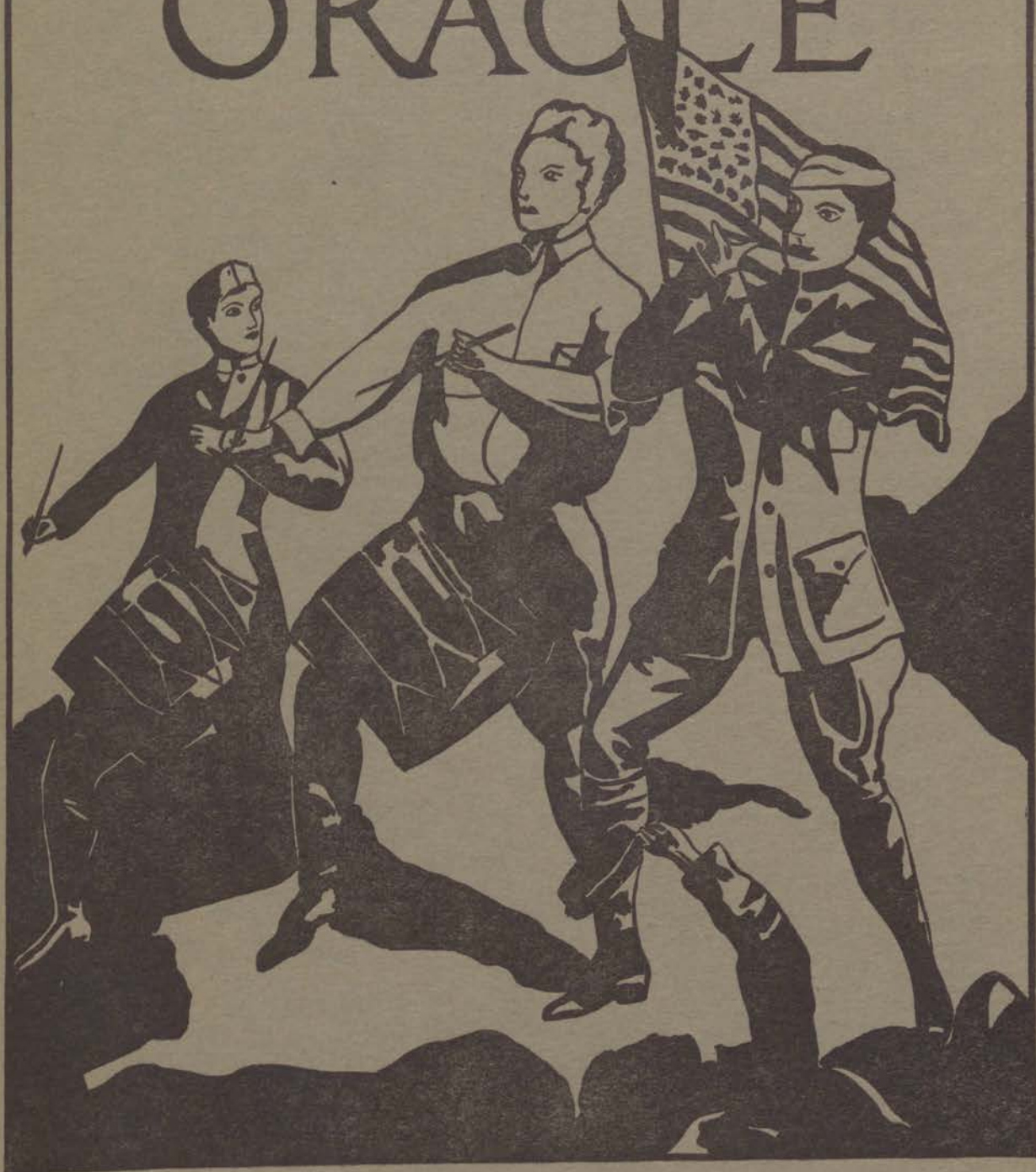


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# THE ORACLE

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NO. 8

## EDITORIALS

*"Wisdom is the Principal Thing, Therefore Get Wisdom,  
And with all Thy Getting, Get Understanding"*

The war is over and the world will soon enter upon its works of peace. This peace atmosphere cannot prevail at once for after every war there is always a transitory period characterized by military activities from which comes permanent peace. This period of transition is of great importance for during this time the stability and strength of governments are tested. Industries mobilized for war are obliged to face the lesser activity of peace. The mass of the people are also affected, for being worn out by long years of increased effort and sacrifice, they are in a state when they relax at just the time when the country most needs their support. This state of feeling perhaps does not apply to the Victory Loan for instance, for that is an investment from which gain is realized in dollars and cents. This relaxation is more likely to be found in the matter of food production. From various parts of the country comes word of a decrease in the planted acreage for 1919. At the time hostilities were on anyone hinting at such a decrease would have been called unpatriotic and a slacker. Our boys needed the food then, now our co-workers in the suppression of German autocracy are

in need. Our former enemies are also suffering from the lack of food. Are you a slacker now if you relax? No! Not to your country. You are, however, selfish and narrow-minded to mankind. You are not living up to the high ideals of our nation. The appeal for food is not an appeal to your pocketbook for your pocketbook is indirectly benefited. It is an appeal to your reason. "For God's sake send food." Can this country of wealth and plenty resist that cry? Can we allow men, women and children to die of starvation simply because they are not of us? We cannot and we will not. Our country will respond to that appeal and the people must plant to make up for the shortage due to export. Plant a peace garden, not a war garden. Bolshevism will die on a full stomach. Fill those empty stomachs.

Military training in Bangor High School has been during the past few years, as in all other parts of the country, the foremost topic of the day. It is well known that this has been so for our country was at war. Some people now are inclined to believe that with the coming of peace military training should be



discontinued. Bangoreans, however, are not of that number for the B. H. S. Cadets were founded many years ago, and remained an organization until the fire of 1911 when all the facilities for their maintenance went up in smoke. Not many years passed before reorganization took place, due to the "pep" of Principal Eaton. Since that time the cadets have increased in numbers and in efficiency until this year finds B. H. S. the home of a battalion of three companies. Military activities of every kind have been introduced and carried forward with great spirit. The work has not been without result for recognition from the government followed. The cadets are now a part of the Junior Reserve Officers' Training Corps which is directly under the supervision of the government. What is better still a regular army officer is now military instructor at B. H. S. Captain Walter D. McCord, U. S. A., arrived last month and assumed his duties at once. Captain McCord has seen much service overseas and is a real American fighter both in his war record and in his appearance. Under such able command the Cadets of B. H. S. are sure to spring many surprises in the years to come.

Seniors, your work in B. H. S. is nearly complete. But a few more weeks and you will be outside the pale, no longer a **Where** member of Bangor High. Many **Next?** have a clearly defined plan as to what they are going to do and where they are going. There are others, however, who ask themselves, where next? It is indeed a vague question but the best

answer to it is a simple little one of a single word. The answer is, College. What college is a question that each one must answer for himself. That you are going to college or to some other high institution of learning, should be the determined purpose of every B. H. S. student. Perhaps you will not attain the result next year or the year after but before you enter the business world, the literary or the social world, you should have fitted yourself with a thorough education along the lines of the work which you expect to follow.

Some people think that a high school education is all that is necessary. This may be so in the commercial course if your object is merely to earn a living but even then you should think twice before giving up the idea of going to some higher business school. One who is satisfied with a high school education is hurting himself as well as the country at large. You have two aims in view in educating yourself. Your education is subjective and objective. It is subjective in that it disciplines the mind, broadens and deepens the intellect. It is objective in that it prepares one for his life work, for earning his daily bread and for increasing the intellectual efficiency of his country. Your education until now has been mainly subjective for it has not been necessary to think of the other side. Your education from now on, however, will be objective. You wish now to lay a solid foundation upon which will be based your life work. Your aims should be high, your purpose determined. Go to college, one and all.



*"Reading Maketh a Full Man, Conference a Ready Man, and Writing a Wise Man"*

## CANNIBALS!!!

By Walter R. Whitney,



IT was one of those occasions when a wandering missionary, stranded on a hostile coast with no way to appease the Cannibals except to offer his barrel of Bibles as a source of reading and his lean self as a means of refreshment, hastily determines to return home. But alas! The vessel from which he lately disembarked is already streaking the horizon with a lazy line of smoke and his own small dory, The Little Sister, at this moment is the focal point of a hundred staring eyes on the shore.

