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# ORACLE



*Vol. 52*

**OCTOBER, 1942**

*No. 1*

Published by the Students of Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine

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VOL. LII

NO. 1

# The Oracle

October, 1942

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## Editorials

VOL. LII

NO. 1

THE ORACLE

OCTOBER, 1942

### ORACLE AND SOPHOMORES, INC.

**I**N these days of initial success and abbreviated messages, we of the *Oracle* staff address to the class of 1945 a concise "Inc." And we do mean "included." Just as you sophomores are an essential part of our student body, so you are essentially included in the *Oracle*. In urging you to subscribe 100% to your school magazine, we are selling you Bangor High School. For the *Oracle* is the school. Yes, the student publication of any school represents that school as much as the writing of any man presents the man as he really is. The *Oracle* is the autobiography of B. H. S.

Yes, it is true that no sophomores as yet have been taken onto our staff, but that is no indication that no sophomore will be included in time. The class of 1945 is very necessary to us; with your arrival, something new and different has been added. We need you to fill up the emptiness left by the class of '42; we need you to make us laugh when you ask the same questions we were asking in the fall of 1941 . . . the same questions for which we suffered agonies. It makes us feel all warm and good inside to know that you are experiencing the same embarrassments. . . and taking them gracefully.

We *Oracle* Boarders have put our best foot forward; we've introduced ourselves to you; we've entertained you; we've even come to you for contributions. In this last instance many of you have come to us first. By participating to your fullest in high school activity, you automatically incorporate yourselves into the pages of the *Oracle*.

The one thing left to be desired is that we knew you better. The sooner you make yourselves known to us, the more obvious will be your incorporation with us. Through "Passing-In-Review" we try to introduce you to the rest of the student body as boys and girls they're sure to want to meet. But we realize that not everyone can be included in the limited number of twelve sophomores per year.

The *Oracle*, as a student directory, can be invaluable in orienting you to senior high school. However, the most accessible means of introducing yourselves to

Bangor High is to show us your support. Your year's subscription is certainly worth the eighty-five cents you save by not purchasing each issue separately. And it is not too late.

Perhaps it will bring more vividly home to you the importance of your connections with the magazine if you can see yourselves in our places. Try standing on the stage in the assembly hall, as we did, and look over the faces of your classmates; in the second row you glimpse the editor for 1944-45; to the left and back is seated the manager of the business staff for that same volume; across the aisle you can point out a very talented literary editor. Each one is a member of your class, sophomores! Don't wait; makes news for us to print. . . about you. Show us your interest. Back it up with enthusiasm, contributions, and suggestions you'd like to see in our columns!

Contrary to the old adage, no news is bad news when it's no news about the sophomores, inc!

### ROUND TABLE ON MARRIAGE

A panel discussion was conducted by Mrs. Garry Cleveland Myers, PhD., associate editor of "Children's Activities" and widely known psychologist, at the convention of the Maine Congress of Parents, Teachers, October 2. Six Bangor High School students expressed their opinions and exchanged their ideas on "Looking Forward to Marriage." Mrs. Myers so put her questions that the resulting consideration of the subject was as informal and as natural as if there had been no audience present. It was as if the three boys and three girls had been sitting and chatting around the fireside whose hostess Mrs. Myers was. In her presence and that of such a topic, she made them feel at home, put them immediately at their ease. She drew forth some very candid viewpoints and conclusive evidence that young people are looking forward to marriage. . . and seriously so. Indeed, in summarizing, Mrs. Myers held constructive criticism, worth any parent's and teacher's consideration. These suggestions, originat-

(Please turn to page seven)



# DESTINATION: KINGSGATE

*Edith Bettelheim, senior at Bangor High School, continues her travelogue which is more than a travelogue! It is the story of any young European refugee making his way out of the darkness of dictatorships into the light of democracy. This second lap of her journey takes Edith and us to Kingsgate Avenue, Finchley N. 3.*

**A**BOUT thirty-six hours after leaving Vienna, I arrived in London on March 29, 1939. Several kind-looking ladies from the committee directed us towards a small auditorium which was situated just across the street from Victoria Station. We sat down on the chairs and patiently awaited the arrival of our friends or relatives that were to take care of us. It was a very slow procedure, for all these people had to identify themselves before the refugees were handed over to them. Slowly, however, the chairs around me became empty, and as yet there was no sign of Mr. or Mrs. Clayman, my future guardians. After a while I grew afraid. Maybe they had forgotten that I was coming, or they had changed their mind about taking me in! What would happen to me then? My imagination was already painting pictures of me, all lonely and alone in this great metropolis, London. After all, I was only 12 years old, and, for the first time in my life, unprotected by my parents.

It must have been 4 o'clock by then, and I had not eaten since early morning, except for some fruit which was given to us on the train from Harwich to London; I was growing hungry.

The time passed on; by now, one could count the few children that had remained. Several of them were to travel to other parts of England. My uneasiness increased, and, besides growing more hungry, I began to feel homesick. Yet, since everything has an end (only a sausage has two ends), my waiting finally terminated. Four persons, two ladies and two men, entered the auditorium and walked up to the desk. "Edith Bettelheim," the lady at the desk called out.

"Hier bin ich!" (Here I am) I shouted as I ran towards the desk. In my great excitement I almost fell over my two suitcases which I had placed in front of my feet.

"I am your Aunt Ruth," (she really was my Father's first cousin, and it was through her and her husband that I came to Family Clayman). One of the two ladies said to me in German, "This is Mr. and Mrs. Clayman and their son Alec."

She pointed to the other lady and to the older gentleman. I made a curtsy and said: "How do you do?" (I had learned this phrase from a girl who was my train

companion on the way and who could speak English quite well.) Mrs. Clayman kissed me heartily, and I was at once taken in by her. Mr. Clayman, a rather stout and genial gentleman about forty, shook my hand cordially, while Alec, a handsome young man of eighteen took my suitcases to their car. When the first formalities were over, I was taken to a big station restaurant where I had a hearty meal. To my great surprise, I could take as much sugar and cream as I desired, and, besides that, there were plenty of cakes and biscuits.

It was a good half-hour drive from the station to 8 Kingsgate Avenue, Finchley N. 3. Yet the drive ended only too soon, for I couldn't have too much sight-seeing. The groceries, full of fruits and vegetables, especially intrigued me.

"Are you sure those fruits are real?" I kept asking Aunt Ruth. "Maybe they are just pictures."

Since Hitler had come to Vienna, a piece of fruit was such a rarity that I could not believe that there could be so many oranges and apples in one store, and why the people did not rush in to buy some pieces of fruit quick.

8 Kingsgate Avenue was a very pretty, two-story, brick house. The door was opened by a sweet-faced young girl, a baby on her arm.

"This is Nellie, the hired girl," my Aunt introduced me, "and this little baby boy is Henry, the pride of the Clayman family."

Henry, fifteen months of age, was one of the cutest babies I had seen for a long time. At Nellie's request he gave me his little hand and said, "Do" (meaning "How do you do?"): Around 6 o'clock Benny, the fifteen-year-old son of the family, made his appearance. We all had tea and cookies while I told, through Aunt Ruth, of course, of my journey and some of my other experiences. Around 8 o'clock Aunt Ruth departed and I had a bath and went to bed.

The next day I spent writing letters to my parents and friends, and unpacking my clothes. I also played with Henry who called me "Eee" and liked me immediately; this made me very happy.

The first few days I caused a lot of fun in the Clayman family, for I could make myself understood and sometimes said the most funniest things. For instance,



when I wanted to know where the bathroom was, (the German word for bathroom is "Klosett") I asked for it by that name and Nellie took me immediately to my room pointing to my wardrobe.

"No." I shook my head to make it more emphatic. I made motions as if washing my hands and face and was finally directed to that place. Henry and I could best understand each other, for he and I both used the sign language.

During the next few weeks I went a great deal sight-seeing. Benny took me several times to movies, which also helped me to learn and understand English faster.

Before I realized it, Easter was past, and one nice Sunday evening Mrs. Clayman said to me:

"Edith dear, you have had enough fun in the last few weeks. Now work must begin. Tomorrow you shall start going to Manor Side Senior School, and, besides learning English, you shall meet girls and boys of your own age."

## Round Table

(continued from page five)

ing from these teen-age high-schoolers, could well be part of the combination that turns the lock, that solves the enigma, "What can today's parents do to prepare their children for the responsibilities of adult life and of marriage, so that tomorrow's parents may find marriage a fuller, happier, more successful existence from the very beginning, throughout?"

Until recently many parents felt that the subject of their children's marriages was something unnecessary to discuss before the very eve of the wedding. Often young people would decide upon marriage without first coming to some understanding of it with their parents, and without first arriving at some understanding between themselves on the problems and controversial issues which are bound to arise after marriage, because they have arisen in generations of marital relations. Perhaps these parents thought that their boys and girls did not need to know or to think about the to-have-and-to-hold-ings of the future. Perhaps they thought that, if a realization of approaching marriage were brought about too soon, the child's brief adolescence might be sacrificed; in other words, it might make the child grow up too soon mentally so that his youthful enthusiasms would be overshadowed by it.

Most parents are intensely interested in young peoples' attitude toward marriage, sex, and boy-girl relations, but because there is no bond of confidence between the two generations, the topic is seldom broached in the course of family conversation. Most parents want to know, "What can we do to improve our children's background for marriage? What preparation

can we give them so that they are better qualified as candidates for marriage?" And they fail to find out, because the young people take all too often the attitude that parents are simply incapable of understanding them, that parents cannot be expected to see their ideas in the light of modern day.

The fault for this attitude is not all that of the parents; neither can it be traced entirely to the young people. Mothers and fathers sometimes fail to look upon teen-age boys and girls as individuals; their perspective of the person is distorted by the memory of the child as a babe in arms, absolutely dependent upon them for protection and the necessities of life. *An adolescent is very much a person, with his own desires, opinions, and abilities.* Let parents regard their children as real people and as candidates for one of the two most important offices in the family. Then let them ask, "Would I vote for that candidate? Has he or she the necessary qualifications?"

Today's parents could tell us that "in their day" they anticipated "sunshine and roses and wedded bliss," and that time taught them that the sun does not shine every day, that roses have thorns, and that their ignorance was their only bliss. But tomorrow's parents may discover that the same ingredients go into the recipe for a successful marriage Today as Yesterday. No marriage is perfect, no person is perfect; if it were not for the imperfections — the irregularities, neither would be of much interest, neither would be durable. But a marriage can be a success, for it is a business venture—a partnership, and it is to the best interests of the company to prosper.

## Little Ben

When dawn is breaking,  
My heart is aching,  
For it is then I realize,  
As I lie resting,  
My clock's suggesting,  
That soon I must arise.  
My little clock and I are pals,  
But at times he's most distressing:  
Why must he choose the time to sing,  
When I am resting?  
A pleasant little chap is he,  
Throughout the live-long day,  
He always keeps me company,  
When I'm at work or play.  
I depend entirely on him,  
And appreciate his warnings,  
But I wish he could be still,  
Early in the mornings. —Maggy McGlew





## Last Period Friday

THE daily recitations have been in progress for over a half an hour. It is the Friday of a long busy week. It is the last period of a long busy day—a day filled with interruptions: calls from the office, pupils straggling into class waving permits triumphantly. Those permits fly like flags of truce between the ten o'clock scholar and the time-worn teacher. It is the last time the teacher will have to hear the old familiar story of the day's lesson droned over by her classes.

She sighs, a bit bored, and removes her glasses, polishes them, though she has done it at least a dozen times in the course of the day. In doing so, she lets her mind stray from the stammerings of the student. He obviously has been too conscious of the fact that her subject comes the last period Friday as he glanced over the assignment the night before, or is it the period before?

She lets her eyes stray, too. Stray thoughts occur in connection with what she sees. . . .

*Like an association test. . . matching sight with sound. . . 1942. . . funny year. . . not "funny-haha" . . . "funny-peculiar". . . War. . . Rationing. . . pronounced like "stationing" or "fashioning"? Scrap Day at school last Monday . . . total contributions from my homeroom: one paper bag of tin cans. . . Can almost see how the powers that be (hmmm, rhyme) "cocked his shining eye and said: 'Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy head?' " . . . shamed? Wasn't it my paper bag?*

She readjusts her spectacles once more. She decides that the person now reciting has committed more than his share of blunders. She calls on another and resumes her musings, only taking time to note that this pupil, too, has contracted last-period lassitude. This she condones by contemplating instead on the prevalent attitude among the student body. . . .

