

DOES NOT CIRCULATE Shelf in stacks

ORACLE

Bangor Public Library
RECEIVED FEB 7 1944



28

Vol. 532

DECEMBER, 1943

No. 1

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

Use the Eastern Trust and Banking Company

Register Check Service

You can pay your bills and transfer money by
REGISTER CHECK

Why waste time? Why take chances?

Why worry about minimum balances?

PERSONAL - -

Each check is your own, signed by you. And yet, no bank account is required.

ECONOMICAL - -

The cost is only 10c per check drawn. The charge does not change with the amount of the check, it is 10c whether the check is \$20 or \$100.

TIME-SAVING - -

There's no need to waste time paying monthly bills in person now. You can pay them all in a few minutes time, and in one place, with Register checks.

CONVENIENT - -

With a Register Check, you have most of the conveniences of a checking account, and yet you don't have to worry about minimum balances or fuss with bookkeeping.

BUSINESS-LIKE - -

It's good for your prestige to pay bills and transfer money by check. By so doing, you will tell the recipient that you are habitually business-like in financial matters.

SAFE - -

When you pay a bill by Register Check the Bank keeps a permanent record of the payment. You don't have to bother with an accumulation of elusive receipts. If, at any time after you have paid a bill by Register Check, a question should arise about that payment, the bank will furnish full proof that the bill was paid by you.

So from now on be efficient, be safe, be business-like in your personal business.

Use this
Register Check
Service

Phone, write or visit the Bank for complete information on Register Checking

TODAY

EASTERN TRUST AND BANKING COMPANY

2 STATE STREET

Branches:

BANGOR, MAINE

Old Town, Maine

— Machias, Maine

The Oracle's Classified Business Directory

The forgotten man of tomorrow is the man who failed to advertise today.

	Phone No.		Phone No.
Auto Electric Service		Paint	
ARVID L. EBBESON	3870	R. H. KAVANAUGH	9892
600 Main St.		39 Park St.	
Beverages		Phonographs & Pianos	
BANGOR BOTTLING	2-0668	MELVIN'S MUSIC STORES	2-1082
6 Spring St.		Everything in Music	
Fruits & Produce		88 Central St., Bangor	
C. H. SAVAGE CO.	5661	179 Main St., Presque Isle	
62 Pickering Sq.		Printers	
Funeral Directors		H. P. SNOWMAN	3841
WHITE & HAYES	2-0294	27 Franklin St.	
46 Center St.		JORDAN-FROST PRINTING CO.	4343
Grocers		Quality Printing	
C. E. LEACH & SONS	6183	182 Harlow St.	
266 Hammond St.		Radios & Pianos	
O. E. MILLS & SON	8534	RICE & TYLER	3351
168 Center St.		98 Central St.	
SPANGLER'S Q NOT Q FOOD SHOP ..	8268	Shoe Repairing	
8 Broad St.		WOOD'S SHOE FIXERY	6829
Lunches		96 Harlow St.	
PROUT'S DOG HOUSE			
Lower Main St.			
Where U meet yer friends			



FOR GIFTS FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY
SHOP AT SEARS & SAVE

REMEMBER !

THE BEST GIFT OF ALL

WAR BONDS and STAMPS

COURTESY IS NOT RATIONED AT SEARS

WHATEVER ELSE WE MAY BE SHORT OF, WE SHALL NEVER RUN OUT OF
 COMMON COURTESY AND POLITE TREATMENT OF OUR CUSTOMERS

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO.

Post Office Square, Bangor, Maine

See

Arthur W. Knight

FOR GOOD CARS

"Our reference—anyone you meet"

Knight Auto Sales Co.

54 Cumberland St.

Tel. 2-1505



"M-m-m"

is for

Many Tasty Treats

Any Soda, Sundae, or Sandwich . . .

anything you select from our long and varied menu will win a "M-m-m" of approval, because we've many tasty treats to tickle your palate. We have a way of making the best of everything--even under rationing.

The Oracle

December, 1943

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



VOL. LIII

NO. 1

CONTENTS

Cover Design—Richard Sprague

Cover Cut—Chandler Drisko

FICTION:

InterludePage 5
by Lucille Power

To SuePage 7
by Barbara Andrews

Thy Will Be DonePage 9
by Marjorie Gumprecht

GesundheitPage 10
by Faith Jones

FEATURES:

The American Century and Russia'sPage 6
by Paul McGouldrick

Why Victory Begins at B. H. S.Page 18
by Sandra Ginsberg

With Pleasure We PresentPage 14

POEM:

Future DeclarativePage 4
by Richard Sprague

EditorialsPage 8

FashionsPage 12

Outside the ClassroomPage 16

HokumPage 17

AlumniPage 20

Passing-in-ReviewPage 21

Boys' AthleticsPage 22

MoviesPage 23

RadioPage 24

BooksPage 25

Girls' AthleticsPage 26

STAFF

Editor.....Richard Sprague

Business Manager....Alfred Frawley

Literary Editors... { Lucille Power
Olive Coffin
Sandra Ginsberg

ActivitiesJack Nickerson

Fashion Editor.....Carol Chadeayne

Alumni.....Barbara Patterson

Hokum.....Anne Knowlton

Passing-in-Review { Helen Nickerson
Edward Jennison

Book Reviews.....Faith Jones

Radio.....Forrest Nelson

Movies.....Jacqueline Springer

Boys' Athletics.....Robert Saltzman

Girls' Athletics.....Barbara Andrews

Staff Photographer.....Charles Perry

Artists..... { Chandler Drisko
Ronald Smith

Business Staff... { Roger Tefft
Annie-Jane Philbrick
Jane Hilton

Circulation.....Edwin Wilson

1944

1943

1942

1941
DEC
7

Future Declarative

•

The page came loose from the calendar.
The ragged edge curled, crisp, and white.
The ink came off on his finger tips
As he touched the black eleven.
The eleventh of November, 1943.
It took him a generation back
To the first World War and Armistice:
The transports, trenches, Tipperary,
And all the rest, and after that
Triumphant headlines, crowds, and cheers.
Came flooding back—What gained, what gained?
Mars claimed his only son, not he,
As war claimed him in 'seventeen.
In time to come would that son have
To ask as he did now, What gained?
God with us, he will not, he'll not.

INTERLUDE

by Lucille Power

Here's a different kind of war story by that senior whose stories are always entertaining. You've met Davy Adams before. Here he is again.

DAVY grinned cheerfully at the two men who were to be his companions for the coming day of search and motioned for them to come ahead. It was not yet dawn on Guadalcanal as they started across the grass-covered plain to the base of the mountains, and to walk through the tall, dew-drenched grass was like walking through a swamp or a river neck-deep. It was cooling, though, and welcome relief after the blistering heat of the day and the steaming darkness of the previous night.

The three were silent, deep in their own thoughts, intent on what was before them, as they pushed along. There wasn't much to talk about—just home, what their letters told them about life in what seemed to be another world. You didn't talk much about camp, or the food, or the mosquitoes, or things like this grass and that strange bird you heard just before you went to sleep last night. You might have mentioned them the first time you saw or heard them; after that they were just background for this endless watching, searching, waiting, fighting. Davy didn't seem to think that eighteen was rather young for killing, that it was strange for him to be here, thousands of miles from home. At home it would be autumn now. Bright October, leaves on the sidewalks, hazy sunlight warm in the late afternoon, crisp cool air at night, a high dark sky over head as you walked along, the smell of burning leaves, the sky intensely blue with little white clouds scudding across it, pushed along the wind. All that seemed much more real than the jungle covered foothills they were approaching. This was almost like an interlude that had to be, not real at all. There didn't seem to be any time, just day and night and getting up and walking, concentrating on the landscape for anything that might mean trouble. Yesterday morning he had been doing this very same thing, and there didn't seem to have been any break at all. He felt as if last night were years ago and he had been walking for some indefinite time.

The two men with him were older. They seemed tougher and hardened against this loneliness, loneliness with many people about, although they really weren't any tougher. Davy was fast learning to wear a mask, but his face was still too young, his eyes too frank and

candid, and his brown face seemed very young to be so set with those creases between his eyes from the constant strain of watching.

Gradually, as the sun mounted, the moisture evaporated and the humidity became intense. Davy began thinking of home without realizing that he was doing it. Everyday as he plodded along through these jungles or stood around at mess, part of him inside was withdrawn from this and was back home. Back in some town where the streets were familiar, where he knew what was around every corner. Back at the white house on Windsor avenue, with Mom and Dad and little Jimmy, and Barbie who lived next door. Walking to school, going to dances, fishing and playing baseball in the field across the street, badminton, his familiar room, his vic, his sax, the big lawn, his gang. Everything that meant home to him was so far away.



The perspiration streamed down his face, and waves of heat seemed to shimmer before his eyes as he walked on. He could almost see Barbie's face, tanned and laughing. So many times she had grinned at him across the net as she triumphantly returned his drives. He could almost feel that hot sun that beat down on the hard white courts; it didn't seem like the same sun that filtered through the dark tree foliage, making the air steamy and suffocating. It had been brilliant and

(continued on page twenty-eight)

AMERICAN CENTURY AND RUSSIA'S

Paul McGouldrick, a senior, has written this timely article on a subject about which a great deal has been written, and which should and will be the concern of the citizen in the post-war world.

TODAY we Americans think and argue more about our present and future relations with the Soviet Union than about almost any other topic not immediately connected with the fighting itself. We see that Russia's astounding rise from a bankrupt and starving country twenty years ago to its present position where it has the strongest army and the second-largest industrial network in the world makes it imperative that full post-war cooperation with her can be achieved. And as this is, in many respects a democratic nation where our leaders can't move confidently ahead without wide-spread, public support, we are deluged with "I saw it happen" books, lectures, radio interpretations, debating groups, round-table conferences, magazine articles and newspaper columns, etc., all "interpreting" the "Soviet enigma," until you wearily want to dump the whole outpouring into the Atlantic Ocean. In spite of these noble efforts, however, fear and suspicion of our Soviet ally are still very wide-spread, and probably have grown recently rather than diminished. This is partly due to the residue of twenty years of vicious anti-communistic propaganda, but a greater part seems to be because of certain defects in the new, pro-Soviet, kinds.

Much of our present propaganda (that is the correct term for it) seems to fall so flat because it is divided into two lines, self-contradictory and rather fatuous. One of these is that although we shall have to live with the vile Communists during the war and after it, the Russian state is really a very terrible one, based on "liquidations" and terror, little better than those of our enemies. Unfortunately, *people* usually forget the first part worrying about the second. The other line is that Russia is a very fine country, with our moral and material will borrow eagerly such of our institutions as the corner drug store and "free enterprise." This view is the more popular one, as it is held by our sentimental liberals, of which we have a good many.

Now either of these concepts appears rather dubious even to the most casual glance. If Russia is such a horrible country, why have the whole Russian people fought so magnificently against the most terrible blitz Krieg in history? The ignominious fall of Italy proves fairly conclusively that men will not fight for any gov-

ernment based solely on repression and the firing squad. Nor can this Russian will exist because fighting hard against any foreign invader regardless of internal problems is just a peculiar efflorescence of the mythical Russian soul. In the Russia-Japanese war, the workers revolts in Russia's cities forced her to conclude an unfavorable peace. And Russia was the first country engaged in World War 1 to collapse into revolution. The simple fact is that the Russians like their system and government in the main because with all their faults, the ruling Communists have brought new hope and opportunities to tens of millions who, before the Revolution, were living in medieval darkness and ignorance.