Before the man in the dory is a tribe of savages, perhaps man-eaters, behind him stretches hundreds of miles of heaving expanse of ocean, and at his side sits his dutiful spouse with her gloved hands calmly holding a parasol. History is full of vivid pictures,—Nero playing while Rome bursts into flames, Horatio standing guard at the bridge while before him a host presses forward, Columbus viewing the low-lying shores of his visualized dream, scores of

momentous incidents that throb with human interest and teem with human hopes, human fears,—but nowhere may one find a more alarming picture than that of our Missionary friends. Death lurks in a hundred horrible forms, hardships threaten their every attempt, the unknown is so near, so overpowering—and the last token of civilization and comfort dims in the distance.

There is no moment for reflections. A gentle surge throws the Little Sister upon the sloping sand beach with a thud and the Noble Hero finds himself cast ignominiously into the grating bow. A yell bursts from the shore and a hundred and fifty shouting savages, clad tastefully in a nose-stick and a few bands of vivid paint, dash from the underbrush down to the water's edge. In a moment the boat is swamped with crying, scampering natives and our friends find themselves the center of attraction, being escorted by a score of blacks to the dry, glistening sand above. On all sides crowd the populace, viewing with curiosity the two beings. One fellow, a huge black, whose



perfect symmetry is not marred by a single article of apparel except a string of shells that dangle gracefully from his swarthy ankles seems to be the leader. With a jumble of speech that resembles the conversation of a somnambulist he apparently gives a command to his subordinates, for one of them immediately picks up the gentleman visitor, and carrying him with the ease with which one of us would carry a bag of flour, starts toward the neighboring village.

A second black, evidently the first lieutenant of the company, shoulders the gentle spouse who emits a muffled groan and mercifully faints. With this limp burden swaying over his massive shoulders, he follows the Captain. Behind come the populace, some carrying the barrel of Bibles, others the trunk of meagre effects and still others bearing the Little Sister itself.

Once the village is reached the burdens are deposited about a fire of glowing coals, over which broil with delicious odor the unmistakable fleshy limbs of—shall we say Spring Chickens? The eyes of the horror-stricken emissary of the church nearly bulge from their sockets and his knees, refusing to support his suddenly extremely heavy body, collapse beneath the weight.

His wife has quickly revived,—perhaps the odor of cooking meat has reminded her of the Sunday dinners at home, when the roast of lamb always awoke in her woman's mind the truthful sentence, "A good dinner is one of the blessings of Providence." At any rate she revives and seeing her husband by her side scooping the charred earth with

his pate, immediately grasps the circumstances. And at that moment a miracle takes place.

She sees her husband, the hero of the admiring "Ladies' Missionary Society," completely cowed before the barbarians and realizes that if anything is done SHE must be the actor. Instantly she rises to her feet, and gathering all her pluck and courage that should be a part of the make-up of the character of a Missionary's wife, advances toward the leader.

On all sides stand the natives, completely hemming her in from any possible escape—if escape entered her mind, and before her the dusky Hercules stands, who with a single blow could easily make her eligible for a pair of white wings and a harp.

Nevertheless the indomitable spirit of a dauntless heroine possesses her and she moves from the horrible terror of her "better half" toward the Monarch. He, in turn realizing for the first time the pale beauty of the woman from the East, stands in foolish dismay and digs the toes of his left foot into the soft earth in silly embarrassment. The Lion is the plaything of the Mouse!

Summoning all of the knowledge that a term at boarding school had taught her in years previous the brave little woman gathered her skirts in her gloved hand and made a graceful courtesy to the dumbfounded cannibal. A sudden instinct that he in turn must be polite, seizes the captain and grasping his thigh in his powerful fist he made a futile attempt to gather his ebony skin as a skirt. The return bow was not quite as awkward as might be expected, despite the

fact that in accomplishing the feat he nearly knocked the First Lieutenant into the fire.

The first hard moment is over and the woman, feeling that if she acts skillfully may save the day, cudgels her brain as to what her next move should be. Before she has time to act, however, nature takes a hand in the affair. The ground suddenly shakes with a great rumbling and from the summit of a nearby mountain black smoke commences to issue.

In a moment the entire population are on their faces crying with piercing sounds to the gods of the volcano. Frightened by the abrupt interference of the elements the woman finds herself beset by an additional fear.

She turns about and sees her husband coming toward her on his knees, his hair disheveled and much of it standing on end, his face the color of new parchment. It is at this sight that the woman's anger rises.

"Hezekiah Bartholomew Jonas Smith! Rise immediately, trust in the good Lord and try to act like a man!" Her command hurls itself with all the force of a thunderbolt upon his ears.

"Oh, dear! Temperance, isn't it dreadful? What shall we do?" and with a sob he commences to search for a handkerchief.

"Do? Why! Do the best we can and leave the rest to the Lord! See, they are all paralyzed with fear! I saw a canoe down by the shore as we approached. Come!" and with a stride she seizes him by the arm and hastens toward the shore, the erstwhile hero following after as soon as his wavering legs would bear him. The water

is reached and after a mighty effort they succeed in pushing off a canoe and scrambling into it without their absence being once discovered.

A black pall hangs over the land and under the protection of this the brave little woman paddles toward the deep water. In the bow the "man" sits, his eyes buried in a handkerchief and his whole body convulsing with sobs.

Finally between the convulsions he gasps, "Oh, Temperance, the good Lord has not forgotten us. I knew he would rescue his afflicted! I just knew it!" and the little man relapses into sobs again.

"Hezekiah," there is a ring of authority in the voice that until a few hours before had contained only the submissive tones that become the wife of a Missionary—

"Hezekiah, a trust in Providence never hurt anyone, but the good Lord ain't going to help folks who haven't enough spunk to help themselves a little. Take that paddle and see if you can be of a little use for a change."

Late that afternoon when the cloud had partly lifted and the coast lay far behind them they caught sight of a speck on the horizon. It drew nearer and in a short time they were safely on board a trading vessel, headed for a civilized country and home.

Several months later the curtain again rises on our comedy and we discover Hezekiah selling mops, dusters, and brooms from door to door, while his wife, the submissive creature of yesterday has found her place among the nation's leading Suffragists—and why not?



## “THE SMOULDERING FIRES”

By Rosemary Allen, '21



IN spite of the fact that it was not yet sunrise the elderly Madame Lapierre, with Marks, her colored gardener, old Cleo, her maid, and Judith Hanscom, her granddaughter, was gathering some of her famous roses for Memorial Day. It was one of Madame's customs to have only the strictly fresh flowers used to decorate the soldiers' graves, and this would be impossible if the heat of the Southern sun beat upon them.

The rose-gardens surrounding the old Lapierre mansion were unequalled in all the town and were always visited by tourists. The massive stone walls were covered with climbing roses; the piazzas were half-buried in scarlet Reines and Snow Queens, all bending their heavy branches as if eager to be relieved of their burdens.

Although Madame was just past eighty she moved very quickly and gave directions to her helpers as to which roses to cut; her choice usually being those which were somewhat sheltered by the trees.

"See that every rose is cut on that bush, Judith. You are not picking the American Beauties at all. Do you not yet know that I consider none too good for the heroes we are honoring today?"

Little Judith blushed prettily; the truth was—she was saving just a few of the American Beauties for Major Wellington, a Federal officer, who lived a very lonesome life in the house next to Madame's residence.

He had become very much attached to the child whose winning ways had more than once attracted his attention. Judith had given him several beautiful bouquets, much against her grandmother's wishes.

"Yes, grandmother, I—I—forgot!" she stammered, and hastened to pick every bud from the bush. After all, she smiled consolingly, there were a great many more buds which would be in full bloom the next morning.

With Cleo's assistance Madame walked to a rustic seat, which was built between two old trees in the rose garden. The early rising and exertion of giving orders had tired her, though she would not have admitted it for worlds; in fact she even resented Cleo's kind offer to help, but later finding it necessary, was obliged to accept. Judith came triumphantly to her grandmother bearing an old-fashioned white rose that she had found on a bush that Marks had said was dead. In answer to the child's ecstasies of delight over the flower, Madame sighed and asked her to go away. Poor Judith, though very much disappointed in her grandmother's lack of interest, hastened off to show the wonderful rose to Marks.