*So many of them, like the one reciting, seem to feel that they are only marking time at their studies until they receive the command, "Forward, march!" They seem to toss aside the practice of daily applying themselves to the work at hand. They heave a shrug that says, "So what? What's the sense of going on as if there were nothing in the air. This is War, 1942, and there's plenty 'on the land,*

*in the air, and now we take you on the sea.' Frankly, what's the difference whether I do my assignments each day or not? I won't be here much longer. I have something bigger on my mind than that, so what does it matter?"*

"Brother!" The impulse seizes her, but she restrains it. Impetuously she wants to put away the text and question openly these thoughts which she reads from his face. She becomes aware of an insatiable curiosity to discover with what excuse or with what reason (there is a nice distinction between excuse and reason) he would defend himself.

"Brother," the words form in her mind, "what do you think you're doing? There are enough people in this world who are worrying about what's coming next, and yet who are doing nothing about the present. You can hear them crying, 'What can we do. . . now?' And they overlook the usual everyday things which lie within reach, and they cry, 'What can we do. . . now?' To them it is incredible that anything but the unusual can counteract the unusual. You won't deny that school is preparation. Think a minute on a man who said, 'I always tried to substitute preparation for worry whenever I could.' He is Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd. Preparation is a panacea for most worry: it occupies your mind and accomplishes something at the same time. Brother, what do you think you're doing?" Her words do not materialize.

Her eyes, following in the direction of what he probably supposes to be a concealed glance, focus on the wall clock. It may well cover its face with its hands, she pondered; it is so longingly gazed upon by so many during those last interminable twenty minutes.

The boy has sufficiently embarrassed himself, she concludes. She seeks the seating plan in order to call on a more reliable name. Her eyes fall on the unfilled attendance slip, and realization rushes over her. Aloud, she speaks, "I must take time out to send the attendance slip down to the office. Even though it is the last hour Friday, I'm expected to check the list."

And just as she has done every period that day, every day that week, every week of the school year, she does now.



# Look Who's Laughing

by Sandra Ginsberg

*Yes, we are! And so will you be when you sample this choice morsel of sophomore shindigs, written by Sandy Ginsberg on the threshold of her career as a welcome contributor to the "Oracle's" literary section.*

"SO you're a sophomore!" exclaims doting Aunt Melinda. "My, we're all grown up, aren't we?"

"Yes," you assure her sweetly, "we're all grown up." Then you go off in a corner and quietly collapse. "What is this older generation coming to?" you ask yourself fiercely. "Grown up" is putting it very, very mildly. Being a sophomore is like nothing else on this planet or Mars either. It's like your own private world—sometimes your own private nightmare!

For instance, let's begin with that unavoidable incident that invariably happens on the first or second day of school. It is noon hour, and you are *simply famished*, so you make a bee-line for your locker, keeping in mind that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. You run hurriedly downstairs, thinking of the chicken sandwiches in your lunchbox. You hope there isn't too much mayonnaise on them. Suddenly you stop dead in your tracks. You think you are going to faint, but remember in the nick of time that boys don't do that sort of thing. You collect what is left of you, about face, and run back upstairs as fast as your new shoes will carry you. At the



"This is the threshold of my career!"

top of the stairs you stick your perspiring head out the door, and take several long breaths. You try to be adult about the whole thing, so you tell yourself coolly, "My good man, the girls' locker room is no place for you."

Let us cite another instance. The Debate Club blotter impresses you very much, so you decide to go out for debating. You read on the blotter that the club is to meet in Room 307, and after opening only two wrong doors, you approach 307. You stare at the closed door, realizing that you are late. You contemplate: should you skulk away or should you make an entrance? Of course you decide on the latter, remembering that Cicero would have done the same thing. You turn the knob and breathe dramatically to yourself, "this is the threshold of my career!" You swing back the door and sail gracefully into the room. "What a wonderful impression I'm making," you reflect, tossing your head casually. You sweep toward the first empty seat, which is in the third row. You are practically floating along, until your toe hits something hard, and your whole world crashes thunderingly down around your ears. You sprawl up the aisle in a most undignified fashion. You lie there tragically for a minute, wailing tearfully to yourself, "Why didn't someone tell me the seats were on raised steps?"

Remember the first hockey practice? You are told to dribble the ball down the field, "like this." Looks easy, you decide. You start down, wondering why the ball goes everywhere except in anything that even faintly resembles a straight line. You huff and you puff, running first from one side of the ball, then to the other. *Why doesn't that ball go straight?* You weave and you twist, in, out, and around. When you have finished you feel smugly pleased with yourself—you've just achieved a life-long ambition to do a really torrid rumba!

R. O. T. C.—today you are going to practice marching. You are terribly proud of your new uniform, secretly liking the way it fits across the shoulders. The first command is, "Mark time." That's O. K. The second command is, "Forward march." This is all right, too. Next is, "Left face." This isn't so good, because you right-about face, but you are patiently corrected. Now, "Right face, forward march!" You march straight into the oncoming line. Your chin makes a dent in the other fellow's tie. You grin sheepishly, but have already been swept aside by the advancing brigade. You finally find yourself back in line. You mark time at the command, giving it all you have. You mark time and you mark time, very conscientiously. You are getting tired, and you lift

(Please turn to page seventeen)



## IT IS OUR PLEASURE TO PRESENT



Left to right: Miss Elva Googins, Miss Sarah Littlefield, Miss Elizabeth Eames, Mr. Ransford Smith.

As Miss Elva Googins has so aptly put it, these are our brand new shining teachers. But when you've read their accomplishments and former fields of (we were going to say battle) learning, you'll know that, although they're new, they know.

Miss Sarah Littlefield, the nice tall homeec teacher, comes from our rival Brewer. But we'll have to admit she'd be an asset to any school, because she's one of those very rare people who enjoy doing anything. She's interested in sports and things to do with the home. We can taste her delicious cookies now. Yum! She obtained her B. S. degree from the U. of M. and has taught in Dexter, and Falmouth, Maine.

If, after a few months, anyone here at school happens to break an arm or crack a jaw, or have a nose bleed (morbid thoughts), he need have no fear, for by that time Miss Littlefield will be well versed in all branches of the Red Cross. She's ambitious and is going to take several courses in mending helpless victims. Nice for the patients, we'll say.

Miss Elizabeth Eames, our petite mademoiselle avec-les cheveux rouges, has already made herself known to us all. She lives in Winslow and, having received her B.A. from Colby, has taught in several schools, among which is Dover-Foxcroft. And here is our interesting item, to wit: she likes people ah, excellent, but dislikes clubs. Quite unique, eh, what? We're somewhat inclined to agree after mulling over this serious bit of sagacity in our minds. When asked if she likes Bangor, "Mais oui, Mademoiselle."

Mr. Ransford Smith is originally from Lisbon Falls. We say originally because he's gone a long way since graduating from high school there.

He attended Bates for two years and received his B. A. from the University of Alabama. Now, faites attentions, we're not finished; he has also received his M. A. from Ohio State University. Quite a record, we think.

Typical of some of you boys, he likes hunting and fishing. Oh, best of all, he'll be our faculty advisor in Debate Club this year. Let's hope he comes through with both ears intact, and still retains a good sense of judgment. We know ye olde Debate Club will thrive under his supervision.

Miss Elva Googins, our teacher with the witty sayings, used to teach way up north, in Fort Fairfield. She received her B. A. from the U. of M. She's interested in sports, especially tennis. While at Fort Fairfield (she's gonna hate us for saying this), she coached a girls' tennis team. Her feet begin to shuffle when she hears music, but guess what, she doesn't like to eat! Maybe she said this because she had a cold when interviewed.

Anyway, she has a super personality and hopes you'll all come around to get acquainted.

This is the common wish of all the teachers. So let's help them to forget they're new here.

Miss Alice R. Stewart, who reigned for the past two years over 207 and the Debate Club, has recently been appointed history instructor at Radcliffe College in Cambridge, Mass., where she is working for her Ph.D. We nearly popped with pride when we heard!



THERE was a crowd on Forty-Second Street—a larger crowd than usual; therefore, the group of men, huddled against the side entrance of the textile building, went unnoticed. These men eyed the passing parade, and were obviously nervous at the anticipation of being discovered. Saboteurs? Nazi paratroopers in fear of detection? No. It was “dem beloved bums,” the Brooklyn Dodgers.

“Lippy Leo” Durocher puffed furiously on a cigar. “If any of dem Noo Yoikers find us here, we’ll be moidered. But if we go back to Brooklyn, we’ll meet a fate wise dan death. Who knows? Mebbe dey’re doggin’ our trails dis very minute. Heck, we can’t win da pennant every year!”

of cattle. In the Queens, even doors were locked, and the more muscular of the men stood, rolling-pins in hand, prepared to ward off the invaders.

About 1:30 A. M. Lippy Leo and his Bums strolled casually into Grand Central. The station flowed with pushing, panting, panicky people trying to escape the horrible catastrophe. The Brooklyn Bums, bent on revenge, might slay half a million of New York’s citizens before they were through. Show girls, soda jerks, cab drivers, newspaper mongers, white-collar men, red-flanneled firemen, marines, sobbing children, wide-eyed housewives, crooked and bald veterans of many wars—everyone was crowding down the runways to the outgoing train. To put miles between themselves and

## BUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK

by Brennan and Cohen

“Look out. Scatter! Here comes a car!” The Bums, for the hundredth time, dived for cover in the doorways of New York sky scrapers.

“Chee, boss,” said Kirby Higbe anxiously, “we’ve been pounding dis pavement for almost an hour. Is Noo Yoik very far now?”

“Do ya tink we can slip inta Grand Central Station widdout gettin’ mobbed? Do ya, huh?” This from Peewee Reese.

“Listen, youse guys,” said Durocher, paternally. “If youse bums don’t stop pesterin’ me wid dumb questions, we won’t get anywheres. I been here once before, see, and, if I remember right, there’s usually a few people around Grand Central. Mebbe we can get in widdout bein’ seen, and then again, mebbe we can’t.”

“Hey, boss,” shouted Dolph Camilli, “dis looks like dat place dey call Times Square. I seen a pitcher of it once. . . in da movies.”

The hunted men turned up Broadway. They stayed bunched closely together. The baseball bats were tucked under their arms; their coat collars were turned up around their necks, and their felt hats were jammed down over their eyes and ears; they were the butt of everyone’s stare.

Suddenly and loudly, a cry rang out: “The Brooklyn Dodgers. . . they’re here on Broadway!”

Old ladies fainted, children wailed and clung to their mothers, and even New York’s blue-coated finest turned slightly pale. The Bums raced up Broadway, darted down a narrow side street, and disappeared into the night.

Police cars whined about the city, hounding the fugitives. The thoroughfares were deserted. Breathless radio announcers attempted vainly to calm a hysterical population. It was like saying “shhh” to a stampede

“dem beloved bums” was the uppermost thought in the minds of all.

A taxi man whispered in awed tones to a doctor in dinner clothes, “I heard that the Bums were chased out of Flatbush by the Brooklynites. Why weren’t they chased out to Staten Island where they’ be out of harm’s way? But no. . . those bums had to head straight for Manhattan. Say! Maybe they’ll strike for New Jersey. . .”

Peewee Reese looked about him and seemed to shrink at the number of people. He pulled Durocher’s sleeve. “Chee, boss, des guys don’t look nuttin like da guys in Brooklyn, do dey?”

“Naw,” agreed Durocher, “des guys here are all savages. Why, I bet dey can’t even read. Get off my feet, ya mug, or I’ll slap you. . .” This last was directed to a quaking red cap. Lippy looked woefully at his once smooth tan and white shoes. “Aw, heck, des shoes were so *sharp*, too!”

“Sharp, sharp, sharp, sharp, SHARP! All I hear is *sharp*. . .” A sturdy-appearing individual, who reminded Lippy of his old pal Hal Kent, fell moaning to the floor. Unnoted, a schedule of football games slid from the stranger’s pocket. Lippy wondered when he heard the man being trampled under foot rave, “Come on, Pierce, hit that dummy harder.”

A train rumbled into the lower level. Lippy herded his boys into the end seats of a coach.

“Oh, Mr. Durocher,” piped Peewee Reese, “how are we gonna sid down with des baseball bats inside our pants? I been walking so stiff a fella axed me if I’d been shell-shocked er sumpin’.”

“Take out da bats and sling ’em under the seats, but, if anybody starts anything, lam ’em one!” Lippy rustled through the pages of a newspaper he had picked



up in the aisle. Naturally he buried himself in the sports section; then, suddenly, he emitted a long, joyous scream.

"What's da matter, boss?" asked Dolph Camilli eagerly.

"Da Yanks beat da Cards, seven ta tree. Boy, oh, boy. We wouldn't uv lost." He sobered. "Well, wake me up if anything gives." He crossed his legs, stretched them onto the top of the seat in front of him, and was soon snoring.

