

June 1917



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James K. Pennell, '17

EXCHANGE

Harold Murray, '17 James E. Mitchell '18

DEBATING

Florence Salley, '17 Reginald Noyes, '17

ART CONTRIBUTORS

Earl Young, '17 Harold Vayo, '17

Harold Green, '18

Walter J. Creamer, Jr., '14

Donald Eames, '19 } ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

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A TOAST TO B. H. S.

*Here's to you, old Bangor High School,
How majestic now you stand.
In devotion to thy precepts
Shall thy children always band.*

*They shall win you fame and honor
Your alumni will be true.
God bless you Bangor High School—
Here's a student's toast to you !*

ROLL CALL

Contendite ad Summa

B. H. S. 1917



Allen, Dorothea M. "D"

Talks music, sleeps music, dreams music, plays music.
Orchestra, 3. French Play. 1*

Atwood, Blandina, "Blan"

Chemistry, French, and a few other subjects are her specialty. We expect to see her on the B. H. S. faculty in 1949.

Allen, Gladys M. "Chub"

Bright as a button, quick as a flash, sunny as a summer sky.

Junior Semi-finals. Girls' Debating Society, 3. Basketball Captain, 1. Glee Club, 1.

Bartlett, Martha, "Mab"

A sweet little quaker maiden who is fond of Wade-ing. Our sympathy and congratulations are yours, Mab.

Alward, Madelene, "Cutie"

Nobody knows whether "Cutie" is dreaming or really thinking when she gazes blankly into space. Some say Cutie has before her a wonderful career in the ballet; others prophesy a literary (!!!) career. Which is it Cutie?

Bartlett, Sarah H.

Otherwise known as "Spuds": Tall and queenly. Can use her jolly brown eyes to really quite good advantage.
Glee Club 1. German Play.



*Figures indicate the number of years.



Berson, Jacob, "Jakie"

This young man is a stickler on facts—he eats them. He knows the President personally and can tell all about our history from 18 B. C. If you are in doubt, ask him.

Bragg, Frances,

Do you want to see some class?
Look at her.
Do you want to see some style?
Look at her.
Do you want to know a lesson?
Look at her.
She's the queerest consummation
in our bunch.



Blethen, Harold A. "Blethen"

Never was the old adage "Appearances are deceitful" more true than when applied to Blethen. He is not the timid youth he appears to be. If you don't believe us ask his cousin.

Bragg, Marion,

Behold a student in her prime,
There's only a few in her line,
Pleasant and jolly is always she,
A school ma'm no doubt she will be.



Boardman, Kenneth S. "Rosie"

Whether it comes to managing a football team or getting ads. for the Oracle, Rosie is there. He has also substituted in other places (?)

Manager Football Team. German Play. Senior-Junior Play (1917). Sergeant, 2. B. H. S. Cadets.



Brennan, Grace G. "Gracie"

Oh, whom have we here? Gracie, she of the rosy countenance and laughing eyes. Just why this little maid is so very Frank we simply cannot explain, can you?

Junior Senior play 1916-1917. German Play, 2. Junior Exhibition. Medal Essay.



Bowen, Rachel L. "Satchel"

Behold this demure and unaffected maiden who would rather dance than shine in classes. Why is it Rachel that Monday is your unlucky day in recitations? Who can guess?



Buzzell, Gilmore, "Buzzy"

Buzzy hails from Old Town and has made it famous by his presence here in B. H. S. Are they all like you up there, Buzzy? Send them down if they are!





Carlin, J. Edward. "Eddy"

Carlin was so eager for a vacation he took one at the hospital. By the way he writes, his name should be Molasses (cause he's sweet).

Clark, Lena E. "Lena"

Some dark mystery surrounds this innocent maid. Inquiries at the Scotland Yard and other agencies have failed to bring forward any damaging evidence, but—beware! A Man Hater is come within our midst (?!!).

Vice-President, 4.

Carter, Earle, "Click"

Of this slow, easy-going young giant we know very little so we say very little. What's the use of talking about some one you don't know?

German Play, 1.

Covelle, Katherine H. "K."

Airy, fairy Katherine, with her bewitching ways, never could be serious when a good time or a boy lurked around the corner.

Junior-Senior Play, 2.

Cayting, Stanley, "Katey"

Monsieur Cayting speaks two languages, English and French—one of them well. He's a wood-ward lad, but all geniuses have their faults and Katey can play on his little fiddle.

Junior Exhibition. Orchestra, 4. Junior-Senior Play, 1. Debating Society, 1. Colby Speaking Contest. Assistant Manager Football.

Cox, Inez, "Micky"

Just loves to dance and tease people. Never allows study or business to interfere with fun.

Chase, Hazel, "Hazy"

Is it Hazel that I see,
Every place I happen to be;
Do I mean this Hazel or another
Witch Hazel, which Hazel, or the
t' other?

Cullinan, Genevieve, "Gen"

Short of stature, big of heart,
A Commercial, she's done her part.
Wonderful exploits in the future,
Don't believe me? Just look at her!





Curran, Raymond, "Ray"

A famous football star who spends most of his time getting Guineas' goat. Will some day be a movie star.

Football, 2.



Drinkwater, Bessie, "Betty"

Quiet and Studious,
Then Gay and Joyous.
"What's in a name?"



Davis, Callie,

Declaiming at Exhibition,
Awarded the medal,
Vanity for achievement
Is suspected.

Junior Exhibition Medal.



Eames, Paul H.

"Ain't got no other name."

Madame's pet pupil—Hero (?) of the play that never was. Left school to join the Naval reserve. Now the coast is efficiently protected.

Secretary and Treasurer, 4. First
Lieut. B. H. S. Cadets, 1. Business
Manager Oracle. Football Team, 3.



Dodd, Laura,

Otherwise known as Cherub.
She boldly climbs the winding stair
For tardiness she does not care.
Her note, she thinks, is just and fair;
Her fate—three afternoons are there.

Girls' Debating Society, 2.



Eaton, Fred G. "Fritz"

So much about you has already been
said,

To think of more would turn my head.
Yet once again I feel sure, old boy,
Your face, your figure do give us joy.

Stage Manager.



Dorr, Mildred, "Mimmie"

She makes more noise than anyone
in the Senior class except perhaps 140
other worthy members of it. Perhaps
one might rightly take the liberty to
judge that she is fond of pets.
(Mostly by her escorts—Fido, Pedro,
and Kennie!)



Estes, Margaret J. "Peggy"

Warum so traurig? Peggy never
misses a lesson although she may be
seen gazing vacantly into space
almost any time. One of the exclu-
sive A's.

German Play I.



Farrar, Ralph B. "Cap'n"

It is astonishing how much that boy knows, even in chemistry and solid geometry. In spite of the fact, he is very human. "He's a jolly good fellow, as all of us will agree."

Captain of Cadets, 1917. Oracle Board, 1.



Gillin, Frank, "Handsome"

Handsome is as handsome does. The handsomest boy that ever was! Don't blush Frank, we all understand.

Track Manager, 1. Basketball, 1. Senior Junior Play, 2.



Finnigan, Imelda,

Imelda is very smart appearing, tends strictly to business. Her motto is "Women first, what are men good for anyway?"

Ginsberg, Simon. "Simmie"

This dark peroxide blonde's motto is to be seen and not heard. The available material which we have about him is practically nil. However, we suggest that Simmie enter a beauty contest to make himself more popular. His greatest difficulty is with the letter "R."



Ford, Madeline G.

She is small, but built for work; will run a long time without repairs; takes everything (except A's) on high. She is guaranteed to give satisfaction where speed and endurance are required.



Glidden, Myrtle,

Mistress Myrtle, Mistress Myrtle, How do your rank cards go? With A's and B's, but rarely C's. You might be a student you know.



Frost, Irene,

A shy little miss, Demure and prim, But ever ready with a grin, When McQuire comes tripping in.



Grant, Earl S. "Sam"

Sober, serious and full of thought, His just dues he has never got; French and Latin, in both excelling, Debating, too, he's done some yelling.

Colby Speaking Contest. Junior Semi-Finals. Debating Team, 1.





Gray, Beulah O.

Another one we see little of and
hear little of but no doubt she is there.
Beulah hails from Cape Rozier and
must turn the home town topsy-turvy
when she's there.

Hammond, Willis F. "Bill"

A soldier boy is he,
A farmer will never be.
Yet he comes from the "green and
leafy woods."
B. H. S. Cadets 2.



Gray, Doris, "Dot"

Tall and stately,
Sweet and shy,
Shrugging shoulders,
Twinkling eye.

Hardy, Ethel, "Midge"

If Midge were a boy she would de-
velop into a second Hercules, for she
is more than fond of gymnastics.
She is said to be at her best at socials.



Griffin, Agnes C. "Gri"

To laugh and cajole
Is part of her role;
She's always around,
But you can't hear a sound
Because she's as quiet as a mound!

Harris, Christine, "Dutch"

Did you hear that cheerful laugh?
Well, that's Dutch all right. Bright
and happy always. One of the fifty-
seven varieties.



Hamm, Carol, "Carrie"

I see a girl around the hall
So quaint and oh, so very small;
Modest she is, but very bright,
And always gets her work just right.

Hathorn, Donald, "Happy"

Latest model in Angleworm body;
self starter. Have you heard the old
one about Hap's Hunting?
"See you lean and hungry Cassius,
Always plotting."
Class Prophecy.





Hathorne, Sarah, "Sadie"

What a wonderful vacation at the E. M. Co. Never mind, Sadie, the same thing happened to a lot more down there. Don't take it too seriously.

Holmes, Virginia F. "Ginger"

As a rule she does not live up to her nickname, but look out for her! These auburn-haired damsels will bear watching. She is particularly fond of physics and chemistry.

Helson, Harry, "Kaiser"

"Perhaps he hath great projects in his mind,

To build a college or to found a race."

This ideal specimen of manhood with the classic brow is the class prodigy. You may at times have thought him haughty, but that was due to his preoccupation over administering the affairs of B. H. S.

Medal Essay, Debating Team, 3
Oracle Board, 2. Editor Oracle, 1.
Orchestra, 4. German Play, 1. Junior
Senior Play, 1. President Senate, 1.

Honey, Marion, "Honey"

Honey is just as sweet as her name. She will never be able to tell whether you speak her name as a caress, or just in deep respect.

Hersey, Lilla,

No relation to Villa, although a glance from her fierce dark eyes makes one feel He(a)rse-y.

Howard, Percy, "Punk"

Punk is a left-over from another year, but we're glad to get him. Punk's feet are his only stumbling blocks, we fear.

Football, 4.

Hills, Margaret T. "Maggie"

Regardez! This studious, gentle-looking Quaker maiden is none other than our renowned comedian Maggie. Keep trying Maggie and some day you may rival the famous Horace Greeley in penmanship (?!)

Junior Senior Play, 2. Glee Club,
2. Oracle Board, 1. Class History.

Hubbard, Harold H. Famous as Hubby or H. H. H. Tall (?)

Always willing to do his best;
Never, never is he at rest;
If he isn't President, some day,
He will rule the whole Navy.

Baseball Manager, 1.





Hunt, Ruth H. "Chicken"

Short and fat. Don't you believe me? She is said to be "Hap'py, but is sometimes fickle. Enuff said!

Junior Senior Play, 1. Junior Exhibition.

Kane, Thomas P. "Butcher"

When it comes to do his bit
At art, or play, or even wit,
You can always count him there
For he's got the "pep" for fair!

Now in Machine Gun Co. Junior Exhibition. Football, 1. Parting Address.



