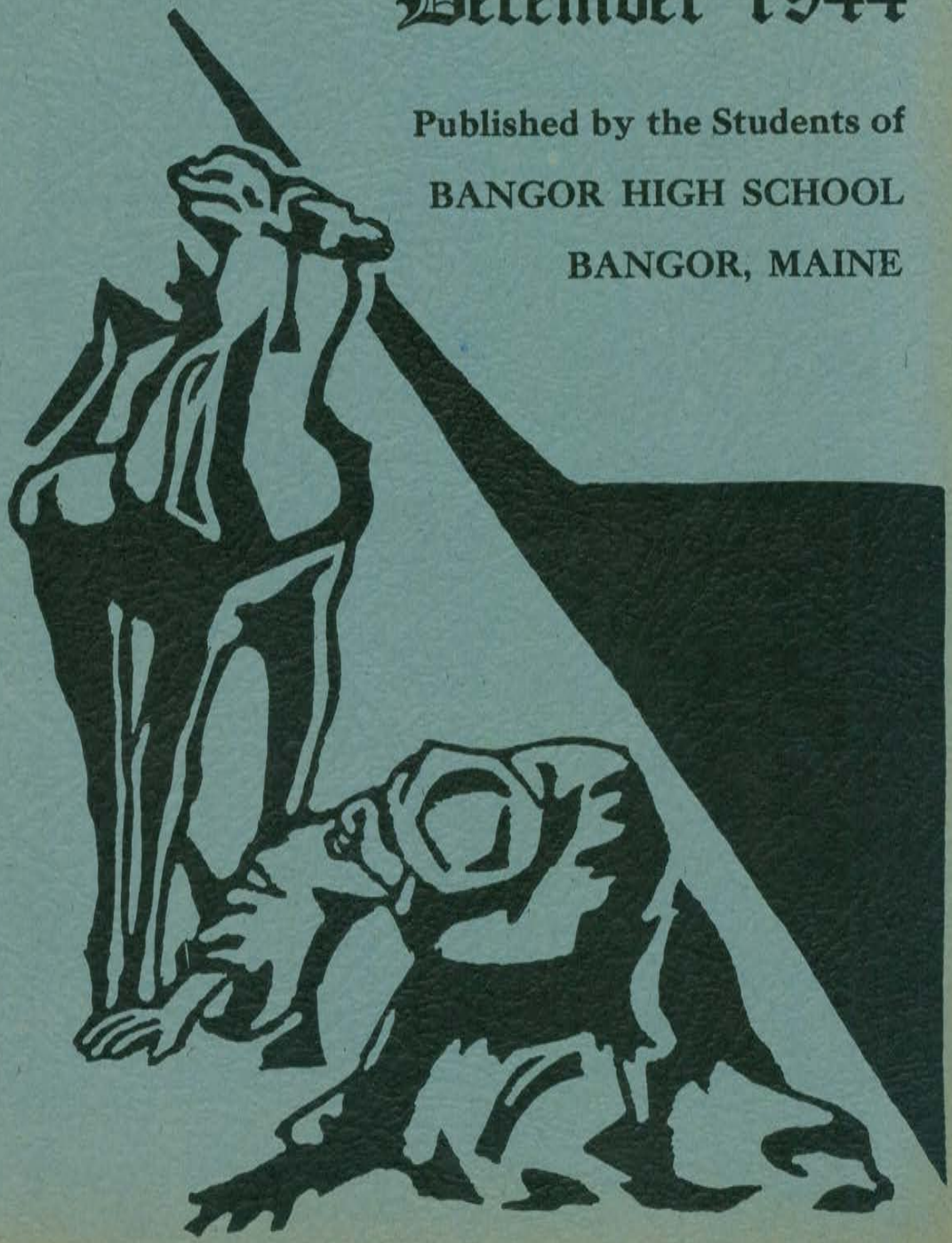
Oracle

December 1944

Published by the Students of

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

BANGOR, MAINE



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from the

Oracle

The Oracle

December, 1944

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

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THE STAR

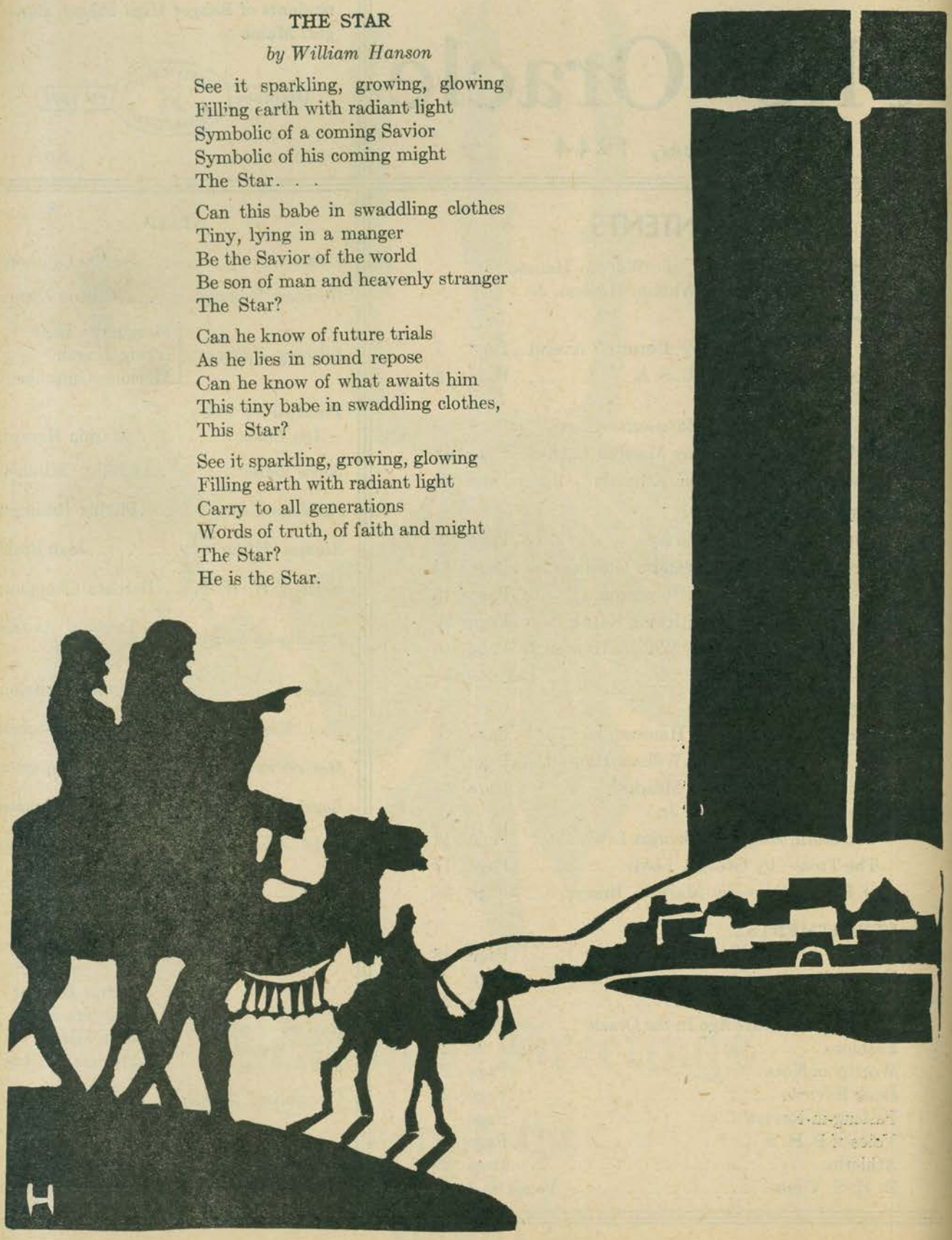
by William Hanson

See it sparkling, growing, glowing
Filling earth with radiant light
Symbolic of a coming Savior
Symbolic of his coming might
The Star. . .

Can this babe in swaddling clothes
Tiny, lying in a manger
Be the Savior of the world
Be son of man and heavenly stranger
The Star?

Can he know of future trials
As he lies in sound repose
Can he know of what awaits him
This tiny babe in swaddling clothes,
This Star?

See it sparkling, growing, glowing
Filling earth with radiant light
Carry to all generations
Words of truth, of faith and might
The Star?
He is the Star.



BY THE WILL OF GOD

by Dorothy A. Averill.

THERE was no sound to break the stillness which lay over the world, that is, the little world in which Bill found himself. A foxhole is a lonely place on Christmas Eve, out there a thousand miles from nowhere. Bill was silently wishing, "If only I were home for Christmas." Then his thoughts began to wander, drifting off into oblivion and shutting out reality. They were carrying him over land and ocean, carrying him home-to Autumn Street, U. S. A.—to Mary, his beloved wife—to Jimmy, his little son—to Mom and Dad, whom he had never once forgotten.

An air of serenity hung over the house, and, inside, Mary sat beneath the Christmas tree with bowed head. Mom was rocking and knitting in even tempo before the fire-place where Dad was stirring up the fire. Upstairs, little Jimmy lay sleeping in his crib. It was a picture of peace and contentment, so far from the roar of guns and the horrors of war.

Mary—how beautiful she looked with the lights of the Christmas tree playing on her hair. She seemed so sweet, almost like a child. Bill stood beside her now in his thoughts. "Hello, Mary," he says, "I know you cannot hear me, Darling; you cannot even see me; but by the will of God, I can be with you now; for war cannot tear our dreams from us."

She seems to stir; she seems to sense his nearness at this moment. He leans closer to her and sees that her eyes are filled with tears. He wants to reach out, take her in his arms, and comfort her; but he knows this is impossible, and it makes him sad.

"Please, Darling," he says, "no tears tonight. I'm home for such a little while, and it's Christmas Eve. Listen! the choir is singing carols." Mary rises slowly and goes to the window. Bill follows closely behind her. "Peace on earth, good-will to men," sing the voices from without.

WARTIME CHRISTMAS, U. S. A.

by Ralph Eye, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith looked at the huge Christmas tree on the porch, not having much enthusiasm.

"I guess the stand is down-cellar and the ornaments up attic," he said. "I never had to do this before, because Harry loved to set up the tree and decorate it." They were both silent for a moment. Harry wasn't there for the first time in nineteen years. He was at an army camp in the south, and they hadn't heard for ten days from him, not even a Christmas card.

"Look," she said, abruptly, "Why do we bother with it? No one will even see it, except us."

"Well, if you don't care. . ."

"I don't care." she said. Then she looked up. "Henry," she started, "it's still early. Why don't you find a party somewhere? Only eleven thirty."

"Oh, hang it all anyway, let's go to bed, Ellen. Nothing else to do anyway."

They had no sooner climbed the stairs when they heard the front door slam. There was only one other person that had a key to that front door.

"Hey, Mom, Dad."

"Why, it's Harry," she blurted with amazement.

They ran down the stairs, Ellen grabbed him.

"This is a fine way to treat Christmas," he said. "We have just twenty minutes before midnight to put up the tree and hang the stockings. Like to know that Christmas is doing business as usual—at home."

"Oh, Harry—!" His mother exclaimed.

"Not one bit of information do you get from me until our duty to Saint Nick is done."

With three pairs of hands it didn't take long to get the tree up and hang three stockings on the library mantel. Into them went apples, oranges, and in Harry's went his first grade report card. Courage and Leadership. . . A plus, it had said.

At twelve o'clock they started singing carols, and kept at it until one, as was the family custom. After all the singing, she put her arms around Harry's neck and begged, "Isn't it time to stop and really talk to us, darling?"

He laughed and shook his head. "Not just yet. Now for the stockings." But Ellen caught her son's arm as he reached for his own sock.

"Not now!" she professed to be shocked. "Officially, Santa brings your presents while you're asleep. You look at it as soon as you wake up. Have you forgotten?"