When he awoke, the train was deep in the Mohawk Valley. "We don't go no further after da next stop," he instructed his boys, who were the only ones left in the car. "If we hide out in da hills until this blows over, we'll be O. K. Mebbe we can rent a farm er sumptin."

Dolph Camilli was dispatched to hire a farm, while Lippy wired in code to Larry McPhail that they were bumming along the Mohawk. Dolph returned shortly, and the Bums set out in a car Pee-wee Reese had rented.

A run-down farm house was to be their home and headquarters. In a few hours the building was made serviceable; so they went into a huddle of war. Pee-wee was to be posted in town with the car and was to notify the main body if any irate Brooklyn fans should burst into their wilderness. Several were stationed at the junction of the main highways and another at the road which led to the farm. These guards were well-armed with baseball bats. As soon as these scouts had been sent around the countryside, Lippy and the remaining Dodgers glued themselves to the radio to listen to the Cards take another trimming. The Cards won! The same thing occurred again during the next two days. Lippy Leo refused to sleep. The Cards couldn't win the pennant. Such things didn't happen. Or did they?

Monday night Lippy called a second conference.

"De Cards are too tough for us, fellas. I'm quitting baseball! I'm going to raise a victory garden." Taking a red-hot poker from the fireplace, Lippy burnt a line across the floor. "All da guys what want to go back to civilization, step across dat line."

With amazing loyalty, every member of the solemn group remained motionless. They weren't going to get strung up in Brooklyn. Or was their steadfastness due to the fact that a line of flames had sprung up between them and Lippy?

They watched Lippy turn and walk out of the smoke-filled room. As he strolled into the quiet hills, the loyal ones stamped out the fire. Perhaps Lippy had gone to dream of days lost beyond recovery. He lay down beneath a great oak at the top of a rise. Here was solitude. Peace and quiet reigned. In the distance a hollow whistle shrilled and echoed. A train sped



"—seven ta tree."

through the hills. From the last car fluttered a huge flag. Lippy saluted gravely. Once the Dodgers had staked their hopes on that flag.

"The World's Championship Pennant," Lippy sighed. "Dem days are gone fo' ever." And he watched the sun sink on him and his Bums along the Mohawk.

## Orchestra Has Dance In Its Plans

With the orchestra tempo at *meno mosso* as yet, its members are really working up to an *allegro* in activity. Furious rehearsals have been in progress since the second week of school. Elvin Seavey is concertmaster, morally supported by John Cayting from the second stand. Bob Cameron and his zoot-tooting, plus the invincible tromboners, should take the new members into their stride very soon. The Tchaikowsky Piano Concerto is on the stands at the moment, and it promises to be a new high in the productions of the orchestra. Bobby Jones, volunteer manager of the organization, is taking a good hold on his many responsibilities.

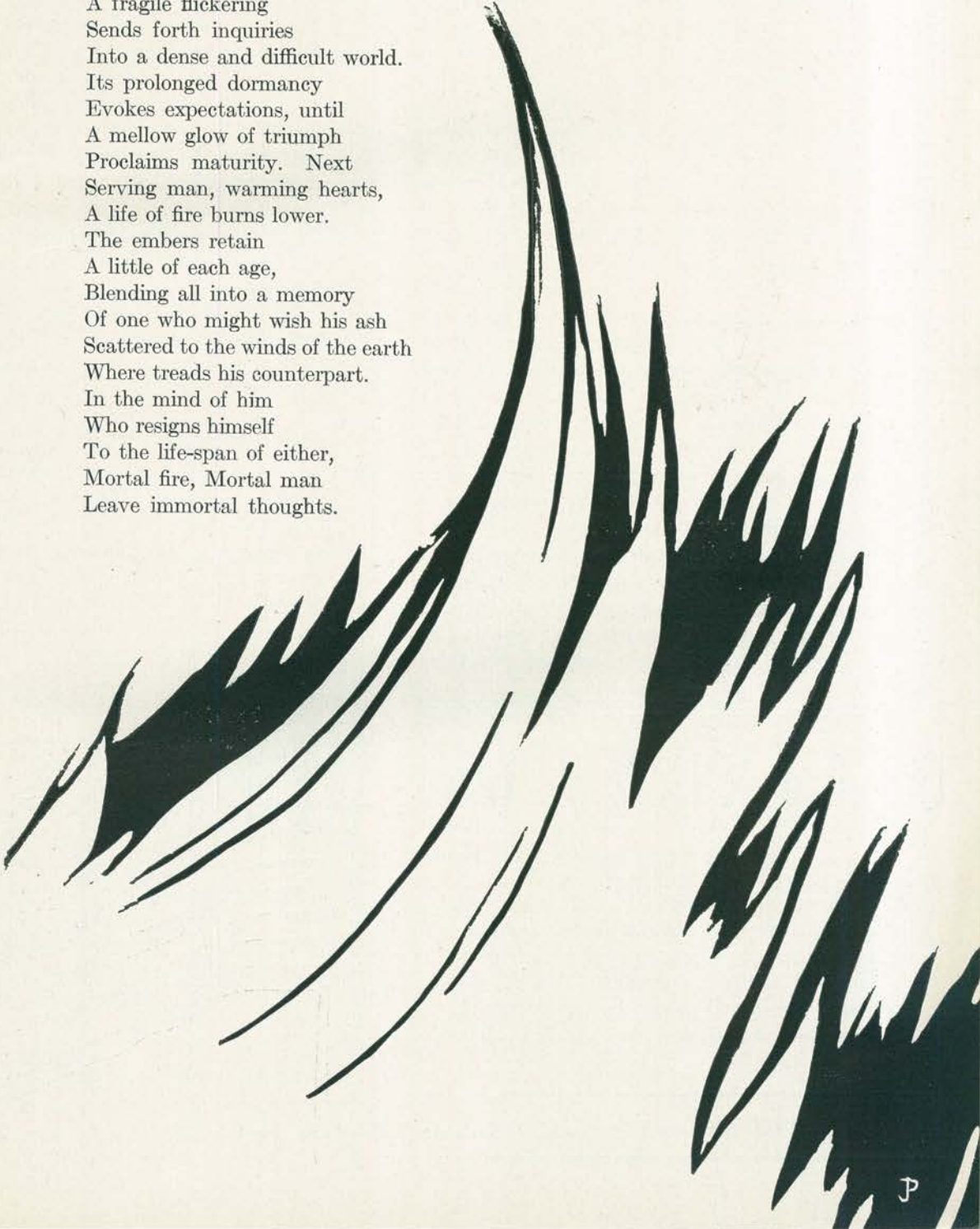
Exciting plans and preparation for "Ye Staggo Barne Dance" on October 23 are being made by the group in cooperation with the two other members of the musical "Big Three" at Bangor High. Sammy Saliba's Orchestra will officiate at the fancy prancings in the high school auditorium, and Madeline Morrill is supervising ticket sales. The evening's entertainment has been advertised widely as being one of those social "musts" on the calendar of extra-curricular activity.



## Metaphoric

*by Richard Sprague*

A spark—a life  
Born of hesitancy.  
Its tiny form  
Reaches out for air.  
Fed thus, visioning  
Bright and shining future,  
A fragile flickering  
Sends forth inquiries  
Into a dense and difficult world.  
Its prolonged dormancy  
Evokes expectations, until  
A mellow glow of triumph  
Proclaims maturity. Next  
Serving man, warming hearts,  
A life of fire burns lower.  
The embers retain  
A little of each age,  
Blending all into a memory  
Of one who might wish his ash  
Scattered to the winds of the earth  
Where treads his counterpart.  
In the mind of him  
Who resigns himself  
To the life-span of either,  
Mortal fire, Mortal man  
Leave immortal thoughts.





**D**AVY Adams used to live next door to us on Windsor Avenue. Windsor Avenue is a nice street, wide, and shaded by big trees that form a green canopy over the road in summer and carpet the ground with bright leaves in the autumn. Big houses are set back in velvety green lawns, well cared-for gardens a riot of color from early spring into late fall. Nearly every one on this street is neighborly and friendly. It's pleasant to walk down this street late on a midsummer evening and nod to people sitting on their front porches, to smell the freshly cut grass, and hear the spray of hoses on the cement sidewalks and lawns. The street lights shine through the trees and make bright patterns on the road. It seems so peaceful, somehow.

Davy used to like this street, too. He used to swing down it on his way to school or on an errand, his dog at his heels, with a long easy stride. Davy was always whistling—anything from Bach to Glenn Miller. I never knew anyone who didn't like Davy. Boys liked his honesty and spirit of fair play. Girls liked him because of his dancing, which really was something special, and for his thoughtfulness. Women marveled at his manners, which, while they weren't Emily Post, were always natural and right. Old Mrs. Wynne liked him because he was so careful of her prize rose bushes when he mowed her lawn. Davy never exaggerated a thing. In the shortest conversation you were struck by his honesty; he never twisted a single detail. You always felt that he knew what he was talking about, that he had thought before he spoke.

Not that Davy was perfect nor anywhere near it. He nearly drove the neighborhood crazy by practicing on his trumpet, and the number of times he had put a baseball through someone's window was uncountable. His marks in school were only about average, and there

was a gleam of deviltry in his eyes that was very attractive, but that was the despair of all his teachers.

And then, when Davy was eighteen, there was the little incident about the grocery store robbery. Only two people in town really know the truth about that, although nearly everyone in town has guessed it. This happened December 15, just about a week after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. We have only one family of Japs in our town and that is a large one: mother, father, and five children. The day after the attack, the father was discharged from his position. The children stopped going to school, because going was unbearable. Every one knew that they were having a hard time, but no one tried to help them. No one remembered the hours young Mrs. Kute had spent on committees for the Garden Club and the P. T. A., her charming manners and friendly smile for everyone. They forgot how nice Mr. Kute was when they were late paying their bills at his clothing store. They didn't think of the children going hungry while their own were well-fed and happy. They blamed these innocent people for the outrage in the Pacific. No one was surprised when Lake's grocery store was broken into, and the eldest boy in the Kute family had been seen in that vicinity. He was arrested on suspicion, and his hearing was scheduled for the next morning at ten.

That evening Davy, the gang, and I were gathered in the basement playroom to play ping-pong and to dance to the vic. For a while the robbery was the chief topic of conversation. With the cruelty that only the young and prejudiced can have, they condemned

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## ONCE I KNEW A BOY

And he was Davy Adams who could be the boy next door to you!

The story that Lucille Power spins around him, in a time when overwrought emotions threaten our principles of toleration at the point of a gun, will make you proud to have him for a neighbor.

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LUCILLE POWER ————— Junior

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the Japanese lad. Listening to them, I felt sick, but I did not voice my growing opinion of their injustice. After all, this boy was not to blame for what had happened at Pearl Harbor. Somehow, I think he was more American in spirit than any of the boys and girls who were talking of him with hatred in their voices and scorn in their eyes.

I looked at Davy and felt that I knew what he was thinking—the same thing I was: the Japanese boy's eyes when he saluted the American flag and sang the Star Spangled Banner. I believe that that boy realized more clearly what America stood for than any other of these young people.

Later in the kitchen, Davy was getting coke out of the refrigerator, and I was filling bowls with popcorn, when he stopped suddenly and looked at me.

"It's going to be hard for them now, isn't it?" he said. "Harder than ever if they find him guilty."

"If it were anyone else—my self for instance—it would be regarded as a practical joke, and I'd get off with a small fine and a good talking to. Kute will probably get a sentence." Davy spoke earnestly, and his expression was thoughtful and determined.

"Davy" I cried suddenly, realizing what he was planning to do. "Davy, you're not going to say you did it?"

He grinned, "You catch on quick." He was serious again. "Remember I was with you the night of the robbery. Will you say that I wasn't?"

I nodded. There was nothing else to do.

Davy confessed and was given thirty days by a rather dubious judge. The judge knew Davy was innocent, too, but he had a sense of fairness, the same as Davy had. He was one of the few people in town who did not blame the Japanese family. And Americans are supposed to be tolerant!

This was a small incident, but it shows exactly how much Davy wanted justice to be done, how much he believed in being fair and helping his fellow men. Always he stood for what was right. Today that Japanese boy worships Davy.

Sitting on the front steps one night when I was thirteen and Davy sixteen, he made me more aware of what America stands for than anyone else has before or since. There is something about a person near your own age, speaking in your own language, that can make things more clear and full of meaning than can any skilled orator using big words against a background of patriotic music.

"Someday every country in the world will be like America," he said quietly and with great conviction. I believed him. As long as men want right, freedom, tolerance, and equality as much as Davy did, these things will have to be.