Johnson, Stanley, "Stan"

Behold a model youth! A man of quiet, unassuming ways, and a "shark." Stan is a charter member of the "Society for the Extermination of Girls." It was once rumored that Stan was heard to smile out loud!

Oracle Board, 1. Senate, 1.

Kearin, Robert, "Bud"

Bashful to the extreme, yet he can hold his own either in argument, or in wisdom. What he doesn't know about gardening is hardly worth knowing.



Johnston, Donald P. "Jimmie"

Don we missed you this year in football—where were you? (Probably down in front of Buckley's). Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the worst of these—he's a has-been!

Football, 1.

Kelleher, James. "Bat"

Slow, but sure; get him started and he'll never stop. Bat is an appropriate name. Kelleher Brothers, florists; he is one of them.

Football, 1. President, Senate, 1. Debating Society, 2.



Jones, Nellie, "Giggling Nell"

Nellie spoke at exhibition,
Winning much renown,
But in the depths of German
We fear Nellie yet may drown.
Junior Exhibition.

Kenney, Geneva, "Tot"

Her real name is Geneva Melba Nordica Kenney, but because we seniors are a lazy crowd, we have reduced it to Tot. Tot's ambition is to sing Carmen.

Honor Essay.





Knott, Ralph. "Naughty"

A lady's man he is Knott,
A homely man, he is Knott,
A dunce we all know, he is not,
He always does as he ought,
Yes he does, does Knott.

Littlefield, Harry L. "Shorty"

Blessings on thee little boy,
Full of mischief, wit and joy,
With a smile full two feet wide
And a hearty laugh beside,
Orchestra, 3.



Larsen, Marion. "Fritzzy"

During our Junior year we were
afraid we should lose Fritzzy for she
was the proud possessor of a frat pin,
but we hear that there's no danger
and are much relieved. What about
it, Fritz?

Lord, Evelyn. "Eve"

Eve is very retiring and mysterious.
Nevertheless she is a fine business
woman for she has been handling
lunch-room and other school funds
for some time.



Leonard, Louise, "Squeeze"

Student stewed in studies,
Busiest of busy bodles,
Past president of perfect A's,
Would all would imitate her ways.

Lovejoy, Edward, "Love"

This laddie is properly nicknamed.
He and his half brother Cupid are
very busy these spring days.
"In the Spring a lady's fancy light-
ly turns to thoughts of Love."



Leonard, Priscilla. "Pussy"

Pussy would like to go to the U. of
M. and take an H. E. course. No
doubt she will have some practice
here in Bangor.

Lutz, Annie C. "Boots"

Beaming countenance,
Sometime I see,—
Rarely but smiling,
No different could be.





McAuliffe, Ethel. "Micky"

One of the famous Commercials. They say Micky prefers Earls to Dukes. Her heart is gone to war with—Poor Micky!

McEwen, Ethel. "Mac"

Her quiet disposition and her unaffected manners have made her known to few. She tells us her "sweetheart has gone to war." Sad fate!



McCabe, LeRoy. "Husky"

B. H. S. is always represented as a motley mob, but McCabe is in a class by himself, far removed from the common herd, well qualified to go back and restore his bandit-infested home town to law and order.

Cadets, 2. Second Lieutenant, 1.

McNeil, Helena H. "Mac"

Happy-go-lucky. Doesn't always shine in the class room, but what does that matter when she's a blessing to her friends outside?



McCann, James. "Jimmie"

There is a boy around our school Who is an exception to the rule. For four years he our President has been,

You bet we think a lot of him!

Junior Exhibition Medal. Class President, 4. Debating Team, 1. Orchestra, 2. Junior Senior Play, 1.

Miller, Pauline, "Polly"

Very shy, never flirts (when there is no one to flirt with.) Short and er—plump! Will be a famous movie star.

Junior Senior Play, 1. Oracle, 1.



McDaniel, Arline. "Snookie"

A maiden, impulsive, earnest, quick to act and make her generous thought a fact.

Miller, Ruth,

Quiet, unobtrusive and shy. We wonder what your thoughts are, Ruth? German has no terrors for her if you have ever heard her recite, you couldn't help but think the same.





MacKay, Winifred L. "Peggy"

Peggy shines on the dance floor and in her lessons. What more can one wish for!

The Wild Rose. Class Prophecy

Morton, Madelene E.

Small, but energetic. Full of fun and common sense and always ready to be a "friend in need."

Glee Club, 2.



Makanna, Joseph, "Jake"

Jake is tall, thin with a grin a mile long. Sometimes called "Little Sunshine."

Mulvaney, Richard P. "Dick"

We wonder Dick if you've ever atoned to Aunty for those awful misdeeds committed in your youth. If not, remember this Dick, "The descent to Avernus is easy."



Malone, James E. "Fat"

Fat goes right there in football sure. Stocky and stout and lazy withal.

Football Team, 1.



Murphy, Mollie,

Sometimes called Mollie-O. Very sweet and winsome, with more knowledge stowed away in her brain than most people ever hope to have.

Prize Essay, Bangor Teachers' Club.



Maxfield, Gladys,

Gladys appears to be so disinterested in anything but lessons and movies that we wonder if anything will cure her once-I-was-happy-but-look-at-me-now expression.

Junior Semi-finals.



Murray, J. Harold. "Hal-Mike"

This is the well-known Harold, he who launched upon his High School career the most unsophisticated of our youthful band. Hal's oft repeated "I've flunked that Algebra," and "Have you seen that show at the Bijou this week?" have made him a celebrated figure around B. H. S. As a Romeo none can surpass him.

Oracle Board, 1. German Play, 2.





Nason, Gladys,

"Fashioned so tenderly
Graceful and fair"—
See her around the halls
She's always there.

O'Connell, John,

He is rather quiet in school, but study in High School is third year "still water runs deep." His favorite French. He is ready to receive scholars in translation any time.



Nelligan, Patrick, "Pat"

He never disturbs anything, nor lets anything disturb him. It would be a good plan, Pat, to take a P. G. and let the folks in B. H. S. know you're there.

O'Connor, Charles, "Charlie"

Charlie stars in all his studies only the teachers don't see it. He is very fond of automobile riding and if one ever sees him there is no need to walk. (Another of our fifty-seven varieties. Bashful kind).



Noble, Frank, "Frankie"

Frankie came here four years ago from the healthful atmosphere of Orrington and say, do you know, he doesn't care a snap of his fingers now how he spends a nickel.

Page, Hilda, "Hildy"

She is so sweet and good natured that you couldn't quarrel with her if you tried, and you wouldn't want to try.



Noyes, Reginald, "Charlie Chaplin"

"A joke is a very serious thing." Exclusiveness is the most predominant characteristic. He is exclusive at all times, on all occasions. He studies alone, plays alone, works alone. We like his industrious spirit, we like his dignity; in fact, we are glad to have met him.

Debating, 2. Honor Essay. Sergeant, 1.

Pennell, James K. "Jim"

On account of his bashfulness and dignity it takes fully a year to get acquainted with him. Then suddenly you find that he has a keen sense of humor and is a good all around sport.

B. H. S. Cadets, Oracle Board.





Perry, Francis,

Francis lives down in Hampden
The city of the dead,
He goes there every week-end
To rest his weary head.
Have you ever seen him stir up dust
on a dance floor?



Preble, Warren H. "Hinckley"

He hails from Addison, Me. Few
have become so popular as he in so
short a time. Hinckley says our
"girls are fine!"

Baseball Manager.



Pomeroy, Rachel,

"At home in the world of society,
At sea in the world of affairs."
Has had many affairs of the heart,
But has always come through whole.



Reed, Helen,

She has thoroughly enjoyed her
four years of High School, especially
the study periods. Those sitting near
her heard all the news of U. of M.
She is especially fond of French.
Senior-Junior Play. I. Class Prophecy.



Reed, Wainwright, "Shanghai"

Did you ever see him sad?
Did you ever see him glad?
For he's just the same alway
Whether you see him night or day.



Ricker, Moses, "Muzzie"

Behold! the busy man of the class
of 1917. He puts in all his time in
the library when he is not wandering
through the building. The end of
this hard work (???) results in brain-
storms which occur at regular inter-
vals.



Robinson, Oscar A. "Stealthy Steve"

If you're a boy then look at me,
But if a girl, just let me be,
For I'm so bashful and so shy,
When girls are 'round I nearly die.



Rosen, Lillian, "Lilly"

Have you ever seen her other than
sober and serious? Well she's not al-
ways that way. Don't say "hand-
some is as handsome does," for she
might not like it!



Rosen, Samuel. "Sammy"

Sammy's ambition is to become a wireless expert. He believes it would be better for the country if more people learned wireless.

Salisbury, Annie, "Sally"

Lessons do not disturb her, neither does chapel or anything else. Live while you may is Ann's motto and we agree!



Rounds, Miriam. "Roundy"

Miriam's golden hair is our one bright light. (It isn't red). We expect "Roundy" will be a spinster and be quite content at that!

Salley, Florence U. "Sally"

It has been her especial avocation the past four years to act as B. H. S. censor of the movies about town and at the same time to be a perambulating "A." No! We do not know how she does it.

Debating, 3. Oracle Board, 2.



Rowe, Alton,

Alton is very fond of girls, although strange to say, he never tells the parties most concerned so. Alton's a real diplomat.

Scanlan, Ethel. "Shorty"

Ethel and D—— may be seen once in a while (?) around town. What puzzles us is where does she find time to do her lessons?



Russell, Everett, "Bud"

Will probably be a professor in some college. He excels in trigonometry, Latin, French and physiography.

Baseball, 4. Football, 1.

Segal, Nathan,

When first he came among us,
We thought him rather serious,
Yet 'ere the year was over,
We see he's quite hilarious.





Shute, Edna B. "Eddie"

Gentle and demure though she may seem, beware of the twinkle in her eye. It means mischief! May it be known that she never missed a lesson.

Smith, Hugh R.

He doesn't smile, he grins, and it is his "customary attitude." Oh, no, he's not at all afraid of girls. In fact, he rather likes them.

B. H. S. Cadets, 2.

Smiley, Nellie and Ruth. "The Twins"

Although they look alike, yet they're mighty different! Ruth how many beaus have you had? But we needn't ask you, Nellie, for you're oh, so different.

Smith, Irene, "Rene," "Nirene"

Music her being, end and name. Her name will go down in history for having given us a peak "Through the Vista."

Smith, Bernice,

Always busy, clever, too.
We all know her—say, do you?
Debating, poetry, essay, art,
In each she's done a generous part.

Girls' Debating Society, 2.

Smith, Kenneth, "Ichabod"

Ken is quartermaster sergeant in our cadet company. He is interested in bees and his ambition is to become a great financier.

Cadets, 2.

Smith, Everett L. "Smitty"

This lad of the romantic mien seldom comes to realize that he has been called upon to recite until a long dash has found its way opposite his name. Cheer up, Smitty, nothing was ever gained by haste.

Snyder, Max, "Duxie"

Socrates was his name once, but early in freshman year under the mellow influence of his fellow classmates, he realized the error of his ways and since has lived up to the motto, "laissez faire."

Debating Team, 1.





Solomon, Jennie, "Jen"

Sometimes studious and sometimes not. Be careful, Jen, don't kid G. too much, he might do something reckless. Don't play vampire with him.

Sullivan, Cornelius, "Neally"

Chemistry or math,
History or Chaff,
Something to make you laff,—
He's right there!

Junior Semi-finals. Class History.