"No, I haven't forgotten. But I had better look now." He grabbed his father's hand and with his other pulled his mother to him. "It's swell that Christmas is sort of like an accordion, isn't it? You can stretch it out over days or cram it all into a half an hour. But it's still Christmas, isn't it?" He could feel both of them tighten with apprehension.

"You see," he went on gently, "I'll have to leave in only ten minutes. My transport sails at 3 A. M."

HAPPY ENDING

by Marguerite Hart

WITH a poor attempt at being casual, Sally asked, "Any mail for me today, Mother?" "Oh, for Pete's sake, you'd think the poor fellow had nothing to do but answer your letters," replied her seventeen year-old twin, Sue.

Sally and Sue were identical as far as looks were concerned, but there the similarities ceased. Sue considered boys rather tiresome, while her sister thought Pfc. Bill Stanhope something to rave about, but definitely! As Bill's five-day furlough included the night of the Christmas Formal, Sally had casually hinted to him about it, and was eagerly awaiting his reply.

"There *is* a letter for me," she announced triumphantly, "but I'll wait until I'm alone to read it."

She opened her chemistry book, and began quizzing her more studious sister on atomic and molecular structures. After all, she didn't want to appear too anxious, for she had taken enough teasing already. But the chemistry bored her; so, tossing the book at her amused sister, she ran to the privacy of her own room. Scanning the letter eagerly, her heart turned over twice:

"Would you and Sue like to go to the Christmas Formal? Don Scranton, a friend of mine, is coming home with me, and we could have loads of fun." She dashed down the stairs and told Sue the news.

"Isn't it simply marvelous? We're getting new-formals for Xmas, too," Sally gasped.

"My date is probably Frankenstein's uncle with the personality of the Mad Russian," replied Sue despondently.

Two weeks later, as Sally was industriously applying "Victory Red" polish to her half-inch fingernails, the telephone rang. She rose to answer it, but remembering that her nails weren't dry, sat down again.

"Sue, speaking. . .We'll be ready at 8:00 P. M. . . .White. . .That's wonderful. . .Bye now."

"Confine your conversation to five minutes. There's a war on, moron," her sister remarked ironically as Sue hung up.

The intervening two days had seemed interminable, but tonight was The Night. They had received their new dresses with yards of white tulle trimmed with the narrowest black velvet ribbon. Their hair had been dutifully washed and pinned up the previous night, and at long last all was ready.

(*continued on page twenty-six*)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF RALPH EYE, JR.

Here it is, the story of the year . . . now all is brought to light . . . Ralph's secret past as told by Ralph !

WHEN I was very young, I was born. Outside of my cross eyes, pinpoint head and long fangs I was a very beautiful child, although some people didn't think so, and many times the police caught them pitching me off the Brewer Bridge with a paving brick for a necklace. As babies will, I grew, little by little, until I was six months old. Then I received a gift from God, teeth. No longer did I have to gum my pork chops and corn on the cob, but ate them outright. I was then able to say my first word, idzalothaui, which means just what it says, idzalothaui. After this, I grew very rapidly, and I soon began to creep, but not very fast, only about four or five miles per hour. When I was going anywhere fast, my mouth watered, and several times I was picked up by the S. P. C. A.

At this point I think I should mention that for two years I didn't think of girls, but on my second birthday I met one, a little blonde from across the street, and fell in love. However, she spurned my affections and that drove me to drink. Many times at the corner drug store the clerk would look into my sad face and say, "No more. You've had enough double malteds."

When I was three, I was entered in a progressive school in first grade (believe it or not), but, when I was six, I was changed to a public school so I might go to second grade. While there I learned to play "Cops and Robbers" and I was head of the whole Block. "Blockhead" they used to call me in those days. Sometimes, during this period people would look at me and say, "What hath God wrought." Once I wandered out on a rifle range and I almost was shot, because it was open season on rabbits.

My father used to put me down in the cellar at night, because he said that he didn't want the dog in the house. That I didn't mind, but when my mother came in and tucked the dog in my bed, and kissed it goodnight, that was too much. At this time we lived at the seashore. I can't say where because the inhabitants still won't admit it. One day a boat tipped over and three people were saved by a big Newfoundland dog. Three days later the President, (Roosevelt, then as now) came and pinned the Lifesaver's Medal on me. I told him it was the dog, but he said, "Don't be modest. The description fits you perfectly." Now I am a Republican, Viva Dewey!

Then we moved back to Bangor and I think Bangor wishes we never had. I used to wade into wet cement and wait till it hardened, then scream my bloody lungs out that kidnappers did it. They chipped the concrete and got me out and the *words they said.* To calm me down I was entered in Sunday School, and not long after, the Sunday school un-entered me.

At the age of twelve I entered junior high. The teachers just didn't know what to do with me, but I managed. However, in the ninth grade a teacher put me in the closet. Well, it seems that there was a little door there that led into the air conditioning system, that was just big enough to crawl through. Into that I went, just as the teacher opened the closet door and found me gone. I couldn't have disappeared into thin air, which was the apparent solution. The door slammed and the teacher screamed. Quickly I crawled out again, as the door was violently snatched open for another look. There I was, standing there, looking innocent.

Not long after this occurrence I entered high school. Then the rough sledding came. At the end of my sophomore year I was just coming to, and now I manage to keep my head above water in my studies. On the whole, I think I have led a very interesting life although, as I have set it forth here it is slightly exaggerated. But as I always say, "People have more fun than anybody," and here I am to prove it.

by William Hanson, Jr.

My bed is a boat
The rug, a moat
A chair, the other side.

My bed is a boat
To cross the moat
The curtain, the changing tide.

So is life a boat
And sin a moat
With heaven the other side.

Will your boat cross
To beach on the moss
Or flounder in the tide?

WHEN THE DEW'S ON THE MEADOW

by William Hanson, Jr.

The dew's on the meadow
And down by the mill,
Sparkling and glistening
On each rolling hill.

Would God I could reason
Why men still will kill,
When the dew's on the meadow
And down by the mill.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS"

by Marilyn Burns

CHRISTMAS time was drawing nearer and nearer. You could even smell it in the air. The ground was covered with snow and the streets were lined up with their usual variety of Santa Clauses, who were ringing bells and supporting their little black kettles with their small collections of pennies, nickels, and dimes, but mostly pennies.

The stores were filled with huge crowds pushing each other aside in order to get first choice of dolls, neckties, and handkerchiefs.

Everyone in town was preparing for Christmas. Everyone, that is, except the Barrets. Just two weeks before, the Barretts had received one of those fatal messages from the War Department disclosing the death of Jack Barret.

Since then, the Barrets had lost all interest in celebrating the holidays—even Janie, their seventeen-year old daughter. Jane and Jack had been three years apart in age and Jack had always been the ideal big brother type. He had taught her many things and taken her around with him a great deal ever since she had learned to walk. And now, now—Jack would never be with them again. There seemed little reason.

Janie strolled along Main Street, unconscious of the glaring lighted windows and the chattering of the busy Saturday night shoppers. Three days until Christmas. She stepped into the street and the policeman stopped her.

"Wait a minute, Janie. We don't want you to be hit. This is a busy night and the drivers are apt to be a trifle careless. Holiday spirit, you know. Well, Merry Christmas."

"Thanks, Jimmie," and Jane, once more safely on the sidewalk, began again to let her thoughts drift.

"Merry Christmas," he'd said. Yes, very merry. With the last Christmas with Jack over, there seemed very little to celebrate this year.

It was getting colder so she put her hands into her pockets. Suddenly her hand closed over the mail which the postman had handed her as she left the house and which she had dropped in her hurry.

Janie took the letters out of her pocket and scanned them swiftly. A bill for her father, a library notice for her mother and. . .. Her stomach felt suddenly sick. It was a belated letter from Jack.

She went into the library and took a back table where she carefully slit open the envelope and withdrawing the single sheet of paper read these words:

"Dear Jane,

This letter is going to be for you and only you. Oh, you may show it to Mom and Dad if you want, but that's entirely up to you.

I'm writing this just before I leave for another flight. This will be my twenty-fifth flight and if we complete it safely, I'll be home for Christmas. This should put me in particularly good spirits, but it doesn't. You see, Janie, every so often, some pilot has a feeling that his number is up, and tonight I have that feeling. By the time you get this letter, we'll both know.

It's funny though, I don't seem to feel awfully bad about it. I've lived twenty years now and everyone of those years was a good year. I keep thinking of the fun I used to have taking you swimming and the time you got so excited that you fell in. And then there was the time that you got stuck up on the roof, and I wouldn't help you down and you were so mad.

Well, I could go on for hours, but I haven't time. One thing I know, the times I'll remember best were the Christmasses, Janie. They were so much alike, but we always had so much fun. It wasn't the gifts that got me so much; it's sort of funny, but it was the way people acted to you just before Christmas. Particularly the way they always went around with "Merry Christmas" on their lips and really meaning it. It's the spirit behind it all that counts, Janie. Always remember that.

They've just called us so I'll just say 'Merry Christmas,' Janie. A very merry Christmas!.

All my love, honey,

Jack"

(*continued on page twenty-six*)

REVISED EDITION

Season's greetings around the world. . .France. . . England. . .Egypt. . .Brazil. . .Australia . . . Americans are scattered all over the globe; many are spending their first Christmas away from those they love. This is the story of these men told by them in letters they themselves have written home.

MANY years ago one of our favorite books was *Christmas in Other Lands.* It transported us into a veritable fairyland glistening with strange customs, deliciously odd-smelling foods, and curious little foreign children; a fairyland which never ceased to hold us transfixed in wide-eyed rapture. In Spain, Balthazah, not Santa Claus, comes on Epiphany Eve and leaves gifts. The little Spanish children have placed their shoes out on the balcony or near the chimney and left in them wisps of straw for the Magi's horses —a far cry from the staunch American custom of leaving Santa a hearty wedge of apple pie! In France the children are always very dignified, but in Scandinavia it is quite the opposite. It is here that the customs of hanging mistletoe and burning the Yule log are thought to have originated. It was a good little book, a book reminiscent of a type of Christmas that has gone by.

Today, if a new book entitled *Christmas in Other Lands* were published, it would not be a collection of simply told stories written for eager little children to dream about. It would be a book typical of our world, the world that echoes with cannon and the shrieks of bombs, a world that revolves at a mad speed and in which excitement makes every minute bulge. It would tell of Christmas in other lands, but it would be a collection of letters written by thousands of Americans abroad, who are spending, perhaps, their first Christmas away from home. It would go something like this:

Capt. Raymond L. Hart, now in France, has spent Christmas in England with hundreds of American doughboys. He writes:

Santa Claus here is the same old fellow with the red suit trimmed in white, white whiskers, and boots, but he is known as "Father Christmas." Nevertheless, the youngsters get as excited about him as youngsters do about Santa at home.

We had trees this year, but no trimmings. Last year (Iceland), we had trimmings but no trees. Such is life in the army. I tried to get lights for our tree for the Kiddies Party but could not. The electric company told me that they had tried to find some for the children's ward at the hospital and were unable to do so, so I gave up. One of the soldiers trimmed the tree with paper, etc., and you should have seen it. He got absorbent cotton from the medical department and colored his paper with Gentian blue (a stain used by the doctors) and merchurochrome.

The people in England know that there has been and is a war, but they take it with a smile. It seems as if almost every home has had its windows blown out at least once by bombs. . .Yet, despite it all, the people have retained a rare good humor and an English crowd is much more good-natured than a similar crowd at home.

James Watson, who was awarded a fellowship to study anthropology in Brazil under the convention for promotion of inter-American cultural relations, writes from Sao Paulo, where carnations and daisies bloom on Dec. 25:

That Christmas is quite close to us now has come as a sort of surprise because of two things here: (1) the weather is summer, of course, and (2) Christmas here is just a pale reflection of ours. They do have Santa Claus, but everything is much less made of.

Right now, one of the street vendors, who go about in little two-wheeled carts selling produce, is shouting under our window through his megaphone. Every trade has a different noise-making arrangement.