Madame spent most of her time mourning for her son, Julian, whose body, perhaps, lay unburied on some distant battlefield. His mother had never become reconciled to his unknown death, and as she knew not where he was buried, she never ceased to grieve.

\* \* \* \*

After their breakfast of coffee and crisp rolls, Madame retired to her room to rest, and Judith followed to see that she was made comfortable. As she lowered the shade she turned to her grandmother and said timidly, "Major Wellington wants me to go over and read with him this evening, grandmother, and I should like to go if you don't need me." There was a note of uncertainty in her voice for she felt sure that her grandmother would not allow her to make the call.

"Certainly not, Judith, you should know that I would never consent to your going to that Yankee officer's house. Young people forget; they even entertain the enemy that destroyed their fathers. I neither forget nor forgive,—and never will! It is indeed enough to bear to have him for my nearest neighbor, without allowing any friendliness on your part."

Judith submitted cheerfully, but her disappointment was great because she had grown very fond of the kindly old gentleman. She never thought of rebelling against her grandmother's authority, for, as a rule all her desires were fulfilled. After noiselessly closing the door she went to her own room, drew aside the curtain in her window and looked out upon the lonely home of Major Wellington. The northern veteran had recently come to the south for his health, and had already won a host of friends in the aristocratic old town.

\* \* \* \*

As there had been a great battle fought nearby, there were many unmarked graves, so the school children usually scattered the

flowers on the graves of the unknown soldiers. Federal soldiers, too, lay here in the same cemetery with their enemies, and on the Northern Memorial Day they, too, received their floral contributions.

But Madame, assisted by Judith, had always taken the flowers to the cemetery herself and laid them on the graves, in memory of her son who was listed as "missing in action" after his first battle.

The hated past had been forgotten by the townspeople, but not so with Madame Lapierre. Her indignation was great, therefore, when the noted Southern general, who was supposed to address the people, introduced his friend, Major Wellington, who would speak to them of the soldiers who had made the supreme sacrifice for the cause they held so dear.

Major Wellington said, among other things: "It is a great comfort to me to know that I gave one Confederate a Christian burial.

"One night, during a skirmish with a detachment of the enemy, I was slightly wounded and my comrades marched on in hot pursuit, while I lay senseless by the roadside.

"When I recovered consciousness I staggered toward a faint light which I could see in a cabin nearby. Opening the door, I saw lying on a cot of straw a young Confederate soldier, who was unmistakably mortally wounded. He turned his face toward me and whispered, "Water!" I was fortunate enough to find a little water left in my battered canteen, and kneeling down raised it to his parched lips. He thanked me with a



wan smile, and motioned toward his pocket. There I found a small book, which I understood he wished me to take. A smile of satisfaction rested on his lips when he saw me place the book carefully in my own pocket. His breath grew fainter and fainter, and finally inaudible.

"The sun had not risen when I laid the soldier to rest, in a grave, at the foot of a huge oak tree, and kneeling down beside it, said a little prayer.

"I have always kept the book, hoping that I may sometime find a near relative. My repeated efforts, however, have been without result. There is something written on the inside of the cover, some of which is erased. It reads: 'To Julian.' The rest I regret to say cannot be made out. Perhaps that name may be familiar to someone of you, though I dare not hope for such a possibility."

Madame Lapierre rose, and, as though in a dream, walked briskly to the speaker's

platform, and asked to see the book. This request was granted and as soon as she saw it she recognized it as the diary she had given to her son shortly before he joined his regiment.

After a few moments she said brokenly, with tears in her eyes, "It was my son you buried, Major Wellington, come and let me thank you in his name," and the tall Northerner stepped from the platform with outstretched hands.

\* \* \* \*

Northern Memorial Day arrived and much to her surprise Judith saw her grandmother stepping into the carriage with two baskets filled with the freshest pink and white buds from the rose-garden. In answer to Judith's inquiry as to where she might be going Madame replied, "I am going with Major Wellington to the cemetery where we will lay these, my choicest roses, on the graves of the brave Union heroes."

## AN INCIDENT IN "NO MAN'S LAND"

By Elizabeth Chalmers, '19



NOT long ago some mule-teams were ordered to carry food to the front line trenches. That meant, of course, going quite near the trenches and carrying the food on foot the rest of the way. They started out as soon as they received the order from headquarters. There were three men, four mules, and a load of food to each team. One team was a little ahead of the others, having been loaded first. When they came to the place where they should have been stopped and told to go in another direction, no one was

there so they, not knowing any better, kept on going.

The country was devastated and desolate. It was a lonesome and dreary ride. Why didn't they meet some guard to give them directions? The road was terrible, worse than it had been at all. It was hard work to dream that you were riding over smooth roads at home when you were in reality bouncing and jolting around in an old mule-team. Suddenly a rocket lighted up the whole sky. A quick command was given in German and a machine-gun opened fire.

The driver jumped, landed in a shell-hole and so was safe for a few minutes. The two other men threw themselves into the bottom of the team. Then came the realization that they were in the center of "No Man's Land," close to the German trenches with hardly anything but the barbwire fence between them and the Germans. A bullet pierced the ear of one of the mules and whether that was the cause or not, those four mules turned that large team com-

pletely around and started in the opposite direction. The team arrived back in camp unharmed except for a few bullet holes, the men were uninjured and the mules are still hauling food and supplies for the American boys in France. The man who jumped into the shell-hole also got back safely and we hope that sometime he and his companions will all be able to tell the story of their narrow escape to the "folks at home."

## WILLIAM INTERFERES

By Margaret R. Mason, '19



THE Jordan family always spent July and August at "Sea Breezes," their summer home on Frenchman's Bay. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Jordan, their pretty twenty-year-old niece, Edith, their son, William, eighteen and very dignified except when overcome by an irresistible desire to tease, and his little sister, Mary, who was a mischievous child of nine.

This particular summer a coast survey ship had made its headquarters directly in front of the Jordan cottage, much to the annoyance of William for Edith had shown a marked preference to the immaculate young officers from the ship (especially one Lieutenant Fields), rather than to William. Because of this one of his favorite amusements was to bribe Mary to "chaperone" Edith and the Lieutenant, much to their disgust.

One day William was shaving in his room when he became conscious of a familiar murmur at the foot of the stairs. Going out into the hall to investigate, he leaned over

the bannister and looked down. The staircase was built in the form of a "Y" and there in one corner were Edith and the Lieutenant deeply engrossed in conversation. William watched them with interest for several minutes and then he seemed to have a happy thought.

Collarless, a towel tucked into the neck of his shirt, a broad grin spreading over his face half covered with soap, and his well-lathered shaving brush grasped firmly in his hand, William tiptoed softly down the stairs.

As he was just above the unconscious couple, a treacherous step creaked loudly and the startled pair looked up. This gave William just the chance he wanted, and quickly he covered his cousin's pretty upturned face with lather and then made a dash for the head of the stairs followed by a plaintive wail and then a tearful question (apparently addressed to Lieutenant Fields who was struggling with suppressed laughter): "W-Will it wash off?"

But William was absent at lunch time, wisely perhaps.





# LOCALS

*"Yesterday and Today and Forever"*

The Senior prize essays were announced recently as follows:

Girls' essays:

- The Hero of Little Round Top.....  
Bernice H. Cole.
- On the Mountain.....  
Mabel B. Peabody.
- The Spirit of France.....  
Mabelle F. Colby.
- The City Manager Plan.....  
Marjorie M. O'Connell.
- Beyond the Alps Lies Our Italy.....  
Winnifred M. Day.
- The Railroad Question.....  
Gladys A. Cunningham.

Boys' essays:

- Service .....  
Walter L. Whitney.
- A Martyred Kingdom.....  
J. Wilson Harthorne.
- The True American.....  
Frank M. Pierce.
- A League of Nations.....  
Abraham Viner.
- Democracy Threatened.....  
Robert McCann.
- Germany's Plight and America's Duty to  
the World.....James E. Buckley
- The World War.....  
Frank E. Washburne.

Those who judged the essays were: Mrs. E. M. Blanding, Mrs. George A. Phillips and Mr. John Finnigan. The girls' essays were also judged by Miss Elizabeth Clark as the lists handed in by the first three judges did not permit a decision to be reached.

Professor Johnson of Brown university lectured to all the Seniors, except the Commercials, one day in the Lecture Room. The substance of the lecture was the need of a college education, with illustrations by stereopticon slides of Brown University.

