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The Oracle

DECEMBER, 1945

Published by the students of Bangor
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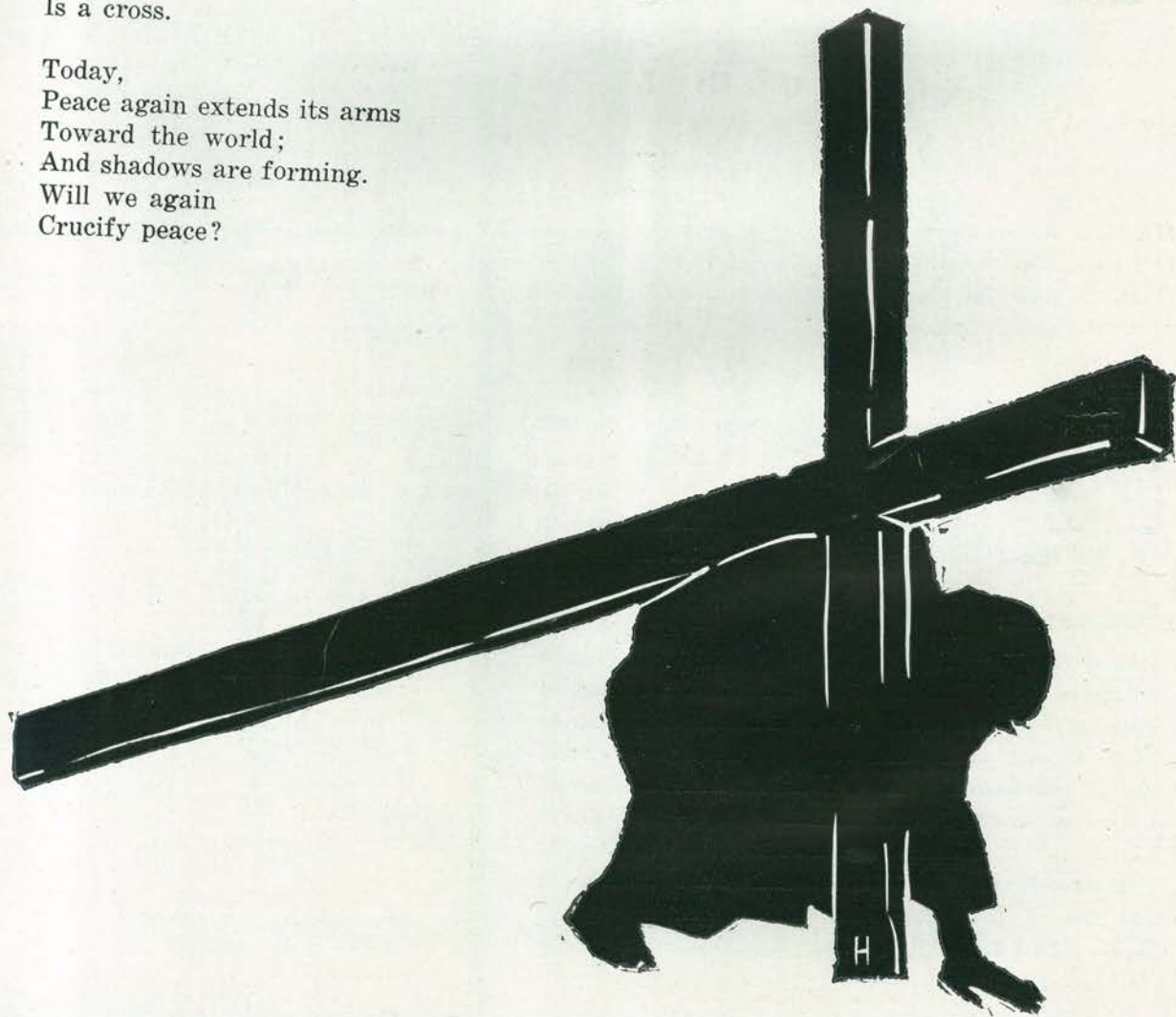
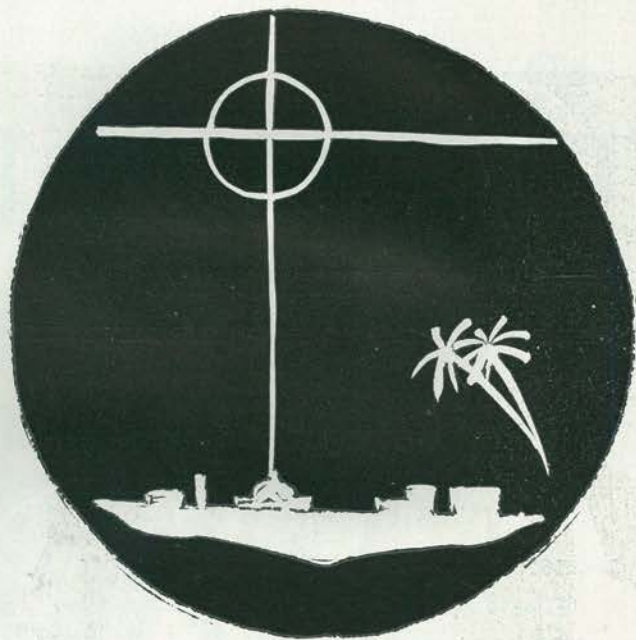
PEACE

Weird shadows
 From a primitive lantern
 Play upon the barren wall
 Of a stable
 In Bethlehem.

Wondering,
 Yet proud, parents
 Watch with loving eyes
 Every motion
 Of their child,
 The Prince of Peace.

Yet,
 As the babe extends his arms
 Toward the mother,
 One of these shadows,
 That leap upon the wall,
 Is a cross.

Today,
 Peace again extends its arms
 Toward the world;
 And shadows are forming.
 Will we again
 Crucify peace?





“A Little Child Shall Lead Them”

By Mary Bracy

THEY were going home. Across the cold and isolate steppes of Russia, people driven from their homes by war were going back. They knew not what they would find. They only knew that they must return.

The days were cold; the nights were colder. The snow, made unbearable to the eye by the sun, was cold to the back on sleepless nights. Progress was slow, and time rushed by like a drift of snow caught by the gales which whirl across the frozen plains. They realized the proximity of winter. They feared that a great blizzard would engulf them before they should reach their destination. They had trudged for days over the barren wastes of snow, endless to the sight. December was well upon them; the perils of winter were all about them. Clothed only in the bare essentials for survival, they huddled together at night. Often they protected themselves from the freezing cold and blasting winds by old vehicles, grim reminders of the war.

It was in the shelter of such vehicles with a small fire for warmth that they witnessed Christmas Eve. The night was crystal clear, and the heavens were a mass of brilliant, sparkling stars.

They sat grouped around the fire. Some were reminiscently humming songs of the land of Russia. The high strains of a violin could be heard as a small boy sat dreamily playing. All were silent and sad, each remembering warm, happy Christmases.

One man sat in their midst, cradling in his arms a small girl. She was about five, having been born just before the great war had started. She was wrapped in a worn-out blanket so that only her small head was visible. The child's face was thin and drawn. Her cheeks were colorless and sunken. Her delicate lips were blue with the cold. The only expression was in her large brown eyes. They reflected the flickering of the fire as they watched the lips of her father. He looked into the small helpless face, speaking in low tones. He was telling the child of the first Christmas Eve. How, in a land far to the south, there had been born, many years ago, a child. He described carefully the great, bright star which filled the sky with such brilliance that the shepherds on the hills were afraid; how it hung above the stable and gloriously shed its radiance over

(continued on page thirty-seven)

Episode in An Austrian Cafe

By Paul G. Ford '40

IT was with a certain degree of apprehension that I set my stein on the table and rose to my feet. Across the room I could discern familiar faces through the blue smoke which hung like fog in the stale air. From the sea of faces, I picked out the person who had solicited my answer. It was as quiet as a tomb; the little orchestra had stopped; a bewhiskered waiter stood in the door, and the old French clock on the wall ticked like a bomb in the explosive silence.

"Go ahead! Speak!" whispered a friend huskily as he touched my elbow. "They've asked you; they want an answer."

I summoned courage; swallowed, and spoke in my poor and broken German which was prominently devoid of correct grammar.

"Sir, you asked me why the Americans have engaged in war with Germany, in that Germany has borne no malice toward the Americans. The answer, *Mein Herr*, is astonishingly simple."

Here I racked my brain for the next word.

"Traveling through the Third Reich, and here in the Sudatenland, we have seen *why* we fight. When we left America, and while still civilians there, all we knew of Germany was that which we had read. We were not particularly interested, for our personal interests were placed first. Germany was too far away."

Someone was drumming on a table, and an old man was thoughtfully twisting his mustache. I continued.

"In France we saw the ruins of what had once been prosperous ports; in the cities we ambled through stores whose shelves were all but empty. They had been thoroughly looted, and the spoils carried away into Germany. In Belgium we visited homes where the widows told how their sons had been carried away into bondage to slave in the factories of the Reich, and the more alluring of her daughters kidnapped by those who swaggered in the black uniform of the arrogant SS troops. Throughout Luxembourg we passed large and fertile farms, and conspicuously absent were the cattle. They had been "appropriated" by the officials from across the border. Czechoslovakian cemeteries presented monuments upon which

were inscribed the names of men who had fallen into disfavor with the Reich-Protector, Reinhardt Heydrich. In Dachau, Germany, the smoke from the cremation furnaces settled over the cities until some days the sun was nearly obscured, but the people shrugged their shoulders, and murmured. 'It's none of our business. If we speak, we, too, will be there.'"

An old woman by the door cast me a savage glance. I had spoken this far, and I was not to stop now. I had been taught certain elements of speaking in Bangor High School, Room 104, and bits of human psychology in 208. Were these to have been taught in vain? I stumbled on.

"While it is true that we Americans came here only because we were under orders, it is a fact that we shall not leave here *now* until these conditions have been corrected, and National socialism is a forgotten doctrine! The Germans and their Austrian friends must be made to realize the terror that has been sent from Germany, the heart of Europe, to the rest of the body. It is a disease which is in the process of being cured."

Someone knocked the ashes from his—or her—pipe on the corner of the stove. After a momentary pause, while I silently conjugated *sein* in the imperfect, I went on.