Stetson, Gladys, "Mutt"

Mutt is well known in the business circles being assistant to all her teachers.

Senior-Junior Play, 1.

Sweeney, Rena, "Sweeney"

A Commercial of smiling countenance and sprightly actions. Never worries—doesn't care. "Sweeney" will probably grow up some day, we hope.



Stewart, Katherine. "K"

"K" stands for: Kan sing,
Kan play,
Kan write,
Kan draw,

Moreover she Kan can!

Wild Rose. Oracle Staff, 2.

Thomas, Leon. "Tommy"

Here is "Tommy," a cheerful guy from Brewer. "Tommy" has two peculiar habits. One is forgetting to go to school in the morning; the other is falling fast asleep during study hours.



Street, Margaret A.

Sober mien, piercing eye,
Always thinking,
I don't know why.

Thorne, Raymond, "Ray"

Ray doesn't like to speak in public, so he dropped out of the semi-finals! We hope your bashfulness doesn't involve you in any serious predicament, Ray! Ray is very popular with the faculty. (?)

Junior Semi-finals.





Toole, Teresa,

Oh, what we don't know we cannot
say,
So of Teresa we can make no lay,
But she is small, winning and gay.

Vayo, Harold E. "Harol"

Harold has achieved fame by his
art work for the Oracle. An extract
from a daily paper reads: "Perhaps
he may be heard from in some great
newspaper, or even something high-
er." Here's luck Harold!

Oracle Board, 1.

Townsend, Olive,

Resourceful, genial and merry is she,
A student who never's been worried
by "D."

Wakefield, Mona,

She ran a long race,
But measles o'ertook her,
And to cap the climax
Poor Rodney forsook her.

Travers, George C.

By birth he is an optimist, by cir-
cumstance a poet. Have you seen his
latest attempt dedicated to Sprig, Get-
tle Sprig? For sale at all book stores.
Cadets, 2.

Washburne, Russell S. "Jewt"

Is he waking or sleeping? Me-
thinks, the latter usually. He looks
melancholy, but there are plenty of
girls willing to find out.

Tribou, Helen, "Kid"

Oh, what do you want to make
those eyes at me for, when they don't
mean what they say? Do be care-
ful, Helen.

One of the famous Commercials.

Welch, Flora,

No relation to the grape-juice.
Never! Flora lives a very thrilling
life, and only goes to school to make
us think she knows something—well
why should I say anything about
that?





Wentworth, Pearl E. "Miss Wentworth"

"Romance lies in thy dreamy hair
But studies never crowd it out."



Whitehouse, Maysie. "Don'tsee"

Personified question mark, disturbing Peter Mitchell's peace of mind by forcing him to look up what would have been written if no space were left between the lines in the Hygiene book. Distinguished artist, latest production being Ichabod dreaming of Katrina Van Tassell—exciting.



Wilson, Burt, "Bait"

He has spent most of his time in the machine shop. He is also interested in wireless telegraphy and has a flourishing strawberry patch.



Wilson, William,

A sober, steadfast youth is he, who never shirks a task, but always very cheerfully does everything he's asked.



Woodward, Margaret, "Kid"

When Mahomet wouldn't go to the mountain, the mountain had to come to him—thus when Margaret takes French leave that's all there is about it. Her middle name is comfort.



Woodward, Pauline, "Polly"

Wait a minute, here is a prize package, a "find" in the 1917 grab bag. Polly has achieved dramatic fame in the last four years; may be enough to last the rest of her life.

Junior Exhibition. Junior-Senior Play, 3.



Worden, William, "Bill"

Bill can sell you any kind of a car you don't want and make you keep it. But as for lessons—"with all thy faults we love thee still."



Young, Earl J. "Cy"

Such a gentle lad, with a soft voice and a slow southern drawl. He is much interested in shrubs, especially the Fur-bush.

Baseball, 1.

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EDITORIALS

"The best of prophets of the future is the past"

THE YEAR 1916-17.

Graduation is at hand. The year is nearly finished. At last the longed-for goal which all (especially the Seniors) have been awaiting is here. But let us not forget the past year, even though it be our last, for it is the one to which our thoughts will most often return.

There have been several general and noteworthy things which we must mention,—it is with no feeling of hilarity, or criticism that we do this—it is merely a desire to view in retrospect that which appeared so different at hand.

Concerning the Seniors—a good part of them have gone to most of the dances, and then have gone to some more; some of them have bravely plunged into work, whether in studies, or athletics, and have realized some satisfaction in so doing; a number have actually been working and earning money and they have also realized what it means to be doing something.

Our athletes on the whole have been successful. Some few men like Heal, Peters, and Garland, have done exceptional work in football. New men like Rand and Smith have done well in basketball; the school spirit has been good and this fact will probably stimulate candidates for some good teams next year, and will probably also insure enough money to carry on the games without deficit. It has been quite evident for the past few years that baseball excites but little interest in the school and fares badly financially. We are convinced that a rest from baseball for at least a year or two would either revive enthusiasm for the game or show whether or not it should be resumed.

A few of our class have become quite famous in the school through their talents—Dexter Pullen for his personality, Ralph Farrar as a captain, Margaret Hills, as a humorist, Paul Eames and Kenneth Boardman, as business managers, Bernice Smith, as a writer, poet, and satirist, and Louise

Leonard, Marion Bragg, Stanley Johnson, Florence Salley, Pauline Woodward—and others too numerous to mention—for their high ranks.

The personnel of the orchestra has been much the same as last year, only it plays better than ever before. A welcome addition to the musical activities of the school, though it includes not a girl and hardly a Senior—is the band. As this is the first year of its inception and most of the players are inexperienced, we expect that under the efficient leadership of Mr. O'Neil, it will present an even greater attraction in the years to come.

The talent in the school has had many opportunities to present itself various times,—as in public speaking, the teachers' pageant, the German and Senior-Junior plays, and the gymnastic exhibition. It is regretted that no French play could be given this year.

Thus in reviewing the school activities of the year, we find it quite evenly divided between pleasure and work, brain and brawn, and assisted by co-operation on all sides. This is as it should be. No doubt more interest could be taken in some things and less in others. There is always plenty of room for school spirit whether behind the football team, or the debating team, or in the class room.

We do not hesitate to predict that it will be a sad and memorable parting for the class of 1917 on the night of June 15. *"Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit."*

MAKE A GARDEN.

During the last two years, besides consuming the entire output of food for those years, the people of this country have been obliged to draw heavily upon the great surplus of food stored up all over the nation. Now the great storehouses are empty; we must henceforth depend for our suste-

nance upon the crops that each season brings to us. Extraordinary conditions have made it impossible for the average citizen to obtain food except in very small quantities and by paying exorbitant prices.

But although conditions are bad enough now, they must of necessity become much worse in the near future unless each one of us does something to help the general situation. Authentic reports tell us that the grain crops of this year are short; the wheat crop, on which we are all dependent, is forty-seven per cent. less than normal. Even at this we might manage to get along if our nation were not at war. But as it is, we must export food to our allies. We are in honor bound to keep them in provisions. Great Britain, France, Italy are all relying on us for grain, for the Russian wheat-crop is almost a total failure and an embargo has been placed on Argentine wheat. And in the face of this the farmers are handicapped for a large proportion of our National Guard come from the rural districts.

There is one thing that almost every one of us can do; that is, to make a garden, for, in spite of all that skeptics can say, "back-yard farming" would help the present situation. Almost every family, except those living in the heart of great cities, has land enough upon which to raise all the summer vegetables it can use. Then if a little more land is available, a few bushels of potatoes can be produced, enough perhaps to last through the winter. With practically every family raising its own vegetables, the big farms could be used for the production of more grain. This in itself is an important consideration which should influence each one to do his share even if he thinks he can raise his food no cheaper than he can buy it.

Gardening on a small scale is one of the simplest things in the world. The cost of preparing the land is trifling and the amount

of seeds necessary to plant a back-yard garden costs hardly anything. The directions coming with the seeds, together with a little ordinary common sense will enable anyone to get good results if he is willing to work, and work hard. Even if one does not have the success of an experienced farmer, the value of the crop can hardly fail to exceed the cost of its production. Therefore, since you have nothing to lose and much to gain, take your hoe and fight weeds this summer. You can help your country in that way, boys, even if you are not old enough for military service.

The editors of the Oracle take this opportunity to thank all those who have so generously helped to make this and the other eight issues of this year's Oracle a success. We would especially mention:

Our Advertisers, for so loyally standing by us, month after month.

The Seniors, for contributing so unservedly toward their pictures.

The school organizations, for paying for their cuts.

Those students in the school who have given so much of their time and labor in writing stories and other articles, and furnishing cuts and cover designs.

THE 1917-18 ORACLE BOARD.

The 1916-17 Oracle Board has completed the twenty-fifth volume of the Oracle. The Oracle of today and that of twenty years ago, or even five years ago, are much different in many respects. There has, no doubt, been a gradual improvement in material, form, and appearance of the paper since the first number was published in 1892. Greater changes could be seen from number to number when the paper was in its infancy than when it was finally launched and became a permanent thing.

At present there is little change from

year to year except what must come from having different people on the Board each year. We believe that the limit in size has been reached. It only remains for those who follow to endeavor to improve the material in the paper. This is in large measure incumbent upon the student body,—to give the best they can. Yet it is necessary that the editor and his board have high ideals and a spirit for service. We believe the Oracle Board of 1917-18 possesses these.

In accepting material and endeavoring to publish a paper that has been worthy of its predecessors, the editor has granted no favor nor allowed any personal sentiments to influence his actions. At least we leave these examples for the new Board.

It is desirable that a group of representative students should publish the High school paper each year having the responsibility of meeting the necessary financial obligations and the demands of students and teachers for a good paper. We hope that the next editors will be able to maintain and even eclipse the high standard attained in the twenty-five volumes of the Oracles already published.

1917-18 Oracle Board.

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The secretaries of the debating societies will serve as editors of the debating pages.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS



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Vice-President



PAUL H. EAMES
Secretary and Treasurer



"That is a good book which is opened with expectation and closed with profit"

THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN MARLOWE

By Harold E. Vayo, '17.



It was evening in Ashton, and the summer sun, a fiery red ball, was slowly sinking to rest in a bed of fleecy golden clouds.

It had been a sweltering August day, one of those days when business men sit in their office-chairs, with the perspiration streaming from their brows, thinking, not of their business to be sure, but of the "ole swimmin' hole," in a secluded nook of the forest, where many joyful hours of their youth had been spent.

It was one of those days when the very air seems sticky and on the point of liquefying.

But at last it was over. A slight breeze was stirring in the treetops, and all business was done for the day. Every shop was closed, work had ceased; but not all, for there was at least one workman who had not laid aside his tools and who, to all appearances was more absorbed than ever.

In his spacious laboratory, bending over a large black bench covered with vials, test-tubes, bottles of various acids and other chemicals, was Professor John Marlowe, the eminent English scientist. The professor was a small man of about seventy years, with a full beard, tiny deep-set eyes, and a leathery complexion. His hands were

withered and stained with acids. He was clothed entirely in black and the only bit of brightness on his entire person was a golden wedding ring which he cherished, and wore on the third finger of his left hand. To the observer he gave the impression of a little insignificant goblin trying to make a noise in a huge uninterested world.

But, was he as insignificant as he looked? No, indeed.

John Marlowe was the most celebrated scientist in England. He had made many valuable discoveries and had received medals from France, Germany, and America as tokens of the respect with which he was regarded abroad.

