

Oracle

dec. 1947

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF
BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL
BANGOR, MAINE



Eastern Trust
and
Banking Company



EVERY BANKING SERVICE



2 STATE STREET, BANGOR, MAINE

Branches at

OLD TOWN

MACHIAS

WGUY AND WGUY—FM

1450 K. C.

93.1 Meg.

250 Watts

10,800 Watts

A MEMBER STATION OF
American Broadcasting Company

GUY GANNETT BROADCASTING SERVICES

JEFF'S

A good place for your
late evening lunches

554 Hammond Street

Bangor, Maine

bel-air studio

Telephone 2-1547

20 Hammond St., Bangor, Me.

Portraiture - Weddings - Illustrative - Commercial Photography

December, 1947

Bangor High School

Harlow Street

Bangor, Maine

STUDENTS:

Just a word about Class Portraits—

Before deciding where to have yours taken, consider *quality* as well as cost. We offer you Portraits of *quality* (finished in folders of your own school colors, if you wish) at low cost to you. Think it over!

Drop in, we'd be glad to discuss it with you.

Sincerely,

W. C. PERRY,

B. H. S. '35.

P. S. Congratulations to a very successful 1947
Football Team.

SEARS

YOUR ONE STOP
SHOPPING CENTER

Buy from Retail Stocks
Buy from Our Many Catalogs

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Or Your Money Back

SEARS, ROEBUCK & COMPANY

Post Office Square

Bangor, Maine



Season's Greetings from the Oracle

The Oracle

DECEMBER, 1947

Published by the students of Bangor
High School, Bangor, Maine.



Vol. LVII

No. 1

CONTENTS

Cover Design	Ruth Lippmann
Greetings' Design	Joyce Moon
Frontispiece Design	Ruth Lippmann

FICTION:

The Evidence of Things Not Seen—by Mary-Edge Leckemby	Page 7
The Will to Win—by Leon Segal	Page 9
Upon a Midnight Clear—by Robert Jenkins	Page 12
Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning—by Sylvia Sclair	Page 15
It's like This—See?—by Barbara Lovejoy	Page 16
Stop That Jingle—by Marvin Goldstein	Page 36

FEATURES:

Canadian Summer—by Joan Capen	Page 8
Ruth Lippmann, Girl Governor—by Joan Shoppe	Page 13
Bargain! 3 for \$1.00—6 for \$2.00—by Selma Brody	Page 14
With the Forces of Occupation—by Marilyn Drisko	Page 30

POEMS:

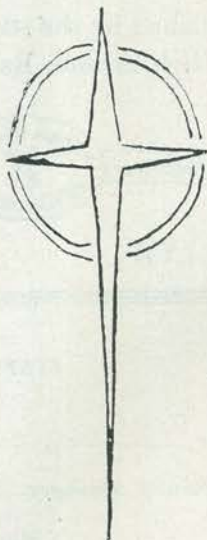
Renaissance—by Helen Johnson	Frontispiece
The Night That Christ Was Born—by Joyce Moon	Page 10
The Spirit of Christmas—by Marilyn Drisko	Page 15

DEPARTMENTS:

Editorial	Page 17
Twenty-Five Years Ago	Page 18
Passing in Review	Page 19
The Platter Spinners' Corner	Page 20
Between the Covers	Page 21
Fashions	Pages 22-23
Voice of B. H. S.	Page 24
Alumni	Page 25
B. H. S. Times	Page 26
Boys' Athletics	Page 27
Girls' Athletics	Page 29

STAFF

Editor	Harvey Ginsberg
Advertising Manager	Patricia Nash
Literary Editors	Mary-Edge Leckemby Barbara Lovejoy Sylvia Sclair Joan Shoppe
Twenty-Five Years Ago Editor	Gladyce Baker
News Editor	Shirley Zitaner
Fashion Editor	Charlotte Braidy
Alumni Editor	Lenora McGinn
Voice of B. H. S.	Nancy-Lee Bean
Passing in Review	Jane Blenkhorn
Music Editor	Joan King
Book Editor	Joan Capen
Boys' Athletics	Elmer Gilpatrick
Girls' Athletics	Margaret Harrigan
Artists	Ruth Lippmann Joyce Moon Lois Leonard
Business Staff	Mary Ellen Chalmers Virginia Pease Robert Morton Lionel Kelly
Circulation Manager	Marilyn Drisko
Typists	Ann Marie Whitley Melvin McClure Gerald Ballanger Catherine MacDonald
Staff Photographer	Frederick Brown
Faculty Adviser	Miss Jessie Fraser



RENAISSANCE

By Helen Johnson

The air was still
The stars so bright
They crowded out the dark of night.

