

# ORACLE

MAY 1915

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No. 8

## EDITORIALS

*They build too low who build beneath the stars.*

—Young

Proof of class enthusiasm in B. H. S. is not wanting in this Junior issue. Last month's Oracle came out very late **Announcement** owing to our abundance of holidays, and the campaign for junior material was started only a week before going to press. In this short time, far more material than we could use was received. The prize award this month will go to Louis B. Dennett whose story "War" was judged to be the best.

Next month, this year's Oracle Board will present its last issue, the Graduation Number. This will be the largest number of the Oracle ever published. All departments will be enlarged and there will be many cuts of school leaders, societies, athletic and debating teams, etc. The athletic editor, in addition to his usual lively reports of the current month's games, will review the entire year's work in athletics, making it possible to see just what has been accomplished in this line during 1914-15. As in times past very interesting information about all the Seniors will be found in the personal column. We are very desirous that everyone in school should help us find alumni items so that we may enlarge that department also. The lit-

erary department will be given over entirely to the Seniors, and we feel confident that the material presented there next month will be thoroughly representative of the best that Bangor High can produce. Owing to the enlarged size of the issue, more fiction will be printed than has been the case in former graduation issues. The custom of using several of the most interesting graduation essays will be continued, but the extra space will be given to poetry and stories, of which many have been received already. It is rumored that some of the things which in previous years have been "For Seniors Only" will be disclosed to the undergraduates next month—but that must not be taken as a promise for the whole matter is a profound secret as yet.

The writer of the best story will be awarded tickets to the Junior Reception, the climax of the school's social year.

While B. H. S. is in the midst of her baseball season, a few words about the national game may not be out of place.

**Baseball** The first game of baseball in the United States was played at Philadelphia as early as 1838; but it was not un-



til almost twenty years afterward that any rules were made. A convention was held, the National Baseball Association was founded and a set of rules drawn up.

In 1863 the first professional team, called the Cincinnati Red Stockings, was formed. The first big league was the National but some time later the American League was founded, and the two have been rivals ever since. College and school baseball was for a long time a very crude affair. There was scarcely any team work, and no good pitching. A good college team would often make a hundred runs in the course of a game, and small scores such as we now have were unheard of. Every year the game has grown more scientific, however, and has increased in popularity, until now baseball is perhaps the most popular sport in the United States.

'16

The reading, criticising and correcting of the seventy or eighty stories submitted by members of the Freshman and Sophomore classes for publication brought to our notice several principles of story writing which we had never thought of before. We hasten to pass some of these good ideas on to you.

One of the most striking things is the need for action in a story. In this respect, a good story is like a good play. It is considered very poor stage technique for a dramatist to let one of his characters announce that something has happened, when he might just as well have shown the event actually happening. Nine out of ten of the stories submitted to the Oracle have this fault. The authors tell about an event rather than the event itself, which, we have decided, is bad story technique.

Another fault, and one easier to manage, is too great complexity of plot. When you

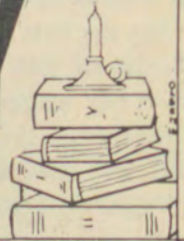
become a master writer, it may be safe to attempt sub-plots, counter-plots, lesser climaxes and many other complicated literary devices. But at present most of us had better attempt only a simple, single idea plot. If you have two good ideas, write two stories instead of trying to combine them in one story. Your chances of success will then be ten-fold. Along this same line is the elimination of all matter not essential to the plot development. If your story is about how Johnny Jones escaped doing the chores, an account of Mr. Jones' last hunting trip, which in itself may be very interesting, can serve only to detract from the interest in your real story about Johnny.

Conversations seem to give a great deal of trouble. Here, again, as in the play, spirited dialogue makes for lively interest. Try to introduce more good pointed dialogue into your story.

Introductions and conclusions are hard to write well. When you have once decided what your plot is to be, start in only as far from the climax as is essential to the presentation of your situation. Once the climax is reached, stop as soon as you can close the incident. Orrison Swett Marden puts it this way: "Start very near where you intend to leave off."

When your story is written you must supply it with a title which shall attract the reader's attention and arouse his interest. In this day of unlimited stories, it is only the unusual, original title which can do this. It is therefore very difficult to make any suggestions about titles since the title evolved by a formula obviously cannot be original. However, there are ways to avoid choosing a bad title. One of these is to analyze your story to find the event, trait of character, person, etc., without which the story would be impossible. Then let your title suggest that essential thing. This sounds very indefinite, but the stricter a rule in this case is, the poorer the result.

# LITERARY



*"Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite, Graii"*

## WAR

By Louis B. Dennett, '16



It was about noon of a sultry March day on a battlefield in Flanders. Since daylight the sullen reports of the great field pieces, the deadly rattle of machine guns and the cracking of rifles, together with the terrible shrieking of shrapnel, the wicked whistle of rifle balls, and the heart rending cries of the wounded had transformed the once peaceful French field into a veritable inferno.

At an important point in the British trenches, somewhat separated from the main line of the fortifications, a detachment of tired, sweating troopers were working a field battery with deadly effect upon the German lines. An officer, his face blackened with powder, and a bloody bandage about his head, was shouting rapid orders to the weary men.

The battery held an important point and the orders for the detachment had been that not a man should leave the guns on any account until relieved. The poor fellows had already been on duty for three days, with no prospect of relief yet in sight.

In the front line a gunner, stooping to sight a field piece, suddenly straightened, his face a ghastly color, and silently dropped. A comrade quickly sprang to his side, and drawing him to a safer position, swiftly lifted him to the back of an artillery horse. There supporting the wounded man, he slowly made his way to the rear, unnoticed. The field hospital being a considerable distance from his section of the works, the trooper passed out of sight and nearly out of hearing of the battle before he reached that rude shelter with his burden. His mission accomplished, the man slowly began his return to the front. As he wearily rode along, the Briton's mind was far from the scene of battle. The picture of a little white cottage in Surrey rose before his eyes, with a pretty young wife and a little golden haired girl in the doorway.

Suddenly, however, an exceptionally loud clamor of conflict from his part of the works reached his ears, but as he spurred ahead, the uproar changed to an ominous silence. When the man at length reached the top of a steep hill overlooking his battery a terrible



sight met his eyes. On the green turf around the silent guns lay the bodies of his comrades, with numbers of black uniformed Uhlans riding and walking among them. The battery had been attacked by a superior force, and the soldiers, with strict orders to remain by the guns, had been killed to a man.

Then to the trooper on the hill top, came a full realization of his position. Thoughtlessly disobeying orders, he had deserted his post, escaping the fate of his comrades—as

a coward he would be branded. The critical moment in the Briton's life had come; a strong impulse to turn and flee came over him and he again thought of his young wife and child, his eyes filling with manly tears. No, they should never have to bear the shame of his disgrace. The trooper wheeled his horse abruptly and drew his sabre.

A moment later a hatless, shouting figure, waving a sabre, was galloping madly down the hill to the death that awaited it below.

## LATER—PIE?

By Helena M. Sullivan, '16



HE clock slowly struck ten; at the same time the telephone in the hall rang sharply. Terry sprang to his feet, rubbed his eyes and ran to answer the call. As he got up hurriedly from the armchair where he had been dozing, a book, bearing the title, "Masterman Ready, A Tale of Treasure and Sea Adventure," fell to the floor before the fireplace.

Terry took down the receiver, "Hello," he said sleepily.

"Hello, ring two?" came excitedly over the wire.

"Yes," Terry answered.

"Well, everything is all right. Be sure to bring a spade and lantern."

"K-l-ing" went another receiver.

