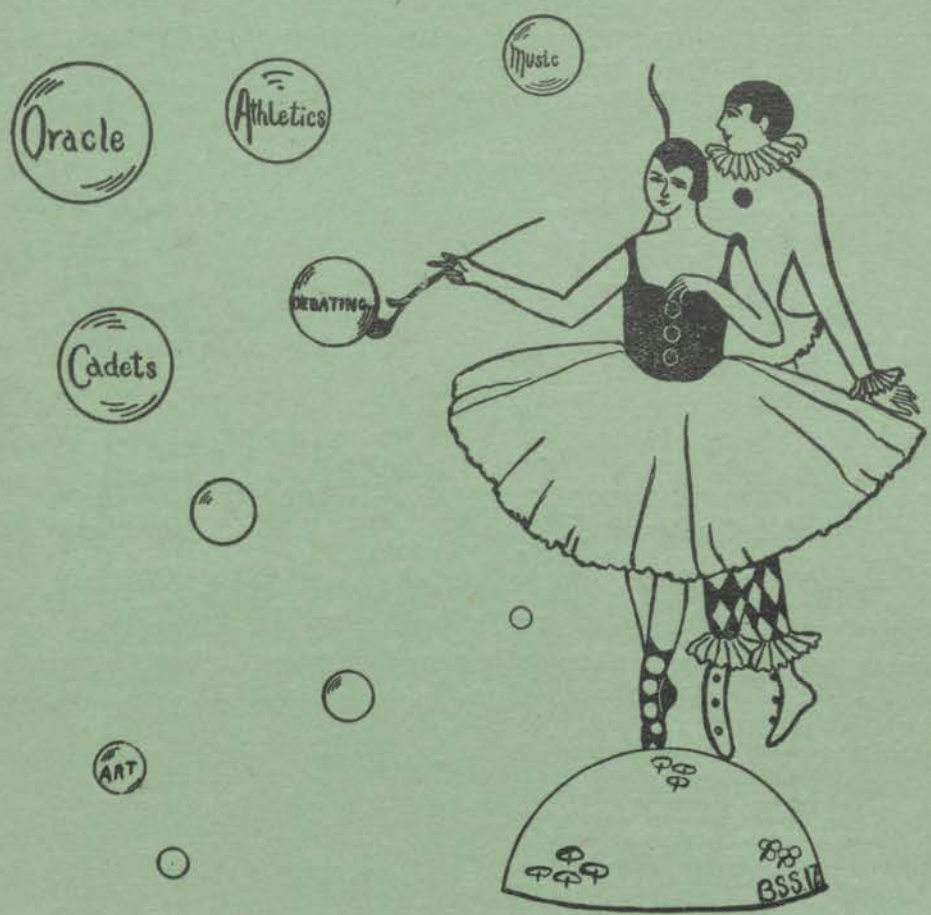


May 1917

# THE ORACLE



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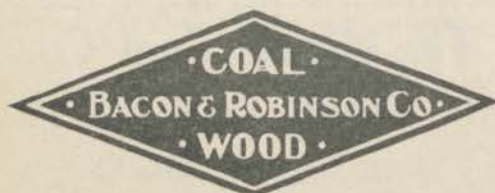
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# THE ORACLE

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## EDITORIALS

*A cocoanut-shell full of water is an ocean to an ant.*

### WHAT DO YOU READ?

All of us find it pleasant now and then, to spend an afternoon or evening in reading fiction. We read as a general thing, merely for the sake of the story, and we do not consider the literary value of the reading matter. Yet if the book is of the right sort we get material benefit from reading it. For instance, who can read one of Kipling's works without gaining something from his simple and natural style? Reading the best authors is the best thing one can do to increase his vocabulary and his command of English. But to do this one should read the right sort of fiction. Sensational novels of the so-called "popular" variety are hardly the kind of reading for high-school pupils. Such works have no literary value and their tone is usually not all that might be desired. These books are best left entirely alone.

Far better is it for a person to read something, say, from Mark Twain. Mark Twain's works are clean and wholesome. Some are funny; some pathetic; but all, intensely interesting. The man who said "Faith is believing what you know ain't so," should be especially attractive to students who are

studying geometry. But, although Mr. Clemens is undoubtedly the greatest humorist writing in the English language, it is surprising how many people have read none of his books. If you are of this unfortunate number you owe it to yourself to take your first opportunity to read the Adventures of Tom Sawyer or Pudd'nhead Wilson. You will enjoy it, and it will do you good, for Mark Twain's command of English is perfect.

If, however, you prefer more romantic tales, read Stevenson or Scott. Treasure Island and Kidnapped are surely exciting enough for anyone, and there was never written a better romance than the Talisman. If tales of mystery delight you there are always plenty of thrills to be obtained by reading Poe. These are works of real literary merit, which after reading one finds that the greater part of the popular books that he once enjoyed have lost their charm for him. He is now able to judge modern writings at their true value and when a really good piece of new fiction appears he is able to appreciate it to a greater degree than would have before been possible.



## CREDITS FOR MUSIC

As educational standards are constantly being broadened and new studies added to the curriculum, certain progressive schools have worked out a system whereby pupils who do outside work in music may receive aid and encouragement from the school. This consists in giving credits towards graduation for work done in music under competent teachers after the pupil has passed a satisfactory examination before competent judges.

There are many reasons why pupils should receive credit for conscientious work done in music. Many required studies neither interest certain pupils nor help them in any way. Those who must study such lessons and also prepare music lessons find this state of things not only burdensome but unfair, for because of it they can neither do their best work in school nor creditable work in music.

Some colleges count music toward admission requirements. The pupil who intends to study music after leaving High school, as is the case with many Bangor students, should have the privilege of advancing as far and quickly as possible with the help of the school by being allowed credit for his music work.

Anyone desiring to enter college where certain studies are needed could prepare for that college and yet receive credit for music instead of being burdened with subjects that he finds distasteful and that have no bearing on his life work.

Schools and colleges more and more widely are abandoning hard and fast requirements and are making cultural studies selective. Surely music is as cultural as Latin or Algebra and will be of far more practical use to many students than either.

It would take too much space to print

here in detail the methods and successes of such new courses and plans of admission. Briefly, the way the thing has been worked out in regard to music is to give pupils who study under competent teachers an examination covering technique, and knowledge of music and harmony. The judges are people of musical attainments and see no pupils who are taking the examination. Thus they are able to choose those who are being taught correctly and certify to their knowledge and skill.