Captain McCord has recently come to Bangor High School as the Military Instructor for the Junior Reserve Officers' Training Corps of this school. He graduated from Grove City High School, Pennsylvania, in 1911, where he took part in all athletics, especially football. He also graduated from Grove City College in 1914, obtaining the Ph. D. degree and took a post graduate course the next year, obtaining the G. M. degree. Since then Captain McCord has been in various branches of Military Service in different

parts of the United States. He went overseas with the 40th Division from Camp Kearney, Santiago, California, but was transferred to the 372nd Infantry, and saw much active service.

Captain McCord returned to the United States to Camp Upton in February, 1919, and from there he came here.

Dorothy Southard, '22, daughter of Major Southard, was in Boston, April 25, to witness the parade of the 26th division.

At a Senior class meeting, the following were nominated for the graduating parts:

Parting address: James Buckley, Vincent Smart and Robert Mathews.

Class history: Agnes Olsen, Doris Plaisted and Ruth Holden; William Hall and Frank Washburne.

Prophecy: Classical, Robert McCann; Scientific and Technical, George Smith and Wilfred Gillen; General, Adelaide Berdeen, Elizabeth Chalmers and Mabelle Colby; Commercial, Hazel Coffey, Olive Gregory and Cardman Battles.

Those elected were:

Parting address: Vincent Smart.

History: Doris Plaisted and William Hall.

Prophecy: Classical—Robert McCann. Scientific and Technical—George Smith. General—Elizabeth Chalmers. Commercial—Hazel Coffey.

Mr. Gilbert Buker is the head of the Commercial Department this term, having filled the position made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Kimball.

We are much pleased and honored in reading the two articles in "The World's Crisis," written by Hazel E. Day, '19.

### BASEBALL

Baseball has been banned this season by the students of the school!

Some of the boys wanted a baseball team in the school. The student body did not encourage this idea—as they have done, or rather not done, in the last three years.

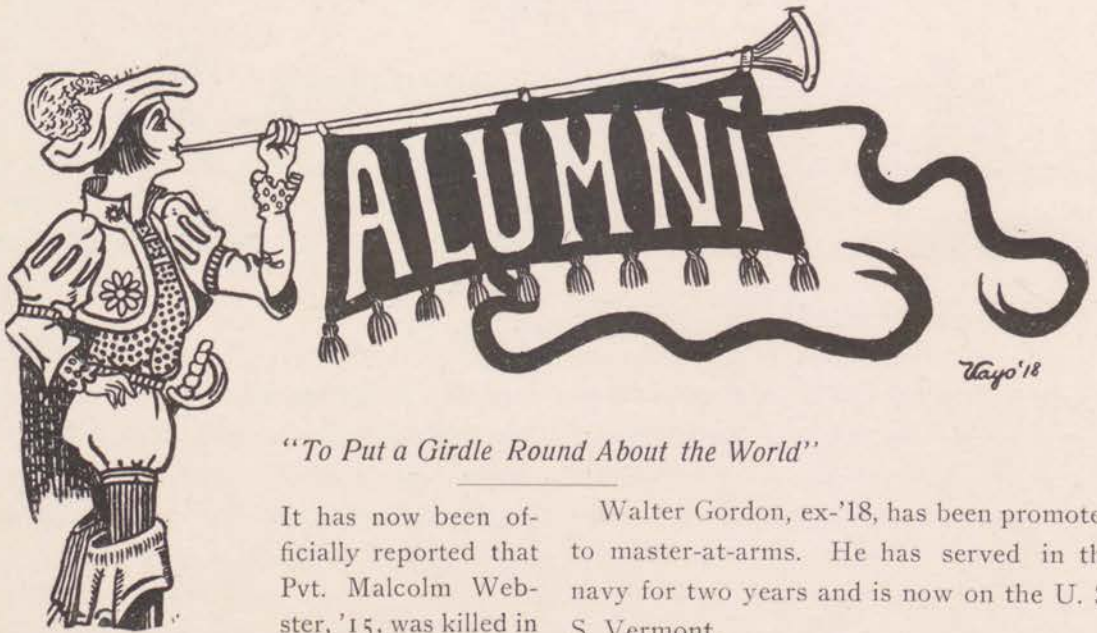
Quite naturally the Athletic Council took notice of this and, at a meeting held April 17, adopted the following plan: In order for Bangor to be represented by a baseball team, three hundred or more students of Bangor High School would have to pledge themselves to buy season tickets at not more than one dollar apiece. If more than three hundred tickets were pledged the price was to be reduced proportionally.

Mr. Eaton placed the proposition before the school the following Monday in chapel. The students were given until Thursday to think it over, and pledges were taken Thursday morning. While the total amount of pledges was not announced, it is believed that from four to ten tickets were pledged in each room.

Naturally Bangor has no baseball team.

While this, at first, appears to be unreasonable, it is, nevertheless, quite natural. The business men of the city do not support baseball as they do football, and the students themselves are more occupied in other things, either in or out of school, during the spring term. Besides these things is the fact that in the past three years baseball has been a financial loss to the school.





*"To Put a Girdle Round About the World"*

It has now been officially reported that Pvt. Malcolm Webster, '15, was killed in action July 19, 1918. The first official report read that he had been missing since July 19. Pvt. Webster went overseas with the Marines in December, 1917. He took part in the fighting at Belleau Wood in June where he was cited for meritorious service. It was later during the fighting at the Marne that he was reported missing but it is now believed that he was killed there. Pvt. Webster was one of the speakers at the Junior Exhibition in 1915.

Sergt. Prentiss Preble, '16, spent a short furlough here from Camp Devens just before the 26th parade in Boston. Sergt. Preble served in the Bangor Machine Gun Company, a part of the 26th Division.

Walter Banton, '11, who has been in Y. M. C. A. work in Russia during the revolution, has arrived in Vancouver, British Columbia, and is on his way home via San Francisco.

Walter Gordon, ex-'18, has been promoted to master-at-arms. He has served in the navy for two years and is now on the U. S. S. Vermont.

Edward Chisholm, ex-'18, spent a short furlough in Bangor from the U. S. S. Agamemnon which brought part of the 26th Division over.

Hazel Torrey, '13, went to Boston to see the 26th parade. Miss Torrey's brother, Sergt. Raymond Torrey, '16, participated in the parade.

Joseph F. Lynch, '18, who is attending Holy Cross, spent the Easter holidays with his parents in this city.

Maurice P. King, ex-'17, has been promoted from first lieutenant to captain. Capt. King is stationed at Pensacola, Florida, with the U. S. Marine Corps. He was married in September to Miss Madeline MacGregor, '15, and since early fall Capt. and Mrs. King have made their home at the San Carlos hotel in Pensacola.

Gladys Farnham, ex-'14, who is employed by the Merrill Trust Company, recently visited her parents in Boston. Florice Farnham, '15, is training in a homeopathic hospital there.

Frank W. Lorimer, '12, has been appointed as "Hut Secretary" at Beaune, Cote d'Or, France. Mr. Lorimer has been overseas with the American Expeditionary Forces since last July. He was a graduate of Yale, class of 1916, and a student at Newton Theological Institution, 1916-17. He served for several months in Y. M. C. A. huts in this country, being educational secretary at Camp Devens. In April, 1918, he entered the army by waiving his divinity exemption and he has been with the expeditionary forces both in France and in Germany, until his present discharge, granted for the purpose of allowing him to take up Y. M. C. A. work. Beaune is a town where the American Army University with more than 15,000 students, is located. The large influx of American soldier-students to this university makes it at present the largest university in the world. It is divided into twelve colleges and offers two hundred different courses. Mr. Lorimer was editor-in-chief of the Oracle at one time.

Gilbert Sanborn, '08, who recently returned from overseas, has been honorably discharged from the service and has returned to his home in Bangor.

Sergt. W. Alfred Boynton, '16, formerly of Co. G, of Bangor, is in Le Mans, France,

where he is working on the old records of the 26th Division. Sergt. Boynton is doing office work for the Central Records Office of Bourges, France, and in this way has been able to travel in Germany as well as France.

Phillip D. Howe, '12, recently arrived from overseas, after serving as a sergeant in the 104th Infantry of the 26th Division. Sergt. Howe's home-coming was saddened by the death of his father, George D. Howe, in Springfield, Mass.