"Hello, Hello," a new voice called.

"Hello, is this you, Annie? Is this ring two?"

"Yes, it's Sarah, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's Sarah. Someone else answered me first and I don't think he's hung up."

Terry, now wide awake and slightly suspicious of this talk of spades and lanterns,

rattled his hook and, placing his hand over the transmitter, waited in the hope of catching the rest of the conversation.

"Well, I guess they have hung up. I called you up to tell you not to forget the things. I think it's dark enough now, don't you? We ought to start pretty soon because it will take quite a while to dig it up. Wouldn't the Hopkinses die, if they knew we were getting that treasure out of their vacant yard! Well, meet me in twenty minutes behind the big barn. Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

Trembling with excitement Terry hung up the receiver and stopping only a moment to recollect that his father and mother would not be home until eleven o'clock, he snatched his cap from the nail, locked the front door and went out the window. Terry knew the big barn near the Hopkins house well and he went straight there, caressing with trembling hand his trusty searchlight in his pocket. Hiding behind one corner of the barn our hero waited, what seemed like an hour, but was really about fifteen minutes.

Almost simultaneously two dark figures appeared from opposite directions. Al-

though it was a warm, moist evening in early May they wore long, dark cloaks and men's hats drawn low over their hair. Nevertheless it was plain to Terry that they were women; the way they smashed through the underbrush, the noise they made when they threw down the spades and the rashness of openly carrying a lantern when searching for a buried treasure,—all this betrayed their sex to our scornful young detective. In the south-west corner of the vacant lot the women stopped and after a cautious survey of the landscape knelt down and began to dig. Terry, from behind a clump of lilac bushes on the other side of the fence, could see them quite plainly. They dug and whispered for about five minutes when an exclamation of delight made Terry grit his teeth.

"I've got *one*, Sarah! Pass me the basket."

Now Terry was not near enough to see *what* they put in the basket and he dared not use his light but there was little doubt in his mind that it was gold,—Masterman Ready called it "red gold."

Still the greedy creatures dug interrupted only by their own cries of delight. Terry counted eight of "them."

Then Sarah said, "Well, Ann, we mustn't take it all. Not this time, anyway. Now smooth the earth over with that trowel and bend those bushes over a little so Mrs. Hopkins won't notice and write to the agent. Come! We've got enough."

The two women rose and started off, carrying the baskets under their cloaks. Terry waited until they were out of hearing distance before climbing over the fence. He crept on his hands and knees close to the place, then, feeling the cool, upturned earth, he flashed his light quickly upon the spot. At first he saw nothing, then—green and red shoots—What! Yes, it was rhubarb! That was what Sarah and Ann were stealing.

A tired and disappointed little boy crept in through the open window and tramped up to bed. As he sank into the deep slumber of childhood he murmured to himself, "I guess Jim Hawkins and Masterman Ready have dug up all the gold in the world. Anyway, I'm glad the boys don't know how I got fooled by them women and their old rhubarb."

## A YACHT RACE

By Ellen Garman, '16



"Is he badly hurt?" asked an anxious voice as the doctor descended the stairs of the Burton home.

"Not seriously," said the doctor, "but he will not be able to be around for a week."

The speaker was little Violet Burton whose brother Jack had met with an accident that day.

Jack was in a hurry to get to the Yacht club early that morning to see that his yacht was in perfect order for the race which was, to

take place the next day at Marblehead Neck. It had rained the night before and Jack, in a great rush, went off in his roadster without chains. The road was slippery and the car hit a rock throwing it over a small bank. The car turned turtle and when Jack struck the ground, he was knocked unconscious, and was taken to the nearest doctor. Though Jack was not injured dangerously, both his arms were sprained and he had some bruises.

"What was he to do? Could he not be in the biggest race ever held at Marblehead?



Where was he to get a man to take his place?" These were the questions which kept running through his head as he was coming home with the doctor. No one could handle a boat like Jack. No one else could run his yacht at all well except Violet. Could Violet do it? No, it was impossible to think of such a thing. Little Violet Burton, why, it was silly to think of her running the "Swan!" Of course she was eighteen years old, but she was such a small girl that they had always treated her like a child.

When Violet heard the decision of the doctor she said to herself, "I know what I'll do. I'll run the yacht myself. I've got to win that race for Jack's sake. He's planned on it for months."

The next morning Violet, arrayed in a white middy suit and hat, descended the platform at the Yacht Club. 'Midst cheers and excitement little Violet was cool and composed. She took her seat with a determined smile upon her face.

When the pistol was fired, Violet started slowly because she had never been in a real race before. The yachts passed her one by

one, but soon she began to speed up. On and on they went down the harbor with flags flying and the band playing on the shore. Pretty soon the "Swan" was seen sweeping gracefully ahead of at first one, then two, then all the yachts in the race. Only three more minutes and they would be back at the pier. Could Violet do it? As she glanced over her shoulder she saw the "Cupid" coming nearer and nearer. With hat off and hair flying in the wind Violet gave a mighty turn to the wheel and landed under the rope ahead by a foot.

Can any one imagine the pleasure in that girl's heart as she was lifted from the "Swan" by the excited crowd? As the cup was presented to her the tears of joy came to her eyes. "I must get to Jack now," she cried.

When Violet rushed jubilantly into her brother's arms he knew that his "little sister" had won the race for him. She was no longer a child to his mind; she was a strong and courageous girl who had won the biggest race at Marblehead. "I just had to win it for you, Jack," whispered the girl, passing him the beautiful gold cup.

## AUNT SALLY'S "PARTY"

By Doris Townsend, '16



AUNT Sally Whittier was busily working in her large old fashioned kitchen Monday morning, when the postman's whistle blew. Mail did not often come to Aunt Sally so she was very much excited. She dropped her work, hurried to the front door and unlocking it, received a violet tinted missive.

With trembling hands she proceeded to open the letter, which announced:

"Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant-Smith will hold a reception next Thursday afternoon from four until six in honor of their guest, the

well known artist, Mr. John F. Gilbert, and desire the presence of their friends."

Aunt Sally dropped into a chair, too astonished to move. An invitation from the Stuyvesant-Smiths was almost too much for one to receive calmly. Aunt Sally was no exception to the rule. Then, womanlike, she began to think of what she could wear; next of how she happened to receive an invitation to a reception given by the Stuyvesant-Smiths. Over the first of these questions she pondered long and deeply, but finally she reached a decision. "I'll wear that apple green silk that Grandmother At-

wood gave to mother and mother gave to me. It's almost as good as new and isn't worn a bit. I expect I'll look as nice as anyone there!"

In regard to the second question she came to the conclusion that they thought that perhaps "that artist feller" might want to paint her flower garden.

On the following Thursday Aunt Sally was all dressed in her best exactly at two o'clock. She donned a poke bonnet that her mother had given her seven years before and the "almost new" apple green silk, which was a beautiful old dress with hooped skirt and lace bodice. She wore a pair of lace mittens and carried a crocheted bag.

She had made up her mind to be there at exactly four o'clock so that she could see all the people. Therefore, at ten minutes of four she threw a black lace shawl over her shoulders and started. For some reason she was delayed on the way and didn't reach her destination until half past four. The large rooms were filled with guests when Aunt Sally proudly walked in, unannounced. When the people saw her they were amazed, and then amused. To see that queer little figure in Mrs. Stuyvesant-Smith's drawing room was too amusing for words! No one,

however, gave any outward sign of surprise.

Although Aunt Sally was slightly embarrassed at the sight of so many people, she soon regained confidence and seeing Mrs. Stuyvesant-Smith she went up to her. The hostess, trying to make the best of a bad situation introduced Aunt Sally to Mr. Gilbert and then left her with him.