But, although, he had acquired fame, he had not acquired what he sought for. For years and years, he had been experimenting on the theory of the "Dissociation of matter." Acid after acid he had compounded which would entirely destroy all non-metallic substances instantaneously, but as yet, he had been unsuccessful in finding a composition that would entirely destroy human life without leaving any trace of its effect.

Now, strange though it may seem, that such a learned man should be deeply inter-

ested in such a ghastly pursuit, still this was his sole desire, to have humanity under his control and to be able to take from man his life at will; to be a master of masters. It was a devilish pursuit in the eyes of the world, but in his own eyes it was legitimate, and perhaps even amusing.

John Marlowe was deeply absorbed in his task on this particular evening. Now, his rat-like eyes would glow with fiendish delight as he watched the effects of a certain compound upon a fly, a spider or any other insect which he might find near at hand. At such moments he would raise his head, gaze through the window over the distant housetops and murmur in a half audible voice, "Ah, it progresses. Just a bit more and I will have it. And then,—and then,—Ah, me, the praise that will be mine. I, John Marlowe, will be a master of men. Kings will quail at my name and all humanity will be at my feet." And then he would return again to his work. His face would relax and he was again a human creature.

These actions were kept up during the whole evening and as the hours progressed, one could easily see that the scientist was fast coming to the end he so diligently sought.

Twelve o'clock struck. The professor's face was now aflame with excitement. Outside, a stiff breeze rushed past the open window. Rain began to fall in huge drops. A low, rumbling sound could be heard from a distance, and flashes of lightning cut through the inky darkness. A severe electrical storm, which almost invariably follows such days as this had been, was at hand.

But none of these atmospherical disturbances did Professor Marlowe notice. At half-past twelve, the storm was at its height and still he worked on. He was now bending over a huge metal bowl of steaming, ill-smelling chemicals.

Ten minutes later he filled a small vial with the liquid and crossed the tile floor to one side of the room, where he exposed the contents to a gleaming radio light.

Immediately he uttered a cry of joy—the cry of a madman. With his free hand he stroked his tangled beard with nervous rapidity. His eyes bulged; his whole frame shook with excitement.

"Ah!" he exclaimed in a maniacal voice, "I have it. . . . I have succeeded. . . . The secret is mine,—mine,—mine. Ah! precious fluid. Just a little of this innocent liquid would wipe out an entire regiment. And the secret is mine,—mine. And to think that just one ounce of of you would completely annihilate a man."

Talking thus, he recrossed the room to his bench and stood gazing intently into the bowl of man-eating acid before him. The longer he gazed into its depths, the more fascinated he became. Its very color lured his sparkling eyes towards it. He stood like one in a trance.

A vivid ragged streak of lightning shot into the room. The lights were extinguished. There was a crash as of a falling body, a loud splash, a shriek, a groan. A thunder-bolt shook the house and then all was still, save for the incessant pattering of the rain outside.

* * * * *

Morning dawned bright and clear and Ashton resumed its daily toil.

Professor Marlowe's wife entered the laboratory at about half-past nine, in search of her husband. She looked and called, but found him not. There was no trace of murder, or foul play. Everything was in order save a badly battered metal bowl which lay upside down on the floor at the foot of the bench. Advancing to this, she picked it up. There was only one thing beneath it. It was, the wedding ring of Professor Marlowe.

MAINE, THE NATION'S PLAYGROUND

By Katherine D. Stewart, '17.



THE wonders of Yellowstone Park, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Niagara Falls, and the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky have been described so accurately by writers and portrayed in so many aspects by photographers and artists, that people in all parts of the United States are familiar with their marvelous natural beauties. The scenery of Maine is just as wonderful in its way as any of these widely known places.

Maine has been called "the playground of the nation." Every year thousands of tourists come from the North, South, East, and West to hunt in its woods, fish in its lakes and streams, and climb its mountains. The summer resorts along the coast offer social attractions to those who prefer living in hotels to camping out in tents. The broad highways, passing by sparkling lakes and through shady stretches of forest, tempt the motorist just as the rugged coast, broken by many indentations, lures the owner of a yacht.

Mt. Desert is an island where the mountains rise abruptly from the sea. Settlements have sprung up all over it, each one with its own harbor. Some of them are very fashionable resorts, with beautifully built houses situated high on the cliffs like some turreted castles of olden times. Others have a simpler appearance, with little cottages half-hidden in the trees or close to the water's edge. The entire population, however, enjoys the same pursuits—sailing, golf, tennis, mountain-climbing, and tramping through woodsy paths to ponds whose smooth surfaces reflect the surrounding hills.

Pleasure seekers are not the only people who spend their summers along the Maine

coast. In one locality there is a colony of artists, in another, one of authors, and in a third some of the greatest musicians of the day make their homes. The picturesque scenery, the quaint characters in the villages, and the deep unceasing melodies of the changing sea must surely be an inspiration to each one.

"Two voices are there; one is of the sea, One of the mountains; each a mighty voice."

Maine mountains, with the exception of Katahdin, are not especially high. Their heavily wooded slopes are piled here and there with great heaps of rock brought down from the North by glaciers in pre-historic times. Each mountain seems to have a distinct outline of its own as it is defined against the clear sky.

Katahdin towers above the rest of the surrounding country like a watchful, lonely giant. The climb up its steep sides is difficult, but one is more than repaid for all the falls and bruises he may receive on the trail, when he at last reaches the summit. Far below stretch hills and valleys, the soft green of the forests, and tiny patches of blue connected by shining ribbons, the lakes and rivers. There is nothing in the world that draws one so closely to nature as to watch from a lofty peak for the first rays of the rising sun, or to see it at evening sink slowly into a sea of melting, golden colors.

Nestled at the foot of the mountains lie countless numbers of lakes and ponds. They are dotted all over the state; in groups, in chains, or set down singly in a wilderness of trees and in wild, uninhabited regions. Moosehead lake is a favorite haunt of fishermen and hunters. Fish and game are plentiful, and, in the company of an Indian or French guide, one may spend day after day canoeing down the placid water of the lake or through swiftly run-

ning streams. In the fall the hunter sets out with his gun, and seldom fails to return with a deer, bear, or some wild birds.

Boys and girls, as well as their fathers and mothers, have their share of life spent in the open. Large numbers of them come to camps on the shores of the lakes, where they live in tents, swim, fish, paddle, learn the mysterious secrets of the woods and its little inhabitants, and at night make up their beds on the ground with nothing above their heads save the velvety black sky pierced by a myriad of twinkling stars.

A wise man who is an enthusiastic lover of Maine, says: "God meant it to be a happy hunting ground for the tired folks of busy cities, and thanks to wise legislation and up-to-date business methods, even nature itself is being improved upon." The charm of the scenery is its naturalness. There is nothing artificial in its bold, almost

savage, beauty. None of its effects are spoiled by the fact that one can reach these fascinating spots comfortably and easily by rail, motor, or boat.

One who has ever visited this wonderful "playground" never loses the memory of perfect days filled with pleasure. His thoughts turn backward until he seems to be once more seated before the glowing campfire, or breathing the pure morning air heavily laden with the odor of pine and balsam. This lure was felt deeply by the author of these lines:

"All unasked this vision rises,
Clings within my tired brain,
And with cunning art devises
An insistent, brief refrain:
'Come, oh come, forsake your duties,
And enjoy fair Nature's beauties:
Come to Maine, oh come to Maine!'"

THE COMPLETE UNDERSTANDING

By Earl Grant, '17.



HE battle of the Marne was in progress. The French had just driven the Germans from their first line of trenches, and the Germans were advancing to recover their lost fortifications. It was a terrible charge preceded by a heavy artillery fire. The Germans came on in thousands, and the French fire worked havoc in their ranks. The French, themselves, were suffering severely from the awful artillery fire of the enemy.

Suddenly, the French leaped from their trenches and met the advancing Germans half-way between the lines. For a time the Germans advanced stubbornly, but finally they were forced to retreat. The French suffered so heavily that they were unable to follow up their advantage, and they were forced to return to their trenches.

In the meantime, both sides kept up such a steady fire that the ambulance corps could not gather in the wounded. The sight was sickening; the deafening noise, horrifying;—the wounded were crying, shrieking, and praying for relief from their sufferings.

Among the wounded was a young Frenchman thirty years of age. He had been a representative of a large French concern, and had traveled extensively in Germany. He was seriously wounded, but his wound was tolerable; his thirst was unbearable. His lips were parched; his body was burning up; at last he cried: "Water! Water! For God's sake give me water!"

Near by lay a German soldier with both legs shattered. Hearing the cry for water, he crawled over to where the Frenchman lay and pressed his canteen to his lips. The Frenchman somewhat regained his

fading strength and thanked the man who had befriended him.

They were both young married men in the prime of manhood. There they lay on the battlefield seriously wounded with no chance of recovery. Night was falling; the air was becoming cooler; a cold, damp, penetrating wind swept across the battlefield; they snuggled together so that what little warmth remained in their bodies would make them as comfortable as possible.

For a time they talked of home and their dear ones. Finally, the Frenchman changed the subject and turned the conversation to the terrible war.

"Why is it that we, men, who should be spared to bring up our families, are sacrificed? We do not bear any hatred toward each other; in fact, we do not even understand the cause of this war. You Germans are human; your life like mine has been a struggle. Your situation is similar to mine. Now, here we lie, victims to that destroyer of mankind; sacrificed for what? Will the people of Germany gain by this war? Will the people of France gain by this war? Millions of my comrades have been sacrificed. Millions of your people have been killed or wounded. Property has been destroyed that will take ages to reclaim, and billions of dollars have been spent to carry on this war. Oh! this is awful, but that which breaks my heart is the knowledge that my mother and wife must slave the rest of their days because I, their support, have been slain here in defense of my country. I do not hate you, you are as I am, the pawns of those who lust for power. Oh! God, that this should be so!"

So saying, the Frenchman wept bitterly. Then the German put his hand on the Frenchman's shoulder and said: "It is so. My family and yours must suffer because we did what was supposed to be our duty. That duty which gives us the right to slay

each other is contrary to God's teachings. This war is a great crime."

"Before this war, I was a careful reader of history. I could see this struggle coming on. I knew that the system of military training in my country was wrong. I know that the people in no country wish war. All war is brutal, terrible, and devastating. But so long as there remain individual nations, there always will be war. On this continent of Europe there are many powerful though small countries. The government of each of these countries is jealous and suspicious of the others. Many small issues naturally came up between them, and as these governments are rivals their decisions are often obscured by hatred. For that reason we are lying wounded on this battlefield."

"Think of those great United States of America. There was only one dispute among them and that was due to slavery. The settlement of this question naturally led to war because slavery was in existence in some parts of that country when that republic was formed. Today these states do not quarrel; they are united. There are no traffic restrictions between them, no jealousy, nor hatred toward each other. That country is like a great, happy family. The time will come, and that time is not far distant, when all the countries will together form a United States of the world. Then, and not until then, there will be no more wars."

The Frenchman had listened attentively to all that the other had said. He knew that what was said came straight from the heart, and so he replied: "You are a German; I am a Frenchman, but what you have said I know to be true. I have fought and am dying now for my country. Although I love my people and my flag, I know that this war is all a great mistake. It had to be in order to hasten that which is coming after."



CALLIE M. DAVIS
Junior Exhibition



JAMES C. McCANN
Junior Exhibition

MEDAL
WINNERS
CLASS OF
1917



HARRY HELSON
Graduation Essay



GRACE G. BRENNAN
Graduation Essay

"Civilization will not tolerate war much longer. War, the curse of mankind, the crime against God, must never again outrage civilization. It has snatched our lives, but thank God! there are now no clouds to obscure the vision of the people. Civilization must triumph."