This Christmas season has been one of the strangest for us. Our Christmas is just beginning to catch with the giving of presents on a large scale, Papi Noel, trees, and much house-to-house visiting among friends.

Corporal Robert Hanson writes from Australia:

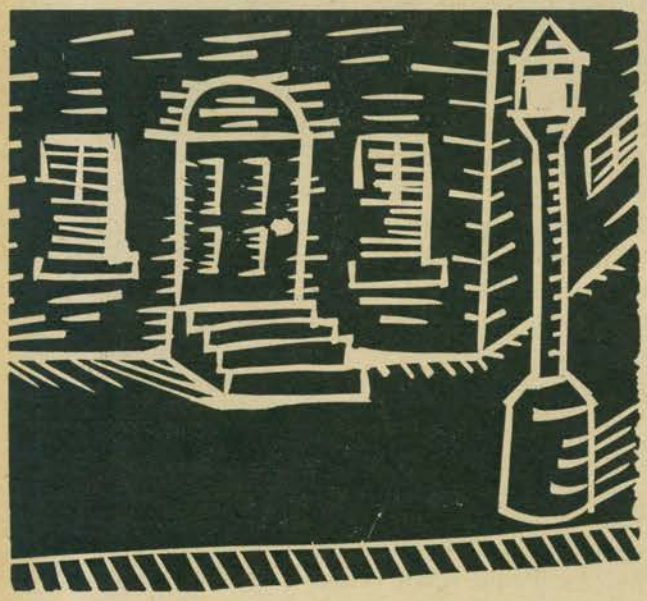
Well, here it is—the first Christmas I've been away from home and I must say it's going to be lonesome. . . I think of you all back there enjoying a "White Christmas." I would give anything to be home right now,

(*continued on page twenty-six*)

NO ESCAPE

by Chester Kennedy

THE room is still and dark. Shadows flit almost mockingly past the window, their reflections standing out against the deepest recesses of the gloom. A neon sign, reading "Sam's Lunch," can be seen flashing on and off through the window. Sam's itself, is further down the street. Even the building in which this room is located has a dull grey appearance.



It is a tall structure of eight stories, little used except for storage. The neighboring buildings have much the same style and appearance. The street is dark and dismal despite the sign at Sam's. The slightly foggy night is rather damp with a strange stillness prevailing. Fall is approaching, and the weather will become colder at any time.

Suddenly footsteps ring out, and the stillness is at an end—running footsteps, clicking sharply against the wet pavement. A figure appears from the gloom, and the footsteps recede to a walk. The figure carries across his left shoulder a large bundle, a bundle the size of a man, almost. The man, for the figure is a man, labors up the steps of our building. He reaches for the handle of the door. It sticks fast. He mutters angrily and pulls with greater force. The door yields reluctantly. He dashes as fast as tired legs will support him up two flights of stairs. The next door gives no trouble and he dashes into the room mentioned before. Laying the bundle heavily on a large table which dominates the center of the room, he gives a long, drawn-out sigh and sinks into one of the room's three chairs. As he rests, the dull, tired look on his face changes to a thoughtful expression. Drawing forth a watch from his vest pocket, he glances at the time. He seems rested as he lithely rises and moves to the window. Standing slightly to one side of it, he glares upon the quiet street below. The light from Sam's sign distinguishes every feature in his face—features of a crafty, cunning face, almost pointed nose, steel grey, quiet eyes, hollow cheek bones, and a straight, firm, determined mouth. In fact, he somewhat resembles an Indian. All other features about him are invisible as he appears to be wrapped in a black cloak. In all he blends well with the night from which he sprang.

He stiffens; footsteps clatter on the street below. Several figures, also men, enter the hall below. The door does not resist them. He should have known they would discover this place, too. It's too late now, though. Will they come up the stairs to this room—or don't they know? They start up the stairs, confound them. Perhaps they knew this room. Perhaps they had let him reach it. They are on the first landing and are coming up the second flight. There is a dull murmur of a voice. They're not worried about his escaping. There's only one exit. The way he came. Yes, it was all very well planned. But there was one thing they hadn't counted on. The bundle. He steps from the door where he had been listening and seizes the bundle from its resting place. He carries it to the window and flings it through the glass into the dark below. The steps on the stairway suddenly halt. Silence. Then the rushing of feet going down the stairs. It worked. He has a chance. He carefully opens the door and peers out. They must be all gone. They are. He dashes out and down the staris into the hallway below. There he fades into the gloom near the back wall. The door is partly opened. Five big men rush through and on toward the room, two flights above.

The man emerges from the dark and moves out upon the steps. There he pauses briefly to bring a revolver from his coat pocket. He descends to the street. Flee quickly. Not the way he came. In the opposite direction, past Sam's. But the light of Sam's sign. If he hurries he can make it.

(continued on page twenty-six)

G. I. JOE

by Malcolm Stevenson

MANY words signifying eras of excitement, wealth, and disaster have become a part of America. Such words as "dandies," "flappers," "sugar-daddies," and "suckers," have made inroads into the thoughts and actions of America during recent decades. All through man's existence certain words either because of their simplicity or because of their novelty have made the all time hit parade of civilization.

Each of these trademark expressions would cover many pages trying to explain its meaning. This particular article however will concern itself with the word of the hour, a modern hep phrase which is recognized by the inhabitants of the earth's four corners. This significant group of words has been praised by people in all phases of life. What are these electrifying words that have become so common-place to you and me? The words are "G. I. Joe."

At first thought, Mr. and Mrs. John Doe might think that this expression was just another attempt to sell war bonds, to arouse patriotism. But ask the other mothers, sweethearts, and military leaders who G. I. Joe is. Ask Adolph Hitler.

For G. I. Joe, using what he has learned on the football field and baseball diamond, is bound to come out on top in the greatest game of all, the battle of self-preservation. When final victory is achieved, many will deserve credit, but no one can be praised more than he who made the greatest sacrifices, he who, returning, will still possess the most devastating whistle a girl ever heard—G. I. Joe.

G. I. Joe is the son, the husband, and the fellow who used to jerk special sodas for the cute little number next door. He didn't want to get into this fight, but when the old U. S. A. was hit below the belt at a place called Pearl Harbor, G. I. Joe left his budding future. He went off into the Great Unknown to battle for the porch swing, juke box, old Model "T," unsmoochable lipstick, and all the other things that meant America to him.

G. I. Joe is the individual who transformed himself from the happy-go-lucky civilian living on the installment plan to a hardened soldier able to endure jungle quiet and the pitiful cries of a wounded comrade. G. I. Joe has proved himself superior to the German and Japanese military machines. We has the skill, courage, and foresight which have made possible the breath taking victories that have recently unfurled before us.

Adolph Hitler doesn't need a crystal ball to show him that the force which is held in reverence by the conquered peoples of many parts of Europe is not a haunted secret weapon of the Allies. Just multiply by hundreds of thousands a fellow who likes popcorn, thinks of home, and can throw a hand grenade like nobody's business. You then have the answer to Hitler's worries. An army of G. I. Joes.

G. I. Joe, since December 7, 1941, has emerged as the deciding factor in this great conflict. Slushing through the mud, loading a '105', or running his General Sherman tank upon an enemy beach, whatever he may be doing symbolizes something more than a soldier merely doing his duty. He seems to symbolize the efforts and sacrifices of all the Americans at home as well as abroad. He is the symbol of a great American tradition, the will to win.

LAZINESS A VIRTUE?

by Irving Kagan.

From early childhood we have heard our elders speak of laziness with disgust and intolerance; however, the truth of the matter lies in the fact that without our lazy men, progress would come to an end and the world would be a sorrier one than it is now. The lazy waitress in a restaurant always gives more satisfactory results than an energetic one. The lazy one counts every step she makes, and therefore brings a whole order in one trip.

Progress in civilization could not have been made if there were not a lazy man dissatisfied with so much effort. In the days of the Neanderthal man, one would have to walk to the nearest spring every time he wanted water. Some lazy individual, tired of taking so many trips every time he craved water, contrived the first pail, with which he could bring a whole day's supply of water with but one trip. As time went on, a still lazier fellow thought of making troughs which would conduct the water from its source directly to his habitat. In much the same manner, the idea for the first boat must have been thought of by a lazy man who saw no sense in continually walking around lakes.

More modern inventions, also, are almost invariably devised by those trying to make things easier for themselves. Of course there are inventors who contrive labor-saving machines which do not directly help him. However, they do this because they realize the fact that there are many lazy people in the world who are willing to pay a lot for something that will reduce effort. The money thus obtained makes it possible for the inventor to live without working quite so hard. Here again, laziness is the propelling force behind inventive genius.

In business, the best worker is usually the lazy man, who is much too lazy to waste any avoidable motion. The more energetic man does not mind much unnecessary work and motion; therefore, he finds himself fatigued at the end of the day, probably without accomplishing much more work than the lazy man. Since efficiency is the ratio of useful work obtained to the energy expended, it is easily seen who is the more efficient.

It is also the person who is mentally lazy who is due thanks for many important short-cuts and formulas to make science and mathematics easier. On the basis of these facts, therefore, progress in this world of ours is chiefly due to lazy people in their effort NOT to do work.

IS THIS YOUR HOBBY?

by William Hanson, Jr.

Tomorrow's world will be on the air. There will be more ships in the sky than on the air. Everyone who has a lawn mower will have an airplane and no one will consider it unusual. This is the plan of the future, and if you are a model builder you are helping construct it.

Perhaps you are a model fan and have already had the thrill of watching a miniature airship, powered by a first size motor take the air and soar into the blue. Perhaps, instead, you are a skeptic, one of whose who "just won't believe it." Maybe you think it's "kid stuff."

Nevertheless, men like Paul K. Guillow and Megow have made their fortune with this "kid stuff."

Because schools, as a whole, are not ready to make model aviation a part of their curriculum the high school fellow who is a model fan has to go ahead on his own, starting with the easier types and working up to the more difficult gas and radio controlled jobs.

Even if you have never tried model building before, give it a try. Buy a small kit (more fans have started with old standbys like the "Puss Moth" or "Taylor Cub" than any others) and go to work. Let's give Bangor a place on the model map, with bigger and better contests and meets than ever before. Grab the glue, pins, and dope can and let's go. Remember the sky's the limit.

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THERE IS STILL TIME

The Sixth War-Loan Drive ends on Dec. 16. There is still plenty of time to convert your savings, or your stamp book, or that gift money into a war bond as your contribution to the all-out push for victory.

It is not too early, either, to plan to save each week until Christmas from your Christmas earnings, so that you can be well on the way toward filling another stamp book.

Back the Attack!

THE STORM KING

by Georgia Lewis.

Clanging, clashing, banging, crashing,
Sending forks of lightning flashing,
Watching o'er the world on high;
Ruling king of stormy sky;

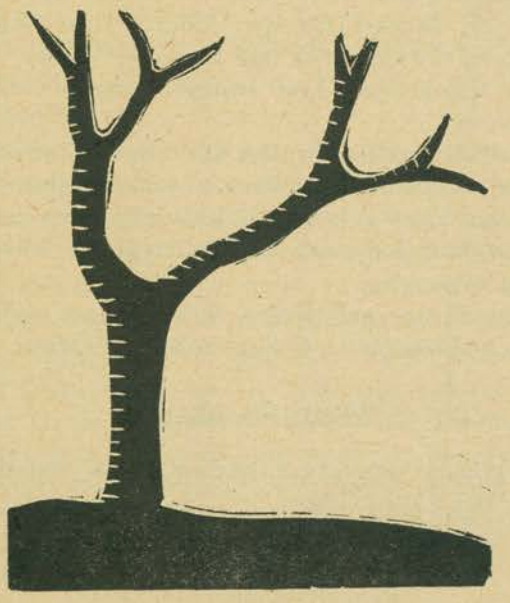
Throwing forth a voice of thunder,
As his mighty rivers plunder
Fields of grain and fields of wheat.
Laughing from his royal seat;

Fighting duels with swords of lightning,
At each stroke his temper heightning;
Piercing clouds with points of steel
'Til drops of rain their wounds reveal.