## Something New Has Been Added To The B. H. S. Curriculum

The new course in distributive education under the direction of Claude G. Lovely, co-ordinator, has been inaugurated at Bangor High School this fall.

The class is made up of twenty-four girls and five boys who are employed by thirteen local stores.

The class room hours are from eight until eleven in the morning. During these hours Business English, Business Arithmetic, Merchandising Problems, Retail Selling, and store practice are studied. This type of subject studied in class ties in closely with the work carried on in the stores. The class spends one period a week with Miss Evelyn Haney in a speech class in which poise, voice diction, pronunciation and public speaking are studied.

The major aim of the program is to train the students as sales people and to increase their selling ability.

The following are some of the abilities that are involved in selling:

1. Social abilities necessary for making satisfactory business contacts such as talking and acting in a pleasing manner and speaking good English.
2. Abilities needed in aiding customers with their buying problems.
3. Abilities necessary to handle goods and services sold, such as showing the goods in such a way that their qualities are displayed effectively.
4. Store-service abilities of value to the salesperson such as reading, writing, and computing accurately, and handling the goods so as to prevent loss, insure safety and facilitate service.

The function of the co-ordinator in aiding the students to develop their ability to make satisfactory social contacts in their retail selling work is:

1. To give information that will aid students to know what to be aware of.
2. To help students receive training in proper speech, proper conduct, and in presenting a pleasing appearance and personality.
3. To help students improve their social ability, and to help them to determine whether or not they have succeeded in their effort to improve this ability.
4. To help students to be successful in their business-social contacts.
5. To help students to elect new goals and aid them in their efforts to attain these goals.

—Barbara Buck.

Put your shoulder to the wheel and make the Axis squeal  
—Buy United States War Saving Stamps and Bonds.



# MOTIVE FOR MADNESS by DOLLYANN AVERILL

THE author, John Mallory, was a queer but no less brilliant man. Many peculiar incidents had happened in and about the city, for which he was responsible. He had written many books during his career, which led people to refer to him as, "Mallory the Genius." His books were known to have originality and were interesting because they were out of the ordinary.

Mallory had a peculiar way of writing his stories. When asked by reporters how he accumulated such exactness in the descriptions, actions, and expressions of his characters, he replied, "I always put myself in the position of the leading character in my books. In this way I have studied the reactions of the people around me and found exactly how a man in my position would struggle with the situation in which he found himself. I have found this method to work out to a great extent."

People who had read some work of Mallory's were now waiting patiently for his latest novel to be published. It had been said, that this was to be the best novel he had ever written.



As the hands of the clock pointed out the hour of two, John Mallory sat in his study, feverishly working over his manuscripts. He was trying to find a plot for his latest novel. The floor was covered with crumpled paper, and the room as a whole was very untidy. For a long time he sat with his chin in his hands, then removing a handkerchief from his pocket, he wiped the perspiration from his tired brow. "I've got it!" he cried, "I've got it."

He put away his papers, locked his desk, and went out into the crisp morning air. Looking both ways to make sure no one was in sight, he turned up his collar

and pulled his hat down to conceal his face. He walked briskly up the street and turned the corner. . . .

The morning paper caused quite a bit of excitement for the headlines read, "Willie Peters found dead in shack by river. Was believed to have been murdered. Police investigating case." It was certainly a mystery why anyone would want to kill Willie, for he was only a half-wit and never had he done a thing to harm anyone.

Upon awakening, Mallory went to the door for the paper. He was not at all surprised at the headlines but laid the paper on the table and went to the phone. "Operator, get me police headquarters. . . Hello chief? This is John Mallory, you know, the author Mallory. I'm coming over to give myself up. I killed Willie Peters."

Meanwhile the police had discovered that Willie was strangled by his own necktie being pulled too tight around his throat, but they had not yet found any clue revealing the murderer. Then Sergeant McDuffy, while examining the body again carefully, noticed that the boy's hand was clasped tight over some object. "Men, come here," he shouted, "Help me open his hand." In the boy's hand they found a torn fragment of cloth, upon which was attached a button. This they immediately took to headquarters.

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*Who says the sophomores have no imagination? If you're one of those, you'll have "les yeux grands ouverts" after reading this masterpiece of morbidity!*

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When they arrived, Mallory was already there trying to convince the chief that he was the murderer of Willie Peters. McDuffy presented the cloth and button to the chief. Noticing it Mallory cried, "Chief, with that cloth and button I can prove to you that I committed this murder. Do you see this shirt I have on here? You will notice that the print of the cloth you have there is identical to that in my shirt, also notice that one button is missing and the cloth around it is torn out. You see when I went to strangle Willie he reached out and grabbed my shirt, pulling off this piece of cloth and button." "I am afraid we will have to believe your story, as this evidence proves your guilt, but what reason did you have for killing Willie?" asked the chief.

"I had my motif for killing Willie Peters," he began, "One reason being that he was a half-wit and of no use to society, therefore I believed that by killing him I



would be doing more for society, than against it. The second reason being, to get a plot for my latest novel. You see I put myself into the place of the murderer to find out exactly how the victim would react to the murder. One thing I did not think of at the time is that I was working against the law. I only thought of the idea that if I killed someone who was of no use to society, that the crime would be within the law. "I see your idea, Mallory," said the chief, "But I see no possible way for it to be worked out by law."

John Mallory signed a confession which sentenced him to life imprisonment, and as the sun shone through the bars of the prison window, there sat a lone figure at a table in his cell, writing furiously to finish his novel.

## Look Who's Laughing

(continued from page nine)

your eyes from your feet and look around. Everyone is laughing at you. You look as if you have St. Vitus Dance. Everyone has stopped at the command given some seconds ago. You stop, too!

It is the first high school dance. You and your escort are very decidedly breathless, so you agree upon sitting out a dance. You select a chair next to someone you have known all your life. You think it would be fun to talk about "the time when." You flounce your skirt prettily and sit down very hard upon the very very hard floor. You have had the chair whisked out from under you and have consequently landed by nothing more than the sheer force of gravity!

Here we have Solicitous Sophomore in person. The teacher asks, "Will someone open that window, please?" You decide to be the hero, so you rise, in a Sir Lancelot manner and place your brawny hands upon the sill. You exert all your Herculean force and push. Nothing happens. You try again. Your biceps bulge. Still nothing happens. As a last resort you exert all the muscles you learned about in hygiene. All eyes are upon you. Your face grows red, redder, reddest, your eyes travel hesitantly upward. "What is the matter?" inquires the teacher. "It's locked," you stammer miserably. You wish you could fall through that darn window.

Well, there it is—and who's laughing? Why, we sophomores, of course—just to prove that we can take it!

## Advice To The Love Bugs

Aunt Jit

My, I'm in such a tither! There's so much to attend to today. I've just come in from the street and honestly! What's this younger generation coming to? My! My! I almost got knocked off my Grables, by an old jaloppy coming down Main Street driven by one of you twerps. For goodness' sake, be more careful. Your tires are trembling and your gas tanks holler—more! Remember there's a scrap shortage. Jake the Junkman's got his eye on you. He may sneak up some dark night and snatch your heep for a jeep.

Well, I'd better get down to business, and see what's cookin.' This time we'll talk about dances, I guess I know some of you guys will close up shop and go home, now, but stick with me pals, maybe you'll learn something new—as if that were possible).

You know, lately I've heard that you gals have had to shift for themselves more and more. What's more you boys are taking us too much for granted, methinks. What I'm getting at is, what's the matter with you romantic Romeos? Where's your pep appeal, and such? Why do you let girls go to dances stag? Why do you dance only with certain luscious loveables? Why not play the field, put the whole show on the road? Why don't you sidle up to that bright-eyed babe, you've had your eye on for ever so long, and ask her to the next prom with you? If you can't get Pop's car, so what? The old street cars always have got there, in rain or shine. You know, she might even like to walk! Boy, and is that somep'n, if it's a night when all those starry eyes are watching you. Yum! What could be sweeter? (What am I saying?)

And if you rats are bashful, don't give it a thought. The bashful beau went out with long, red. . . suspenders. Walk up and say, "Come on Eve, I'm your Adam." Let's really get in the groove. Keep up the morale here at home. That's mighty important. Let's make our dances a success. Cut out those pretty posies lined against the wall; you'll find they'll come to life.

Let's get together on this thing. We'll make school life, fun life!

Note: Aunt Jit will really give off with some heat, if you'll send in suggestions and stuff.

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The ORACLE STAFF heartily extends its THANKS to ALL STUDENTS and TEACHERS who cooperated so splendidly during the ORACLE SUBSCRIPTION CAMPAIGN, especially to the SEVEN HOMEROOMS which came through for 100%—007 and Mr. Claude Lovely, 207 and Mr. Ransford Smith, 208 and Miss M. Catherine Mullen, 303 and Mrs. Gladys Bridges, 305 and Miss Marion DuBourdieu, 311 and Miss Grace Thomas, and 313 and Mr. Carl Reed!

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## Miriam Wardwell

Even serious minded sophomores prefer frivolous dresses at tea time—and who wouldn't if one could look like this! The material is of the softest velveteen, the color combination is shocking pink with defense blue velvet applique, and it's on blonde, blue-eyed Barbara Fletcher. Simplicity, king of style, is plainly shown, although the effect is one of complete feminine charm. The height of perfection is in the hand crocheted velvet beret to match, which, we think, makes Barbie look pettily Norwegian. All in all—ah-h, mais non?

Miriam Wardwell's women's exclusive apparel shop, 12 Central Street, Bangor, has just such dresses, that bring out every bit of your personality. Drop in and—come out!

# FALL FOIBLES

## Besse System

It's the practical clothes on the practical miss that are the basis of fashion these bustling days. A sturdy coat and a smart suit is a sure way to style poise in any wardrobe. This year, more than ever, it pays to look ahead in selecting wearing apparel.

Our sparkling models are Carol McCormick and K. O. (who could call her Carolyn?) Foley. A Classic Boy coat with easy lines is sported by Carol who loves its virgin wool, deep pockets, and camel tan color. K. O.'s plaid facing on her beige jacket is identical with the plaid in the skirt. The pockets are handy for all kinds of whatnot. This suit is a bonanza of slick style.

For everything that's smart, from casuals to dress-ups, it's the Besse System, 98 Main Street, Bangor.





## Largay's

Deliver us from zoot suits and long watch chains, when snappy sport coats are still in circulation. Fellows, head your victory wardrobe with a jacket, Dick Sprague style, while choosing from scores of colors at Largay's Smartest Men's Shop. Dick, one of those juniors, models a handsome one in a harvest color scheme of thin red and green lines and a tan background.

Perhaps you believe that men's clothes are not up to par this year. If this is the case look over the grand wool fabrics at Largay's. Your mind will be changed in the batting of an eyelash. You'll see your friends there, perhaps only browsing around, but, more likely, trying on smart Prep suits. Whether you prefer flashy or subtle neckties, they will be found at Largay's, 18 Broad Street, Bangor.



# FASHION FLASHES



## Rines Company

The English ride bicycles, so do we. And now there is just the thing to ride them in—"pedal pushers," a short pant that will keep you from panting on bike frolics.

Vivacious Edith Strout models these skirt-length slacks and tailored vest in gray men's wear flannel. Her long-sleeved blouse, striped in gray, black, and vivid red, is of virgin wool—warm enough for the breeziest days. The vest and blouse offer keen company for skirts as well, so mix them, match them, and all the while you'll be in style.

Corduroys, wooly skirts and downy sweaters, trim coats, evening gowns, and jewelry—in fact everything a school girl dreams about is at the Rines Company, 43 Main Street, in Bangor.



# OUTSIDE THE CLASSROOM

*B. H. S. may be found active "in books, or work, or healthful play"*

## Assembly Line Booms

Following the experimental orientation assembly of last year, a "Get Acquainted" assembly was held for the new sophomores the first week of school. The purpose of this assembly was to acquaint the sophomores with the activities and the programs of Bangor High School. A representative came from each club and gave a brief talk on the club's activities. The representatives told the students that, in order to become really interested in the school's social whirl they must join the clubs and learn new faces.

On the morning of Sept. 25, the entire school was called to the auditorium for a very special treat, Rubinoff and his famous violin. Rubinoff played several fascinating tunes for the students, and between times told stories which nearly put his audience in hysterics. He then asked the students to come to his concert to hear some really excellent music.