Bangor is an exceptionally musical city and has produced many fine vocalists and instrumentalists. Viewing the proposition both from the students' standpoint and that of the school we believe such a step would be both practicable and desirable. We are sure that the sentiment of the community as well as that of the scholars is in favor of it and earnestly hope that Bangor High will soon establish some system of giving credit for outside work done in music.

## Our Part in the War.

Now that war has been declared, there is much excitement all over the country. Perhaps this abnormal state is more evident in the schools and colleges than in any other of our institutions.

There are rumors of school closing early, and many have decided there is no more need to study. This is both foolish and unpatriotic. The best service that can be rendered the government, until it has specifically designated what each shall do, is to remain faithful at one's post,—and ours is in Bangor High School.

Already about twenty of our students have joined either the army, or the navy. The school is proud to have such a good showing made by its volunteers. The best wishes of the school are with those who have gone.

Meanwhile, it is for us remaining to be just as loyal and patriotic, by doing what we must do well, as are those who have offered their services to their country for active warfare.



*Literature like virtue is its own reward.*

## WON IN THE NINTH

By Edward F. Kenney, '18



It was a glorious afternoon in mid-June. Crowds of eager, expectant people were entering the ball park of Dover High School. It was barely one-thirty, yet the grandstand was nearly filled with a gay throng, while lined up along the bleachers were scores of brightly decorated automobiles. Two colors, red and blue, were about equal in prominence. Two adjoining counties had had a contest between their schools for the championship of the county. Edmunds Academy and Dover High School were the winners in these contests, and the great championship game was now on.

Dick Lewis, the pitcher of the Edmund's nine, was a good sized young man of perhaps nineteen years, and was considered to be the best pitcher of the season. He had won every game that he had worked in, so that his friends had faith that his lesser rival of Dover High would go down in defeat at his hands in this greatest game of the season.

Tom Moore, who was expected to do the twirling for the home team, was younger than his rival, being about eighteen. He was well built, and of an extremely sunny

disposition; his face was generally set in a broad grin, and when pitching at his best, the smile was always with him.

Lewis and Moore had known each other for years. They were originally from the same town, but later had moved—Dick going to Edmunds, where he later entered the Academy, Tom going to Dover, where he entered the High School.

The boys were rivals in everything pertaining to athletics. Dick more frequently came out ahead, but Tom was not ashamed of his showing. Tom had not been as successful this season as Dick. He had met with an accident so that he was seldom able to pitch more than five innings, being relieved by one of the other men. But Tom had asked to be allowed to twirl this game, and had been assured that he could do so. The report had got around that the Dover pitcher could not go the full distance—that he would tire after five or six innings. The Academy nine had made talk also of what they intended to do to him in this game. They had made plans to wait him out in the first innings and then go right after him and knock his delivery all over the field.

A few weeks before our story opens, a big



league ball player was injured and was sent to Dover for a rest. Tom made his acquaintance and spent a great deal of time in his company. He taught Tom a lot of baseball, and after his departure Tom felt that he could give a good account of himself in this approaching game.

At two-thirty—the hour of the game—every available space in the grand-stand was filled. A great burst of cheers greeted the Dover nine as they trotted on to the field. During the preliminary practice Tom did not take the field, but contented himself with tossing a slow ball to Bill Jones, his catcher, on the sidelines. Several members of the visiting team were watching Tom in his practice and were evidently enjoying themselves. They showed by their words and actions that they had no fear of anything that he could send up to the plate. The Edmunds' nine went through their practice stunt in good style, banging out the ball and making startling catches with ease.

The umpire dusted the plate and a hush fell on the great throng as Ned Cross, the lead-off man for the visitors, stepped to the plate.

"Play ball!" boomed the umpire, and Tom with a grin slowly swung into position and shot a slow out-curve to the batter. The side was retired easily and quickly without scoring, while the Dover team came in to bat.

Dick Lewis took his place in the box for the visitors. After throwing a few of the short-stops, he swung into position as the first batter for Dover, took his position at the plate. "Strike one!" called the umpire as the ball shot across the center of the plate like a rifle bullet. There was no scoring by the home nine in this inning, as the ball was not knocked out of the infield.

The first man up for the Edmund team in the second waited for a ball and a strike to be called on him and then he hit a terrific liner between center and right field. Before the ball could be shot to the catcher he had crossed the home plate; thus tallying the first run of the game amid thundering cheer from the Edmund's supporters, and absolute silence from the home crowd. Tom's grin never left his face, and the side was quickly retired.

No more scoring was done until the third inning. After the visitors had been retired in the third, having waited Tom out and tried to make him pitch the limit, Jim Paine, the center-fielder for Dover, drove out a two-bagger and was put on third by an out at first. He came home on a fly to left field and the score was now tied: 1—1.

When the fifth inning came around the game still stood tied, as each side was retired runless in the fourth. This was about where the visitors intended "to start something" as they had no doubt that Tom was getting tired under their waiting tactics. But this was not the case, for Tom was improving as the game progressed; his confidence was growing stronger as inning after inning was played. "They may be older and bigger than us fellows, but they can't trim us to-day," muttered Tom to himself as with the old smile he pitched to the first man up. The visitors sailed right in in this inning and added another run. The great crowd let out a yell as the run came across. The very best that the Dover team could do was to get a man to second. The sphere flew across the plate as fast as ever and Dick Lewis seemed to be just as good as when he threw the first ball an hour before.

When the Dover man got to the second sack, the crowd came to life, and the Dover

sympathizers yelled for a run to tie the score again, but to no avail. The side was retired and he was left on second.

The next two and a half innings passed without a single score coming across. The visitors seemed puzzled that they could not connect safely, while Tom did not apparently exert himself in the least but kept on smiling. They seemed to hit the ball directly into somebody's waiting hands.

After the Edmund's side had been retired in the eighth by a strike out, the ball coming from Tom's hand like a bullet, and the score still standing 2—1, in favor of the visitors, the Dover boys came to bat, and before the side had been retired another run had been put across amid thunderous cheering.

The visitors could not understand why things were turning out this way. Tom was now pitching like another man—he was burning the sphere across and was gaining in speed every inning, while they had confidently expected to knock him out of the box by the fifth or sixth. They had been so sure that the score would be in their favor by the eighth inning—and now the game had been tied at 2—2.

The big crowd was very quiet when the Dover team took the field for the ninth. Tom Moore was smiling as he toed the rubber and shot the ball across for a strike. The batter swung hard but missed by a mile. The crowd cheered a moment later when he threw down his bat in disgust, after three healthy strikes. Another batter took his place only to meet the same fate. The crowd let out a yell as the next batter stepped to the plate. Tom struck him out with three pitched balls. "Moore—Moore—More" roared the excited throng when Tom walked to the bench.