"We bore no malice toward the German *people*, but rather toward the fanatical government which had led them astray. Sir, you asked me why we fought Germany. I have told you *my* beliefs. We heeded the suppressed cries for help and mercy from nations crushed beneath the heel of the Fuehrer that he might build '. . . a new and better Germany.'

Here the little man from a small New England city slumped into his seat with a sigh, and wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow. The applause that followed was from fellow GI's, and perhaps one of two Austrians, but the rest of them sat there sullenly. Naturally they hadn't indorsed my speech about their beloved Fuehrer nor the mordant remarks concerning the little corporal of Vienna, but one thing that they *did* know, and that was how *this* New Englander felt about the teachings and practices of 'The Invincible Third Reich'!



Destiny

By Chester Kennedy

THE spray leaped and whirled as the trim little launch sped over the greyish waves of bay. Evening is falling. The sky is overcast by huge dark clouds as far as the eye can see. The launch has reached the outlet of the bay and speeds toward the sea. A half mile farther out it turns and races down the coast toward a dark blotch dimly outlined by the dying light of day. As the craft nears it, the blotch can be discerned to be an island, not very large, but standing high out of the sea. It is a dismal looking island, almost devoid of trees on the slope which runs from the sea upward to the center. Fog is closing in now as the boat rapidly nears its objective. There is going to be a dense fog shrouding the entire coast and obliterating the hill on the island from view—a gloomy, gray, quiet fog which blends easily into this dreary setting.

A figure steps from the launch upon the small landing. A second figure touches his hat to the first and pushes the boat out from its resting place. A motor coughs, stops, and then starts with a roar. The figure on the landing watches silently as the boat disappears into the fog, the equally quiet fog. He reaches into his coat pocket, brings forth a package of cigarettes, selects one and the rest disappear whence they came. He lights it, and by the glow, one becomes aware of his features. He is a thin, nervous man, heavily

clothed as the night is raw. A dark slouch hat is dipped low over large, weary eyes—hunted eyes always on the move as if danger lurks at every turn. His mouth twitches as he puts the cigarette between bloodless lips. His whole face seems weary, the look of one very tired and spent. His hand shakes as he lights the cigarette; the flame is almost extinguished. He stoops, picks up a leather case which has been resting against his leg. He pats the case and then, with no hesitation, flings it far out into the fog. A dull splash is heard. He smiles satisfactorily as he turns and starts up the rocky slope by a path with which he is apparently well acquainted. The winding trail leads along treacherous cliffs at first, but later it emerges into a grassy field studded only by stunted bushes, bushes bent against the west as if battling a great wind. Suddenly there rises up out of the gloom a long, low, building. He seems surprised to come upon it so soon. A flicker of light is playing upon one of the windows from within. He lifts the heavy knocker several times, each time letting it fall with a loud thud. As he waits, he looks along the side of the weathered old structure. It had been solidly built. "By an old sea captain," they had told him. It had great historic value or something like that. It was secluded, anyway. That was all he wanted. Too bad he didn't have some of that solidness. The place must have been standing for years.

The huge door opens quietly and he enters. A man dressed in dark valet's attire takes his hat and coat and disappears. The absence of his coat reveals him to be very thin. He looks about cautiously before he moves on into the next room. His look is grim and determined. It is as if he were to die but were to do so without faltering—as if he could grimly foretell unseen events. He moves nervously and with quick, determined steps toward the huge fireplace in the center of the opposite wall. The room is comfortably furnished with couches, chairs, and bookcases. Looking neither right nor left, he advances quickly to the fireplace and stands in deep thought before the quiet glow.

"Good evening, my weary friend."

He looks about quickly. A figure has risen from a chair in a secluded corner of the room. He is shrouded by the darkness, the glow from the fire unable to penetrate that far into gloom. One arm is visible, however. That contains a revolver held in a steady grasp.

"You're not surprised?" came the voice again.

"The inevitable has come about. You were bound to find me sooner or later. Go ahead, shoot and be done with it."

"Tell me where it is and I will spare your worthless life, my nervous friend. This will be your last chance."

"The last chance?"

"All right, you have—"

"Wait. I'll tell you if you'll leave me alone forever. I can't stand this being hunted wherever I go." He spoke swiftly. "Take the path to the left at the end of the field. Near the end of this path is a small tool shed. Go inside and—"

A hand shot swiftly inside a coat.

A gun spoke quickly three times. The figure, still in the shadow except for the gun and arm, turned; and, without awaiting the fate of his victim, strode out of the room; threw open the door, and disappeared into the fog-filled night. If he had paused inside for a moment to determine the other's fate, he might not have left so hurriedly. For, as he fell, on the countenance of the weary face was a grim, satisfied smile instead of the agony which should have been registered there.

The killer walked rapidly across the field, reached the two paths, and took the one to the left. He walked at a swift pace for several minutes and then impatiently broke into a slow run. At first he stumbled now and then in the fog, but

this didn't slow his pace. As he ran, he gathered speed. A look of self satisfaction crossed his face. He had done well this night—rid the world of his enemy and found out the hiding place of the briefcase. He had told all one needed to know. The stupid fool.

He ran a little faster, his face eager.

Say, it's strange he did tell you. He knew you'd kill him anyway. Maybe it's a trick. No, what could a dead man do?

He was running along a cliff now. Fog thicker than ever before. Ought to be nearing the shed soon. Funny place for a shed. Wait, it is a trick.

A wailing scream pierces the air as the man pitches downward into the sea far below. The path ends abruptly at a cliff. All is still now except for the pounding of the surf on the rocks below. A man destined to die, had found a way not to die in vain.



WITH APOLOGIES TO LONGFELLOW

By Frances Sclair

This is a Monday morning,
The murmuring girls and the boys
Sighing and yawning
Sit like bumps on logs
With chins that rest in their hands
Loud from her central position
The deep-voiced neighboring teacher
Speaks and in accents disconsolate
Drowns out wail of the class room.

"This is a Monday morning
So where are the books that I told you to bring
And the lessons I told you to study?
Torn are your notebooks and the pages forever
departed
Scattered about like the leaves
When the mighty blasts of October
Seize them and whirls them aloft
And sprinkle them over the ocean
You who hope of diplomas
That gleam and endure and are handsome
You who believe in the glory
And peace of a fine graduation
Open your books and study
Study or else I shall flunk you
Open your books and study
In school, the home of the learned."

What About a New Gymnasium

By "Cy" Perkins

THE present building, housing Bangor High School, was constructed in 1913 and the gymnasium is typical of those constructed at that time. It provides for a small basketball surface with almost no provisions for spectators. It contains some horizontal bars, traveling rings and other fixed gymnasium equipment used in the old formal programs of the time.

Two world wars have taken place since the old gym was constructed. Each of them has impressed anew upon the people of America the need for building strong, well coordinated bodies as well as clear thinking minds. Nearly all high schools in the country built for themselves new school buildings or gymnasium, or both, in the period between the two wars. Today we find nearly all high schools better equipped in gymnasium facilities than our own school, and especially is this true in cities as large as Bangor.

Bangor High School grew until it was necessary in 1940 to build two new junior high schools and have the former freshman class attend school there. This change alleviated the overcrowded conditions and the double session school days but left the senior high school in its old building, an excellent one for classroom purposes, but woefully inadequate for purposes of physical and recreational activities.

The City of Bangor has been going about the task of providing Bangor High School with one of the best physical plants for fall and spring sports to be found in the State of Maine. Through the School Board and the Public Works Program, we have already been presented with the best football playing surface in the state. With the construction of a field house to provide dressing and storage facilities, the draining of the baseball area and the finishing off of the track and the jumping and weight throwing areas, our outdoor interscholastic sports facilities will be excellent.

But Bangor High School has needs other than those listed above. Take our other major sport, basketball. After being in Bangor for over a year, I am more amazed than before that Bangor has been able to put out such strong basketball

teams as it has in the past. It is a tribute to former coaches that such teams were developed in spite of the lack of adequate facilities for practicing the sport. Bangor is one of the few schools that must do most of her practicing on a floor other than that on which the games are played. This takes away some of the advantage of playing on a home floor—an advantage denied to few other teams.

But with all the need in the way of varsity basketball, I feel Bangor High School has a far greater and deeper need. As I suggested earlier, the recent war has reemphasized the need for keeping the entire citizenry in good physical condition. To accomplish this, children should be given thorough physical programs throughout their school lives and they should be encouraged to maintain good physical condition after leaving school. Bangor girls and Bangor boys of average athletic ability are given a good start in elementary and junior high school in developing themselves physically, yet when they come to the period when they are maturing most rapidly in size and strength, they are met with the necessarily limited program of the present gymnasium.

During the school day, boys' gym classes, girls' gym classes and classes in Military Science compete for the use of the one small gymnasium which is in reality not adequate for any one of them. Some of the gym classes must be scheduled in the auditorium—an unsatisfactory solution because of the lack of equipment and dressing and shower facilities. Varsity and junior varsity basketball squads, girls' and boys' intramural athletics and boys' and girls' rifle clubs compete for the use of the gym during the afternoons and evenings. So our need in area alone is more than three times what we have at present. Another very important need is an outdoor area adjacent to the school which can be used by any or all of the above groups in the fall and spring. At present, we work indoors for the nine months of the school year when we could spend about four of them in healthful outdoor activities.

It would seem that the foregoing gives a general indication of the need for a new gymnasium

for Bangor High School. It should be built adjacent to the present building if it is to serve school needs, for we must be able to go to class there and back to a class in the school building without loss of time.

Following are some of the facilities which an adequate gymnasium should include.

The main gymnasium should feature an official sized basketball court with stands that could seat 3500 spectators at a minimum. Many of these seats could be in permanent balcony stands but the lower tiers should be of the fold-back or roll-back type which would allow enough room on the main floor for two official sized practice basketball courts for practice purposes. An electrically operated retractable, soundproof wall should be installed to separate the two practice courts into two smaller gymnasiums. Two entirely different groups could thus schedule activities at the same time, and the service of the main gymnasium to the school would be doubled. Each of the smaller practice areas should be adaptable for volleyball and badminton and shuffleboard courts should be provided around the edges. Removable bank turns inserted into the corners of the large gym area would adapt the perimeter of the floor for a running track.