This ties up in a certain way with the second contention, that Russia will in the future be a carbon-copy of our America; of course, the Russians want in a general way what we do, freedom security, opportunity, etc. But these are extremely general and abstract terms, and their ideas of them can be and are very different from ours. Recent reports about the U. S. S. R., such as Walter Graebner's "Round-Trip to Russia," show quite well that the Russians like their socialistic and collectivistic society as much as we are supposed to like capitalism and "individualism." Possibly they may work out some form of democracy, patterned after the Stalinist Constitution of 1936, but it will be very different from ours. Of course our bigoted conservatives will immediately say that it isn't democracy at all. And many of our liberals may gradually become very disillusioned.

The result of all his misunderstanding and fogginess about our Soviet ally may accentuate latent economic and political quarrels when the binding force of the common danger is removed. We Americans are now feeling very idealistic about the use of our new-found power in world affairs. We really want to use it for the good of all. But if we are plagued with a new and greater depression after the war, (and despite all the muttering and shouting of cliches like "free enterprises," "power of American industry," "a helicopter for everyone," past economic experience in capitalistic countries seems to indicate it) we will feel an

(continued on page twenty-seven)

TO SUE

by Barbara Andrews

"December 7, Remember Pearl Harbor, Patriotism, Need Men Desperately"—and so Jack bade you a fond farewell, and then went off to fight for the things he had learned to love and to hold as sacred as life itself—and for you too, Sue.

He was only a kid then, and he's really not much more than that now. He was so awkward about saying goodbye to you, because he wanted to say some pretty important things, and not knowing just how you felt, didn't want to be taking too much for granted. However, you understood, Sue, and so you helped him out as best you could. You could see it made him happy to know that you did care a little, and that no matter where he went, you would be back home among the things and the people he had loved, waiting for his safe return. He very generously offered to let you have dates with "the other fellows" now and then if you so desired. You thanked him graciously, saying that, of course, you wouldn't think of such a thing, but that he could if he liked. However, Sue, that was over a year ago, and much has happened in the intervening days.



At first you stayed home evenings or went out with the girls, and you wrote peppy letters aimed at morale-lifting; in fact, you were the perfect example of loyalty; but, then something happened. I guess you must have lost your sense of values somewhere along your carefree way. You really took quite a topple off that pedestal upon which Jack had placed you, didn't you? There were dances, parties, movie dates—and fewer and shorter letters to that boy to whom they meant so very much. Yes, you were riding on top of the world and enjoying it immensely, but you were also riding for a fall.

I don't think you really meant any harm in it, for you really were very young. You simply didn't realize that even the very young must take on certain responsibilities of adulthood in wartime, and *this is war!* Somehow war always hastens the process of growing up. It's just one of those things, and must be accepted as such. Actually, you have known that for some time, Sue, but you were having too much fun to face it squarely and to accept it as your obligation.

It was only today that the light finally dawned. It didn't come at all easily, in fact, it gave you quite a severe jolt. First you learned, in a round about manner, that despite evening after evening of acute homesickness, Jack had never once let you down in his loyalty to that promise he made so long ago. On the other hand, you, living at home with those who love you, and with a hundred and one things to keep your days happy and occupied, have failed miserably. That unflattering picture rather hurt, didn't it, Sue?

However, that evidently wasn't enough; for this morning when you were frantically searching through the paper for the comic section, a familiar name caught your eye in passing; and looking closer, you recognized the face of Jack's older brother, whom he adored above all other persons in the world. The caption under the picture stated clearly and unfeelingly, "Killed In Action." You were pretty mixed up, weren't you, about the whole thing at first? You can't remember your first reaction or even any one emotion which you felt more keenly than the others for there were several—sorrow, regret, doubt, pity. Now you have no feeling whatsoever. You just see again and again a young boy in a United States training camp far from those he loves, taking alone the hardest blow of his life.

It's not a comfortable picture to be seeing, and it hurts considerably. At least it will serve to show you, Sue, that you are really playing an important part in that certain life; thus, you are indirectly playing an important part in the life of the nation for which Jack is fighting.

You were wrong, Sue, but now you realize your mistake and you wish to make up for lost time. It is in your power now, if only he will forgive you. Somehow I feel that he will, don't you? And, say, isn't it comfortable to be on good terms with your conscience once more?

THE EDITORIAL WE

THE ROAD TO VICTORY OVER TUBERCULOSIS

IN these times when our attention is focused upon the battlefronts throughout the world, we are inclined to forget an enemy within our boundaries. This destructive enemy is tuberculosis, the leading cause of death between the ages of 15 and 45, which kills 175 people every day of the year. It is a formidable foe, and not to be reckoned with lightly. Indeed, the armed forces are well aware of its danger. Upon induction every man is to be given an X-ray of his chest. This is one of the fundamental methods of combatting the disease. In this way tuberculosis cases are detected and given proper attention.

On the home front, as well, the discovery of T. B. cases must be furthered, for T. B. undiscovered endangers the entire community. Many people have a fear of tuberculosis, which, when the facts are known, is wholly unjustified. Truth destroys that fear, and knowledge is our protection.

Let us look at the facts. In the first place, tuberculosis is a disease caused by a germ—the tubercle bacillus. This germ is contracted from a person giving them off from his body, and is usually lodged in the lungs, although the disease may occur in other parts of the body. More often than not, no damage is noticeable at first, nor is there any indication of illness. This disease develops during the late teens and the early twenties more commonly than at any other period. Poor health is an invitation to the germ, whereas a healthy body is good assurance against it.

Contrary to an old notion, tuberculosis is not inherited. However, incorrect diagnosis of the ailment of a member of a family, when the advice of a doctor is not sought, may turn out to be an unrecognized case of T. B.

As said before, tuberculosis often exists without the presence of symptoms or signs. Many apparently healthy people are affected. When people work and play hard, and sleep and eating habits are neglected, a "run-down" condition often results. This paves the way for infection; hence, it should be guarded against.

Tuberculosis is no respecter of persons. It can attack anyone, but it need not be you, for it is preventable and curable. The earlier the case is detected, the better is the chance to recover quickly. Rest, isolation, and treatment with modern methods by competent doctors follow. The best place for this case is the sanatorium, which protects people outside while curing patients inside.



Since tuberculosis is preventable, every citizen should acquaint himself with the method of detecting the presence of T. B. germs. There is a simple, harmless way—the tuberculosis test, in which a liquid made in the laboratory is applied to a spot on the forearm. If within two days there is a reaction shown by a raised spot on the arm, it means that there is infection present. If the first test is negative, it is usually repeated, using a stronger solution of tuberculosis. With the positive indication a clue is found. Now it must be followed by an X-ray of the chest to determine the nature and extent of germ infection. However, it must be remembered that a negative test does not always guarantee that tuberculosis will not develop later, nor does a positive test necessarily mean that one has T. B. It helps track down the elusive germ.

Whether you are a student or parent, you can help on the education of the public concerning tuberculosis. Do away with fear by knowing the facts. If a student, take advantage of the tuberculosis test clinic sponsored by the local anti-tuberculosis association. If a parent, and you have not already done so, have your child given the simple test.

As Sir William Osler, a prominent teacher of modern medicine, said: "The battle against tuberculosis is not a doctor's affair; it belongs to the entire public." The road whose end is the extermination of tuberculosis lies ahead. Let us all take a firm, decisive step in that direction—today!

SENIORS

Remember your senior class pictures for the June

"Oracle" should be taken soon!

THEY WILL BE DONE

by Marjorie Gumprecht

This colorful story is the first of what is hoped will be many by this literary junior. Don't look now, but isn't the ending reminiscent of O. Henry?

HE looked ageless, with wrinkles around his eyes and mouth, but he was wiry and rough. You had to be, if you were a sailor on a whaling-boat. I can't really remember his name, but I think it was "Al."

"Not Albert, not Alfred," he used to say, "but just plain Al. That's me."

He wasn't much to look at, and he took orders from no one. He said what he pleased, and he went where he pleased, and there never was a more ornery old man. I don't believe he had any family or relatives, and he had only a few friends, but I liked him.

He was out of my life, and he was one of those characters that can only come from Maine. Anyway, he certainly differed from me. I was one of those rich playboys. You know, the ones who spend all night in the Stork Club with some beautiful blonde, and all day in bed. But then I met a girl. She was blonde too, but this time it was the real thing, so I put myself to work as a traveling journalist. But you're not interested in me, and I'm not writing an autobiography.

Well, I was up in Maine somewhere on the rocky coast when I met Al. As I said, he wasn't much to look at, but *his yarns*—you could listen to him for days, and he'd fascinate you more with each one. They were, for the most part, the usual sailor's yarn, but there was one which I shall never forget. He didn't want to tell me. He was really talking to himself, and I just happened to be there. This wasn't a yarn; it was as true as the war is.

I remember so clearly how he described Peter: tall, blonde, husky, and smart—why, he went through college, three years of it, with the highest marks. But that wasn't all. He was the idol of all football fans. His spectacular touchdowns, his brilliant plays—oh, he was news in those days. He was a fine young chap too, not the least bit swell-headed and very well liked. But then God or Fate took a hand, and he was in a horrible accident. The doctors said it was a miracle that he lived, but he always had been lucky, that one.

Well, he was a year recuperating from the accident, but some felt he might as well have died. He could never play football again, nor basketball, nor did he continue at college. How sorry everyone felt for him!

Such a shame! He was studying to be a lawyer, and he would have been a brilliant one, when this. . . this thing had to happen.

Well, he left college and all his wealthy friends who were stewing in their own money. For seven years no one knew where he was, and then one day a small notice appeared, tucked away in an obscure corner of the New York Times. It ran something like this.

"Friends will be glad to learn that Peter Brent, D.D., son of the well known criminal lawyer, Carson Brent, of this city, has just completed four years at the—— College. Many will recall those days when Dr. Brent was the football player of the year. We would like to say, 'Congratulations, Peter. You've played your greatest game and you've won. The second team can be put in now, because you've done your job, and you've done it well. We sincerely hope that all future goals will be smooth sailing.'"

"Dr. Brent at present resides at Roxbury, 2401 East Street. He has received and accepted a call from the—— Church of Roxbury, and he begins his chosen work January 21."

Al's voice had grown husky. "Imagine," he exclaimed, "Peter, a parson. Not that I have anything against being a minister, but Peter, who could have done anything he chose; oh, how can he take it!"

I stared at Al. And I had thought him so hard-boiled! But let me continue. Al, who had been one of his avid fans, had gone to see the new Peter. He had gone to Roxbury and he had heard him preach. Al paused. . . I looked at him. Could it have been possible that he, the tough old sailor was crying? I looked away hastily.

It had been a stormy day, and we were sitting under a rock ledge around a cheery fire where we were sheltered from the driving rain. The thunder and lightning had passed, and an unbelievably beautiful rainbow lit up the heavens with a brilliant light.