The German clasped the Frenchman's hand. He was dying. A faint smile was on his lips. He seemed to be looking far off into the future. As he died, he exclaimed: "He is the same; we are alike. We understand. Thank God!"

THE LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE

By James C. McCann, '17.



THOUGH today this be a war-ridden world, yet above the din and confusion of the battlefield can be clearly heard the voice of the people suppressed and smothered through the centuries in the dungeon of servitude, now freed and rejuvenated, ringing from the depths of the Temple of Concord demanding that the Temple of Mars be razed to the ground. From the beginning of time, pacifists have shown that the voice is fit to be heeded; history by surpassing examples, that it may be heeded; and Europe by its misery and suffering, that it ought to be heeded.

Many and divergent are the theories projected for the realization of the mutual desire of nations for peace. With no intermediate steps, idealists would establish an international court, whose judicial decisions would be binding upon all nations, and which would have for sanction, "public opinion"; they would effect universal disarmament, and numberless other radical changes. But these propositions are, in the main, too idealistic, for they fail to consider and to appreciate the gradual evolution of society.

Not so, however, with the League to Enforce Peace, which considers the failures of the past, the conditions of the present, and does not speculate as to the future, but will allow the destinies of the nations to evolve unimpeded.

Briefly, the program of the League provides for,

1. An international court to try all justifiable questions.
2. A council of conciliation for consideration of and recommendations on all non-justifiable questions.
3. The use of joint economic pressure and military force against a signatory precipitating hostilities before the recommendations of a conciliation board.
4. The formulation and adoption of a code of international law.

Why should we attempt to minimize the possibilities of the repetition of the present war? For is it not true, as has been stated, that life is but a "struggle for existence?" Subsequently the philosophy of force was developed upon the fallacious assumption that "war is the natural state of man."

Man, struggling for existence before he had subjected nature to will, was forced to a certain degree, to war upon his kind, to obtain the necessities of life which another possessed. But that archaic period was soon outgrown, for man in the exercise of that reason with which he was endowed, soon realized the essential principle of strength in union, and discarded unqualified individualism for a degree of communism, with the result that man realized that the struggle for existence did not mean struggle within the species, which *per se* would be self-destructive, but that it means collaboration for the exploitation of nature, to draw

from the boundless resources sustenance for the whole. Throughout the evolution of society to its present status, this realization has predominated man's mind, developing therein a latent aversion to war and a desire for the utilitarian pursuits of peace.

Heretofore there has been inaugurated no practicable and permanent institution for peace. But now we must make a choice between three alternatives regarding future internationalism. We must either retain the present state of international anarchy, or institute a World Empire, or perfect a World Federation.

Can we with justice to ourselves and to posterity suffer the present state to endure? We cannot, since it has demonstrated its own weaknesses by the present World War. We must not oppose the principle of arbitration treaties, except in that it is not sufficient, as it fails to consider possible recalcitrant members, who by regarding treaties as mere "scraps of paper," can precipitate such an infernal fratricide as rages today. If **moral** force fail as it did with the invasion of Belgium, there must be some superior **physical** power, which will enforce a delay for awards of an arbitration board, or for recommendations of a conciliation board. If however, the recommendations of the conciliation board are unsatisfactory, there is no restriction which would prevent a nation from taking up arms; but the struggle would then concern the disputants merely, and would not be such an ecumenical, spectacle as we witness today. Furthermore, during the interim of delay passions will have subsided, the losses of war will have been weighed with doubtful results, and public opinion will have asserted itself, so that very few nations will seek recourse to war, and a militaristic nation will be effectually prevented from precipitating a world war by a forty-eight hour ultimatum.

Thus, since the present state is entirely untenable, we must consider the other alternatives. There is but one choice. At the mighty bidding of the people, the waters of darkness are retiring. The lofty pillars of George III.'s tyranny fell in 1776. Czarism fell in 1917, and Kaiserism is wavering and toppling and must yield. "Divine right" is banished never to be recalled, not even in a World Empire for the perpetuity of peace.

And is the final alternative an irrational Utopian dream? Rather it is but the culmination of the evolution of society toward a federation of mankind. Retrospectively, we see man emerging from a state of social anarchy into groups such as clans, and through successive stages into nations, toward the end of establishing a higher authoritative state suppressing violence within its borders. Thus it is seen that peace has been established and maintained by the superior power of superior numbers acting in unity for the common good; or the fundamental principle that greater units enforce peace. It was through failure to appreciate this principle, embodied in article three of the League's program, that the Entente Alliance and the Central Powers by maintaining their "balance of power," embroiled the world in that awful cataclysm of collective homicide.

Furthermore, the formation of this League would result in the formulation and adoption of a greatly needed code of international law, agreed to by all the signatory powers and governing them. Who can deny this crying need, when the sovereignty of a nation is violated in cold murder; when a race of people is swept from the face of the earth because of their religious beliefs; when on a calm April night, mothers with their innocent babes clasped to their breasts are hurled into a cold and nameless grave; when the greatest and noblest of peace-loving nations is irresistibly drawn into a terrible tragedy of hate

and blood, all the consequence of the present chaotic condition in the realm of international law?

Although the necessity of the League is thus clearly self-evident, its opponents object to America's active co-operation by "upholding our Monroe Doctrine" and by "opposing entangling alliances."

In regard to the Monroe Doctrine, do the opponents of the League realize that within the last two administrations the United States has become a party to more than thirty treaties with all the leading nations of the world excepting Germany, with whom one was pending, however, prior to the outbreak of the war, by which we are bound to submit all disputes "of any nature whatsoever" to an international commission for settlement? "Thus," says Prof. George Grafton Wilson, "the United States is bound already, possibly in some cases under the Hague Convention and certainly under these other treaties, to submit disputes even involving the Monroe Doctrine, to a body which would meet the requirements of the platform of the League to Enforce Peace."

In answer to the second objection, let me say that by endorsing this League we do not ally ourselves with one or more nations for offensive or defensive purposes, which is the strict interpretation of alliance, but that we **league** ourselves with all signatory powers, to suppress any member recalcitrant to the principles of peace.

But, the critics still argue, how can we take such a radical step as to endorse this League of whose practicability we are not assured? I say, can we doubt its practica-

bility when we scan the list of high authorities who endorse this League? It is endorsed in this country by Pres. Wilson, Ex-Pres. Taft and Roosevelt, Pres. Gompers of the American Federation of Labor, Pres. Rhett of the Chamber of Commerce, Senator Lodge; in England by Lord Bryce, Viscount Grey, Premier Lloyd-George, Ex-Premier Asquith; in Germany by Chancellor Bethman-Hollweg; in France by Pres. Poincare and Ex-premier Briand.

It is our duty to mankind to endorse this League and possibly, as a world power, to take the initiative in its formation. We must discard our principle of quasi-Chinese seclusion, as antiquated, and realize that its advocator, Washington, knew a United States populated by five or six million instead of a hundred million people, with an area of nine hundred thousand instead of three million square miles, with a commerce of millions instead of billions of dollars; that Washington could not forecast the railroad, the telegraph encircling the earth, the gray leviathans of the deep which cross the Atlantic in four or five days, that millions of our people would be connected by ties of blood with the people of all European nations.

Countenancing these facts which establish us as a world power, we must realize the necessity of our endorsing this League, which is evinced by Lord Bryce stating in the Manchester Guardian, "The creation of an international alliance embracing all peace-loving nations, could hardly succeed without the co-operation of the United States."



MARGARET T. HILLS
Class Historian



CORNELIUS D. SULLIVAN
Class Historian

GRADUATION SPEAKERS



THOMAS P. KANE
Parting Address

CLASS OF 1917



REGINALD W. NOYES
1st. Honor Essay



GENEVA I. KENNEY
1st Honor Essay

CLASS ODE—1917

By Bernice L. Smith.

Alma Mater, we hail thee with joyful devotion;
Thy name on the air we would heartily raise;
Our thoughts now turn backward with loyal emotion,
As we bring to thine altars our homage and praise.
The years have sped swiftly that once seemed too lingering;
Ambitions we've cherished are realized tonight:
We go, Alma Mater—we hear the world calling
Her children to further the triumph of Right.

All thy gifts have been priceless; thy standards of honor
Shall live in our hearts as we strive to attain
The highest, the goal thou hast set for us ever,
The ideal of youth that shall always remain.
Alma Mater, we realize that playtime is over:
Thou shalt find that thy children are worthy of trust;
Then send us to service of man and of nation,
And grant us thy blessing since leave thee we must.

Fellow classmates, the hour has now come for our parting;
The pathway we've travelled together now ends.
When the springtime of life into Autumn is blending,
The bonds of remembrance shall hold us still friends.
To classmates and teachers and those who yet linger,
Our hearts would in words then deep gratitude tell;
We pledge thee our faith, Alma Mater, forever,
And sadly and tenderly bid thee farewell.



LOCALS

"The eternal landscape of the past"

Miss Farquhar, from the Y. W. C. A., spoke at chapel, Monday, April 23. She told of the need of awakening the students of our country to the fact that they can help immensely in relieving war sufferings, especially in prison camps, and that they should consider it their duty to take an interest in such work.

Professor Wilmot B. Mitchell of Bowdoin College addressed the school at chapel, Tuesday, April 24. A few important extracts from his very interesting speech are given: "An acorn is much more valuable than a bullet of like size and shape because of its power of growth. A boy is a mixture of animal, barbarian, and angel. Be careful what you wish for, for if you only wish hard enough you will get it."

Miss Mary L. Snow, formerly superintendent of Schools in Bangor, has presented the High School Library with the following complete sets of books; History of Science, including Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall, Shakespeare, Kipling, Hawthorne, Lamb, Dickens, Eliot, Ruskin, Field and Barry,—besides a large number of authors and single volumes. The Oracle, in behalf of the School, wishes to thank Miss Snow for her generous gift.

Mr. C. H. Bragg of Bangor spoke before the Commercial divisions, Friday, April 27, in the lecture room. The lecture, which came the sixth period, was on Civic Betterment. In closing, Mr. Bragg said that he

considered that the greatest thing in business life was Vitality, meaning the ability to stand hard and continuous work.

William C. Monahan of the U. of M., spoke at chapel, Wednesday, April 25, telling about the condition of the country in regard to war materials and supplies.

The class prophets for graduation have been selected by the Senior class as follows: Commercial division, Winifred L. McKay; General and Technical divisions, Raymond J. Thorne; Classical and Scientific divisions, Helen P. Reed and Donald H. Hathorn. "Strive for the Highest" was chosen as Class Motto.

School was dismissed at nine o'clock on Tuesday, May 8. All girls of the school then met in the Assembly hall where a very interesting lecture-demonstration on the Cold Pack Method of Canning was given by Miss Katherine N. Platz, of the University of Maine. At the same time the boys assembled in the City Hall where they were addressed by Mayor John F. Woodman, Col. F. H. Parkhurst, chairman of the Penobscot County Public Safety Committee; Jefferson C. Smith, head of the Junior Volunteer movement in Maine; Professor H. P. Sweetser, of the University of Maine; Submaster Lee T. Gray; and Otis Skinner, chairman of local committee on gardening. The boys were much interested in what each speaker had to say and listened very attentively.

