of all scholars who are on the honor roll.

It is noted that Piqua High has a Boys' and a Girls' Glee club, each of which is very popular.

"Old Hughes" has some parodies in its February issue that are very humorous.

"Tech Life," is that incident in your March 3 number drawn from an actual experience in the Lunch room? If so, it must be true that "a little incident sometimes causes a big result."

According to latest reports from the "Scout," "Cy" Claremore's goat was murdered. He was the beloved mascot of the Central High's gridiron and his loss is much regretted. The "Scout" has a French club, "Entre Nous," also, which must be "heaps and heaps" of fun.

The "Pivot," a new and very welcome arrival, has a novel department called the "Morning Forum," which is devoted to the interests of public speaking.

The "Spokesman" has a column of "Interesting Facts About Florida," which certainly awakens interest in that state. We, too, "Spokesman," wonder how the "X-Ray" editor finds time to study with his 634 exchanges.

It's too bad, "Ravelings," that your senior girls should have found any element of disappointment in their party, but they might have known in the first place "that they couldn't get along without the boys at a party" don't you think?

Is this Tennis Bug a dangerous insect, "Castle News"? At least we hope it isn't fatal. We wish you the greatest success for your team.

The "Wyndonian" is one of the few papers that have a cut for the contents page. It is a great addition to the already excellent paper.

In the "Dreadnaught" from Watonga is a department called "No Man's Land." To quote, "this is a secret organization open only to girls, ladies, and old maids."



The "North Star" from Houlton, certainly is a star; it is about the largest paper we receive. It has a fine Musical Notes department and lots of stories; the only criticism we can make is that they are for the most part rather short.

The "P. H. S. Racquet" has, as usual, a very complete athletic department, and, like the "Clarion," fine jokes.

The "Lake Breeze" is up to its usual high standard of excellence; they, too, have quite a number of clubs and societies.

A Latin play was held in Edward Little High some time ago. The stage represented a Latin school, the students wearing togas. Songs and speeches were given in Latin, and the play was said to be very interesting.

Salem High is fortunate in having such fine clubs "The Dramatic Club" and "The Nequidnimis Club."

The "Student" is not very big, but what it lacks in size it more than makes up in other respects. We especially admire "Dawn" by your ambitious freshmen.

The "Coburn Clarion" has a fine literary department and some excellent jokes. The cover is very attractive, also.

#### AS OTHERS SEE US.

And the "Oracle" from Bangor, Maine, is last on our list, but not least. The stories have good morals and every student should read the one entitled "Swelled Heads."

—"The Times."

"The Oracle," Bangor, Maine.—" 'Twas A Way We Had At Old Devens" deserves

credit for the way in which it presents the humorous side of camp life. "The Ripples," a story of the Maine Woods, is very different from most of the stories found in high school papers.—"The Aegis."

"The Oracle."—We see that you have quite a nice exchange department. Will you add us to your list?—"Ravelings."

"The Oracle."—Your Literary Department is complete. Have you no clubs beside the Senate and the Girls' Debating Society, whose doings are of interest to the school?—"M. V. H. S. Oracle."

From Bangor, Maine, comes the "Oracle." The cover design is unique and we enjoyed the unusual jokes.

—"D. H. S. Porpoise."

"The Oracle."—The Oracle at Delphi gave forth no more wisdom than do your editorials. Your quotations with each department heading are quite apropos. And verily "you will find us nothing if not critical."—"Old Hughes."

"The Oracle."—Your book is well composed and shows a lot of good talent. A few more jokes would help.

—"The Spectator."

"The Oracle."—We extend to you a hearty welcome, "Oracle"! You are very complete and we trust that you will appear often on our list of exchanges.

—"The Enfield Echo."

"The Oracle."—We quite agree with you; your cover is very artistic, and your cuts also. Your stories are interesting, but why not vary the Literary Department with a few poems.—"M. H. S. Oracle."



*"His Eye Begets Occasion for His Wit."*

Mme. B.—: "That horse has a fast speed of rate."

P leasing to look at is this chap's face,  
L ight on his feet? Oh Boy! Such grace.  
U may sometimes think he isn't all there,  
M any are fooled by his innocent air.  
M eet him sometime when his school  
work's all done,  
E ver laughing and full of fun,  
R alph is shy, we all agree, but he'll be re-  
membered certainlee. —'21.

Heard in Physics.

Nickerson: "Hey, Trotzky, what's the potential difference?"

Lipsky (alias Trotzky): "A disease, I guess."