Comes the turning of the season,
Still he reigns with unknown reason,
Never stopping night or morn,
Wondering where to cast a storm.

Sending sheets of glittering brightness
Covering fields with shimmering whiteness
Sending blankets of white wool
Freezing ice in every pool.

Ruling king of stormy highway
Watching from your blazing skyway
Waging war wher'er you go
Losing friends and gaining foe.



THE TREES

by Georgia Lewis.

For years and years the three trees stood
Beside the garden wall
With sturdy limbs both straight and strong
Like soldiers brave and tall.

They lived through anguish, pain, and joy;
Symbolic trees of strength.
Their beauty lives eternally
Through time of any length.

The other day they cut them down,
Those faithful friends of mine,
Yet staunch and true their spirit stays
Through out the passing time.

Today I saw a fresh young twig
From out the old stump core.
The cherished sprig of faith and hope
Lives on forever more.

ALUMNI

THIS year, as in past years, the alumni of Bangor High School is following the patriotic trend. The majority of the boys that were graduated in 1944 entered the armed forces. B. H. S. is proud of them and will try to live up to the fine record which they have made.

NAVY

At Sampson, we find Bernard Baird, Patrick Dawson, Linwood Hayden, Kenny Lancaster, Lawrence Pinkham, Robert Russell, and Mark Shedd. James Collins, Stanley Eddy, Alfred Frawley, John Kelleher, John Norris, and Richard Sprague are at Castine Maritime Academy.

Albert Babcock, John Chapman, Douglas Clark, Neal Douglas, Charles Farnsworth, Kenneth Fernald, Clinton Gerry, Hymie Ginn, Bob Graffam, Billy Hammond, Roger Jellison, Sanford Miller, Forrest Nelson, Joseph Oppenheim, Charles Perry, Charles Ramsdell, Edmund Ransey, David Rapaport, Frederick Redmond, Ducky Saltzman, Elvin Seavey, Bob Taylor, Turkey Turner, Patrick Walsh, Bobby West and Weston Willis are now rolling up the score on behalf of the United States Navy.

ARMY

Our G. I.'s, are Paul Blethen, Donald Burrill, Galen Cole, Homer Coombs, James Cummings, Herbert Emple, Howard Harbach, Howard Hawes, Matthew Infiorati, Ralph Leach, Fred McKenny, Robert Treadwell, James O'Connell, and Donald Rose.

MARINES

Stanley Gunn, Don Hawks, and Christopher Morrill are relating the fame of Bangor High "from the hall of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli."

AIR CORPS

The Air Corps claims Davis Blaisdell, Bill Hainer Ed Jennison, Carleton Sprague, and Teddy Wilson.

HOME FRONT

Annie Jane Philbrick, Anne Freeland, and Elaine Wardwell are representing B. H. S. at Colby Junior College.

In City Manager Estes' office, Sis Prusaitis is pounding away at the typewriter. Zelma Jameson is working at the Chamber of Commerce, and Kay Averill is taking dictation at the Eastern Corporation.

Christine Burbank is attending Bouve Physical Education School and Madeline McKenney is going to a Physical Therapy School.

Marilyn Comeau has been employed since graduation at the Bangor Savings Bank, and Norma Wilks is working at the Merrill Trust Bank.

Kay Downes is employed as secretary in the Public Works Department. Carol Chadeayne, who was Fashion Editor for the *Oracle* last year, is attending a fashion school in New York.

Anne Colburn, and Althea Emerson are in Washington, D. C.

Helen Arnold, Ruth Cookson, Joan Durgain, Corace Whitcomb and Joan Week have entered the field of nursing.

All the men are not in the armed forces. Albert Bean, Leroy Chase, Richard Eaton, Paul McGouldrick, and Martin Schneider are wearing the li'l green ties of Maine. Also enrolled at the U. of M. are Connie Adams, Barbie Andrews, Sona Averill, Gloria Castner, Olive Coffin, Priscilla Dodge, Priscilla Graham, Grace Griffin, Nina Hazen, Pauline Lacasse, Ada Marsh, Barbara McAloon, Betty Palmer, Patricia Palmer and Pat St. John.

Several business minded alumni at the Maine School of Commerce are the following: Theresa Byron, Eulalie Comstock, Jackie Doherty, Mildred Gass, Barbara Patterson, Cynthia Rich and Harriette Varney.

June Cahoon and Jean Mutty are now residing in Connecticut.

Jane Hilton is representing B. H. S. at Bradford Jr. College, and Anne Knowlton is at Smith College.

Carolyn Foley is in Missouri attending Stevens College and Faith Jones and Jane Rollins are at Colby College in Waterville.

Prilly Savage and Helen Nickerson are resuming studies at Endicott Jr. College in Beverly, Mass.

WEDDING BELLS

The popular secretary of the class of "44," Sue Welch, is now Mrs. Galen Cole.

(continued on page thirty-seven)

EDITORIALS

CHRISTMAS SEALS FIGHT TUBERCULOSIS

Beware—mad dog. Keep out—rifle range. Danger—dynamite. These admonitions mean steer clear. On anti-T. B. Christmas seals are not the actual words Beware and Danger; yet if we only understood, we could realize that these seals virtually scream Be careful—watch your step. We must understand, for youth is the choicest prey of tuberculosis.

Lives are lost on the battlefield; war is so incomprehensible that we cannot grasp its meaning. Lives are lost on the homefront; the cause, T. B., is not difficult to comprehend. Ignorance is no longer necessary or excusable. There is a simple six-point program of education that can inform every person of the clear-cut facts concerning tuberculosis.

1. Tuberculosis is caused by a germ—the tubercle bacillus. Anyone coming in contact, direct or indirect, with a person who has the disease in a communicable form is likely to breathe in or swallow some of these germs. Keeping the body in good health, however, is good insurance. The disease develops more commonly during the late teens and early twenties than it does at any other age period.
2. Tuberculosis is not inherited. It does not "run in families."
3. Tuberculosis often exists without the presence of symptoms or signs. The danger signs, fatigue, loss of weight, indigestion, and a cough that hangs on, do not begin until the disease advances.
4. Tuberculosis is no respector of persons. The disease knows no barriers of birth or position; absolutely no home and no person is safe from it.
5. Tuberculosis is curable. The early case has a far better chance to recover quickly than the one that has gone unchecked for years or even months. Every case is different; rest, modern surgery, good food, and fresh air are of great importance in the cure.

(continued on page thirty-five)

LET'S

GO

BANGOR!

RISE AND SHINE

at the basketball games which began

DECEMBER 9

YELL

for the team to show them that all of B. H. S. is behind them 100%

TO WIN

WAKE UP

and let's have some peppy rallies—they add what is lacking—

ENTHUSIASM

SUPPORT

the team by attending the basketball games and staging up-and-at- 'em rallies.

A TEAM

IS ONLY

AS STRONG

AS ITS

ROOTERS !

SUBSCRIPTION DRIVE OF '44 BREAKS RECORD

B. H. S. came through 85% strong in support of the *Oracle*, a record never before achieved. Twelve homerooms were 100% in subscriptions and the others were not far from that goal.

It means a lot to the members of a new staff to know that the student body is behind them, giving them support, backing them up. It gives them confidence; it makes them want to give their all toward success; it makes them want to give you what you want.

You have given us this support and this confidence. To us it is the "go ahead" signal, the signal that means *bon voyage* and happy landings. Because of it we have started on the journey of the publication of the *Oracle* with eagerness, excited anticipation, and a sincere hope that our best will be good enough.

Thank you for standing firmly behind us and giving the *Oracle* of '44 a vigorous push in the right direction.

Meet Me In St. Louis

Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, and Mary Astor are stars in this picture depicting the life of the Smiths in St. Louis, in the year 1903. That was the summer Lon, the oldest, was planning for his first year at Princeton; it was the summer Warren Sheffield called Rose on long distance all the way from New York just to ask how she was; it was the summer when everyone was singing "Meet Me in St. Louis," because next year the World Fair would be coming to Skinker's swamp, just a trolley ride away. That was the summer when Esther (Judy Garland) was so casual about meeting John Truett (Tom Drake), after making so many plans about it. She had even gone so far as to rehearse a speech of indignation to use when he kissed her. And she wasn't going to give up her plans when he didn't kiss her. Tootie, played by Margaret O'Brien, also has great plans which include getting a trolley off the track.

This is the story of a wonderful summer—a movie that will be enjoyed by all.

Our Hearts Were Young And Gay

Gail Russell and Diana Lynn, as Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough, had a gay time going to Europe alone and unchaperoned—alone, that is, until Cornelia's family decided to take a faster boat and meet the girls when they arrived in England. After much persuasion, the Skinners allowed the girls to go to Paris alone, little dreaming that they would manage to get themselves locked in a tower of Notre Dame Cathedral—Cornelia and Emily had become so fascinated trying to pick out faces in the mass of dots below them that they did not realize the guide and other sight-seers had left.

Song of Bernadette

Jennifer Jones, William Eythe, Charles Bickford, and Vincent Price are only a few of the cast of a picture for which the Academy Award was presented to Jennifer Jones. It is the story of what happened in the village of Lourdes, France, some years ago to elevate a simple peasant girl to the status of a saint. To give you an example of the popularity of the picture, it opened in New York Jan. 26, 1944 and ran with packed houses until June 3, 1944—more than four months!

People may wonder that the name, Jennifer Jones, could become so well known in such a short time. However, it was a good name before "that Jones' girl" made such a hit in movies. It is alliterative, with its two J's, a thing people notice and like. Many famous people have alliterative names. Among them are Calvin Coolidge, Deanna Durbin, Herbert Hoover, and Mary Martin. Another important factor is that Jones is a well-known last name in the United States and there are many familiar "Joneses." A few of them are Casey Jones, John Paul Jones (another alliterative), and Buck Jones—not to mention the most common phrase, "Keeping Up With the Joneses." Jennifer Jones is not the only Academy Award winner with an alliterative name, either. Others are Helen Hayes (1931-32) and Claudette Colbert (1933-34). All in all, it is not surprising that with her name and her acting ability, Jennifer Jones is a success in movies and has made her name familiar to so many movie fans.

Since You Went Away

This is the appealing story of the Hiltons, a mother and her two daughters, trying to fill the void of the father's absence in the Pacific battle area. The film is held together by the deep love the family has for one another—great waves of it going out to Pop. Claudette Colbert is the mother. Jennifer Jones is the lovely older daughter who changes from an adolescent girl, infatuated with an older man, to a young woman in love with a lad (Robert Walker) soon to be killed at Salerno. Shirley Temple is the younger daughter, who wins the affections of their retired-Army-Colonel roomer, Monty Wooley. Joseph Cotton, as Tony, drops in for a week before going on sea duty and again for a brief visit at the end. The whole film is kept well balanced between delicious comedy and the loneliness and tragedy of separation.

That is only one of the hilarious incidents in a movie that is packed with entertainment. The plot is taken from the novel, *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*, by Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough.

Twenty Five Years Ago in the ORACLE

Let us go back a few years to the good old days spent by our parents in high school.

R. O. T. C.—ONE WAR AGO

During the school year 1919-1920, it was decided to make military training compulsory in the two lower classes. Drill was held in the afternoon rather than during school time. Twenty boys from B. H. S. attended the R. O. T. C. Camp held at Devens, during the summer, for a course lasting six weeks. Many subjects were covered: physical training, bayonet work, range practice, minor warfare, and signalling. The boys had a taste of real army life.

Even though that was a very successful year, the R. O. T. C. was rather slow in starting because of the difficulty in obtaining uniforms. (Could it be that the boys were too small?)

It is interesting to note that during the last war, B. H. S. students were encouraged to buy Liberty Bonds as we are encouraged to buy War Bonds today.