The first man up for the Dover team hit a hot grounder to the short-stop who made a good throw, but the runner beat it by a foot. The next man sacrificed and he went to second. The crowd roared for a hit as a husky fellow swinging a bat stepped to the plate. He hit the first ball pitched far into right field, and before the ball was returned the winning run was across.

"You won that time," said Dick as he good naturedly shook hands with Tom on the way to the dressing rooms.

"Yes," grinned Tom, "won in the ninth."

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## CIVIC BETTERMENT

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### Prize Essay

By Mary A. Murphy, '17



**D**URING the past five or ten years Bangor has grown rapidly. The great fire of 1911 while disastrous to many families, was, after all, an advantage to our city. It would have taken years, no doubt, to replace the former wooden buildings, in the business district, by the sanitary, fire proof structures that we now have. However, there are yet many

buildings on lower Broad and Exchange Streets that give the city an untidy appearance. To be sure we cannot expect the owners of these to tear them down immediately and build new ones, but is it asking too much of the occupants to keep them neat and clean? I think not!

On the whole the residential district is in very good condition, especially the main streets. We have our "slums" however, a



thing which seems altogether unnecessary in a city of this size. We cannot improve very much the financial condition of the people but we can improve them mentally. If we could make them realize that it is their duty to their families and their neighbors to keep their homes clean; if we could make them understand that Sunday is a day of rest and not a day to do all the work that they have neglected during the week, we should pave the way for better conditions.

Bangor does a great deal for the health of her citizens, her hospitals and sanatoria are well equipped. These institutions however cannot help the children who have slack untidy parents. They cannot see that the home surroundings are sanitary and it is our duty as far as we are able to help. We can help first by living ourselves in the right way, thereby giving an example.

We should instill into the hearts of the little ones, in school, the love of order and cleanliness. We can do more through children than by any other means. They come directly in contact with the parents and where is the mother or father, who, when he finds that his own child notices and disapproves of his slack, untidy ways, will not try to improve?

If you will walk with me to one of the back streets, I will show you a small white house from which, a short time ago, the body of a young man was taken. He was a victim of Tuberculosis. In a few months, another member of the family must also pass away. To be sure, the Anti-Tuberculosis Society has been attending them and has greatly improved their condition. But let us stop to consider that there is no water or sewerage entered on the street. Can such a family be healthy without these advantages? At the foot of the street the people have these necessities but the city says it cannot afford to extend them further until more houses are built. There are already about ten families with children growing up in this locality. Why not consider these now before it is too late? Are not cases of tuberculosis more expensive than water and sewer extension?

Each year gives us new opportunities to show our usefulness as citizens of Bangor. Let us, one and all, feel the responsibility of bettering our community. Let us each one be a private detective always on the alert to bring to light those things which need attention and to take the necessary measures for improving them.

## MURPHY'S DISCHARGE

By P. H. E., '17.



THE Bonson Lumber Company had sold their big saw-mill on Sandy River to T. A. Kalbur & Son. Who the new owners were was a matter of much speculation among the men at the mill.

The boss of the mill-yard was Murphy. He was, to be frank, a brute; he bullied his men, he was cruel to the horses, and he bulldozed his employers, the Bonson people; but for all his faults, it must be said in his favor

that there was no shirking whatever among the men in his yard crew.

It was Saturday of the last week of the Bonson Lumber Company's jurisdiction over the mill. The following Monday, the new company would take charge. As yet, as has been said, the men were in ignorance of who their new masters were.

The long July afternoon slowly drew to a close. It had been a hot day and with sighs of relief the perspiring men heard the whistle blow. If there was one man more

tired than the rest it was Tom. He had just started work that week and found it new and hard; for indeed, piling boards all day is no soft job. It had been doubly hard, moreover, because Murphy had abused and made fun of him.

As the men walked slowly toward the mill boarding house they came upon a strange sight. One of a pair of horses, which was hauling a big load of boards, had fallen while the wagon was being pulled up a slight grade. The other horse was not strong enough to hold the load alone and the heavy wagon had pulled him back a few feet, thus dragging the fallen horse and tangling him in his harness. The driver was working desperately, trying to unbuckle the harness of the helpless animal.

Just as the men were drawing near the wagon, Murphy rushed up, swearing loudly. In a burst of rage he knocked the driver down and began kicking the fallen horse in the head. Of course this did no

good and the poor animal made no attempt to get up. This angered Murphy still further, and, seizing a huge club, he raised it for a blow, and rushed at the horse.

No one knows, even now, just what happened next, but when a small cloud of dust had settled, Murphy was lying in a heap on the ground, while standing over him, his fists clenched and his eyes flashing with indignation, was Tom.

In a moment Murphy got up, a bit unsteadily, and started cursing. The men, fearing trouble, drew closer and prepared to hold him. But when Murphy saw who had dropped him so neatly, he needed no one to hold him. He was so surprised that he could only stare and rub the end of his chin.

"Who—what in—where—who in blazes are you?" he finally demanded.

Tom answered in a clear, even voice, "I am Tom Kalbur, Junior, and you are fired!"

## SIR MOCHTYNWARE AND THE DRAGON

By Margaret Hills, '17



THE conversation had reached a topic dear to the heart of every Englishman of birth-ancestors. Said one, "I've an ancestor who came over with William the Conqueror. He was famous all over Europe for his valor and renown in tournaments.

"Huh, I've an ancestor who was already in England long before William crossed the Channel," boasted another. "This chap killed a dragon."

"Well, that fellow Adam, in the Garden of Eden, was an ancestor of mine but say, I've an uncle who was a corking prize-fighter!" As this announcement did not seem to interest the Englishman to any great extent, the

American added, "Tell us about the Dragon Killer."

"Ah, well, the story goes this way, as I've heard it," began the proud Englishman sipping a glass of wine. "As I said, all this happened long, long ago. My ancestor's name was Sir Mochtynware. He was a huge, fierce looking chap, whose dark face was seamed with scars from wounds received in many conflicts. One night he attended a great feast given by the king in honor of a recent victory over a neighboring ruler. The king and his court feasted all through the night and were entertained by minstrels, who sang of many noble deeds. They sang of heroes who had rescued fair princesses, and of brave knights who had slain dragons.



Sir Mochtynware had never done any of these brave deeds so, as he listened to the fine tales, he was filled with great desire to become famous as a dragon-killer or as a lady-rescuer. 'By my halberd' he vowed, 'I'll slay a dragon yet.'