(Thunderous applause from the peanut gallery).

Miss H.—: "These catalogs look like tomato soup."

A new society known as "The Prune Club" has been formed. The officials are called "Big Prunes."

Heard at the Girls' Debating Society play: "Doesn't Grace Bowden look lovely in that uniform with the epitaphs on the shoulders!"

Miss P. (in English): "What is meant by a cuirass?"

D. D., '23: "It must be some relation to the donkey."

Mr. O'N.—(in English): "Stone, haven't you ever heard of the word, 'episode'?"

Stone—: "No, sir."

What about Episode 3 down to the Graphic?

In Anc. Hist.—: "The Valerian law gave the people the right to appeal to the Senate after death."

**Yes, They Did, Knott!**

Miss F. (in Hist.): "Who fought the Macedonian war?"

Knott: "The Romans and Carthaginians."

In Anct. Hist.: "When do you sympathize most with Hannibal?"

"When they threw his brother's head at him."

Miss Dow—: "What does the Latin word 'lux' mean?"

Bean, '22—: "Soap chips."

A. S., '23, to C. R., '20 (anxiously): "Did you feel bashful the first time you called on M.—?"

C. R. (nervously): "Yes, but her father helped me out."

Ask Bessie Cooper about the scenery at M. C. I.

McLean, '21 (in physics, testing the heat of fusion of ice): "Is that the same piece of ice we used before?"



Have you heard Hersey's new giggle?  
It must have taken constant practise to acquire it.

Mr. B. (in Hist.): "Alger was then Secretary of State."

McAloon: "Horatio?"

Miss Bragg: "Have you an eraser with a pencil on it?"

### The Parting.

The parting! Ah, the parting  
What unhappiness it brings,  
Within the care-free bosom  
No more the glad heart rings.

I have wept over many a parting  
And shed tears by no means rare  
But the parting that makes me boo-hoo  
Is the one in John Vickery's hair.

D. M., '20.

Miss P. (in Latin): "What case is Hannibal, Miss S.?"

Miss S.—: "Er—hopeless case!"

Miss P. (in Latin): "Please give rule for compound verbs, Mr. C."

Mr. C.—: "Ad, ante, con, in, inter, ob, prae—"

Miss P.—: "Oh, I like a post in there to lean on."

(Heard from the freshmen):

"What must a man be that he shall be buried with military honors?"

"He must be a captain."

"Then I lose my bet."

"What did you bet?"

"I bet he must be dead."

Carr, ordering supper at Houlton: "Ham and eggs."

Jordan: "Aw, Dutch, have steak and be an aristocrat for once in your life."

Ads. taken from Boston Papers:

"Movie, 'Why Girls Leave Home,' in two parts." (Poor things! They were all cut up).

Patent Medicine Ads.:

"Dr. Bunco: Before taking your medicine, I had two dogs stolen and my wife ran away. Since taking, I have stopped losing flesh."

### HUNKS OF HISTORY.

Arranged in Verse by Prof. J. T. McAloon.

In ancient Rome's busiest marts  
There once lived a breaker of hearts,  
"Great Caesar on high,"

A pretty smart guy,  
Though his Gaul was cut up in three parts.

One day the poor fellow fell sick,  
While his crony pulled off a crude trick,  
Rome with anger was filled  
When they found Caesar killed  
By Brutus, the first Bolshevik.

Though examined at once by a leech,  
Caesar's life was found beyond reach,  
And though he did croak  
The poor lucky bloke,  
(Unlike us) missed Marc Antony's speech.

\* \* \* \*

Blind Homer to Fame did aspire  
Before Nero's great Roman fire,  
Once a crazy, young card  
Tried to kid the old bard,  
Up rose Homer and smote on the lyre,  
(liar).

\* \* \* \*

Nero, we're told by tradition,  
Was Rome's best amateur musician.  
Yes, a fiddler of name  
Who while Rome was aflame,  
Just fiddled away like perdition.

\* \* \* \*

The famous Louis Donnizetti,  
Count of the House of Spaghetti,  
While stopping to look  
At some masons at work,  
Was brained by some "Irish confetti."

Miss M., '23 (in English): "A moat is a ditch around a house full of water."

**We've Got Them--They'll Fit You--Our Prices are Reasonable**

The models and patterns of our Spring Suits are just what the High School and College fellows want and we prepared far in advance so that we can give you a nifty Spring Suit at \$30, \$35, \$40, \$45. Come in and try on one of our new Double Breasted.