And the Rams Played On

Great school spirit was shown for the football teams. Rallies were held in school on Friday before sending the teams into battle on Saturday. In 1919 a rally was held the Friday before the Portland game. On Saturday a crowd met the team on its return to Union Station and another rally was held. Later on in that year, when we again played Portland, a rally was held Saturday night followed by a banquet and dancing in the Assembly Hall. This marked the end of a very successful football season. During the last war, the team was weakened by the loss of many boys to the armed services. When the war was over and the boys were back at school, the team came out on top once again.

Third Liberty Loan Parade, April 6, 1918

Among Those in the Service

Cap't. Carl Holden, who is commander of the U. S. S. New Jersey, one of the biggest and very prominent battleships in the Pacific, is a graduate of B. H. S. John O'Connell, war correspondent for the *Bangor Daily News*, is also a graduate of B. H. S.

Lt. Col. Osgood Nickerson, who served with the Army overseas for a year and a half, is now in this country at the Moore GeneralHospital, Swannanon, North Carolina.

Lt. Col. Harold Milan has served overseas and is now instructing at Camp Maxcy in Texas.

Among the women who have served are Ada Drinkwater, and Mrs. F. V. Ellin, who served as a Red Cross Nurse during World War I, and is still active in the Red Cross in Denver, Colorado.

Birth of a Band

The Band, formed in 1915, in a couple of years had become one of the best juvenile bands in New England, if not in the country. The boys in the Band of 1944-45 might be interested to know that it used to practice every week during the summer vacation.

Passing Courtesy

"Please remember not to say 'Hullo' to a person considerably older than you. Find a better greeting." This notice was found in a 1917 *Oracle*.

LIBERTY LOANS THEN—

WAR BONDS NOW—

Christmas Belles

The Holiday Season is one of gala festivity, saucy mistletoe, and breathless excitement—a time when every girl wants to be a Christmas Belle in her own right.

MIRIAM WARDWELL'S

Sweet is the word for Joanne Craig ready for her date in this simple gray wool three-piece suit. The skirt is pleated uniquely and the entire suit complimented with a jigger coat trimmed in tuxedo fashion with grey persian. The jewel trimmed beret gives the finishing effect of complete feminine charm.

For everything that's smart from casuals to dress-ups, it's *Miriam Wardwell's* women's exclusive apparel shop, 12 Central Street, Bangor.

RINES & CO.

If you have your heart set on being the belle of the Christmas Ball, why not choose a gown such as this one that tells the world you are precision-perfect.

Leona Veazie (that senior who definitely wows the men) is modeling a striking black combination of soft velveteen and swirling net. White daisies border the long torso.

Rines & Co. has many other dresses that bring out every bit of your personality.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house . . .

BURDELL'S

We guarantee this house-coat modeled by Joan Klyne for complete relaxation after a trying day at B. H. S. It's just the thing to slip into at a moment's notice, while, at the same time, you will look calm and refreshed. This robe has a practical as well as a glamorous side, for its blue chenille material is wearable and washable.

When you do your Christmas shopping, take advantage of *Burdell's* complete line of robes which come in many soft and flattering pastel shades.

Don we now our gay apparel Fa la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la . . .

SMITH'S

What could be more appropriate for the gala events that the Christmas season brings than this exquisite tea dress modeled by Cynthia Hillman. The material is of fine crepe and the color combination is black and aqua. The height of perfection is achieved by the up-to-date cape sleeves.

Remember *Smith's* complete line of smart junior styles when you're out looking for that certain dress for that certain man—won't you?

This is the column for all whose toes start to tingle at a downbeat from Benny Goodman, for those who spend Sunday afternoon listening to Toscanini, even for those who swoon over Sinatra. Anyway, this is going to be about the music that you want to hear. So-o-o without anymore ado, let's get in the swing.

Portrait in Miniature

Harry James was born on March 15, 1916, in Albany, Georgia. He learned to play the trumpet when he was only eight. Perhaps this was due to of the fact that his father was the featured trumpet player with the Haag Circus. Harry's first big break came when he joined Ben Pollack's band. Later he joined Benny Goodman, then finally formed his own band in 1939. In 1942 he became one of the top notch band leaders of the country. He married Betty Grable on July 5, 1943. His pet hobby is baseball.

Off the Record

It Had to Be You and *Together* with Dick Haynes and Helen Forrest vocalizing. Decca (13446-13447)

Trolly Song and *Cuddle Up a Little Closer* rendered by the Pied Pipers. (245-4-A)

Roman Carnival Overture played by New York Philharmonic for Columbia Masterworks (11670-D)

WORTHY OF NOTE

Christmas Special

Album—*Broadway Hits of Today*
Sonora (MS-468) Contains

"I Love You"	from *Mexican Hayride*
"Oh What a Beautiful Morning"	from *Oklahoma*
"Thou Swell"	from *Connecticut Yankee*
"You Are Love"	from *Showboat*
"Why Do I Love You"	from *Showboat*
"Summertime"	from *Porgy* and *Bess*
"Speak Low"	from *One Touch of Venus*
"Surrey With a Fringe on the Top"	from Oklahoma

Did You Know That?

Phil Baker's accordian is a left handed instrument made especially for him. . . .Tommy Dorsey's first job was not as a musician but a delivery boy for a meat market . . .Phil Spitalny spent over $40,000 auditioning 1500 girls before finally assembling his all-girl orchestra. . .When Vaughn Monroe was a boy, he traded a brand new bicycle for a very old trombone. . .Artie Shaw is coaching Dianna Lynn for a band leader in her next picture "Out of This World". . .Xavier Cugat's pet hobby is drawing cartoons.

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SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OPENS SEASON

The opening concert of the 49th season of the Bangor Symphony Orchestra was presented Nov. 20 with Miss Emily Roosevelt, eminent soprano, as guest artist. The program was as follows:

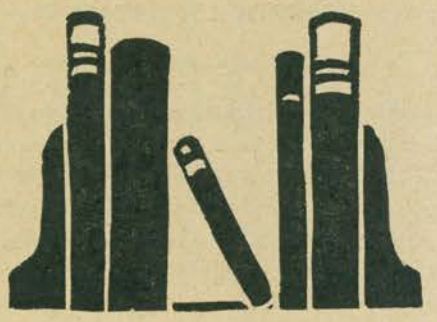
The Star Spangled Banner — *Smith-Keyes*
(First Verse)
Orchestra and Audience

Massenet, Overture to Racine's drama, "Phedre"
Orchestra

Aria for soprano, with orchestra:
Divinites du Styx, from the opera "Alceste" — *Gluck*
Emily Roosevelt

(*continued on page thirty-seven*)

BOOK REVIEWS



Fair Stood The Wind For France

by H. E. Bates

A crippled Wellington bomber settles down wearily in occupied France, her mission ended. The five members of her crew, already so closely bound together that even conversation is seldom necessary, embark upon an experience that is to change forever their outlook upon life and give them the best understanding available of this situation which they have been forced to meet when they are scarcely prepared.

Francaise, a French peasant, and her family, accept them calmly although the risk involved is tremendous. This family is always a source of wonder to the English crew. In Francaise it is faith and simplicity; in her father, a stubborness that will not accept defeat; in her brother, a fierce hatred; and in her grandmother it is a "kinship with the infinite". These people seem symbolic of the true French.

The book concerns itself largely with the pilot's struggle for survival and escape. Living among people who have known the full meaning of Nazi tyranny awakes in him a realization of what England and her allies are really fighting for. He has always flown for flying's sake but begins to feel the bright anger of new purposes. He has now a deadly intention, a personal hatred.

People who are tired of all war stories in general, will not, of course, select this book; however, the plain simplicity of *Fair Stood the Wind for France* does distinguish it to some extent from the many others in its class.

•

"Victoria Grandolet"

"Victoria Grandolet" is another favorite by Henry Bellemann, author of "Kings Row." It is the story of a house, White Cloud, the dream-like, patrician home of the Grandolets.

Victoria Grandolet, an ambitious and beautiful New England girl who marries into a proud, self contained Louisiana clan, finds herself alternately drawn to and repelled by the White Cloud, their vast, whispering house of which she is never more than titular mistress. Her strange personality, and powerful attraction provide an interesting character study.

Unforgetable in the story is Orlou, the octoroon maid and one of the few people who know the true story of Far Felico, an abandoned manor house of the Grandolets which Victoria rebuilds. And then we have Niles, the husband Victoria hoped to twist around her finger, and finally there is "Q. G." their small son.

White Cloud is a symbol of that august Louisiana family. It dominates the story, makes and breaks people, molds them to its strange secret will.

•

Leave Her To Heaven

by Ben Ames Williams

Ben Ames Williams might have known a person like Ellen Berent: however, it seems that she is the product of his active and colorful imagination. At any rate, she is an exaggerated form of the individual whom he had in mind when he wrote *Leave Her To Heaven.* To say that she was a jealous woman wolld be a gross understatement. She used every means imaginable to bend others to her will. A woman capable of loving fierecly, she bestowed all her affection upon one person for whom she lived completely. Her father was the first object of her possessive love; and, when he died, Richard Harland, her husband, fell into her grasp. Ellen Berent's appearance gave not even the faintest hint of her false personality. She was as lovely outwardly as she was ugly within. She lied, cheated, deceived, and murdered to attain her ends; and diabolically even cast suspicion on the innocent victims of her mad jealousy.

Ben Ames Williams, a native of Maine, has chosen this state for the setting of his book; and his descriptions of Bar Harbor and references to such familiar places as Bangor, Ellsworth, Sullivan, and Cherryfield alone make it worth reading.

(*continued on page thirty-six*)

"MERRY CHRISTMAS"

(*continued from page twelve*)

Janie folded the sheet and returned it to the envelope. She sat there staring into silence for a short space of time. Then she got up and hurried out the door. She broke into a swift walk until she finally reached her own street. Walking slower than before, she looked thoughtfully at the Christmas lights in the various houses as she went by.

Reaching her own house, she wearily opened the front door. Mr. and Mrs. Barret were sitting near the fireplace reading. They looked up as Jane entered.

"Merry Christmas," she said softly. "A very merry Christmas."

●

HAPPY ENDING

(*continued from page nine*)

"I wonder what Don will be like," pondered Sue.

"My, I didn't think you had even given him a thought," said Sally as she affectionately gave her sister's hair a final inspection.

The doorbell rang, and the sound of masculine voices reached their ears. They descended the stairs and both inwardly gasped when they saw Don. He certainly was a "hunk of heartbreak"! No Mad Russian or Frankenstein about him!

They hardly exchanged a word during the brief ride to the dance. By this time, Sue was certainly confused. She feared this night would mean more than another formal with the boy next door.

Dancing to the strains of *Together*, Sally watched her sister. She certainly seemed to be enjoying herself despite her forebodings. Who wouldn't be happy with practically every girl in school thinking Don was a second Van Johnson?

When Sue and Sally were getting their wraps after the dance, it was Sue's turn to seem casual as she remarked, "Don's really very nice, Sally."

". . .Don's a wonderful dancer, Sally. Don't you think so?". . ."He's not at all like Bud Grumposki . . ." "Bill thinks he's wonderful, doesn't he, Sally?"

"He'll do for lack of nothing better," grinned Sally. "Oh yes, we're going home with Stan and Kaye. I'll be seeing you."

As Sue was thanking Don for such a wonderful time, she glanced at the mistletoe overhead.

"Mother is always so sentimental. Dad kissed Mom for the first time underneath the mistletoe."

"We wouldn't want to break the family tradition would we, Sue?" he asked.

"Of course not," she sighed happily.

REVISED EDITION

(*continued from page thirteen*)

all ready to start out with the Young People to sing carols. A bunch of the boys are outside now singing "Silent Night." At midnight a bunch of us are going to church. That's when I will really think of you.

I have a great deal to be thankful for. I am still alive and getting along. It is much tougher on the folks at home who just have to wait. . . Do you remember how we used to go skating Christmas afternoon. . .