The area under the permanent stands would provide offices for boys' and girls' physical directors and the R. O. T. C. staff as well as storage space for gymnasium equipment. A social room, a combination class and projection room and a band room could well be worked into first floor plans. Besides being provided with plenty of seats, spectators should have the added conveniences of a large lobby with at least four ticket windows where they could quickly purchase tickets under protection from the weather. The basement level should contain dressing and shower facilities for an anticipated future load as well as storage rooms for the equipment of organizations using the building. A built-in rifle range should be provided, which space could be adapted to practice areas for boxing, wrestling and other activities. Four handball courts installed here would also provide space for other minor sports as well as offering possible additional dressing space.

One of the City of Bangor's greatest needs is an indoor swimming pool. Swimming is one of the most essential and beneficial skills that

should be taught in the public schools. Studies have shown that it is the most important recreational activity for those who have finished school; yet our school system provides no instruction in this activity. Swimming pools are expensive to build and to maintain. If it is not possible to include one in the original construction of a gymnasium building, adequate space for a large pool should be set aside for its construction later.

An outdoor sports area adjacent to the gymnasium could be compact and yet would allow for a great number of outdoor activities to be conducted, some of them simultaneously. Besides a play area for spring and fall sports, it could be a drill area for the R. O. T. C., a playground for city children where one is badly needed, an auxiliary parking area for shoppers in Bangor on Saturdays and holidays and a special playground for the city recreational department. For the latter use, it could have a small stadium or stands and be used for recreational league championship games for all age levels,—games such as softball, horseshoes, marble tournaments, military exhibitions and other exhibitions and pageants.

The prevailing tendency in the use of school buildings is that they should not be used during the school day alone as they would not be providing the greatest service to the community. Our theoretical gymnasium should be under the control of the school board and the school should have first call on its use at all times. However, other organizations should be allowed and encouraged to make use of its facilities when it is not in school use. The recreation department again comes to mind in this respect. It would also be of great value to the city for conventions, special shows and exhibitions and for possible basketball tournaments.

Bangor High School has waited a long time for an adequate gymnasium and play area for physical education. It may be a great advantage to future generations of students that this is true, if the people and authorities of the city seize the unique opportunity which presents itself now to provide a unit which will not only be adequate enough to cover present needs but will be constructed with such imagination, thought and foresight that it will also meet conditions which may prevail twenty-five or fifty years from now.

What's in a Frown

By Barbara McGuigan

Alphonse Brent was a music critic or, perhaps one should say, the music critic. Tall, gray and austere, he was by common consent the dean of the city's music critics. The oldest of them all, he held their almost unanimous respect. He possessed a gift of writing with which he could tear the hopes of a young musical aspirant into a thousand nondescript little shreds. A complete cynic, he saw no talent in the young men and women who, after struggling long months for a concert, presented themselves to the public. In his opinion, they were shallow, mechanical, lacking in musical feeling. The radical who dared put in a good word were those who disapproved of the tyrannical old man.

On a particular night, the young pianist, Carl Stracht, was appearing. He had played in a few of the smaller cities, but this was his true presentation into the musical world. Nervous, in the way of any novice, he paced back and forth in the small dressing room. Outside, the snow fell softly, silently blanketing the city with its cold flakes. He wished suddenly that he had a handful of that cold snow. Perhaps it would cool his hot, sweating hands, his pounding head. The concerto passages rushed through his mind. One, two three, four, A, D, G, B, they sang. He sat down in the arm chair and attempted to relax.

People were filing in to the small, compact hall. The music critics took their seats. Brent sat in his accustomed place and gravely folded his hands. He always sat like this at every concert. One could not tell whether he approved or disapproved. His apparently immobile features never smiled or frowned. He sat like Jupiter in Mt. Olympus, about to shatter the soul of some poor mortal.

"Mr. Stracht, Mr. Stracht," a voice called. "They're waiting for you." A, D, G, B, One, two, three, four, the melody sang.

"Be quiet nerves," he muttered foolishly as he approached the stage.

The muted vibrations of the strings as they tuned, the wailing voice of the oboe, the masculine tones of the brasses were silenced as the conductor tapped the baton.

He walked to the piano and took his place.



"He walked to the piano and took his place."

A, D, G, B, one, two, three, four, the melody sang. Again the conductor tapped; instruments were raised in readiness. Now!

A swelling volume of sound, of singing notes enveloped the waiting silence of the audience. The strained expression of the young musician lessened somewhat as the concerto progressed. A melody seemed to flow from him; a passionate, profound rendition of passages wavered in blended modulation through the hall. Brent didn't move. However, other critics nodded affirmatively. Here was a musician, one who possessed a touch, a feeling for what he played.

A, D—! What was wrong? He had made a mistake. He had done what he had dreaded doing for months. Nerves! Perhaps they had not noticed, it was such a small mistake.

The critics had noticed though. They glanced toward Brent. He was frowning! They knew. Again they nodded affirmatively, but this time as an executioner nods in agreement to the death sentence.

Stracht concluded the concerto. He rose and bowed to the applause which greeted him. Was it thunderous or was it weak? He didn't know. That mistake. He felt faint. They were seeking

(continued on page thirty-six)

Too Late for Lovin'

By William Hanson, Jr.

"Naw, I didn't elope," screamed Hacker at his little sister as he barged in the front door. "Who the heck told yuh that?"

"Weel," the impish figure began, "Mommy sed"

"Mommy sed what? Holy cow!"

The Great Lover yanked out a handful of his rapidly graying hair, and smiled as he looked into the innocent upturned face.

He began in a soft slow whisper. "Who, Sweet Nothin', did I elope with? Or is that askin' too much?"

And little sister also answered in a soft slow whisper. "I ain't tawkin'."

Hacker began to turn purple, and "Sweet Nothin'" decided it was time to take the well known powder. With a fiendish laugh she headed at break-neck speed for the one place in the house where she was absolutely safe.

Unable to stop soon enough, the Great Lover whammed into the closed door, then slowly slid to a sitting position on the floor.



"She wouldn't . . . but she did."

Hacker's mother came into the room and asked with unconcealed pity.

"Has little sister been bothering you?"

"Oh brother," the Great Lover moaned, "now where did you ever get an impossible idea like that?"

"Well, I thought I heard a noise, and. . ."

"Look Mom," interrupted Hacker, and then in a voice that rocked the house, "whom did I elope with?"

"Darling, it was all a mistake. When you left for Ruth's, Sister saw you give Janie a ride and got the silly idea that you two had run off together. I told her that was called eloping."

Mopping the sweat from his brow, Hacker painfully arose, and muttering sweet nothings, limped from the room.

In the back yard he flopped his aching body upon the weeds, and addressed a flea-bitten mongrel that was scratching with obvious intent to kill.

"Huh! You got fleas 'n I got a sister. That practically makes us blood—brothers. Shake pal, shake!"

Solemnly the dog accepted the outstretched hand, then cocked his one good ear as the Great Lover began to speak. . .

(continued on page thirty-six)

Franklin D. Roosevelt

By Malcolm Stevenson

The history books of the future will give a generous chapter or two to Franklin D. Roosevelt; yet, in that space, enormous for a history book, where great men and important events are whittled down to a few paragraphs, there will not even be enough room to tell how upon receiving news of the President's death, the entire world stood still and bowed its head in reverence and respect. Only the enemy nations refrained, and they had good reason because Franklin Roosevelt more than any other human being on this globe was responsible for the destruction of the Nazi and Japanese Empires.

I have been in school for twelve years, and for over twelve years Franklin Roosevelt has shaped the destinies of the United States. There has been hardly a day during those twelve years that his name has been absent from the newspapers and radio. There has been hardly a day that his influence has not been felt by all of us. The broad grin, the desk cluttered with knick nacks, the give and take at his informal press conferences, the up turned cigarette holder, the fishing cruises, the dog "Falla," the fireside chats, "My Friends," all are endearing remembrances of the man, the American who fought with everything he had for the betterment of mankind.

Those twelve long years were years of hardship, misery, misfortune, and doubt. As the American people floundered in a sea of uncertainty, Franklin Roosevelt's clear mind and sparkling voice pumped new life and confidence into a nation that had lost faith in itself. Under his leadership, the United States rose slowly, and painfully; but, nevertheless, rose upon its feet.

As righteousness and freedom blacked out in other lands and human rights were forgotten, Franklin Roosevelt became the champion of the "little fellow." With foresight and determination, he blazed a path of security for all Americans of all classes so that they might have freedom from fear and freedom from want.

Always a man to face crisis squarely and bravely, Franklin Roosevelt went before the American people less than twenty-four hours after the Pearl Harbor Attack and roused them into united action for the great task that lay

ahead. It has been his fighting spirit and continual effort as commander-in-chief which has led the United States from the shadow of defeat into the valley of victory in this greatest of conflicts.

Franklin Roosevelt never believed in the word, "can't." Personally affected with infantile paralysis which deprived him the use of his legs, he doggedly struggled against the disease and won. For thousands of years the wise men of the world have shaken their venerable heads and said, "There can not be a lasting peace. It just will not happen." Franklin Roosevelt believed otherwise; he believed with all his heart that men could live in peace. Toward this end he strove mightily, and never turning from the course, he kept his eyes fixed upon the goal. The Good Neighbor Policy, The Atlantic Charter, The United States-Russia-Britain-China accord, and The United Nations Pact are living memorials to the vision of Franklin Roosevelt and to his belief that man should "love thy neighbor." Dumbarton Oaks and the San Francisco Conference are towering monuments to his unconquerable faith in the belief that world peace could be made and could be kept. Over the quicksands of hate, fear, and oppression Franklin Roosevelt has constructed bonds of friendship and understanding, mighty bridges for all the world to traverse.

Now he has gone. Laid to rest in the midst of the country which he loved, while his dog frolicked restlessly nearby, while taps rang forth their last farewell and while all the world was silent in mourning and respect, Franklin Delano Roosevelt found his peace. The world has yet to find theirs. Franklin D. Roosevelt gave his life for world peace. Looking towards the future as he would have done, it must be our task to see that he and thousands of others did not die in vain.

The United States and the world has lost a foremost citizen. Only history and time may judge Franklin D. Roosevelt. To my mind there is no question as to what that judgment will be. For all his faults, mistakes and failures, Franklin Delano Roosevelt will be imprinted for all times as a great man, and a leader among other great men.