Thomas Kane, '17, and Donald Dwinal, ex-'18, were two well known B. H. S. boys to return with the 26th Division. Both spent brief furloughs in Bangor previous to the 26th parade.

Ensign Freeman Olsen, '16, is home on a vacation. Ensign Olsen recently graduated from the Harvard Ensign School. He has received his honorable discharge from the service and will soon return to Boston to take up his duties with a bond house.

Edward Harden, '15, is first class operator on the George Washington.

William G. Graham, ex-'16, is a second class machinist's mate on the U. S. S. C-268. Mr. Graham was home a short time ago on a furlough.

Henry Payson Dowst, a Bangor High school graduate, had a story in a current issue of the Saturday Evening Post.





*"To set the Cause Above Renown  
To love the Game Above the Prize"*

## BASKETBALL

The following men won their letters in basketball: John (Jake) Toole, captain; Henry Bacon, Russell Fairbrother, David Goldstein, Lester (Boss) Greeley, Philip Oak, Rodney (Kid) Orters, and John (Shorty) Short. Robert Matthews also receives a letter, a manager of the team.

\* \* \* \*

Saturday, April 19, the letter men gave a very successful dance at City Hall. The object was to raise money to purchase sweaters for the letter men. As that night happened to be the first after Lenten restrictions were removed there was a good-sized crowd on the floor. After all the expenses were paid there was found to be enough money to make a start towards purchasing the sweaters.

The committee in charge of the arrangements consisted of Henry Bacon, Russell Fairbrother and Philip Oak.

\* \* \* \*

The Tuesday following the dance, the letter men held the election for next year's captain. Henry Bacon and Lester Greeley were nominated, Bacon being elected by a vote of five to three.

\* \* \* \*

Manager Matthews believes that the basketball season gained about \$250 for the Athletic Fund. This would prove that the past season has been one of the most successful—financially—that Bangor has ever had.

## TRACK

Instead of the much discussed baseball team Bangor is centering her interest on the track team. Phil Oak, being the only track point-winner in school, is acting captain. Frank Pierce who has had some experience in track work, is manager. Both men expect Bangor to have a good team.

The men are practicing Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, and are preparing for the Interscholastic Meet at the U. of M., May 24. Owing to our nearness to Orono, a comparatively large team will be sent up. Those who show up well in this Meet will be sent to Bowdoin, May 31.

\* \* \* \*

It might be well to encourage the baseball "fans" by telling them that each cadet company has a team. The chances are good for a few good games to be played.

\* \* \* \*

Orono isn't far from Bangor. Let's have a lot of rooters at the Maine Meet.



Private Malcolm Eugene Webster  
U. S. M. C.

Fought with the famous Marines and died valiantly for the cause. He was cited by General Pershing and by General Foch. Killed in action July 19, 1918.





**Lieutenant Harry Savage, B. R. A. F.**

Was trained at Toronto and in Texas. He was commissioned in Canada and made the supreme sacrifice while instructing Cadets in England.



*"All Your Strength is in Your Union  
All Your Danger is in Discord  
Therefore be at Peace Henceforward  
And as Brothers Live Together"*

### **WELCOME CAPTAIN McCORD**

Bangor High School has at last been recognized at Washington as a member of the Junior R. O. T. C. The school authorities had long since put in their application for this membership which in the future is to mean so much to the school and indeed to the city as well. In a general order from Washington which was posted upon the office bulletin about two weeks ago, Captain Walter D. McCord, U. S. A., was appointed professor of military science in Bangor High School. Captain McCord arrived at the school a few days after and immediately took up his duties here.

Under General Order 49 which Captain McCord has explained very clearly to the male members of the school, beginning with the next school year, each male student of the school who signs himself to take two years' drill while in B. H. S. unless he be a Senior next year, in which case he may pledge for his Senior year, will receive a complete military equipment issued directly

from the United States government. The Junior R. O. T. C. is directly under government control and will be recognized in college or any other more advanced institution than High School, if at such an institution the student should pursue his military study in the Senior R. O. T. C.

There is every prospect for big events in the military line at school next year and the prospects for a big enrollment are now most promising.

In November, 1917, the entertainment committee of the District Nurse Association, wishing to secure something out of the ordinary for an entertainment, invited a number of Bangor girls, mostly from the High School, to take part in a drill. After much drilling under Mr. Mitchell, physical director of the High School, they presented a very creditable drill in City Hall, December 26. The drill was well patronized and the ladies were very much gratified at the



success of the entertainment. Men in khaki were not uncommon here then but girls in khaki were.

The following spring a second company was formed and under the leadership of Donald Valentine, then a lieutenant in the Cadets, a competitive drill was given on April 4, at which there was a much larger attendance. They were called the "Cadets Debutante" and were soon busy doing escort duty to the drafted men leaving Bangor and taking part in patriotic parades, etc. No day was too hot, no train too early, they were on hand whenever called upon. There was drilling even after school closed and stray soldiers, watching them drill in Abbott Square were often surprised to see them "hold a pivot" and keep a straight line.

After school opened in September, 1918, and the boys began drilling, many of the girls were anxious to continue. When they came to collect their old members, they found that over half their number had grad-

uated from High school and gone away to college. Some one suggested making it a school organization and that suggestion was carried out. Now—well, now there are about one hundred and fifty girls in uniform attending Bangor High School under the name of the Bangor High School Girl Cadets. A battalion of three companies was formed with regular drills twice a week. They are getting into fine condition for the Exhibition Drill and Ball to be given in City Hall, May 9.

Each company, under the leadership of their captains, who are Seniors, is specializing in certain parts of military drill. One company has setting-up exercises, another close-order drill, and the third, bayonet practice.

All the girls are attending extra drills, paying close attention, and doing their best, so that the officers of the battalion feel sure that their companies will really give an "Exhibition" drill on May 9.

## NEW ENGLAND IN MAY

With a blaze of golden glory,  
New England flames today;  
After the gray of winter,  
The golden of her May.

Smoky gold of willow,  
Birch, and alder fringe;  
Spirit of the springtime—  
Veil of golden tinge.

Silver gold of violet,  
Deep within its green;  
Symbol of full glory,  
In its silvery sheen.

Yellow gold of tulip,  
And of daffodil,  
Warning, cheering, quickening;  
Take whate'er you will.

Golden gold the purest,  
Gold without alloy;  
Dandelion richest,  
Joy, the fullest joy!

With a blaze of golden glory,  
New England flames today;  
After the gray of winter,  
The glitter of her May.



*"We Took Sweet Council Together"*

The Oracle wishes to extend a cordial greeting to the following magazines, which, although they may have been among our Exchanges in former years, have not visited us this year until during the past month:

Port Jervian—Port Jervian, N. Y.

Crescent—Buxton Center, Me.

Mercury—Belfast, Me.

School Review—Chicago, Ill.

Reflector—Brownville, Me.

Red and White—Sanford, Me.

Prattler—Calais, Me.

Gatherer—Deer Isle, Me.

Junior News Letter—Anderson, Ind.

Olympian—Biddeford, Me.

\* \* \* \*

Again, our old friend, The Scout, from Muskogee, Oklahoma, with its A1 contents reaches the Oracle. As usual every department is as fine as possible and interesting in the same degree.

The Olympian—a small but promising paper, comprised chiefly of a fine department of advertisements. No doubt this sec-

tion is a very profitable one, but unfortunately Ads., for the most part, are far from interesting.

The Mercury—Your cover is quite unique, but pleasing. Your paper is one of those which seem to underestimate the value of the Table of Contents. The article, "Inventions I Have Used," is quite imaginative, and as is usually the case with such, is highly interesting.

The Crescent—Another enterprising paper from our own state. Your various departments are all unusually lengthy and interesting.

The Prattler issues for a first number a paper that ranks among the highest. The cuts, although appropriate, lack the finished appearance which is typical of the rest of the paper. The cover design is unusually well drawn.

Sedan, Hampden Academy, Me.—The April issue of your paper maintains the high



standard set by your first issue. We have one criticism to make, however. For the most part your personals are too personal to be appreciated by outsiders.

The Junior News Letter—Your jokes are very clever, but are for the majority gleaned from other sources than your own school, apparently.

Doubtless pupils of B. H. S. who have been provokingly tempted by the odors of good things from the Domestic Science rooms will appreciate the following poem, culled from the High School Tiger, Little Rock, Ark.:

"Ah, Chile Sauce, so fine, so fair,  
Escaping through the door,  
Thy luscious scent pervades the air  
Of all our whole first floor."