The first real assembly, as has long been the custom, was presented by the able-bodied group of Seniors and Juniors known as the *Oracle* Board, under the guidance of Miss Jessie Fraser, the faculty adviser for the Board. The program was very interesting, consisting of a brief rally, a scene from the Latin Club play "The Death of Julius Caesar," and an improvised orchestra rehearsal, all of which were presented as though they were a mistake and were not meant to be on the program. Lastly came a skit which was both humorous and interesting. The parts in the skit were acted by members of the *Oracle* Board. At the end of the skit Marydel Coolidge, our editor-in-chief, came forward and introduced the new *Oracle* staff of '42-'43. All in all, the school year has started out very well as far as assemblies go.

## Glee Club Hits New High With Harvest Hop

The Girls' Glee Club has forty-two members to date. Manager Jean Chisholm said "No nonsense and getting things done" was to be their motto. "We come to rehearsals on time, and we are learning a new—and we mean *new*—repertoire of songs," she continued. "We are workers, we, with ideas, and to us goes credit galore for promoting and managing the Stags' Harvest Hop, to be held in the Assembly Hall on October 23. Sammy Saliba will swing and boogie for us. With all our oomph and ideas, you'll hear a lot about us this year."

## Senior Dramatic Club Organizes

The Senior Dramatic Club had its organization meeting with Miss Evelyn Haney presiding, during the activity period on September 18. During the meeting the officers were elected for the ensuing year. Those elected are as follows: President, John Ballou; Secretary, Barbara Mills; Treasurer, Jack Lord. The Dramatic Club expects a busy year, and, with such capable officers it should be very eventful.

Plans were discussed for future meetings. A few plays were selected and discussed by Miss Haney. Before the meeting was closed, a play-reading committee was appointed. Those on the committee are as follows: Joan Ambrose, Ruth Fairley, Ann Knowlton, Mary McGlew, Madeline McKenney, Joan Mutty, Shirley Patterson, Kathleen Peters, and Elaine Wardwell.

## Sophs Applaud Lowered Latin Club Requirements

Like the brooks, the Latin Club goes on forever. The first meeting of the school year 1942-43 brought together twenty-five club members. A nominating committee, composed of Robby Speirs '43, Ada Marsh '44, and Faith Jones '44 brought in a list of nominations. With due deliberation, the club proceeded to elect the following officers: consuls, Edith Strout, and Gardiner Moulton; Quaestor, Richard Sprague; Tribunes, Ann Knowlton and Joyce Marsh; Praetor, Joan Ambrose; Aediles, Anita Broder, Forest Nelson, Carol McCormick, and Shirley Castner; Curator, Fay Jones.

Alas! for tradition, for the grand old idea that what has been shall continue to be. It was enthusiastically voted by the club, (with the faculty advisor looking not too pained) to admit to membership sophomores who have attained the rank of 80 instead of 85, as has been the ruling for the past century or two. (Hearty applause from the sophomores!)

In her opening message to the club, Mrs. Lenore Cumming spoke on the subject: *Latin in the War-Time Curriculum*, stressing the value of Latin for its intrinsic worth, as a cultural subject, redeemable not in money and jobs, but "in the golden coin of life and thought."

This was followed by a panel discussion on the value of Latin and the Latin Club. Those participating



were Jack Nickerson, Gardner Moulton, for the juniors; Marydel Coolidge, Joyce Marsh for the seniors; Judith Coffin and Carolyn Garland for the sophomores. Jack raised a dissenting voice, but was speedily defeated by the other members of the group.

## Public Affairs Outlines Program

The organization meeting of the Public Affairs Club was held September 17, in Room 101. At that time the officers were chosen for the year: President, Richard Giles; Vice President, Albert Babcock; Secretary, Gerald Bangs; Treasurer, Carolyn Foley. October 2 the first program meeting was held in the Assembly Hall with an attendance of 160 members. President Richard Giles presided and in an opening speech welcomed the club members, old and new. After reading the constitution, adopted last year, he announced the following committees: Program; William Brennan, Sonya Cohen, Sherwood Jones, Peter LaCasse; Social, Molly Mudgett, Philip Hatch, Harry Graves, Joan Durgain. The report of the secretary was read and accepted. At this time a tentative list of subjects for discussion were announced.

November—Should men and women be conscripted for industrial work as well as for military service?

December—Shall we have a Second Front?

January—Is labor doing its part?

February—How is the United States raising the money for the global war?

March—Can we make a more united America?

April—How shall we insure a permanent peace?

The regular program on Inflation was given by a panel conducted by Miss Cousins. The four phases of the subject were presented: Definition of Inflation, with illustrations from everyday life, Sonya Cohen; The Inflationary Gap, William Brennan; The Anti-inflation Bills for Farmers and wages, Sherwood Jones; and What can the people do, Peter LaCasse.

## Debaters Swing Into Traditional Activities

The Debate Club this year feels the pinch of war circumstances along with other groups both within and outside the school. The transportation question is problematical for one thing. However the club is making plans for an active season, both with respect to customary social events and a full debating schedule. It looks as if the candy sale will not be held this year. With the sugar rationing, most families would find it a hardship to donate candy. It is unlikely that we can obtain special sugar for the purpose.

*(Please turn to page thirty-five)*



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When a graduating class first sets its course in divers directions, it is to the advantage of those, who remain to carry on, to know either for personal or for conversational reasons, who went where. That's why Alumni. You underpups who growl that you can keep your nose out of the Alumni news and still keep your nose on the trail of those dogged thoroughbreds of 1942. . . well, you must be in the dog house by now, because it's a wow of a job. Sample our diggings and you'll see "we ain't just woofin' around!"

"Beanie"—or do you prefer *Honorary Cadet-Major-Farrar* has at last found her ideal of heaven in Boston, home of the you-know-what and also of Miss Wheelock's School. Conveniently located at M. I. T. are those two senior mathemagicians of '42, *Whitney Jenkinson* and *Tom Hilton*. Fisher School in Boston has claimed *Marion Newcomb*.

Cicero's colleague from the class of '42, *Al Winchell*, has entered law and Northeastern this fall.

Joining 1941's *Al Perry* and *Sam Robinson* at Bow-

## ALUMNI: *They Shall Not Pass This Way Again*

*Midge (Peggy) Carlisle*, our 1942 Alumni ed., after sloshing around the Natarswi puddle in a flam buoyant red and white bathing suit, is at Trinity College, Washington, D. C. (So that's why they're all crowding to the capital!) We bet that D. C. is a mite too far for *Garry Speirs* (Maine, '45) to risk any more salmon on ice in the mail. . . should we say fan mail or fin mail?

Thanks to Miss Cousins—"Who would ever dream that someday he might move in the surroundings of the very historical background which we discuss in class?"—we are constantly reminded of such colonial institutions as William and Mary, and consequently of *Margy Knowlton*, Fashions '42. Margy won't be having to knit so many sweaters now that she's located in the warmer region of ole Virginny. *Sal Pearson* is nearby and wowing 'em at Sullins Junior College in Bristol, Virginia; her brother "*Bus*" *Pearson*, '41, is comparatively closer to home at Annapolis. The class of '42 is also represented at Annapolis by *John P. Downing, Jr.*, master mind and master pianist.

Another wanderlustful *Oracle* staff member is literary editor, *Scotti McLeod*. Scott, who wrote so prolifically for the mag last year, now writes from the "city of stockyards" that she has done the town up in a neat blue and white package tied with a red ribbon and has reverted to more serious pursuits at the University of Chicago. Dashing madly about, she reports having seen *Betty Early*, who made such an impression at B. H. S. three years ago.

Mischief-maker extraordinaire, *Hayden Bayer*, is taking his military medicine at Culver where he receives 25c per day for it. *Jack Campbell*, '42, who was Culverized last year, has marched on to West Point, and Jack in a uniform. . . Mmmmmmmmm!

Migrating south to Connecticut College for Women is *Marion Conners*. Norma Quinn, '41, at Simmons last year and behind the bathing suit counter this summer, has succumbed to coeducation at the University of Maine while *Janice Ames*, '41, is taking a turn at Simmons.

doin this year is *Harold Chason*, '42. *Curtis Jones*, *Oracle* editor—1938-39, was among the first at Brunswick to graduate after the summer speed-up session.

*Dorrie Ayer*, already much publicized in the B. D. News, is at Bradford Junior College. The ski-high *Good(t)wins* are taking the spirit of B. H. S. to Westbrook Junior College, as are *Betty Burns* and *Gertie Homans*.

Super marksman *Robert Lancaster* is at M. C. I. and helping to keep air-minded *Bob Bacon* grounded.

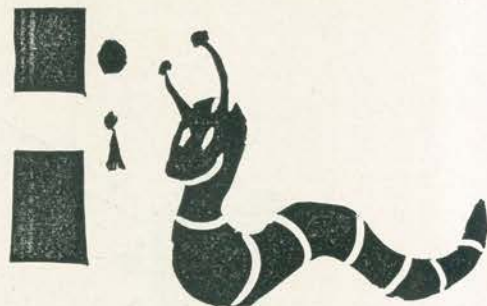
Adding their names to the illustrious ranks of teachers are *Dorrie Eaton*, *Ruth Fletcher*, *Virginia Graham*, *Eleanor Ramsdell*, *Dottie Leach*, *Jean O'Connor*, "*Bumps*" *Homestead*, and *Gloria Bailey* at Farmington, while *Frannie Taylor* is at Gorham.

Now we "have a little list" of '42-ers who hold almost a daily class reunion upstream at the University of Maine. *Charlie Guild*, who began at the end of May, and, inevitably, *Frannie Johnson* head this list. *Mary Spangler* and *Bob Eddy*, the other twosome of that famous foursome, are not far behind. *Janice Minott* and *John Carson*, (promising candidates for the Maine Masque), *Sid Bamford*, *Leon Higgins*, *Marie Duffy*, *Betty West*, *John La Point*, *Donald White*, *Joanne Springer*, *Leota Polk*, *Hayden Clement* and *Paul Hart* (who bellhopped at the Seaside all summer), *Helen Boulter*, *Mary O'Connor*, *Bob Catell*, *George Chalmers*, *Edith Fairley*, *Rosalie MacAloon*, *Dick Dillon*, *Murray Oppenheim*, *Freeland Jones*, *Roger Hanneman*, *Dick Graham*, *Judith Banton*, *Ernest Burke*, and *Thorborn Jones* also may be seen hither and yon and identified by pert green bow ties and pale blue crew hats. Maine frosh football is sure to include *Paul Coleman*, *John Brookings*, *Phil Murdock*, *Jack Hussey*, *Harlan Goodwin*, and *Bernie Jacobs* on the first string.

Castine's Maine Maritime Academy has supplied several Alumni with snappy uniforms. *Harold Burr*, *Harold Glencross*, *Eugene Sementelli*, and *Coleman Williams*, all '42, *Charlie Savage*, *Dick Morse*, '40, *Wally Springer*, *Arthur Eaton*, '41, and *Dick Economy* are a few to remember.



## The Worm's Turn



IN these days of conflicting rumors, unverified news reports, and utterly false editorials, it is necessary that every thinking person (of course this may not apply to you) be supplied with the truth in its unbiased form, in the cold, bare facts. And so (pause) we bring you (pause) the news (pause) of the world.

Bijou Theater. *Eleanor Klyne*, that lo-o-ovely blond destroyer was sighted conveying a sailor through a particularly touching scene from "Wake Island." However, strategists reported that a one man counter-attack is forming from the John Bapst area in the person of one *Vinnie Gillis*. To the air raid shelters, men!

Bangor High School. It was reported from reliable sources that the Chemistry Department has discovered a startling new combination to replace the services of that "ace experimenter", *Whitney Jennison*. It is none other than *Guy Ryan* and *Margy Lovejoy* who have reached a new high in dynamited glances.

Main Street, Saturday Nite (late—very late). A lack of proper escort served as a moral distracter of the population tonight when *Sue Waddell* was sighted steaming across Main Street with *Neal DeWitt* in tow. Don't tell us *Pete Bradshaw* is "sunk"?

Somewhere in Bangor. The navy was reported causing some minor disturbances in the form of *Eddie Guite* when he aroused excitement in the enemy camp of the steady of *Gloria Woodward*. All operations remain a military secret.

Assembly Hall, Friday Nite. The first casualty of the war was seen on the front tonight bearing up after his heroic, but helpless battle with the Irish. As our modest hero, *Bill Daley* did not wish his name mentioned, we are unable to print it here.

Hammond Street. A surprise attack by a junior, namely, *Barb Patterson*, completely out-maneuvered one *Richard Giles* in the art of osculation. However, after the smoke had cleared, we found *Giles* still undaunted showing up for a return engagement.

French Street. Undercover reports of the most secret sort have been going on here lately, but the "high command" has revealed today that a Commando raid was made at this location recently by *Chandler Johnson*. The situation is now "well in hand", huh, *Molly*?

