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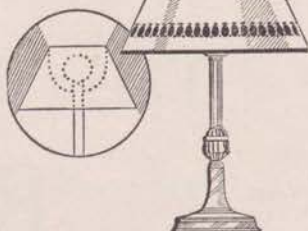
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Published six times a year by the students of Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine.

Entered as second class matter, June 14, 1914, at the post-office at Bangor, Maine, under the act of March 3, 1879.



VOL. XLIX

NO. 1

The Oracle

October 31, 1939

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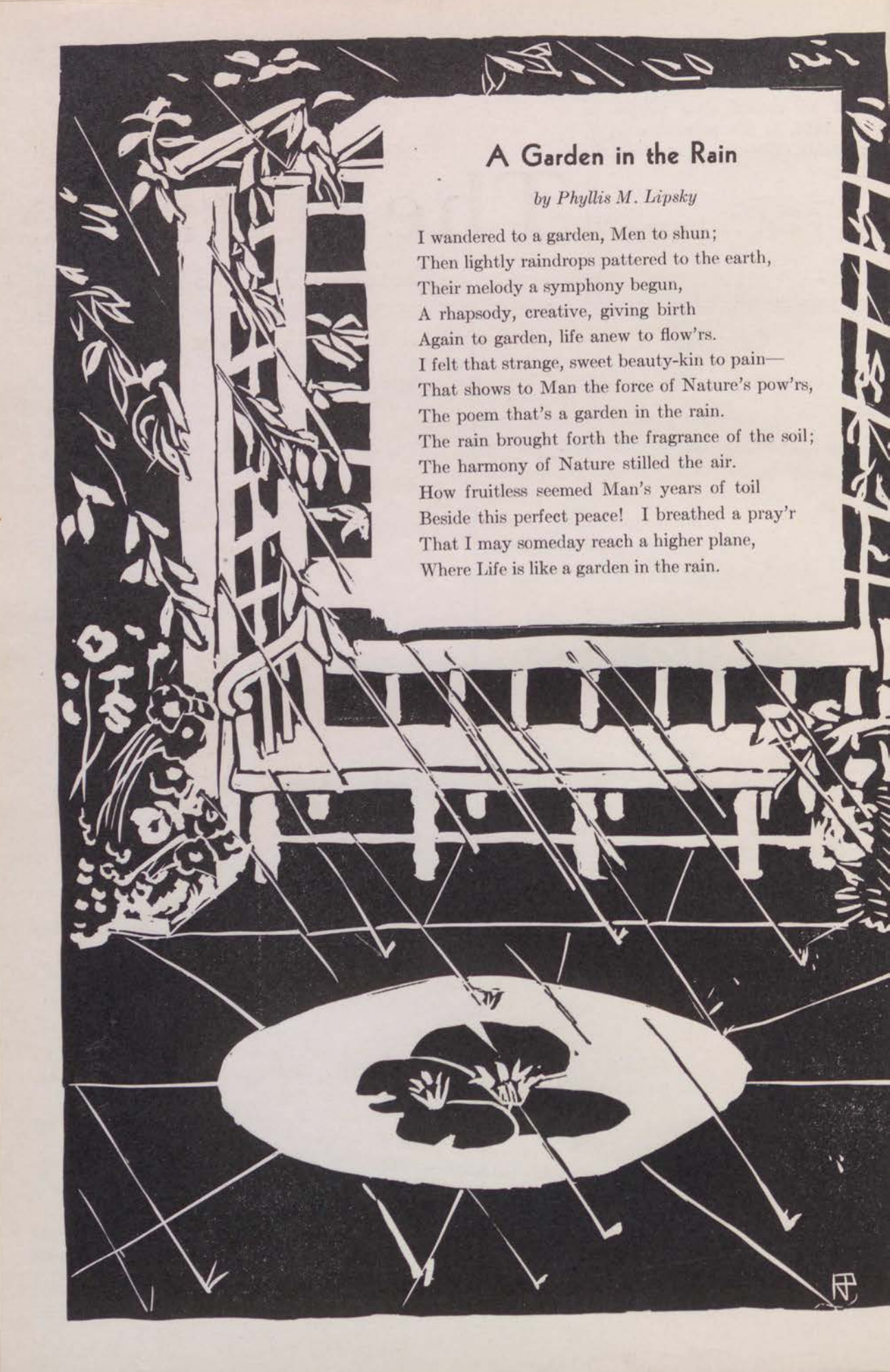
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A Garden in the Rain

by Phyllis M. Lipsky

I wandered to a garden, Men to shun;
Then lightly raindrops pattered to the earth,
Their melody a symphony begun,
A rhapsody, creative, giving birth
Again to garden, life anew to flow'rs.
I felt that strange, sweet beauty-kin to pain—
That shows to Man the force of Nature's pow'rs,
The poem that's a garden in the rain.
The rain brought forth the fragrance of the soil;
The harmony of Nature stilled the air.
How fruitless seemed Man's years of toil
Beside this perfect peace! I breathed a pray'r
That I may someday reach a higher plane,
Where Life is like a garden in the rain.

Upon Further Investigation

BETTY SHOREY

SENIOR

BETTY SHOREY is the girl in English IV R with the ready smile and the readier answer. Her favorite indoor sport is writing descriptive essays, and here she shows herself a master of the dramatic narrative.



IN the office of Burton and Hansen, wholesale dealers, Arthur Ramsdell, the bookkeeper, was a person who attracted very little notice. He was always on time for work, neatly dressed and unobtrusive. He always walked in at exactly seven minutes to eight, hung up his dark, neatly tailored coat, removed his old grey hat, placed it over his coat, and, with a quiet "Good morning" to the pert secretary who called him "Popsy", he crossed to his desk by the window and began his day's work. He was always the same—an accurate, quiet-voiced man who asked no favors of anyone. He had worked with that company for fifteen years, and in all that time he had never taken a penny that did not belong to him. The young manager once said that he didn't see what the "old duck" got out of life, but that, as long as he did the work that was required of him, he was satisfied. "Funny", he remarked once, "the old duffer never did get married. Huh! who would ever have such a dull thing anyway!"

One morning in late October, Arthur failed to appear at his usual time, and, when the noon hour came, the rack that usually held his coat stood empty and bare against the bleak wall of the office. That afternoon the phone rang and when the secretary snatched it up, a brisk Irish voice could be distinctly heard all over the room.

"Good afternoon to ye! Who's a spakin' plase? Oh yes, ye're the secretary. This is Mrs. O'Brien. Yere bookkeeper, Mr. Ramsdell, is sick and he can't come to work today. Stricken with a cold, he is. I made him all comfortable with some hot tea and gave him plenty of kivers to keep warm. What's that? Is he in bed? Shure, and I told ye he was! Are ye deaf? When'll he be back? Saints above! He's a sick man and ye a' wantin' him to come back to work already! Shure and I don't know what's the matter with yore head! Why am I calling? Why, Mr. Ramsdell has been boardin'

with me for near onto fourteen years. Kept his board money up, too! He wint out the other night and come in soaked. 'twas rainin' that hard. He wint right to bed but he must've been chilled! That's the way me first husband died, got pneumonia, and—"



He hung up his old grey hat

"Thank you, goodbye," said the secretary. She hung up and pressed the button that connected a speaker to the manager's office.

"Popsy is sick", she said into the mouthpiece in a half disgusted voice.

An incredulous, "What!" shook the machine; then, "What's the matter with the old fossil?"

"He's got a bad cold; his landlady called. She started to give me a complete history but my ear started to ache so I hung up."

"Why,—why, he *can't* be sick; he hasn't missed a

day in two years! The books will get all mixed up! Oh why does everything have to happen to me?" he ended despairingly. "We've got to get along; but I can't see how we can without him."

That evening a pert young lady walked up the steps of a very neat and respectable looking boardinghouse. She rang the bell and stood waiting. It was Grace Brown, the secretary from Arthur Ramsdell's office. She carried a basket on her arm which was filled with large juicy plums whose waxy purple faintly reflected the glare of the opposite streetlight. It was cold, and a brisk wind was sweeping up the street. "Maybe I ought not to have come," she murmured, "but I was sort of worried about him, and I know he'll like these plums; I've seen him buy them and take them home."

Her reverie was interrupted by the jerking open of



Grace Brown, from Arthur Ramsdell's office

the door. She was confronted by a motherly looking woman who was decidedly Irish.

"Shure and what is it ye're wantin', Miss?"

"I—that—is—does Mr. Ramsdell live here?"

"Yes, he does; he's sick, the pore feller. What would ye be wantin' of him?"

"I brought him some fruit. I am a secretary in the office where he works. If he's sick, I won't bother him; but would you give this to him?"

"Shure, he isn't that sick. He's much better this evenin' though he's not well yet. Come in, and I'll tell him ye're here. Ye're about the first visitor he's had. It's too bad. He's an awful nice old gentlemen. Well, go right up. I hear him now, playin' his violin. He's a beautiful player—used to be in a symphony orchestra, when he was young. He don't play much now though. Makes him think too much of *her*, er—a

girl he went with when he was young. She died."

As they crossed the room and went up the stairs, the music changed from a lilting melody to a haunting refrain. The door was half open and the old man was sitting alone in front of a glowing fireplace, swaying gently to his music.

The fire cast a halo about him which seemed to be a part of his music, and its haunting, sad tale of home and love which is gone forever.

"Don't knock," whispered Grace, as she saw the woman raise her hand. "I want to wait until he is through." The landlady gave her an understanding glance and departed quietly. Grace lost all track of time while standing there. The old man was an artist. His touch was delicate but sure. And *she* had thought that he was just a "dull old man"!

From every fiber of his body came the heartrending music which flowed from his violin. He swayed back and forth, his eyes half closed and fixed on the fire. The music rose to a crescendo full of life, and fire and hope—and ended.

She thought he had finished; then she saw him raise the bow and draw it slowly, lovingly, across the strings and the beautiful notes of *Love's Old Sweet Song* floated to her as she stood entranced at the beauty of the music. He played as one enchanted, a soft smile on his lips, his half closed eyes and swaying body a tribute to the com-

(Please turn to page thirty-two)

"Freckles"

by Mary Farrar

A tough little kid with fiery hair,
With front teeth out and a big space there,
A typical Irish boy with a freckled face,
Is a noisy addition any place.

There's a kid like that on our block;
You just can't miss him when you walk.
He picks on cats of neighbors near by;
You can't make him stop if ever you try.

Just plain "Freckles" he's called by pals
And he just delights in teasin' gals.
Says he, "When I grow up I'll use my bean,
And get a job pitchin', like Dizzy Dean.

He helps the family as best he can,
'Cause Mama depends on her little man,
So he sells his papers at the same old place,
This Irish kid with the freckled face! !