Janet's House

By Frances Sclair

HER name was Charlotte. She was a very tiny ten-year-old, and she might have been very pretty if her face were not so thin and her eyes so large and mournful. She sat on the curb and slowly stirred a mud puddle with a long stick. She liked to watch the stick make ripples in the smooth, brown water. The ripples reminded her of something. She didn't know what. Her hands were blue with cold. She blew on them thoughtfully and tucked them into the pockets of her worn blue coat. It was beginning to rain hard, but she didn't want to go home. Bess, her older sister, was always in an ugly mood. If she came in with her muddy shoes, Bess would be very angry. No, she didn't want to go home. She sneezed. It was growing very cold.

Across the street she could see Janet's house. It was a large, white house with a wide, green yard. Lights gleamed softly in the windows. She could see Janet's mother moving about in front of the window. Janet's mother was young and pretty. Her hair was light brown and her eyes were blue. Charlotte wondered if Bess had ever

looked like that—young and pretty. Janet's mother often called for Janet in her car. Charlotte had never seen such a large shiny car. She would have given anything to take one small ride in it. Janet's mother sometimes took some of the other little girls home from school, but she never took Charlotte. Once Charlotte had timidly asked Janet why, and Janet had answered shrilly, "Because you're dirty and your clothes are always torn, so there."

Now, Charlotte looked reflectively down at her faded skirt. The hem was ripped. Bess was too tired when she came home from the factory to fix clothes. Anyway, Bess was always cross.

Charlotte wished she lived in Janet's house. It was such a beautiful house. It looked warm and cosy. If only Janet's mother would invite her in, as she did the other little girls. She had never been inside Janet's house, but she knew how it looked. The other children never grew tired of describing it to her. Janet had a room all her own, and it was filled with dolls, all kinds of

(continued on page thirty-seven)

Listening to the Comedian

By James Segal

"Ho, ho, Ha, ha hee, Sh, Oh, Ah." Stirring band music (it sounds like it has been stirred). "The Blip Lip Show, starring Blip Lip with Clo Lossall, Syracuse (a neighbor of Rochester), Arthur Momemeter and his band, and yours truly Ray Diator, brought to you by—."

At this point a body (and also head, arms and legs) listening to this stupendous introduction might want to tell— — to take back his show; but, nevertheless, his curiosity for the unusual forces him to take the punishment brought about by the sponsors of the rumored comedy program. But alas the star himself is about to tell the listening public that . . . "This is Blip Lip, everybody. You know I just saw a friend of mine, who is a magician, walk down the street and turn into a drugstore."

"Ha, ha, ho," retorts the audience which evidently has been rehearsing during the week.

Mr. Lip continues, "This magician has a brother who really made a name for himself. He is a forger."

"Ha, ha's, etc.," (They really appreciate the comfortable seats.)

Mr. Lip is transported by ten measures of music to his girl friend's house. Miss Clo Lossall (that's she) tells him that she will be with him in a minute as she is now taking a bath.

The audience claps. (It must be a noteworthy event when this damsel takes a bath or else it is cold in the studio). During the next six minutes in which his hair, nose, bicuspid, and pocketbook are being discussed by Clo, Blip manages to tell her that she is not the only star in his blue heaven; and that, "I know nine girls on Pickney Street alone."

Clo asks, "All told?"

(And now get ready folks let's all "ha.")

"No only three of them."

At this time Art Momemeter and his boys take the liberty of a few rules of music and play. "Oh His Overalls were Red, but His Dinner Bucket Was A Little Pail."

Following this "Idiot's Delight," Ray Diator tells an eager world that when he was a boy of nine and three quarters his father said to him "Son—and so forth about the sponsor's product."

This all sounds very pretty but Mr. Diator's

father must have been either the sponsor's brother-in-law or writing words of not more than twenty-five words on "I buy — — because. . .".

But I see B. L. has burst upon the scene bringing with him an unknown celebrity under the moniker of Vi Olin. The audience again claps. (It is now safe to assume that the janitor has turned off the heat.) Miss Olin, ably supported by Syracuse (and their legs), dramatizes a scene from a well known movie. Several jokes (they must be called something) are tossed to the tides in this drama. Vi, as she is now called, makes her departure after giving a few assorted bird calls.

At this moment it has been decided that a question of national unimportance must be discussed.

Miss Lossall: "I think I deserve the Percival (not to be confused with the Oscar) for my last picture. I certainly am a better actress than Ma Naisse. Why she has such bad case of water on the knee that she wears pumps."

Audience: The same continued.

Hereupon, a breathless monstrosity, who looks as though he ran in the human race and lost begs of Mr. L:

"Don't let them beat me! Please don't let them beat me!

"Who are you?"

The character: "Oh, just a dirty rug."

Audience: As above.

He of the wrung tongue: "Speaking of musical instruments, does anyone know what an oboe is?"

Ray Diator (who might as well be the one to say no as he has to make a commercial after the laugh, if any): "No." (What remarkable diction.)

B. L.: "An ill woodwind that nobody blows good."

And now comes a happy moment.

Mr. Lip proclaims, "We're a little late folks. Good night. Good night Aunt Chovie." (It is probable that on the next day three thousand and fifty-one listeners, will wonder who Aunt Chovie is. It is also probable that she is somebody's aunt.)

Well, another uneducational and uninteresting program is over and nobody is the wiser.

Clay Face

By William Hanson, Jr.

A good man had given him the book,
His most prized possession,
The only brightness
In his world of darkness and shadows,
Not a large book
Its lack of size was supplemented
By its greatness.
He had never seen it,
Never caressed with his eyes the tattered pages.
Others said it beautiful . . .
And he,
Saw its beauty through their eyes.

He sat now in the doorway,
Sheltered from the heat
Of Jerusalem's sun . . .
And his daughter read to him
Above the din
Of the holy city;
And as she read he sweat
The sweat of hope.

Her pleasant voice
Told of the days long past,
When the Light had walked
Upon the earth;
And the word had been passed
Unto man by those who followed him
And bore his cross.

So this Jesus had spat upon the ground,
And mixed the spittle
With the good earth . . .
And spread this lump of clay
Upon the eyes
Of a blind man,
Whom he told to wash
In the pool of Siloam.

He had washed,
This blind man
Washed away the darkness,
And gained his sight.

His daughter paused in reading
And looked,
Thoughtfully,
At her blind father.
And he,

Feeling within,
The magnitude of her thoughts,
Raised his bearded face to the sky
Which he had never seen . . .
And prayed.

Perhaps this Jesus would harken
Once more . . .
Even again,
To the plea of a blind man.

He prayed till the cool breath
Of coming evening
Stirred his silvered hair,
Then made his halting way
Into the poverty of his house.

As he entered, he felt
The quiet presence of his daughter,
As she came unto him
And stood in silence.
Her very stillness betraying
The emotion and tension
Within her.

Slowly she prepared the clay,
Gently spread it upon his eyes . . .
And bidding him faith,
Bade him be gone.

He walked at first,
Then, as impatience grasped him,
Ran through the streets
Toward the pool.

There he halted,
Undecided,
Doubt assailing him;
But faith returned,
And he felt his stumbling way
Down the stone steps.

Behind . . .
A shadow moved,
As his daughter
Who had followed . . .
Watched.





Twenty-five Years Ago in the ORACLE



A JOKE

Printer's Error

To print a kiss upon her lips
He thought the time was ripe.
But when he went to press, she said,
"I do not like your type."

Mr. G. N. Varney has been appointed to oversee the issuing of clothing and equipment this year (For R. O. T. C.)

REPORT OF 1919-1920 BUSINESS MANAGER

Listed under expenditures

Business Manager's Salary \$25.00 (How Come!)

On account of the shortage of recreation rooms, the lecture room (307) on the third floor was divided by a curtain. Recitations are heard in the front of the room and the back is used for study.

(Ha-Ha that's what they think.)

On the 20th of September, the first chapel exercises were held in the Assembly Hall. It took sometime to show the throng of students where to sit, but everything progressed wonderfully.

On Oct. 16, Bangor High School met Portland, her hereditary rival of the gridiron. A large parade was formed at the high school and shortly before 2 o'clock a gay procession of students made its way to Bass Park. The famous high school Band furnished music for the occasion and it was a merry throng that supported our champions of the day.

On Wednesday, November 17, a rifle club was formed, composed of all Camp Devens men and officers; Walter Ulmer was unanimously elected president of the club.

SEEN IN THE ORACLE

September 13th has produced and let loose an interesting and attractive collection of human beings. All shapes and sizes, the feminine section crowned as a rule with lovely, flowing curls and with shanks encased in half hose gathered at the top with pretty blue ribbons, are rushing hither and thither about the corridors. We heartily welcome these unsophisticated morsels of humanity for they, too, are becoming part of us.

AN AD OF YESTERDAY

Boys, don't smoke

Until you are old enough and fully developed,
then get back of a

B. C. M.

They are mild but very tasty and aromatic

FROM WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS

No fancy undergarments unless completely covered on the exterior by outside over-garments shall be worn inside or outside of building.

Geometry According to the Class of '21

A quarter (\$.25) and a soda fountain determine a straight line.

A plane figure is a freshman.

A senior is the limit.

Two boys walking with a girl are either equal or complementary.

The consequences are what you get from an extremely mean teacher.

On November 13 Bangor went to Pittsfield and defeated the Maine Central Institute team by a score of 20 to 0. Bangor could have made the score much larger without any difficulty, but many substitutes were put into the game before its close and the periods were very short.

Peace at Last

By Donald D. Jones

WITH the cessation of hostilities, the world is once more peaceful and free—but is it? The undeclared Civil War in China, the Indonesian uprising in the Dutch East Indies, and the anti-Zionist riots in Egypt, along with a sputtering keg of dynamite in the Balkans and the revolutions in South America, answer negatively. Have the causes for which we fought a global war been lost?

The world has now struck the critical period of the first phase of the post-war era. The solving of these problems will help determine whether this recent war has ended all wars. These problems involve, directly or indirectly, the principles of democracy. The entire world went to war because of its love or hatred of these democratic principles; but here it is today, standing on the sidelines watching these same principles being shattered.

The undivided attention of the United Nations must be directed to solving these dangerous problems. Until these "hot-spots" are curbed, the world faces imminent danger of another global war, more severe than the recent war.