Brewer, Maine. Occasional attacks from a force

across the river have upset the plans of one *Bob Treworgy*, who has been forced to save his face by returning several "snaps" of that of *Gracie Carlisle*. Oh well, the best laid plans of mice and men. . .

City Hall. The latest bill to be introduced before the school board is being thoroughly discus(d)ed under the able supervision of that staunch Republican statesman, "*Boogie-Bahr*" *Pierce*. This bill appropriates that on alternate Fridays school shall begin at 9:35 A. M. and be let out at 9:25 A. M. *Will* claims that this is an excellent and practical demonstration of negative and imaginary numbers.

Somewhere on a substitute airport road. In these trying times it is important to believe nothing what you hear and only half of what you see. This being the case, we are unable to say the *J. Waldo Ballou*, *Joan Ambrose*, *Carol McCormick*, and *Bob Berry* were. . . er. . . shall we say, "conserving gas and tires" after the Honor Council dance. We only heard, we did not see.

Mary Snow Field. The attitude of the Bangor High School students toward the future is very promising. Two of them, *Rob Speirs* and *Ray Rideout*, when questioned on the subject, replied, and we quote: "I'm gonna' get married and join the navy." Unquote.

Honor Council Dance. It is reported from unconfirmed sources that the rules of International Law have been severely violated. Without any regard to his opponent's feelings, *Everett Hatch*, *Chippy's* little brother, conveyed *Albert Babcock's* gal(?) *Maxine Connelly* to the launching of the Bangor High social season. This left "*Baldy*" up in the air, and when last seen was reported flying over California as an unidentified plane.

Somewhere in the streets of Bangor. The attempted capture of an unidentified blond late one night by those Don Juans of the R. O. T. C., *Bob Berry* and *John Cayting*, was foiled when unforeseen complications arose. How big was he, boys?

Essex Street, Grange. Remember, Deacon Hand and his Contry Band will be at the Essex Street Grange to play for you every Saturday night; at least that's what we. . . er. . . we mean at least that's what we're told by those boys who enjoy the "simple" things in life, hey, *Rolly*?

(Please turn to page thirty-eight)





**G**RAB your best girl and let's go! Where to? The movies, of course! No gas, no tires, no car, so we walk; but who cares? On the way I'll tell you all about the swell new pictures that are coming to our famous lil' ole town.

Say, what would you do if you were lonely in Africa, and suddenly out of the jungles appeared the exotic tantalizing Hedy Lamarr? Brother, you'd melt. But does Walter Pidgeon? He does not. He tells her to get out and stay out. It may go down in Ripley's column but, anyhow, this great actor, who has always played kind, gentle, fatherly roles, is a hard-bitten, quick tempered, heartless overseer by the name of Witzel in that no 1. hit, "White Cargo." The plot has to do with the degeneration of a young handsome Englishman (Richard Carlson) on a rubber plantation, who is finally conquered and degraded by African atmosphere and Tandeleyo's (that's Hedy's) charms. Walter Pidgeon doesn't handle much of the romantic angle but rather tries to prevent all the disastrous trouble. The supporting cast, including Frank Morgan and Bramwell Fletcher, is tops. And, oh yes—all through the story Miss Lamarr wears a "lurong", a revealing costume of gossamer silk jersey. Need I say more?

Oh, dream of life, hasn't Red Skelton the cutest dimples? Wait 'till you see him in "Whistling in Dixie." There's a girl (Ann Rutherford), a murder, a treasure, a villain, a whistling parrot, and an exciting climax. It's right-down side-splitting comedy combined with a right-up-spine-chiller mystery. Yeah man—is it a date?

By the way, who's that tight wad of radio who makes his best girl buy the tickets to the first show and then if it's raining, asks her to take him home in a taxi? Sure, good old Jack Benny! In his next great success (how he'd eat this up) known as "George Washington Slept Here," he's a killer-diller. The lucky boy is married to Ann Sheridan who decides to buy a house in the country where George Washington is reported to have slept. The plot isn't particularly strong, being centered around the house, a \$5,000.00 mortgage and a valuable note from Washington himself. However, it's good for plenty of laughs, so don't miss it.

If one of these days you suddenly find yourself stampeded, pushed, stepped on, and trampled, don't be surprised. Probably you got in the way of the crowd pouring into the theater to see that grand new picture, "Somewhere I'll Find You." I can just hear that sweet young girl sigh, "Clark Gable!" and that big rugged man breathe reverently, "Lana Turner." Yep, they're together again. This time our handsome hero accidentally walks into the wrong boarding room and hears with surprise a thrilling feminine voice issuing from a shower, telling him to kindly evacuate. He later finds out that the voice belongs to a lovely, but fiery, girl reporter whom he had "stood up" three years before and that she had been carrying the torch for him all the time while he was a war correspondent in Europe. It concerns one of those mixed-up romances that make you want to shout, "For goodness sake, you love him; he loves you; why in the world can't you two get together?" He chases her to China; she follows him to Manilla. Anyhow, it has a happy ending. There's fast moving, thrill packed action done up in that Gable-Turner manner and supported by Robert Sterling, Reginald Owen, and Patricia Dane. It's a winner both for story and action, so follow the crowd!

Here's another "what would you do?" Now I ask you! What would you do if you met a beautiful girl at a swimming pool and ten minutes later she calmly, possessively, and definitely kissed you underwater? Can you imagine a romantic situation? It could happen to you (or could it). Anyway, it happens to Mickey Rooney in his latest film, "Andy Hardy Steps Out." I'll leave it up to you to find out what this teen-age Romeo does after that. This chapter in the life of the Hardy family hasn't a great deal of story to it; but it's entertaining and comical, especially when Andy is caught ironing some of his sister's unmentionables and then again when sale of his ancient jalopy leads him into a law suit. It all ends with Andy going off to college—is he happy! He's just discovered that Wainswright has changed its policy from boys' school to a co-educational university.

Well, that's all for now, for here we are at the theater. Goodness, there is a large crowd. Let's go in, shall we; and don't forget the war stamps and bonds.





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# PASSING-IN-REVIEW

**Eleanor Prusaitis:** There is no need to introduce our Miss "Char-mante" of the Senior class, because everyone knows Sis. *That* smile and *those* dimples — they sorta get you, n'est-ce pas? Telephone number? Sorry, we are requested not to print *such* things! Better luck next time.

In the estimation of this fair damsel, home room programs and having her picture taken are out—but *definitely*.

Eleanor goes in for sports in a big way, but basketball is this gal's real love. Add some popcorn and then she is in her glory.

Sis is planning to be one of those *tres jolie* stenographers. We wouldn't mind being her boss, would you?



**Robert Saltzman:** Ever since this rugged little junior could toddle, he has been playing some sort of sport. Besides football, basketball, and baseball, Ducky enjoys fishing and swimming.

Ducky really likes school (is it possible?), especially algebra and English.

When it comes to women and food, this fellow chooses food, but the day is bound to come when women will make him forget even ice cream.

Ducky is a lover of nature and spends his summers deep in the Maine Woods. Perhaps that accounts for his reputation as a wolf in Ram's clothing.



**Anne Mitchell:** Here is that tall brunette with the sparkling eyes, a classy "45-er"! See what we mean? (Mmm! Mmm!)

She tells me that she could live on steak and graham cracker pie, "But," says Anne, "a 'coke' suits me just fine."

When we asked her about studying, her only reply was, "Don't be silly!"

Football, basketball, and skating keep this flash of a dash soph busy, and, of course, a few other *little* things.

Guess what? Anne wants to fly, but the way things are now, she is not sure just what the future has in store.



**Robert Daigle:** This senior's only worry is the threat of food rationing. Bob spends most of his time either eating sweet desserts or thinking up appetizing combinations such as toasted marshmallow fluff stuffed with jelly. He says that he will eat anything put on the table (make a nice hubby, huh?)

Bob goes in for military in a big way. He is a member of the Rifle Club, and is vice president of the Officers' Club.

In the line of sports, Bob enjoys football, basketball, tennis, swimming, and most of all, baseball. On the diamond his chatter is a continual headache to the batters and he plays the game like a "leaguer."

**Anne Knowlton:** Take a good gander; now here's what we really call something!

Anne is one of those jolly Juniors and likes every thing from the Marines to chocolate cake. What do you think of that for a combination? Not bad, we'd say.

She tells me that the weekends never last long enough, at least not for her any way. Can you imagine that?

Anne hopes to go to Katy Gibbs and to become a stenographer. Hmm! Then she wants to go to South America as an interpreter of languages. Hmm! A senorita, stenographer, and an interpreter (all in one breath)! South America, here we come!

**Forrest Shumway:** It would be a long search to find a more all-round fellow than this sophomore. Shum can play almost every sport invented and be a hard man to beat in each. He says that basketball is his favorite, but at the present he is catching Mr. Nanigian's eye as a fine football prospect.

Shum's abilities, however, don't stop at athletics. He can play the piano and is a good photographer, and, when it comes to "slinging the bull" to a bunch of gullible people, he can't be beaten.

As for food, Shum says, "Nothing can beat a big strawberry sundae with lots of fudge sauce."



# FILES ON PARADE

## DRAGON SEED

by Pearl Buck

IN "The Good Earth," Pearl Buck presents a view of the life of the poor Chinese peasant and his struggle for life and happiness against the relentless forces of nature. Here, in "Dragon Seed," the characters and the action are different, but the stage setting is the same, and throughout the book the same emphasis is placed upon the love of the land that characterized her earlier work. Here it is the story of another peasant, Ling Tan; his fight and that of his sons for freedom and peace against the cruel oppression of the Japanese conquerors.

It cannot be denied that there is propaganda in the book, but this propaganda consists only in presenting the facts in the most forceful way. There is not misrepresentation, but it must be kept in mind that the world situation has changed considerably since this book was written, and the problem of aid to China has become much more difficult and complicated.

Judged by its literary merits, "Dragon Seed" is probably not so great as "The Good Earth," but it is a much more important book. It was written out of a great need and with a strong purpose; in it, Pearl Buck has reached a new height of dramatic writing. It is, perhaps, one of the two or three greatest novels yet to come out of the war.

## HE'S IN THE NAVY NOW

by Lt. Commander John C. Tuthill, Jr.

Here's a book that is interesting and informative for the civilian and practically invaluable to anyone who is planning to join the Navy. Commander Tuthill, who ought to know his subject as well as anyone, has treated of practically every important phase of life in the Navy, from signing up at the recruiting office to going on the long-anticipated shore leave. The book is amply illustrated with nearly one hundred and fifty photographs, which give an excellent idea of the kind of life a prospective bluejacket may expect to go through before attaining a Petty Officer's rating. The author's talent for vivid description and concise statement has resulted in the compression of a maximum of facts, figures, and valuable information within a minimum of space; in fact, it probably contains twice as much practical knowledge on the subject as any another book of twice its length.

Whether or not you are planning to join the Navy, this book is well worth your time, and will not fail to reward you. The reading of it should be a "must" for anyone who would like to know more about our Navy.

## ADMIRAL OF THE OCEAN SEA

by Samuel Eliot Morison

An interesting fact about this new life of Columbus is that it is the product of a practical research project undertaken by the author. In two small boats comparable to those that Columbus used, he and a few friends sailed over the Admiral's actual New World routes on the four voyages.

The judgment of Columbus' character which the author undertakes has the advantage of having been formed in the light of a great deal of research, rather than by personal prejudice. Indeed, the whole book shows the emphasis upon records rather than upon romantic conjectures which is the mark of the true historian.

This is, without doubt, the most complete and comprehensive modern biography of the discoverer of America that has been written. The author has employed all available source material concerning the life of Columbus and the four voyages to produce a really monumental work, which is also interesting and highly readable; in fact, almost as much so as an historical novel. It is very unusual for any work of such fine scholarship to carry an appeal for a popular audience.

## THE MOON IS DOWN

by John Steinbeck

This, the author's first book since "The Grapes of Wrath," seems to revert to the type of short novel he wrote before his greatest book. Yet it is different from the others in that it is primarily a war novel from first to last, and so simple as almost to be an allegory. The theme of "The Moon is Down" is invasion—the invasion of a simple village by a ruthlessly scientific enemy—and the final defeat—moral if not actual—of the conquering soldiers by the passive resistance of the occupied people.

The story bears no specific resemblance to any actual case. The names (all of them English, by the way,) are all fictitious. Nevertheless there is no doubt that the author's intention was to represent the German invasion of Norway. There are references to a Leader, and there is a character in the story who perfectly portrays the Prussian military type. But these things are not important. Psychology plays the chief part in the book. It makes us realize that the invader is human, and that, though the people whom he has conquered have no way of striking back and do not dare to disobey, yet there will come a time when the enemy's control must crack, and united people burst the bonds of oppression.