This is the revised edition of *Christmas in Other Lands*. Unlike the original version, its story would not hold little children spell-bound. But if in it they could see the hope of other real, old-fashioned American Christmases to come, when Christmas in other lands would be just something for them to dream about. . . .

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NO ESCAPE

(*continued from page fourteen*)

He takes six steps and is thrown heavily to the wet pavement. The revolver clatters from his hand. The bundle he had thrown from the window, of course. He had forgotten. No time to lose. Leaping to his feet he starts to run. Forget the revolver. Forget everything and run. Perhaps they didn't hear him when he fell and what if they did. He will be past Sam's and into the darkness beyond before it will do them an good. Faster. On toward freedom. No escape, they had told him. No escape. He would show them. Never again to be hunted, stalked like a beast of prey; it was driving him mad. How he hated them. Always following him. Relentless pursuit. Never ceasing for a moment. And all because he had committed one crime. One single, insignificant little theft.

Faster still. No sound of pursuit. Now the dangerous part. Through the light of Sam's sign. Freddom is just ahead. What kind of freedom? He would leave the country. Sure. That's it. And now into the night.

A sharp report breaks the still night air. The report of a pistol. The man staggers, takes another step, and slumps to the ground. A figure turns from the broken window of the room. Seconds later, a group emerges from the building and starts toward the huddled figure beyond. They turn their collars up. The air is getting chillier. Snow tomorrow, perhaps.

PASSING IN REVIEW

Ronald Smith. "Let me at 'em," yells Ronnie as he dashes down the sparkling green of Garland Street Field. Ronnie has been doing a good job all year for our football team, and he does an equally good job at basketball, track, or baseball. He isn't very big, but just try to catch him.

Ronnie is also quite an artist, and, when it comes to crooning a tune, he can wobble with the best of them. (Sinatra, take notice.)

When it comes to food, Ronnie craves strawberry velvets, toasted cheese sandwiches, and apple pie with ice cream.

Ronnie's ambition is to become an artist.

Janet McAloon. A junior miss who is always full of vim and vigor, that's our Janet.

Swimming in the summer, tobogganing in the winter, and bowling the year 'round, keep her on the go.

She loves to spend money (who doesn't?) and thrives on chocolate cake.

As for movie idols, she says Clark Gable is tops, and heading her tune list is "I'll Walk Alone."

Although she claims that studies don't agree with her, she plans to enter the U. of M. after her graduation.

Joe Stanwood Joe is the kid with the big smile and the "beautiful head of curly hair." We quote from a few of his feminine admirers. Joe's likes are many, and his dislikes are few which makes him very easy to get along with. Among his likes are spaghetti, basketball, ice cream, and that ever popular subject, women. When asked about studying, his only reply was, "Are you kidding, son!"

Besides being quite an athlete, Joe takes an active part in dramatics, having recently participated in antics on the stage at Bangor High School. Joe has high hopes as to "life after school." Draw your own conclusions.

Madeline Colpitts. Meet Madeline Colpitts, our peppy little cheer leader, better known as "Copie."

For sports she indulges in swimming, skating, and basketball; and she's a whiz at them all.

"Copie" dreams of the day when they will revive nice juicy steaks, and she's pretty fond of cokes, too.

Now, here's one for the books! This little gal likes school.

Speaking of music and movie stars, she'll settle for "I'll Walk Alone," and Van Johnson any day.

As for next year, "Copie" tells us she is going to Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School.

Jerry Hodge. Crash! And one more opponent is carried off the field after Jerry has tackled him. This is the kind of spirit this likeable junior has, whether it's football, basketball, or any other activity that he enters. His friendly smile and good disposition have won him countless friends.

Jerry is very bashful; so we won't mention the fact that he thinks Betty Grable is (quote) "kinda cute."

Jerry will eat anything, especially ice cream, which will be a break for the little woman some day! He developed this desire for ice cream last summer at the *Frooy Ice Cream Factory* where he worked like a demon.

Joan Hanna. You are now about to be introduced to one of our petite new sophomores—Joan Hanna.

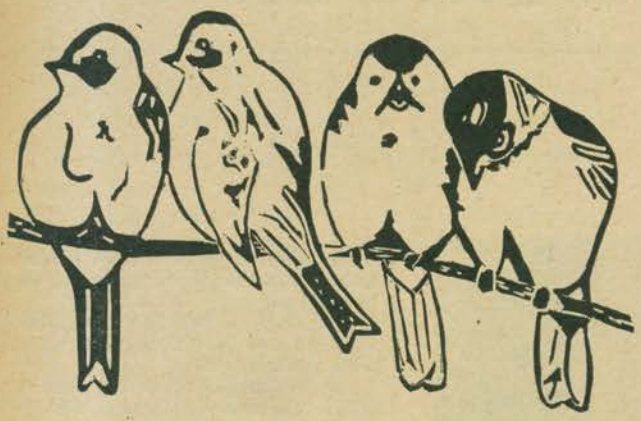
She's all for swimming and skating, and she's one of our most enthusiastic football rooters. As for movie stars, she plays no favorites.

"Studying" is a word she detests, but she says she loves Bangor High School.

This gal is in heaven when she is listening to her favorite song, "Always," and eating Italian food or apple pie-a la mode.

After high school, Joan plans to enter some phase of dress designing.

Voice of B. H. S.



Queen City Glitter

The latest corporation: Arsenault, Arsenault, and Scribner. Hastings sitting in the rain, a lone rooter for the Rams. Harry and Judson, the Dean's pride and joy still wondering what the "ameba" is. . . Phyllis Rudman still in a trance over the letter from her bel-esprit (Miss Mullen, please note). Barb and Pork strolling down the corridor so blissfully unaware of all the curiosity they arouse. . . Dana Bartlett slaying the school's entire female population. . . Boulter and his "jane" with eyes only for each other. Ruth Gedney still refusing to believe there's a man shortage. She's not having any trouble at all. Some people have all the luck, don't they? It ain't fair ! Eddie Shapleigh "Polking" around. . . Darling Barbie Nealley, wishing with all her heart and soul she could get her hands on the guy who invented math. . . Jimmy Glencross proudly escorting that little-bit of all right from Fifth Street.

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The 64 $?

Will Kobrin ever stop wondering who the man behind the camera in Paramount News is?

Where does Minerva hide her snood when she comes back to the Queen City?

Did Division F use up all their brains before they hit the chemistry test? ?

Why is it Lois Ann knows so much about "Milky" substances in chemistry?

What is it about the Brewer boys that slays our Junior set? and why don't the Bangor boys get on the ball?

Won't some master mind please help Mr. Varney clear up the mystery of the stolen library permits?

Isn't it wonderful the way Rolly Foster loves history? Imagine two periods a day!

Is it Uncle Phil Schlar's or the Frank Grocery Company that puts Gloria in a "Spin"?

Where do you suppose Don Kominsky gets those witty bits he throws around?—and couldn't you shoot him when he starts so early in the morning?

Don't you love to see the Junior's wracking their brains trying to find out who's who and what's what in Macbeth? (Don't let us kid you 46' ers, we'll tell you all the answers—when we find out).

Aren't the girl's "quarters" (refined, huh) the horrors at about three minutes of eight? And couldn't you murder the fifty kids who get at the mirror before you every darn morning?

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Tops in the School

Oracle Board Assembly

a. The "Flashy" Harem.

b. Boulter's "Betty Grable Legs."

c. The hot trombone section.

Johnnie Hatch's limousine—Dottie Fraser's Ingrid Bergman haircut—Emily Jones' cute southern accent—Mary Ellen's rosy cheeks—the Junior hockey team—Ronnie and Connie—Connelly's legs (we'll never get tired of them)—Joyce Medwed's shiner—the new blond sophomore with the black slacks.

******* Any person finding a resemblance to this and Dorothy Kilgallen's column will be shot at dawn.

Behind the Scenes of "Headed for Eden"

The collapsible screen that proved too much so. . . Jimmy's ad-libbing under his breath. . . Ruth's glasses. . . the snaps on that Salvation Army uniform. . . Marilyn's laryngitis. . . Lois Ann's tumbling act. . . visitors back stage. . . B. Fletcher's imitation of a basted goose. . . who went home with whom.

Miss Mullen's imitation of a Cockney. . . Leonard Minsky's neckties—Captain Corse's "easy" R. O. T. C. exams. . . Jerry Hodge's football prowess. . .

Football Season Closes

THE Bangor High Rams began their gridiron workouts this season under the new leadership of Coach Cy Perkins, former Colby College mentor, because of the resignation of Mose Nanigian, who is now developing a team at Edward Little High. After three weeks of hard afternoon sessions at the Mary Snow practice field, Coach Perkins stacked his light and inexperienced team consisting of only two veterans, Paul Burr and Teddy Frost, against a favored Millinocket club. The Rams, however, upset the dope and overpowered Stearns 34–13 on the new Garland Street Junior High athletic field. In the lineup of this victorious but green team, Roland Foster held the left end position, Jim Adams and Frank Hearn scrapped for the right end spot, and Harrison Homans and George Vose held the left and right guard posts respectively. Bob Byers and Bill Braveman were favorites for the tackle positions while Gerry Hodge had all rights reserved on the pivot spot. Ted Frost and Ronnie Smith formed a pair of light but fleet-footed and elusive halfbacks, left and right, respectively, and Bob Shorey performed well in Paul Burr's position as fullback. Dana Bartlett furnished plenty of blocking and kicking as quarterback.

Although Paul Burr, who was considered one of Maine's outstanding schoolboy fullbacks last year, was sidelined with a leg injury in this opener, the Rams displayed power, disception, and ability, and loomed as a promising club. As the season progressed, however, Bangor, running the gauntlet of many of the leading teams in the state, dropped its second game to a power-

(continued on page thirty-two)

Hockey Winds Up--Basketball Begins

FIELD hockey this season was a knock-out success. The players from all three grades came faithfully to the required number of practices. A girl must attend seven or eight practices before she is eligible to play on her class team.

The sophomores who played actively and won their numerals were:

E. Ambrose, J. Arsenault, J. Bean, J. Craig, D. Curtis, M. Eames, J. Ellingwood, D. Fraser, S. Gass, J. Goldstein, S. Hathorne, B. Hall, M. Hobbs, B. Landers, A. Leiberman, C. Moukas, J. McGouldrick, E. Leach, J. Medwed, N. Morris, E. Peters, M. Pilot, B. Greene, M. Lambert, J. Thibodeau, M. Ames. This team was ably coached by: Patricia Arsenault, Marguerite Hart, Dorothy Mitchell, Joan Rosie, and Marion Hanson.

The superior junior team was made up of such crafty players as:

C. Banton, G. Brountas, S. Brown, S. Doughty, R. Frazier, M. Levesque, M. Mehann, S. Mourkas, E. Nichols, L. Ranks, M. Redman, B. Robbins, M. White, F. Thompson, and P. Nason, They were coached to victory by: Barbara Fletcher, Glenna Billings, and Annette Chapman.

The over-powered senior team was composed of several star players. Their team is as follows: P. Arsenault, D. Mitchell, F. Gunn, G. Billings, J. Smith, E. Leek, J. Morse, M. Hanson, L. A. Hopkins, A. Goos, B. A. Johnston, D. Averill, A. Chapman, J. Rosie, B. Chapman, B. Fletcher, A. Robbins, E. Grant, M. Hart, M. Kobrin and B. Harriman. This team was coached by Florence Gunn amd Barbara Chapman.

(continued on page thirty-two)

MEET

Honor Council Girls brave cold to sell cokes, etc. at football games.

Gridiron Giants wield hockey sticks just for the change.

All Bangor Hockey Team

FLORENCE GUNN—Senior coach—was very confusing at times, but not now that the team understands double-talk.

DOROTHY MITCHELL—The math fiend—and a good wing at that—secret: she works it all out according to trig.