Now is the time to strike for a world peace. The glories of the recent victory over the forces of aggression must not now be lost. The future of the world is now at stake. The world has reached the fork of two roads. Which will she choose? The road to misery, despair, and wars or the road to peace, happiness, and prosperity? Time alone can tell. Let us hope that it chooses the road to peace.

ABOUT THE COVER

In today's commercialized world, the true meaning of the Christmas season is often lost beneath an overwhelming flood of man made adaptations.

In hopes of somewhat remedying this situation, the artist has returned to the dawn of Christianity for his subject.

Here we see Herod as he first saw the Eastern Star . . . and the mixed emotions of a palace scribe as he realizes that the birth of Christ is at hand.

THE STORM KING

By Georgia Lewis

The rain came down in torrents,
And the wind howled and roared,
The sea whipped out in fury
And tore at the boats that were moored.

The rain came down in torrents,
And the wind howled and roared,
They slashed at the world and its creatures
And people begged mercy of God.

The rain came down in torrents,
And the wind howled and roared,
They ravaged and ripped Nature's hand-work
As the storm-king's ire soared.

The rain came down in torrents,
And the wind howled and roared,
The day turned into night,
The gale lashed a play-ground broad.

The king of the storm became soothed,
His wrath, in the storm, had been spent,
As he drove the rains and winds,
'Gainst a defenseless world already bent.

The rains came slower and slower,
'Til the wind was a gentle breeze,
A weather-torn world woke to find
The sun and the birds in the trees.

DREAMS

By Frances Selair

I watched her as she sat alone.
I knew of what she dreamt
She saw the beauty of the night
And longed to capture it in words.
She dreamed of days not far away,
When she would unite many things
Of days, of nights, of laughter, tears
Her world, the world she knew so well
Some day, some day, not far away
She'd write, she'd write of many things
I saw her smile, amused and sad
For even as she dreamed she knew
These things—they never would be written.

So often these words have been spoken; yet what do they really mean? Do they indicate brute force of fearful strength? No, I think not. Rather these words signify that from the association and friendship of school life emerges the power to guide a nation and shape its destiny. Thus, on this page, the "ORACLE" proudly presents an epitome of typical activities of a typical educational center, Bangor High School. It is through such activities, multiplied a million fold, that the youth of the United States gains its strength; in youthful strength lies the hope of the future United States.

Ye Oracle Sage

NEWSPAPER

Two cordial essentials for a successful career, responsibility and cooperation, are being developed in this classroom activity. Besides the required Junior English course, this group plans and organizes a monthly school newspaper, the B. H. S. "Orascope." From this project the students participating, acquire excellent training for a newspaper career and, at the same time, learn the value of organization and concentration, all of which will prove valuable in their future occupations.

Peacetime Strength Lies in



HOME ECONOMICS

The domestic arts, temporarily out focused by the glamour of war work, are once more regaining their position of supremacy. Whether it's cooking the family dinner or darning "his" socks, these lassies of B. H. S. are discovering there is a lot more to "keeping the home fires burning" than recipes, instructions, and labels.

of the United States

Its Youth



STUDENT COUNCIL

What better way is there to teach the importance and responsibility of democratic government than by having the students, themselves, participate in the process? In the form of a student council, where the representatives of the school body meet to discuss and formulate school policy, democracy is at work in Bangor High School.

DEBATERS

There are two sides to every question. This principle, valuable in every profession, guides youthful debaters of B. H. S. as they learn the rudiments of argument, evidence, and conclusion. From this training grows a sense of individual reasoning, a priceless asset to anyone.



GYM

Not only does the mind require alertness, but also the body must be physically fit. It is the purpose of the Physical Education Department of B. H. S. to provide the necessary instruction to both boys and girls for physical development. A healthy body plus an alert mind makes a fine citizen.



Salute to the Cadets

Did you know that . . . The Bangor High School Military Department was founded during the Civil War emergency in 1861? Therefore, Bangor High School boasts of the oldest high school military unit in the United States. The red star, worn by every member of the Bangor High School R. O. T. C. represents an award of excellence from the War Department during the annual federal inspection; therefore, Bangor High School is designated as an honor school by the Adjutant General of the U. S. Army.

Since 1919, the military units of Bangor High School have never failed to win this coveted rating.

Bangor High School is the only high school in Maine to have an R. O. T. C. program; it is one of the four high schools in New England that has an R. O. T. C. unit.



THE SPECIAL PLATOON

The Special Platoon which is composed of some of the outstanding members of the R. O. T. C. makes a good attempt at bridging the gap between the Reserve Officers Training Corps and the regular army. The boys who are directed by Captain Corse and Sgt. Dodd intend to win a large share of the ribbons which the R. O. T. C. recently displayed on the bulletin board and to put on the best exhibition that has ever been given in the R. O. T. C. indoor and outdoor reviews. To achieve their aims the members of the special platoon go through a rigorous basic training which includes six mile hikes with thirty-pound packs, disassembling and reassembling the Garand rifle for which, according to some, a college degree is required, and practice in the various marching routines. Although it may appear that there is no time to relax at the Special Platoon meetings, it is not so; for at every meeting there is a movie concerning some part of army life. It certainly looks like the Special Platoon will reach its goal this year with all its practice and experience.

B. H. S. INVADES GLOUCESTER

At the 55th Annual Dance and Prize Drill of the Gloucester High School R. O. T. C. Regiment, the Bangor High School R. O. T. C. which was invited to this affair, was represented by Cadet Lt. Col. Allan Beal, Cadet Capt. Robert Francis, Cadet 1st Lts. Arthur Brountas, Ralph Eye, and Donald Jones; Cadet 2nd Lts. Hollis Allen and Charles Neil; and Cadet M/Sgt. Eugene Moon. Capt. and Mrs. Chester T. Corse accompanied the group.

The dance began with an excellent band concert by the R. O. T. C. band, which has about forty members. Following the concert was a manual of arms competition, which was excellent.

The officers' grand march, which lasted about fifteen or twenty minutes, came next. It was a complicated series of maneuvers that would dazzle any five-star general. Dancing followed the grand march. There was nothing spectacular about this dance except that, for two dances, the lights were turned out, and four colored spotlights were turned on, changing the dance into a spot-light dance that was very colorful. What happened after the dance is just a military secret.



OFFICERS' CLUB

The Bangor High School Officers' Club which has produced many important military and social affairs in the past plans to carry on their traditions and raise their splendid records in the enterprise. Under the supervision of Captain Corse the club is already making plans for its social events which include the Blue and Gold dance, the Mid Year Hop when, incidentally, the honorary officers will be announced, and the Military Ball. These dances have been very successful in former years and it appears that they will again be greeted by large turnouts. As for the military affairs the club intends to present the medals for the best company, best platoon and best squad at the annual inspection in May. Information concerning the different departments of the R. O. T. C. is also given at the meetings of the officers' club.

Editorials



IN THIS, the fifty-fifth edition of the B. H. S. "Oracle," several important themes have been followed. As usual, the spirit of Christmas has been portrayed; however, diverting from the "Christmas tree" and "Santa Claus" conception, we have stressed the sober realization that Christmas, 1945, signifies peace, an uneasy peace which cost no little sum in human sacrifice. So, too, the "Babe of Bethlehem" made the supreme sacrifice for the betterment of his fellow men.

Another topic which we, the "Oracle Staff," have emphasized, is the excellent extra curricula program of Bangor High School. It is our firm belief that very few high schools in the United States offer such a comprehensive alinement of activities for the everlasting benefit of the students, you and me—benefits which will best fit us for American citizenship and for world fraternity.

Nevertheless, not satisfied with "status quo" conditions, the "Oracle Staff" has stressed school advancement. Progress is maintained through improvements. Realizing this, we have presented a case for what we consider a "must" proposition, a new gymnasium. It is hoped that soon this worth while project will become a reality. The musical department of the school, organized on a more convenient schedule, is once more ready to stand proudly on its own two feet. Finally, Bangor High School has experimented for the first time with a school newspaper, the "Orascope." This experiment has become an actual fact. To the everlasting credit of the junior English class who have produced this "atomic" publication, goes orchids for its complete success. Already grown out of its infancy, the "Orascope" is here to stay.

We, the "Oracle Staff," hope that you better understand the meaning of Christmas, this year; that you more fully realize the opportunities Bangor High School offers; that you now realize Bangor High School knows the meaning of progress.

Tuberculosis Control Is a Problem of All Nations

FROM the beginning of time, man, wherever located, has strived to improve his lot. First, the obstacle of self-preservation against the elements was overcome; then, man's education was increased in quantity and improved in quality. Later, exploration and discovery, together with man's inventive genius have perfected world civilization to unbelievable heights. Indeed, mankind has come a long way.

In no field of world wide endeavor has this advancement been more sensational and successful than in the field of medicine. From the early Egyptian medical treatment to the marvelous sulpha drug of today, medical history has only continual progress to report in the conquest of man's ills; yet, there are still "new worlds to conquer." Mr. John Q. Citizen of the world cannot sit back and say with a complacent air, "Since there seems to be a cure and a means of cure for everything, all my troubles are over." No, this cannot be said truthfully when every year a certain disease, tuberculosis, causes undue hardship, pain and even death to thousands of people regardless of race, nationality or social strata. A serious situation actually does exist on the health front, a situation which merits the conscientious consideration and thought of all.

First of all, gazing at the history of the struggle against tuberculosis, one notes that only in recent years, since 1900, has there been an organized attempt to stamp out this dread disease. At the turn of the century, distinguished doctors throughout the world began to explore the causes of tuberculosis, experiment with their respective theories, and arrive at definite conclusions.

(continued on page thirty-eight)

TEENS, LOOK



(left to right)
Pussy Polk
Ruth Lippman



"Pussy" Polk steps right down from those Monday Morning Blues in this perfect pet of a jumper with its own individual scroll and slimming side stripe. Exclusively from Frey's across from the Merrill Trust, Bangor.

To help you lift your nose from the grind, Ruth Lippman presents our pet scoop of the month in this new and exciting Battle Jacket and Skirt from Rines & Co. American to the core, it comes in all plaids with a matching skirt for each.

THIS WAY!