Across the hills
A sound there came,
A choir proclaiming God's great Name.

Oh be ye all
Of most good cheer
Your Savior's here, your Savior's here!

That night is dead
That song is gone,
And though it ought, does not live on.

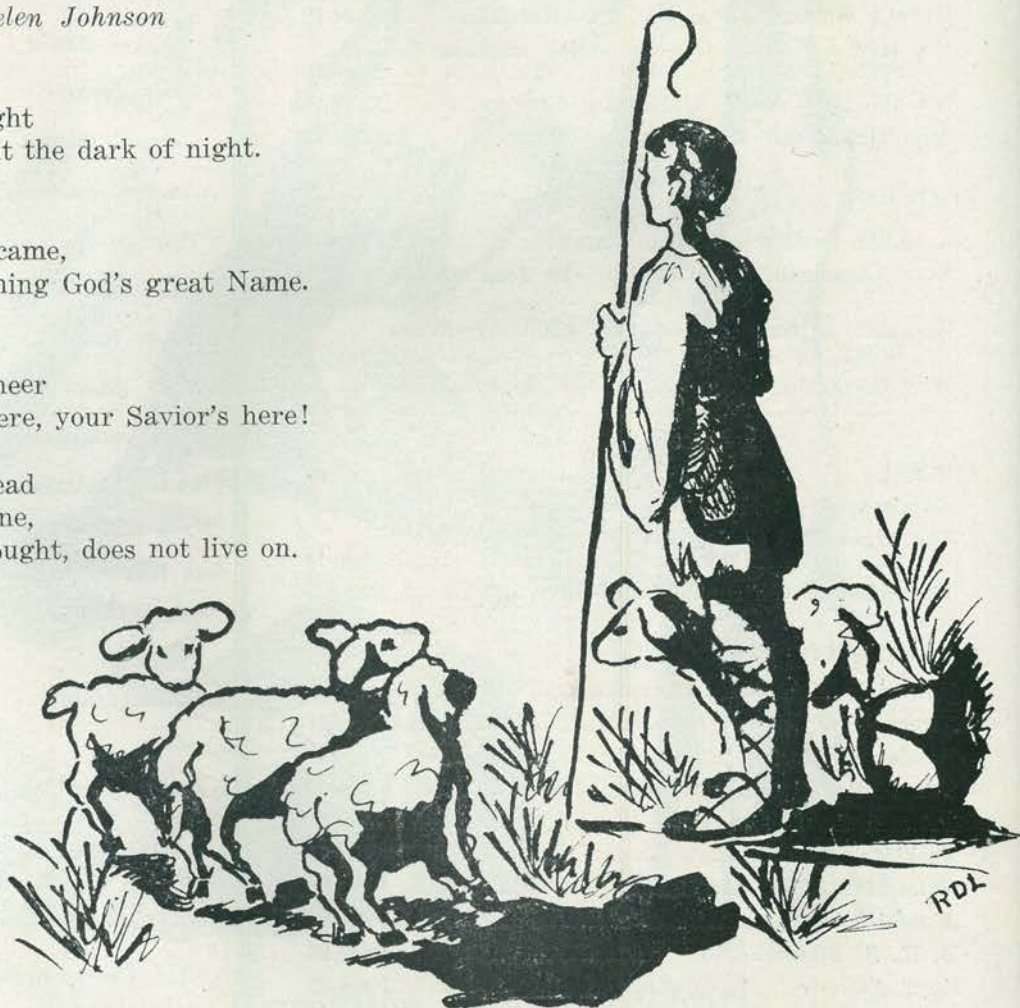
For, Lord, our world
In passion wrought
The Truth, it seems, is vainly sought.

And Tumult's shout
To Grief, the king,
Blots out the song the choir should sing.

Lord, once before
You sent the star
That guided shepherds from afar.

Oh, send it now
Oh, give us light,
That we may see the way that's right!

And choirs once
Again may sing
Praises to Thee, our God, our King!



The Evidence Of Things Not Seen

By Mary Edge Leckemby



"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

It was a cold, gray afternoon in early December. A small boy stood in front of a large stone window, pressing his face against the cold glass and looking in, his eyes wide open with wonder and excitement. Never in all the Christmas seasons that he could remember had anything as beautiful as this been placed in a shop window. This was a red velvet robe, a robe just made for his lovely dark-eyed mother.