Again the Vail-Deane Budget from Elizabeth, N. J., visits our school. Its appearance is thoroughly pleasing and is made more so, in part, by the excellent cuts that head the various departments.

Science and Craft, Chicago, Ill.—The lively cuts form one of the most interesting items of your paper. They are unusually clever. The article which we take the liberty to copy from your magazine belongs to a class which is as perplexing as it is humorous.

### His Own Grandfather

"Well, Sam, I'll show you how it is. You see, I married a widow, and this widow had a daughter. Then my father, who was a widower, married our daughter, so you see my father is my son-in-law. Then again my step-daughter is my step-mother, isn't she? Well, then her mother is my grandmother and I'm married to her, aren't I? So that makes me my own grandfather, doesn't it?"

The M. H. S. Oracle, Manchester, N. H.—The articles in your Literary department, varying as they do from those found in most papers, are quite interesting. Evidently your school contains a number of poets.

Well! Our old friend from the dreamy Orient, the Tsing Hua Journal from Peking, China. But your magazine proves beyond doubt that the Orient is not so dreamy, as is usually supposed! As a live wire magazine, yours is at the head of the list.

### AS OTHERS SEE US

The Oracle. A fine paper. The stories, although well written, are rather tragic and creepy.—Sedan, Hampden, Me.

The Oracle. We like your photograph department!—H. S. Tiger, Little Rock, Ark.

The Oracle has many witty jokes and is a complete paper in general.—Prattler, Calais, Me.



*"Wisdom of Many and the Wit of One"*

As the next number of the Oracle is the last number for this year we would like to make the personal column the best yet. We can accomplish this if every one will do his bit. If you know a joke about some senior write it down and put it in the Oracle box, or if you don't care to do this you can surely write something funny about the seniors in general. Everybody help and make the personals in the last number the best they have ever been.

Mr. V—: "Now for this we need a metal that expands when it contracts."

Black, '19: "The government has detailed an officer for instructor here."

Smith, '19: "Who is he?"

Black: "Captain McRope!" [McCord.]

The company had just been given a talk on respect to officers.

"Husky" Bowles: "Hey, loot, come here!"

Mme. B—: "What does the second day of the month represent in French?"

Hersey, '20—: "The first."

G. C—, '21: "One of those triangles is a quadrilateral."

Mr. V—: "Describe an electroscope."

Ans.: "Take two pieces of gold and—"

Bright pupil: "and get a major."

Miss D., '20 (in English): "The wind was raining."

F. W., '21, seems to have a great liking for French this year.

Miss W. (to Geometry class): "If we should have a fire drill this period, just stay right here till the third floor comes down."

Miss W—: "How old was Milton when he wrote this poem?"

Mr. Den—, '20: "He was old enough to know better."



## Trade Marks

1. "Eventually—why not now?" E. B. P., '20.
2. "99 44-100% pure." E. W. S., '20.
3. "Have you a little fairy in your home?" T. T. '20.
4. "There's a reason." J. B., '19.
5. "2 in 1." H. B. C., '19.
6. "Champion." M. F., '20.
7. "Ever-ready." E. S., '20.
8. "Who's your tailor?" R. H., '19.
9. "The Sampler." R. Mc., '19.
10. "Hercules." T. L. R., '19.

Translation of "etre de bonne naissance":  
To be a great nuisance.

## B. H. S.—If Germany Had Won the War

1. Morning praise to the Kaiser.
2. The "Watch on the Rhine" played every chapel morning.
3. German spoken always.
4. Everyone called "Herr" or "Fraulein."
5. Pictures of Germans on the walls.
6. A month in jail for whispering.
7. No time for athletics.
8. Four weeks yearly vacation.
9. Pretzels and sauerkraut served in the lunch-room.
10. The German flag over the school building.

BUY VICTORY BONDS!!!

## Famous Sayings of Famous Men

1. "My League of Nations, may it ever be in the right; but right or wrong, my League of Nations." J. W. H., '19.

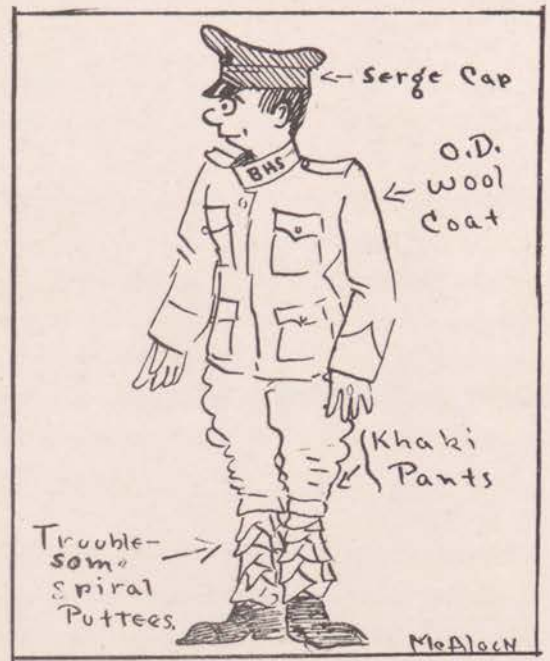
2. "Milton, thy works should not be living at this hour." J. G. C., '20.

3. "As for me, give me zero and let me sleep." D. G., '20.

4. "My only regret is that I have but one mind to give to my French. J. McA., '20.

5. "Let our object be our kindergarten, our whole kindergarten, and nothing but our kindergarten." The Cradle-Robbers.

6. "One object, one goal, one destiny!" R. Mc., '19. [Good luck again, Bob!]



O Uniform! What crimes perpetrated in thy name!

## Military Dictionary

[With Military Pronunciation of Commands.]

About Face [a-bow fay]: Command for a movement explained in I. D. R. It corresponds to the bridge chapter of "Caesar."

Attention ['ten-shun]: Command to bring every cadet into a position described in I. D. R. Usually given just as you want to talk to your friend.

At Ease ['Tease]: Command for you to take an easy position but not talk—because the Captain wants to.

Bayonet Exercise [ban texize]: Several forms of torture combined in one term.

Butt Blow [bub low]: One of the Bayonet exercises. Supposed to kill the enemy. Sufficient practice will kill you.

Captain [cap'n]: Cadet with a license to wear 3 silver (?) buttons, on each shoulder, braid on cap and sleeves, and leather putts. Perfectly useless as a cadet.

Dismissed [smisst]: Signal for a general rush to the nearest exit.

First Sergeant: The highest ranking sergeant; almost, but not quite, as bad as a lieutenant.

I. D. R.: Infantry Drill Regulations. A book written in a foreign language for the instruction of rookies. Never yet translated by the rookies.

Lieutenant [Loot]: An obnoxious cadet answering to the general description of captain but with one or two buttons less on each shoulder. Each lieutenant believes himself to be the whole show.

Major [may-jer]: Highest form of the genus "commissioned officer." He may be distinguished by a gold (?) diamond on each shoulder. He lives a life of idleness putting all his work onto the staff.

Squad Right [squaw dry]: A command given by a corporal when he doesn't know what to say.

Orders: Papers posted on the office telling "who's who and why" for the week.

Port Arms [Pore-hums]: Command for a movement explained (?) in I. D. R.

Present Arms ['sent hums]: See Port Arms.

Parade Rest [pray dress]: A command for a restful position. After five minutes you want to stand at Attention to rest yourself.

By a Rookie.

The rubber market has advanced one point, due to the fact that the Senior and Junior girls have taken up the fad of carrying rubber balls to school. Don't laugh at them! They are merely childish in their old age.

Miss F. (in Spanish): "You go to the board McAloon and write the imperfect tense."

A minute later: "Why, that's all wrong. I thought I told you to write an imperfect tense."

McAloon, '20: "I have."

A new name has been discovered for electricity! If interested ask Carl Morrison, '20.

Miss C—, '20 (translating Latin): "He dismissed a part of the soldiers who had already been killed."

Miss L— (teaching a dance): "Now, girls, run through each other."

Heard in Assembly Hall as the Juniors were passing out—

Senior: "I smell fish."



Miss F—, '20 (translating Latin): "He seeked aid from them."

Officer: "Hubbard, why are you wearing a white collar?"

Hubbard, '21: "It isn't white, sir, it's green."