"Yessir," whispered Al, just audible above the wild song of the breakers. "Yessir, he was all alone. His money could do no more for him than the best doctors could. He had a path as narrow and as long as that rainbow yonder. He started at that end over there,

(continued on page thirty-one)

GESUNDHEIT

by Faith Jones

UNDER the hot sun the squad marched in perfect cadence, that is, all except one, who shuffled along with the awkwardness of a day old colt. At the head of the men, the sergeant marched pompously in spite of the beads of sweat that dripped rhythmically down his forehead. Volcanically, and with as much explosive power, came a tremendous sneeze. Softly murmured, followed a polite Gesundheit. The sarge's face took on a slightly more grim expression as he crossed fingers and marched in front of his men. Again the at—at—atchoo and the imperatible Gesundheit came. The sergeant whirled, and there was no mistaking the aggravated anger that lined his face as his scathing eyes searched the group and finally rested on a very unhappy fellow who was trying vainly with a bony finger braced against an equal bony nose to obstruct the arrival of another convulsive nose tickler. After the seige passed, he punched the turf with the toe of a size thirteen shoe and sheepishly tried to avoid the eyes of the sergeant. With clenches fists the sergeant strode in anger toward the miserable private, who wished vainly that he could act as big as his six feet four inches of bones.

"Busby," yelled the sergeant, as his voice exploded in anger, "That's the fiftieth time today, I swear. Report at K. P." Sadly H. Wellington Busby hefted his seventy-six inches in the opposite direction and disconsolately ambled away.

"Gosh," he remarked to himself, "I can't help it if I have to sneeze. That darn sergeant knows I have hay fever. But now I've got to find where K. P. is." Approaching a corporal, Buz asked where K. P. Was. A look of incredulity spread over the corporal's face, and then a grin of understanding.

"Oh," he remarked, "I couldn't rightly tell you, for it's kept pretty secret, but you see that gentleman over there with the stars on his shoulders—well, he could tell you. You just tell him you've been sent on a mission of great importance to the base and are to report to K. P. I know he'll tell you where to go." So with a backward swagger Buz approached the gentleman with the stars on his shoulders.

"Pardon me, Lieutenant, but I—oh, but I—uh—at—ATCHOO!" The whole group jumped as if they had been given a hotfoot, and the general with an infuriated gesture snatched a white handkerchief out of his pocket and meaningfully mopped his face. Buz gulped, "Oh gee, I uh peg your pahdon, sir, I mean uh I pardon your peg, I uh—"

"Well, what do you mean?" roared General Scott.

"That fellow over there," he said, as he pointed at a figure beating a hasty retreat around the corner of a barracks, "told me to tell you that I was on a mission of importance for the base, and would you please tell me where the K. P. is!"

The beet-faced general only gurgled incoherent frustrated sounds and pointed in a northerly direction.

Waddling with the self-satisfaction of a baby elephant, Benney approached Buz, who was perched on a mound of potatoes, slowly and earnestly paring potatoes with fascination in seeing the strips of skin spiral down.

"Hey, Buzz," yelled Benney, excitedly, "guess what? The sarge kicked me out for saying Gesundheit and wouldn't let me explain that you were my buddy and I had kinda pledged myself to. But then he got soft-hearted and said I wouldn't have to do K. P. If I would patch up Mabel, his jeep. So then I said that you were an expert mechanic and couldn't you help me? And by golly he said Yes. So unwrap yourself from those potato bags and let's get going."

"I don't know nothing about jeeps," Buz said.

"I know you don't, stupid, but don't you see that it will be a darn sight better than stripping spuds?"

A broad and happy grin was the result as the two buddies strode off in search of Mabel.

"Hay, Benney, here she is. What do ya suppose is the matter with her?"

"How should I know? You, find out. I dug you out of K. P., didn't I?"

"Yeh, but I don't know nothing about motdrs."

"I thought you drove the tractor on the farm at home."

"Sure I did, but I didn't know nothing about the workings of the thing, and besides, it would only go in reverse."

"Well, anyway, you climb in and see if it will start."

Buz clambered in. Benney was bending over as far as his pudgy form would allow him when, with a triumphant roar, Mabel started off in a cloud of dust. With a yelp Benney jumped inside.

"Hey, you can't do that!"

But Mabel, with the tenacity of a woman, did it just the same and went careening over ditches and gullies with poor Buz, who, while getting the worst spanking of his life, was solemnly wishing he were back with his nice gentle potatoes. The runaway jeep swerved in wide arcs. At last Benney could stand it no longer.

With a silent prayer he closed his eyes and jumped. He was vaguely conscious of hitting something, and, after eternity, he slowly opened his eyes only to close them again promptly with an audible "Ouch!" It wasn't physical pain that Benney suffered from, but the circumstances of the whole situation. With his arms fondly embracing him, Benney found himself beside Buz and both were on the seat of the jeep. Mabel had her nose comfortably placed in the boughs of a pine tree.

"Where do we go from here?" inquired the dazed Benney.

"Come on, let's get this jeep out of here."

So with grunts and groans the two rookies lifted Mabel out of her picturesque resting-place.

After being coaxed, Mabel was induced to resume her rudely interrupted journey. The two privates settled down for a comfortable ride. Buz broke the silence.

"Do you see what I see? It's that big bug I ran into this morning. See him down the road? His staff car must be stalled or something, 'cause he is trying to flag us down."

Resolutely Buz clamped his foot down and staunch little Mabel leaped ahead.

"Hang on," yelled Buz. "we can't let him stop us or recognize us."

As Mabel came so close as almost to tear the buttons off the shirt of the fuming general, Benney pointed and shouted, "The British are coming!" In amazement the general glanced up the road, and then in revelation sat himself down on the running-board and held his head in helpless wrath. Having successfully overcome that engagement Buz and Benney, pondered.

"You know, we've got to think up something so that we won't be held up. Oh-oh, looks like we've got to think quick," said Benney, as he observed groups of men slightly down the road. "What's the matter with them? They're all hiding behind those rocks."

"Must be practice warfare. Sure it is—Gee, there is one of those fake bombs in the ditch. Hey—Buz—I've got a super idea."

"Now what," groaned Buz.

"Look, you get the bomb and hold it. If anyone stops us we'll say that we're rushing to cart it away 'cause it is real and was mixed in with some fakes."

Buz smiled rather wanly, "Yeh—but—"

"Now come on, They're filled with flour or something and wouldn't hurt a flea. Hurry up before those fellows come over and ask what we're doing," said Benney as he brought the jeep to a stop.

Buz got out, picked up the bomb, and staggered back to the jeep with it. As they started off again, the heads of the soldiers peered over the top of the rocks with

astonished glances. Meanwhile, merrily riding along and entirely unconscious of the sensation they had caused, Benney and Buz didn't seem bothered by the fact that three is a crowd, although Buz wasn't too fond of the playmate in his lap. Gingerly he inspected it.

"Hey, Benney, what's this thing at the nose of the bomb?"

Benney glanced down and with visible horror turned successive shades of green, purple, and white; with a ponderous gulp and effort he said, "That's no dud bomb ponderous gulp and effort he said, "That's no dud bomb!"

Buz could only manage a very pained and sick expression. "Benney—I think I'm going—going to—oh—at—"

"Hold it," yelled the horrified Benney, and then he spied a cool and inviting stream slightly away from the road. Without any hesitation he turned Mabel and within a few seconds, after a few splashes and a gurgle, she and all her crew disappeared beneath the surface. All was silent for a moment; then a ripple appeared and then two very wet faces. "Gesundheit," one said.

With rapt looks Pfc. Benjamin Silkwood and H. Wellington Busby listened to the drone of General Scott.

"For utter disregard to personal safety in removing the bomb and thereby saving undoubtedly several lives by courageous action and quick thinking, it is with great pleasure I present this distinguished award."

"Hey, Benney," came a hoarse whisper.

"I think I'm going to—at—at—ATCHOO!"

Calmly General Scott pulled out a handkerchief, wiped his face, and handed it smilingly to Buz. Softly and imperturbably came a murmur—"Gesundheit."

SERVICE STATION 1943, W. Shakespeare, Prop.

Let me not to the carriage with four wheels
Admit impediments; gas is not gas
Which falters when it long hills finds
Or fenders rattles when the motor's cold
Oh, no! it is an ever empty A-book
That makes man resort to siphon;
It is the tire to every foundering car
Whose worth's unknown, although its tread be worn.
You're no one's fool, though rosy tags and stickers
Within your faulty line of vision come
OPA bothers not with your brief tours and drives
But hears you out, then flatly turns you down.
If coupons be scarce, and upon me found
Then not for long will I be around.

Styles of the Season



High school "gals" one and all, will go for this mannish coat in the newest color—black—that our vivacious senior, Helen Nickerson, wears. Note the way it fits, the shoulders 'n all! And the belted back is almost the making of the whole coat. It's 100% wool, and oh, so warm for these chilly days. But the most wonderful of all, "Nicky" thinks,—and so do we—is that it is furlined in contrasting beach and white.

So if you are still wondering where to get your favorite winter coats, with that different look, remember it's Burdell's, the shop of smart feminine fashions, at 91 Main Street, Bangor.

Burdell's

What catches one's eye more than those unusual bits of jewelry, or the little, blonde sophomore that models them? Just take a peek at the twin silver butterflies that Lois Craig wears. For the newest thing in earrings they put a sparkle in your eyes. . . and they'll set one in your beau's eye too!

And what could bring more attraction than a lovely strand of pearls to set off your favorite dress or sweater? Pearls go to school or off to dates with equal appeal.

Yes, it's Pratt's Jewelry Store at Hammond Street, Bangor for your pet trinkets, especially those small silver bracelets that jingle.

Pratt's



Winter Fashions

For that very special evening when that very special man is in town, Elaine Cobb models this cute, and yet so different young dress from Rines. Mmmm, doesn't she look cute in it! Who could ask for anything more than a dress like this with its inky black top of velvet, and its full, gay skirt of taffeta. You know there's something about the swish and rustle of taffeta that's music to man's ears. And the colors of the skirt will dazzle your eyes—rose, yellow, green, and even silver, set off by a small band of circling black velvet—add charm—(and the stag line, too!)

You will find many other "dressy" versions at Rines also. Dresses for every occasion, especially those that spell d-a-t-e.

At Rines Company, 43 Main Street, Bangor.

Rines Company



Here we have that spritely junior, Joyce Berry, with those merry brown eyes and dark hair, appropriately dressed in the blackest black of suits. It's very specially man-tailored, perfect to the last stitch in stunning 100% wool twill. Look at the fine tailoring, and the good, classic lines that "go everywhere"—but never go out of style. Its grey rayon crepe linings will more than please you, too.

And notice how pert and pretty is the white blouse that Joyce has on under her suit, with its bow knot neckline. All in all, doesn't she make a very charming picture!

Don't forget, it's the Besse System, 98 Main Street, Bangor, for those smooth suits and frosty blouses.

Besse System

WITH PLEASURE



SUPT. ROLAND J. CARPENTER

This year we have a new superintendent in the Bangor schools, Mr. Roland J. Carpenter, who succeeds Mr. Arthur E. Pierce, now school superintendent in Wellesley, Mass.

Mr. Carpenter, formerly superintendent for ten years in Presque Isle, was born in Patten, Maine. After graduating from Patten Academy he entered Bates College, from which he was graduated with bachelor of science degree in 1922. He received the degree of master of education from Bates College in 1939.

From 1922 to 1927, he was principal of Mapleton High School, principal of Aroostook Central Institute, Mars Hill, from 1927 to 1939, and since 1933 he has been principal of schools in Presque Isle.

Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter have three children, Charles, a graduate of Presque Isle High School; Jean, a junior at Bangor High School; and Robert, a freshman at Fifth Street school.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Carpenter and his family to Bangor and hope that his stay here will be a long and happy association.