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# Pigskin Parade

## INSIDE THE LOCKER ROOM

**W**HAT is all the noise that you hear on the east side of the city about six o'clock almost every evening? Why, that only comes from inside the locker room at Mary Snow after a hard practice for the Bangor Rams. Although it may sound to the outside world like someone was getting murdered, it is usually only a combination of Ryan, Moulton, and Jim Adams' singing, Jack Lord's corny jokes, "Fib" Magee's stories about the Bangor football team two years ago, Bob Daigle's arguments with "Shad" Nelson about the World Series, etc.

All in all, it's a combination of the things that make the team the lively bunch they are.

While "Gard" Moulton's semi-tenor voice is nothing to hear at a "\$2.00 a box seat" price, it is loud enough to scare curious wanderers away from the locker room, and with Guy Ryan and Jim Adams (The only players who know the words to the tunes) added in—well—ah—just—well!

Not only does the noise step up the liveliness there, but also helping are the ornamented walls, which are plastered with everything from a cartoon to a picture of an 1890 football team (for which we may thank "Hairy" Weston).

Probably, the most noticeable of all, though, is Willy Pierce's mirror, which for the first time in history is hung low enough for short fellows like Willy and me to look into without standing on tiptoes. I guess those big bruisers are pretty sore that they have to kneel down to comb their hair. (It's good exercise for them).

Hanging up very conspicuously, also, is the notice "No Loafers Allowed. Ends take Notice." 'Nough said.

The screeches that one may hear come from someone who happens by mistake to jump under one of Roger Teft's or "Fibber" Magee's ice cold showers. "Porky" Burr did it once. "Burr," says Burr, when he thinks of it.

Speaking of Burr, reminds us of the sprained thumb he has been nursing lately. Just another one of those hand injuries, I suppose. Hand injuries aren't so common in football, as one may think when he sees the injured list of the football squad, but I guess we're jinxed for them this year. "Sherwy" Jones received two broken bones in his hand during the Brewer game and, in the same afternoon, Shumway cracked a bone in his finger, and I came out with a sprained hand. But this



wasn't all. Within a week, a promising half-back, Boulter received a bad bone fracture in his hand. Harry Weston, "Franny" Cawley, and the prementioned Burr, all were worrying about sprained thumbs, sustained in some of the scrimmages that week.

## BANGOR WINS FIRST TWO GAMES

The Bangor Rams battered their way to two decisive victories in as many games to start their season off with a bang. However, don't let that give you false impressions, for the opposition, Brewer and John Bapst, is the weakest that we meet this season. Portland, Waterville, and Lewiston all have very powerful teams this year, and most experts favor them over Bangor. To ready the team for these hard games, Coach Nannigan has been giving them stiff practices, and the team has really been working hard. No matter what the outcome of these major games, they will be in there fighting all the way.

Bangor's first game against Brewer was won by 26-0 score, with Magee and Jacobs sharing in scoring honors. The Bangor backfield, consisting of these two, Speirs, and Nelson, looked impressive, but the line made just a "so-so" appearance and there was plenty of room for improvement.

The Bangor offensive was sparked by some of "Bob" Speirs blocking, Lefty Jacobs' powerful running, and "Fib" Magee's fleet-footedness. Speedy "Shad" Nelson made some swell runs, but he couldn't get started in this or the Bapst game. Don't worry too much about him, though, for he's due and when he really gets started, just watch out.

Defensively, Bangor held fairly well, and Brewer threatened only once with a passing attack in the late minutes, then they lost the ball on the seven yard line, after the Bangor team had held them there for four straight downs.

The Rams could not have their scheduled game with Rumford this year, because of transportation difficulties and so they remained idle that Saturday.

The following week they clashed against the scrappy



Bapst Crusaders and came out on the top end of a 250 score. Despite the score, the Bangor line in this game didn't look so good. The backfield played a good game with Magee pulling off some beautiful runs to give Bangor three of their touchdowns, and after intercepting a forward pass he lateraled to Jacobs who galloped for the fourth score. Jacobs also played one pip of a defensive game. Many substitutes were used for Bangor in this as well as the Brewer game, and these boys showed that they really had the stuff!

*Incidents and coincidents* — Husky "Will" Pierce already has kicked two extra-points in game time, but don't take those points for granted. Willy didn't. During most of his spare time in practice he is place kicking; don't forget that some day, one of Will's kicks may mean the difference between victory and defeat.

One of Brewer's ace backfield men is none other than "Don" Buck, a member of Bangor's last year squad; This fact made no difference to Bangor, who treated poor "Bucko" pretty roughly. Helping a great deal toward the treatment was Harry Weston, who, after the game, walked home, surprisingly enough, with his old pal, Buck.

Many spectators claim that two end runs which turned out to be touchdowns in Bapst game, consisted of some of the most beautiful faking that they ever saw!

On one occasion during the Bapst game Magee was knocked out of bounds in the midst of some Bapst rooters, who were yelling "Magee's all done now!" "How to hit em" etc. Magee got up quickly, however, and on the next play, he went over for a touchdown. While going up the field to kick off it was noticed that this section of Bapst fans were very quiet, indeed.

On the last play of the first half, Paul Colburn intercepted a pass and showing much speed raced for the goal line, and had his blocked yours truly, thrown a good block, Paul might have been the first Bangor substitute to make a touchdown. It surely was a tough break for his promising back.

To conclude this article, Let us remind you of this quotation by Jim Brit: "If you can't take part in a sport, be one anyway; will you?"

## THE ORACLE GOES TO FOOTBALL PRACTICE

*(Editor's note—Most of the students in the school do not know what goes on at one of the football practices, so this article is being written to give you a faint idea of what happens at the average "hard" practice which come about twice a week.)*

Directly after school the football players hustle to get to the practice at Mary Snow School. Up Center Street, you can see them walking in groups of any number. Some, who live on the way, drop in their homes and have a bite to eat, while others drop into the corner

drugstore to do the same thing, but most of them go directly to the school. They rush down into the locker-room where they change and put on their football suits.

After they are dressed, they go out on the field, and for about fifteen minutes, they usually work on fundamentals which bother them. Then the whistle blows, and that signal means to run once around the field and to get ready for exercises. These usually take only about ten minutes, but don't think they are easy. Running up the field in low charges conclude the calisthenics. Next in order are the races between the men of different positions; then the boys get a drink of water, and start using the tackling and blocking dummies.

Contact work, which usually follow is probably the hardest part of practice. It consists of double teaming, blocking, charging, etc. with the players being the victims. After the coaches are satisfied with this, the teams run through some plays to ready themselves for the scrimmage which comes next.

A scrimmage, in case you may not know, is almost like a game, with two of the teams playing against each other, but Coach Nanigan stops the playing in between plays to point out the mistakes of the players. After sufficient scrimmaging, the squad runs twice around the field and then to the locker room.

It surely feels swell to get off the heavy pads and take a warm shower. (Some like showers ice cold, much to the discomfort of the others). The players dress and hurry home to supper. The supper will probably be extra large and healthful, for the mothers know by now how hungry their sons will be. With their appetites satisfied, the players feel better, and at night they sleep as sound as a log. The next day they usually feel wonderful mentally as well as physically after having that swell sleep which was caused by a "hard" football practice!

## PORTLAND DEFEATS BANGOR

In one of the hardest-fought school boy football games of this season, the Portland powerhouse edged the Bangor Rams with a 13 to 6 score.

It wasn't so much the close score, but the time of Portland's scoring that practically caused heartbreak for the home team's members and rooters.

The Rams were the first to score, when early in the first quarter Shat Nelson, who played a sensational game, intercepted a Portland pass about midway on the gridiron, and raced to the eleven yard line. From there the Bangorians, featured by some of Lefty Jacob's hard plunging, romped for their only score. Willy Pierce's attempted kick for the extra point was wide by inches.

All the scoring seemed stopped that half until in the  
(Please turn to page thirty-four)



## With The Sportingals



### SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX

**W**ELL, people, girls' field hockey started off with a bang! There were seventy-six girls at the first practice and did they practice! They bullied around in more ways than one, with the poor unfortunate little girl always getting the worst—from black eyes to barked shins. Some of these young Amazons swung their sticks like murderous guerrillas (Chris Burbank seemed to be well ahead of the others in this respect!) But, honestly, by the time the games started, the girls were ready for professionals.

The G. A. H. C.'s senior girls provided Miss McGuire with her assistants. Shad Wilson, Sis Prusaitis, Kay Downes, and Barby Watters coached the sophomores; Joycie Marsh, Yoanie Ambrose, Betty Higgins, and Gus Coleman directed the Juniors; and, Prudy "Cuddles" Speirs gave out the "info" to the senior lassies.

Shad Wilson took over her duties as hockey manager (that's taking care of the balls, goal posts, and all the other equipment, you know, all the dirty work in general); but she pawned it all off on her very, very able assistants, Tishie Philbrick and Janie Hilton, the two junior members of the G. A. H. C.

Seniors: Jeanie Archer, Shad Wilson, Barbie Mills, Sis Prusaitis, Fay Jones, Annie Conners, Kay Downes, Barbie Watters, Joanie Ambrose, Betty Higgins, Joycie Marsh, Prudy Speirs, Annie Woodman, Hope Redman, Jeanne Hartz, Polly Telfer, Irene Burleigh, Gus Coleman, Ruthie Fairley, Janie Rollins, Molly Mudgett, Marydel Coolidge, Evelyn Foster, Edith Bettheim, Margie Christianson, Winnie Paulin, and Corace Whitcomb.

Juniors: Kayo Foley, Ann Freeland, Janie Hilton, Barbie McAloon, Jean Fleming, Tish Philbrick, Rosemary O'Connor, Cynthia Rich, Marion Turner, Millie Gass, Ruthie Goss, Mac McKenney, Kitty Peters, Sue Welsh, Connie Adams, Chris Burbank, Eulalie Comstock, Muriel Doherty, Virginia Getchell, Nina Hazen,

Faith Jones, Ann Knowlton, Helen Nickerson, Sue Waddell, and Norma Wilks.

Sophomores: Patty Arsenault, Ferne Carson, Annette Chapman, Barbie Chapman, Maxine Connelly, Sandra Ginsberg, Adelle Goos, Marjorie Gumprecht, Polly Clement, Marion Hanson, Lois Ann Hopkins, Madeline Ketch, Norma Lee Lambert, Dorothy Mitchell, Annabelle Robbins, Phyllis Rudman, Leona Veazie, Louise Sheean, Esther Colby, Jeannette Smith, Jane Dennehy, Cynthia Hillman, Barb Curran, and Betty Johnson.

Miss McGuire announced the tentative hockey schedule:

Tues. Oct. 13—Seniors vs. Juniors.

Wed. Oct. 14—Juniors vs. Sophomores.

Fri. Oct. 16—Sophomores vs. Seniors.

Mon. Oct. 19—Seniors vs. Juniors.

Wed. Oct. 21—Juniors vs. Sophomores.

Fri. Oct. 23—Sophomores vs. Seniors.

Some of the hockey sticklers you should have watched are that super-deluxe-and-then-some Shad Wilson, who dashes around the hockey field like a mouse when a cat is after it; and that femme who is always taking flips at extremely crucial moments, Prudy Speirs; little Yoanie Ambrose, who is one of the best full-backers imaginable; Sis Prusaitis, who is always "right in there fightin'"; Annie Woodman, Annie Conners, and Polly Telfer, who swing their sticks around like three Irishmen with their shalaylies in a scrap. Then there were the juniors with Tishie Philbrick leading the attack, and that Goliath of a Suzy Welsh in the goalie position, Janie Hilton, who wacks the ball with extreme gusto; Marion Turner, who dishes it out to the best of them; Sue Waddell, who backs up the backs in great style. Finally, you ought to have seen the sophomores: Barbie Curran, definitely a whiz; Polly Clement, who pushes the ball around with wim and vigor; Patty Arsenault, always in the middle of everything; These are just some of the highlights, because there are plenty more smooth players where these came from.





## On The Beam

**M**OVE over everybody; we're coming in! But, before we start hitting the high-spots, how about stopping long enough to hand out a salute to the stars who have been so successfully touring the camps and helping to raise the morale of the men in uniforms. They have been giving out with some good shows this summer, and now they are back on the air with more of the same for all of us.

Speaking of shows for the services, we've noticed that there are some really good programs put on by the men themselves, as is excellently illustrated by the production of "Cheers from the Camps" by the service men, Tuesday nights at 9:30 over C. B. S. They do all the directing and acting, and also provide all their own music and comedy.