"You'll be so pretty in that color, Mom! I wish Christmas Day were tomorrow!"

Jimmy's mother looked at her boy with a great tenderness. She knew his love for her was unbounded, but she also knew that she must make him understand that only the rich could buy a robe like the one he had chosen for her. How to make him realize the impossibility of this dream without hurting his eight-year-old heart was beyond her.

"Dear Jimmy, your Mom loves you for wanting her to have such a gift, and your thought of it

makes me very happy," she began.

"It's because I love you so much, Mom, that I want you to look beautiful; and you've never had anything like this before. It's warm, too, Mom. Gee, Christmas morning you'll be prettier than the Christmas tree!" Jimmy ran about in happy anticipation of that wonderful moment.

The next morning, as Jimmy's mother wrapped the sandwiches for his lunch, she made another desperate effort to show Jimmy how impossible this thing was.

"We mustn't hope for big things this Christmas time, dear. Our love for each other makes this a precious season; and we will look beautiful to each other, dear, just as we are, because our love will shine through our eyes."

With a hurried good-by kiss, Jimmy was off for school. On his way, he passed the store window; and he stopped to look again at the soft, glowing, loveliness of the robe. This time Jimmy gently opened the door and walked into the luxurious interior of the shop.

(Continued on Page 31)

Canadian Summer

By Joan Capen

How many people began their career as a result of a bus accident? Not many, but that is how Elmer Gilpatrick, one of our seniors, got his chance. It was a direct result of the trip to Quebec that the French classes made last year. On the return home from the trip, one of the busses struck a soft shoulder. Of course all the boys, including Elmer, got out to help. Elmer began a conversation with Mr. Legere, mentioning that he would like a job in or around Quebec. Mr. Legere told him that possibly just such a wish could be fulfilled, as he had been talking to a M. Juste Chabot, owner of a small mill, who wanted an American companion for his son. Mr. Legere had met Mr. Chabot in a restaurant in St. George. Mr. Legere gave Elmer the address, and he immediately sent in an application for the job. When the long awaited answer came, it contained the good news that Elmer had been accepted as a companion.

Elmer's job was in St. Justine, a small parish about forty miles east of St. George. There is no main business in the town, although the mill of Elmer's employer is really the principal industry. Some of the people are farmers, some laborers, and some mill hands. Of course, the person who spoke or understood English was rarely to be seen; so Elmer found himself in an utterly new environment.

Elmer's job was as a companion and tutor to M. Juste Chabot's twenty-four year old son, Roland. In this capacity, he was taken into the heart of the family as an honored guest. Next to the church, which is the nucleus of all French families, the home occupies the love and interest of the people. This was the one striking difference which Elmer noticed between the Canadian life and ours.

Although it would seem that Elmer was much younger than Roland, this age discrepancy was hardly noticed, because Americans are as

matured at high school age as the average Canadian boy of Roland's age.

Elmer was with Roland during his whole day doing everything that Roland did. The greater part of their time was spent in M. Juste Chabot's mill where Roland was in charge of the wood working department. The workers at the mill were very much interested in Elmer and, by the end of the summer, were able to converse with him to some extent.

Elmer spoke to Roland in both French and English. Several evenings a week, with the help of a few English grammar books he had brought with him, Elmer tutored Roland in English vocabulary and grammar. English is offered in Canadian schools just as an elective; therefore, Roland did not have much knowledge of it before Elmer's arrival. But at the end of the summer both boys showed considerable progress in speaking the language of the other.

Some evenings were spent at the excellent playground of the village in playing volleyball or softball. The playground was also lighted for night hockey, a favorite Canadian sport. These evening sports gave Elmer an excellent opportunity to meet other Canadian men, and he formed several warm friendships with them.

Elmer considers his job as very valuable experience which will stand him in good stead no matter what he decides to be. It gave him an opportunity to improve his French and to study the different emotions and desires of the French people. Next year he hopes to get a job in Quebec itself, and M. Juste Chabot has offered his help in securing one.

GLOSSIES

All glossies for the June Oracle are due
March 1.

The Will To Win

By Leon Segal

When Phil Ridlon came to Washington High School, he was looked upon as "just another student." However, Phil Ridlon was not just "another student." In his heart glowed a yearning, a yearning to play football, a yearning to be like other boys, a yearning to be looked upon as someone human, not as a pitiful cripple. It was this fire in his heart that made Phil Ridlon one of the greatest football players on the Washington High School team.