(left to right)
Gloria Nickerson
Jean Craig
Pat Pozzy

Casual Cum Laude; Gloria Nickerson and we all agree that this winning two piece dress from Mirian Wardwell's, Central St., Bangor is a "special elective" for that Friday night date or Mr. Legere's French class. N'est-ce pas?

For a minimum waist and a maximum of style, Jeanie Craig wears Cortell-Segal's newest flannel dress. With its wide striped belt it's a must in any B. H. S. girl's young, sophisticated, wardrobe.

A classroom challenge is Pat Pozzy's "designed to be lived in" collection of wear togethers from Burdell's, 91 Main St. We also emphasize that this smooth blazer, nubby knit sweater, and plaid skirt look very much at home with an "after exam refresher."

Movies



Radio

"AH, THE CINEMA"

It looks as though the winter will be merry. Movie-land is sending along some of the best productions in its history. Such great musicals as the movie version of the "Ziegfeld Follies" and "Yolanda and the Thief" will be coming to the silver screen by the first of forty-six.

The "Follies" are said to be even better than the original stage show. It includes a host of stars. Just for a glittering glimpse, have a peek at Judy Garland. A few of the most prominent in the supporting cast are Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly teamed up together, William Powell, Lena Horne and dozens of big name stars. The "bad boy" of a few years ago is back from the services in the person of Red Skelton. He is strictly in his glory when surrounded by the beauties which make it one of the most extravagant productions ever placed in the film library.

We might mention in passing, "Saratoga Trunk" which was a best-selling novel written by Edna Ferber. What could be better than a team like Cooper and Bergman in a war story fit for royalty?

Judy Garland stars again in "The Harvey Girls," another lovely musical. You've heard "On the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe"? Well, if that's any sample of the quality work in this movie, don't miss it! John Hodiak has the leading male role.

These are just a few samples of the outstanding shows on the way to Bangor. Abide by the voice of the "Oracle".

DOTS and DASHES from HOLLYWOOD

Did you know that Fred MacMurray has to wear shoulder braces because of his severe back trouble. An associate in his misery is Gene Tierney who is in bed with a cast for at least two months to correct a spine curvature.

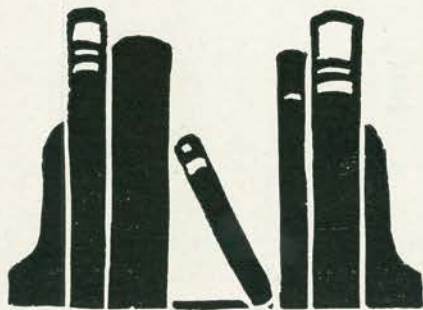
Lana Turner and Sonja Henie showed up at the party wearing identical dresses of white satin—only difference was Sonja's tan.

FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY

A visit at 89 Wistful Vista is a Tuesday night special which merits putting away homework for half an hour. The couple of an average American home in a small town is presented to the public in the personages of these two people whose rib-tickling antics keep one in a constant state of laughter. Who could have such a mixture of humor, impatience and philosophy within him but the irrefutable Fibber? His sputterings, bombast and egoism are always asserting themselves in such a manner that they would provoke mirth from the Sphinx. And who could endure such a man better than his wife, Molly? She must indeed find need of partaking of the large store of patience which appears to be her outstanding virtue.

INFORMATION PLEASE

For the more pedantic who wish to test their score of knowledge, there is "Information Please." A board of experts which is presided over by the very brilliant Clifton Fadiman, is at hand to answer brainteasers sent in by those who wish to attempt to "stump the experts." Frank Adams and John Kieran have two permanent seats at this learned table. The other two are filled by guests of the evening. One Monday evening may bring forth Gregory Ratoff and William Primrose, another Cornelia Otis Skinner and Christopher Morley. Those of great names with great minds who may always be heard by listeners of more mediocre intelligence. These forts of wisdom seem capable of pouring forth multitudes of quotations from every type of literature; they easily identify themes from works of music; they give explanations of things which would take some hours to reason out; they have an understanding of world affairs which could be had only by a Truman. Those who wish to perceive just what studiousness will do for one, will find a half hour spent with "Information Please" quite enlightening.



BLESSED ARE THE MEEK

Zoffa Kossak

Simplicity was an inherent trait of the obscure little monk, Francis, who came from Assisi. Pitied by some, jeered at by others, he was totally unaware that his naive childish manner branded him as a simpleton in the eyes of that compact world of Italy. Yet it was this same apparent idiot who has become one of the greatest saints. His small band of ragged followers saw in him the greatness that he possessed and accordingly loved him for it.

At Rome, where he sought the Pope's approval of his new Rule, the Orders of the Brothers Minor, he quite amazed this illustrious personage by his directness of speech and character. Adverse in the beginning to granting this quaint Assisi man anything, the Pope was gradually won into his affections, even to the point of loving him.

In Rome, at the time was Jean de Brienne, who had been appointed king of Palestine by the Pope. It was a shallow title, for it carried but little with it, for this man is obsessed by a conflict of emotions which threatened to engulf him, almost exonerate him. It was the gentle Francis who led this troubled one to a saner world and peace of mind.

A tender story throughout, it is most touching in its description of the famous Children's Crusade. Young minds feared by the religious orating of a stranger who roamed the Italian countryside eagerly grasped the idea that the Holy Land was to be saved by them. Disillusionment was quick in coming.

History has not been related in cold, chronological terms in this colorful story, but has been made intimate and real. A picture of the thirteenth Century Europe and Asia has been given which cannot well be missed.

MOMENT IN PEKING

Lin Yutang has produced a living picture of

Between the Covers

his people, their character, their loves, their hates, their very thoughts. It astounds us by its magnificence and touches us by its humanity.

The story chiefly concerns the two daughters of a Peking upper middle class family. Mulan, capricious and inconsistent, and Mochow who is of more solemn character. A tale of the family, it deals with the discord which exists between parental heads and the children, Mulan, Mochow and their closest friend Manma, are a part of the the new generation which has resulted in part from the Boxer Rebellion. They, their husbands and their children eagerly grasp the new ideas, the change of customs which gradually sweep the country.

THE CITADEL

A. J. Cronin

Dr. Andrew Mason was not a great doctor, a doctor of Guargantuan abilities; but he was unusual in the medical world. Unusual in view of the fact that he struggled against and protested the dishonesty of the medics and their practices. Money gained through pressing the rich hypochondriacs, a show of splendor which was meant to assure patients of one's dexterity, meant nothing to him until a certain period of his life.

Andrew had always been poor. His parents and their parents had never been people of means. Therefore, despite his antagonistic view toward the so-called "drug trade" of medicine, he found that his practice in London was becoming just this.

As he finally realized that his sense of values was slipping from him entirely, his former principles again surged upward.

Though subtle, there is sarcasm directed toward the medical profession of today. It is imperceptibly interwoven in the dramatic story of a man contending to become a good doctor without losing sight of the true meaning of medicine. It is a deep and thoughtful novel in which one will take more than ordinary interest.

A L U M N I

Through the portals of Bangor High School have passed many young men and women who in later life have distinguished themselves in their chosen field of endeavor. None have been more successful than Dr. Guy Leadbetter, whose recent death has been mourned by a host of friends. Moving to Washington, D. C., Dr. Leadbetter, according to the "Bangor Daily News," "became one of the nation's foremost orthopedic surgeons. He was nationally known for his orthopedic work, and was a recognized authority in his profession on the subject."

A triple-threat man at Bangor High School, Dr. Leadbetter was in the upper six of his class scholastically; he excelled in the art of public speaking; he was an outstanding athlete, starring in both track and football. Amicable and good natured, he was, according to a former teacher, Miss Mary C. Robinson, a "fine student and a real gentleman."

With deep regret, the "Oracle" has learned of Dr. Leadbetter's passing. In his death, the medical profession has sustained a great loss.

Perhaps some of you are wondering where some of the past members of the Oracle staff are. Well, they're pretty scattered, but here are some of them.

We find Sandra Ginsberg, last year's editor, and Marydel Coolidge, '43, a former editor, at Radcliffe. Castine Maritime Academy claims Richard Sprague, editor of the Oracle, '44, and Paul Burr, '45, Passing in Review.

At Brown University we find Phyllis Rudman '45, Fashions Editor. Marjorie Gumprecht '45, Literary Editor, slaving away at Tufts, is studying to be a doctor.

At M. I. T. Irving Kagin, our faithful photographer of a year ago, is continuing his outstanding scholastic career.

Sonya Cohen '43, Hokum, is employed in Bangor, after having graduated from Westbrook Junior College. Congratulations to Anita Broder

'43, engaged. Jane Hilton '44, Business Staff, and Barbara Chapman '45, Voice of B. H. S. are continuing their studies at Bradford Junior College. Anne Knowlton '44, Hokum, is at Smith College. Representing Bangor at Colby Junior College are Faith Jones '44, Book Reviews, and Annie Jane Philbrick '44, Business Staff.

The Army has claimed Chandler Drisco '44, Artist, Malcolm Flash '45, Dick Faulkingham '45, Boys' Athletics, and Arthur Boulter '45, Business Staff, who is in Pass Christian, Miss. In the Navy we find Robert Saltzman '44, Sports. Alfred Frawly '44, Business Manager, is at the Castine Maritime Academy. Edward Jennison '44, Passing in Review, has received his honorable discharge from the Air Corps, and Jimmy Powers, Artist, is back from China. Charles Perry '44, Staff Photographer, has returned from the South Pacific and has received his honorable discharge from the Navy. Clifton Eames '45, Business Manager, is in the Navy, and Roger Tefft '44 Business Staff, is at the Newport, R. I., Naval Base.

Bangor boasts of Lillian Howland '44, typist, employed at a law office, Lucille Power '44, Literary Editor, working at R. B. Dunning, Esther Smith '42, Art Department, employed at Dow Field, Patricia Luttrell '45, Business Staff, employed at the Great Northern, Florence Gunn '45, Girls' Athletics, working at the City Hall, Dorothy Kuckinsky, '45, typist, employed in Bangor.

Roaming the University of Maine campus are Olive Coffin '44, Literary Editor, Jackie Springer '44, Movies, Carol Chadeayne '44, Fashions Editor, Ronald Striar '45, Circulation Editor, Dorothy Averill '45, Passing in Review, Betty Ann Johnston '45, Worthy of Note, Barbara Andrews '44, Girls' Athletics, Ann Mitchel '45, Book Editor.