### Newcomers:

If you want a chance to relax and lose yourself in the enjoyment of the pleasures and problems involved in life in a small town, you won't want to miss "The Mayor of the Town," now heard on C. B. S. Wednesday at 9:30, starring Lionel Barrymore, whose superb dramatic talents fit him perfectly to fill the role of the friendly and lovable chief executive. His humor differs from the ordinary, giving the program an atmosphere which appeals to almost every type of listener.

If you haven't time to do all the reading you would like to, here's a program made to order for you. All you have to do is set your dial for WABI, 9:00 Sunday, and let "Radio Reader's Digest" do some of your reading for you. With Conrad Nagel acting as narrator, this show really gives you your money's worth.

### Still Tops:

A few of the old favorites still marching along the pathway of popularity include:

"Your Hit Parade" with Barry Wood  
Fred Waring in "Pleasure Time"

Barry Wood and Joan Edwards share honors on the weekly parade of the nation's top-rankers, accompanied by Mark Warnow's music. The time is still 9:00 P. M., C. B. S.

Fred Waring's music is, as always, away up high on the list of America's favorites, and he has some glee club arrangements that won't be found very far below the stratosphere. (7:00 daily for this one.)

The ancient rivals, Jack Benny and Fred Allen, are

both back again with more of the programs that have brought them both such wide popularity. Jack is still enduring the criticisms of the rest of his cast each Sunday at 7:00 over N. B. C., while Allen gets his at 9:30 over C. B. S.

Although there are shortages almost everywhere now, there doesn't seem to be any need to ration music. The quantity and variety are still plentiful enough so that we can get along for a while longer.

If you really want to get warmed up fast, you can tune in to Harry James, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights at 7:15, C. B. S. With Glen Miller now doing his bit in the army (lucky fellows, these soldiers), Harry's trumpet-tootin' is sweeping him upstairs under full steam as he takes over Glen's regular spot.

Just to keep things moving, "The Fitch Bandwagon" moves in at 7:30 every Sunday on NBC with Tobe Reed in charge. After featuring the not-so-widely known orchestras during the summer, The Bandwagon is again swinging along to the rhythm of the nation's first. To start things right, they featured Kay Kyser on the first program of the new series.

Incidentally, the Old Professor can still be heard shouting a cheery greeting to one and all at his regular time, 10:00 P. M., Wed., along with the rest of the faculty in the far-famed College of Musical Knowledge.

### Sugar Not Needed

To inject a sweet note at this point, maneuvering the dial around to WLBZ at 8:15, Friday will bring you fifteen minutes to dream away with Dinah Shore. And where is there a moron who wouldn't like to dream with Dinah for fifteen minutes? Anyway, it's worth thinking over, if for no reason other than her singing, which is plenty okay.

### Papa Pays

There's no question about it in our minds. If you need convincing, we suggest that you follow one of several courses of action. Monday at 7:30, CBS backs us up by giving you "Blondie," with a new series of adventures in which Dagwood, as usual, is rather involved. (He is so deeply involved, in fact, that he generally needs plenty of help to get untangled.)

Daddy also gets a going over, Thursdays at 8:00, this time over NBC, when Baby Snooks moves in with "Maxwell House Coffee Time."



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## Portland Game

*(continued from page thirty)*

last minutes the Portland team, with their rugged full-back Potenzo gaining the most ground by hard line plunges started a desperate offensive. With *less than ten seconds* left in the half, the Portlanders scored, but they failed to make an extra point because of a penalty.

Both teams came out in the second half really to win this ball game, but for two long periods it appeared as though neither team would score. There was only about a minute left to play, and then it happened. Portland started moving with a passing attack and line plunges, and again with *less than ten seconds* left to play, the opponents scored. It was a sixteen yard to Graham, their towering end, that did the trick this time.

They made the extra point with an off tackle plunge, and that was the story a 13 to 6 victory for the blue boys from Portland. It certainly was a tough game to lose, but I guess it wasn't in the books for us.

## G.A.H.C. Sponsors September Shuffle

The Girls' Athletic Honor Council opened this season with eleven members out of a possible twenty-four—so there are plenty of openings for the girls with the right qualifications—the main ones being excellence in athletics and scholarship, dependability, respect, sportsmanship, and leadership.

The girls have taken up their habitual stand at all the home football games selling coke, ice cream, and candy. They take turns behind the bar with Joycie Marsh, Sis Prusaitis, Kay Downes, Barb Watters, and Gus Coleman alternating with Prudy Speirs, Betty Higgins, Yoanie Ambrose, Tish Philbrick, and Janie Hilton, with treasurer Shad Wilson heading the aggregation at all times.

On September 25, the Council presented Watie Akins and his band at the first dance the Council has sponsored for some time, the "September Shuffle." The proceeds from the affair bought some smooth new records for the "vic" in the gym. There were literally hundreds of people there—making the shindig a definitely amazing success. Those in charge were: General Chairman, Prudy Speirs; Kay Downes and Sis Prusaitis in charge of tickets and posters; Tishie Philbrick and Janie Hilton, refreshments; Barbie Watters and Joycie Marsh, policeman; Betty Higgins and Yoanie Ambrose, orchestra; and Shad Wilson and Gus Coleman, chaperones and guests.

Alumnae of the G. A. H. C. who helped immensely at the dance by selling tickets and coke were Betty West, Leota Polk, and Spanky Spangler.



## Activities

(continued from page twenty-one)

The projected social plans for this season's Debate Club are a rummage sale, a lecture, a fair, carnival, or a night club such as was so successful last year, a banquet, and possibly others.

This year we will be represented in both Bowdoin and Bates Interscholastic Debate Leagues. There is reason to believe that we may be represented at the University of Maine this year in an informal tournament. Our traveling will, it seems, be restricted to what can be done by trains.

At home we plan to have the usual intra-club tournament and an inter-class tournament. An extemporaneous speaking contest will also be held. The club will, in the course of the season, try out several innovations along the line of debate method. In addition to the orthodox styles of debating practiced in the Bowdoin and Bates Leagues, there will be some utilization of such techniques as the Maine Plan, the Oregon Plan, and the North Carolina plan. These various methods all involve different types of skill and proficiency and some are highly dramatic from the audience point of view.

The club will carry on this year in accordance with its traditions. We are performing a function. That is a criterion for the success of any organization or institution. In our organization, boys and girls experience the satisfaction of successful cooperative effort, which is decided by a highly significant type of education. Then, too, the premium, in debating, placed upon the development of verbal facility, the necessity for clarity in thought, nimbleness of wit, and command of a wide range of information, make debating as profitable a training as can be found in your high school career.

Our membership this year seems to be holding very well. Although the total membership of Bangor High School is about twelve per cent less than last year, our club has a membership more than comparable to past years. Our meetings this year will be held, as usual, on the first and third Thursdays of the month in Room 307 at 2:25 P. M.

At the first meeting, Sept. 17th, the following officers were elected:

President.....Philip Hatch  
Vice Pres. & Publicity Agent....Fay Jones  
Secretary.....Barbara Andrews

At the second meeting, in Room 207 on Sept. 23rd, the following were appointed to assist in a membership campaign: Joseph Oppenheim, Sylvia Limberis, Henry Barker, Philip Hatch, Fay Jones, Richard Giles, George Broutas, Rita Christakos. The results of the drive were highly gratifying.

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### COMMERCIAL CLUB HAS THREEFOLD AIM

The aims of the Club are: first, to further the educational, and social development of its members; second, to try for friendly cooperation for self improvement; and third, to make for better understanding of business as it is.

Election of officers and committee chairmen highlighted the first meeting of the Commercial Club on September 18. Those elected are as follows:

President—Howard Hazelton; Vice President—Grace Carlisle; Secretary—Eleanor Smith; Treasurer—Eleanor Prusaitis; Program Chairman—Anastasia Christakos; Social Chairman—Clarice Jellison.

The Program Chairman appointed Marilyn Comeau, Dorothy Jenkins, and Carro Davies on her committee; and the Social Chairman appointed Nannette Turner, Mary Thompson, and Leona Wilshire on her committee.

A weenie roast was held at Oak Grove on September 23, where baseball and games were enjoyed by all. Present, among faculty were: Miss Dorothy I. Gustin, Miss Grace L. Thomas, Mrs. Janice M. Burton, and Mr. Ransford Smith.

This year is expected to be the most successful year in the history of the Commercial Club.

*(Please turn to page thirty-nine)*

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## Hokum

(continued from page twenty-three)

Soo-Nipi Lodge, N. H. "Hotel service, smooth tray—gay waitresses, smoother bell boys," raves Redman. And she tells us that new term for wolf is "birrrd!"

Commerce Hall. An unidentified foreigner from the region of Millinocket was approached one Saturday night by an ever vigilant *Joyce Marsh* and, when he had properly identified himself (his name is *Leo*), *Miss Marsh*, disliking to disregard the good old Bangor hospitality, got out her U. S. O. smile (use some oomph) and proceeded to make the stranger welcome. Ah, for the life of a stranger!

Special Dispatch to the *Oracle*. After extensive research and laborious experiments, that eminent scientist, *Shad Nelson*, has arrived at the astounding conclusion that. . .

Would you like to know what *Shad Nelson* discovered? If so, be sure to read our forthcoming column "SHAD NELSON SEZ" in the next issue of the *Oracle*.

And now for a few words from our sponsor. . .

Seeing as how some people say that we should be intellectual, we hereby submit this poem:

Pome—"If hugging on highways is your sport,  
Trade in your car for a davenport."

### CLASSIFIED ADS

Wanted: Foreman to supervise the stag line at all Bangor High School dances. Excellent opportunities for a young man with initiative and durability. All those interested in applying for the job, please notify Mr. Lovely.

Wanted: A suitable place for *Goody Wiseman* and *Bob Taylor* to eat lunch. What's the matter with the cafeteria, boys?

Found: Two "S" gasoline ration coupons. Will the owner please form a single line on the left hand side of the corridor in front of the principal's office?

Lost, Strayed, or Stolen. Four girls answering to the names of *Shirley*, *Eleanor*, and *Barbara*, (the fourth one is of unknown identity). Last seen strolling on the Maine campus with. . . well, we don't know them, either!

Lost: *Sherwood Jones's* trombone, (thank goodness!)

Telfer: (looking up from *L'Evasions de M. de Beaufort*) How do you translate p-a-s d-e l-o-u-p?

Mlle Beaupre: Er. . . ah. . . silently. . . secretly. . . stealthily: with the step of a wolf. You know, when a wolf wants to take you by surprise, he isn't likely to let you know.

Telfer: Gee, Mlle Beaupre, you know everything.



COLOSSAL CONTEST

Would you like to become the proud owner of a brand new set of white-walled automobile tires? . . . So should we. . . However, you can win a beautiful autographed, full colored, 8 x 10 photograph of your Hokum editors. How? By merely writing in twenty-five words or less the answer to this question:

"How do *Raymond Rideout*, *Robinson Speirs*, *Betty Higgins*, and *Prudy Speirs* act while on a date?"

This contest closes on November 21, 1942, so be sure to have your entries postmarked no later than midnight, November 21. You may be lucky and win a photograph.

In closing, let us say that all contributions will be appreciated; however, these same contributions will tend to depreciate the greatness of this, your Hokum column.

BAND STEPS UP TO TEMPO

(continued from page thirty-six)

Robert Cameron continues as student leader this season, while William Warren takes over the duties of drum-major. Alfred Frawley has been appointed assistant drum-major, and offices will be given out according to ability and the desire of the boys to build up a playing unit that will be a credit to the school.

With the starting of rehearsals, Col. McCormick called the band out for drill in preparation for marching. The new members caught on quickly, and responded willingly and enthusiastically; thus enabling the band to get into marching shape weeks ahead of former schedules.

More players are needed in the various sections, and there is always room for those interested in the band.

HOMECELECTS

The first organization meeting of the Homece Club was held during Activity Period on Friday, October 2nd. The following officers and committees were named: President, Harriet Travis; Secretary, Alice Kilby; Treasurer, Catharine Trenholm; Recorder, Eleanor Dolan.

The program committee members are: Helen Campbell, chairman; Barbara Kenney, Christine Tilley, Yvonne Crie.

The room committee members are: Beatrice Gilbert, chairman; Betty Roderick, Ruth Weinstein, June Nichols, Norman Moores.

Plans for the coming year were discussed with many suggestions presented. It was decided that the club would go on a wienie roast during the month of October at Oak Grove. It was also decided that the club members would do war work by sewing and knitting for the Red Cross. This closed our business meeting after which games were enjoyed.

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