Bangor High School students like other students throughout the country are concerned about doing their part as patriotic citizens in the war effort. You are to be congratulated on the splendid record you have made in purchasing War Savings Stamps and Bonds, as well as in your loyal participation in other projects contributing to the war effort.

The greatest contribution which you as students can give to the war effort is to continue your high school education. There is a place for every individual where he can best serve his country. For some it will be in some phase of military service, for others it will be a necessary vocation in civilian life.

If we expect to have a future democracy of the type we all desire, we must have men and women with trained hands and minds. Students in the high schools today are the people who will determine the type of democracy we will have for the next generation. Realizing this responsibility you as students must take advantage of the opportunities which you have before you now and consider it your patriotic duty to obtain every bit of education you can, for your own sake as well as for the welfare of society. R. J. Carpenter, Supt.

WE PRESENT



Miss Jeanne Morneault and Miss Barbara Welch

Miss Jeanne Morneault is a Bangorian. She has a desire to play a good hand of bridge, and is still trying hard, but it just "isn't in the cards!" She teaches economic geography, stenography, and typewriting; and still finds time for skating, bowling, reading, and good movies. She attended Bangor High, University of Maine, and Bangor Maine School of Commerce. She has taught at Madawaska High School, and Westbrook Junior College; her favorite pastime is going places and seeing things!

Miss Barbara Welch is a native Bangorian who is usually found in 207 teaching history and economics. She became interested in history through the influence of historical novels, and says that she liked school! As we say in geometry, proof: she attended Bangor High, Farmington Normal School, the University of Maine, and summer school at Harvard. Before coming to B. H. S. she taught in Limestone, Maine, and Stearns High School, Millinocket. Her favorite hobbies and pastimes are dramatics, riding horseback, reading, and collecting records.

Summing Up: Our School at War

The fall of 1943 finds Bangor High School in the midst of many activities, especially those with which the global conflict is associated. We take pride in the fact that it would be difficult for a visitor in our school not to find concrete evidence of our direct participation in the winning of the war. In the first place, there are a great number of students, as well as teachers, from B. H. S. who have become a part of the armed forces of this country. Through the R. O. T. C. hundreds of boys are receiving valuable military training previous to induction. This high school is one of the few in New England to have such instruction under army supervision. Coupled with military training is an exhaustive physical program. In the assembly hall at the end of classes each day every boy who is either seventeen years of age or a senior undergoes vigorous exercises. Not to be outdone, and recognizing their importance in the war effort, senior girls receive similar training in the gym.

Even the external appearance of the school has

changed, for a Minute Man Flag waves over our main entrance. This signifies a 90% student participation in the purchase of war bonds and stamps for two consecutive months. This is no mean feat in itself, and we are doubly proud that we have continued to buy more and more. We are aware that a two-fold purpose is accomplished, for at the same time the where-withal to supply our troops is raised, the ever-present threat of inflation is partially subdued.

Like the quickening tempo of the battle fronts, our school life has accelerated with the adoption of a new schedule. Classes begin at eight as usual, but are dismissed at 1 o'clock. This has proved satisfactory to pupils and teachers alike.

In conclusion, there seems to be an unconscious feverish haste to absorb the knowledge and experience necessary to the administration of the government and affairs in the post-war world. There is a gradual realization that we, the students of B. H. S. in this year of 1943, are to be among the citizens upon whom the future pins its hopes and aspirations.

OUTSIDE THE CLASSROOM

Public Affairs Club Discusses U. S. Foreign Policy

On September 22, the Public Affairs Club held its first meeting in Room 203 with Miss Irene Cousins and Miss Bernice Dunning as faculty advisers. The officers elected for the ensuing year are:

President—Robert West, Vice President—Albert Babcock, Secretary—Jean Chisholm, Treasurer—Anne Knowlton.

Because of the new school schedule, the meetings will be held in the afternoons. This meeting time will necessarily cut down the large membership of the past several years, as many of our pupils have various jobs. However, the present group of some twenty-five pupils will become a discussion group, meeting in the library.

The first meeting of November 3 was devoted to a panel discussion on Walter Lippman's *Foreign Policy of U. S.* The members to present this timely subject were Robert West, William Hopkins, Jack Nickerson, Patricia Palmer, Jean Chisholm, and Anne Knowlton. By request, they gave this at the Athene Club, November 12, and at the Quipus Club November 15.

The program to be announced will be diversified by means of field trips, speakers, and group discussions. One high objective should be to develop these panel groups on timely topics to be presented in the club at school, and to outside groups who may wish to hear the young people. The year 1943-44 should prove a most instructive and informative year to members of the Public Affairs Club.

Officers' Club Organizes

At the organization meeting of the Officers' Club on September 20, Roger Jellison was elected president. Other officers chosen by the club were Richard Sprague, vice-president, Forrest Nelson, secretary-treasurer, and Robert Saltzman, publicity agent.

Much enthusiasm has been shown by this year's M.S. 3's, and it is hoped that the club will have one of its most successful years. The club will hold its three big dances as usual this year; and, since these have been considered as the *best* held in Bangor High, large crowds are expected at all of them.

Student Council Backs War Bond Drive

Friends of the student council will be interested to note our progress at the start of the school year.

To make things lively and homelike for the sophomores, we had a dance, "Welcome '46," under the direction of committee members Alfred Frawley, Barbara Chapman, and Eva Hall. The returns were \$11.00, which will be used to pay expenses of delegates to the state student council meetings.

Then there was the Red Cross campaign. After hearing the earnest threats and pleas of our Red Cross agents, the students contributed \$26.00, of which \$8.00 was used for a subscription to the National Red Cross Magazine to be distributed to the home rooms. The rest will be donated to the Service Fund.

The Student Council, in cooperation with Miss Irene Cousins, is sponsoring a bond drive from now until December 7th. In order to buy three jeeps—a Jumping Jeep, Amphibian Jeep, and Flying Jeep—we must raise \$6255.00!

Under the able leadership of Bob Saltzman, president, we are making great plans for the future.

You'll hear more about these plans, so please watch your local bulletin board and read the posters.

Debate Club Plans Full Schedule

Once again a war time Debate Club shifts into high gear and moves forward in what looks like a banner year. The club is very busy formulating plans for a full debating schedule, coming social events which include a "Night Club" dance, and a musical comedy.

This year the debaters are fortunate in having Miss Evelyn Haney and Miss Irene Cousins, who are working in building up a background for the debate question, which is, Resolved:—That the United States should Join in Reconstituting the League of Nations. With these excellent conditions prevailing, and with the addition of many new debaters, the club hopes to represent Bangor High School at both the Bowdoin and the Bates Interscholastic Debate Leagues. Plans for the intra-club tournament are also getting under way.

(continued on page thirty)

THE WORM'S TURN

*Listen my children and you shall hear
My account of the talk of the year.
If you want to know all about all,
Here it is at your beck and call.*

THIS year good old B. H. S. seems to be overrun with silly sophomores. But—"We're not all silly," says Gloria Nickerson. Don't all you "Fellows" agree? Speaking of Bill Fellows, his yellow jeep has been seen doing the rounds, and he certainly decorated it with pretty gals. Variety is the spice of life.

"Baldy" seems to be doing pretty well with the class of '46. More convenient on the west side with gas rationing!

Bapst and Brewer are the number 1 sabotage at B. H. S. For instance that paper doll collection or once known as "Lonesome Larry" has been cutting up quite a bit of interest in the heart of Elaine Gibbons. Stan had better start a defensive. Or should we say offensive!

The Bangor Hydro must be making money on Al Frawley 'cause of his many excursions to the domicile of that luscious blonde in Orrington, or does he have a discount?

We hear Bob West has been exploring back roads with Julia McCarthy. And we thought Bob was a one gal man.

Walsh and Blethen are also deserting B. H. S. The F. B. I. (Femmes of Bangor Inquiry) better get on the job.

Don't tell me that the only reason the boys went to Newport this summer was to become brawny and bronzed. Bernie Baird invaded Barrow's Drugstore with his Commandos nightly. Was it the sodas or Kay, Bernie?

Has Bangor become so decrepit that Dawn Moores and Roger Jellison have to hold up the telephone poles? Does the city pay you or do you do it on your own time?

Uncle Sam and Barb Fletcher are still rivals. We're rooting for you, Barb. Maybe you'll find one that's 4F.

That tall blond of the cheering squad is very cordial nowadays. Her greeting is always "Howdy"-do. Isn't that a coincidence!

All the passes No. 30 makes are not in football. We hear he made one or two "passes" in Medford. Who is that vivacious blonde, Bob? And we also hear that he and No. 32 just *love* to wash dishes!

Where were James Timothy and his Bee-ou-ti-ful

green convertible at 1:30 p. m., Saturday, Oct. 16? "Mom" was worried Jim. . . and we noticed that you were walking the next day. Tsk, Tsk.

Connie's favorite name is Charlie—wonder why? It's convenient because you can never call them by the wrong name.

Who is the prize winning jitter-bug at B. H. S. Quite a change from hula hula, eh, Ferne?

During her two weeks stay in Brunswick this summer, Max Connelly discovered that B. H. S. isn't the only place to find handsome men. Result—she had a scrumptious time at the Bowdoin house parties this fall.

Even with the man shortage the wolves are still "wolfing." "Warp" Townsend "Blue-eyes" Crabb, "Flashy" Farnsworth and "Foxy" Ginn, just to mention a few. Well, here's your chance girls. What are you waiting for?

If the dates are few and far between, fair lassies, remember "C'est la guerre!"

If for more gossip, you have a yen,
Don't give up; I'll be back again.

Off The Record

My Heart Belongs to Daddy?	Helen Nickerson
There Are Rivers to Cross	Ted Jennison
It's Started All Over Again	Barb Andrews
Give Me a Girl in My Arms	Red Billington
Trumpet Blues	Norma Lee Lambert
Oh, What a Beautiful "Dawn"-ing	Jo Taylor
Stein Song	Barb Nealy
I Surrender, Dear	Cynthia Rich
Goody, Goodbye	To Goody from us
He's just My Bill	Joan Klyne
Scrub Me, Mama, With a Boogie Beat	Lefty Homans at camp Natarswi
Happy In Love	Eulalie Comstock
Sonny Boy	Lois Ann Hopkins
No Love, No Nothing	Ann Mitchell
Oh, Johnny	Jeannette Smith
He's 1A in the Army	Frank Sinatra—Sorry, Girls
Night and Day	Study
You Are Always in Our Hearts	Service-men from B. H. S.



English

Probably we take English too much for granted, never giving it half its full credit. Vocabulary and grammar contribute more than is realized to advancement in the service. Public speaking, because it teaches poise and the ability to get ideas across, is especially of interest to those who hope to become officer candidates.

Victory Begins at B. H. S.

The high schools play the most vital part in the preparation of their potential fighting men for the armed services. That their work may be more fully understood, we present these illustrations of the boys at B. H. S. preparing for service.

We gratefully acknowledge the assistance of Miss Bernice Dunning, Miss Marion DuBourdieu, Miss M. Catherine Mullen, Col. Christie McCormick, Mr. Roy Bartlett, and Mr. Moses Nanigian.



Mass Calisthenics

There is no sugar-coated substitute for becoming "tough." That is why the physical training program at B. H. S. is not sugar-coated; it is hard work without trimmings. But it pays great dividends, for the boys who took the course last year have said that it had toughened them and trained them immeasurably for the physical training they later had in the service.