"Nor did he vow in vain, for the next day as he was riding his proud steed through the forest on his way home, he had the chance not only to slay a dragon but to rescue a fair maiden. He was rambling idly along when suddenly he heard a scream, as of a woman in distress. Quickly spurring on his horse he came upon a scene that chilled him to the bone. Behold, standing on a huge boulder was a very beautiful but very much frightened maiden and before her was raging a terrible three-headed dragon with fire flashing from his nostrils, lighting up his slimy green scales. 'Ha, ha,' quoth Sir Mochtynware, 'is this a dragon that I see before me, awaiting for my hand? Come, let me kill thee.' And with that the brave knight couched his lance and rushed at the monster. 'I struck thee not and yet I see thee still. Art thou not, cruel monster, sensible to hard steel as to beauty, or art thou but a dragon of the mind, a false creation proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain. I see thee still and—I'll get you yet.'

"So spake Sir Mochtynware. The maiden now stood motionless, frozen with horror, watching the mortal combat. Preparing

himself for one last attempt, the noble knight rushed at the horrid creature. Ha, this time he is successful; he plunges the lance deep into the monster's heart. The huge beast lies prone upon the ground, fire still flaming from his nostrils. But suddenly, O horrible sight, the dragon grows smaller and seems to shrivel up until at last he lies on the ground a common, single-headed—how can I bear to say it!—a common, single-headed snake!"

"Some tale!" ejaculated the American, but since he saw that the Englishmen believed it, he said no more.

During the telling of this history the shade of Sir Mochtynware gasped and marveled much within himself. Quoth he, "What knowest thou about that? By the shade of Bacchus, that's surprising strange. Now, to tell the truth, I really did tell the tale that way to Sir Quentin but how did it come down through all these years? I remember the 'fair damsel'; she turned out to be an old peasant woman. Now that dragon, yes, I did think it was a dragon until that old woman told me it was just a little snake. Just the same, I could swear that it was as big as a horse and had three heads when I first saw it. But, of a truth, the wine was wondrous good at the royal feast and I'm afraid I partook thereof considerably. That might explain the matter. Now I wonder if I really did slay a dragon or a snake?"

## THE PAGEANT, Heroines of Literature

By Mary C. Robinson

This beautiful entertainment, so ably presented by members of the Teachers' Club, could hardly have been put on the stage without the assistance, very generously given of many High School students; High School teachers were in charge of the four

groups representing the heroines of different periods of history as mirrored in literature, and also took the parts of many prominent characters. Therefore it seems quite fitting to devote a page of the Oracle to the Pageant.

It is well to remember, first of all, that the pageant, beautiful as it was, was something more than beautiful; it was very definitely educative both in purpose and in achievement. Every teacher who took part in it has said repeatedly, "How much I have learned about literature from this study!" And if school girls and boys have learned less, it is only because they have not felt the responsibility of studying so thoroughly the underlying meaning of the whole; but they, too, have learned something—some familiarity with the great names of literature, some clearer vision of what poets and artists have dreamed of.

The pageant was compiled by Mrs. Annie Russell Marble and is copyrighted. Its central purpose, to use Mrs. Marble's own words, is "To suggest through literature as a mirror of life in every age the changing standards of Education and convention among women, and the development of a higher appreciation of the mental and spiritual qualities of womanhood." This central purpose was worked out by showing, first, the heroines of the early epics, scriptures and sagas; second, heroines of the drama; third heroines of familiar fiction; fourth, heroines of the poets. In the course of it every type of womanhood was portrayed; the woman who risks all for her country, the woman who is the inspiration of some great man, the woman who is wholly domestic, the artless child, the great lady, the peasant girl, the woman whose only thought is of fashion, the woman of intellect, and, in closing, Browning's Pippa, who sums up in herself the faith and optimism of one of the great masters both of thought and of poetic expression.

But though woman was the dominant figure in the pageant she was not the only figure. It was not wholly a "goose party;"

a few heroes were needed to set off the qualities as well as the charms of these heroines of the ages. What would Juliet be without Romeo? How could Patient Griselda have shown her surpassing patience without her tyrannical lord? These and other masculine parts were ably taken by High School boys.

Among the characters represented by High School students were Dido, Orphelia, Bassanio, Griselda's Marquis, Lydia Lanquist, Marlow, Candida, Captain Wentworth, Cousin Phyllis, Lorna Doone, Becky Sharp, Beatrix Esmond, Minnehaha, Hiawatha, Guinevere, Elaine, Pompilia, Monsignor of Browning's "Pippa Passes" and many a Greek, Carthaginian, English and Spanish maiden and youth;—to say nothing of the services of certain faithful souls who, in everyday clothing, helped behind the scenes. All did well; the Oracle is proud of them all.

Is it too much for a teacher to hope for one further good result from the pageant? Beside a quickening of the imagination and a gratification of that love of the beautiful which the pageant surely produced in everyone who saw it; beside the pleasure of having done well a thing which it was worth while to do and the pleasant feeling of having won the approbation of an audience of representative people in a city which, with all due respect to Boston, has always been noted for its culture, will it not also teach both those who played and those who looked on, that a book is not necessarily out of date because it isn't new? Some of us hear with never ceasing surprise such words as these, "Aren't there any new books in?" or "I can't get anything new!" or "They haven't bought any new books for two or three weeks!" There is even the story of a girl who was offered in a New York library one of the very great novels



of one of the greatest living authors. She turned to the title page and discovered that the volume had actually been printed five years before and showed the date to the librarian with a look of withering scorn, exactly such as she might have worn if she had been offered eggs instead of literature five years old. The librarian asked if she had read the book and the girl replied, "No, indeed, and I have no intention of reading it. If you can't give me a new book I don't

want any," and she flounced out of the library.

Is it too much to hope that some people, who have thoughtlessly been clamoring for new and ever newer books, after seeing this pageant, may realize that newness alone is no sign of worth, and that it is as great a proof of ignorance and mental crudeness not to know certain great books of the past, as it would be not to know the multiplication table or the basal facts in the history of our country.

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## A TRUE GHOST STORY

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By F. W. B., '19

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VAN and Joe went out to Uncle Henry's farm for a week to rest. The first night they went to bed early, sleeping soundly until the clock struck twelve. Van woke with a start. What was that weird sound he heard? Something ascended up-up-up, rattling by the boys door and into the attic. He waked Joe and they both heard the thing descend, rattling worse than before, into the cellar. Just at this moment Uncle Henry's voice was heard faintly at their door, and upon opening it the boys saw him white-faced, firmly gripping the poker and tongs. He had no sooner entered and relocked the door than the clanging, crashing thing went up again, banging against their door as it passed.