The exhibition drill and military ball of the Bangor High Cadets was given in City Hall, Friday evening, May 11. The mayor, many military officers, the board of aldermen, and school committee were present as guests of the cadets who were highly praised, for their excellent and practical drill. Dancing was enjoyed until one o'clock. The money realized was used to pay for the swords, cartridge belts, fives and drums, and other equipment previously purchased for the Cadets.

Prof. R. P. Mitchell, who is in charge of the Boys' Agricultural Club work at the University of Maine, spoke in chapel, Monday, May 12. He told many interesting things concerning the extension and work of garden clubs throughout the state and country.

A B. H. S. Garden Club of one hundred and two members, and a B. H. S. Canning Club of one hundred and twenty-four members have been organized. The officers are: Garden Club, president, James Mitchell, vice president, Herbert Webb; secretary, Wilfred Gillin; treasurer, Roger Small; Canning Club, president, Irene Smith; vice president, Verna McCosker; secretary and treasurer, Bernice Davis.

On Monday, May 1, votes were cast in the various home rooms for baseball manager to replace Harold Hubbard, who has joined the Navy. Those nominated were: Francis Perry, Donald Johnston, Warren Preble, and Max Snyder. Warren Preble was elected.

A concert and dance was given by the Bangor High School Band in City Hall, Friday evening, May 18. The concert was exceptionally fine and the dance music was

also of a high standard. At present the band has thirty members under the leadership of H. D. O'Neil. The proceeds will be used to purchase new instruments.

A copy of Emerson's Poems has been given to the Bangor High School Library by Miss Alice Bucknam, who was for many years one of the teachers of the school.

A Senior class meeting was held Monday noon, May 21. It was decided to have the class banquet Monday evening, June 11, at the Bangor House. The price is to be one dollar and fifty cents a plate.

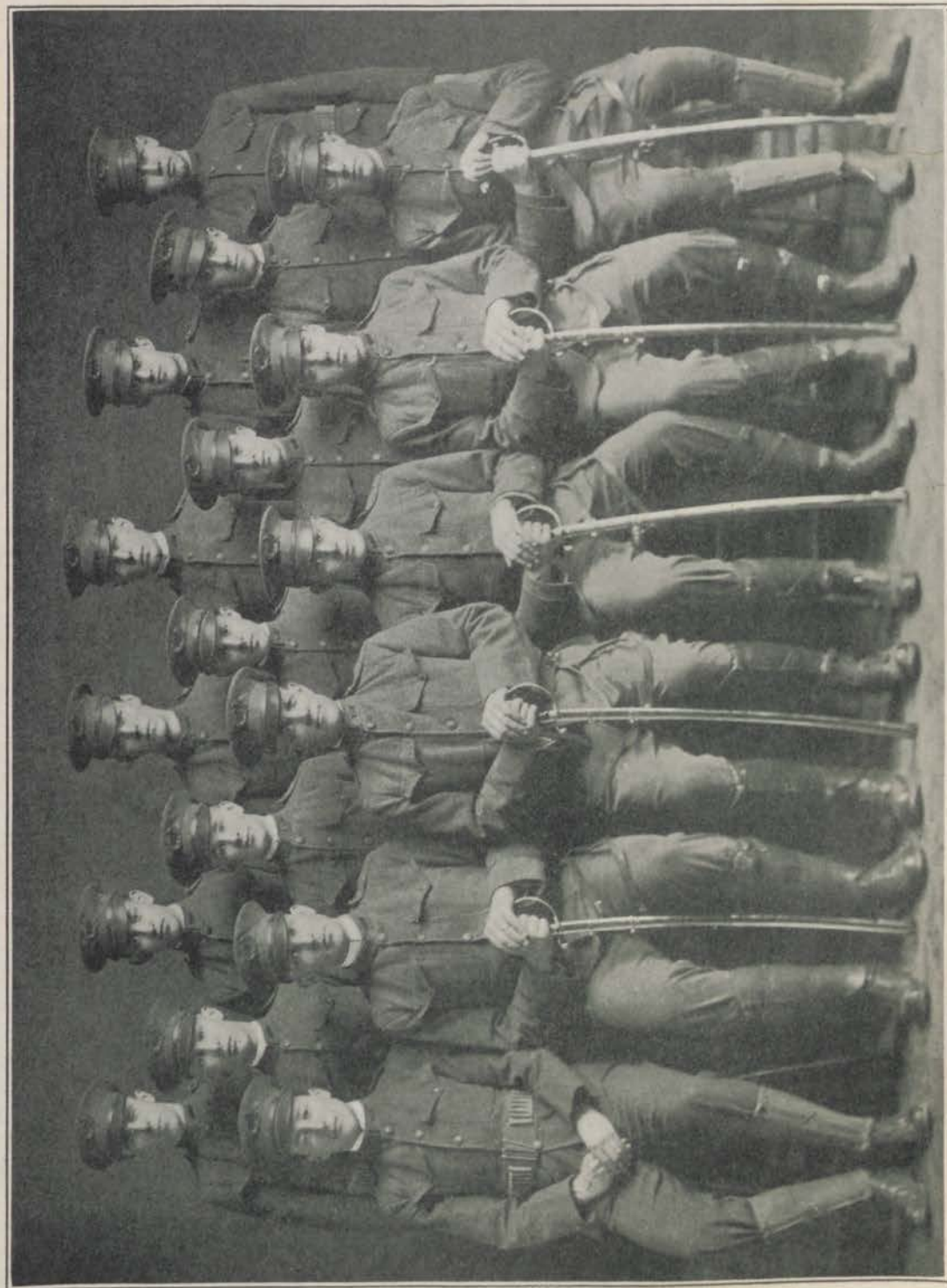
The German department presented two short plays in the Assembly Hall on Thursday evening, May 24, at 8 o'clock. The cast was as follows:

"Als Verlobte Empfehlen Sich"—Wichert Personen.

Frau von Grumbach.....Gertrude Sullivan
Malwine, ihre Tochter.....Margaret Estes
Franz von Grumbach, Student, ihr Neffe
.....Harry Helson
Adelaide Hopfstengel, Gouvernante.....
.....Edna Blethen
Andreas Langerhans, Inspektor.....
.....Albert Pitcher
Ein Dienstmädchen.....Marion Kenney

"Die Lugnerin"—Benedix Personen

Constanze Braun, eine reiche Erbin.....
.....Grace Brennan
Dr Langenberg, Advocat, deren Vormund
.....George Travers
Frau Greiner, deren Hauswirtin.....
.....Sara Bartlett
Moritz Hartmuth.....Harold Murray
Zacharias Hahnenbein, Seifensieder.....
.....Hugh Smith
Kaspar Backes, Handarbeiter..Earl Carter
Hauptmann der Burgerwehr.....
.....Kenneth Boardman
Gustchen, Constanzens Kammermadchen
.....Ruth Newcomb



B. H. S. CADET OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS



"Too low they build who build beneath the stars"

Dorothy Harvey, '15, a member of the Sophomore class at Wheaton College, recently won second place at the annual indoor meet. Miss Harvey has also been elected to membership in Psyche, the literary society of the college.

Edward Harden, '15, is the wireless operator for the flagship of the New England mosquito fleet of submarine chasers. Mr. Harden left for service several days ago.

Alden Head, '12, was one of the fortunate applicants for membership in the Plattsburg camps which opened May 14. He will be in Company III. of the New England division.

Robert Dole, ex-'18, is driving one of the Phillips Academy ambulances in France. The Phillips-Andover Corps is reported to be in service in one of the zones of heaviest fighting.

Frances Townsend, '14, has recently been elected president of L'Alliance Française at Wheaton College, Norton, Mass.

The appointment of John H. Magee, '14, a senior at the University of Maine, as a warrant officer with the rank of boatswain in the United States naval reserve, has been confirmed by the authorities at the Charlestown navy yard. Mr. Magee, having completed the four years' course in three, will receive his diploma in June. He has been prominent in college activities, including the Junior Mask, the Cadet Battalion, Speakers' Club, the college paper, and the

Blue Book, the university literary publication, musical clubs, and is a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity.

Arthur D. Mulvaney, '16, sailor in the United States naval reserve, left a few days ago for Portsmouth, N. H., where he will take up his duties on the U. S. S. Topeka. Three other B. H. S. boys now have their headquarters at Portsmouth, Paul Eames, '17; Arno Savage, '15, and Dexter Pullen, '17.

Valentine Kenney, '14, has been elected a member of the Waterville Teachers' Mandolin Club, which is considered one of the best Mandolin Clubs in the state.

Recently occurred the marriage of Arthur G. Eaton, '10, and Miss Esther Swanson, of Wisconsin, at St. Paul, Minn. After graduating from B. H. S., Mr. Eaton took a two-years' course in economics at the University of Maine and obtained a position in St. Paul as the head of a department in a big wholesale house employing over eight hundred men. He was a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity at Maine.

Helen E. Patch, '09, has been awarded a graduate scholarship in Romance Languages from Bryn Mawr College for the season of 1917-18. Miss Patch is a graduate of Mount Holyoke College in the class of 1914. The annual May Day commencements at Bryn Mawr contained the award to Miss Patch and she will commence graduate work at the institution in September. Miss Patch was a teacher in the

Eastern Maine Conference Seminary in 1914-16, and is at present teaching French in Bangor High School.

Lucie M. Knowles, '15, has been elected monitor of the Freshman class at Emerson College of Oratory, Boston. Miss Knowles is also her class cheer leader, captain of her division, and a member of the College Glee Club.

Cecilia Christensen, '14, won first prize of \$10 in the annual Sophomore champion debate held in Hathorn hall, Bates College. Miss Christensen has also been elected as the annual member of the Student Committee of the Northeastern Field and will attend the National Convention held in New York.

Grace H. Bolton, '12, an assistant in the library since 1911 and in charge of the Juvenile department in the new building, has resigned from the service and will remove to California. Miss Bolton has made a specialty of work with children, having taken a course in that phase of library work at Simmons College, Boston. Her place in the Juvenile department will be taken by Elizabeth H. Chapman, '13, who has had much experience in that line of work.

Rosemary Brennan, '11, left several days ago for Portsmouth, N. H., where she has accepted a position as stenographer in the Portsmouth navy yard. Miss Brennan is a graduate of the University of Maine and has been doing graduate work at Simmons College.

Paul T. White, '13, who recently played the Mendelssohn Concerto in E minor with the Boston Conservatory Orchestra, has as violin soloist with the Franklin Symphonic Quartet on a tour through the southern states this summer. Mr. White is head of the violin department at the Central

Music School in Jamaica Plain and is conductor of the orchestra at that institution.

Dorothy E. Harvey, '15, has been elected executive secretary, and Doris A. Townsend, '16, treasurer of the Vocational Bureau, recently organized at Wheaton College, Norton, Mass.

Elizabeth Bright, '13, and Bessie Mills, '15, are among those chosen to take part in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to be given on the Maine Campus, Commencement week.

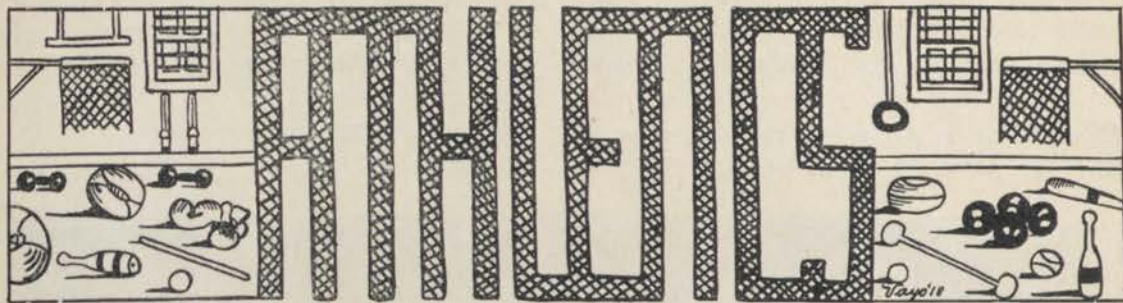
Wilfrid A. Hennessy, editor of the 1917 edition of "In the Maine Woods," has written and compiled that publication for the past six years. Mr. Hennessy was a former Bangor newspaper man and New York editor whose direct and entertaining style has largely contributed to making "In the Maine Woods" the leading railroad publication of its kind in the country.