Football

Although not every boy in the school could make the team, there are great benefits he could share from the rugged competition, regardless of his ability. "Football is the American sport closest to war, in that toughness, teamwork, and tactical shrewdness are necessary to win." It has become more than a game.



R. O. T. C.

The R. O. T. C. is probably the greatest factor contributing toward preparation for the service, because of the military science and discipline instilled. Whether a boy goes into the Navy, Army, Marines, Coast Guard, or Air Corps, the training received in the R. O. T. C. is the same as the basic training received in any branch. Especially helpful are: close-order drill, rifle-marks-manship, map reading, and scouting and patrolling. Because of this knowledge, one can get ahead much faster by having a greater capacity for "catching on" quickly.

Mathematics

Mathematics is one of the subjects most stressed in all branches of the service. Trigonometry is used for both air and sea navigation, for surveying, and for engineering. Algebra and geometry are used also for all of these, and geometry is used for calculating storage space and radio-work, besides. A private does not need to know algebra, but for advancement, even to the rank of corporal it is required.



ALUMNI AT WAR

A hearty hail to the most honorable alumni of our fair institution! But try to find 'em. . . that's a double-dare. Time was when one could stand at the entrance to B. H. S. and, upon yelling this greeting in a moderately loud voice, receive a deafening reply. This year we fling our most vociferous and eloquent message to the four winds and trust to luck that it reaches the ears of our worthy graduates.

A salute to Lefty Jacobs, Fibber Magee, and Fordy Parsons who are students at an engineering school in Colorado on behalf of our Uncle Sam.

Congratulations to Bob Jones who is drumming his heart out with the Army Band in California. Have fun, Jonesy!

We find John Carson, Gordon Barnes, and Paul Welch, holding down the Fort (Monmouth) in New Jersey. John Brookings, Jack Hussey, and Bob Eddy are at the University of Maine, where they are enrolled in the ASTP.

An extra special greeting to Lieut. Col. Osgood Nickerson, class of 1918, now stationed in New Guinea.

Some of the more studious of our alumni with the Army are: Orman Twitchell, Dickinson College, Penn.; Ray Rideout, Norwich University, N. H.; Bill Munson, an air cadet at San Antonio, California; Tommy Hilton with the Air Corps at Maxwell Field, Alabama; Whitney Jennison, The Citadel, Charleston, South Carolina; Richard Giles is in the V-12 training program at Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Worcester, Mass.

The Navy claims Jim Adams, Bill Stuart, and Chuck Hillman; all of whom are stationed at Newport, R. I.; Stan Fletcher, at Los Angeles, California, and Franny Smith, Pharmacist's Mate 3/c, who is overseas, A. P., San Francisco, California.

Maine Maritime Academy at Castine boasts such sea-faring Bangorians as Joe Petterson, Jack Lord, and Hal Burr.

The local spot-light focuses on Jeddy Hurd and Mary McGlew who are slaving at Maine School of Commerce

Roaming the University of Maine campus are John (Bouncer) Ballou, who has already distinguished himself in one Masque play, Joanie Ambrose, secretary of the freshman class, Rollie Babcock and Will Pierce, two of the University's promising football stars, Betty Higgins, Barbara Mills, Jan Minott and Edith Strout.

Bangor High's contribution to the field of nursing includes Connie Coleman, beginning her career at the Eastern Maine General Hospital, and Shirley Arm-

strong, who has entered the Massachusetts General Hospital for training.

Best wishes for success to Anne Woodman, continuing her excellent work in athletics at Sargent; Prudy Speirs and Anita Broder who are representing B. H. S. at Simmons College, and Marydel Coolidge who is upholding her brilliant scholastic record at Radcliffe.



Searching the records further, we find Joan Pendleton, president of her class at Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.; Mary Caroline Freese and Anne Connors at Penn Hall, Pennsylvania, while Margie Knowlton continues to burn the midnight oil at William and Mary University. Carol McCormick is at the University of Connecticut.

Paul Colburn is with the Army Ski-troopers, and Sterling Morris, our musical minded maestro, is at Scott Field, Illinois. Rubby Speirs, last year's class president, is at Camp Hood, Texas. Fields Pendleton can be located at Greenwood, Mississippi, and Charlie Dempsey at Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

We beg to remind you readers that, whenever your writing hand is itching for exercises, a letter to any of the above-mentioned fellows in the Service of Uncle Sam would be appreciated beyond words.

Though many of our foregoing graduates are far away from our doors at this time, let it not be forgotten that we are proud of them. Hats off to you, alumni!

PASSING IN REVIEW

Barbara Patterson: "Red" is doing her best to be faithful to Pfc. "Red" but the Bapst football team is distracting her. Tsk, Tsk!

You'll find her listening to Guy Lombardo every Tuesday at 11 p. m., and when she hears "Begin the Beguine" she's in ecstasy. I don't blame you, "Barb," its a bee-u-tee-ful song.

She can store away Italian sandwiches like a veteran, and strawberries and onions hold a fascination for her. O, oh, those tummy aches!

Let her watch football and play basketball and she's happy.

When she graduates she wants to do interior decorating or medical technology. There's an ambitious gal for you!

Richard Faulkingham: Look, girls, no food rationing worries! Dick will eat anything! Here's a man to set up housekeeping with! He never works in the summer. Ugh! What a man! If you're interested, he likes blondes. The natural kind (see A. C. Frawley for further information). In the fall, Dick devotes most of his time to football, at which he isn't half bad. In his spare time he dreams of Betty Grable. Ah, what a pastime! As for studies, he doesn't care for any, but he does all right in them. Don't mob him, girls; men are precious these days.

Barbara Neally: "Barby" is one of the "silly sophomores" who isn't really silly.

She loves to eat and go to the movies, but loves to dance "better'n anything!" Walking in the rain is fun—not alone, though. Hmm.

Her pet peeve is taking care of little children. Too noisy. It seems when she has to do that, she becomes her favorite color, blue.

In the summer you'll find her swimming and playing tennis. This winter Dick Flanagan of U. of M. heads her date list.

When she graduates, she hopes to do something in the musical line.



Alfred Frawley: The classy student leader of our band. He gets his energy from malted milks, but he says nothing doing on baked beans (We hear he had quite a time at that party.) "Cec," "Al" or "A. C." goes in for blondes, both natural and unnatural (Hmm! We wonder!) His pet pastimes are his trombone and the inevitable answer women. In the summer he jerks sodas at (no plugs please). As for movie actresses, he goes in for the serious type, Theresa Wright. Concerning actors he says, quote, "Rubbish," unquote.

Annette Chapman: Annette is that cute blond always seen buzzin' around singing "Sunday, Monday, or Always"—why doesn't she make up her mind?

She loves to eat apple pie with banana ice cream, if one can get the banana; but she doesn't like people to snap gum.

When asked if she likes to study, she answered abruptly, "No! Definitely not!" She seems to do pretty well, though. Lucky gal!

If you boys want to please her, just take her to the movies when Gary Cooper and Theresa Wright are playing, and she is always ready to go dancing, although she says she can't. Are we going to believe that?

Kids, meet Annette Chapman.

Ted Frost: Here's our flashy sophomore football star. We hear that's because he dines on his favorite sirloin steaks. Ah! He says corned beef and cabbage are, to use a technical term, lousy. Ted's favorite movie stars are Errol Flynn and Betty Grable. Again? I wonder what she's got (It says here). He has a delightfully pleasant hobby, women. This man also works in the summer. What men B. H. S. turns out these days.

PIGSKIN PARADE

THE undefeated Waterville Panthers kept their record clean by handing the Bangor Rams their third defeat of the season at the tune of a 20 to 0 score.

The game was much closer than the score indicates; however, the Purple broke away for some long runs. The first period was a scoreless one, but big Red Noel, hard running Panther end, got away on an end-around play and romped thirty-five yards for the first touchdown in the second quarter. Saulters plunged for the extra point.

In the third period the Rams advanced the ball to the thirty yard stripe, but a pass thrown by Graffam was intercepted by Saulters who raced eighty yards to score. Jabar's attempt for the extra point by a place kick was no good.

The final touchdown was again made by Noel in one of the oddest plays of the season when the horn blew for a Bangor offside penalty, and the whole Bangor team seemed to freeze in their tracks as Noel crossed the goal line untouched after running 65 yards. Proux, speedy Panther halfback skirted the end for the extra point.

Porky Burr played his usual outstanding game defensively as well as offensively, and this department believes that he ranks above Saulters, Waterville fullback who is acclaimed to be the best in the state.

On a muddy field that prevented them from really opening up, the Bangor Rams rolled over their scrappy inter-city rivals, the John Bapst Crusaders, by a score of 13 to 6.

Scoring honors for Bangor went to Paul Burr, veteran fullback, who was the big gun for the Crimson all game. Bunk Sweeney, Bapst end, scooted over the end zone for the Crusader's only score after he was on the receiving end of a forty yard pass from DeGrasse.

The Bangor cause looked weak at the first of the game as Bob MacDonald led the Crusaders with an offensive which took them down to the Bangor eight yard line where the Rams finally stopped them. From there the Crimson got on to themselves and marched up the field. They lost the ball but immediately received it again when Crabbe recovered a Bapst fumble on their twenty-five yard line. Burr made the touchdown on the second play after that. His placekick was wide for the point.

Bapst struck back and finally scored when Sweeney caught a pass which bounced off the outstretched fingers

of Teddy Frost. Mahaney's placekick fell short of the goal posts; so the score at the half was six up.

In the second half it was a different story as the Rams romped over the Crusaders. Right off the bat they rolled up the field and didn't stop until Burr went over the goal line for the score. He also made the extra point by plunging.

Although this was all the scoring for the game, the Rams were superior to Bapst in every respect in the second half.



Bangor received defeats at the hands of both Cony and Portland.

The Cony game, like the one with Bapst, was played on a very muddy field. Although Bangor held them scoreless for three quarters, the Rams of Augusta scored in the final stanza when Coulombe, fleetfooted fullback, slashed off tackle for the only score of the game since he was stopped when he attempted to plunge for the point.

At Portland, the boys from Harlow Street were on the short side of a 14 to 0 score. In this game the Bangor offense just couldn't click as was shown by the fact that they did not gain one first down.

In the first game of the season, the Rams smothered the weak Brewer Witches 38 to 0. Armistice Day the Rams repeated the process to the tune of 47 to 0.

This season the Rams have rolled up a total of 98 points against 46 for the opposition, which includes some of the strongest teams in the state.

THE SPINNING REEL

STAGE DOOR CANTEEN

Stage Door Canteen is a splendid picture of life in one of the most famous canteens in the country. It gives one the opportunity of enjoying the talents of many stars in one picture.

However, the greatest interest in the picture is in the characters of three soldiers and three girls who are hostesses. We see that the canteen is not merely a place for flirtations and the partaking of good food. It is an ideal place where the boys away from home, can meet girls of good character for an enjoyable evening under decent conditions. We see how much it means to the soldiers to have someone with whom he may discuss his problems and also someone to give him a few happy moments before entering the grim battles of war. It is a splendid picture in its theme, its humor, and its fine characters.

The guest stars are Catherine Cornell, Katherine Hepburn, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, Kenny Baker, Helen Hayes and many others who gladly give their time and talent as their part in the war effort.