Aunt Sally turned to the guest of honor and asked him if he would like to paint her garden. He replied that he would like very much to do so, if he might paint her also. Aunt Sally, though covered with confusion, gave him the desired permission and moved away. After saying good bye to Mrs. Stuyvesant-Smith she returned home in a very exalted state of mind.

In the meantime, Mrs. S. G. Whittier, who lived two houses below Aunt Sally was wondering why she hadn't received an invitation for the great reception. A few days later Mrs. Stuyvesant Smith called upon her and explained.

Aunt Sally never found out about the misdirected invitation and the memory of the reception always remained with her. John Gilbert painted a picture of the beloved garden with Aunt Sally in it and the picture was pronounced his greatest success.

## THE PARTY JUST OVER THE GARDEN WALL

By Ruth D. Newcomb, '16



TOMORROW will be Rose's birthday," said Mother Rose to herself, as she shook the dew from her dress one sunshiny June morning and settled back in the cool green leaves of her home. "I believe I'll give her a party," she continued, half to herself, "she is really quite a 'bud,' and should have her coming out party, so her birthday will be quite as good a time as any."

So saying she began to busy herself with preparations. At a nod of her head, a squad of very gallant bees, and several exceedingly gay butterflies appeared, the latter settling themselves lightly by her side, while the bees, rather more inquisitive and restless, hummed, hovering above her, inquiring what the summons so early in the morning was all about. To these winged creatures Rose unfolded her plan, and they immediately offered their services as messengers.



Making out the invitation list was really no easy task, for Mrs. Rose and her daughter were such favorites in the Garden, that to omit any from their list of friends would cause regret to their kind hearts.

The Garden itself was really quite a city, and besides, there were several friends in the surrounding cities of Wood, Field and Glen, who must receive invitations.

The day was a busy one. Miss Zephyr was a great help in the preparations, carrying many of the invitations herself, thus lightening the work of the other messengers. Her work was mostly in the Garden itself, where she deposited the dainty rose-leaf notes at the door of each family.

Now Mrs. Lily White was a very dear friend of Mrs. Rose, and she sent an early acceptance, accompanied by a note asking permission to bring with her, her niece who was visiting her from the Valley. Mrs. Rose was delighted for she knew that everyone loved this sweet little maid.

The day of the party was a delightful one, the sun coming out brightly after a light rain-fall which made the Garden wonderfully cool and fresh. It was a brilliant affair. The guests came early; some alone, some in groups, but all dressed in their very gayest and newest gowns. All recipients of invitations had accepted gladly with the exception of Mr. Thistle, whose very unpleasant temper forbade his doing anything agreeable, and Miss Candy Tuft, who tossed her note aside with indifference, and remained at home.

In the receiving line were Mrs. Rose and her daughter Bud, whose freshness matched her name and her cousins, Miss Moss and Miss Yellow Brier, the latter of whom was jealous, because her yellow complexion

caused her to be less admired than the rest of her family. While these were receiving the guests, music was furnished by the Canterbury Bell Orchestra, and Mr. Trumpet Flower.

Over in the arbor, Miss Hyacinth was pouring her sorrows into the sympathetic ear of Mr. Balm while Miss Pansy as thoughtful as ever, was moving here and there making things comfortable for everyone.

The young bride, Mrs. Orange Blossom, was a center of attraction as she had just returned from her honeymoon to Florida, and had much to tell of her journey.

The older folks shook their heads disapprovingly as Mr. Bachelor strutted proudly from place to place, trying to call the attention of everyone to the gay buttons which adorned his waistcoat, but particularly to win the favor of Mary Gold who with her usual cruelty, of which her name is the symbol, paid little attention to her admirer.

As the day wore on Mother Glory put her young daughter Morning, to sleep, and sad to say, was soon so sleepy herself that she was obliged to leave the party and go home before the refreshments, which consisted of Sweet Peas, Spearmint, Honey and Dew-drops, were served.

After dinner, William was very sweet, and together with Jon Quil, entertained the guests with several fine solos.

In one corner of the garden was a spot which proved especially alluring to the young people. This was a tent in which Witch Hazel foretold for the guests their future life mid much gayety and laughter.

At last the sun began to sink, and after taking leave of their hostess and her daughter, the guests departed to their various homes in Wood Valley and Window-box.

## OCCUPATIONS FOR HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

## VII. Medicine

By Clarence H. Corning, '15

[The Oracle acknowledges the assistance of all friends who aided in preparing this article.]



**W**HAT pleasure there is in being a doctor and being able to aid human life! There is a high place for doctors in any community.

Medicine requires, like all other professions, a broad and general education. Special attention should be paid to Latin and to Greek; for the names of many diseases and anatomical parts are principally derived from the classic languages. It is well to have a knowledge of French and German; for many important articles and new discoveries come from these countries.

A course in a medical school is required. In entering such a school a college degree is not demanded, but, as in law, an examination equivalent to a college education must be passed. The course in the medical school takes four years and this does not include any of the special training such as an oculist or an aurist receives. The study of the eye, ear, etc., comes only in their relation to other diseases.

After a course in a medical school, a man usually enters a hospital as an interne. This work is practically indispensable. It is the most profitable part of a young doctor's education and does not involve much responsibility on his part. He has the privilege of following a case through all its stages. He can hear and see and learn by observation more, as an interne, about his life work than anywhere else. He has the privilege of

coming to the staff of doctors and of asking questions about a case; thus he stores up a vast amount of knowledge. While an interne, therefore, a man has the chance to apply the knowledge loosely packed in his brain at the medical school; but when he first opens his office he has the chance to arrange and apply the facts and useful information gained as an interne as well as student.

In a city the size of Bangor practice comes slowly for the first few years of a doctor's career, but even then there is some work. The next two or three years a young doctor should build up a better business; so that by five years he has a comfortable income and can settle down without fear of a lack of practice. Most doctors in Bangor say that they have never known a doctor to go out of business because of a lack of work but, however, they do agree that any unknown or new doctor will have to wait some time before he will have a long list of patients.

On the other hand a country doctor has all the business he can manage, even at the beginning. He very likely practices in a community where there is no competition. He perhaps receives his compensation not in "hard cash" but in stock or something similar. He is also tied down to the locality with hardly any chance for a vacation.

The "pay," of course, depends upon a man's ability as a doctor. The first five years' money comes hard but after one's reputation is established, the patients and money increase or decrease accordingly.

Study abroad is not necessary although some men prefer it to top off or to acquire a certain polish. At the present time, how-



ever, it would be practically impossible to study medicine abroad.

To sum up, it can easily be seen that it is a long way to attain a good standing as a doctor in a community. It takes at least five years, not including the time spent in a

medical school after leaving high school or college; but it is well worth nine years of study and practice to be able to aid one's fellow men and to win the respect bestowed upon a good doctor.

## A STRANGE MIXUP

By Geneva Croxford, '16



**D**OROTHY Jean Raymonds sat in her arm chair waiting for the postman. She was an orphan and had for some time been living with her aunt and crippled uncle who had been injured in the war, and had scarcely enough income to support his wife. However they insisted that Dorothy should finish the high school.

As soon as she had received her diploma she boldly applied for a position as teacher in a small school in a neighboring town and was now anxiously awaiting the reply.

In another part of the city the colored kitchen girl, Dinah Josephine Raymond, had positively made up her mind to leave the household of Mrs. DeLancey. She was tired of being scolded at continually, and from morning till night it was "Dinah, don't do that," and "Dinah, this is wrong," until the poor girl's patience was exhausted.