Chess

by Bernard J. Mann

CHESS is a name that has been associated with great minds of all occupations for centuries. Statesmen and churchmen, emperors, musicians and literateurs, all have been devotees of the fine art of chess. To mention a few famous lovers of chess: Goethe endorses Diderat when the latter spoke of chess as "The touchstone of the human brain." Prince Bismark, disparaging mere oratorical ability stated, "Great orators as a rule can play neither a good game of chess nor whist!" President Grevy of France was an ardent chess devotee. Ruskin and Tennyson, a pair of eminent literateurs, were fond of the game. Others were Mendelssohn, Leibnitz, Voltaire, Lessing, Alfred de Musset, Philidor, Frederick the Great, Napoleon I, William I and many other famous men.

Ruy Lopez, a Spanish Bishop, not only esteemed the game highly, but was a master in it and has given to chess lore a certain type of opening the game—a type which bears his name.

It is sometimes thought that not many people understand chess. Some even belittle and disparage it. These people do this because they do not know of the marvels and joys of chess.

What, then, is chess? Chess is a battle of reasoning, wherein you pit your mind and its capacities against the mind of another. Chess is a battle royal occupying and training one of the highest faculties of man, his intellect.

In a truly ardent lover of chess, furthermore, there is engendered a keen desire to keep physically fit, for no sooner does a player's bodily health wane than his chess ability at once deteriorates and thus there is evidenced a strong incentive for the chess lover to keep himself in line with the ancient and ever apt proverb of the Roman Satirist Juvenal when he said, "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*"

Some people have devoted as much time to the study and practice of chess as to the cultivation of art and literature. Edwyn Anthony speaks of the "inexhaustibility of chess" and Gustave Selenus proclaims chess as the "art of human reason."

We may consider another aspect of chess. In chess there is poetry which takes the form of chess problems. Therein we may see the keenest subtlety of position of the chessmen and an active imagination represented to arrive at an artistic and difficult position which will require deep concentration and fine perceptive qualities of mind to solve.

Chess problems were made to be solved just as poetry was made to be read and understood. An ordinary

(Please turn to page twelve)

Reorganization of R. O. T. C.

by Everett A. Orbeton

This year the R. O. T. C. at Bangor High School is undergoing an almost complete reorganization in coordination with all branches of the Army and War Department. Although it may not be obvious to the average student, the change is the result of years of observation and study by the War Department.

For instance, let us take as an example some of the commands. In the old system there were two preparatory commands consisting of the one word 'Right.' These were 'Right Face' and 'Right Dress', meaning two very different orders, as you probably know. The result was that on the preparatory command 'Right' different men anticipated different commands, and an error was almost certain to occur. Then there were those who, through no fault of their own, took longer to comprehend whether the command was 'Face' or 'Dress', for in giving commands officers were obliged to use such volume, since they must be heard by every individual in the unit, that a clear enunciation was impossible. (Everyone of you has probably noticed this in the different ways the command "March" is sometimes given as "March", "Harch", and "Maharch.")

However, one of the new commands is 'Dress Right, Dress' which abolishes this certain difficulty. In this way many of the minor difficulties in close-order drill have been overcome.

Now let us consider the change in the forming of platoons, which has been almost completely revised. In the old system the platoon, commanded by a Lieutenant, consisted of six squads of eight men. Three platoons formed a company, commanded by a Captain. In the new system, the platoon is made up of three squads of twelve men each which sounds larger, but is really smaller than the old style platoon. The platoon is still under the command of a Lieutenant, and there are three platoons in a company commanded by a Captain. Here at Bangor High, our Battalion consists of three rifle companies and would normally contain a machine gun company, if we had machine guns.

The change which will be most apparent to you is that when the command 'Fall In' is given, adjacent men are an arm's length apart, instead of the usual four inches. This is done because from this formation any desired change may be affected for Parade, Drill, or Battle, in a much quicker and more effective way than at close interval. A seemingly drastic change, for the old vets (seniors) is the abolishment of the squad movements, such as, "Squads Right," "Squads Left," or "Squads Right About."

(Please turn to page twenty-six)

Ford Meets Ford

by Paul G. Ford

66 **C**LANK, Clank. . .Clank. . .Ca. . .lank"
 . . .silence.

"Well, what's the matter?" I asked, as I climbed down from the rickety piece of machinery which bore the honorable name of an automobile and began to examine Uncle Henry's masterpiece of two decades ago.

"Perhaps," ventured John, "we're out of gas."

"There's always that possibility," remarked Frederic sarcastically, who was descending rather carefully lest the car fall apart. Upon examining the fuel tank, however, we found that we had a sufficient amount of gas.

As we lay on our backs underneath the car on this lonely country road, a large limousine drove up and stopped—for we were blocking the road.

"Taking a rest cure?" bellowed the footman.

It was bad enough to be stalled fifty miles south of East Nowhere without having those liveried "birds" bellow at us!

After a few words were exchanged that wouldn't sound so good in a document of this type, the back door opened and a tall, elderly gentleman stepped out and asked if we were having trouble.

"No," John retorted, "We're stalled here because we think it's fun to lie on the road and gaze at the greasy bottom of this. . .*(censored)*. . .car!"

"Perhaps," suggested the gray haired, wrinkled-face man, "I can be of assistance."

This suggestion brought surprised Frederic to an upright position, but he banged his head on the axel rod and lay back in a horizontal position to be quiet a few moments more.

The gentleman, who had the look of one about to sneeze, bent over the engine and commenced to tinker.

"I wish the maker of this car were here for about two minutes," I growled angrily. "It has given us nothing but trouble ever since we bought it."

"Well," replied the man, not stopping his tinkering, "you can't expect a 1919 Ford to go as well as new, but this one is in pretty good condition!"

"Good condition," echoed Fred, who by this time had recovered from his recent shock, "I'd just hate to see what you call *bad* condition!"

"We paid \$7.00 for it at Bangor this morning," fumed John, "and started for Bar Harbor at eight o'clock, and here it is one, and we're not *half way* there yet!!!"

"You may as well stop tinkering, mister," moaned Fred, "it's useless to try to get that old jalopy to run."

While we swore, fussed and scolded about the car, and especially its maker, the stranger kept on tinkering

and we were *more* than surprised when the engine sputtered once and went!

"There," said the man, taking his breath and wiping his greasy hands on his white suit, "I've fixed a little minor trouble and she'll run as well as new now. If it *does* trouble you, call on me," and with a crafty smile he handed me his card and drove off. (We kindly moved for him.)

We drove to Bar Harbor, *up Cadillac* and around the island, and the car purred like a kitten at play.

On the way home, I remembered the card so I took it out, scrutinized it, and then shoved it back into my pocket. All at once it dawned on me whose name I had seen, and I hastily took it out to reread it. I cried out in amazement for it bore the name of none other than . . .Henry Ford.

Ballade Moderne

by Virginia Grant

So dark of eyes, so light of hair
 Was sweet Serena Brown.
 She danced along a woodland path
 Upon her way to town.

A sailing ship from Wales was in,
 And all the sailor boys
 Were hanging round the old port town,
 With various employs.

Oh, sweet Serena came to town,
 To sell her mother's wares;
 But ere she reached the ware-house door,
 She tripped upon the stairs.

"Please may I help you up, young miss?"
 Serena in her plight
 Then met a pair of bright blue eyes,
 Though twinkling, yet polite.

The sailor was a handsome lad,
 Who helped her to her feet,
 And gathered up her mother's wares,
 Replacing them all neat.

Then Billy Roy, for 'twas his name,
 When they had sold her wares,
 Went home with her so she'd not trip,
 (Although there were no stairs.)

So dark of eyes, so light of hair,
 Was sweet Serena Roy;
 She danced along a woodland path,
 To meet her sailor boy.

Belle of The Ball

by Garry Speirs

If this story can be taken as representative of his works, then we predict a brilliant future in the Literary World for GARRY SPEIRS, the ever-buoyant Scientific junior, since this story actually has a plot! (We've waited years for this event!). It shows that crime doesn't pay and that beauty is but skin-deep.

BETTE Jane Danvers was walking down Main Street towards Minerva's Frockee Shoppee. There, it was rumored, Ann Vance, Betty's sole rival as belle of the Commencement Ball, was going to get her dress for the great occasion. The delivery truck was parked in front of the Shoppee, and the driver had just tossed an armful of boxes into it. Suddenly there was a resounding crash down the street, and the delivery man and everybody in sight rushed to the scene of the accident.

Betty strolled up to the open door of the truck and peered in. There on the very top of the pile was a large box addressed to Ann Vance.

Suddenly an idea seized Betty, "Why not take the box, so that Ann wouldn't be able to go to the ball? It was already getting late in the afternoon, and Ann would hardly be able to get another dress at that time."

Betty glanced around to see if anyone were in sight. The street was deserted except for one old man who was slowly making his way toward the accident on the other side of the street.

Betty grabbed the box, scooted up the street and around the corner, jumped into her car, and sped home. "That was easy," she thought as she reached her house. "Now what am I going to do with it?" After deliberating for some time as to what should be done with the dress, Betty finally decided to ruin it by punching

an oily stick through the box. She could then hire a boy on Greenhorn Avenue to return the box, saying that he had found it in the street after it had fallen from a delivery truck. Betty thought that the first thing to do was to get the boy to carry out her idea. Leaving the box on the hall table, she went down the front walk and climbed into the car.

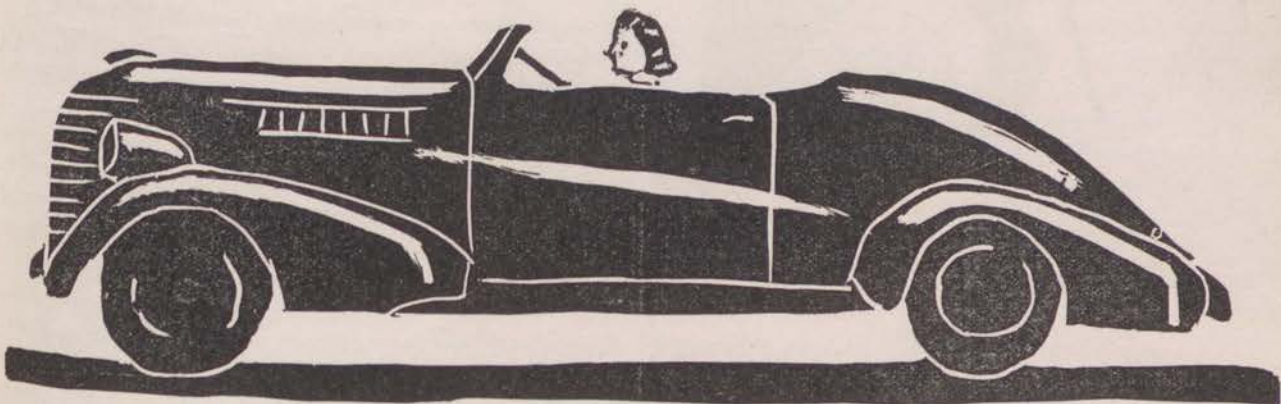
When Betty reached Greenhorn Avenue she proceeded slowly, looking about for the object of her search. Finally she spied a dark-haired boy in green overalls. He was playing baseball in a side lot with some of the other youngsters of the neighborhood. Betty parked the car at the side of the road and called, "Oh, Sammy, come here a minute, will you?"