MADAME CURIE

The story of this remarkable woman, taken from her biography by Eve Curie, is basically the love story of Pierre and Marie Curie. Fame, honor, and money meant nothing to these two. The only two things they desired of life were their love and their work. But the movie is really more than this. It is an absorbing scientific mystery story of the discovery of radium, the result of the devotion of the Curies.

Madame Curie is wonderfully portrayed by Greer Garson, the Number One actress of the screen, who gives us a vivid portrait of the woman and scientist. Walter Pidgeon's characterization of the shy, sensitive, whimsical Pierre Curie is one of the outstanding performance of his career. This remarkable movie is directed by Mervyn LeRoy, director of the box-office hit, "Random Harvest."

The combined efforts of Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon makes this a beautifully real story.

SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE

This movie comes right out of the pages of the best seller to portray the human and amusing experiences of real life in the Army. Robert Walker, the lovable sailor of "Bataan," brings the role of Private Hargrove to life on the screen. This story of day-to-day experiences and adventures of camp life is now familiar to millions of American boys. It is the true-to-life aspect of the film that makes all the characters in the story seem to come to life. In this movie is heard the new novelty tune, "In My Arms," by Frank Loesser. It is directed by Wesley Ruggles, one of Hollywood's foremost comedy directors. Other players in this portrayal of army life are Donna Reed, Keenan Wynn, Chill Wills, and Donald Curtis.



SO PROUDLY WE HAIL

This dedication to the heroic nurses of Bataan and Corregidor depicts the grotesque experience of the men and women of this Second World War.

Paulette Goddard, Claudette Colbert, and Veronica Lake give their usual splendid performances portraying three nurses who were trapped on Bataan.

Claudette Colbert stands out because of her fine acting, and Veronica Lake thrills the audience in the scene where she sacrifices her life in order that her fellow nurses might escape from the hands of the brutal Japanese.

Paulette Goddard relieves many different situations by her cheerful and courageous disposition.

Sonny Tufts, who played the lead opposite Paulette Goddard is a new "find" and shows promising talent.

ON THE BEAM

THE total war into which we have been plunged has brought us many inconveniences and scarcities, but radio programs, if anything, have become better. One of the freedoms which we are defending lies right in the radio programs we listen to each day—freedom of speech. Where else in the world today can anyone find fault with governmental policies and government officials as publicly as it is done in America? If for nothing else, the defense of this freedom is enough to fight for and support our government in whatever it asks us to do.

Many of our favorite radio stars were not on the air during the summer months since they were touring service camps here and abroad. Most of them are back now, however, filling our airways with typical American entertainment. These stars donate their time to the entertainment of our servicemen, but the servicemen also put on many of their own shows. For example, the Dow Field Bond Program on WLBZ at 9:00 P. M., Fridays, is staged entirely by the men of Dow Field in Bangor.



After their first vacation in more than fourteen years, Amos "n" Andy have returned to the air on a half-hour program on Friday at 10:00 P. M., NBC.

Along with many other comedy shows there is of course, the Bob Hope show on Tuesday at 10:00 P. M., NBC. Bob's program also presents Frances Langford, Vera Vague, and Jerry Colonna. Bob spent the summer entertaining the men in African and European war theatres. Even though he didn't have Dorothy Lamour and Bing Crosby with him, this summer's show for the servicemen might be called "Road to Victory."

The "Lux Radio Theatre," directed by the great Hollywood movie producer, Cecil B. De Mille, at 9:00

P. M., CBS, is the tops in entertainment for those who like dramatization and enactment of motion pictures. Many Hollywood stars may be heard in their original screen roles on the one hour program every Monday.

"The First Line" on Thursday evening at 10:00 P. M. CBS, realistically reenacts the heroic stories of our Navy. The men from some of the heroic crews and ships which have been through some thrilling forays are interviewed on this program. This program gives you an idea of the part our Navy is playing in our warfare, although it can give only a slight idea because many accounts will forever remain untold.

The "American Melody Hour" at 7:30 P. M., CBS, starring Bob Hannon, and Evelyn MacGregor, brings you the popular songs of the nation sung the way you like to hear them. Eileen Farrell, as her contribution to the program, sings some of the great songs of all time. So, if you want a half-hour of romantic music, tune in next Tuesday at 7:30 to the "American Melody Hour."

Of course, every Saturday evening at 9:00, CBS, "Your Hit Parade" still brings you the nine most popular songs of the week throughout the nation. This program now features that newest sensation of singers, Frank Sinatra. Oh, how the ladies go for his singing! One of the biggest questions among the men of the nation seems to be: "What has Sinatra got that I haven't?" But, in case the ladies never realized it, Frank Sinatra doesn't sing all the songs because there are Bea Wain, the "Hit Paraders," and Mark Warnow and his orchestra.

Cycle

Falling leaves

crushed in the hand,
pulled down from the mist
on slanting bars,
rush with a hush
to return to the land,
only a moment to exist,
as fallen stars.

FILES ON PARADE

"WE TOOK TO THE WOODS"

by Louise Dickinson Rich

LIVING in a place where the call of the loon takes the place of the impatient honk of auto horns, where stars are the only streetlights, and a woods and river the only highway is fun for a while, but I wonder how many of us would plan for a lifetime of it as Louise Dickinson Rich has. The book proves an amazing faculty for absorbing happiness and security exists for Mrs. Rich.

She writes of her years in the Maine Woods and her utter separation from city or community life as we know it. Year in and year out the Riches with dogs, cats, a hired man and three dilapidated cars, have lived on the shore of a river, in a place accessible only by a dangerous boat trip or a winding tote road. And they have never regretted a minute of it. Of course, being isolated by snow and ice and experiencing 20 or 30 degree below-zero temperatures have their disadvantages, but Ralph and Louise Rich have had the capacity to endure and, even more, to enjoy them.

"We Took to the Woods" is interesting reading for anybody, but it should be of special note to Maine people who are familiar with the Rangeley area.

The Riches have discovered an intrinsic something in eliminating the embroidery of life. Read "We Took to the Woods" for an unusual experience in this day and age when people are uncivilized if they lack a French maid.

"LEG MAN"

by Edward McGray Thompson

The "Leg Man" has no special plot sequence, but it has a grip on your attention from start to finish. It is keenly written by a man who seems to have the love of newspaper reporting embedded in his very soul.

The novel is comprised of short and simple anecdotes that reveal quirks of society as the reporter comes in contact with them. Some are totally humorous and others are deeply tragic, but they are all written with such an understanding of humanity that the book offers innumerable occasions for the involuntary pensiveness of the reader.

As he comes in contact with funerals, fires, baby contests, robberies, and politics, the reporter relates them simply with their effect on the people involved.

"Leg Man" is an unusual book and is in reality a marvelous psychological study, so accurately portrayed

are the characters. It is a credit to the author for his achievement in writing a clever and gripping book by use of simple, ordinary occurrences.

Read it in comparison with other books and note its sincerity.

"PAUL REVERE AND THE WORLD HE LIVED IN"

by Esther Forbes

Paul Revere is generally credited with a brief gallop across country landscapes; and for most of us, his life begins at the lanterns in the Old North Church and ends at his ride's destination, Concord.

Accordingly, the probability that Paul Revere would have been famous without his historic ride is a revelation to most.

"Paul Revere and the World He Lived In" is a marvelous book for present high school students to read, for the majority of them know more about the Lone Ranger than Paul Revere. Even so, it isn't a book with which to brace yourself for a siege of concentration. It is as lively a novel as any. The picture of Paul Revere gleefully cavorting in Indian antics as he tossed tea into Boston Harbor is typical of the human interest material in the book.

It gives an accurate portrayal of life prior to and following 1776 plus sideline interest, which make one feel a little more conscious of the fact that our Revolutionary ancestors were people with trials and tribulations of every day life just like us. The dentistry practice of Paul Revere is symbolic of that.

Every bit of Esther Forbes' book is good reading.

"TUNIS EXPEDITION"

by Darryl Zanuck

Tunis Expedition is a clear, front line report on the military activities of the Tunis Campaign in 1943.

As a colonel in the signal corps, Darryl Zanuck's job was to convey information to the War Department, to provide news pictures and pictorial records of the war.

The book is a result of superior reporting, and it is an intriguing picture of military life on a battle front—the bombings, strafings, and actual combat Colonel Zanuck has seen and experienced. He tells of them dramatically in a swift and moving story. It is illuminating in its picture of life on the fronts and realistic in the unavoidable tragedies. It surely is one of the best books on World War II.

WITH THE SPORTINGALS

WELL, the good old hockey season has rolled by once again; but though it's gone we won't ever forget it, nor will we soon forget those many vivacious gals who made this season a huge success by loyal attendance at practices and by rip-roaring games. There's really something about a hockey game out in the crisp autumn air with a bunch of swell girls that makes a girl glad to be alive. One feels lifted above commonplace things; right, gals?

The sophomore team this year was made up of Ruth La Crosse, Marilyn White, Captain Theresa Creamer, Jeanette Leek, Celia Banton, Kay Trenholm, Jane Hinkley, Janet MacAloon, Sylvia Doughty, Barbara Robbins, and Joan Klyne.

The junior team consisted of Captain Florence Gunn, Jeanette Smith, Betty Johnston, Dot Mitchell, Pat Arsenault, Jane Dennehy, Joan Rosie, Polly Clement, Elaine Leek, Jackie Morse, Sandra Ginsberg, Annabelle Robbins, Lois Ann Hopkins, Barbara Chapman, Norma Lambert, Annette Chapman, Marion Hanson, Glenna Billings, Barbara Fletcher, Dolly Averill, Audrey Harrison, and Barbara Curran.

The senior players were: Captain Nina Hazen, Jane Hilton, Barbara MacAloon, Connie Adams, Jackie Doherty, Cynthia Rich, Ann Freeland, Eulalie Comstock, Virginia Getchell, Sue Welch, Mary Brookings, Helen Nickerson, Annie Knowlton, Priscilla Savage, and Annie-Jane Philbrick.

This has been an exciting season for all concerned, and it certainly has been packed full of surprises. Far from the least of these was that spunky little sophomore team. Of course, the junior team was stupendous, but then, what team wouldn't be with a center as capable as Marion Hanson and with that flashy two-some, Barbara Curran and Lois Ann Hopkins, in there pitching? As for the seniors, need anything more be said than that they won this year's tournament despite such powerful opposition.

Special honors go to the able captain of the seniors who seemed to be everywhere at once, as the juniors will testify; and to those patient goalies, Sue Welch, Priscilla Savage, Jackie Morse and Annabelle Robbins. Credit for most of the senior goals goes to Virginia Getchell, Connie Adams, and Jane Hilton. The junior goal-getters were Curran, Billings, and Morse.

The actual results of the tournament were:

Games won—seniors three, juniors two.

Games tied—seniors one, juniors one.



The Girls' Athletic Honor Council of Bangor High School held their annual field hockey party at the school Tuesday evening, November 23. Letters, numerals, and certificates were awarded by Miss Mildred McGuire, director of girls' physical education.

The charges given were as follows: General, Muriel Doherty; Scholarship, Dorothy Mitchell; Athletics, Barbara Andrews; Respect, Barbara Chapman; Leadership, Jane Hilton; Dependability, Annette Chapman; Sportsmanship, Eulalie Comstock.

At this time new members were taken in. They were Priscilla Savage, Barbara Patterson, Suzanne Welch, Mary Brookings, Marion Hanson, and Florence Gunn.

The winning team of the year was the seniors, whose captain, Nina Hazen, accepted the cup in behalf of her teammates.