The three, with poker, tongs and scissors for weapons, summoned enough courage to follow the noise up the stairs. Because of the creaking of the stairs and the fact that the noise had stopped by the time they had reached the top, they could not tell exactly in which direction the thing had gone.

They moved toward an open window which seemed to be the only possible means of escape. This led onto a low roof and as Van was the smallest he crawled out to investigate. At first he saw nothing, but what was that now before his eyes? Two balls of fire! Moving a little nearer, he struck out with his poker. The lights disappeared, followed by a cry, a clanging of chains, then a dead silence. They crept slowly back to bed, the two boys wondering what it could have been and suspecting it might be the ghost of Uncle Henry's wife, who had been dead ten years.

When the boys came down the next morning Uncle Henry called them into the back yard. There on the ground was an old fashioned rat-trap of heavy iron chain with a spring clamp on one end. Not far from it sat old Tommy, the cat, with the fur all worn off his tail. The mystery was now plain. Tommy had got caught in the rat-trap, had rushed from attic to cellar in despair, and finally had got rid of his encumbrance when he jumped from the roof.

## POETRY

### THE SONG OF THE OAK

By R. W. Noyes, '17

Mine is the strength of a hundred years,  
The might of a hundred more;  
To laugh to scorn the goodman's fears  
For me is a game of yore.

I breast the darts and the bolts of Zeus,  
And the strokes of frigid Thor;  
While the rays of Phoebus' orb let loose  
Are the signs of a ceaseless war.

Down deep in the earth do my shoots extend,  
To the realms of nether Jove,  
With oaken bars the earth to rend  
And anchors twisted and wove.

I sing the song of nature's might,  
The chant of wood and field;  
The battling forces of darkness and light,  
The lesson of "Never yield."

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### MUD

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By Margaret T. Hills

Behold!  
'Tis May the Month of Mud  
The skies may be blue and the trees turning  
    green,  
But the ground  
Is covered  
With Mud.  
It is thick and plastic,  
It is deep and sticky,  
It oozes over your rubbers.  
The Nymphs dance sneezingly thru the wet  
Meadows.  
A Murderer  
May be tracked easily in April by his muddy  
    tracks.

You cross the street  
In front  
Of a Passing Motor  
Alas—a Shower of Mud.  
There is thin brown mud;  
Fine black mud;  
And heavy grey mud.  
There is mud, not only  
Out of doors—  
The houses are full  
Of it—tracked in  
But who cares?  
'Tis May, the Month of Mud!  
Behold!





# LOCALS

*The nearest the dearest*

Miss Mildred Oliver, who submitted the best translation of "Eine Kriegeschichte," was given a German book entitled, "Brigitta," by Miss McSkimmon.

One of the important events during our Easter vacation was the observance of Preparedness Day in Bangor, Wednesday, April 4. The B. H. S. Cadets took part in the immense parade in the morning and were well received all along the line. The new cartridge belts, furnished by the school added much to their appearance. Dinner was served to all military organizations in City Hall and in the afternoon a great mass meeting was held in the Auditorium.

Miss Mary C. Robinson gave a lecture before the members of the Athene Club of Bangor some time ago. The subject was "Present Day Poetry" and the talk was given in the lecture room of the Public library.

On Tuesday, April 10, in the afternoon the trials for speakers to represent Bangor High School at the Lyford Interscholastic speaking contest at Colby college, May 11, were held. All speakers had the same selection, a part of Webster's Reply to Hayne. Those taking part in the trials were; Harry Helson, Thomas Kane, James McCann, Earl Grant, and Stanley Cayting. The judges were; Professor W. E. Sheehan of the University of Maine, Miss Grace Witham, of Bangor, and Rev. H. S. Capron of the Hammond Street church. After being out

nearly an hour they returned announcing Stanley Cayting and Earl Grant as the representative speakers to be sent to Colby.

The Oracle gratefully acknowledges the gift of a copy of "John Gilley," by Charles W. Eliot, presented to the High School Library by Miss Charlotte Roberts.

The B. H. S. Band played in chapel, Friday, April 13. It was a fine concert and the amount of applause showed how greatly it was appreciated. The program was as follows:—

"Frat" March.....John F. Barth  
Shadowland.....Lawrence B. Gilbert  
All Hail to Bangor High.....H. D. O'Neil  
Old Black Joe and Massa's in the cold,  
cold ground.....Al. Hayes

A copy of the "Wisdom of the Law" by H. O. Walker has been hung in room 309. The picture, the original of which hangs in the Appellate Courts Building, New York, was given by the commercial class of 1916. An inscription on it reads; "Wisdom attended by Learning, Experience, Humility, Love, Faith, Patience, Doubt and Inspiration;" and the picture shows the artist's conception of these grouped about Wisdom.

All are glad to see Miss Annie M. Pease back in her place after an absence during the whole winter term because of illness.

The band needs four bass horns at once. Here's your chance bass players.

A four-act college play, *The Varsity Coach*, has been decided upon for the Senior-Junior play this year. Miss Scribner, the elocution teacher, has already started work and the play will probably be given the last week in May. The cast of characters is as follows:—

Robert Selby, assistant coach of "Varsity Crew" and commonly called "Bob." He is lively, energetic and careless, John McCann

Mousie Kent. He is a typical fussy student "dig" or "grind," Kenneth Boardman.

Howard Dixon, Bob's room-mate. A good comedy character, Frank Gillin.

Dick Ellsworth, a member of the crew. He is fat and lazy, Paul Eames.

Chester Allen, his room-mate—both jolly college boys. Chester is responsible and dignified, John Quinn.

Ruth Moore, leading female character. A sweet serious type of college girl, with much natural dignity and charm, Pauline Woodward.

Mrs. Moore, Ruth's aunt, in charge of boarding-house for students. A widow who has made her way. Is gay and dressy and a "good fellow," Margaret Hills.

Miss Serena Selby, Bob's aunt. A sweet maiden lady, gentle, refined, with old-fashioned ideas and manners, but with a kind and generous nature, Marion Kenney Genevieve Allen, typical college girl, Chester's sister, Ruth Hunt.

Ethel Lynn, a pretty college girl, Helen Davis.

Daisy Doane, a fashionable boarding-school girl, bright and attractive, Katherine Covelle.

A Senior class meeting was held Wednesday, April 18, at noon, to decide on some of the graduation speakers. Those nominated for Parting Address were: James

McCann, Stanley Cayting, and Thomas Kane. For Class History: Girls—Helen Reed, Gladys Allen, Sarah Bartlett and Margaret Hills; Boys—Frank Gillin, Ralph Farrar and Cornelius Sullivan. Those selected were: Parting Address, Thomas Kane; Class Historians, Margaret Hills and Cornelius Sullivan.