Sammy immediately dropped his glove and raced to the car. His comrades followed him to the sidewalk, and then hesitated, fearing to go too near the pretty girl in the yellow and blue roadster. Sammy himself jumped on the running board of the car, his head just reaching over the side of the car, and said, "Hello, Betty, what d'ya want?"

"I've a little errand I'd like to have you do for me,—that is, if you have time," replied Betty.

"Oh I can come now O. K., but why can't you do it yerself? You've got yer car today."

"Well, this errand is a little different, Sammy, and I don't want you to do it just yet, either. Could you



She parked the car in front of the playground.

be at my house in about half an hour?"

"I don't see why not. Yup, I'll be there."

"Well, then, I've got to hurry along; but don't forget now," Betty said, as she switched on the key to the car.

When Betty reached home she immediately went into the hall, and got the box. Then she hurried with it into the garage, and, after rummaging around a minute, found a stick with a jagged end. This she dipped into a jar of motor oil. Then she punched the stick through the back of the box and turned it around to smear the oil onto the dress. After that she put a little oil on the box to make it look as if it had been run over. Then, taking the result of her handiwork with her, she went back into the house to wait for Sammy. When she had carefully hidden the box under the sofa, she heard her mother moving about in the kitchen.

At first she intended to ask her mother if she had brought home her dress from Minerva's Frockee Shoppee; but then she realized that if her mother had just come home, she might have seen her coming from the garage. She asked, "How long have you been home, Mummy?"

"I came home about half an hour ago, dear. I was upstairs when you came home ten minutes ago, but you went right out again."

"Did you bring home my dress from Minerva's, Mother?" asked Betty much relieved because her mother has not seen her in the garage.



The street was deserted except for one old man.

"Yes, I didn't forget. Oh yes, I thought you might like to know what then I got home I found a package in the front hall addressed to Ann Vance. The delivery man must have delivered it to the wrong address, but I sent the maid over with it. Your dress is in the

front hall on the table."

"What! Oh-er—ah—thanks," said Betty, and she rushed to the front hall, glanced at the table, which of course was empty, and then went into the parlor. She pulled the box out from beneath the sofa and read the address: "Betty Jane Danvers—131 Lawr. . ."



She stuck the knife into the box.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhh!" cried Betty as she opened the box and found her dress completely ruined.

The vision of herself as the Belle of the Ball had been rapidly fading from Betty's mind. Now it became an illusive and maddening mirage.

THE END

CHESS

(continued from page nine)

game of chess corresponds to Prose in literature and just as there are varying degrees of excellence in prose according to the individual's genius, so too with a game of chess.

A chess problem is composed in much the same manner as a poem. The composer of a poem must have an idea; likewise with the chess problemist. Then both strive to make the child of their respective minds as beautiful as possible in form but ever giving greater stress to the thought behind the expression. Whereas the poet uses pen and words to express his ideas, the Chess Problemist uses chessmen and board to put forth his ideas.

The finished product of both a poet and chess problemist is a work of art and as such should be esteemed by all lovers of true culture.

Alumni

IT'S October now, at Bangor High School. New students have entered the school, although the class of 1939 is sadly missed. It seems terribly quiet without them here in the corridors and classrooms, but maybe next year the upper class-men of this year will feel the same way about the class of 1940.

The University of Maine campus is literally "swarming" with B. H. S. graduates. Among those who are "a-wearing of the green" and who go directly from B. H. S. are *John Webster, Eben Leavitt, Laurie Parkin, "Bruz" West, Dit Mongovan, and Paul Smith* for the boys.

The girl representatives consist of *Rita Johnson, "Pat" Ramsdell, Natalie Stevens, Jean Mack, Charlotte Gifford* and also a couple of former Bangor High School girls, *Winona Cole and Phyllis Morris*.

Maine did quite a good job of picking the best, but a few broke loose and we find them scattered all over Maine and Massachusetts.

The Maine School of Commerce has certainly got something, because of the stars that scattered from Maine, it holds the majority. *Kaye Faulkingham* haunts this venerable institution's walls. Their school magazine is certainly lucky. *Gertrude Allen, Alden Goode, Allan Woodcock, '38*, and oodles of others are also deep in shorthand at M. S. C.

Charlotte Roberts and *Mary Powell* roam the keys of the typewriter at Beal's. They're happy.

Barbara Hill is burning the "midnight oil" at Simmons, and off to Wheaton merrily went *Marge Blaisdell* and *Pauly Campbell* on the 18th of September.

Hebron reached out and claimed those two football and basketball heroes of all times, "*Wally*" *Sawyer* and *Fred Giddings*, plus that tall and mighty orator, "*Beaky*" *Rudman*. *Paul Welch* left in a rush last Sunday for this great place. This is just a side note, but I've also heard that the little town of Hebron holds two girls.

There is always some girl in the senior class who digs into the college directory and finds some remote place which has never held a Bangor H. S. graduate. This year the credit goes to *Mary Rice* who sought the shelter of Harcum Junior College for the coming year.

Guess what? *Vernon Segal, "Billy" Martin, Paul Kruse, and Curtis Jones*, all '39, are sojourning at Bowdoin. *Curtis* was Editor-in-Chief of the *Oracle* last year, you remember.

W. Merritt Emerson, Jr., who has entered the University of Vermont, is a member of the R. O. T. C. band. He's more than lucky for the band furnishes music at athletic and military functions; he gets to all the games!

Have you congratulated *Polly Perry, '38*, yet? You

ought to, because *Polly* has won another scholarship at Smith. That gal really deserves praise.

In case you didn't read this in the local paper, I'll tell you that the following Bangor High alumni were among the Dean's List students at the University of Maine for the Spring Semester.

<i>Myer Alpert, '36,</i>	<i>Margaret Cromwell, '37,</i>
<i>Helma K. Ebbeson, '36,</i>	<i>Donald Beaton, '38,</i>
<i>Pauline W. Jellison, '36,</i>	<i>Florence Hathaway, '38,</i>
<i>Elnora L. Savage, '36,</i>	<i>Sylvia Rubin, '37,</i>
<i>Billy West, '36,</i>	<i>Peter Skoufis, '37,</i>

Maurice C. Orbeton, Jr., Returns! Tells all to Paul G. Ford!

“MY Virginian room-mate and I refought the Civil War every night,” said Maurice Orbeton when we interviewed him about his recent term spent at the preparatory school for Annapolis naval academy.

“I liked it,” Maurice continued, “even better than I thought I would. We all lived in one “dorm” and we studied, and I mean study in the true sense of the word! There was no play whatsoever for us while there. If I get the appointment I shall leave for Annapolis by Armistice Day to study even more than I did before—if that's possible—for the exams in April.”

“They told me that I had the worst accent of any one with whom they had ever conversed.”

When asked about the food, Maurice said that it was good but added that southern fried chicken isn't what it's cracked up to be.

Questioned as to whether he missed Everett, his twin brother, he nonchalantly remarked that he supposed he did.

He sadly admitted that any dates with the fairer sex were strictly out and he didn't even talk with a girl while there. Woeful to tell! When, by chance, he might see a girl, he thought her to be prettier than the Northern ones. Must be the climate, he analyzed.

In spite of the hard study, the confinement, the strict rules and enforced regulations, he enjoyed himself immensely and far beyond his fondest expectations.

To hear him identify Shakespeare or lines from other famous men of the literary world, we can see very clearly that his comparatively short time there was spent not in playing ping-pong!

We can only wish most sincerely that, aided by his gifts of comprehensiveness and retentiveness, the owner of that ever cheerful countenance and personality—plus, achieves the goal to which he aspires.

WHO'S WHO AMONG THE TEACHERS

RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE FACULTY



Left to right: Mr. Chick, Mr. Lovely, Mr. Nanigian, Mr. Kent

Mr. Moses Nanigian

INTRODUCING to you who have not already met him—"Mose" Nanigian, new head of our athletic department, all-round football and baseball coach, and teacher of geometry. Mr. Nanigian was graduated in 1928 from the University of Maine, where he was captain of the football and baseball teams. Before he came to us, he was head of athletics at Madison High School, and head of the Science and Mathematics Department there. Mr. Nanigian tells us that Isaac Walton is a great favorite of his, and that when it comes to fishing, he takes a back seat to no one.

Mr. Claude Lovely

Mr. Lovely is a recent addition to our mathematics department, being among those who put the freshman algebra students through their paces. Mr. Lovely studied at the University of Maine, graduating from there in 1927. While there he played freshman football and was on the track team four years. We understand that he was a very capable hammer-thrower. Although he is new to us, Mr. Lovely is not new to teaching, having taught several years in Old Town Junior High School. As for hobbies, being an outdoor man, he likes nothing better than hunting and fishing.

Mr. Albert Kent

Mr. Kent, also, came to us from Madison High School, where he had taught since his graduation from Bowdoin in 1935. At Bowdoin he was captain of the 1934 football squad. He comes to Bangor as teacher of economics and as assistant coach of football. That part of his time which is not devoted to correcting papers and telling the football "fellers" what's what is divided between fishing and ping-pong. As assistant to Coach Nanigian, he will of great aid to the school's athletic future.

Mr. Daniel Chick

Mr. Daniel Chick, new freshman teacher of Mechanical Drawing, has spent much of his life thus far in study. Among the institutions from which he has been graduated are: Rutgers University, Western State Normal School, and Wentworth Institute. He is now studying for his master's degree in Education. Before he came to us this year, Mr. Chick taught six years in Houlton Junior and Senior High Schools, and four years in Rockland High School. He tells us that woodworking is his favorite pastime.

SPINNING REEL

HAIL! THE DICTATOR!

BOMBS burst in air over Europe, but about all the dictators will burst over here is movie patrons' sides, when that greatest of all swaggers swaggers once more beneath an Adolf Hitler mustache. We mean none other than the most famous comedian of the twentieth century, Charlie Chaplin. Charlie has come out of exile to make a biting satire on the private life of the world's No. 1 Headache, Feuhrer Adolf Hitler. Maybe this movie won't check Hitler's mighty legions, but it will gross almost enough to keep those mighty legions in coffee and cakes. This satire, which is entitled *The Dictator*, is probably one thing the neurotic chancellor didn't see in the stars. We wonder, however, what would happen to poor Charlie if Hitler's Gestapo caught him in some dark alley. Perhaps Charlie's omnipresent cane would come to his succor.