The All-Bangor field hockey team for 1943 was captained by Nina Hazen with Jane Hilton and Annie-Jane Philbrick as co-managers. The other members are Suzanne Welch, Helen Nickerson, Anne Knowlton, Virginia Getchell, Constance Adams, Eulalie Comstock, Priscilla Savage, Cynthia Rich, Barbara MacAloon, Ann Freeland, and Mary Brookings.

A committee of Annette Chapman, Annie-Jane Philbrick, and Jane Hilton was in charge of decorations, and a program of games was presented under the direction of Barbara Andrews, Dorothy Mitchell, and Ann Freeland. Refreshments were served by Eulalie Comstock and Barbara Chapman. Guests included Miss Betty Day, who umpired all the hockey games, and Miss Barbara Welch.

The Last Sixty Minutes

Here I am, just sixty long minutes before school is out. Then comes a week of glorious vacation. Everywhere is the air of anxiety. The teacher well knows that as soon as the final bell rings the class will go wild. Already the class humorists are starting their antics. Now for the afternoon studies. Out of a blue sky the teacher asks each pupil to write an essay. Who could write an essay, a serious one at that, with his mind on vacation? Still the essays must be done. Forty-five minutes to go. The more ambitious of the class are starting; the rest are trying to keep a serious look on their faces as if they were thinking of some subject to write about. Ah, the teacher's mind is a little more at ease. At least she has the class working. Thirty-five minutes to go. How the time does drag. Many is the anxious face that is turned toward the clock each time it ticks out another minute. The class "loafers" are trying to stifle a yawn and think at the same time. Just about now the room begins to get stuffy. Ah me, for a breath of fresh air! Everyone is just about the place in their essay where he can think of nothing more to say. And just a mere half-page more to go. Oh, well, such is life. Twenty-five minutes more. Some of the class are just beginning to think that the clock has stopped, but no, there it ticks again. The child prodigies of the class have now finished their essays. Probably they wrote them on something like, "What's the matter with the Encyclopedia Britannica." Only twenty minutes to go. Everybody is now hurrying to finish on time. The class "laggers" have just started getting their brains functioning properly. Ten minutes more. Well, now comes the copying upon white paper. Five minutes. Now the papers are being passed to the front. Oh, there goes the warning bell. Well, I'm glad that's over. Hooray, there's the final bell. The poor teacher, expecting essays.

Joseph H. Fleming Company

Maine's Largest Tire Distributors

55-65 Oak Street

Bangor, Maine

Dial 9529

Joe Fleming wants to see you about Tires



THE AMERICAN CENTURY AND RUSSIA'S

(continued from page six)

almost irresistible desire to relieve economic distress at home by using that new power to exploit major areas of the world. If and when this happens, we will face a third World War with Russia and China, as much exploitative imperialism will directly and adversely affect them. And for us, such a conflict, with an even-more powerful Russia, China, and the peoples of Asia and Africa against us, would be very precarious.

All this is, of course, just speculation. But stranger and more improbable things have happened in the last twenty years. And such a development is not improbable.

Above the questions of Russian-American, British-American, relations and the dangers that will come out of the future, there is one thing we must constantly fight and defeat. For it is the most dangerous and insidious menace we shall face. It will be our instinctive desire to relax after the strains and burdens of this war, to go back to "business as usual" and a merely formal internationalism without substance or even reality, to cling obstinately to the traditional, easy ways of doing things. This is an entirely natural reaction. Therin lie its dangers for us. But cost what it must to our habits and natural instincts we must be always ready to live more spaciouly in a harder and more difficult world. We might as well abandon our pleasantly roseate dreams of a new and greater post-war boom. For if we shirk our problems, and try to doze off in a peaceful and effortless dream, we shall know suffering and depression, revolts and economic and moral chaos; we shall turn desperately from disaster, veer confusedly from failure to failure. In short, we shall know all the horror and shame of a confused and chaotic world. And we shall find no peace.

INTERLUDE

Continued from page 5

bright like liquid gold on the clean dry air and sparkled in Barbie's blue-green eyes. The vision was so plain that he could see her dart around the courts, never failing to be where the ball landed, reaching up to serve and pushing her hair out of her eyes and saying, "Keep your eyes on the ball, Davy! Keep your eyes on the ball!" He ducked and motioned to the other two as a bullet whizzed past his head and buried itself in a tree behind him. Jap snipers. He raised his gun. "Keep your eye on that Jap, Davy!" he muttered under his breath as he aimed. "Keep your eye on that Jap!"

By noon the three of them were back with the main part of the outfit. The path through the mountains worn down by the natives was rough but much better than unbroken jungle. And the heat was nearly unbearable. Once or twice he stumbled and longed to lie down for just a moment to rest. Instead he plunged on, his eyes straying for any signs of life, burned by the sun that blazed down relentlessly now. If he closed them and then opened them again, the man ahead of him was just a moving blur against the green. Huge, gaudy flowers wrapped themselves around the trunks of trees, and flamed out here and there like brilliant purple jewels or tongues of fire. They were not beautiful to him, only foreign and strange. He found himself thinking of roses wet with dew in a round black bowl, or floating in a crystal dish in the middle of the dinner table. He had thought them "sissy" then and never dreamed that some day they would seem incredibly lovely and distant. Those flowers had been cool and fresh; these were hot to look upon and seemed to taunt him. They weren't like the creamy white gardenias he had sent to Barbie when he took her to that last dance. He remembered how smooth and glossy the leaves had been, lying against her dark hair. And the way she smiled when she thanked him with that suddenly wistful expression in her eyes, and the way her white dress swirled when she moved. Then he saw his mother again, tending the roses so carefully, grinning at him as he helped her carry the garden tools from the garage. He had been merely indulgent and felt ages older than she as she dug happily around the bushes and hummed with a streak of dirt across one cheek. Now he felt like crying as he remembered her telling him gayly that flowers were nearly as essential as the victory garden. That they were a part of the other things he would sometime remember and associate with happiness and security and peace. And he kept seeing them floating in that crystal bowl.

He had once complained that he would enjoy his breakfast just as much if there had been no flowers on the table. Now the sun shining in through the windows made patterns on the polished floor and glinted on tall glasses of orange juice; the bright flowers and his mother's, "Did you sleep well, Davy?" Dad's preoccupied greeting from behind his paper seemed swell, something to appreciate. When he got back he wouldn't care if Jimmy kicked him under the table and taunted him about Barbie. He'd give anything to see that freckled, impish face and hear that teasing voice again, "Davy's got a gir-rul, Davy's got a gir-rul." He grinned and his face seemed stiff. It shortened the distance, though, to think of home. Vivid pictures flashed through his mind and he felt that he could almost reach out and touch the old familiar objects. The living room on Sunday mornings strewn with funny papers. Jimmy sitting in the midst of them, handing each section to Davy as he finished with it, and Davy passing it on to Dad. And Mom coming in to tell them to be sure to pick them up when they were done, smiling and not caring whether they did or not. Going to church and staring at the back of Barbie's head all through the services, always wishing she'd glance around and smile and never being disappointed. This picture was especially clear to him. The voice of the minister, the droning of the organ, the sun shining through the colored windows making a man's bald head a strange shade of purple, a glimpse of feathery trees through an open window, Jimmy's earnest face suddenly seeming angelic in the golden light, in the faint smell of his mother's perfume. All these things overshadowed the heat and smell of the jungle. His mother's last letter had revealed in the marvelous way the victory garden was growing. "The cucumbers have grown an inch over night," she had said, and he remembered when they were planning the garden he had insisted on the cucumbers. He wished they could have cucumbers out here. When he got back he'd eat a million. "And the radishes are all tops and nothing on the ends of them." He could just picture Jimmy's dismay. He loved to pull them up and eat them unwashed and sprinkle with salt, and Davy couldn't ever remember seeing a radish from their own garden at the table. Jimmy took care of them before they ever got that far.

There were so many things he wished for out here. He'd give most anything for a lemon coke. His throat was so dry and his lips were cracked and sore. The streams on Guadalcanal are merely dry beds of stone

and sad with water appearing at the upper part and mouth only. He remembered sitting in Nick's with Barbie and ordering "two with lemon," and putting nickels in the juke box. Barbie always insisting on "Stardust". Barbie's skirt swirling about her knees as she danced, the blue sweater that she liked because it was so sloppy. The gang coming in, stopping to talk with them. Skinny, who always got seasick in a canoe, was in the Navy now. Big Chuck Davis who led the football team on to victory was down in New Guinea with the Marines. They certainly were scattered now. Back in Miss Allan's English class they had all been longing to get away from the four walls of the classroom where there was something doing. There had been plenty doing in New Guinea, he'd bet, when Chuck met with one of those Japs. Chuck had sat across the aisle from him, hating participles and infinitives, dreaming of excitement as he gazed out of the windows at the May afternoon. Davy remembered how warm and close it had seemed in that room, how tired Miss Allan looked as she corrected papers and wondered where the whispering sound was coming from. The way Barbie slumped down in her seat and wrote notes to Janie sitting across from her. He remembered how he liked to watch her face as she concentrated on writing the note. Describing to Janie the exact way Tommy Dorsey brought in his sax section on "Serenade in Blue." Golly, she was cute!

He swatted at the mosquitoes. "Darn mosquitoes, darn Japs, darn Hitler!" he muttered and then grinned at the fellow stumbling along by his side. The poor guy was nearly dead on his feet. "Almost there, pal," he grinned at him. Almost back to the camp that seemed actually comfortable after all this. Huge ants, hornets, canned food, heat; but swell boys who talked of home and "After this is all over." Boys who laughed and liked Harry James and Betty Grable and had girls like Barbie, who read parts of their letters to you and said your family sounded swell when you told them about Mom, and Dad, and Jimmy. He'd be glad to get back. Anything for a little water. Anything that would slide down his parched throat, and feel cool and wet. He shut his eyes and tried to picture Barbie again. She always seemed cool and crisp and he always pictured her smiling. Smiling at him over the top of her history book, glancing up at him during a movie and saying "Hi", smiling at him over someone else's shoulder at a dance to say, "Just a few more minutes and I'll be back." Smiling up at him when they walked in the rain and the rain soaked her hair and beat against her face. "Umbrellas are sad-apple," she always used to say.

He thought of Jimmy again. He wondered if the little tyke really knew what this was all about. Everytime he remembered Jimmy he saw that expression of delight and wonder he had seen when Jimmy first held the little golden fluff that was a chicken in his hands and said "Gee, Dave, I can feel his bones." After the chicken there had been Skipper, the cocker spaniel. Skipper with the devilish disposition, sad eyes, and loyalty. Whimpering if he was shut out, going wild with ecstasy when Davy had his first furlough, adopting little Jimmy as his special charge and following him around jealously. Begging for a bite of your apple or a piece of candy with his heart in his eyes and chewing, very pleased with himself and amused by your weakness when he finally got it. Cute little devil. He surely had felt bad when they wrote that he was dead. Killed by a car. He could feel the painstaking care that had gone into his mother's letter that told him about it, so that it wouldn't seem too bad. But it had, even so. But it was Jimmy's printed, scribbled little letter that really got him. He could just see him sitting there, his little face screwed up, chin stuck out, and writing, "I tried to watch him for you Davy. He just kind of ran out when I wasn't looking." Poor kid!