Officer: "Well it looks white on you."

Major Chalmers, '19: "These companies will drill next Wednesday evening, but will change their time as the Freshmen can't stay out so late again."

(The Freshmen were dismissed at 8.30).

Officer: "Schiro, bring your squad out here."

Schiro: "Squad, come here!"

Mme. B. (giving out lesson in irregular verbs): "Take from sleep to death."

J. McL., '19 (reading the title of a song called "O Ye Tears [5 Pts]"): "O Ye Tears—5 pints."

Miss M. R. (in English): "There were no white people in the territory except a few Indians."

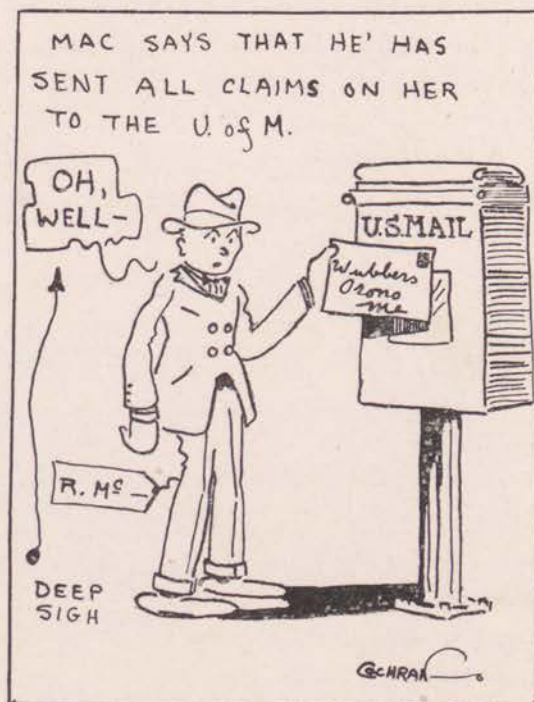
It is rumored that R. McCann has again played his old trick on another victim. His motto now is—"First love is true love." How about it, Mac?

Miss W—, '20 (translating Latin): "This oration has grown stale."

C. Woods looking at H. Hersey's shoes: "Oh, how cute!"

E. Chalmers, '19, says she thinks for once she has an ideal part in a play—a mountain nymph.

Mr. Mitchell (giving command at drill): "Ranks swap."



Mr. B—, '20 (translating Latin): "Two kings overhang all Asia."

Mr. W—, in English: "Mr. O—, what is a nymph?"

Mr. O—: "Oh, something fluttering around, and a lot of lace."

We have been asked to find out if possible, through these columns, whether "Jim" Buckley had his aunt or grandmother out walking with him on State St. one night recently.

J. Caulfield, '20: "I don't see how Milton ever got a reputation for writing poetry."

We're with you, Tom!

There was considerable excitement caused among the Senior girls recently when it was discovered that Helen H—, '19, was the proud possessor of a sister pin. The sister part sounds good we'll say.

To the tune of How Y'er Gonna Keep Him Down On the Farm, After He's Seen Paree.)

How y'er gonna keep him up on the farm,  
After he's seen E—,  
How y'er gonna keep him away from Bangor,  
Jazzing around, painting the town.  
How y'er gonna keep him away from harm,  
That's a mystery,  
He'll never want to see a spud or plow,  
And who the deuce wants to love a cow.  
How y'er gonna keep him up on the farm  
After he's seen E—.

Miss W—, in English: "What is meant by low-browed rocks, Mr. R—?"

Mr. R—: "Er—uneducated ones."

Miss H—, in Latin: "Mr. R—, put down that window."

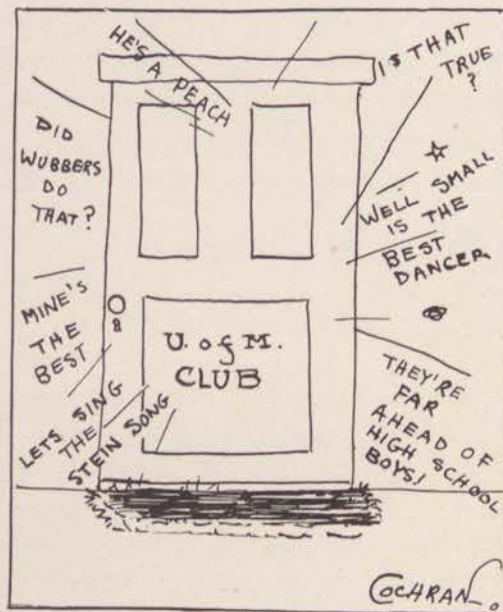
Mr. R—: "All right, but if I faint, you will have to carry me out."

### To "Fat" Maling

(Tune of Fritzie Boy)

Keep your eyes on "Angel Face,"  
As he rushes down to fill his face.

Downstairs in the old lunch room,  
You can see him any recess,  
As soon as he hears the bell,  
"Angel" starts to run and well,  
Get a grip upon the railing,  
And clear the stairs for Maling,  
Or you'll never see your home again.



At a meeting of the U. of M. Club

### De Magistris

Miss A. P.: "A happy life consists of virtue."

Mme. B.: "An ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of school wit."

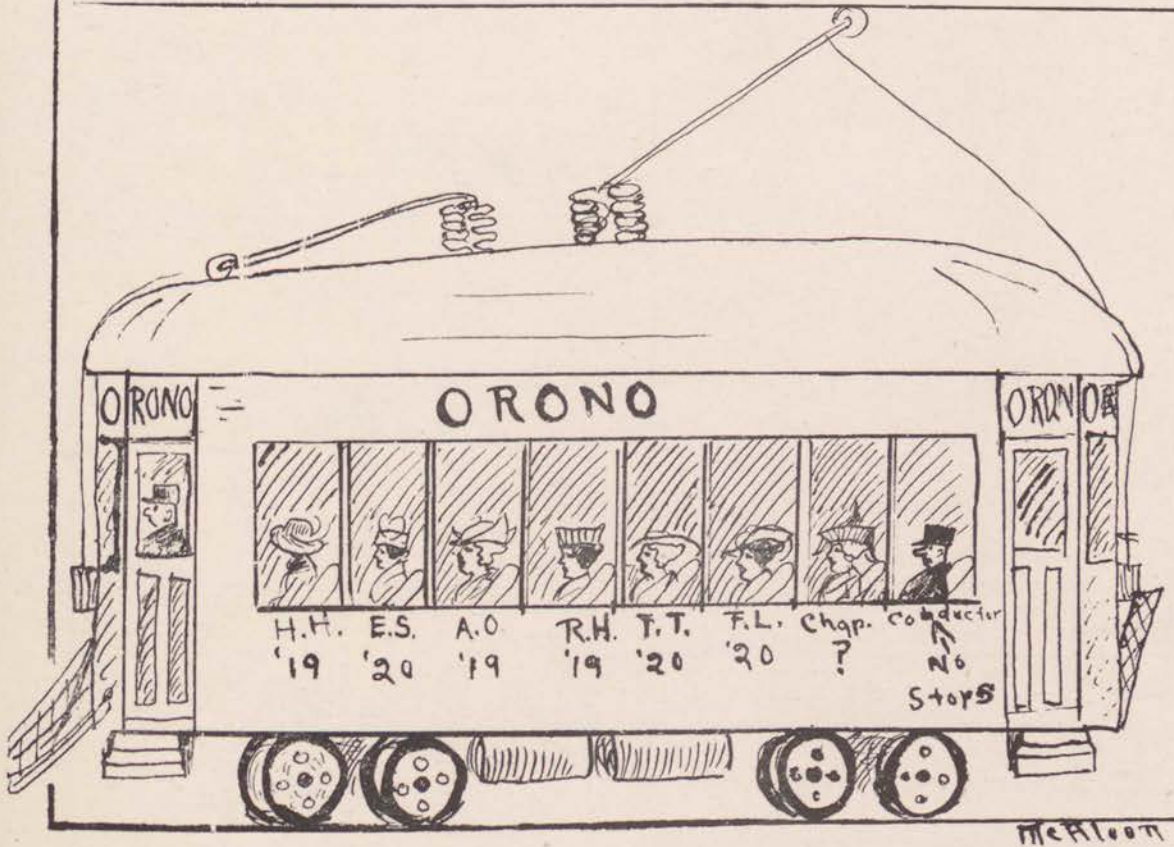
Mr. H. R. E.: "Such is the government, such are the people."