MOVIES AND THE WAR

Darryl F. Zanuck, Sam Goldwyn, and all the other gold-plated Hollywood magnates are tightening their belts. The so-called Second World War may mean a considerable loss to their not-so-low incomes. Almost forty percent of H-Wood's box income is from the exportation of films to other parts of the globe. Ten percent of this forty percent was Germany's importation of American films. This ten percent is a total loss. England makes most of her own movies, and virtually the only other major power who could get our films without running a blockade is Russia. The Soviet, however, makes ninety-five per cent of its own motion pictures.

If we are dragged into the Second World War, it is likely that our movies will be the most powerful propaganda. Two productions have advanced their release dates since the war broke out. These films are nothing more than propaganda to show American people and America's enemies that the U. S. is prepared for any emergency. The names of these pulse-pounders are *Thunder Afloat* (about our navy), and *20,000 Men* (about the college pilot-training begun by the Civil Aeronautics Authority). Let us hope that the movies will not be used to instill in us hatred of some foreign country and to work up our war fever.

We, the movie patrons, will not get an authentic picture of the European disturbance by means of our newsreels. These newsreels are mere handouts from German and Allied censors. The whole story will not be told until the holocaust has burned into ashes.

Financial Statement, 1938-1939

Income:

Balance	\$501.47
1937-38 Collections	7.42
Subscriptions	541.75
Advertising	786.20
Cuts	387.48
Accounts Receivable	25.50
TOTAL.....	\$2,249.82

Expenditures:

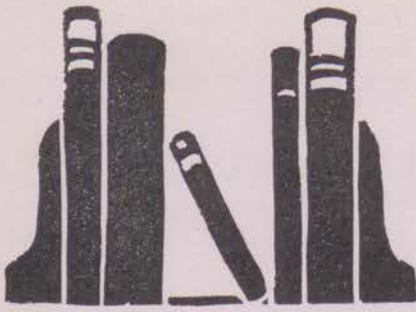
Printing.....	\$1,438.00
Engraving.....	261.54
Advertising.....	10.00
General Expense.....	22.38
TOTAL.....	\$1,731.92
CASH BALANCE.....	\$517.90

Respectfully submitted,

FREDERICK W. PINKHAM,
Financial Advisor, 1938-39

AN IRISHMAN CAPTIVATES HOLLYWOOD

That modest young fellow with the long white beard, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, has at last added the magic of his pen to the immense resources of the motion picture industry. A short time ago, Shaw first condescended to let Hollywood use his *Pygmalion*. The result was one of the outstanding pictures of the year. A new discovery, Wendy Hiller, nearly stole the acting honors of this movie away from one of the best of them all, Leslie Howard. The next product of Shaw's pen to be utilized by H-Wood is *Major Barbara*. If she is able to elude the submarines and cross the Atlantic, Wendy Hiller will portray the title role. Shaw is chuckling with glee, for he has found one phase of literary work in which he is sure he can surpass Bill Shakespeare. He forgets that Bill has already had two plays produced on the silver screen, namely: *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. Bill, however, had better look to his literary laurels.



News From The Book World

WELL, here we go for our first page on books. To begin with, it might be a good idea to state our general policy which is, in short to say precisely what we think about the books we are reviewing. This, perhaps, is a little radical for the *Oracle*, but we'll soon see how it works out.

Insomnia Cure

We just finished reading *Shadows on the Rock* by Willa Cather. An historical novel of Quebec in the days of Frontenac, it presents a clear picture of early colonial life in Canada. It contains several biographical sketches of more or less interesting inhabitants of "The Rock" and many beautiful little panegyrics on various French martyrs and saints, although the principal character is the young daughter of the apothecary. However, although the book has been well received by many, and is the delight of English and history teachers being on both Senior reading lists, we found it, in a word, boring. The plot is of a watery nature and what action there is is all too slow for us. Don't let that stop you from reading it though, because your reactions may be the exact opposites of ours.

Favorite Author

From Willa Cather we jump rather abruptly to a famous Maine writer of best selling novels whom we unhesitatingly classify as our favorite author, no less. We refer of course to Kenneth Roberts of *Arundel* and *Northwest Passage* fame—not to mention his two other chronicles of Arundel and his collection of hilarious essays, all of which have achieved instant popularity. His style is a thing of wonder and, as a portrayer of fascinating characters, terrible hardships and vivid battle scenes, we have never seen him excelled. For those of you who have not as yet read his books, we will describe them here briefly.

Part I of *Northwest Passage* appeared first in serial form in the *Saturday Evening Post* under the title of "Rogers' Rangers." This deals, surprisingly enough, with Rogers' Rangers, a small army of picked men who, under the indomitable colonel Rogers, attacked the Indian town of St. Francis to avenge the atrocities committed on the settlers. The story of how they make

the terrible march through the mucky swamps near the Canadian border, keeping ahead of the French, and fighting off the Indians, wiping out St. Francis, and of the race back against death by starvation, madness, and Indian arrows is one that you will regret finishing. Parts II and III deal mainly with the character decline of Rogers while in London and later while governing a trading outpost on the Great Lakes.

Arundel might almost have been named, *A Defense of Benedict Arnold* because, in the story of the expedition which he led against the French stronghold of Quebec during the French and Indian war, what a great leader and unselfish patriot he was, believe it or not! Characters like "Cap Huff," "Steven Nason" and others make this story unforgettable.

Captain Caution and *Lively Lady*, stories of the privateers in the War of 1812, were reviewed in this column last year, and are books which you will undoubtedly want to read, when you have finished *Arundel* and *Northwest Passage*.

A good book for oral themes or just for downright enjoyment is Roberts' *For Authors Only and Other Gloomy Essays*, in which he discusses, in a most droll fashion some of his pet peeves, such as; English novelists, diets and exercises, Italian workmen, Maine signboards, self appointed golf advisors, etc., etc.

The "Other Half"

The next book we'd recommend your reading is a drab looking volume entitled *Best British Short Stories of 1935*. It contains a rather peculiar type of story which is apt to prove somewhat bewildering at first, mostly because of the uniform lack of plots. Reading a short story of this type is like tuning in on a dramatic radio sketch, listening carefully for a few minutes, and then suddenly dialing it out. Getting at the point of these oddities was rather difficult but at last we concluded that their purpose was to present brief glimpses into the lives of various members of the "other half" in such a way as to set the reader brooding over the injustices of the present social system (or something!).

Well, according to our calculations we are now at the end of the page; so, as our colleague has this page for the December issue, cheerio until February!

Editorial Comment



VOL. XLIX NO. 1

THE ORACLE

OCTOBER 31, 1939

A Blanket Tax Plan for B. H. S.?

BEFORE attempting to make any sort of intelligent discussion of the blanket-tax idea it might be well for us to explain what the blanket-tax is. It is not, as its name might imply, a tax on blankets. It is a system,—employed commonly by colleges and more and more frequently by high schools throughout the country—of making available to students one “blanket” rate covering subscription to all school publications and admission to all athletic functions held by the school.

To make this somewhat clearer, let us say, for example, that a college student pays a blanket tax of \$25. This payment entitles him to receive the college weekly, the yearbook, and other publications; and it also entitles him to admission to all football games, basketball games, baseball games, and other affairs held at the College.

So it is with the high school on a smaller scale. There is also the difference that in many colleges the blanket-tax is a compulsory assessment; whereas in high schools it is merely an optional service offered by the school for the benefit of the students.

If the system were adopted at Bangor High School, it would mean that for the amount of, let us say, four dollars, (This is merely a rough guess; so please don't take it as fact) a student could buy a ticket entitling him to his subscription to the *Oracle*, his locker key, admission into all football, basketball and baseball games held in Bangor and to admission to all dances held at the school.

The advantage of the blanket tax to the students lies in the fact that he saves money by buying admission to all School affairs at a reduced price rather than by buying a separate ticket to each at the regular price.

Though broader in its scope, the blanket tax system is really based on the same principle as the season ticket to football games; that is, admission to six games on six separate tickets costs \$1.50; but admission to six games on a season ticket costs only \$1.00.

This plan has been tried and has worked successfully in high schools all over the country. Whether or not we eventually decide to adopt it here, it is certainly worth our careful consideration. Of course, the decision will depend upon the way in which the idea is received by the student body. We believe that there are a sufficient number of students who would benefit from the plan to warrant its adoption. What do you think?

The Oracle Goes to Press

IT takes about four or five weeks for us to put out one issue of the *Oracle*. It is a big job, bigger than most of you realize. Barring the unforeseen complications which inevitably arise in the process of getting out each issue, the theoretical procedure is somewhat as follows:

First of all, the editor and the faculty adviser plan the tentative size of the magazine, deciding the number of pages to be allotted to each section of the issue, literary columns, special features, and ads.

Then a board meeting is held. Each member of the board is told the amount of space for which he is responsible in the coming number, this amount being approximate rather than exact, and the deadline for all material including cover designs, is hopefully stated. At the meeting all phases of the magazine are discussed, and ideas, criticisms, and suggestions of every sort are considered.

Following the board meeting there is an interval of apparent inactivity for two weeks until the deadline nears, and material begins to come in. Then the literary editors begin their frenzied search for stories, the artists put finishing touches on what they hope will be the next *Oracle* cover, the columnists hectically dash off their works of art, and the righteously pessimistic business staff begin to pester, harass, and dog the heels of, the righteously pessimistic businessmen of our fair city.

(Please turn to page thirty)

Where's Our School Spirit?

Now look here, fellas and girls, I'd like to know how long this has been going on. This lack of school spirit, I mean. Being just a "frosh", I don't know much about Bangor High, but I have noticed the handful of students that turn out for the games.

Why not look at this from the team's point of view. When a fellow plays hard and makes a touchdown, what does he get? Some rather feeble cheers from the few students in attendance. If more students were in attendance and each one gave a lusty cheer when a touchdown is made what a feeling it would give the player who makes the goal!

Our team works hard to win the games, and if they do win, what reward do they get? Think, now. Yes, you're right. They get a swell write-up in the paper and some cheers and pats on the back. But where are the victory marches with the band playing, students marching, cheering, singing, cars honking their horns, and general praise-making? Answer: nobody seems interested in anything like that so, the parade just doesn't exist.

Yes, yes, I know. We can't all have the price of admission for every game, but a good many of us can go to several of them anyway. Save up on candy, soda, and movie money or something, and show some school spirit!

Come and see our football, track, and basketball teams do their stuff. They're working hard for dear old Bangor High; why can't we show them we love it, too, and that we admire them for doing it? Don't forget our cheerleaders. They're trying their best to cheer the team on. Let's give them a little cooperation.

Come on, fellas and girls, let's go to the games!

—A Freshman.

1879—CHARLES E. HOLYOKE—1939

In the death of Mr. Charles E. Holyoke, the City of Bangor and the High School of Bangor have suffered an immeasurable loss. Born of one of the pioneer families of Brewer—his ancestor the builders of the first frame house of Brewer—he was a true son of his fathers. Their bravery, their endurance, their executive ability, their keen mentality, their humanness were his also. His sure knowledge of his subject, his eagerness to help, his friendliness for those under his instruction will leave an impression that can never fade.