The cook was her only friend, and having had some education, had taught Dinah the rudiments of reading and writing. So, after much laborious effort the poor girl had written to a lady whom she once knew explaining her present difficulties and asking for help in finding some place of employment. The next day the lady kindly wrote Dinah the following letter, but in her haste

addressed it simply to Miss D. J. Raymonds, Blackwood, Maryland.

"My dear D. J.:

I think that just the place you desire is open to you. You will have charge of the kitchen and the care of the pigs and chickens which you so much enjoy. There is another colored girl next door who will be a good chum for you and you will have a pleasant little room in the attic. Come and see me as soon as you receive this reply."

Imagine Dorothy's consternation when she read this epistle! Dorothy tending the pigs and chickens, having **another** colored girl for a chum and sleeping in the attic! What could it all mean?

At about the same time Dinah received the following telegram:

"Your application received. You may consider yourself engaged. Will meet you at the station Monday noon.

John Gilmore."

Poor Dinah! Engaged! Engaged to John! Meet him at the station. How perfectly delightful! She at once began collecting her few belongings, at the same time dreaming of elopements, weddings and feasts of water-melons.

Meanwhile Dorothy, much disturbed, had hunted up her postman, learned of the existence of Dinah Josephine and was now

hastening up the back walk that led to that dark-skinned lady's apartments.

The letters were exchanged and Dorothy was greatly relieved at obtaining the favorable reply to her application, while Dinah

though reluctant at first, gradually became pacified with the prospects of feeding the pigs and chickens and chumming with the negro girl.

## THE OTHER HALF OF THE GAME

By Richard K. MacWilliams, '16



ONES moved over to the end of the bench and slowly opened his Latin Grammar. There were the five declensions, and numerous verb forms which must be carefully looked up before he took that test. He had neglected his Latin. Somehow he couldn't seem to find time to study it, now that the baseball season was on, so he kept putting it off every day until finally his rank got so low that he was in danger of losing his place on the team.

"Well Jones," interrupted the coach, "What have you got there, a rule book? Oh, Latin, huh! Well this is a pretty late time to begin learning about the game, now that the season is almost here."

"What do you mean—the game?" asked Jones suddenly.

"What do I mean?" repeated the coach. "Well, I mean that you may be able to hold down third base all right but that is only half of the game. The other half is to keep up in your studies at the same time. This is the harder half for most ball players. But all the fellows here seem to be able to do it except you. How about it? Pretty far in?"

"Yes, pretty far; I take a test this afternoon and if I don't get through—well, there is the bell, I must be going.

"Well, don't be all night," shouted the coach as Jones darted over to the Hall,

"We're going to play the second team at four o'clock."

The test was much harder than Jones had expected. Somehow, he couldn't seem to remember any answers that satisfied him. The ablatives got all mixed up with the genitives so that he knew that what he was writing was pure nonsense. Still he might get through; that last question wasn't very hard. Yet, there was the second one, "Give the endings of the third declension." Nominative plural ends in—es, now what is that genitive? Oh for a look at the book! He turned around, the teacher was in the back of the room correcting papers. Now was his chance. Slowly he lifted the cover of his desk and drew out his book. He opened it, but couldn't seem to find the place. Suddenly the thought came to him, Was this fair? He closed his book and shut his eyes.

He remembered how, before the big game last year, the principal had talked to the team, telling them to play fairly, to earn their victories. But that was baseball not—yes, it was too. Hadn't the coach told him that school work was the other half of the game? And he wasn't playing fair. He, who but yesterday had spoken before the student body about "Fair play and St. Andrews." His own words mocked him, "St. Andrews means fair play," he had said.

He glanced over his paper and felt sure that if he could only answer that one ques-



tion he would not fail. Then he looked at the clock, ten minutes to four! He must think, he must concentrate his thoughts—no it was impossible. The thought of the “big game” last year—of the dandy trip and how the fellows had sung and cheered and last of all the school “traveling song” rushed into his mind.

“There’s a red light on the track,  
There’s a red light on the track,  
Will it be there when we get back?  
Sure it will.”

Was there to be none of that this year? He gripped the sides of his desk and then it came to him,—genitive in —um. The rest fairly wrote itself on the paper.

Jones finished his test, got over to the gym and hurried into his togs.

“Ah, Jones,” greeted the coach, “how did you get along?”

“I know I got through. I had a hard time in the early innings, as it were, but I had a batting rally in the ninth and beat the Latin out by a run.”

## THE CALL OF THE DANCE

By “1916.”



JOHN and I had decided to go over to Lamoine to the dance. Lamoine is just across the Jordan River from Trenton, an easy distance to row. The Jordan is not really a river, but a long, narrow bay or sound, and the distance from Trenton to Lamoine by road is about ten miles.

The dance was one of a series that were being given in the Town Hall at Lamoine every Friday evening during the summer.

We left the house about seven o'clock so as to have plenty of time for the dancing which began at eight. We planned to go down to the shore and find a boat, row across to the other side, strike the road and walk about a mile to the hall. This seemed very easy, but neither of us had ever been in Lamoine. As we left the house it was beginning to drizzle and was fast growing dark. We walked down to the shore and looked for a boat. The only craft in sight was a dory anchored about ten yards from shore.

The Jordan is very shallow and its banks are mostly mud and mussel beds especially at low tide. Here I will note that we both had on our best clothes.

The drizzle had now turned to a steady cold rain and the prospect was not cheerful. The boat was in a most difficult place to reach. John took off his shoes and stockings and endeavored to wade out to it. When he had waded as far as possible the boat was still just out of his reach. He came to shore and found a long pole with which he finally succeeded in hooking on to the boat and pulling it in. He then tried to row in and get me, but the boat stranded about a yard from shore. Thus it became necessary for me also to take off my shoes and do some wading. By this time we were both pretty well disgusted, but had done too much to stop.

The tide was running out and I had considerable difficulty in pulling across the river. By the time we had reached the other side it was as dark as a pocket and we were both rather damp.

In the darkness it was almost impossible

to make out a landing place, but finally we discovered a wharf with a float for small boats alongside. I rowed towards this but the boat stuck in the mud before reaching it. I stood up in the bow and gave a big jump and landed safely. John followed.

We tied the boat and then started up the path that led across the fields to the road. Somewhere in crossing the fields we lost the path and the walking became very rough. John lighted a match and we found that we were in the midst of a potato patch.

After further wanderings during which we crossed a cornfield we saw a light and headed toward it and finally reached the road. After about twenty minutes' walk, we reached the general store and entered. We asked the way to the Town Hall.

"You ain't goin' to the dance, be you?" asked the man.

"Sure," I answered, "why not?"

"There ain't none; Mr. Perkins died today."

The return is left to the imagination.

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## THAT DOLLAR BILL

By C. E. R., '16

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I hustled 'round one morning  
To find some change, you see.  
All that I found was a dollar  
Which didn't belong to me.

Of course I got here "tardy"  
The morning dragged endlessly  
And so the recess found me  
Hungry as I could be.

I hurried to get my tickets  
And presented my dollar bill,  
Then I was disappointed  
There was no change in the till.

At last I got my dime's worth  
And started down the stair.  
When I went into the lunchroom  
I found the dishes all bare.

I turned away from the counter  
And passed out through the door.  
Lunchless I went that day  
But wiser than before.





# LOCALS



*"Facts are Stubborn Things"*

The Oracle in behalf of the school wishes to extend sympathy to Miss Jeannette Croxford who is confined to her home by illness. Miss Croxford has taken a prominent part in all school activities during her entire course and her absence is greatly felt. She receives second honors on her graduation essay and was before her illness rehearsing for both the Senior and the French play.