Phil knew that his chances of making the team were practically hopeless. But yet, that yearning had flared up, and he knew that if he had one chance, just one chance, he would make good.

So Phil went to see Coach Young. He told the coach his story, of how because of a childhood injury he was not like other boys, of how he wished to play football. The coach was silent a moment, carefully thinking over the boy's problem. Then, understandingly, he told Phil that he would be given a chance, a chance to make good.

In the days that followed, Phil practiced diligently. However, his injury handicapped him tremendously. It was a pitiful sight to see him tackle a man. Many times, Coach Young was tempted to tell Phil that he would never make the grade; but he remembered his promise and kept silent, hoping that, by some miracle, Phil would improve.

Then at last, the long awaited day came, the day of the first game of the season. Phil was very nervous, for this was the day for which he had hoped and prayed.

As Phil sat on the bench, he looked at the opposing team, Rodman High School. Their men were larger, stronger and more solidly built than those of Washington High. He was very apprehensive as to the outcome of the game.

Washington won the toss of the coin and they elected to receive. The ball was booted downfield



by Randall of the Rodman Rams and Kilkman of Washington, took it on the first bounce. Almost as soon as he started to run, he was tackled.

That was the way the contest went, Rodman showing its tremendous speed and power, Washington fighting back gamely. At the end of the half the score stood Rodman 14, Washington 0.

Inspired by Coach Young's talk, Washington held the Rams scoreless in the third quarter. Not only did they stop the Rams cold, but made seventeen points on two successive touchdowns and a field goal. At the end of the third, the score stood Washington 17, Rodman 14.

Late in the fourth quarter, the coach walked over to Phil; Phil's heart jumped. At last his chance had come. He knew he would be put into the game. Coach Young told Phil to get in there and fight.

Without the slightest hesitation, Phil ran out

(Continued on Page 33,

The Night That Christ Was Born

By Joyce Moon

In a lowly stable, a manger sweet with hay,
Held the Child Jesus on that wondrous Christmas
day.
Pure and holy, so kingly did he lay
In complete innocence of the price that he must
pay.

How the herald angels sang
The night that Christ was born.
Joy through all the world rang
The night that Christ was born.

Wisemen who came to see the sight
Were strangely lead by that heavenly light.
The tale tells of their humbling fright
While following God's sign throughout the night.

How the herald angels sang
The night that Christ was born.
Joy through all the world rang
The night that Christ was born.

Mary, the mother, so supreme,
Cradled Child Jesus, a holy dream.
On the faces of both dwelled a celestial beam,
A truth which will always stand for the Christ-
mas theme.

How the herald angels sang
The night that Christ was born.
Joy through all the world rang
The night that Christ was born.



Upon A Midnight Clear

By Robert Jenkins

There was much discussion in the little farmhouse that night. Jack and Hank were arguing about their Polish neighbor, Peter Ivansky. Jack was saying, "Here it is, almost Christmas; and he hasn't got his house finished yet. It must be mighty uncomfortable living in that little tarpaper shack now. Since he got burned out, he's been working like a dog trying to get it finished. I think we ought to get the gang together to help him finish it."

"You can if you want to," retorted Hank, "but I'll be darned if I'll help that old Pole. Besides what's he ever done for us?"

"Never mind, I guess I can't convince you. Now let's quit arguing and get our skis waxed if we're going skiing tonight," said Jack, closing the argument.

A few minutes later the boys started their trek up the mountain. The moon shone brightly on the new-fallen snow, making their trail bright as they climbed. The heavily loaded evergreens sighed softly as the night wind danced lightly over their snow-tipped branches.

The boys stopped a moment to look down in the valley. There, the farmhouse was settled snugly under its white blanket, seemingly in a deep slumber. A wisp of smoke pirouetted from the chimney; it danced lightly around for a few seconds, then was inhaled by the breeze.

When the boys finally reached the top, they stopped again to rest. They stood looking down the hill for a moment when Hank spoke. "Boy, it's really a beautiful night for skiing."

"Yes," Jack answered, "and you know, it's really too bad everyone can't have a chance to enjoy this sort of thing. If they could just see such a peaceful scene as this, I think there would be less fighting and arguing in this world."