Following is the list of essays and pupils and the results of the judges decisions on the Senior graduation essays.

#### Girls' Essays

- I Evolution of Our Flag.....  
.....Grace G. Brennan—Medal
- II Child Labor.....Geneva F. Kenney
- III Tests.....Hilda M. Page
- IV To-day and To-morrow.....  
.....Pearle E. Wentworth
- V Bangor During the Rebellion.....  
.....Madeline E. Morton
- Over the Hills.....Bernice S. Smith

#### Boys' Essays

- I The Growth of Internationalism....  
.....Harry Helson—Medal
- II A Game of Chess...Reginald W. Noyes
- III Lost Opportunity...James C. McCann  
The Story of a Food Packing Box..  
.....Kenneth S. Boardman
- IV Does Advertising Pay?...  
.....Kenneth G. Smith

Among the men who have gone to the support of our country in the present crisis are the following B. H. S. students: Navy—Cecil Preble, Walter Gordon, Clarence Barker, Dexter Pullen, Lloyd Sewall, David Ryder, Lawrence Martin, Harold Harrington, Leon Thompson, Harold Hubbard; Company G—Harry Lutz, Newland Taylor; Machine Gun Company—Bert Wilson. Osgood Nickerson received an appointment to Annapolis with Joseph Garland as alternate. Paul Eames is in the naval coast patrol.





*At last all things come to be known*

Miss Elizabeth M. Bright, '13, now a senior at the University of Maine, has been offered a desirable position as technician in the physiological laboratory of Harvard Medical school, Boston. For the months of July and August the work of the department will be carried on at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods' Hole, Mass., where Miss Bright will assume her duties soon after her graduation.

Robert A. Dole, '18, a student at Andover Academy, has recently joined the Andover Ambulance corps which sailed a few days ago for service in France.

On April 9, occurred the marriage of Walter M. Chase, '06, to Miss Alice Donahue, of St. Louis, Mo. Mr. Chase is associate editor of the Bulletin of Pharmacy in Detroit and is winning much success in the drug journal field. He is a graduate of the University of Maine, '10, having specialized in pharmaceutical work. After working in Bangor drug stores for several years and contributing articles on drug store management, he was offered a position on the editorial staff of the Bulletin of Pharmacy, one of the leading publications of its kind in the country. Mr. and Mrs. Chase will reside in Detroit.

Carl F. Holden, '13, has recently been visiting his parents in this city before leaving on the ship to which he had been assigned. A letter received from Ensign Holden was dated "at sea," the place and name of the ship being kept secret. Mr. Holden has won the distinction of three

stripes as a result of executive efficiency, high academic standing and ability. He is in charge of 77 midshipmen and is responsible to his commandant for their conduct and general efficiency.

Arthur Mulvany, '16, has been in this city recently on a short furlough, having joined the naval coast patrol.

A wedding of much interest took place when Elva E. Orcutt, '10, was united in marriage to Edson W. Bartlett of this city. Mr. Bartlett is a graduate of the University of Maine and was formerly of Company G, N. G. S. M., being with the company this summer in Texas. He is now in the employ of the B. R. & E. Co. Mrs. Bartlett is a graduate of the Eastern Maine General Hospital Training School for Nurses.

Ruth Chalmers, '14, a student at the U. of M., has accepted a position to teach for a short time in Freedom.

Lieutenant Commander Walter M. Hunt, '94, left Philadelphia a few weeks ago on the second-class battleship "Minnesota," destination unknown. Lieutenant Hunt was in command of the destroyer, "Warrington," which was in Bangor Harbor "Preparedness Day," on its first visit to Bangor several years ago; it was due to his resourcefulness and courage that the "Warrington" was saved from wreck when she was in collision with a vessel off Cape Hatteras in December, 1911. Lieutenant Commander Hunt has been promoted and is now eligible for appointment as commander.



*Two Sir Positives can scarce meet without a skirmish*

### Goodwin Interscholastic Debating Contest.

For the third consecutive year Bangor High School has won second honors in the Goodwin Interscholastic Debating Contest held every year at Colby College, Waterville. This year, perhaps, more than any other, she has come closest to winning the first honors for the judge's decision was given in a two to one vote.

Rumford, Madison, Bar Harbor, and Bangor High Schools gave their main arguments on Friday afternoon, April 20, on the question: Resolved, that the United States should endorse the principle advocated by the League to Enforce Peace. Hebron Academy, Coburn Classical Institute, and Oak Grove Seminary argued the negative of the question while the high schools upheld the affirmative.

At chapel on Saturday morning at 10 o'clock Professor Libby, of Colby College, announced that the team which would uphold the affirmative in the finals would be the Bangor High team, composed of James McCann, John McCann, and Harry Helson. The negative team, representing Coburn Classical Institute, consisted of Stanley R. Black, William J. Pollock, and George B. Wolstenholme. The debate commenced immediately after chapel.

James McCann, opening for the affirmative, showed that the world at least desires some guarantee of future peace and is willing to take steps to secure it. As the United States is a great world power, it is necessary for us to endorse the principle of the League in order that it may be successful.

Stanley Black, opening for the negative, argued that the League would not work and is impracticable. Again, it would cause us to abandon our Monroe Doctrine.

John McCann, second speaker of the affirmative, showed that it is desirable from every point of view for the United States to enter the League. He also cited and quoted many of America's and Europe's greatest men who are in favor of the principle of the League.

The second speaker in the negative showed further the imperfections which might exist under such a League. He quoted great men who were not in favor of the League.

Harry Helson, in closing for the affirmative, gave a practicable plan for the operation of the League and showed that the machinery of the League would operate just as our national machinery does. He showed also that it would involve us in no entangling alliances, nor cause us to relinquish any of our rights toward purely American questions.

George Wolstenholme, in closing for the negative, maintained that such a League would involve us in all European difficulties and would tend to precipitate world wars. Many imperfections would exist in the League which do not warrant our taking this radical step.

The rebuttal was sharp and to the point.

We are sure all the visiting teams enjoyed themselves, while in Waterville, as everything was done by the college authorities to make their visit pleasant.





*Intrepid courage is the foundation of victory*

### Track Prospects.

The Maine Invitation Meet, in which Bangor High has been invited to compete, will be held May 19, at the University. Training for this meet started in earnest Monday, April 16, when the letter men and a small squad of new candidates reported to Captain Driscoll in the gymnasium.