Several days ago occurred the marriage of Harold H. Sinclair, '07, and Anna L. Webb, '07, of Worcester. Mr. Sinclair is a graduate of Colby and is connected with the Harold L. Bond Company of Boston and Portland. Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair will reside in Portland.

been engaged by the White Bureau to act

Invitations have been received announcing the wedding of Edna E. Crowell to Walter K. Hanson to take place on June 9, in All Souls' church. Both Miss Crowell and Mr. Hanson are recent graduates of B. H. S. Mr. Hanson is also a graduate of the University of Maine and is now a member of the firm of Dunham & Hanson.

1911—With regret we announce the death of Henry J. Wilson, a promising young man of excellent character and liked by all who knew him.



*"He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak"*

Baseball.

Most of the colleges, foreseeing on the part of their students a lack of interest in all things not of a military nature, have wisely shortened or dropped their spring track and baseball schedules. At the present time it seems that the prep. schools should have adopted this principle also; many of the students have left school to take up agricultural work and others have joined the garden and canning clubs, while many are busy with preparations for graduating. Even the weather man himself has not favored athletics with the result that very few have turned out for the games and the team, lacking encouragement, has not had a successful season.

Brewer, 19; Bangor, 9.

Monday, May 7, Bangor High lost the postponed league game to Brewer High, in a long uninteresting game. The diamond was in very poor condition. By the end of the sixth inning, Brewer had secured a lead of twelve runs, while Bangor had men left on bases nearly every inning. Bangor High secured three runs in the ninth. Young pitched a good game.

The summary:

Brewer: Carter, s.s.; C. Williams, 3b.; Smith, 1b.; LaCross, c.; Muldoon, p. and r.f.; McKinnon, l.f.; Beaulieu, 2b.; E. Williams, c.f.; Street, p. and r.f.

Bangor: Geagan, c.f.; Jordan, 3b.; Kennedy, 3b.; Carlin, 2b.; O'Connor, c.; Heal, s.s. and p.; Young, p.; Savage, p. and s.s.; Thomas, s.s.; Sheehan, l.f.; Hickson, l.f.; Phillips, r.f.; Toole, r.f.

Brewer 0 6 3 5 0 3 2 0 0—19

Bangor 0 0 4 1 0 0 1 0 3—9

Two base hits, Carter 2, Geagan, Carlin. Three-base hits, Beaulieu. Stolen bases, Carter, C. Williams, Muldoon, McKinnon, Geagan 2, O'Connor 2, Heal, Savage. Bases on balls by Muldoon 7, Street 1, Heal 4, Young. Struck out by Muldoon 8, Street 3, Savage 3, Heal 7, Young 3.

Umpires, Johnson and McCann. Time, 3 hours.

Waterville, 6; Bangor High, 5.

Saturday, May 12, Bangor High was defeated by Waterville High in a close game of baseball. The diamond was in very poor condition and the weather anything but favorable for playing. At the end of the fourth the score was a tie, but Savage had a bad inning in the fifth and Waterville secured a lead of 3 runs. Bangor secured ten hits off the visitors, but left men on bases several innings.

The summary:

Waterville: Moore, c.; Bisson, 2b.; Proctor, l.f.; Carter, s.s.; Cratty, c.f.; O'Brien, p.; Williams, r.f.; Joseph, 3b.; Hardin, 1b.

Bangor: Geagan, c.f.; Kennedy, 3b.; Carlin, 2b.; O'Connor, c.; Heal, s.s.; Hickson, 1b.; Sheehan, r.f.; Phillips, l.f.; Savage, p.

Waterville... 0 0 2 1 3 0 0 0 0—6

B. H. S. 0 1 0 2 0 1 1 0 0—5

Penobscot Valley League, and strengthened Orono's first place with four games won. The only bright spot in the game was a home run by Earl Heal.

The summary:

Orono: Sullivan, 2b.; Boulier, s.s.; Red-



BASKETBALL TEAM

Two base hits, Kennedy. Sacrifice hit, Heal. Base on balls, off O'Brien, 3; off Savage, 7. Struck out by O'Brien 1, Savage 17. Umpire, McCann.

B. H. S. vs. Orono High.

Monday, May 14, Orono took its second game from Bangor High in a one-sided contest. This left Bangor at the foot of the

mond, r.f.; D. Rocher, p.; Dore, 3b.; Shatney, c.; Starkie, 1b.; Ross, l.f.; Chase, l.f.; Gordon, l.f.; Baker, c.f.

B. H. S.: Geagan, c.f.; Kennedy, 3b.; Carlin, 2b.; O'Connor, c.; Heal, s.s.; Hickson, 1b.; St. Onge, r.f. and p.; Young, p.; Thomas, r.f.; Sheehan, l.f.

Sacrifice hits, Kennedy, Boulier, Redmond, DeRocher. Stolen bases, Sullivan,

Boulier 2, Starkie 4, Baker 3, Geagan, Kennedy, Carlin, Thomas 2. Struck out, by DeRocher 15, by St. Onge 13. Home run, Heal.

Umpires, Cote, Dearborn. Time, 2.30. Attendance, 200.

Bangor, 13; E. M. C. S., 4.

Bangor High handed Bucksport Seminary an unexpected trimming at Bucksport, Saturday, May 19, in an interesting game. Although Bucksport claims to have lost the game through bad luck, loose playing and costly errors were in evidence. Bangor secured most of her runs in bunches, especially in the latter part of the game. Carlin found the ball every time up for a safe hit.

The summary:

Bangor: Geagan, c.f.; Kennedy, s.s.; Toole, 2b.; Carlin, 2b. and s.s.; O'Connor, c.; Heal, p.; Thomas, 1b.; Phillips, r.f.; Jordan, 3b.; Sheehan, l.f.

E. M. C. S.: McLain, c.; Sidelinger, c.f. and p.; Hutchins, p.; Decker, 2b.; Whitmore, 3b.; Webster, 1b.; Lowe, l.f.; Wotten, s.s.; Hooper, r.f.; Nickerson, r.f.

Bangor 2 0 2 0 0 1 3 3 2—13
E. M. C. S. 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 1—4

Two base hits, McLain, Pelley, Decker 2, Wotten, Heal 2. Three base hits, Sidelinger. Bases on balls, by Pelley 4, Sidelinger 2. Struck out by Heal 13, Pelley 7, Sidelinger 3. Hit by pitched ball, Kennedy. Umpires, West and McCann. Time, 2.20.

Maine C. I., 13; B. H. S., 3.

Maine Central Institute won its second game from Bangor High at Maplewood Park, Monday, May 21; they hit Peters hard and were helped by error. A strong

wind sweeping over the field made good fielding impossible. M. C. I. secured ten runs in the first three innings while Bangor was unable to hit the delivery of Parks or Lampher, to any extent, getting only two runs in the seventh and one in the eighth.

The summary:

M. C. I.: Tierney, 2b.; McGown, l.f.; Lampher, 3b. and p.; Wardwell, c. and 3b.; Emery, 1b.; Parks, p.; Applebee, c.; Reilley, s.s.; Perkins, c.f.; Grover, r.f.

Bangor: Geagan, c.f.; Kennedy, 2b.; Carlin, 1b.; O'Connor, c. and r.f.; Heal, s.s.; Peters, p.; Phillips, r.f.; Toole, c.; Sheehan, l.f.; Jordan, 3b.

M. C. I. 1 6 3 0 0 0 3 0 0—13
B. H. S. 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 1 0—3

Two base hits, Wardwell. Three base hits, Reilley. Stolen bases, Emery, Perkins. Bases on balls, by Parks 4, Lampher 2, Peters 4. Hit by pitched ball, McGown.

Umpire, McCann. Time, 2.10.

Track

On Monday, May 12, the track manager received notice that the Athletic Council of U. of M. had been obliged to cancel the interscholastic track meet to have been held at the University, the following Saturday, May 19. This postponement was necessary because of a lack of accommodations for the visitors as most of the Fraternity houses have closed ahead of time this year. This was a source of great disappointment to the schools that have been preparing weeks ahead for this meet, and especially to our own track team, as it was prevented from taking part in the Bowdoin meet through a lack of funds.



CAST OF JUNIOR-SENIOR PLAY



B. H. S. ORCHESTRA



"Trust not yourself for your defects to know"

"The Industrial School Record," Fort Grant, Arizona.—In your short twelve pages you have covered more ground, so to speak, than most papers do in fifty pages. Your various articles cannot fail to leave a lasting impression upon the reader's mind. One cannot possibly realize, without inspection, just how much good composition there is between your two covers.

The High School Register, Burlington, Vt.—Your cover is very good for this time of year. The editorials are rather short. The Exchange department should be enlarged by criticising more papers. A few pictures and cartoons would help a great deal. That's all you need to make yours one of the best.

"Old Hughes," Cincinnati, Ohio.—According to the high marks that some of your students are securing you must have a bevy of future professors and scholars in your school. Special notice is due to the person who received no mark below 99 in his examinations. All we can say is, "hats off," to the one who can accomplish anything like that and not die in the attempt.

"The Tabula," Torrington High School, Torrington, Conn.—We have only one criticism to make in regard to you and yours, and that concerns your Exchange department. Sad to say, it appears that you have joined the rank and file of many other

school papers in making your Exchanges as short as possible. In our minds the Exchange section is one of the most important departments in any school paper. It is the means of introducing one school to another, and it also helps each editorial board to better their paper, by means of the various words of criticism offered.

"The Rostrum," Guilford, Me.—Your paper is very neat and newsy. The various stories although quite short are well written and interesting. You have quite a lot of empty space which ought to be taken care of and put to some use. We hope you will try to make these blank places disappear.

"The X-Ray," Anderson, Indiana.—Your literary pages are so well developed that no doubt is left in the mind of the reader as to whether or not your literary editors do their work. By the large amount of space devoted to jokes we judge that your subscribers are fond of humorous stories.

The Mirror, Sharon, Penn.—The arrangement of your paper could be improved. Certainly, you can increase your literary department so as to have more than two stories. A good idea, would be to remove that index to advertisers and put in some less conspicuous place. The greatest errors, as with many papers, is the omission of an exchange department. We all have faults and expect criticisms.

"The Harvard Alumni Bulletin," Harvard Alumni Association, Boston, Mass.—This paper is full of up-to-date material. It deals almost wholly with the present attitude of

Harvard in regard to the recent outbreak of war. The Harvard students are busily engaged in learning military tactics at the present time.

AS OTHERS SEE US

The Oracle—You have a good paper. What cuts you have are excellent, but why not have more?"—The Rostrum," Guilford, Me.

The Oracle—Your literary department is extraordinarily large and the stories good and interesting.—"The Tiger," Elkins, W. Virginia.

Oracle, Bangor, Me.: You have splendid editorials and your Literary Department deserves special praise.—The Bugle, Monroe, Michigan.