Indeed it was a peaceful scene. The moonlight softened the shadows of the hill and blended everything in a panorama of silent beauty. The farmhouse lights twinkled far below them, casting a golden glow on the silvery snow beneath the windows. No harsh sounds disturbed the stillness of the night. Here in the unbroken



beauty of this panorama, battle cries, agony, suffering, and fighting would be very wrong. Here was a place for peace and fellowship. Here, high in God's own land, one felt only peaceful, clean, and friendly.

It was a symphony of Nature. The moon as conductor, stood with baton raised before this great orchestra. The stringed section, wind, carried the melody across the night, blending it with the richness of the woodwind, trees; changing its tempo as it wove its beautiful strains into the shadowy trumpets of the hill. Even the stream, like many flutes, joined this great orchestra, as it gurgled the aria from beneath its winter coat, down over the mountain. This symphony was played for all to hear, but it fell only on the ears of the two lads on skis.

"No", mused Jack, "I don't think people would break this spell of peace if they could be here. Well, let's go; I'll trail you, Hank."

Over the brow of the lofty mountains the two boys went. Faster and faster they went. The hickory beneath their feet seemed fairly to sing

(Continued on Page 32)

Ruth Lippmann, Girl Governor

By Joan Shoppe

This past summer a senior, Ruth Lippmann, represented Bangor High School at a gathering held at Belgrade Lake, Maine, for the purpose of teaching girls how the state government is run. Ruth was one of fifty-five girls from high schools all over Maine at this Pine Tree State Camp.

The camp was run exactly as the state government is run, on a much smaller scale, of course. First, the camp was divided into two counties. These counties were further subdivided into four towns that elected a mayor, sheriff, judge, treasurer and clerk. The counties elected these officers. Then a state election was held in order to choose the governor. The candidates who ran in the primary election had been previously nominated by the two parties of the camp, the Whigs and the Tories.

After the election was held, the girls went to the State House in Augusta where Gov. Hildreth

was to announce who had been chosen governor. As no one knew who the lucky girl was going to be, excitement was high when Gov. Hildreth finally made the announcement. To Ruth's surprise and happiness she heard the governor saying, "Miss Ruth Lippmann of Bangor has been chosen governor." This was a very great honor and one which we all know Ruth appreciated.

The Augusta trip proved to be entertaining and educational in every way. The girls made a tour of the State House, attended a reception given by Mrs. Hildreth, and ended a wonderful day at a banquet at which Ruth found out there was still more in store for her. She and Jane Rupp of Sanford had been chosen to attend Girls' Nation in Washington, D. C. for a week.

Girls' Nation was a continuation of Pine Tree State Camp on a national basis. Eighty-two girls, representing forty-one states, attended. A

(Continued on Page 37)



Bargain! 3 for \$1.00—6 for \$2.00

By Selma Brody

We had always heard of Filene's famous basement within a basement in Boston. "People are exaggerating", we said. To prove our point we decided to investigate the matter for ourselves.

Upon entering the side door (via the characteristic steps of all basements), we were amazed to find ourselves on the outskirts of a bustling city of merchandising with its unrecognizable sounds and threatening dangers. The immensity of this basement shocked us. Indeed, a city!

Pondering, we looked at each other, took a deep breath, then plunged into the milling crowds. The noise was intense. We were astonished to see merchandise thrown in piles upon the counters. Pressing onward with determination we noticed that the clerks only stood behind their respective counters, accepted the money, and wrapped the purchased articles. There was no sales talk on the clerks' parts; there was no need for it. Sale and bargain signs adorned every counter; they loomed from the ceiling; they glared down at us from the walls.

We struggled forward, the din and commotion resounding upon our ear-drums. Something else became obvious to us; something we had never before witnessed. It was the glint in the eyes of the bargain hunters. They seemed possessed by a strange fever, which we shall call "bargainitis." We passed a counter laden with blouses. Two women were actually fighting over a garment. The clerk appeared quite placid and unperturbed at these (to us) unconventional proceedings. We were amused by this state of affairs. Cartoonists with their caricatures are not exaggerating when they present "Bargain Day at the Department Store."

As we proceeded down the aisle, a railing confronted us. This must be the second basement—the only one of its kind in this world. There was a confused rumbling noise in our ears. We peered over the railing. We were dumbfounded to see below us thousands of heads jostling in a human ant hill. We decided to venture into

this second basement. Attempting to keep our little group as compact as possible we descended the stairs. Here, the bargain hunters were at the height of their intense fever. Repeatedly we were pushed, bumped into, or shouted over. We began to feel faint and feverish. This fever was not caused by any incentive for bargaining, but was instituted by the overwhelming commotion about us, with its nerve-wracking effect. In this confusion cash registers rang; children plodded wearily behind their mothers; music helped beat out the steady rhythm of our pounding heads. As new supplies were placed on the counters, there was an onrush of people in the direction of those specific counters. We vainly clung together for fear of being swept away in the incursions.