His talents, moreover, were freely spent in the service of his own home city. He earlier taught in Brewer High School, and served as an alderman in the City Council with distinguished ability.

His untimely death, after years of physical frailty met with unflinching courage, is a distinct blow to all who knew him.

Public Affairs at Home and Abroad

1. The Umbrella Man of Europe is Neville Henderson—Neville Chamberlain—Anthony Eden.

2. The Delai Lama is the ruler of Tibet—Rhan-goon—Nepal—Afghanistan.

3. The price of a gallon of gasoline in Italy today is 10c—\$9.00—95c—\$1.25.

4. The opponents of the repeal of the embargo are, Borah, Hull, Farley—Borah, Nye, Vandenberg—Borah, Nye, Pittman.

5. The cash and carry plan provides that America may take goods to Europe for cash—belligerent ships may come here and pay cash—America may sell goods for part cash and part credit.

6. Bessarabia formerly belonged to Russia—Bulgaria—Turkey—Rumania.

7. Danzig was formally a part of Russia—Poland—Germany.

8. Although Germans claim that their planes are the best, they are beaten because they use synthetic gasoline—German pilots can't fly—they are always outnumbered.

9. The number of British troops in France is estimated at 5,000,000—800,000—150,000—1,500,000.

10. The New York Yankees won their fourth straight championship by beating Cincinnati Reds—Boston Red Sox—St. Louis Cardinals.

11. The biggest mystery of the present European war is what ails Hitler—who's going to win—who has the button.

12. John Bapst hasn't scored against Bangor High in football since 1933—1936—1919—1931.

13. The Seigfried line is a clothes line on the French border—a famous line of the world war—a series of German fortifications.

14. King Carol is the ruler of Prussia—Yugoslavia—Bulgaria—Rumania.

15. Polish soldiers held out against an overwhelming German force at Lilow-Lodz-Westerplatze.

16. The commander of the Allied forces is Pershing—Gort—Foch—Gamelin.

17. A rumor recently circulated in Berlin claimed that Britain was in a state of revolution—King George VI had abdicated—the United States had entered the war.

18. Lombard street is London's commercial center—its money market—its Fifth Avenue.

19. What was formerly Austria is now Germany—Ostmark—Prussia—Anschluss.

20. The First Lord of the British Admiralty is the Duke of Windsor—Anthony Eden—Winston Churchill.

(answers on page thirty)

The Record of the Rams



WELL, here we are back to school and so another football season. This year we welcome a new coach and his assistant, Mose Nanigian and Al Kent, who have come to us from Madison High School. We are sure we can expect a great deal from them.

On the first of September, about forty boys reported at Mary Snow field. The first few days new plays were learned, and then blocking and tackling were perfected—intermingled with a few days of scrimmage. A few of those back from last year include Capt. Phil Higgins, Garland Strang, Brian Mooers, and Bill Moran. Windy Work and Bud Mullins look strong in the backfield along with Moose Murdock and Bob Emerson at the end positions.

This year the Athletic Department has purchased new equipment including shoulder pads, shoes, helmets, and rib padding. Although some of the players are inexperienced, this condition will wear off after a few games.

BANGOR vs. BREWER

With the thermometer up to 108, Bangor and Brewer battled it out at Brewer before a capacity crowd. The game started in a deadlock in center field. Near the end of the first period Dick Morse dropped back to kick and hoisted the ball about forty yards down the field. There resulted a tussle between the Ram ends and the Witch safety man as to who would recover the ball. After a moment, Bob Emerson emerged with it, but on the next play a Bangor fumble gave the ball to Brewer. The Witches then unleashed a drive that ended on the Bangor ten. There the assault was halted and the ball went to Bangor on downs.

In the second period Bangor made a bid for a score. Burleigh Carson faded and whipped a pass to Hal Littlefield. Hal grabbed the ball in the midst of three Brewer players and raced for the goal but was tripped on the nine yard line. Two more plays saw Bangor still nearer the goal but on the next play the Rams fumbled and Brewer recovered behind the goal line.

In the final period Brewer intercepted a Ram pass. A

line-buck and a lateral landed the ball on the Bangor six. The Rams held for one down, but Morrison ran around right end for a tally. Sprague kicked the extra point. Bangor 0, Brewer 7.

BANGOR 12; WATERVILLE 6

Showing do or die spirit, Bangor came from behind to win their first game of the season. The Rams showed what they really could do once they got started.

Waterville scored first after a scorching offensive that defied the efforts of Phil Higgins and his teammates. It was a deep reverse from Rancourt to Rancourt that started the drive. Bangor held for two downs and then Rancourt charged through the line for a score. The attempt to convert failed.

But if that was supposed to quell the spirits of the Rams, somebody was sorely mistaken for after a brief sparring in midfield, although stopped on her own forty-yard line, Bangor suddenly came to life. Dick Morse—on a kick formation—dropped back and drove a pass to Windy Work, who roared toward the goal. The alert Waterville safety man stopped him on the Waterville ten, but on the next play, Windy handed the ball to Bud Mullins who raced around right end and dove over the Waterville safety man for a touchdown. The attempted point failed.

The second Bangor touchdown came when Windy gained about fifteen yards from the Waterville twenty. After a time out for Windy to regain his wind, he plunged over the line and clinched the game.

The game ended with the ball in Bangor's possession after Brian Mooers had intercepted a Waterville pass. Although he didn't play all the game, he showed his stuff on the offensive and on the defensive by some great tackling in there. Like the Mounties, he "always gets his man." Outstanding were Windy Work and Bud Mullins, hard hitting backfield men, and Dick Morse, whose coolness is something to be marveled at.

BANGOR 14; RUMFORD 0

In the second period Bangor really started going.

With Dick Morse calling the signals with rare good judgment, the Rams hammered their way to the Rumford 31. From there Windy Work, on a reverse, broke clear and ran fifteen thundering yards before he was brought down. Bud Mullins gained more yardage on two power plays. Then Windy crashed through the line and outraced the Rumford safety man to the corner for the tally. Dick Morse kicked the extra point, the ball hitting the crossbar and then bouncing over.

In the last quarter Bangor again scored. From the Rumford 32 yard mark Windy tore around end for ten yards. Mullin almost made it on the next down when he crashed to the two yard line. Work scored on a center buck. The kick for the extra point was blocked, but Windy grabbed the pigskin and burned over the goal.

Mullins has showed that he is a great runner by continually gaining yardage. The Bangor line opened great holes in the opposition. When Dick Morse has to tackle he really hits. You can hear the impact all over the field. Watch Moose Murdock mow down the offensive interference when they come around his end. Colman pulled a spectacular play when he intercepted a Rumford pass and then lateralled to Windy.

BANGOR 18; JOHN BAPST 0

Another victory for Bangor, the third straight. Playing at the Mary Snow dust bowl the Rams scored three times in the last seven minutes of play. For three periods it looked like a scoreless tie and the fans were getting anxious. But then the Rams struck. In mid-field, Dick Morse faded back and tossed a pass to Bud Mullins for a gain of ten yards. Then Dick took the ball himself and crashed through for ten more yards. Here Bapst took time out to get settled, but the drive was on, and in the next play Dick hurled a beautiful pass to Burleigh Carson who sprinted thirty yards for the first tally. Dauphinee's attempted kick for a goal was out of line.

The second touchdown came when Minor, Bangor right tackle, recovered a punt which Bapst had fumbled on their own 25 yard line. A forward to Bob Emerson thrown by Dick Morse picked up fifteen yards more. Two more tries by Carson landed the ball on the Bapst six, and then he crashed through to score. The attempted point failed. Bangor 12; Bapst 0.

But that wasn't all the scoring. An exchange of kicks landed the ball on the Purple 35. Then a fifteen yard penalty brought it still nearer the goal. From there Dick Morse again faded back and nonchalantly whipped the ball to Windy Work. Windy then scored his fourth touchdown for the season. The game ended

with Bangor on the Bapst 3 yard marker.

Phil Higgins played his usual brilliant game, stopping many a Purple drive, as did Bob Emerson and Hal Littlefield. Bob was down under the punts to stop his man time and time again, while Hal threw the Dowdmen for numerous losses. Hats off to Dick Morse who threw eight passes of which six were completed. This is a truly marvelous percentage. Windy's hard driving plunges gained consistently. If the spirit which was present at this Bapst game keeps up, we are sure that the Rams will win most of their games from now on.

BANGOR 7; WINSLOW 0

BANGOR 19; CONY 0

Girls' Athletics

DON'T be surprised if you are passing Linden Field one of these days and see a group of girls racing around, slinging sticks, or even chanting, "ground, stick; ground, stick; ground, stick;" because it's just the Bangor High School girls putting their hearts into a game of hockey.

The girls are supervised by Miss McGuire and each team is coached by a girl from the Honor Council. The seniors are coached by Frannie Roberts and Lois Vincent; the juniors by Ruthie Carlisle, Barb Clement, and Betty Day; and the sophomores by Marie Hilton, Natalie Costrell, and Lois Hardison.

Many of last year's players have turned out for the senior and junior teams. The new recruits making up the sophomore team show great hopes.

Come one, come all to Linden Field to see the thrilling games to be played by the seniors, juniors, and sophomores, all battling for the championship.

Girls' Athletic Honor Council

The officers of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council this year are Frances Roberts, President; Ruth Carlisle, Secretary; and Betty Day, Treasurer.

Again this year the Council will be in charge of the candy booth at the football games. The girls will also conduct the freshman gym classes and coach hockey, and basketball.

The girls in the council are Frances Roberts, Ruth Carlisle, Lois Vincent, Betty Day, Barbara Clement, Natalie Costrell, Marie Hilton, Louine Kimball, Marion Connors, Florence Prusaitis, and Lois Hardison.

Outside The Classroom



Assemblies

The assemblies started off the year, as is the custom, with a very enjoyable program presented by the *Oracle* Board under the supervision of Miss Fraser, the faculty advisor. After the entire staff had been presented to the student body, a not-very-original melodrama, "West Lynne", written by Kendall Cole, the editor-in-chief of the *Oracle*, was given by members of the Board, and it advertised in a humorous manner the merits of the magazine. John Woodcock, a member of the business staff, outlined the subscription drive.

At the second assembly, Principal Chaplin gave a very inspiring talk on school spirit, and stated that there is to be only one assembly a week, on Friday, and that all announcements will hereafter be given in home rooms instead of in assembly, as was formerly the case.

The third assembly, immediately preceding the Bapst game, featured the presentation of the football squad with Robert Thompson as master of ceremonies. Mose Nanigian and Al Kent, Bangor's new gridiron mentors, spoke briefly, as did the members of the team. A rally led by the new cheerleaders, with Evelyn Rice in charge, was received with great enthusiasm by the student body.

On Friday, October 13, Dean Connor was in charge of the assembly and presented moving pictures in color of her trip through the Canadian Rockies. The pictures, which were explained by Miss Connor in a scene-by-scene description, were thoroughly enjoyed by the entire school because of the picturesque beauty of the magnificent country photographed.