"Oracle," your editorials are the right sort! Your "Personal" department might be enlarged.—The Piquonian, Piqua, Ohio.

The Oracle, a very interesting paper.—The Ariel, Bucksport, Me.

Oracle, Bangor, Me.: "Grand Manaan" is a beautiful bit of description, and we wish more of the exchanges would publish such articles, for they add to the dignity of the magazine. "S. O. S." is clever and realistic.—The Budget, Elizabeth, N. J.

The Oracle, Bangor, Me.—The Oracle improves every issue. The literary department is splendid, the headings good and the "B. H. S. Program" amuses us, though we know none of the people mentioned. Couldn't you improve your cartoons?—The Blue Bird, N. Y. City.

The Oracle: Your jokes and stories are good, but the appearance of your paper would be improved by a few cuts.—The "Mirror," Sharon, Pa.

The "Oracle," Bangor, Maine: A very snappy paper, especially your cover."—The "Academy Herald," Bethel, Maine.

The Oracle, Bangor, Me.: A very creditable paper. "The Gentle Art of Bluffing," "Some Queer Facts," and "Tardiness" are worthy of attention from all.—The Virginian, Norfolk, Va.

The Oracle, Bangor, Me.: Your editorials are very good, and also your exchange department.—The Tabula, Torrington, Conn.

The Oracle, Bangor, Me.: Well written editorials, very interesting.—The Hamptonian, N. H.

The Oracle: Your cover design is one of the most attractive we have received, and your cuts excellent.—Par-Sem, Parsonfield, Me.

The Oracle, Bangor, Me.: The Tattler welcomes you among its exchanges.—The Tattler, Marquette, Mich.

The Oracle, Bangor, Me.: The Oracle is very satisfactory. You have some very clever editorials and your stories are good. But we suggest that you have a fuller criticism on your exchanges.—The Owl, N. Y. City.

The "Oracle," Bangor, Maine: "The arrangements of the departments is splendid. Your cuts are excellent and your literary department especially 'S. O. S.' is very good."—The "Bluebird," Eastman-Gaines School, New York City.



THE SENATE



GIRLS' DEBATING SOCIETY



CLASS WILL

STATE OF MAINE }
 COUNTY OF PENOBSCOT } ss.

We the members of the class of 1917 of Bangor High School, in order to leave a more perfect High School, establish justice, insure student tranquillity, provide for the common needs, promote the educational welfare and secure the blessings of giving to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this our last will and testament for the Senior class.

To the Juniors we give the pleasure of occupying the several rooms that we have so nobly filled this year.

We also desire to leave to the Juniors our scholarship records, with the hope that they may get as good ranks as we did.

To the Sophomores we leave our lost opportunities.

To the Freshmen a three-hundred foot log-cabin to teach them the lock-step.

Our other effects we leave as follows:

Our bright sayings to the Oracle.

A life sized portrait of Dec. Pullen to the school.

A sheepskin to Bud Russell in 1925.

The reflected glory of Senior Stars to the Athletic Council

A double seat to F. B. and D. E.

Success to all future debaters.

To A. Pitcher an iron cross for bravery in the German play

To Mildred DeWitt the trials of a librarian.

To the coming chemistry classes the history of the marvelous discoveries made by this year's class.

To S. Pullen the popularity of his brother.

The following articles are left by individuals of the class of '17 to the undergraduates of B. H. S.

All of my philosophical and theological writings.	H. Helson.
---	------------

My "beloved" cadets of "Peter's Army."	Ralph Farrar.
--	---------------

The care of Stubby '18.	R. B.
-------------------------	-------

My latest book entitled "How to Study"	H. Reed.
--	----------

The affection of all the teachers for me	M. Snyder.
--	------------

My half of the lunch room	Fat McCabe
---------------------------	------------

The right to erect a statue of me in the Assembly Hall	P. Woodward
--	-------------

The space taken up by my number 8's in the corridors	K. Boardman
--	-------------

My disposition and the smile that won't come off.	L. Dodd
---	---------

Musical memories	G. Kenney
------------------	-----------

My dignity and a theme entitled "Nineteen Years Unmarried"	Reginald Noyes
--	----------------

Class of 1917 Bangor High School.

We the witnesses of the above certify that this is the mind of the class of 1917 and was signed by us in the presence of each other.

Witnesses: JAMES MCCANN, Pres. of Senior Class

LENA CLARKE, Vice-Pres.



PERSONALS

"He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit"

It is with great pleasure that the Oracle announces that the prizes for the graduating class of 1917, which amount to one wooden nickel each, have been awarded as follows: For excellency

In Beauty—"Handsome" Gillin.

In Sagacity and Audacity—"General" Boardman.

In "Hunting"—"Shrimp" Hathorne.

In Proportion—"Half-a-ton" Eaton.

In Picking Violets—Pauline "Cupid" Miller and a certain Junior.

In Making Eyes—Margaret "Cleopatra" Woodward.

In Swimming—Helen "Venus" Reed.

In All Things—Max "Percival" Snyder.

In Disposition—Laura "Billiken" Dodd.

In Study—Tie between "Bud" Russell, and "Jim" Johnston.

In Singing—William "Gasoline Gus" Worden.

In Dancing—James "Skinny" Malone.

In Skipping School—Louise "Man-hater" Leonard.

In Heart-breaking—Stanley "Little Cut-up" Johnson.

In Promptness—Richard "Electricity" Mulvany.

In Smiling—Reginald "Happy" Noyes.

In the 100% Baby Contest—Stanley "Cutey" Cayting.

Howard (after lecture on gardening): "Professor, what kind of fertilizer do you use to raise chickens?"

Mr. E— (in Algebra): "Adams, do that example yourself.

Adams, '17: "I can't, I haven't any bean."

Mr. E—: "Then, go plant one."

Captain Farrar (at drill): "Mansur, what do you pull the trigger so hard for?"

Mansur: "I thought the harder you pulled the trigger, the farther the bullet would go, sir."

Mr. C—: "Hathorne, why don't you hunt for those things?"

Mr. M—: "Don't say 'hunt' to that man, or he'll go crazy."

James Mitchell, '18: "By heck, I'm president of this 'ere agriculture club o' B. H. S. Give us a chew of O. K. gum, will ye?"

Symbolic.

Miss P—: "What voice does iubeo (to command) take?"

Dennison: "Feminine."

Mr. G—: "What is a periodic sentence?"

Miss C—: "One that doesn't stop until it gets to the end."

Nobody Home!

Mr. G— (dictating): She was a perfect woman, nobly planned.

H. Davis writes: She was a perfect woman nobody planned.

At That Canning Demonstration.

Miss Platz: I brought several rubbers with me.

Voice: Does she think it's raining, or is that Preparedness, too?

The Senior College English classes have been writing about the present food conditions. Have you ever seen the Lunch Room at the end of recess? There's a subject for you.

Miss W— (as J. Eames, '18, enters a study room): "We don't have whispering in this study room."

Eames (rising): "O, I'm in the wrong room!"

Miss H—: "Now, let me say it so you'll surely forget it."

Don Hathorne raises his hand in a study-room.

Mr. C—: Yes.

Don goes up to Miss Shute and Miss Hunt, who are working together.

Mr. C—: Just a minute, which one are you after?

A new sport has been, or will soon be, introduced into our midst.

Mr. M— (in study room): "I know only one way to get rid of this being late to study rooms—pause—That is practicing in the afternoon."

A Toast.

The Oracle, "the tongue" of the school; may it never be cut out. Patronize our Advertisers and it won't.

What some of our B. H. S. Students may become:

P. Miller	A maker of flour.
J. Ward	A loaf of bread.
H. Rounds	A ball.
M. Wheeler	A nursemaid.
H. Savage	A wild man.
D. Valentine	A second cupid.
F. McGuire	A second Cicero.
E. Mansur	An A scholar.
M. Woodward	An old maid.
F. Gillin	A doctor.
K. Boardman	An artist model.
F. Eaton	A human skeleton.
R. Bowen	Detached from St-b-y.
H. Chase	A Marathoner.
B. Cole	A fire.
E. Black	White.
F. Braeg	A champion.
R. Small	A great man.

Mr. M— (to Burns, who is laughing): "Now, what seems to be the joke, Burns?"

No answer.

Mr. M—: "Look here, class, every one look at Burns. (Class laughs). No wonder you laugh—that is what he was doing at you.

Miss B—: "What is a deadhead?"

Pupil: "A feller what don't know nuthin'.

Miss W— (in Greek Class): "What makes this class so dull today?"

Voice from the depths: "Perry's not here.

Mr. Chalmers, while taking Oracle Board picture: "Now all look into the camera, please."

Pause—then, Don Eames: "Can't see nothin'!"

Don't laugh at those Senior Pictures, you may be there yourself next year.

From the Editor's Mail.

Dear Editor:

I am somewhat over 6 feet and am still growing. Also I am rather inclined to be lean. Kindly inform me how I may increase my latitude and decrease my longitude.

J. A. Makanna, '17.

Answer: To increase your latitude, patronize the Lunch Room. As to your

tried mixtures, he is a walking, talking ad. of his concoctions.

Dear Editor:

I have been arrested so many times lately for speeding in the corridors that I ask you now to tell me of a means of restraining my steps.

O. A. Robinson, '17.

Answer: Get a Ford.



longitude, ascend to the top of the school building and project yourself head foremost onto the pavement below. This treatment is guaranteed either to kill or cure.

Dear Editor:

Of late I find I am becoming somewhat stout. Can you tell me of some method by which I may reduce?

Ed. Perkins, '18.

Answer: Beware the Lunch Room! For further aid apply to Fritz Eaton in the Chemical Laboratory for new and (un)



A Few Strokes From the Pen of Socrates.

What a straight and robust looking crowd,
How the Germans would hate to meet
her,

Now all together a good loud shout

And three cheers for "The Army of
Peter."

With thoughts of next year, a Freshman
remarks as he sees a notice on the board:
Lost, Caesar, No. 503, please return to 201:
"Here's hoping he stays lost!"

When a gal says, "My, I love ice cream,"
 Gee! don't it make you feel funny,
 If you's just passin' by a nice drug store
 And hain't got a cent of money?

How fascinating are his eyes
 He sets the poor girls' hearts a trillin';
 Just notice the color of his face
 When you call him "Handsome Gillin."

When the gong rings, at quarter to one,
 Tell me are you filled with sorrow,
 When you discover that now at last
 There's nothin' to do till tomorrow?

Latin is my failure; I shall not want
 (any more). It maketh me to sit down and
 study. It soureth my soul. It leadeth me
 into the paths of ridicule for its namesake.
 Yea, though I study through the night I am
 flunked in the morning, and I fear much
 evil. Its' endings and vocabularies dis-
 comfort me. I prepare for "F's" in the

presence of mine enemies. It reddens my
 face with shame. It maketh me to sit down
 embarrassed. Surely if this thing followeth
 me all the days of my life, I will dwell as a
 Freshman forever.

Bock: "This coffee looks like mud."

Waiter: "Well, it was ground this
 morning."

In English class Carl Catell, '18, asked the
 teacher if this was the nineteenth century.
 Immediately Simmons Tyler, Esq., '18, be-
 gan to sing "Turn back the Universe." Evi-
 dently Simmons thought this was pretty
 good, for after class he came up to one of
 the Personal Editors, who happened to be
 in the same class and said, "Say, that was a
 pretty good one I sprung in class, wasn't it?
 You can use it in the Oracle if you want
 to."

Thanks for the privilege, Simmons.

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