**Manager Gillin—Track**

Among the promising new men are: John Quinn, shotput and discus; Hill, Pierce and Smith, runs; and Vickery, runs and jumps. The following turned out last year and look like point winners; Travers, Daley, R. McCann and Buckley in training for distance events. Last year letter men who are still with us are: Capt. Driscoll, runs;

Walter Frawley, who took third place in the high jump and Frank Washburne, who came in fourth in the quarter-mile event, at the Maine meet last year. D. Pullen, our pole vaulter, who secured four points at the Bowdoin meet will be missed from the squad, having joined the navy.

This is a small squad to represent a school the size of Bangor High and there are many fellows in this school who could, if they exercised a little, make good in some event and make their letter, at the same time helping Bangor High win first place in the meet.

Come! You Freshmen report to Capt. Driscoll any afternoon in the gym., the sooner the better. Even if you don't make your letter this year you will increase your chances for the next three years.

### Baseball.

The past basketball season has been a successful one for Bangor High; although the team lost the first few games because of little practice, they quickly came into stride under the fine coaching of Hillie Johnson, and won some hard fought contests. The result of these victories was that the last few games played in City Hall were witnessed by large crowds.

Now the baseball season is approaching and soon interest will turn to this branch of school athletics. Whether Bangor High has a good or bad team this year depends entirely on the student body of this school. We have an excellent coach in Mr. Dearborn, a former Colby and professional player, who will do his best to turn out a

winning team, and now, according to an old saying, the rest is up to you. Last year the same small, but loyal crowd, attended every game, but no actor can play well before a sprinkling of people and the season was not at all the success it should have been.

Manager Hubbard has arranged a good schedule, including eight games in the



**Captain Driscoll—Track**

Penobscot Valley League which B. H. S. has joined this year and he is trying to arrange with Portland for a game to be played here on the U. C. T. field day, the date of which has not been set. Last year Portland came over for two games Memorial day, and it rained, resulting in a loss to the Athletic treasury. So buy a season ticket and then make use of it, and help develop a championship baseball team for B. H. S.

### **Orono High, 19; Bangor High, 7.**

Bangor High opened the baseball season Wednesday, April 25, losing to Orono High in a game in which errors were frequent on both sides. As Maplewood was not in good condition the game was played on the Ward One diamond which was not much better and is more remote from the city. The absence of Capt. Russell, Heal and Peters was felt, the team being composed mostly of new men.

Orono secured her first run in the first inning, adding three more in the third. Gehigan secured Bangor's first run when DeRocher gave him a walk. O'Connor in the fourth got a nice two bagger, coming in when Carlin sent the ball to left field. Geaghan scored in the fifth and Carlin tied the score in the sixth. Geaghan secured his third run in the seventh when he was hit by the ball, later stealing in home.

At this point the game looked as if it might be close, but Orono upset this hope in the eighth getting three runs in a batting rally, and added three more in the ninth. Bangor got two in the eighth.

#### **Orono.**

Sullivan, 2b.; Boulier, s.s.; Redmond, 3b.; DeRocher, p.; Dore, 1b.; Kelley, c.f.; Gordon, r.f.; Finley, l.f.; Hogan, c.; Baker, r.f.; Chatney, c.

#### **Bangor.**

Geaghan, c.f.; Jordon, s.s.; Toole, 2b.; Sheehan, l.f.; O'Connor, c.; Carlin, 1b.; Phillips, r.f.; Savage, p.; Pickett, 3b.; Young, 3b.

Orono ..... 1 0 3 0 0 0 3 3—10  
Bangor ..... 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 2—7

Two-base hits, O'Connor 2, Sullivan, Dore. Stolen bases, Gehigan 2, O'Connor, Sullivan 2, DeRocher 2, Dore 2, Finley. Bases on balls by DeRocher 1, Savage 1. Struck out by DeRocher 10, by Savage 7. Hit by pitched ball, Gehigan, Phillips, Pickett. Umpires, Mullen and McCann. Time, 2:14.





*Profit by good example*

We sincerely hope that we shall see these papers again: The High School Register, Orange and Black, The Artisan, School Life, The Enfield Echo, Bowdoin Orient, The Weekly Nautilus, High Life, P. I. H. S. Flyer, The Early Trainer, The Roman, Industrial School Magazine, Cliveden, The Central Digest, The Penn Charter Magazine, The Shuttle, Salmagundi, The Sea Breeze, The Student, The Mirror, Breccia, The Boy's Lantern, The Coburn Clarion, The Daisy Chain, The Crimson and Blue, The Blue Owl, The Aegis, The Oak Leaves, The Dragon, The Distaff, The Delphian, The Tripod, The Maine Campus, The Index, The Student, The Sagamore, The Panther.

**As We See Others.**

The Breccia, Portland, Me.—Why not have a few original poems? The editorials should precede the literary department. You should comment on more of your exchanges. That was the primary idea in establishing this needful department.

The Student, Rochester Catholic High School—The story, "A Good Shot," is worthy of mention and also the poem "Our Record," but aren't you going to try to do better than to write one story and one poem. The paper is hardly worth ten cents, unless you increase your literary department. The criticisms are good and the editorials are also fine.

Salmagundi, Aroostook State Normal School—We are in receipt of your winter issue and find it very interesting. We want

to impress on the staff of the Salmagundi the fact that they are most fortunate in having such splendid co-operation of the students of this school. This and only this, can render a literary department satisfactory. And we speak from experience, this very co-operation is about the hardest thing to get from students not connected with the paper which represents their school. The magazine is well balanced with the exception of the athletic and exchange departments.

"The Tech Monthly," Scranton, Pa.—Your fine department headings denote ability on the part of your artists. It is not often that we see such appropriate drawings in a school paper. Why not have a table of contents?

The Sea Breeze, Thomaston, Me., has an exceptionally good literary department in its March issue. Every story is well written, and we really enjoyed reading them. The other departments are a trifle weak, in comparison with the literary section.

The Shuttle, for April, is a fine piece of work. It is a neat, instructive, interesting magazine. The reading matter was very pleasing and correctly written. Its printing and make-up was well nigh perfect.

"The High School Register," Burlington, Vermont—Your cover design is very appropriate for the month of February. The only fault we find in your paper is on account of the briefness of the editorial section. This department could be lengthened considerably.

## HUMOR FROM THE STARS

Flora—"That new maid of mine is the laziest thing I ever saw. Why, this morning she tried to take a nap right in the midst of combing my hair.

Fauna—Ah, I see. Asleep at the switch.

Gent—"Is there any soup on this bill-of-fare?"