Homec Club

A week-end house party at Horseshoe Creek Camp, Cape Rosier, saw the beginning of what is hoped will be a really successful year for the Homec Club. The senior girls in the club were entertained by the faculty advisors, Miss Crosby and Miss Lutz. The group left Bangor Saturday and returned home again Sunday evening, one of the features of the party being a much enjoyed moonlight bonfire picnic. The first regular meeting of the club was held on Friday, October 6.

Latin Club

The Latin Club held its first meeting under favorable auspices, on September 18th. Forty-eight club members from the junior and senior classes were present. Mrs. Cumming presided and spoke briefly on the aims and objectives of the Latin Club, its achievements and failures in the past and its hopes for the future. Balfour Golden, the silver-tongued Cicero of the senior class, delivered an oration in true Roman fashion on the topic, "Does Bangor High School Need A Latin Club?" To impart true classical "atmosphere", Mr. Golden had his notes written not on arithmetic paper, but on a diminutive scroll. As is usual with the utterances of this gentleman, his speech was a fine blending of humor and seriousness. "Latin without the Latin Club," declared Mr. Golden, "is like a pill without the water to wash it down."

Joan Kirkpatrick and Charles Jellison spoke in a serious vein on the same subject. Some discussion on the part of various club members followed. All were of the opinion, that, to play a real part in the life of the school, the club must offer serious programs as well as its usual social events, commemorating ancient Roman holidays.

Members from the class of 1940 will have charge of the October meeting, and will have a topic that is interesting and timely, "The New Deal in Old Rome" modern problems in the ancient world, and how they were met.

The juniors will sponsor the November meeting. In December comes the Saturnalia, when the Latin Club forgets its age and dignity and runs riot. However, before that, we hope, come the sophomores. Alas! to be admitted each one must bear the laurel wreath of victory, a first-quarter B.

The following slate of officers was duly elected and will be installed *more Romano* at the October meeting:

Consuls—Giulio Barbero, Charles Jellison

Praetor—Daniel Orr

Quaestor—Frances Roberts

Tribunes—Barbara Foley, Raymond Jones

Aediles—Paul Ford, Richard Eaton, Dorothy Havey, Alla Lee Jorgenson

Curator—Robert McFarland

Public Affairs Club

The first meeting of the Public Affairs Club took place on Monday, September 18, under the supervision of Miss Cousins.

The main business at this opening meeting was the election of officers. The long arm of coincidence reached into the ballot box and drew forth the following as officers: Paul Ford, President; Ruth Carlisle, Vice-President; Balfour Golden, Secretary; and Marie Hilton, Treasurer.

Following this, the newly elected officers delivered short extemporaneous speeches, ranging from six to twenty words in length, with the exception of Mr. Ford's, which contained thirty-one words.

At the second meeting the following program was presented:

The Present Neutrality Law—John Woodcock.

Arguments against amending—John Johnstone.

Arguments for amending—Barbara Foley.

Senator W. E. Borah—Balfour Golden.

The Atlantic Monthly—Sumner Chalmers.

Following is the completed schedule of the year's programs:

November 8—**Henry Street Settlement**

Lucille Epstein, Miriam Golden

Senator Vandenberg—Joseph Chaplin

Business Week—Mary Floros

December 13—**Propaganda**

Frances Roberts, Richard Fellows, Betty Day, Herbert Travis

Senator Lodge—Jack Campbell

Time—Dorothy Braidy

January 10—**Problems of Congress**

Edward Babcock, Barbara Scribner, Phyllis Fletcher, Malcolm Hardy

Secretary of State Cordell Hull—William Fellows

Harpers—Marise Reaviel

February 14—**Washington As I Saw it**

Frederick Stetson

March 13—**Relations With Latin America**

Paul Ford, Marie Hilton, Ruth Carlisle, James Hastings.

Thomas Dewey—Thomas Gleason

Colliers—Carol Taylor

April 10—**A Study of Commentators**

Robert Hanson, Robert Leavitt, Sidney Chaison, Doris Ayer,

Senator Carter Glass—Marion Connors

Reader's Digest—Raymond Jones

My 8—**Social Security**

Audrey Hogan, Frances Johnson, Robert Petterson, Joseph Chaplin.

Paul McNutt—Virginia Lake

Saturday Evening Post—Betty O'Connell

Commercial Club

On Tuesday, September 26, the Commercial Club met for the election of officers. Those elected were Harvard Weatherbee, president; Marie Zoidis, vice-president; Helen Gruber, secretary; Eben Stinchfield, treasurer; Dorothy Hart, social chairman; Carolyn Fernald, program chairman; and Phyllis Fletcher, business manager. Although no definite plans have been made for programs yet, a tentative schedule was discussed for what is intended to be a very useful year. We are sure that all juniors and seniors who take commercial subjects and are interested will find this club helpful as well as entertaining.

Debate Club

The Bangor High School Debate Club this year celebrates its tenth anniversary under the present set-up. A gala season in all departments—debating, social, and cultural—is expected. Meeting Thursday, September 7, the first week of school, members, now 135 strong, elected Kendall Cole as president, with Dorothy Braidy, vice-president, Barbara Perry, secretary, and Betty Day, corresponding secretary. All four are members of the senior class.

Starting the season by smashing all previous records, members under the chairmanship of Nicholas Brountas, Alfred Keith, Phyllis Lipsky, and Betty West, on Monday, September 25, chalked up an \$86 profit on the annual candy sale held at the time of the teachers' convention. Virtually every member of the Club furnished candy, and a long committee list sold it. High-scorer for the day was Doris Ayer, with Marion Connors, Gretchen Carver, Marie Duffy, Margaret Carlisle, Eleanor Goodwin, and Catherine Taylor also among the topnotchers.

Next in order of events looked forward to at the present writing—although some of them may have transpired by the time it gets into print—is participation in the school broadcast on October 22, when chosen debaters will discuss the question of federal participation in education.

Plans are underway for an interstate debate with Lawrence High of Lawrence, Massachusetts, the first week in November. The local crew will journey westward for a return match shortly after that.

The Club is scheduled to vote soon on an outstanding attraction to bring to Bangor audiences in November. At present, there is some talk of calling back the Shakespeare Players, whose last local appearance was four years ago. This group presents several of the

(Please turn to page twenty-seven)

PASSING IN REVIEW

SUZANNE GIDDINGS

"Sukey", our little dark haired senior, just dotes on "cokes", goes for anything with hamburg in it, and thinks spinach is horrid—my, my—what would Popeye say? Listening to the radio and going to the movies (to see Bette Davis and Charles Boyer) are only two of "Sukey's" delights in life. Algebra happens to be one of her biggest headaches, but chemistry and French make up for that. Basketball, hockey, and riding take up much of her time, but she reserves every Saturday afternoon for football games.

JOSEPH CHAPLIN, JR.

Here we have one of the more versatile members of the junior class, whom we finally caught up with figuring out stress and strain in physics class. Joe spends most of his summer at Grand Lake, but now and then skips out after taps at Camp Roosevelt. Tearing up the lake in his outboard and swimming occupy most of his vacation. However, at school, Joe enjoys any sort of math and eats up military science. Being in the Chess, Latin, and Public Affairs Clubs, as well as thoroughly enjoying any sport, keeps Joe busy in his spare time.

MARY FARRAR

Lobsters are the chief delight of this fair-haired sophomore, but she will eat almost everything. Skiing takes up most of her time in winter, and swimming takes up most of it in summer, although she does play a little archery, basketball, and hockey. Mary would like to drive a car, but as yet hasn't quite succeeded. Deanna Durbin and Mickey Rooney hold her attention when they're in town, and she just loves sitting through one of their movies two or three times. Mary summers at Nartarswi, and just adores Italian sandwiches. She doesn't know what she wants to do in the future but she'd like to go to Westbrook Junior College. Oh, by the way, she also likes to write poems—isn't that just too, too romantic?

GILBERT O'CONNELL

In this corner we have that worthy freshman who burned up the floor at the freshman hop. He is a chocolate milk fiend named Gilbert O'Connell. Gil is apt to be found anywhere along the coast from Kennebunk to Halifax during the summer. During this time he enjoys swimming, (salt water), and tennis. He's a swell swinger on the clarinet, (all classical), and is another reason why Bangor High should have some ping pong tables. Gil's a good prospect for the ski team and can be found any day this winter clearing trails on Bald Mountain.

RICHARD MORSE

"Get that quarterback" is Dick's motto on the football field, because in his own words, "He might outguess me on the next play." However, Dick is seldom outguessed in any sport including football, basketball, and baseball. The one great question in his mind is the real reason for Isabella's undying support of Columbus; and, incidently, he has the whole history class baffled now. Although he doesn't enjoy dancing, he appreciates good swing music, and we hear that he's pretty good on the springy end of a diving board. For general information, Dick got in shape for football as lineman for the Bangor Hydro Electric Company last summer.

DOROTHY HILL

The girl who likes everything (including geometry) except beans is none other than Dottie Hill of our famous and renowned junior class. Movies give Dottie a big thrill, and Loretta Young and Tyrone Power—well, I can't quite describe it, but Dottie just rolled her eyes and heaved a high sigh.—Benny Goodman keeps Dottie in good humor, and she tells me—her mother lets her stay up an hour later Saturday night to listen to the Hit Parade. Dottie wouldn't tell me what she has chosen for a career, but she confidentially revealed to me that she wants to go to Simmons—for a week-end.

GEORGE CHALMERS

Presented above is the dashing cross country man of the sophomore class. You probably knew by the smile that it was George Chalmers. George serves as champion sculpin catcher of Sandy Point during the summer and is much occupied with that duty most of the time. During his spare time he enjoys all sports, and we learned on good authority that he is an excellent ping ponger. George belongs to the Debate Club and is out for the cross country team, which he hopes will improve his dancing. The Latin Club is his goal this year (pending the approval of Caesar), and he should receive a warm welcome on the tennis team.

BETTY HIGGINS

If you happen to see a freshman running around the corridors in the afternoon with her arms loaded with books and a big grin on—well, that's Betty Higgins. Betty hails from dear old Hannibal Hamlin and spends her summers at Camp Natarswi. She just lives to skate, swim, play basketball, and ski, and she's contented any day if she's listening to Lanny Ross. Her heart-throb happens to be Tyrone Power—in case you boys are interested. Another radio fan, Betty loves to listen to Orsen Wells, and Charlie McCarthy. She'd like to go to Mount Holyoke College although she hasn't yet chosen a career.





Dots and Dashes

Around the Radio Dial

IN the good old summer time which just passed, there were 28,000,000 radios in homes in the United States—a new high mark. And, furthermore, there were 6,000,000 radios entertaining and educating the automobile drivers.

The big hit during 1939 has been the many portables in all the gay colors, many of which are designed for the traveler, who goes in for matched luggage.