The school was closed on Friday, April 23, on account of the Penobscot County Teachers' Association which was organized and held a meeting in the Assembly Hall on that day. Six hundred teachers were present at the meeting and officers were chosen. Miss Irene Cousins spoke on "Formal Grammar." The High School Orchestra played.

Charles P. Conners of Bangor addressed the Senior civil government class during the fifth period, May 4. As Mr. Conners is serving his second term in the House of Representatives in the state legislature his lecture was doubly interesting to the students. He talked on the laws of the state and the process by which a bill becomes a law.

Another of the meetings in the course arranged by the kindergarten teachers for those interested in educational progress was addressed by State Superintendent Payson Smith, April 22, in the Assembly Hall. He took for his subject—"Some Fundamentals in Education"—and presented his opinions

in an extremely convincing manner. Mr. Smith has frequently lectured here and as on previous visits his talk was received with great enthusiasm.

The school was closed Monday, April 19, in honor of Patriot's Day and teachers and pupils alike enjoyed the holiday recess.

President Samuel V. Cole of Wheaton College addressed the students and parents interested in the college in the Lecture Room, Tuesday afternoon, April 27. He first took up the subject of college in general, telling what it is and what it does. Then he gave a very pleasing sketch of Wheaton, speaking of its faculty, its location, its influences and its excellent facilities for athletics. As many of the Bangor High School students are planning to attend Wheaton after finishing their course here, the lecture was of special interest.

The Domestic Science Department has arranged for the teachers a series of lunches which are served after school hours at noon. The first lunch was given May 4, and six teachers enjoyed the repast prepared by the students. The menu was as follows:

Veal Cutlets	Mashed Potatoes
Dandelion Greens	Rolls
	Sweet Pickles
Fruit Salad	Sandwiches
Ice Cream	Cake
	Coffee

Tuesday, May 4, Mr. Larrabee announced in chapel the awards for the Senior prize essays. The recipients of the medals were Miss Lora Blanding and Robert Patterson. Miss Blanding's subject was "Poetry--A Soul" and Mr. Patterson's was "The Education of the Musician." Those receiving honorable mention were, in order, for the girls:

Beyond the Alps Lies Italy, Miss Jeanette Croxford.

Music in Art, Miss Lucy Chaison.

Bobby's Birthday, Miss Faye Harvey.

Give Service, Miss Gladys Beverly.

The honor essays among the boys were:

Value of Classical Studies, Frank Murphy.

More Remote Causes of the European War, Robert Ewer.

A Vacation Well Spent, Harry Alward.

From Debussy's Preludes, Bateman Edwards.

The judges were H. P. Dowst of Boston, Miss Elizabeth Clark of Bangor, and Mrs. Cecilia Rice Gallagher of Montreal.

Dr. Samuel V. Cole, the president of Wheaton College, addressed the school at chapel on Tuesday, April 26. His subject was "Opportunity" and especially "Opportunity in America." His remarks were much appreciated by the student body, and we hope they will keep them in mind.

A French play is to be given soon by the members of the Senior French class. Rehearsals have been held for several weeks under the direction of Madame Beaupre.

The rehearsals of the Junior--Senior play "Endymion" have been improving rapidly, and it is expected to be one of the most suc-

cessful and elaborate amateur productions ever given in the city.

Miss Grace Matthews has been chosen to represent Bangor High school at the University of Maine Interscholastic Speaking Contest to be held at Orono about May 21.

At the Interscholastic Speaking Contest to be held by Colby College at Waterville, May 14, Bangor High will be represented by Albert Doran and Frank Murphy.

Charles F. Bragg spoke to the Senior Chemistry class on Friday, April 30, on the making of paper. He had samples and explained the making and coloring of paper.

Friday noon, April 30, the Senior class held a meeting at which plans for the class pictures and for graduation were discussed. Elizabeth Thaxter, Ethel O'Connell, Dorothy Harvey, Arno Savage and Robert Patterson were appointed a committee to select a class motto.

An important meeting of the Senior Class was held after school, Wednesday, May 5, in Assembly Hall. A final decision was reached in the matter of class pictures, a very attractive style being selected. From the several mottoes submitted by the committee appointed at a previous meeting the class chose "Audete aliquid dignum."

Graduation speakers were then elected. Irving R. Donovan won the honor of parting address on the first ballot. There were sharp contests for the class history between Miss Hazel E. Pickard and Miss Bessie H. Mills for the girls, and J. Frederick Jordan and Robert P. Ewer for the boys. Miss Pickard and Mr. Jordan were the final winners. Class prophets will be elected by the divisions in the near future.



On Friday evening, May 7, an exhibition was held for the benefit of athletics of the school. The program consisted of:

Spanish Dance, Indian Club Drill, Dumb Bell Drill, Minuet, Bar Bell Drill, Forest Spirits—Grecian Dance, Wand Drill, Indian Club Drill, Dutch Dance, Polish Dance.

Mr. Mitchell and Miss Lee should be congratulated upon the excellence of the performance. The following is a list of those taking part:

Minuet: Marguerite Tibbetts, Katherine Robinson, Nathalie Turner, Marjorie White, Miss Babcock, Miss Harthorn, Mildred Brackett, Doris Townsend, Robert Dole, Kenneth Boardman, Paul Larrabee, Louis Dennett, Stanley Cayting, James McCann, Willis Hayes, Paul Eames.

Polish Dance: Ethel Hardy, Sarah Bartlett, Ruth Colman, Natalie Rogers, Eva Perry, Marion Gordon, Genevieve Cullinan, Priscilla Leonard, Margaret Evans, Frances Finnigan.

#### 11th Grade

Forest Spirits--Grecian Dance: Ruth Hunt, Pauline Woodward, Priscilla Webster, Ruth Wormwood, Katharine Covelle, Margaret Estes, Ruth Smiley, Lillian Rosen, Gladys Allen, Lilla Hersey, Lena Clark, Lois Hodgkins.

Dumb Bells: Carol Hamm, Christine Harris, Annie Lutz, Sarah Hathorne, Hazel Robinson, Ruth Miller, Bernice Smith, Frances Curran, Louise Leonard, Rachel Bowen, Madeline Ford, Madelene Morton, Ethel McAuliffe, Marian Larsen, Winifred MacKay, Teresa Toole, Hazel McInnis.

#### 10th Grade

Dutch Dance: Myrtle Wakeley, Helen McGinty, Dorothea Quincy, Lola Yelland,

Huldah Doron, Rachel Connor, Marjorie Clark, Ruth Coombs, Helen Lancaster, Helen Shaughnessy, Mary Clough, Thelma Martin, Florence Angley, Margaret Woodward, Regina Wardwell, Frances Crowe, Helena Derby, Corinne Furbush, Katharine Bryant, Catherine Mullen, Antoinette Gould, Mildred Oliver, Marion Pierce, Mollie Wheeler.

Wands: Marjorie Clement, Dorothy Miller, Lulu Graham, Mildred Lancaster, Esther Lord, Bernice Richards, Evelyn Currier, Grace Nichols, Eola Mayo, Doris Carr, Geneva Dinsmore, Estelle Taylor, Leah Norris, Annie Barnes, Helen Kerr, Dorothy Doe, Myrtie Mitchell, Mary McDougall, Mary O'Connell, Mary McInnis.