SPRING HATS, FURNISHING GOODS AND SHOES

**J. WATERMAN & CO.**

Maine's Largest Outfitters  
for Men and Boys

## **School Items of Interest**

From now on school hours are from 8 to 12.45

See the spring styles in college ices and candies at **Leavitt's**  
**Sunday School** will not be held on **Friday**

Now, All Together—

**L-E-A-V-I-T-T-'S**

**62 State St.**

## **YD PARLOR**

**Confectionery, Pool and Cigars.**

**Best Shine in the City**

**We Clean, Dye and Block all kinds of Ladies' and Gents' Hats**

**196 EXCHANGE ST.**

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**BANGOR, MAINE**

—Maine's Most Popular Band—

## **The Bangor High School Band**

will give a

## **CONCERT and DANCE**

**Friday Eve. = April 23 = City Hall**

Patronize Our Advertisers



Old Lady (at a ball game)—: "Why do they call that a fowl? I don't see no feathers."

Young Hopeful—: "No, ma'am. It's a picked nine."  
—Ex.

### Amusing Spectacles.

C. C., '21, reading the news of H. B's success at Houlton.

"Husky" B., '21, reading French.

The Junior Exhibition Speakers' Pictures.

R. S., '22, in R. O. T. C. uniform.

Have you seen Caulfield at his latest trade? Tom has gone into the paper business with Nickerson as his heaviest customer.

### Nine Day Wonders!

H. Atherton's, '21, chewing gum.

G. Collins, '21, talking to a girl.

A. Sawyer, '23, captain of the football team.

B. Cooper, '21, weighing 200 lbs.

M. Lindsey, '20, a toe-dancer.

H. Bragg, '20, smoking cigarettes.

C. Woods, '20, dancing with R. Staples, '22.

C. Meinecke wearing a derby.

O. Townsend, '22, a second Demosthenes.

H. Hersey with a marcelle wave.

It is rumored that I. K., '22, is fond of birds, especially Rob(b)ins.

### Novel Menu for Senior Banquet.

(Suggested).

Mashed Potato a la Husky Bowles

Chickens a la R. Allen

Freshman Greens

Hard-Boiled Egg Sauce (any Soph.)

Lunch Room Jam

U. of M. College Ices

Lady's Fingers (for boys)

Angel Cake (girls)

B. H. S. Nuts

Mints (310)

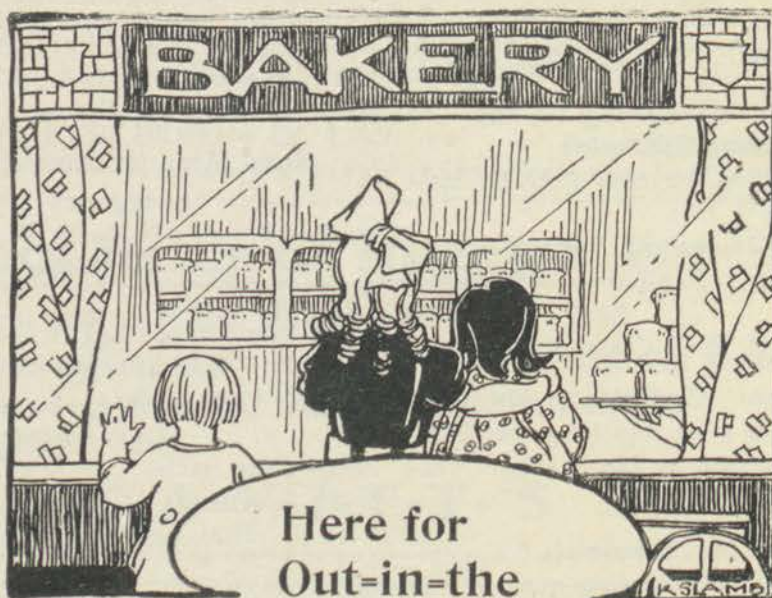
Hot Coffee a la Proctor

We won the cup with our pigskins,  
Down in Bass's Park and elsewhere,  
And the prospects of another cup  
In basketball, look fair.

One cannot win in every game,  
So our learned forebears say,  
But what couldn't we do in baseball  
If we should commence to play.

## THIS IS NO JOKE! SENIORS!

The Oracle Board is already at work preparing for the June number. Have you written your sketch of your friend? Have you had your pictures taken? If you haven't, get busy; you have only three more weeks.



## Here for Out-in-the Light Bread

DIRT, disorder, darkness! How the good housewife does naturally hate these three D's!

And some way the dark kitchen is apt to be the dirty, disorderly one. Ever notice it?