I had no desire to purchase any article and the feeling was the same among my friends. We had all apparently had enough. Our next proposition was to escape from this tumult. We climbed the stairs to the first basement floor. The immensity of this store imprinted itself in our minds, as, by repeated struggles, we finally reached our destination—the door leading to the sidewalk outside.

As soon as the door closed behind us, the sounds of confusion ended. There was no pressure pounding upon our ears. Fresh air penetrated our lungs. The intense rushed feeling had departed. Everything was natural once more.

Our adventure occurred in the so-called "quiet hour." What is it like at rush time? We personally had no inclination to find out.

The spell befalling most of the shoppers we dubbed "bargainitis." It is one of the dominating characteristics of the American public. Anything marked "Bargain, Sale, Cheap!" will be purchased whether it is of any material value and use or not. These articles are many times not actually bargains. However, people are swayed with the labelled word "Bargain." At sales their feverish eyes swiftly turn from one object to another in search of merchandise that appeals to each individual.

Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning!

By Sylvia Sclair

It is dawn, bleak, dismal dawn in all its misery. Inside, all is quiet save for the sound of deep breathing. Everything is calm and serene. But wait! What is this horrible clanging noise that disturbs my happy slumbers? No, it can't be . . . but it is! Yes, it is that harbinger of grief and misery, the alarm clock, its sinister face showing seven o'clock.

I open one eye, cast a quick glance outside, and turn back, shuddering. It can't be seven o'clock already. It's still dark out, and the wind is howling through the trees. I close my eyes again, turn over, and try to go back to sleep; but the incessant clanging continues heartlessly. I can feel those steel hands closing in on me as they relentlessly tick off the minutes. I put my head under the covers, place my hands over my ears, but all to no avail. I must face the fact bravely; there's no use putting it off any longer. I must get up and go out into the cold, gloomy dawn that I may make a place for myself in this wide world.

Shivering, I clutch the bedclothes tightly as I thrust one foot out from under the covers. Oh! It's so terribly cold. How can anyone have the heart to pull me from a nice, warm bed at this hour? It's inhuman. But there stands the clock, an ominous, forbidding guard lurking in the shadows, its phosphorus face gleaming evilly.

Everyone is against me. The steady tick of the clock, the howling of the wind, all seem to blend with my mother's voice chanting, "Get up! Get up!" I soon see the folly of defying all this, knowing that I can't win anyway. I thrust aside the covers, and, with a desperate lunge, I jump out of bed, dress hurriedly, and tumble down the stairs, still three-fourths asleep.

I put my coat on with one hand, grab my books with the other, and dash out to my waiting dog-sled. I'm off, my mother chasing me for two blocks with a glass of orange juice which she finally throws at me in desperation. I continue over the slippery, ice crust until I'm half way

to my destination, at which point I collapse from complete exhaustion and lie there until the arrival of the ever-faithful St. Bernard dog with some hot soup to revive me for the remainder of the journey.

After a hectic battle with nature's wonders, I arrive at the last lap of my trip, Suicide Gulch (Custer's Last Stand). With rapidly ebbing strength, I dismiss my dog-team, clutching my books closer, and hanging onto the railing with my teeth, I slip and slide precariously down the treacherous stairs. I pull open the door, drag my weary bones to my locker, and haul off my wet outer clothing. I dash madly up three double flights of stairs, to be rewarded by the head master's whip for being three-fourth's of a minute late.

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning.

The Spirit of Christmas

By Marilyn Drisko

The silence of falling snow,
The twinkle of colored lights,
The shouts of friendly greetings,
And the brilliance of all the sights,
That's Christmas.

The tree in all its splendor
Of decorations and the like,
Little children all excited
By Santa's visit in the night,
That's Christmas.

The look of wonder on their faces
As the story of Christ is told,
And the proverb, "It's better to give than
receive,"
Still shown by young and old,
That's Christmas.

It's Like This — See?