Waiter—"There was, sir, but I wiped it off."—Awgwan.

Venerable Instructor—See here, young man, what do you mean by coming into my classroom day after day and never taking notes?

Student—I have my father's.

"Mornin', Rastus; yo' al coming to the pacifist meeting to-night?"

"I doan think so. I done misplaced my razor."—Tiger.

Never judge your neighbors by the clothes upon their line. They may take in washing.

Floss—Isn't that a stunning gown, Mamie has on?

Ross—Yes, but she shouldn't wear such short skirts.

Floss—How so? Everybody—

Ross—Yes, but there are two good reasons why she—Oh, it's our dance.

High Private—"Why don't you use some of this Carranza money to start your fire with?"

Educated Sergeant—"Can't do it—it ain't legal tinder in this country."

(Not a sound was heard, not a funeral note).

(As his corpse to the rampart we hurried).

—Longhorn.

Caller—"The new girl of yours seems nice and quiet."

Hostess—"Oh, very quiet! She doesn't even disturb the dust when she's cleaning the room.

Son—"What is an English lord, pa?"

Pa—"An English lord, my son, is a person of English birth with a window in his eye, something the matter with his talk, and who knows nothing about anything, and is proud of it.

### Cruel Maiden!

"I kept my head when I fell into the lake," said the young man.

"How fortunate," replied the maiden. "It must have helped you so nicely to float."

What does Boiling do to water?

Coming scientist: It takes out the epidemics.

### Yes, very proper!

Mother: What were your sister and her beau talking about?

Brother: Their kith and kin.

Mother: That is a very proper thing to be talking about, how did they come to speak of that?

Brother: Well, he said, "May I kith you," and she said, "you kin."

Little Boy: Is all that Ice cream for Grandma?

Mother: No, dear, it's all for you.

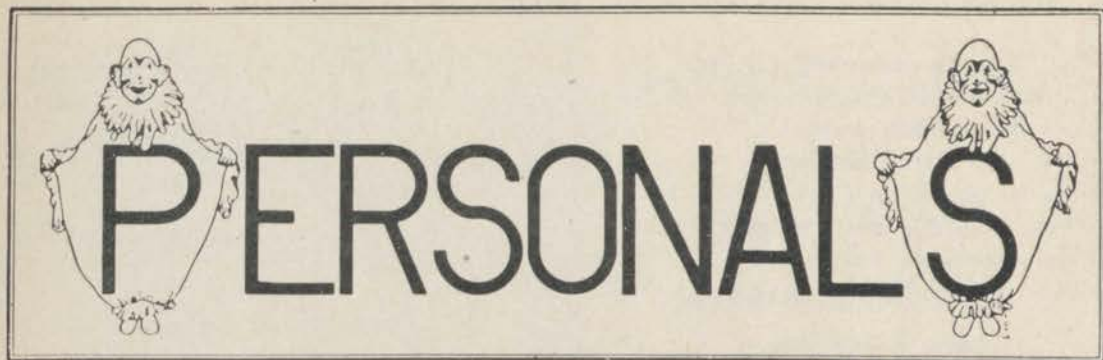
Little Boy: Gee! What a little bit!

Boy (reading English History): William landed in England in 1046, A. D.

Teacher: What does A. D. stand for?

Boy: I don't know, after dark, I guess.





# PERSONALS

*Nothing more smooth than glass, yet nothing more brittle,  
Nothing more fine than wit, yet nothing more fickle.*

## What for?

Miss B— (having finished reading a short story to the class): Now, that story was written last year by a Freshman girl in a western high school. What do you think of it, Mr. Hickson?

Hickson, '17: What's her address?

## The Latest School Rules.

- I. Don't study, you're wise enough.
  - II. Chew gum. It's good for your teeth and aids indigestion.
  - III. Talk out loud. Preparedness, Juniors!
  - IV. Crib, great money in the Detective business.
  - V. Run in the corridors, don't be late to recitations always.
  - VI. Beware of the Lunch-room. Many die that way.
  - VII. Loaf in the corridors, it holds the walls up and prevents accidents.
  - VIII. Keep your eye on the Clock, report any error to the office.
- You'll Graduate with honors if you follow these! (?)

## Something Like a U-boat, Eh?

Mr. B—: Miss Jones, what was the prairie schooner?

Miss Jones, '17, with alacrity: The prairie schooner was a large vessel which—"

## In the B. H. S. Band.

Connors: What do we play next?

O'Neil: "Shadow land."

Connors: Great Scott, I just played that!

Wanted: A new excuse for tardiness—Bullock, '20.

Deer Editor:

As a Freshman, i wood sajest that the Oracle Bored use the conscription plan, knot onlee inn mi klas, but also inn other classes; we mite tri 2 rite sumthing 4 the Oracle wunce inn awhile.

Dear Freshman:

You poor prune, as an Editor, I would suggest that you try to write something sometime whether you are begged to on humble knee or not. Also may I tender the further suggestion that you learn to spell.

The following would be rejected from the navy for the reasons stated below:

**Ed. Peters**—Ed. has a tremendous cavity in his head. (More study, Ed.).

**Earl Heal**—Flatfooted. (Too much walking, third floor at recess, Earl).

**Joe Garland**—Weak heart. (Been too emotional lately, Joe).

**Leroy McCabe**—Surplus flesh. (Reduce thy figure—O, Leroy).

**Everett Mansur**—They heard him sing. (Shut up Caruso).

**There's no answer to this!**

What kind of an Oak Braggs?  
Does Bessie Drinkwater?  
What does Earl Grant?  
Does Ralph (K) not (t)?  
Where does Florence Salley to?  
What makes the twins so Smiley?  
Have you seen Edna Shute?

**Sure, a wrist watch.**

McCabe (in Virgil): "How did Aeneas' guide know what time it was? She didn't have a watch, did she?"

Mr. M— (in Hygiene): "I wish I'd kept a record of the happenings of this class and I'd print it on the back of your diplomas. Then we'd run a picture at the Park showing the performances and invite the School Board."

Why is a dog's tail like an old man?  
Because it is infirm.

Miss B—: Mr. Lovejoy, what newspaper do you read?

Mr. L—: The Boston Post.

Miss B—: What part of the Post do you read?

Mr. L—: Mildred Champagne's talks on Love and Sentiment.

Be she went, am her gone?

Are she left I all alone?

Us can never go to she,

He can only come to we,

It cannot was.

If your cat fell into the well, what would you do?

Drop your Cat-a-line and Caesar!

#### **Theatrical Notice.**

We now have a movie star in our Chemical class for Miss Atwood has started in to do reel (real) work this term.

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