JEANETTE SMITH—Never lets the ball get far away—a top half back in her own right.

GLENNA BILLINGS—Forgets where she is—runs hither and thither, but manages to turn up at the right spot after all.

LOIS ANN HOPKINS—Gets in the middle of the huddle by hook or by crook and sports a certain naval insignia.

BARBARA CHAPMAN—Foremost apple-eater on team—by the way, where do those juicy things come from, Barb?

BARBARA FLETCHER—A Van Johnson fan—no wonder she can't keep her mind on the little white ball.

ELAINE LEEK—Reliable goal-scorer and lover of French. . . a combination hard to find.

ANNETTE CHAPMAN—Champion giggler—always on the sunny side of life, this pert, blonde left half-back.

PATRICIA ARSENAULT—A modern Atalanta, who skims swiftly down the field at that wing position.

ELIZABETH JOHNSON—An ardent flutist who would rather toot than eat. . . another Van Johnson fan.

MARION HANSON—Always distinguished on the bottom of the heap by her blazing topknot—a whiz at center.

JACQUELINE MORSE—Petite full-back and shorthand addict—always running for that streetcar.

ANNABELLE ROBBINS—Star Goalie—keeps everyone's body and soul together. . . known for her "candid" shots.

ADELE GOOS—dark little right inside—keeps right in the thick of action in the front lines.

JOAN ROSIE—Her height is some advantage—she looms up and looks over everyone's head—and can she follow that ball.

DOROTHY AVERILL—The singing wing—Frankie they call her—added the musical touch to practices.

THE TEAMS

Varsity Football Team

Bangor—Portland

ROBERT BYERS—Bob proudly proclaims himself the heaviest man on the team and no one disputes him on that score. He did a good job as left tackle and can well be described as the "immovable object." Confidentally, Bob's favorite hobby is "bumming" a ride home from football practice.

WILLIAM BRAVEMAN—Bill held down the right tackle position in good shape but seldomed managed to come through a game without an injury. He was always fully recovered and ready to go at game time, though, and was "right there" every minute that he played. Bill also carries a variety of jokes as a sideline; so for entertainment, see Bill.

WALTER ADAMS—"Bud" was a very handy man to have around this year and certainly proved his worth as right end. His favorite delight is snagging unweildy passes and he's just the boy who can do it, too. Bud's only regret is that he wasn't born with smaller feet; but, as large as they are, he certainly can handle them.

PAUL BURR—Not much need be said about this popular Bangor High student. He has served three years with the team and as a "block busting" fullback won fame and distinction with each. Paul may be described as calm, cool, and collected, and he tells his intimate associates that the only problem he has is choosing between the "better of two evils."

TED FROST—This speedy halfback was once described as a "cog in the wheel of the Rams' success," and thence has been "cog." He has contributed much strength to the Rams' backfield and looms as a fine performer in next year's eleven.

RONALD SMITH—Ronnie has definitely proven that weight is not an essential characteristic of a football player. This elusive little halfback has evaded many an opponent with his tricky movements and was a great boon to the Bangor backfield. Ronnie is also endowed with a good singing voice and would like to ask, "What has Frankie got that I haven't?"

DANA BARTLETT—Another newcomer to Bangor High, Dana displayed exceptional ability at the quarterback post and it was a great loss to the team when he was declared ineligible. However, next season's team will profit by Dana's return.

DICK FAULKINGHAM—He's been at it for three years now and finally succeeded in securing a first string position as quarterback, replacing Dana Bartlett.

EDWARD SHAPLEIGH—Ed has proven himself a reliable, industrious guard and was ready to step in and take over at all times.

DON GLIDDON—Don was another of those "ready to go" subs and when in combat he gave his all.

(continued on page thirty-eighi)

HOCKEY

(continued from page twenty-nine)

The scores resulting from the games were:

Juniors	1	Sophomores	0
Juniors	1	Seniors	0
Seniors	4	Sophomores	0
Seniors	3	Sophomores	0
Juniors	1	Sophomores	0
Seniors	0	Juniors	0

Members of the Honor Council who were linesmen at the games were:

Glenna Billings, Patricia Arsenault, Marguerite Hart, Annette Chapman, Florence Gunn, Marion Hanson, Barbara Fletcher, and Dorothy Mitchell.

Miss Betty Day, of the faculty of Garland Street Junior High School, umpired all the games.

The annual girls' field hockey party was held November 12. Decorations were in charge of B. Fletcher, C. Banton, J. Rosie, and M. Hart. A program of games was in charge of G. Billings, F. Gunn, A. Chapman, and D. Mitchell.

Awards were then presented to the athletes who played half of each game. Large B's were presented to the honorary All-Bangor Hockey Team:

Patricia Arsenault, Dorothy Mitchell, Florence Gunn, Marion Hanson, Lois Ann Hopkins, Adele Goos, Betty Ann Johnston, Dolly Averill, Annette Chapman, Joan Rosie, Barbara Chapman, Barbara Fletcher, Glenna Billings, Jeannette Smith, Elaine Leek, Jacqueline Morse, and Annabelle Robbins.

The hockey cup was presented to the captain by Miss Rachel Connor.

The rest of the program was turned over to the Honor Council. The following new members were taken in: Dolly Averill, Jackie Morse, Annabelle Robbins, seniors, and Marion Levesque, junior.

Rituals were given as follows: General, Annette Chapman: Scholarship, Glenna Billings; Athletics, Patricia Arsenault; Respect, Barbara Chapman; Leadership, Barbara Fletcher; Dependability, Joan Rosie; and Sportsmanship, Marguerite Hart.

Tasty refreshments were then served by Patricia Arsenault, Marion Hanson, and Barbara Chapman.

At the football games the Honor Council sold cokes, ice-cream, and candy bars. The girls selling at the Stearns game were: Joan Rosie, Dorothy Mitchell, Patricia Arsenault, Marguerite Hart, Cecilia Banton. Those selling at the Portland game were: Dorothy Mitchell, Annette Chapman, Glenna Billings, Cecilia Banton, and Patricia Arsenault.

FOOTBALL

(continued from page twenty-nine)

ful Cony High team 26-6. Their next tilt with Portland brought Burr back into the game and proved to be a close, hard-fought battle in which Portland, rated one of the best teams in the state, edged out a 13–0 win over the crimson.

The Rams' fourth game of the season was a heartbreaker, in which their inter-city rival, John Bapst, nosed out a 13-12 victory on a rain-soaked field. In the next clash, the husky Rumford boys found that they were up against a scrappy, spirited club when they took on the Crimson and barely came through with a 13-7 victory, again on a rain-driven gridiron. Bangor took a downward slide in the next contest at Waterville. The rugged Panthers, in their best form, rolled over the Rams 40-20. But the Bangor boys, with only one win against five losses, set their minds and muscles to training for the Bangor-Brewer Armistice Day tilt, the last of the season. A few alterations had taken place in the line up by now, and Ed Shapleigh was alternating with Vose in guard post while Dick Faulkingham had slid into the quarterback position to replace Bartlett who was declared ineligible.

After two weeks of intensive drill and hard workouts, during which another formation was adopted as strategy, the determined Bangor gridders easily trounced their twin city rivals, the Brewer Witches, to the tune of 33–0. This wound up the 1944 football season with two wins, five defeats, and plenty of good spirit and hard playing to the credit of the Bangor Rams. The boys who received their major letters in football were: Bud Adams, Dana Bartlett, Bill Braveman, Paul Burr, Bob Byers, Dick Faulkingham, Rolland Foster, Ted Frost, Dan Glidden, Frank Hearn, Gerry Hodge, Harrison Homans, Ed Shapleigh, Bob Shorey, Ronnie Smith, Roger Tefft, George Vose.

BASKETBALL

Coach Perkins will also be the basketball mentor. Paul Burr is the only veteran, as yet, but two more lettermen will be playing later in the season. The standing schedule now is as follows:

Dec.	9	MCI	Jan.	30	Old Town
Dec.	12	Rockland	Feb.	3	Presque Isle
Dec.	16	at Presque Isle	Feb.	6	at Winslow
Jan.	9	at Stearns	Feb.	9	Bapst
Jan.	13	Brewer	Feb.	13	at MCI
Jan.	16	Bapst	Feb.	16	Waterville
Jan.	19	at Waterville	Feb.	20	at Old Town
Jan.	23	Winslow	Feb.	23	Guilford
Jan.	27	Stearns			

WAR BONDS

B. H. S. TIMES

XMAS SEALS

VOL. 54 DECEMBER, 1944 NO. 1

"Headed for Eden"

"Headed For Eden," a three act comedy-mystery by Sidney Duvall, was presented by Bangor High School Dramatic Club on November 16 and 17. Thanks to the splendid directing of Miss Evelyn Haney, the play was a well polished production. Barbara Chapman and Charles Neil were outstanding in the leading roles, each showing a definite dramatic talent. The difficult role of a frightened underworld character was excellently handled by Herman Hunt. Lois Ann Hopkins enlivened the play by dashes of humor, while Jimmie Glencross helped relieve the tension. Each member of the cast played his part with such ease and skill that the result was a fine performance.

The cast is as follows:

Mrs. Oral Skipworth, who runs a boarding house..Ruth Gedney
Imogene, a hulking maid.....Lois Ann Hopkins
Hank, who calls for the laundry.....Joseph Stanwood
Dorothy Brill, a stenographer.....Madelene Colpitts
Peggy Walters, a clerk at a Dept. Store.....Mary Jane Redman
Gladys Hermann, a mannequin.....Marion Kieth.....
Nancy Lane, a filing clerk at the Orange Fizz Co.Barbara Fletcher
Kate Roberts, a reporter on the "Herald"....Barbara Chapman
Rosina Blandish, a stenographer for a La Salle St. broker
.....Mary Frances Muir
Barry Richards, her employer.....Eugene Brown
Minnie Peters, a clerk at Woolworths'.....Barbara Mosher
Henry Banks, a truck driver.....James Glencross
Bob Roberts, Kate's brother.....Neil Comeau
Marcella Turner, a waitress.....Marilyn Burns
Inspector Kelley, of the Chicago Police.....Bob Francis
Limpy, a bit of flotsam.....Herman Hunt

Officers' Club Plans Mid Year Hop

Every year the officers in the R. O. T. C. publicly receive their commissions at the Mid Year Hop in January. At this time the five most popular senior girls, who have been elected by the students as Honorary Lieutenant Colonel, Cadet Major, and three Cadet Captains, are announced. This event is one of the highlights of Bangor High School's activities.

Regular meetings of the Officer's Club are held on Monday every other week, under the able supervision of Captain Chester T. Corse. The following officers have been elected: Paul Burr, president; Ronnie Smith, vice president; and Roger Tefft, secretary-treasurer.

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Debate Club Enters Bates League

A successful season of debating is foreseen with Miss Evelyn Haney acting as coach and adviser. The debating teams met Nov. 8 to plan for the interscholastic debates, and have held several preliminary debates in preparation for the Bates league. The question is: *Resolved, that the legal voting age should be lowered to eighteen.*

The two members who represented Bangor High School at the Bowdoin Interscholastic Debating Forum on Dec. 9 were Malcolm Flash and Malcolm Stevenson. The question debated was: *Resolved, that for a period of two years following the surrender of Germany the United States should adapt a lend-lease policy to all members of the United Nations in the work of reconstruction.*

The annual Rummage Sale, held Oct. 12, 13, and 14 in the Scott Tea Store on Central Street, was extremely successful—netting a profit of $242.53 which is to be used to sponsor various debates. Annabelle Robbins was general chairman while Kathleen Nickerson managed the sellers and rummage.

The Debate Club held its first meeting on Thursday, Sept. 20, in Room 307 with fifty-three students present. The officers elected were George Brountas—president, Sandra Ginsberg—vice president, Mary Jane Redman—secretary, and Malcolm Stevenson—treasurer.