#### Seniors and Juniors

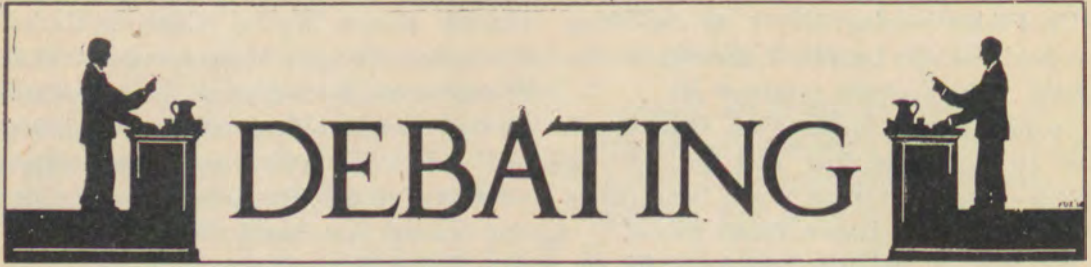
Spanish Dance: Cordelia Carlisle, Priscilla Clark, May Yerxa, Susie Farmer, Beatrice Palmer, Anna Harden.

Indian Clubs: Cordelia Carlisle, Geneva Croxford, Anna Harden, Elna Pearson, Gertrude Sullivan, Nathalie Turner, Katherine Clark, Katherine Stewart, Ruth Colman, Marguerite Tibbetts, Ruth Smiley, Susie Farmer, Natalie Rogers.

Dumb Bell Drill: Eames, McGuff, Iverson, Small, Goldstein, Kennedy, Kenney, Honey, Clark, Adams, Rich, Cunningham, Gordon, Costello, Boyd, Coney, Bernadini.

Bar Bell Drill: Tyler, Bachelder, Quinn, Beaupre, Barker, Frawley, Dwinal, Rowe, Nowell, O'Connell, Grant, Mansur, Coleman, Messer.

Indian Club Drill: Whitley, Pierce, Perkins, McCann, Mosher, O'Connor, McGuire Garland, Mitchell, McLeod, Jameson, Salisbury, W. Smith.



*"Flood of words and drop of reason"*

### Exhibition Debate

A debate was held between a team of the Literary Debating Society and one of the Girls' Debating Society. The girls' team was composed of the Misses Lucie Knowles, Rose Davis, Bessie Mills and Nellie Jones, alternate. The boys' team was Richard MacWilliams, Harry Helson, Irving Donovan and Harry Butler, alternate. The question was "Resolved: that equal suffrage be extended to the women of Maine." The girls naturally took the affirmative and the boys the negative. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

### Discussion League

On Friday evening, April 30, the second contest of the University of Maine Discussion League was held. The contestants were Irving R. Donovan of Bangor High School, Lloyd Hatch of Dexter High, Miss McManus of Washington High, and Mr. Wellington of Caribou High. Irving Donovan and Lloyd Hatch were picked to speak in the final contest at the U. of M. and Miss McManus was chosen alternate. The general subject was the "Recall", different phases being presented by different speakers. The judges were Arthur L. Thayer, Esq., F. W. Burrill, Superintendent of the Brewer schools, and C. I. Chatto, Principal of Orono High School.

### The Boys' Society

At a meeting of the Bangor High School Literary and Debating Society held on April 21, officers for the last term of the school year were elected as follows:

President, Irving R. Donovan; Vice-President, Robert A. Patterson; Secretary, Clyde E. Burton; Treasurer, Orestes Cleveland; Censor, Harold Whitmore.

The meeting was a lively one, lasting several hours, at which a number of important resolutions were voted on. A committee consisting of Robert Patterson and Orestes Cleveland was appointed by President Donovan to assist him in making arrangements for the annual banquet of the two Debating Societies, which event will probably take place about the first of June. The president also appointed another committee, consisting of Oliver Hall, Harry Helson and Louis Dennett to see about the taking of the yearly group photograph of the Debating Society members.

As it was the unanimous wish of those present that a debate be held in connection with the High School Exhibition on May 7, a resolution to that effect was passed and a challenge to debate was sent to the Girls' Society, where it was promptly accepted. The subject submitted was Resolved: That the women of Maine should be granted the suffrage on equal terms with men.



### Colby Team Trials

On the afternoon of May 3, competitive trials were held in Room 211, to select the team which is to represent Bangor High in the new Colby League. The six contestants were each required to give a five minute argument on the subject, Resolved: That military drill should be compulsory in public high schools. This subject is the same as that prescribed by Colby for the league. The three debaters selected for the team, in order of speaking are Louis Dennett, Richard MacWilliams and Irving Donovan; the alternate has not been selected as yet. Mr. Larrabee, Miss Pease and Mr. Boyd acted as judges.

### The Girls' Society

At the meeting of the society held April 15, the subject of the debate of the Colby Debating League to be held at Colby May 21 was read to the society, namely that, "Military drill should be compulsory in all preparatory schools of the United States." The names of those who wished to try in the

preliminaries were handed in to the president.

A meeting for the election of the Banquet Committee was held April 22. The committee finally chosen was: Lucie Knowles, chairman; Lora Blanding, Jeannette Croxford and Gladys Allen.

At a recent meeting of the society a hot debate was held on the subject for the Colby Debating League by the following teams:

Affirmative: Nellie Jones, Hazel Merrifield, Gladys Allen.

Negative: Lucie Knowles, Carrie Rowe and Erma Furrow.

The judges were Rose Davis, Doris Townsend, Bernice Smith. Although good points were brought out on both sides the decision was awarded to the negative. A new member was added to our society making a total of eighteen members.

On account of the illness of our former president, Jeannette Croxford, a meeting was called at recess at which the vice-president Lillian McGee was elected president, Lilla Hersey was elected for vice-president.

## ALUMNI

### *"Beatæ Memoriae"*

Ada Elliot, '13, is training to be a nurse at Dr. King's Hospital, Portland, Maine.

Roland Estes, '14, and John H. Magee, '14, were two of the speakers at the annual U. of M. Freshman banquet, held at the Bangor House, April 22. Mr. Estes spoke on "Athletics in the Class of '18" and Mr. Magee on "To Our Class."

The death of Mrs. Lillian C. Gallupe occurred after a short illness at her home in Mars Hill. Mrs. Gallupe was graduated with highest honors from Bangor High School in the class of '09.

Cornelius E. Clark, '11, Yale, '15, recently won the mile run at New York handicap from the 60-yard mark in 4:25 1-5 seconds. A gold medal was awarded him.

Allan Woodcock, '08, has been elected President of the Senior Class at the Bowdoin Medical School.

The engagement of Miss Edith R. Allen, '13, to James B. Hawley, of New York, has been announced recently. Mr. Hawley is a graduate of Dartmouth College.

Walter R. Rattray, '09, Yale, '13, has taken a position in Bridgeport, Conn.



*"Fortis cadere, cedere non potest"*

### What You Wanted to Know About the Baseball Team

"Tommy" McCann's galaxy of baseball hopes are making good progress down at Maplewood park although the grounds have been wet and muddy most of the time. Center and right fields are as slippery as a skating rink and in left field one should wear a bathing suit if he expects to get out without drowning.

About two dozen men turn out but more are wanted so that we can have two regular teams. Our enterprising assistant-manager, "Swede" Mulvaney, is arranging a schedule for the second team so that those who do not make the first team will have something to stay out for.

As for the first team, we have three pitchers who promise good things; "Hobo" Savage, Al Frawley and Danny Adams. We all know that "Hobo" can deliver the goods and Al has also proven his worth. Danny has speed and control; with a little experience he too will make good. Hayes, Ryder, Pullen and Mulvaney are the backstops and it is a toss-up as to who is the one for the job.