Miss N. W.: "Literature, like virtue, is its own reward."

Miss H. B.: "A teacher is better than two books."



I don't know personally, but I heard  
some one say, that —————



Mr. W. E.: "Speedy execution is the mother of good fortune."

Miss G. R.: "Sweet language will multiply friends."

Miss S. H.: "Great men may jest with saints."

—R. C., '21.

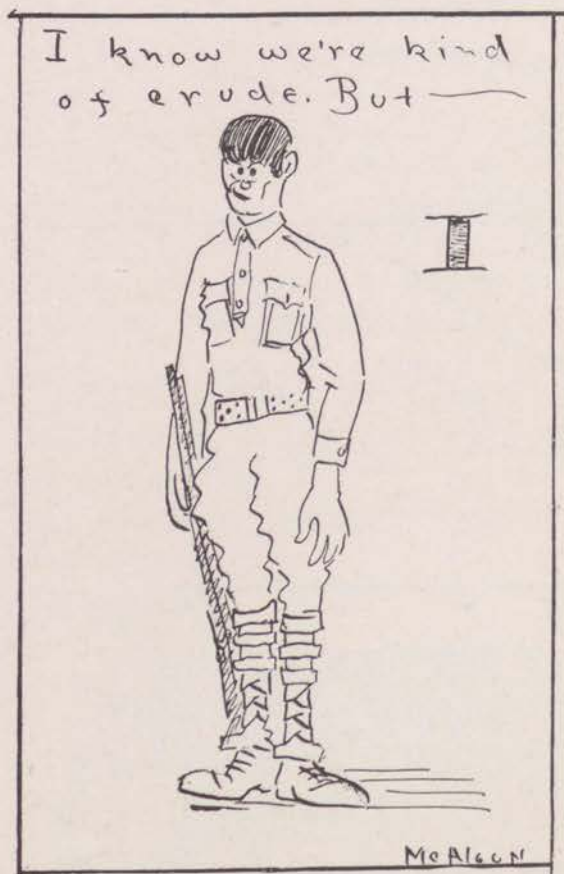
It is rumored that Russell Fairbrother has applied to E. Starrett as substitute, now that her army and navy have disbanded.

'Twas Ever Thus

Girl and boy and buggy,  
New boy and motor,  
Girl and boy and motor,  
Boy and buggy.

"Why is a lemon pie like the German Crown Prince?"

Answer: "It is soft and yellow in the middle, and hasn't any crust to go over the top."



Miss H— (in science): "Where does animal and plant life come from?"

Miss K—, '22: "From typhoid fever."

It is rumored that the old-fashioned dances are coming into vogue. We expect that Franz Dolliver will be quite in his element by that time, as he has been practicing swinging his lady on the corners.. But then she always declared she liked elevating top—ics.

Mrs. Fitzgerald: "I want a pair of shoes for my little Patrick."

Salesman: "French kid, ma'am?"

Mrs. F.: "No, indade, Irish!"

Miss N—, '22 (reading in class): "It was not a sloop. By the rigging I judged it to be a—to be a—"

Silence.

Teacher: "Barque."

Teacher (more impatiently): "Barque."

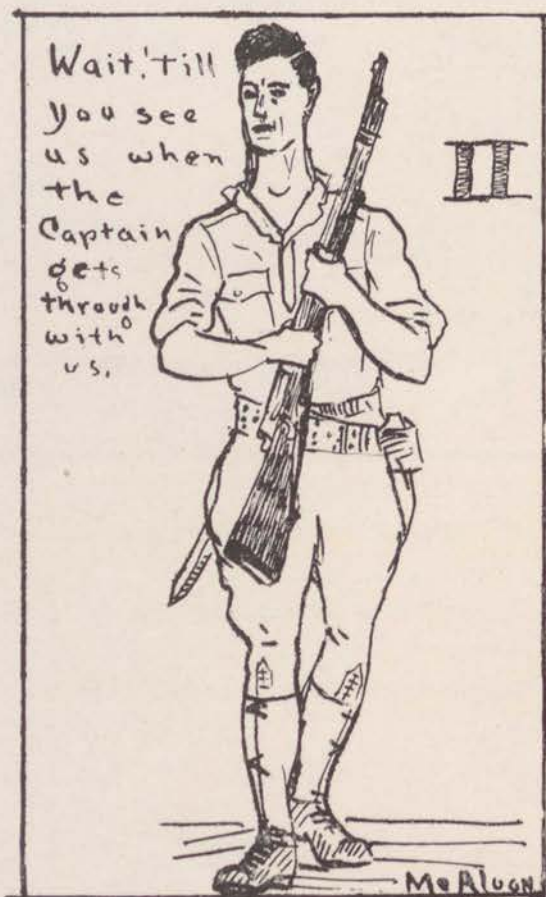
Miss N—: "Bow-wow."

Customer: "How many quarts of milk does your cow give?"

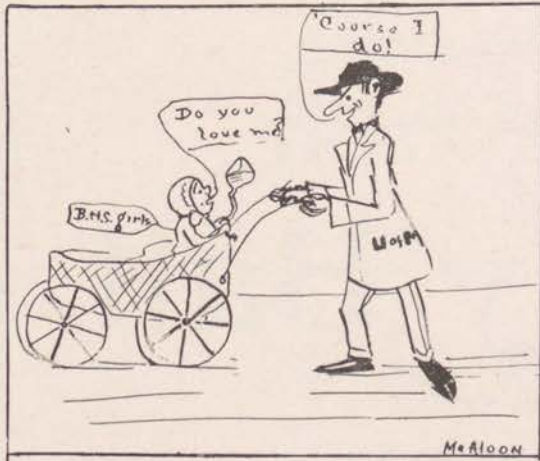
Smart boy: "Fifteen."

Customer: "How many quarts do you sell?"

Smart boy: "Nineteen."







We wonder if Walter Bullock is planning to go out for pitcher on the baseball team. He has begun to practice with paper balls trying to throw them from his seat into the waste-basket. However, it may be just a childish amusement.

The Beau Brummel of the Freshman class! Who is he? Just look outside Room 110 most any recess.

The hike which the cadets took seems to have been something in the nature of "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

Harthorn at the board for French dictation began to scratch his head when he couldn't think of a word. Mme. B—: "If you scratch long enough Harthorn, perhaps you'll find it."

Tell me not, O, all ye students,  
That the test I took today,  
Is but one of two and twenty,  
That are coming all my way.

Life is short! Tests are nightmares!  
And a wreck to human souls,  
Leaving students naught but fragments  
Pushing onward toward the goal.

The editor of our "Love and Sentiment" column has nearly been swamped by the number of letters received. He wishes to state that they will be given his prompt attention in the order received.

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A Department of Harvard University  
Graduates of Secondary schools admitted without  
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required subjects

Modern buildings and equipment. Fall term opens  
September 22, 1919. Degree of D. M. D. Catalog.  
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Bangor City Hall  
FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1919

# Military Ball

== and ==

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DANCING UNTIL ONE O'CLOCK

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Tickets 55c      All seats reserved  
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Don't Miss It  
EVERYBODY COME!



I shall have a summer term for

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a LIMITED number will be received from June 23 to Aug. 6

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The newest always in Dress Accessories

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ARCTIC SPRING  
WATER  
Delivered Daily  
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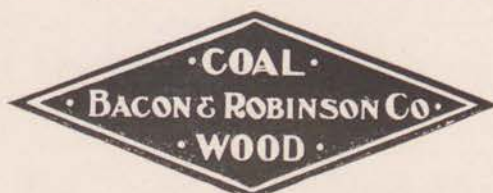
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AND  
WOOD

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DANIEL H. MASON

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OR LIVE TO EAT

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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ICE CREAM

SODAS

CANDY

## BUCKLEY DRUG CO.

THERE'S ONLY ONE BEST! THAT'S BUCKLEY'S

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Bangor, Me.

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for Ladies and  
Gentlemen

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BOOK AND JOB

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Velvet Ice Cream

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The Cadenza Magazine will be sent to all Mandolin, Guitar and Banjo players free, if you will send your name and address and which instrument you play, to our studio.

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Phone 1107

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Maine

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79 CENTRAL STREET

All Star Crew

(4 Chairs)

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Additional Liability of Stockholders.....	175,000
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Baseball Goods  
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