By Barbara Lovejoy

I am not one to make a fuss about nothing, but I feel that the time is here when the male of the specie should get the lowdown about a little situation that is on my mind since last Friday. At that time I first realized how me and thousands of other dames suffer just so we can make like the dolls in some of the ritzy fashion magazines. The reason we make like these dolls is to get some attention from the big brutes we're sweet on. It's like this, see—

Thursday night the telephone rings, and it's my man Charlie wanting a date for Friday. Me being in love with the guy, I am very happy to accept. Having a big date on involves problems. The first one is what to wear. I decide on the fashion that I paid two fifty for at a rummage sale the other day. That being my best dress, I realize that my hair must look like a million too. I want my man Charlie to be proud of the little woman. So I make the fatal decision. I'll go in to my friend Pearl's Permanent Palace and have her do the best job she can on me.

So Friday afternoon I unknowingly takes my life in my hands and drops in on Pearl. I should have dropped right out again then, because it is easy to see that Pearl isn't in too good a mood. She is having troubles with her man, Jake. However, I wait the half hour for her to get around to me quite cheerfully. I spend the time trying to pick up some of the French Pearl uses when she wants to impress her customers.

Finally, however, my turn comes. Instead of the usual, "Follow me, madermazelle," she says "Make it snappy, Myrt." I rather resent this, but Pearl is a red head so I keep quiet. Then Pearl gives me the works. If us women must suffer this way just to look beautiful for the men, I think it's high time someone told them what we go through so they can show their appreciation more.

The whole thing starts off in a friendly manner when Pearl starts telling me what a mess my hair is. Knowing I must look beautiful for my man Charlie, however, I puts myself at Pearl's mercy. I later find out she hasn't any.

So we go into a little room in the back part of the "Palace," and I am gently forced into a chair. Then Pearl pushes my head back into a tub like apparatus so far that the snapping of bones in my neck makes both me and Pearl jump. Then she slishes liquid soap that smells like garlic onto my hair and generously allows some to dribble into my eyes. After this she repeatedly holds my head under water until I stop breathing. Me being half blinded and half drowned, I begin to wonder if my man, Charlie, is worth it. Just as I am deciding that the answer is "no" Pearl stops.

After we succeed in getting my neck straightened out, we go on to the next little room. Pearl has quite a time dragging me in, but she has a lot of muscle developed from fighting, so she finally does.

For the next fifteen minutes I am kept under a drier turned up as hot as possible. I soon discovers that any attempt to pop my head out for the sake of cool air only results in a none too gentle conk from Pearl. By this time she and me are bitter enemies. The only thing that carries me through the rest of the ordeal is a strong determination for revenge.

Then after all the suffering to get my hair dry, Pearl slaps on some goo smelling like rotten eggs to make it wet again. I begin to pray that Charlie will bring me some of my favorite delicacy, salami sandwiches, tonight to help revive me after this torture. After using about a gallon of the goo, Pearl begins clamping huge iron curlers on my limp and tired hair. She yanks and pulls so hard that I kind of pass out. I have a confused dream of a morgue where Pearl is an undertaker who eats salami sandwiches with their bread done up in curlers. I wake up screaming. Pearl has turned the heat on, and I can feel the hot metal burning into my poor, defenseless bean. But it seems that Pearl has left me. Off in the distance I can hear her "mercy bowcooing" some poor sucker who doesn't know what she's in for.

(Continued on Page 35)

The Editorial We

On August 14, 1945, World War II ended. The guns were silent and Americans everywhere rejoiced because their boys had won the battle. But these Americans failed to realize that there was a war that was raging on the homefront, and has not been won even yet. This is the war that is being fought against the common foe of every man, woman, and child—the war against the dread white plague, tuberculosis.

At the present time there are one hundred-fifty thousand undiscovered cases of tuberculosis in the United States. There are only two ways by which anyone can be certain that he is not one of those who have the disease without knowing it. The only way for an adult to be certain that his lungs are not infected by the tubercle bacillus, the germ that causes T. B., is by submitting himself to a chest X-ray. A tuberculin skin test will usually serve the same purpose for anyone under twenty years of age. Suspicious shadows on the X-rays and slightly raised red areas after the skin tests, are signs of a positive result. If the skin test, which is given by scratching the arm with a specially prepared liquid, shows a positive reaction, an X-ray is necessary for confirmation.