We have all heard of the Athletics' \$100,000 infield, but wait until you see ours in action. With four veterans and one new star, we need not worry about our infield. Dan McClay on first, Des Daley on second, "Stubby" Furey on third and "Doc" Free-

man at short, with Smith as a close runner up, is a combination that can't be beaten.

In the outfield there is "Spider" Jones, our three letter man, holding down the left garden. At center is Pullen, who can bat and run with the best. McNeil rules supreme in right field. With this outfit Bangor should come through a winner and capture the pennant.

After great exertion Jordan has arranged a schedule with six games at home. The game with Coburn on May 31, will be a tough one and the team will need the support of the school. We should all plan now to be on hand that day at Maplewood.

Paul Freese, '16

### Baseball Season Opens

The 1915 baseball season opened propitiously when, on Saturday, April 24, the team after a desperate eighth inning rally, beat the Alumni by a score of 10-9. The team as a whole showed up very well, both in the field and on the offensive. Freeman was the Tris Speaker of the game, getting two singles, a double, and a home run drive in four times at bat.

In the first inning the Alumni tallied twice, but in the third, "Doc" Freeman drove the ball to the track and romped around the circuit with the first score, the first hit, and the first home run of the season. In the next inning the high school got two more runs on hits and an error.



In the sixth session the "old ones" started. With one out, Beck singled to center, Williams sacrificed him to second. "Bill" Abbott stopped a fast ball with his solar

plexus, Carr ran for him, and then Merrill singled to center, scoring Beck. Brennan got on by a scratch hit, Carr scoring on the play. Peckham got one by Furey's error,



1915 BASKETBALL TEAM

and Beverly doubled, scoring Brennan. Carr fanned. The high school failing to register, the score was five to three at the end of the sixth.

The Alumni scored again in the seventh. Frawley went to the mound for the younger generation in the eighth, and the Alumni garnered in two more runs. In the last of

the inning the high school rallied. There were hits by McClay, Savage, Mulvaney, McNeil, Frawley, Pullen, Freeman and Furey and six runs were gathered in, making the score 9 to 8 for the school team.

In the ninth Williams walked, went to third on two passed balls and tallied on a single by Abbott, who was later caught off

first. The next two men were out. Williams went into the box for the Alumni. McClay fanned. Jones walked, Savage doubled, scoring Jones, and the game was over.

The summary:

### B. H. S.

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Furey, 3b.....	5	0	2	1	1	1
McClay, 1b.....	5	1	1	7	0	0
Jones, l.f.....	4	1	1	3	0	1
Savage, p. & 2b.....	5	2	3	1	2	0
Mulvaney, c.....	4	1	1	9	3	0
McNeil, r.f.....	4	2	2	1	1	0
Frawley, 2b & p. ....	4	1	1	2	1	0
Pullen, c.f.....	4	0	2	1	0	0
Freeman, ss.....	4	2	4	2	0	0
	39	10	17	27	8	2

### Alumni

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Trowell, 3b.....	5	0	1	1	3	0
Cook, l.f. ....	3	1	1	0	0	0
Beck, l.f. ....	2	1	1	0	0	0
Williams, ss. ....	2	2	0	0	0	1
Abbott, c.f. ....	4	2	3	3	0	1
Merrill, c. ....	5	0	2	5	2	0
Brennan, p. ....	5	2	2	0	5	0
Peckham, 1b .....	4	1	1	12	0	0
Beverly, 2b .....	4	0	1	3	1	1
Carr, l.f. ....	4	0	0	1	0	0
	38	9	12	*25	11	3

\*One out when winning run was made.

Alumni.....	2	0	0	0	3	1	2	1—9
B. H. S. ....	0	0	1	2	0	0	6	1—10

Two base hits, Furey 2, Savage, Mulvaney, Frawley, Freeman, Trowell, Peckham, Beverly. Home run, Freeman. Bases on balls, Savage 1, Frawley 1, Brennan 1, Williams 1. Struck out by Savage, nine in seven innings; by Frawley, three in two innings; by Brennan, six in seven innings; by Williams, one in  $\frac{1}{3}$  inning. Umpire, Barry. Time, 2.10.

### U. of M. 2nd Win Game

On Wednesday, April 28, the U. of M. 2nd team defeated the local bunch by a score of 11 to 3. The high school was way below form and at times seemed able only

to throw the ball beyond the reach of anyone. The game was fairly interesting for the first three innings, but after that it was very slow. Frawley pitched seven innings, and while hit fairly hard at times, should have received better support. Adams worked the last two periods, and held the heavy hitting collegians down in good shape.

The locals were absolutely unable to connect effectively with Bonney's delivery except in the fifth, when two scores came in with two out.

The summary:

### U. of M. 2nd

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Kiernan, ss. ....	4	1	0	1	0	1
Webber, c.f. ....	6	1	0	0	0	0
Barrows, 1b.....	4	2	1	11	0	1
Kruger, r.f.....	5	2	2	2	0	1
Mullaney, c.....	5	1	1	10	0	0
Robinson, 3b .....	5	1	2	0	3	0
Hutchings, 2b ....	5	1	1	3	3	1
Drake, l.f. ....	3	1	1	1	0	0
Bonney, p. ....	4	1	0	0	6	0
	41	11	8	27	12	4

### Bangor High

	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Daley, 2b .....	3	1	0	2	4	0
McClay, 1b .....	4	0	2	7	0	0
Jones, l.f.....	4	1	0	0	1	1
Savage, c.f.....	4	0	1	1	0	0
Freeman, ss.....	4	0	0	1	0	4
Furey, 3b.....	4	0	0	1	0	1
Mulvaney, c.....	4	0	0	13	1	1
Frawley, p.....	3	0	0	2	2	0
McNeil, r.f.....	3	1	0	0	0	0
Adams, p.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
	33	3	3	27	8	7

U. of M. ....	1	1	1	3	1	0	2	1	1—11
B. H. S. ....	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0—3

Two base hits, Savage, Barrows, Robinson, Hutchings. Home run, Robinson. Base on balls, by Bonney 1, by Frawley 3, by Adams 1. Struck out by Bonney 10, by Frawley 7, by Adams 1. Umpire, Keating. Time, 2.15.



## Business and Operating Statement Basketball Season 1915

Payments—Losses		Losses	Gains
E. L. H. S. trip Auburn	32.75		
E. M. C. S. game	2.80		
Foxcroft Acad. trip	2.50		
“ “ game	10.80		
Old Town trip	2.90		
Total losses on games and trips		51.75	
Operating expenses for season		96.38	
Receipts—Gains			
Univ. of Maine	10.50		
Coburn Classical	3.00		
Old Town	28.35		
Kenelm Club	12.80		
Ellsworth trip	1.20		
Orono	5.80		
E. L. H. S.	40.68		102.33
Net Loss			45.80
		148.13	148.13

## Report of Auditors

We, the undersigned, have examined the records and vouchers of H. E. Congdon, Treasurer, and find the receipts and payments properly recorded and supported by the proper vouchers, to the best of our knowledge and belief.

P. W. MITCHELL

A. STANLEY CAYTING

## EXCHANGES—A Junior's View

*"Oh, wad some power the giftie gi'e us  
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"*

—Burns

"The M. C. I." is well written but where is your table of contents? Why not have an exchange department?

"The Aegis" of Beverly, Mass. is very much alive. Why is the editorial staff put in the middle of the issue? It has a catchy cover design. "Beverly-Past and Present" is a good article.

The April number of the "Tattler" is well balanced but why not put in more stories and take up exchange criticism?