Latin Club To Hold Annual Saturnalia

The annual Latin Club Saturnalia, or Christmas Party, is to be held in the Auditorium the last week in the term. The play "A Christmas Candle" is to be presented with Mary Jane Redman, Joan Craig, Palmer Libby, and Eva Hall taking part. Members of the chorus who are to accompany the play are Palmer Libby, George Vose, David Getchell, Mary Mitchell, and Merna Pilot. Anna St.Onge, at the piano, will lead the group in singing Christmas carols and George Vose will sing "White Christmas." After the presentation of gifts from the tree, refreshments will be served by the following committee: Marilyn Ames, Priscilla Bradford, Dorothy Curtis, Mary Grace Eames, Jackie Ellingwood, Barbara Flagg, Dorothy Fraser, Carolyn Gamble, Janice Goldstein, Barbara Hall, Ann Lieberman and Marilyn Burns, chairman.

The officers for the year are as follows:

Consuls—Malcolm Stevenson and Palmer Libby.

Praetor—Joan Byron.

Quaestor—Merna Pilot.

Aediles—Donald Jones, Annabelle Robbins, Barbara Hall, George Vose.

Tribunes—Marilyn Burns, Milton Raben.

Curator—Marilyn Ames.

Commercial Club Plans Christmas Party

Plans have been made for the Commercial Club's Christmas Party to be held December 12 in the auditorium. The party is to begin at 5 o'clock and supper is to be served at 6 o'clock for the benefit of the members who work. The supper will be served buffet style, after which there will be an exchange of gifts around a lighted Christmas Tree. A typical Christmas entertainment, made up of readings, Christmas carols, and tableaus, will follow. Each member is to invite his parents to attend.

The 1944-1945 Officers elected are: President, Patricia Luttrell; Vice President, Doris Shaw; Secretary, Irene Black; Treasurer, Eleanor Harper.

The Commercial Club had Rev. John Feaster as guest speaker at the monthly meeting, Wednesday, November 1. He had as his interesting and educational subject three writers who are summer residents of Kennebunkport. The first was Booth Tarkington. Mr. Feaster reported on this writer's life and told interesting incidents connected with his many books and short stories.

Blue and Gold Dance Held Dec. 8

On December 8 the Officers' Club presented the annual Blue and Gold dance. The first of three military dances to be held this year, it was highly successful with a large number attending. The committee in charge of the affair was composed of Robert Byers, Joe Taylor, Paul Burr, James Glencross, Ronnie Smith, and Bruce Parkhurst.

Public Affairs Club

B. H. S. Elects Roosevelt

The results of Bangor High School's student national election on November 6 were Roosevelt—281, Dewey—266. Details for the event were worked out as far as possible to simulate a regular election. Members of the registration board, Gregory Osgood, Ralph Eye, and Jeanette Staples, appointed agents in each homeroom who registered the students during the period of October 30 to November 3. The headquarters for the Democratic Committee in 210, and the Republican headquarters in 201, passed out buttons, posters, pictures of the candidates, and other material. On Nov. 2, teams consisting of a member of each party went to the home-rooms and presented the views of their candidates. On Monday, November 6, the polls were open from 7:45 A. M. until 1:15 P. M. Each floor represented a ward and had a separate polling place with election officials on duty throughout the day. The planning and untiring direction of Miss Irene Cousins, assisted by the members of the Public Affairs Club, and the cooperation of the student body made this project a huge success.

The Public Affairs Club had a delightful picnic at Hillman's farm on October 3. Capt. Chester Corse, the guest speaker, gave an interesting account of Panama, based on his previous stay in the Canal Zone. Irving Kagan, as Dewey, and Roger Tefft, as Roosevelt, with Mary Frances Muir as his wife Eleanor, gave political talks explaining their opinions. Lois Ann Hopkins organized a treasure hunt, the winners of which were Annette Chapman and Lewis Paine.

The officers of Public Affairs Club are Roger Tefft, president; Mary Frances Muir, vice-president; Annette Chapman, secretary; and Jane Wooster, treasurer.

STUDENT COUNCIL DANCE STATED

The Musical Revue of '45 will be presented by the Student Council on January 5. It is a new type of dance and stage show entertainment combined.

MUSIC ACTIVITIES

The Bangor High School Band and Orchestra have been rehearsing since the opening of school and the membership of each organization has increased over that of last year. These two organizations are hard at work building a repertoire of pieces suitable for assemblies, junior exhibition, and graduation. In the case of the band, marches must also be rehearsed for games and parades. The violin section of the orchestra, which now numbers twenty, rehearses on Wednesday evenings and the band on Thursday evenings. Plans will be made soon for some project to replenish the treasury of these two organizations; possibly an operetta or some other form of entertainment.

A chorus is being organized to take part in our "V-day" assembly program. One of the pieces to be sung by this chorus is the *Gloria in Exelsis* from Mozart's famous Mass.

The members of band are: Gerald Rudman, Pres.; George Wood, student leader: Harry Hulley, Drum Major; Howard Berg, Roger Tefft, Melvin Wagman, Bernard Godlieb, Eugene Moon, Gregory Osgood, Stanley Lippincott, Chesley Husson, Charles Clark, William Gordon, Philip Gildart, Morris Koritsky, Murry Handler, Virgil Wing, John Wilson, Morton Billings, John Billington, John Godsoe, Leonard Minsky, James Segal, Wayne Plummer, Ivory Canty, Ted Conley, Robert Carpenter, Peter Pozzy, Edgar Bailey, John Farrar, and William Mouradian.

The members of the orchestra are: Frank Handy (Concert Master), Marilyn Burns, Barbara McGuigan, Estelle Crosskill, Mary Taylor, Ruth Levitt, Betty Grant, Lydia Ranks, Marion Levesque, Jackie Ellingwood, Judy Bean, Edward Miller, Richard Gumprecht, Marilyn Ames, Norma Moores, Stanley Lippincott, Sally Gass, Wayne Plummer, George Wood, Elizabeth Johnston, Bertha Towle, Grace Eames, Bernard Gotlieb, Ivory Canty, Arthur Boulter, Sandra Ginsberg, Charles Clark, Gregory Osgood, Marjorie Gumprecht, William Hathorne, Jane Wooster, and Ted Conley.

●

B H. S Boys Receive Appointments to Annapolis

Two Bangor High boys have recently been notified of their appointments to the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. They are William H. Hopkins, class of '44, and Ronald Striar, class of '45.

Hopkins was active in dramatics, and Striar is a member of the present *Oracle* board. Congratulations and good luck!

Original Play Presented

Prelude to Glory, the winner of last year's University of Maine Masque play-writing contest, was previewed for the Dramatic Club at the October meeting before its presentation at State Teachers' Convention in Lewiston. The play was written by Lt. Austin Keith, a former student at B. H. S. who is now a pilot in the Army Air Corps. Those taking part were Charles Neil, Wayne Plummer, Leighton Mishou, and J. Palmer Libby.

●

TUBERCULOSIS

(continued from page nineteen)

6. Tuberculosis is preventable. The tuberculin skin test and chest X-rays are the early diagnosis measures, but the best preventive we have is education.

This is the six-point program. It is the knowledge that every Christmas seal beseeches us to understand. In addition, the seal symbolizes those local institutions which it helps to support for the health of the community:

1. Tuberculin testing and X-raying of students at Bangor, Brewer, and John Bapst High Schools. This testing will take place in B. H. S. during the first of the year. It is vitally important that we take advantage of this opportunity by taking the permission slips home for parental signature and explaining to our parents the safety and necessity of these tests. Last year only 50% of the students received the tests; this year it should be 90%.
2. Tuberculin testing and X-raying of food handlers working on school lunches.
3. The York Street Clinic which is a public health clinic held Saturday mornings. Its function is to take care of and carefully watch the children of tuberculin parents.
4. Tuberculin testing and X-raying of workers in several of our industrial plants.
5. The Public Health Nurse who follows up each newly discovered case of tubersulosis.
6. The Bangor Sanatorium which cares for tuberculin patients from all over Penobscot County.

The sale of seals in Bangor began on November 27. To put a Christmas seal on every letter, every card, and every package is a simple and inexpensive gesture. We must buy and use seals; we do it as a constant reminder that the education and local health institutions they represent are our only protection against tuberculosis.

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(continued from page twenty-five)

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Invasion Journal.....Richard Tobin
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WORTHY OF NOTE

(*continued from page twenty-four*)

From the Sixth Symphony (Pathetique) *Tschaikovsky*
II Allegro con grazia
Orchestra

Songs for soprano, with piano:
Canto di Primavera *Cimara*
Adorava l'april *Paretti*
Zueignung *R. Strauss*
Morgen *R. Strauss*
(Violin Obligato)
Cacilie *R. Strauss*
Emily Roosevelt
(a) Erotik *Grieg*
(b) Minuet *Boccherini*
String Orchestra

Songs for soprano, with piano
This Day is Mine *Ware*
The Time of Parting *Hadley*
XXth Century *Paul Sargent*
Wings of Night *Watts*
Sail Forth, from "In Memorium" *Rogers*
Emily Roosevelt

Rakoczy March, from The Damnation of Berlioz *Faust*
Orchestra

The Star Spangled Banner *Smith-Keyes*
(Last Verse)
Orchestra and Audience

Adelbert Wells Sprague, conductor
Mary Hayes Hayford, at the piano
A. Stanley Cayting, violin obbligato

●

ALUMNI

(*continued from paga eighteen*)

Barbara Billings and Charlie Tarkinson middle-aisled it Armistice Day.

Ruth Goos and Lt. George Lutka have also taken the final step.

WAVES AND USMC

The girls from B. H. S. are not letting the opposite sex do all the work for Uncle Sam. Barbara Wood and Marjorie Morris are enlisted in the WAVES, while Barbara Savage is doing her bit with the Marines.

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MEET THE TEAMS

(continued from page thirty-one)

ROLLAND FOSTER—"Rollo" is better known as the Crooner of Bangor High and always managed to keep the boys happy with his "goldern voice" when she going was tough. He held down the left end post with speed and ability this season and did more than his part in keeping the team in good spirits. Although Rollo's not conceited, never toss a compliment his way, because his reply will be a determined "naturally."

HARRISON HOMANS—Better known as "Lefty," this 135 pound stick of dynamite packed quite a wallop in the left tackle berth, and although everything was thrown against him, he never raised a protest until just before the Brewer game when his vunerable nose was broken. And then Lefty boiled over, secured a nose guard, and we defeated Brewer, 33—0.

JERRY HODGE—This hefty junior rose to distinction in the ranks of Bangor gridders this season, with his effective blocking and efficient tackling in the pivot spot. Gerry intercepted so many passes in the Brewer game that by the fourth quarter every time the Witches threw a pass they tackled Hodge as a precaution. Incidentally, Jerry was elected captain of next year's team, and you can be sure he'll make a good one.

GEORGE VOSE—This husky young sophomore occupied the right guard berth this season and really did the job of a much more experienced player. George's only comment is "Wait until next year."

FRANK HEARN—Strictly "on the beam" at all hours was Frank—a good man for any team, especially B. H. S.

ROGER TEFFT—Another fast worker, and not only at football, we are told Roger is known by the ladies as "pretty smooth."

ROBERT SHOREY—An all-round player, member of the junior class, and easily distinguished on the field by his mop of blond bristles—that's how they looked when Indians were at large with scalps tied to their belts!

Best wishes to the boys of the class of '45 who have entered the service.

O, PERFECT DAY

Mary S. Bracy.

Is there a day so perfect to be found,
That free one may his work lay down?
A day in which the sun's so bright,
And sky and sea as one unite?
A day for waving grass to play,
That one may in its billows stray?
Or take a boat and drift around,
To find that he is not earth bound?

But when at last the cool gray dusk does fall,
At home with food and friends and all.
Then out into the cool clear night,
With air so crisp and stars so bright.
Again within the homes embrace,
To doze beside the fireplace.
For in the morn you know there'll be,
The same bright sky, a sun, a sea.

•

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