Yes, radios are selling at the rate of about 42,000 a day. And researches made by the major networks show that Mr. and Mrs. America has his or her radio turned on four hours and 18 minutes a day. It was also discovered that 76.8 percent of all radio homes were listening to radio at some time each day.

Just to prove radios are as necessary as the kitchen sink, radio men cite figures to show that, even in vacation time, less than 2 percent of the radio owners are without a radio in any two week period.

RADIO'S NEWS DAY NUMBER 1.

Since the start of the European war, radios have become more popular and necessary than ever. The most stupendous day of all time for radio listeners came Sunday, September 3. Then, they heard, in rifleshot sequence, these world shaking events:

1. Declaration of war against Germany.
2. Address by the King of England.
3. Speech by Prime Minister Chamberlain.
4. Speech by President Franklin D. Roosevelt.
5. Speech by Premier King of Canada.
6. News of the sinking of the *Athenia*.

From that calamitous day, radio men have worked night and day to bring listeners the latest ultimatums, propaganda blasts, surrenders, battles in progress—and all the bloody trappings of war!

The three large radio chains, the National Broadcasting Company (NBC), the Mutual Broadcasting (MBS) and the Columbia Broadcasting System (CBS) have spared no expense nor effort to offer the best possible coverage of the European situation. And these

programs are mighty expensive. For instance, it cost NBC \$75,000 in 19 days to broadcast news of the Munich crisis last year.

The voices of Edward Murrow, (CBS), from London; Thomas Grandin, (CBS), from Paris; William Shirer, (CBS), Berlin, Frederic Bate, (NBC), from London; Paul Archinard, (NBC), Paris; and Baukhage, (NBC), Berlin, have become familiar to radio listeners all over the country. Likewise, such famous New York commentators as Edwin C. Hill, (CBS); Elmer Davis (CBS); H. V. Kaltenborn, (CBS); Dorothy Thompson, (NBC); John Gunther and Max Jordan, (both NBC), are the eyes and ears of America. Our decision—war or peace—will be made largely upon their observation. By objective reporting, they can—and MUST—keep the U. S. out of war.

And now let's turn to the lighter side of radio as a new and greater radio season gets underway with scores of new programs scheduled for fall and winter listening pleasure.

IT'S ALEC TEMPLETON TIME

The first in the new series of *Alec Templeton Time* was launched September 25 at 9.30 p. m. (EST) over the red NBC network. On this great program, sponsored by Alka-Seltzer, Mr. Templeton, the famous blind pianist, is featured with a choral group directed by William Miller, and a string orchestra with guest stars. It is heard over WLBZ, locally.

TEXACO STAR THEATRE

Star-studded entertainment with a host of stars of the screen and stage appears on the *Texaco Star Theatre*, an hour CBS show which really is two shows in one. The first half of the program comes from Hollywood with Kenny Baker, Frances Langford, David Broekman's orchestra. Jimmy Wallington, and the genial master-of-ceremonies, Ken Murray.

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Who's Where and Why



WE are aware of the fact that we have a pagan in our midst, for one of the *Orbeton* twins, (who isn't his brother) seems to be holding *Alla(h)* in very high esteem! It might be well for *Richard Eaton* to start reading the old *Alley Oop* comic strips (if he can digest such heavy reading) so that he'll have at least a faint idea of what's being talked about in the second book of the *Aeneid*. Speaking about Latin class, the piety of Aeneas was *nothing* compared to that of *Danny Orr* for he has shown us—that *he*, alone, knows the Scriptures. Speaking of Latin, it is reported that the other day the teacher asked *Wayne Thurston* what *nescio* meant, and he, without any hesitation, answered, "I don't know." To this, the astonished teacher could only reply, "Correct, Mr. Thurston, correct."

It has been rumored that *Mary Bickford* likes to get her fountain service at the Post Office pharmacy. Of course, you know that the reason is that the service is more prompt—Yes, of course!

Once again we have in our school a brilliant young freshman who has proved himself an excellent orator of high degree, a second "little boy with a big voice," who promises to be a future debate king. 'Tis none other than Benny Goodman's rival, *Donald Hathorn*. Mentioning celebrities' rivals, Gene Kruper's great rival, *Bob Blake*, has at long last bought himself a new car. It seems he went into the garage one morning and found his old one a heap of junk on the floor! When he yet had his old car, he said to his girl, "I've had this car four years and never had a wreck." To this, she replied, "You mean, Bob, that you've had that wreck four years and never had a car!"

Some fair young damsel of our school remarked the other day that if our dear editor had some fuzz on him he'd make a good pipe cleaner!

Pauly Holden seems to derive a vast amount of pleasure in witnessing John Bapst practice. Undoubtedly it is so that she may, from observation, prophecy the score between Bangor and Bapst—yes, without doubt!

We learn that *George McLean*, who, in truth, does his "trig" on a Ouija board, was not lacking in company during his recent confinement as long as *Janet Stevens* was able to walk over and call. Marvelous to tell!

The weather that *Elaine Russell* likes best seems to be rather "Windy" but in the end it all amounts to a lot of "Work."

As long as *Eleanor Griffin* is at large, *Hokum* will be ancient history when it is printed. It has been appropriately suggested that some kind-hearted soul buy the girl a town crier bell! *Naomi Pomeroy*, who told Mr. Legere in class one day that a *jackal* was a *bird*, has taken quite a fancy to horse back riding. It is true, without doubt, that if the riding master were not so handsome, that Naomi would have a different sport.

We've been wondering of late where *Ruth Carlisle* ever obtained that love-light which shone in her eyes during that *love(???)* scene of our assembly. Possibly, from Mr. Woodcock but we doubt it, for *his* interests seem to be at Bar Harbor—don't take me wrong for he goes there merely to view the scenery. . . as does *Edward Babcock*, the old rogue!

No one was ever more embarrassed than one *Balfour Henry Golden* the time he—by mistake of course—attended the movie entitled, *The Women* and a member of our faculty saw and recognized him. How do I know this to be true? Well. . . er. . . that is. . . I. . . well, we won't go into that now! eh, heh! Speaking of Balfour, his singing reminds one of an extemporaneous speech because no notes are used.

Poor *John Follett* is between two fires. He doesn't know whether to give *Margaret Langley* or *Phyllis Casey* the pleasure of his companionship. (I see where I'm going to be real popular after about five more of these *Hokums* have been published!)

'Tis said that *Ruth Blake's* favorite song is, "A Rambling Wreck from Veazie Tech" (Observe that she's altered the title as has she the "wreck") Keep up the good work in football, *Burley*, for *Claire* will be there to root you on, won't you, *Claire*? Yes, I thought you would!!!

Dick Morse is mighty generous with other folks' phone bills when he desires to call Millinocket!

The eternal triangle, today, has at its vertex (I learned that term in 305) *Billy Morin*. 'Tis rumored that *June Trembley* and *Lilly Caruso* are at the two base angles. From all reports, it is an equilateral triangle!

It seems *Bill Fellows* has quite a love for nature for this summer, he frequented *Camp Natarswi* to view the *Hill(s)*. Speaking of *Natarswi*, *John Brookings* camped outside of it all one night. Who do you suppose there was—or is—that was worth such an ordeal?

The other day *Betty O'Connell* nonchalantly drove into a Socony station and demanded a Gulf "funny" and was very indignant to learn that there were none there. Strange!

After *Bud Mullins* made that touchdown at the Waterville game, *Virginia Thorpe* decided she liked football better than ever! "Ah *L'amour, L'amour.*"

Have you seen two *Everett Orbetons* running around lately? No, you're not seeing double, for *Everett's* twin, *Maurice*, or rather, "Fuzz", has returned. Therefore, it behooves each and every one of us to make sure with which one we are speaking lest we condemn the innocent (???) *Maurice* for some of his nefarious brother's late escapades.

By the by, have you noticed the round of feminine escorts that *John Johnstone* always has? Perchance he'll let us in on the secret of his famed popularity.

Did you notice *Moses Garland's* trousers the other morning? It seems he backed up against a steam pipe in 201! That is what is known as burning your britches behind you! Horrible to see!!!

If you are desirous of a moment of merriment, you ought to step into 114 the first period after recess before Mr. Legere has arrived. It sounds like a Chinese lunatic asylum with *Lucy Leavitt*, *Dorothy Murch*, and *Eleanor Griffin* wagging their tongues half out of their heads. Of course they're the last ones to carry anything but, had it not been for them, *Hokum* would have been rather thin—in material I mean!

Auf Wiedersehn, my. . . friends(???????)

Editor's Note: The charms of a certain freshman lassy whose name, we have learned from our trusted spies and mercenaries, is *Peggy* and whose address is 17 Catell Street—ahem, ahem—attracted the earnest admiration and attention of a certain gossip columnist of a B. H. S. publication. Question: Who is he, and why isn't the fact mentioned in *Hokum*?

Wise And Otherwise

by Anon E. Muss

WHAT senior Oracle typist just loves to dance to the music of the Fenton Bros.? It couldn't be that some big football hero from Maine goes there, could it, *Helen*?

While I am talking about *Helens*, a tip to *Miss Smith*. Someone else thinks that *Teddy* is just too, too divine. Don't ya, *Natalie*? Hold tight, *Helen*!

When Mrs. Carroll asked what "*Amor vincit omnia*"

meant, Norman McNaughton ups and tells her that it means "Love Conquers All." How do you know, *Norman*? You've been holding out. Since I'm on the love element, I want to bring forth a complaint. If you love birds, (Phil-oomph girl and Neil), *must* converse, please don't block traffic at the head of the stairs.

John Bapst students have been migrating down to good old Bangor High. Among them is one dashing boy in Room 309. Have you seen him, girls? Not bad, eh what? Marie thinks so *Mor(an)* more each day!

What has Maine School got that Bangor hasn't, *Virginia*? Why not give the Bangor boys a chance? How can you be so cruel?

Nothing like a good hike in the open air, is there *Gassy* and *Conners*? Note: They rode all the way.

Tookie Peterson's head is swimming these days because of some charming Miss. Can we blame him?

We hear *Kay Fernald* is a daily occupant in a cute jalopy called "Josephine." Whose is it, or am I being too personal?

"All roads lead to Orono" so say *Carol*, *Jerry*, and *Dot*. What's the attraction, girls? It couldn't be that bee-yoo-tiful convertible, could it?

That dreamy look in *Jane's* eyes is for a "Violette" that blooms over at John Bapst—some bud!

What petite sophomore goes for "Knox" in a big way? . . . Mimi just dotes on "*Barnes*". Hey! Hey! . . . It's still Millinocket, isn't it, *Bob*? Uh-huh! . . . We hear that the Seminary is giving us some stiff competition.

Zelda has trouble keeping her blood pressure down every time a certain gentleman looks her way. It's a standing joke. For particulars, ask *Dottie Hart*.

THE R. O. T. C.