Either in the service of Uncle Sam or in the pursuit of education, former students of B. H. S. are carrying on in the best traditions, to work for success.

PASSING IN REVIEW

Jean Burbank. Fellows! Here's a cute little number. There's only one obstacle. When questioned on her interest in "men," she said, "man singular." We found out later that her favorite food is "Chick"—en. Wonder if there is any connection? Probably we'll never know.

Jeanie doesn't care much for movies and hates to read, but sailing at Bayside seems to be her first love. In fact, all kinds of sports hit a high note with this cheerleader. She has full intentions of going to Bué next year to prove her athletic abilities.

Bob Jenkins. There is in the Junior class this blond fellow (with blue eyes) who loves to raise the deuce in his classes, "especially Spanish." This tendency might be blamed on his favorite food combination, sauerkraut and chocolate cake with milk as a chaser.

His favorite song is "Always," and girls make a very favorable impression on the boy. You are likely to find Bob in the winter skiing down everything except the trolley car tracks. He has hopes of skiing into Annapolis. We think he would look pretty nifty in a white cap.

Jane Blenkhorn. When you meet this sandy haired sophomore she will probably be singing "I Can't Begin to Tell You," and thinking secretly of John Bapst. We would like to know why she thinks it is "Such a nice school," when she admits that she "Loves Bangor High."

Janie is fully convinced that a steady diet of apple pie and ice cream would be heaven. She likes pickles and olives, but not with the pie. By the way, a little Walter Pidgeon in that diet would add that extra something.

Her favorite school subject is French. Guess why? "'Cause Mr. Legere teaches it."



Edward (Shapely) Shapleigh. When the gals swoon on the bleachers, it's not for "Van" but "Eddie." Not only is he their hero but also he glibly states that he "loves 'em all." This makes it nice, because it does away with rivalry.

Outside of football, he has three favorite pastimes. They are singing "I've Been Workin' on the Railroad," eating dill pickles, and, oh boy, seeing Betty Grable movies. This man is strictly a Grable fan.

Oh, yes, there is one item on which friend Ed is very definite. After three years in BHS he still maintains that there are too many books to take home. Somehow we are inclined to agree on that.

Joan Arsenault. Here is a dark eyed gal who, when asked what was interesting in her life, quickly replied, "Men. What d'ya think?" However, on the side, sports take up a considerable amount of her time, especially hockey.

At the moment Zachary Scott holds first place on her parade of stars, with Ingrid Bergman as a running mate. According to what she says, she sits by the hour singing "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" and munching French fried "spuds."

Her one ambition at the moment is to graduate, but that shouldn't be hard as she "loves school."

"Ernie" Legere. "Ernie" may say that girls are just all right, but we wonder. Who do you think his cinema love is? None other than Lauren Bacall. Speaking of movies, he thinks Walter Pidgeon is just about tops.

This handsome lad has high hopes for a BHS football career. We hope he makes it. Perhaps plenty of his favorite foods will help. It seems that he is particularly partial to fried ham and Italian spaghetti.

Just for the record—his opinion of school is not an unusual one. He said, and we quote "Ernie" on this, "So-So."



LEADERS IN THE FIELD

BOYS

Jerry Hodge

As Captain of the team, this all state center, or we miss our guess, led the Rampaging Rams through a thrilling season. Jerry's effective tackling caused many an opponent to think twice before he came that way again. Jerry is very fond of referees and had many lengthy conversations with them in several games. All joking aside, however, Bangor could not have had a better Captain of the team. Well done, Jerry.

Ted Frost

If you were at any of the Bangor games this season, you needed only to look for a Bangor man throwing off tacklers, dodging others and out-running all the opponents in general, and you would have found fleet-footed little Ted Frost. In past years, Ted has contributed much to the scores of the team; but this season was really his best. A top performer at the fullback position, he has left his cleet mark on many a goal line.

Dick England

Whenever a pass was necessary, the quarterback need not look far to see tall, rangy Dick England looming up over the center of the line. This senior class president seldom dropped a pass and picked up much touchdown yardage for B. H. S. Dick is a three letter man now, his other two letters being basketball and baseball, in each of which he displays exceptional talent. Oh, yes, Dick is even thinking of going out for track.

Ed Shapleigh

One of the four letter men back this season, Ed secured the right guard berth right away and immediately set about proving his worth. Reliable Ed added much spirit to the team when the going was tough, but he hates to be hit in the nose! He can place-kick too—hidden talent no doubt.

Herb Follet

On many a kick-off, the pigskin landed on no less than the opposite goal line and sometimes farther. On the end of these sixty-yarders could be found the powerful right tackle of the Harlow Street squad. This was Herb's first year of ball, but he showed himself to be a valuable part of a strong right side combination. Herb was also occasionally a member of the locker room songster, his favorite being "The Wabash Cannonball."

Bob Nelson

This husky sophomore halfback was an excellent backfield man and many times displayed class worthy of a veteran. Show him a hole, and he's off on his way for real yardage before you know it. Bob should be a valuable man in years to come.

(continued on page forty-four)

GIRLS

Sylvia Mourkas

Dribble, dribble, wham! Sorry goalie but Cleo's shots cannot be stopped. The Seniors' score has jumped another point.

Georgia Brountas

"Now c'mon kids!" is always this speedy center's last remark before action is resumed.

Celia Banton

Faithful forever to the cause. Need more be said?

Mary Mehann

Yes, Mary, it definitely is interesting to find out exactly which football heroes are on hand, n'est-ce pas?

Ruth Frazier

Capable Ruthie wore the goalie pads for two years with hardly a quarter's relief. Very few oncoming white balls escaped her.

Florence Thompson

Tommie's vigil was the left alley. In a well-modulated voice her explanations cleared many existing questions.

Kathleen Trenholm

Never a dull moment for the team with Kay's unceasing laughter at hand and her person at right halfback.

Mary-Jane Redman

Always late—M. J. But what a good time this gal gets out of living.

Sylvia Doughty

Subtly, Sylvia will tell you how it should be done. Ten times out of ten she is perfectly correct.

Elaine Nichols

Nickey's appetite for many things is known. A hockey fullback's post is no exception.

Barbara Robbins

Bart THE center halfback, witty retorts, and her hockey garb—one great combination.

Marion Levesque

Here's the gal who coached us through the wild and adventurous season without a mishap. Yours was the job!

GIRL'S ATHLETIC HONOR COUNCIL

Have some of you wondered just exactly what the armbands worn by approximately fifteen girls in the school signify? These students belong to the Girls' Athletic Honor Council; the organization which stands for scholarship, dependability, leadership, respect, sportsmanship, and athletics.

Membership to this club is by election. In order to be eligible to receive this honor a girl must have earned her numeral one season previous to the presentation of her name for the approval of the council. This does not mean that the girl who does not receive an honor at the end of a season is not still eligible. She is eligible and will receive an honor as soon as the council sees that she shows signs of possessing all necessary qualifications. Her name then will be given to the Faculty Advisory Committee and, if approved by it and if she has an average of eighty in all subjects, she will be taken into the council at once.

The G. A. H. C. is composed of the girls who stand in rain, sleet, and snow to sell ice cream and cokes at the football games—candy bars and sandwiches at the Battalion Review in the spring; the girls who back the Penny Milk Fund drive; the girls who do some welfare work; the girls who have much fun at practices, parties, and banquets; finally, the girls who love work and fun alike.



B. H. S. "All-Star" Hockey Team

LEADERS IN THE FIELD

(continued from page thirty-two)

John McGinn

This good-looking gridster secured the left tackle berth early in the season and held it until near the end of the season when he and big Al Mutch alternated. Mac's cry was, "See you in the middle." His favorite pastimes are drop kicking and women. He is a true sportsman at heart and can be found any Saturday morning in Veazie near the Penobscot River taking pot shots at our winged friend, the duck.

Robert Shorey

The crashing halfback of B. H. S. playing his third year of football, was a good man to have on our side. Show this lad from Veazie a small opening in the line, and nothing can stop him till he has had his fun. Bob too, likes duck hunting and women. Duck hunting first, of course.

Alan Mutch

When "big Al", weighing 212, trotted out on the field, one could easily see why it was good not to be on the opposite team. Alan came out at the first of the season, but was sidelined by an automobile injury until the Waterville game. From then on he alternated at left tackle with McGinn.

Geddy Morse

Geddy proudly proclaims himself to be the smallest man on the varsity, but his size had little to do with his fine brand of ball. He proved his worth at the quarterback berth and should turn out to be a top performer next year as he is only a junior. Ged also has a letter in baseball and is now trying for laurels in the hoop court. He also likes to be "Towle—'d what to do.

Galen Leek

This fleet-footed senior showed his merits by replacing Morse (out for an injury) at quarterback early in the season and proved his ability so well he retained the position right along with Morse as a regular. Galen gets especial delight in running kickbacks. In fact in the Brewer tilt but for one last man, he would have gone all the way. By the way, when the going gets dull, Galen will gladly take you for a ride in his truck.

Chet Kennedy

Here is a member of the football team that has been a "major" tackle this year. Chet is a rugged boy who did a fine job smashing up off-tackle plays on defense, and blocking on the offense all season. He played both tackle positions equally

well, and during the season gave the other teams their worries.

Dave Getchell

Dave proved his worth by holding down a difficult left end position this year. This capable junior, playing his second year of football, seldom let an end run pass by without dispute. The "crooner of the junior class," should prove to be a very valuable man in next year's grid team. Oh, yes! He will sing the "Carey Dancers" by request at any time.

Tommy Walsh

Bangor scores! It is then that Tommy makes an appearance on the field to kick the point. That point was very valuable too, as in the Stearns game. He could also play halfback with the best of them.

Mike Dyer

Playing his first year of football. Mike did exceptionally well. He held that left guard position like a veteran. His specialty is intercepting fumbles and going for touchdowns. Mike also knows many jokes, both old and new. So if you are in the mood for humor, see Mike.

THE OLD HOUSE

By Georgia Lewis

High on a hill,
Lonesome, deserted,
The old house still stands
As in days of yore.

Bitter and sad
Lonely, forgotten
I yearn to reopen
That old oaken door.

Now as it stands,
Sadly neglected,
I can not but wish
For life as before.