We have. That's why we installed a window oven and now have our Bread baked right out in the light where the slightest speck of dirt would cry out like murder.

Bread like ours, indeed, makes you realize Bread is the greatest gift to man.

Fresh new brown loaves, hot every hour. Come in and claim yours.

**SUNBEAM BAKERY**  
42 Central Street

*Bread is your BEST FOOD--eat more of it*



**Misses' New Spring Modes**  
**Refreshingly New**

*Street Frocks    Dance Frocks    Smart Suits    Captivating Blouses*

**WOOD & EWER CO.**

**O. CROSBY BEAN**

**STATIONERY, BOOKS, NOVELTIES**  
**PLAYTHINGS**

16 STATE STREET

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**PLUMBERS**

and

**STEAM**  
**FITTERS**

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**N. H. Bragg & Sons**

**IRON AND**  
**STEEL**

**HEAVY HARDWARE**

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74-78 Broad St.      Bangor, Me.

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WHERE EVERYBODY GOES

CONTINUOUS SHOWS From 1 to 10.45 p. m.

THE WORLD'S

Foremost Stars In Greatest Of Photoplays

REFINED ENTERTAINMENT

FOR THOSE

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Clean, Comfortable Theatres For The  
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You Are Always Sure Of A Good Show

The BIJOU and PARK Theatres

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## SOUND VISION

never calls for effort. If you are always trying to see through a blurring mist you are straining your eyes and need glasses, no question about it.

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Good Eyesight

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Bangor, Maine

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and Ice Cream

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Telephone 8654

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"Everything Electrical"

56 State Street  
Bangor Maine

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*Emma J. Taney, Photographer*

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50 cents per month  
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Solicit High School Patronage  
Excellent Work, Prices Right

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Home of Pine  
Tree Taffy  
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Extra Rich  
Velvet Ice Cream

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Pictures, Picture Framing, Stationery,  
Fountain Pens, Greeting Cards  
and Art Novelties



THE W. H. GORHAM CO.

54 State Street, Bangor, Maine

Compliments of

Palace of Sweets Co.

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ICE CREAM

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56 Main Street, Bangor, Maine

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the Proper Price.



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Electrical or Hand Massage

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(4 Chairs)

All Star Crew

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Mandarin and  
American Style

**Oriental Restaurant**

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Bangor, Maine

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SO CAN HIS BOY

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Frank D. Goodwin, Prop.

7 Hammond Street

Patronized by Bangor's leading business men. A perfectly clean, wholesome, safe place for your boy. Minors can play only with parent's consent, and never in school hours.

Parents:—We urge you to call any time and know how we can amuse and protect your boy.

### The Savage School for Physical Education

Prepares men and women to become Supervisors, Directors and Teachers of Physical Training and Hygiene, Teaching, Games, Dancing, Swimming, etc., in Schools, Clubs, Industrial Plants and Play Grounds.

**New Building with Swimming Pool**  
**253 Madison Ave.**

Between 38th and 39th Sts.

The only School of Physical Education under the N. Y. Regents.

Why not make your living by play instead of work?  
Enjoy life as you go and give pleasure to others.

Be strong and healthy and make others likewise.  
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Graduates of High and Fitting Schools only admitted.

Great demand for teachers, salaries better than for grade work.

For Catalog address Registrar at the School, or

**DR. WATSON L. SAVAGE, President**  
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**EVERY** Bangor High  
School Student and  
every Alumnus is back  
of the movement for an  
Athletic Field.

## CURRAN & GRIFFIN CLOTHING CO.

Clothiers and Gent's Furnishings

38 Main Street

Bangor, Maine



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Sizes  
34 to 54

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Sizes  
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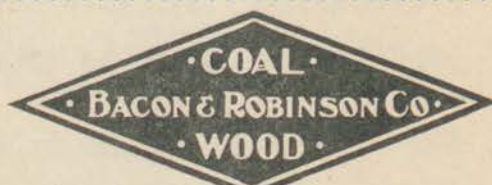
BANGOR, ME.

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13 State St. (Next to Bangor Savings Bank)

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or Live to Eat

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you'll thoroughly enjoy the meals you get at our restaurant. Come in any time--morning, noon, night or between times--and we'll serve you and your party a royal good lunch or meal, featuring all the delicacies of the season. Prices right.

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*Electric Massage and Shampoo*      *Razors*  
*No Long Waits—6 Chairs*

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| Surplus and Profits .....                  | 700,000    |
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**SUITS and**  
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