Up ahead the sergeant was bawling out something. He tried to listen and straightened his back. So darned hot. Suddenly there was the feel, the sound of a approaching danger. A bullet whizzed by. Someone dropped as a machine gun spattered. In a second the trail was empty. He flattened himself down and the fellow that had been beside him was beside him still. The sergeant was giving orders quietly. Davy listened and glanced at the others. Before they had been nearly numb with fatigue and heat and thirst. Now they had forgotten exhaustion; they were alert and angry and they were ready for anything. He had no time to think of home although it was deep inside of him. He inspected his gun. Okay. He raised it and aimed. "Someday I'll come back. Someday. I don't know when, but someday I'll come back." It was a vow and a promise.

Compliments of

THURSTON & KINGSBURY

"We'll Be Seeing You"

—at the—

WARREN DRUG COMPANY

37 Hammond Street

Dial 2-1205

FOR THE BEST BET

IN

BETTER BAKERY PRODUCTS

EAT THOSE MADE BY

John J. Nissen Baking Co.

Bangor, Maine

DEBATE CLUB ELECTS

(continued from page sixteen)

The club will function this year as always, affording numerous opportunities for boys and girls to develop, and be able to put into practical use, a fine vocabulary, clarity of thought, and a wide range of information.

At the first meeting held September 24, the following officers were elected:

President—Paul McGouldrick
Vice President—Sandra Ginsberg
Secretary—Annabelle Robbins
Treasurer—George Brountas
Publicity Manager—Leonard Minsky

At the first meeting of the discussion group, the subject was "Why Talk About Peace Now?" Future discussions are planned, and those who will take part are as follows:

Ivory Canty, Mary Bracy, Mary Frances Muir, James Segal, Chester Kennedy, Robert Frances, Howard Gotlieb, Malcolm Stevenson, Shirley Meltzer, Frances Sclair, Bernard Gotlieb, Joseph Oppenheim, Sandra Ginsberg, George Brountas, and Malcolm Flash.



OFFICERS' CLUB PRESENTS BLUE AND GOLD DANCE

The Officers' Club sponsored its seventh annual Blue and Gold Dance Friday, November 19. The colorful affair was held in the assembly hall, which was attractively decorated. Red, white, and blue shields and streamers over the doors carried out the military motif, while spotlights projected shafts of blue and gold light throughout the hall. As usual, the dance was well-attended.

The eight-piece orchestra of the Southernaires furnished music for dancing from 8 to 11:30 o'clock.

The committee in charge of this informal military occasion was as follows: General chairman, Bernard Baird; decorations, Howard Hawes; music, Stanley Catell; tickets, Clinton Gerry; refreshments, Daniel Soloby; publicity, Robert Saltzman.



SOUVENIRS

Russet and gold and green and red
the leaves come down, alive not dead
though; memories live, and do not all
the fruits of fall some thing recall?

Latin Club Reviews

After being dormant for less than a year, that lusty Latin Club has again come to life. At reorganization meeting in September the following officers were elected for the year.

Consuls—Richard Sprague, Eva Hall. Praetor—Marjorie Gumprecht. Frileunes—Ann Knowlton, Paul Palmer. Aurator—Ada Marsh. Adeiles—Sandra Ginsberg, Betty Palmer, Roger Tefft, Marilyn Bwins.

During the latter part of September and all of October, the club rehearsed vigorously for a demonstration which was given at the Maine State Teachers Convention on October 28th. At that time, under the slogan "Latin Club Must Go On" a group of members gave a birds eye view of the clubs activities for the past three years and of plans for the current year, to show that a active and energetic Latin Club has a real place in the activities of a Modern High School. Those who took part in this demonstration were: Betty Palmer, Ada Marsh, Richard Sprague, Richard Eaton, Jack Nickerson, Filene French, Glenns Billings, Sandra Ginsberg, Eva Hall, Paul Palmer, Dick Faulkingham, Roger Tefft.

At the October Meeting this demonstration was presented before the whole club. An up-to-the-minute part of this program which will be enlarged upon at the November meeting, was entitled Modern Dramas on an Ancient Stage, a study of those parts of this old world of ours, which seem doomed to be the battle ground of warning nations whether the date is 2000 B. C. or 1943 A. D. for a fuller description of this timely program we refer our readers to the next issue of the Oracle.

Prelude To Autumn

Beautiful golden autumn
With your leaves of marvelous hue
Bright sunshine, falling apples,
All are a part of you.

Gone is the heat of summer
We enjoy your cool crisp air,
Your beauty is ours to remember
When the land is cold and bare.

Your bonfires blaze and crackle,
Sparks fly into the sky,
Hail, glorious September,
Eternally rings the cry.

THY WILL BE DONE

(continued from page nine)

where the purple and blue mix with the ocean, and he had a pot of gold to begin with, but this gold lasted only so long. He used it to the best advantage, and when it was gone, he was in darkness, not the comforting darkness in your bedroom, but the terrifying, panicky, desperate darkness. He could have sat around; he might have committed suicide; or he could have lived off his wealth, safely and uselessly, but he followed the rainbow. The path was narrow, discouraging, and endless. For seven long years he stumbled up this lonely road, and I'll be darned if he didn't find another pot of gold, only this time it will last forever, and he will never be in darkness again."

I interrupted Al. What did he mean by darkness? Al smiled; he hadn't heard me.

"Yessir," he went on, "and now he even leads others from their petty troubles, for the words which he preaches come from experience and a wisdom sprung from the utter depths of desperation. He's a real sailor, and he's learned well how to navigate this stormy sea upon which we all toss."

"Ah, the sun is out! Well, glad to have met you, mister. I'll soon be shoving off again. You know how it is. . . the life of a sailor."

Al wearily walked away, probably thinking again of the excitement of the whale hunt. But I was restless. What was there to do but to go to Roxbury and hear this Peter?

I did this very thing, and after the service, I left the church, strangely happy. Peter was an eloquent speaker, and the words he spoke were like the dawn of another day. I shall forget these words in the course of my life, but I will never forget Peter's face. I understood now, why Al, the rough, experienced sailor, respected this young man so much. You see, Peter was blind.

Compliments of A FRIEND

*For QUALITY
and SERVICE*

Call

**Brown & White
Paper Co.**

Paper Twine Bags Specialties

**101 Broad Street Bangor, Maine
DIAL 4883**

The New
Atlantic Restaurant

Enjoy
EXCELLENT FOOD
Well Served

The House of Quality

66 Main Street Dial 8810 or 9129

New Franklin Laundry

All Ironed Services

Compliments of

A FRIEND

Compliments of

MORSE & COMPANY

Lumber and Building Materials

BANGOR - - - MAINE

COMPLIMENTS
OF

Pine Tree Restaurant, Inc.

114 Main St.

AND

Marsh's Pine Tree Lodge

58 Cedar St.

GOOD PLACES TO KNOW ABOUT

DONALD PRATT CO.

+

**Diamond Merchants
and Jewelers**

+

18 Hammond St. Bangor, Maine

Dial 4753

W. I. Brookings

Galen S. Pond Co.

FUNERAL HOME

133 Center Street

Bangor



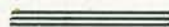
Maine

EXPERT REPAIRING

ALL MAKES OF CARS

BODY AND FENDER WORK

Storage—Washing—Greasing



The S. L. Crosby Co.

50 York St.

Bangor, Me.

Dunham-Hanson Co.

31-39 Mercantile Sq.

Bangor

Building Material

HARDWARE

Paints

Windows

Doors

Cutlery

Asphalt Shingles

Insulating Board

Carpenter's Tools

KEENE'S

ICE

CREAM

"Deliciously Different"

The Allen Drug Co.

32 STATE STREET COR. HARLOW

East Side Pharmacy

29 STATE STREET COR. EXCHANGE

Prescriptions - Diabetic Specialties

BANGOR

MAINE

Music Store

EVERYTHING MUSICAL

Brass and Woodwinds

Music of All Kinds - Records - Albums

Andrew's Music House

118 MAIN STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

"It's a Treat to Eat"

AT THE

BRASS RAIL

Bangor's Finest Restaurant

202 EXCHANGE STREET

Air and Sound Conditioned

Steel

Sheets and Metals

N. H. BRAGG & SONS

BANGOR, MAINE

Replacement
Parts

Automotive
Equipment

J. J. BOULTER & SON

- WELDING
- RADIATOR REPAIRING
- RECORING

Corner Curve and Harlow Street

Bangor, Maine

Phone 7019

L. H. THOMPSON

School Printing



Agents for

SHAW-WALKER LINE
of Office Furniture

BREWER

MAINE

DAVID BRAIDY

*Clothier
Outfitter*

14 Hammond St. Bangor, Maine

Telephone Connection

UP ONE FLIGHT

"Where you Save"

*Bryant's*_____

JEWELERS
OF BANGOR
46 Main St.

Maine's finer store
for Diamonds,
Watches and Silver
for past 50 years
Budget terms arranged

For 90 Years Bangor's Leading

SEAFOOD MARKET

Established 1854

*Where Your Grandmother
Bought Her Seafood!*

Jones'

Seafood Market, Inc.

Bangor

Maine

\$1.00 PERSONAL STATIONERY \$1.00

200 sheets Bond paper; 6" x 7", printed with
your name and address, and 100 envelopes to
match, printed on back flap.

Print copy plainly and enclose \$1.00

Paper will be sent by mail.

PHONE—6353

Bangor Box Company

FACTORY: 75 So. Main St., Brewer

GO TO

DAKIN'S

FOR
SPORTING
GOODS

Telephone 2-0678

**BANGOR
FURNITURE
COMPANY**

Complete Home Furnishers



84 Hammond Street
Bangor, Maine

COMPLETE FUEL SERVICE



Established 1854

COAL - COKE - WOOD - OIL

WOTTON'S TIRE SHOP

Recapped and Retreaded Tires

Vulcanizing and Used Tires

109 York St.

Bangor, Maine

Telephone 7209

Blue Diamond Batteries

**HOT DOGS
HAMBURGERS
LIGHT LUNCHES**

•

DAVE'S

104 HARLOW STREET

BANGOR, ME.

Toys and Novelties

Christmas Trees

WOLLEY NOVELTY CO.

46 Central St.

Bangor, Me.

HEAT HEADQUARTERS

**STICKNEY & BABCOCK
COAL CO.**

Always at your Service

Hard and Soft Coal

New England Coke

All Grades of Fuel and Range Oil

Telephone 5664 — 5665 — 2-0623

17 Hammond Etreet

Bangor, Maine

**The One Bright Spot
in your
Rising Living Costs**

ELECTRIC SERVICE
is the cheapest in history
TODAY

**The
Bangor Hydro-Electric
Company**

Bangor

--

Maine

You will enjoy eating at the

BANGOR HOUSE

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

We have excellent accommodations for all sorts of entertainments, bridge parties, dinners or dances and we welcome the opportunity to show our facilities and to quote prices.

TIMBERLANDS

and

SURVEYING

Prentiss & Carlisle Co., Inc.

Merrill Trust Building

Bangor, Maine

Louis KIRSTEIN & Sons
Realtors

REAL ESTATE - INSURANCE SERVICE

44 Central Street

Kirstein Bldg.

ESTABLISHED 1894

Member Federal Reserve Bank



Young men and women will always find this banking institution interested and helpful in their business progress. Responsibility is reflected by a checking account, which is also a factor in establishing credit and standing.

The Merrill Trust Company

**With twelve offices in
Eastern Maine**

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.