I yearn to bring back
The home of my childhood;
To fill it with love
And ease my heart's sore;

To turn back the pages
Of life's heavy book,
And live as in childhood
My dream world once more.



It was so late that it was early when most of us arrived home from the Country Club. Wotta night . . . wotta morning!

WE WONDER

Why our boy cheerleaders don't get more of a hand. They're really good and don't get half enough credit.

Where and how J. Bishop got the black eyes (two of them, no less). Run into a door, Johnny?

What happened to the forty pennies in Company C. Guess that *learnt* them a lesson. How about that boys?

How many demerits Carpenter and Neally Incorporated have acquired. You've got the wrong ideas, boys. You're supposed to see how few demerits, not how many, you can get.

"Is That You?"

Who mistook the railing outside school for a tackle block and knocked it down?

What it is about the junior boys that simply sends some of our senior gals?

How Barb Burrows knows she's not her twin Betty when she gets up in the morning and vice-versa? Wouldn't you think they would get mixed up?

If Jack Farrar still has Hope?

Wardy ya know about Lois Coffin?

What Janet McAloon finds to talk about in Chemistry? Could it possibly be Chemistry, or are we guessing wrong?

What on earth is so interesting down Bar Harbor way around the McGinn camp site? We're really curious.

Joan Hanna has to have a special room to keep her letters in. We hear they are very numerous, anywhere from three to eight a day. That's a record breaker, Joanie.

Why the sophomore girls call Moe "Daddy"?

TALK OF THE SCHOOL

Jean Burbank's punch.

Those yellow penquins sloshing down Main Street on rainy days.

Anna Whittier looking out for Portland.

The Football squad. Nice going, fellows.

Lois Craig touring the town in Frankie's limousine.

Jo Holden feeling Mutch better.

Gloria Nickerson—a little on the Black side.

Mickey Towle learning the Morse code.

Jeanie Gooch bringing home the Bacon.

Eleanor Peters studying Geometry.

Betty Ann's giggle.

Gracie Eames—our brain child.

Judy Bean's—oops wrong column. Refer to lost and found.

Well, chicks, it's one thing to talk, and yet another to say anything so I bid you adieu.

WHAT'S IN A FROWN

(continued from page thirteen)

an encore. It gave him new confidence for the moment. He played, his spirits rising.

The snow swirled down, around and around. He stepped from the cab and entered the hotel. He shook with the tide one felt after a strenuous experience.

Sleep would not come. His nerves were too raw. The hours of night and early morning crept by like sentinels of fate. He fell into fitful sleep, just before the gray fingers of dawn stretched across the sky. As pale sunlight struck his face, he awoke from this sleep which was more of a lethargy than rest. He hastily dressed and walked quickly down the hall toward the lobby.

With deliberation, he picked up the newspapers which were neatly piled on the small table near the desk. He hesitated, then opened the first one to the musical review.

He grimaced. But that was merely the first one. He turned another page.

"Perhaps Carl Stracht should take another two or three years of lessons and try to practice more than the usual one hour a day."

He skimmed through the rest. They were all alike.

"Childish—inconsistent—clumsy—go back to his metronome—amateurish."

He slapped them down. Disillusionment swept over him in sharp waves. The snow which was as yet clean and pure in the morning seemed quite gray and flat.

"Alphonse Brent, Brent, Brent," he muttered. Of course. That dean of critics. It was useless to read this one. But still—

"I would consider it an honor to shake the hand of this young musician. Despite his quite apparent mistake, which I attribute entirely to nervousness, not lack of skill, I have never heard music rendered with such fervor, such religious zeal. It was as if this young man sat at the piano and spoke to the gods with music. I predict a brilliant future for Carl Stracht."

It was a simple, direct paragraph, free of any cynicism, any intent to destroy. Carl read it through again, then a third time. Alphonse Brent had written that.

He looked at the snow. It was not gray and flat. It was full of thousands of white jewels that flashed and glimmered in the sunlight of a winter morning.

TOO LATE FOR LOVIN'

(continued from page fourteen)

"Yuh know, citizen, it's a tough world."

"Whoof!" agreed the mutt.

Now you listen to me, began the Great Teller of Tales, 'n I'll tell yuh what makes it tough."

"O wwwwhhhhaaa," howled the dog.

"How did you know it was women?" asked Hacker in amazement.

Boy and dog grinned at each other. Hacker yawned, then stretched out on the grass.

"Citizen," he sorrowfully began. "She's going dancing tonight with another guy! And after I drove across the city to ask her to go with me."

A tear rolled down the dog's face as he pushed his cold nose down Hacker's neck.

After a short period of feeling sorry for himself, Hacker, determined to go to the dance at any cost, adjourned to the neighborhood of the telephone.

Quickly he scanned the well known list of girls' names, and mentally eliminated those whom he knew would have been invited a week ago. This left no one.

As he turned his downcast face and slowly ascended the stairs, his pigtailed little sister appeared below.

"If I wuz you, I'd bang my head against the wall," she hopefully suggested.

"Shuddap!" screamed Hacker.

Little sister pouted and began to cry. "You hurt my feelings," she wailed.

That night an unlighted black sedan crept slowly into the shadows surrounding Ruth's house, and from behind the wheel a grim teen-age face intently surveyed the gloom.

Hacker saw them come, and gnashed his teeth as they meandered up the walk. When they paused at the door, he nearly screamed with envy, and then . . . No! But yes! She wouldn't . . . but she did.

A grin replaced the hurt look as he piloted the car down Main Street. Hacker winked at his plentiful array of pimples in the rear view mirror. "That guy's half as good as I am . . . almost."

In spite of his seeming indifference, the Great Lover was crushed. Utterly flattened. Ruth had kissed his rival . . . and that probably meant torch-carrying for Hacker. Out of one respect for the now dead love, he would leave to . . .

(continued on page thirty-nine)

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

(continued from page seven)

Bethlehem, where the infant lay; how the singing of the angels filled the air with celestial music, revealing to the world the birth of the Savior. The little girl listened eagerly as he related the story of the journey of the three wise men across the desert. She pictured the ragged shepherds as they knelt before the Christ Child—humbly offering their most prized possession, a baby lamb.

Looking up, he realized that every one was listening to his story, listening to him relate to his poor dying child the story of Christ's birth, of the first Christmas. As he turned his eyes tenderly back to those of his daughter, he saw them close, and a smile form on her thin lips. His eyes filled with hot tears as he held the frail body close to his heart.

And there rose in the heavens a star brighter than any he had ever seen. As he watched it grow in brilliance, the anguish and sorrow within his soul seemed to subside; and in its place there was a strange calm.

JANET'S HOUSE

(continued from page sixteen)

dolls—chubby ones, slender ones, blonde dolls and dark haired dolls. Everything was there a little girl could ask for.

Suddenly Charlotte started to cry. She didn't know why. Maybe it was that she was cold and hungry. She didn't know. She brushed the tears away with her cold little hand. She didn't want to go home. She wanted to see Janet's house. She started to cross the street.

The rain was coming down hard. It was growing dark and the road was slippery. The man in the car didn't see Charlotte and Charlotte didn't see the car. There was a sickening scream of brakes

The instant Charlotte opened her eyes, she recognized Janet's house. Janet's mother was standing over her. There was a scared, funny look in her eyes. Someone said, "Poor kid. She won't live through the night."

Glossy prints for June Oracle must be in
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TUBERCULOSIS

(continued from page twenty-five)

Therefore, what is known about tuberculosis and what can be done about it? Because of this never ending toil of courageous doctors and scientists, certain important facts are now known. A germ, the terbercle bacillus, is the cause of tuberculosis. Although this germ is not inherited, anyone may be infected with it by careless contact with the germs of another person. Once inside the lungs, the germ is imprisoned by a wall of cells called a terbercle. There, the germ may remain for weeks unable to break forth because of the healthy condition of the body; but when the tissue wall weakens under the pressure of a body ailment, the germ, multiplied many times, is ready to do its worst. As the germ moves about, the body does not give any warning signals for some time until certain symptoms, fatigue, loss of weight, or a "hanging" cough appear. Often these conditions are caused by other illnesses than tuberculosis; nevertheless, these symptoms should be checked by a physician. It is better to play safe than to be sorry!

After reading a history and an analysis of the problems, John Q. Citizen of the world may well ask, "What part can I play in the prevention of tuberculosis." In answering this, one should remember that all diseases gain a foothold when the health barriers are let down. So, be healthy. Remember also that the tuberculosis germ is difficult to defeat. No vaccination can prevent this sickness. The best preventive is education.

Know the story of the tuberculosis germ. Be ready to take the tuberculin test when it is offered. By this test your physician will discover whether or not the terbercle bacillus is a resident of your lungs. If not, fine; however, if this germ is lodged within you, by discovering it at an early date, your physican can best put you back on the road to health with proper rest and diet.

Your community, represented by its Department of Health and Anti-Tuberculosis Association, is carrying an important share of the world wide load. Also clinics, organized for observation and care of children whose parents have tuberculosis, and sanitariums, rest homes, where tuberculin patients may regain their health are a small part of the community effort.

In this manner, Mr. Citizen of the World, the cycle of the tuberculosis disease and the cycle of preventive cure move from community to community and from nation to nation. The tuberculosis illness recognizes no international boundaries. Everywhere, men and women of all races and creeds are laboring tirelessly to eradicate tuberculosis, enemy of mankind. These anti-tuberculosis crusaders toil zealously because they believe a healthy family means a happy family, a healthy nation signifies a prosperous nation, and a healthy world will become a peaceful world!

What greater purpose can you support, Mr. Citizen of the World, currently of Bangor High School? Join the ranks with financial aid by purchasing health seals. Volunteer to take the tuberculin test willingly. Help make a dream become a reality—peace on earth through the health of man.

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TOO LATE FOR LOVIN'*(continued from page thirty-six)*

"Whoops!" Who was that! That girl waiting for the bus. Julia!

Pulse hitting on all six, Hack brought the Dodge to a tire-killing halt, and poked his head out the window.

"Hey Lady! Warm my hands?"

The youthful miss, to whom this original question was addressed, turned wondering eyes in Hacker's direction. Then . . .

"Hacker!" in the sweetest voice *that* masculine had ever heard.

As he drove on, Hacker distantly thought of his previous discouragement. He had thought it too late. Huh! It was never too late . . . for lovin'.

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