"Old Hughes" is a well edited paper, but an Alumni column would make it better still.

"The Arcon" needs a table of contents and also an Alumni column.


"The Academy Bell". You have a fine Alumni column and your cuts are good. Why not acknowledge your exchanges?

"The Habit" from Salina, Kansas is interesting especially the News, but have you a habit of leaving out your editorial staff, your Alumni notes and your athletics?

"The Nautilus" is a wide awake paper. A fine number of stories and every department well edited, but why not have a table of contents and put it and your editorial board on a separate page?

"The Mirror" is a live paper. It certainly has a large number of personals and shows some hustling. Come again.

Herbert J. Torsleff, '16



# PERSONALS

## Junior Alphabet

A is for Allen—speaking is her line,  
 B is for Brackett—in “Laddie” she was fine.  
 C is for Chilcott, the class president,  
 D is for Dennett, who to “Enfield” once went.

E is for Eames, over dancing is crazy,  
 F is for Freese, who never is lazy.  
 G is for Garman, a lover of styles,  
 H is for Harthorn, so fond of “Six Miles—.”

I is for Ingraham, a studious youth,  
 J is for Jenny K, full of fun forsooth.

K is for Kanaley, the bookkeeping wonder,  
 L is for Lynch, who never fell under.

M is for MacWilliams, a medal he won,  
 N is for Newcomb, other N there is none.

O is for Olsen—art editor of fame,  
 P for the Palmers, two of the name.

Q is for Quality, all of the best,  
 R is for Rideout, who works with a zest.

S is for Sullivan, to Portland she went,  
 T is for Tibbetts, on violin work bent.

U is for Us, Juniors are we,

V for Victorious, that we shall be.

W's for Whalen, in speaking all right,  
 X is for 'Xamples (the Seniors so bright).

Y is for You who read this today,  
 Z for the Zeal which we always display.

J., '16, and N., '16.

Wh-l-n, '16, (In English): The sweet  
 lowing of the pigs.

“There's only one trouble with my French,” said a Junior the other day, “others can't understand it.”

G-nsb-g, '16, (in English): I dreamt last night of the three wired (weird) sisters.

History teacher: Quintus Fabius Maximus was all one man.

Mr. V— (after Hayes, '16, had made a vague reply to a question): I'm afraid that answer is rather hazy.

Have you read:—

“The Flaw in My Party or Why I Left Politics,” by Hon. Ryder.

“The Advantages of an Amiable Disposition,” by Louis B. Dennett.

“What It Means to Be Popular,” by “Swede” Mulvaney.

“The Effects of Over-studying,” by R. F. Morse.

“The Management of the Victrola,” by P. Freese.

Senior: Why don't you laugh at the jokes in the Oracle.

Freshman: I was told to respect old age.

M-lv-n-y, '16, (in Algebra): Will you show me the way to Infinity?

Mr. V.: Where is salt found?

Mr. Ch-lc-tt: In dry water.



Smart Soph.: Which is it correct to say, Bill or William?

Junior: Why, William, of course.

S. Soph.: Well, then, would you say a duck swam with his William under the water?

Wh-l-n, '16, (telling about an electrocution scene that was shown in some moving pictures): He was seated in the elocution chair."

M-lv-n-y, '16, (in English): They ain't anybody that can speak English perfect, is they?

In English: Milton had an abundance of light hair and eyes.

Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care.—A. B. P., '16.

Young Ambition's Ladder—R. C. S. '16.

Miss C—: You know some people who say the least know the most. Do you know any such person?

Fl-m-ng: Sure, a dummy!

Est-s, '16, at Boys' Conference:

Conductor to Est-s: Take your head in from that window.

Est-s: Why?

Conductor: If you break anything you will have to pay for it.

Mr. D-l-y, answering room telephone: Hello!

No answer.

D-l-y turns to Miss R—: Line's busy!

Mr. V—, (discussing wireless): Have you ever taken down a receiver and heard the buzzes?

J-hns-n, '16: No but I've heard a jitney bus.

J is for June which is now very near,  
U is for Us very smart we appear,  
N for our Number, which we now present,  
I is for Industry, on which we are bent,  
O for the others—Freshmen and all,  
R for Results—Seniors next fall.

'16.

O for the Oracle, paper of renown,  
R for its Readers, all over the town.  
A for the Art Editor—Olsen his name,  
C for the Editor-in-chief—he's won fame.  
L is for Literature and Locals there printed,  
E for the Editors' names I've omitted.

'16.

Nickerson, '16, (In Physics, speaking of electrical machines): What makes them spark?

Mr. V—: Their attraction for each other.

Miss Bl-nd-ng, '15, (in French): La vieille jument vit sa fille preudre le grand trot.

The old mare saw her daughter taking the fox trot.

M-lv-n-y '16, (in German): Hier auf diesen Stuhle ist Goethe in alten von dreiundachtzig Jahren gestorben.

Here in this chair is Goethe in his 83rd year died.

Miss P-r-ce, '15, (in French): Daigne mettre fa sagesse eu sa bouche.

Deign to put your wisdom through his mouth.

Mr. V—, (in Physics): For the next assignment we will go through the rainbow.

R. J-hns-n, '16: When do we start?

Miss W—, (in English): How do you write the close of a business letter?

M-lv-n-y, '17: With ink.

Teacher: Mr. W-rd-n, why didn't you study your lesson?

W-rd-n: I did.

Teacher: How long?

W-rd-n: Till my light went out.

Miss D-w, '15, (in French): Vous serez un peu plus aimable grand vous ne serez plus malade.

You are a little amiable when you are not bad.

Mr. C-rn-ng, '15, (in Latin Class): Regina unum exuta pedem vinclis.

The queen had one of her feet unshod.

R-y-s: Winter is in the present tense.

Teacher: What is the past tense of winter?

R-y-s: Last winter.

If Paris green is arsenic and copper,  
Pray what is Freshman green—parsonic  
and proper?

Teacher: Mr. W-r-d-n, why didn't you study your lesson?

W-r-d-n: I did.

Teacher: How long?

W-r-d-n: Till my light went out.

Teacher, (during poor Latin lesson): Well! This sounds like an auction. What am I bid for this sentence?

Miss M-k-n-na, '15 (in History): Did the corpses fight?

Miss MacS—: You use an or auf in this sentence according to whether you consider that the horse's eyes are placed in his body vertically or horizontally.

Teacher: Why haven't you got your lesson?

W-bb, '18: I left it at home.

Miss P-r-c-e, '15, (in chemistry): Methane has a colorless, tasteless odor.

Heard in Albegra class: I do not understand those imaginary numbers.

Tall, handsome, manly Senior, deigning to speak to Freshie: Is there anything I can help you to find?

Freshie: Where's the gym?

Senior: You'll find it on the top floor.

Freshie: Thanks, I've just been down there.

P-lm-r, '16, (reading German): Er kusst ihre Hand (He kissed her hand).

Translates it, he kissed her dog.

Junior: In rainy weather the roads in the country are very bad going.

Mr. E.: Yes, and very bad coming, too.

Miss MacS—: There are two books numbered six.

D-nn-tt, '16: Ah! "A pair of sixes."

Mr. V—: What was the first origin of sound?

K-mb-ll, '16: Playing the piano.

In Botany, Miss W.: Now if this is an alternate leaf where would the next leaf come?

Miss B-ks: On the stem.

History teacher: Give the date of the Second Prussian Invasion.

Ols-n, '16: 1492.

Miss W-re (in Science):

Mr. D-l-e, how do we control on handle electricity (expecting to hear conductors and insulators)?

Mr. D-l-e: Rubber gloves.



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