(continued from page nine)

Now these movements are eliminated by merely giving "Right Face" or "Left Face" and then "Forward March," whereupon the squad marches off in single file. Of course it is impossible to mention all of the changes, but we have brought out those in which we thought you would be most interested.

The new M1 Rifle, better known to you as the "Garand Rifle," fits in very nicely with the reorganization; and, although the squad is decreased, the efficiency and firing power is increased with the use of this new rifle. Since the Regular Army and National Guard must be supplied with M1 Rifles first, it will undoubtedly be some time before any reach Bangor High School.

Every student should be sincerely interested in the R. O. T. C., which is a great asset to Bangor High School. It is regarded by most of us as indispensable, and its efficiency in administration and operation should be a source of pride.

ACTIVITIES

(continued from page twenty-two)

plays taught during the high school course and in their two previous appearances attracted good crowds and won high critical praise.

Coaches this year will be changed in two respects. Mr. Prescott, now in his tenth year at the school, will continue in charge of all activity and as coach of varsity debate. Miss McLaughlin, whose success last year, her first, with the Snapdragons was outstanding, will this season lead the afternoon boys' club. Miss Alice Bocquel will be assistant coach and will pilot the Snapdragons this season, Mr. O'Connor leaving the debate staff to devote his entire time to building the increasingly prominent track activities of the school.

The Glee Clubs

The Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs are larger than ever this year, a sure sign of more interest and more talent. Mrs. Huey has unusual things planned, such as the inauguration of class voice-lessons during the glee club hour. The Glee Clubs will appear first, this year, in the Assembly Hall, in a Christmas program entitled *The Cathedral Hour*, Dec. 15.

Orchestra

The Bangor High School Orchestra, under the able direction of Prof. Adelbert Sprague, has a large enrollment this year. The following students have turned out for the orchestra:

Flute, Alvin Morris; Clarinet, Ruth Blake, Leon Higgins, Robert Hill, Everett Orbeton, Alfred Perry, Barry Wiseman; Saxophone, Betty Brown, Ruth Fletcher, Alice White; Trumpet, Jack Campbell, Barbara Clement, Charles Jellison, John Johnstone, George Lougee; Tympani and Percussion, Raymond Blake, Cary Cotton, Bertha Simpson; Piano, Mary Bickford, Arline Merrill, Dorothy Murch, Janet Stevens, Phyllis Sweet, Jean Weatherbee; First violin, Dallas Bubar, Margaret Burrill, Natalie Costrell, Ruth Duran, Dorothy Morrill, Sylvia Pond, Dorothy Robinson; Second violin, Jean Devoe, Donald Fowler, Caroline Marshall, Ruth Palmer, Mary Spaulding; Viola, Elsa Goodman, Faith McLeod; Cello, June Wood; Bass, Lois Vincent. A few pieces that the orchestra has been putting much of its time on are March from *Athalia* by Mendelssohn; *Carillon* by Laurendeau, and Ballet Music from *Rosamunde* by Shubert.

Band

The first call for band rehearsal this season brought out about sixty applicants. Losses through graduation were small, and the band was able to start off with an unusually good playing team. Owing to losses in the girls' band however and lack of proper instrumentation

for a marching unit, the girls are to be included in the big concert organization and will be a valuable addition. Our lack of a complete reed section has prevented the playing of many desirable numbers, but with the entrance this fall of several schooled clarinetists we have the long-desired balance and a splendid band in the making.

Until the girl's membership has reached the proper size, it has been decided to have them march with their own formation and play in unison with the boys. This will accustom them to the difficulties to be overcome in street playing and at the same time they will be doing their bit in the ensemble. Later, the girls plan to have separate rehearsals and hope to have a girls' marching unit continuing, as at present, with the massed concert band. New books which are necessary for marching on the street have been ordered, and very soon we feel sure the combined bands will be marching to the games and giving good support to the team..

Fall Requirements

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- Outside Windows
- Weather Strips

—Seasonable Items—

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Whether you dine on a complete shore dinner or choose one of our 50c plate luncheons, complete with desert, you will find the finest of foods, the best of Maine cooking, careful, friendly service and most reasonable prices.

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R. O. T. C. Officers Appointed

Following a period of special training to determine the qualifications of third year military students for commissions in the R. O. T. C., appointments were made on October 13, in special orders number six issued by Major Ragan, Professor of Military Science and Tactics. The orders read as follows:

Existing appointments of officers in the R. O. T. C. Unit, Bangor High School, are revoked. The following-named students are appointed to the grades of rank and are assigned, as indicated opposite their respective names, effective this date.

Cadet Lieutenant Colonel:

1. Wilbur H. Braley, Jr.

Cadet Major:

1. Malcolm D. Hardy

Cadet Captains:

1. Melvin J. Lee
2. Bryant C. Babcock
3. Jack J. Friedman
4. Ernest M. Monroe, Jr.
5. Everett A. Orbeton

Cadet First Lieutenants

1. Edward A. Fish
2. Earl R. Kingsbury
3. Lloyd J. Burnett
4. Leon H. VanAken
5. Frederick D. Towle
6. J. Edward Doran

Cadet Second Lieutenants:

1. Robert H. Beede
2. J. Edward Canning
3. G. Robert Leavitt
4. Adrian D. Miner
5. Andrew Tokio
6. Robert K. Thomson
7. Howard C. Goss

These officers have a two-fold task. First, they must keep up the traditionally high standard of the oldest high school corps of cadets in the United States. The unit has always been excellent, and in recent years, as a junior unit of the R. O. T. C., has consistently been given the prized "A" rating at the federal inspection held each spring. Secondly, as has been explained in another part of this magazine, the R. O. T. C. has recently undergone a reorganization which will demand a good deal of study on the part of these newly appointed officers.

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CURRENT EVENTS

(Answers to questions on page eighteen)

1. Neville Chamberlain.
2. Tibet.
3. \$.95.
4. Borah, Nye, Vandenberg.
5. Belligerent ships may come here and pay cash.
6. Russia.
7. Germany.
8. They use synthetic gasoline.
9. 150,000.
10. Cincinnati Reds.
11. Who's going to win.
12. 1933.
13. A series of German fortifications.
14. Rumania.
15. Westerplatze.
16. Gamelin
17. King George VI had abdicated.
18. Its money market.
19. Ostmark.
20. Winston Churchill.

EDITORIALS

(continued from page seventeen)

When at last all except the usual last minute rushes are in, we clear the deck for action. The cover design is chosen, and the lucky artist who submitted it is tendered the Titanic task (it takes ten to twenty hours) of transferring his masterpiece onto a linoleum block-cut which has previously been made from battleship linoleum by the Manual Training department. Literary material (ads come in later and are handled by the business staff) is read by both the editor and the faculty advisor. Then it is given to the typists, who, by the way, spend at least twelve hours typing out each issue of the *Oracle*.

After all material has been typed and proof-read thoroughly for errors, it is sent to the printer. He has it set up by Monotype and made into proof sheets or "galley proofs" as they are called. He returns these galleys to us, and we give them a final check-up for errors. These errors, if any, are then corrected, and we enter the final stage of the game, which is the making-up of the "dummy."

Making up the dummy is a lot of fun. The "dummy" is at first merely a book of blank paper containing as many pages as there are to be in the finished product. The editor then cuts up and pastes (it's just like playing paper-dolls) the galleys onto the blank pages. He has to count the number of lines (they don't just happen to come out right!) on each page, and, by means fair or

(Please turn to page thirty-two)

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foul, has to make the thing look at least half-way respectable!

When the dummy is made up, the end is near. The *Oracle* goes to press, the editor goes on a rest cure, and the business staff goes mad trying to distribute the copies properly.

Thus, another issue of the *Oracle* is published. For all of us, particularly the artists, the business staff, and the typists, it has meant a great deal of hard work; but the pride which we take in the finished product is worth all that we have put into it.

UPON FURTHER INVESTIGATION

(continued from page eight)

poser of the immortal song. The music ceased; he laid down his bow and sat with bent head watching the fire. He murmured something. She couldn't quite hear what. He suddenly stood and threw up his head. He spoke distinctly, as though to some person who was visible to him alone.

"The night I went away I played that for you. You said you would wait until I was famous. It would be worth all the hard work to taste Success. Success," he added in a bitter voice, "success, the aim of all men and the tramping ground of unhappy fools! I wanted to play and be famous; but, when you became an angel—. I've lost you in this world, but there's another, and even here I've got my violin."



He played as one enchanted.

Grace waited no longer. She slipped back into the shadows and quietly descended the stairs. She said to the warmhearted landlady, "Don't disturb him. I'd rather he wouldn't know I came—please—don't tell."

The next morning Arthur Ramsdell entered the office at seven minutes of eight. He followed his usual routine and paused at the desk of the secretary. "Good morning, Miss Grace." The secretary paused from her busy typing and said, with new respect in her voice, "Good morning, Mr. Ramsdell."

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RADIO

(continued from page twenty-four)

The second part of the show comes from New York and brings you famous stars in hit plays—30 minutes of brilliant drama. The Star Theatre is presented to Bangorians through station WABI from 9.00 to 10.00 p. m. each Wednesday.

JOHNNY PRESENTS

September 26, WLBZ started carrying the famous NBC program *Johnny Presents* which now is a regular Tuesday feature of WLBZ at 8.00 p. m. (That's the half hour just before Canada Dry's interesting and entertaining, *Information Please*.)

And on this great variety show which is bound to appeal to young and old alike, Johnny, on behalf of the Philip Morris cigarette company, presents Ray Block and his Swing Fourteen, Johnny Green's Orchestra and the mystery drama of the week.

By the way, we heard Johnny Williams, the former Bangor boy, doing a swell job conducting his orchestra on the *Kate Smith Hour*, the other day.

**Tune in to
PEOPLE AND PLACES**

Newsy bits about your friends and neighbors and Bangor's many visitors are featured on the WLBZ program known as *People and Places* or *Who's Where When* which is broadcast each Saturday at nine a. m.

And here are a few grand network shows that you'll want to listen to each week:

Monday—*Blondie* (CBS)—Comedy sketch based on Chick Young's "Blondie" cartoon, and starring Arthur Lake and Penny Singleton—WABI at 7.30 p. m.

Tuesday—*Melody and Madness* with Artie Shaw's New Music and the King Sisters (NBC)—WLBZ 9.00 p. m.

Wednesday—*Avalon Time* with Red Skelton, comedian (NBC)—WLBZ 8.30 p. m.

Thursday—*Joe Penner's Show*—comedy and music (NBC)—WLBZ 8.30 p. m.

Friday—*Plantation Party*—variety program with the Westerners, Tom, Dick and Harry, and many others (NBC)—WLBZ—9.00 p. m.

Friday—*First Nighter*—drama (CBS)—WABI 9.30 p. m.

Saturday—*Your Hit Parade* (CBS)—WABI 9.00 p. m.

Saturday—*National Barn Dance* (NBC)—WLBZ 9.00 p. m.

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