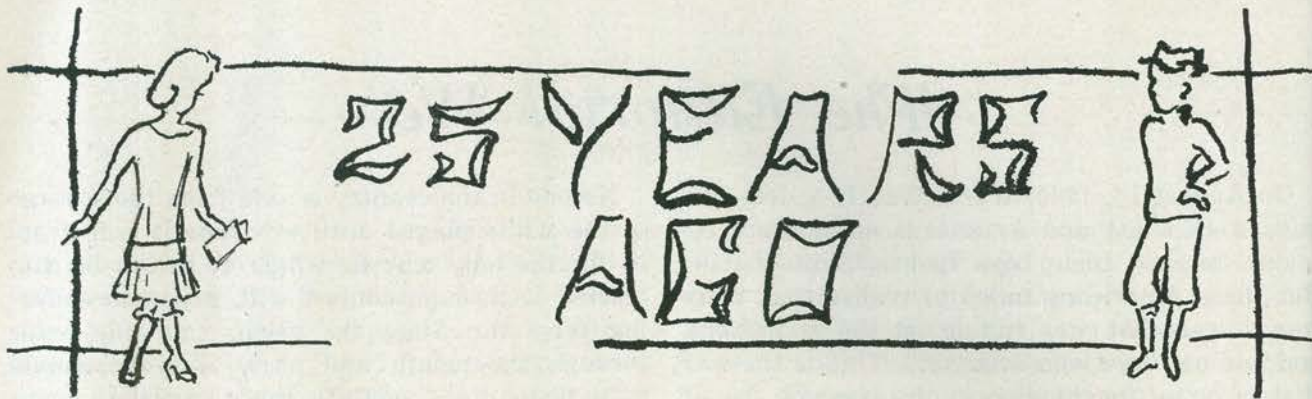
The facts about T. B. are not pleasant, but it is important that everyone should have some fundamental knowledge about this disease clearly in mind in order to be truly protected from it. Contrary to popular belief, this disease is not inherited. Its victims are not always people of middle or old age; but, in fact, it strikes most often those in their late teens or early twenties. One of the greatest misconceptions concerning tuberculosis is that a person does not have it if he feels good. This is not so. Many people have T. B. for several years before the obvious symptoms of fatigue, loss of weight and appetite, and coughing up blood become evident. By this time a quick cure is impossible, and it will be many years before a complete recovery can be reached. On the other hand, an X-ray or skin test would have warned the victim before the disease had reached such serious stages.

No one in the country is safe from the scourge of the white plague until everyone is safe from it, for the only way by which T. B. can be contracted is through contact with a person suffering from it. Since the germs can only enter through the mouth and nose, everyone should take precautions against the commonest ways by which the germs can be transmitted. Those sources of danger are the use of soiled articles like towels, glasses, and silverware in public places, the coughing or spitting of a person already ill, and by exchanging common articles like handkerchiefs. No infected person is wilfully going to spread his germs, but there are those one hundred-fifty thousand people who are unaware that they have the disease. Rest is the best preventative against the tubercle bacillus, for this germ seeks tired bodies as its prey.

T. B. can be best cured when discovered early. Therefore, every high school senior should be glad to hear that the opportunity to have the tuberculin skin test will be offered this spring to the class of 1948. It is the duty of every senior to both himself and his community to take advantage of this invaluable service which is rendered annually by the Bangor Anti-Tuberculosis Association whose head is Miss Louise Hopkins. The control and eradication of T. B. is the main object of this organization. Because of this fact, there is no charge for those taking the test; but those who do not, may have to pay the price of a long fight against tuberculosis. When the blanks, which the parents must sign in order to give their son or daughter permission to take this test, are given out, both parent and child should remember that it is better to be safe than sorry.

ABOUT OUR COVER

This is a world of adult chaos. May these children, the world's future citizens, bring a lasting peace to it!



Heard in history class

"When Genet, the French minister, arrived in America, the people were ready to crown him."

Hints to Junior Exhibition Speakers.

1. Do not put any expression into your speaking. This annoys those who are trying to sleep.
2. If possible, stumble as you advance to start speaking. This calls attention to you, and you might otherwise be unnoticed.
3. If there is any applause when you finish, sing "All Hail to B. H. S." as an encore.
4. Before beginning your selection remove your gum, and nod to your grandmother and other relatives in the audience.
5. If someone in the audience should get up and leave while you are speaking, holler at them and get them to come back.
6. About half way through your speech it would be a good plan to stop and ask someone if you are speaking O. K.

We hope Europe will soon get on her own feet and off ours.

Teacher: "If the President and Vice President died, who would get the job?"

Brilliant Boy: "The undertaker."

At the end of the Freshman year the class has developed into young men and women . . . The boys going into long pants and girls into short skirts.

The once popular high cut pompadour has been pushed aside in favor of the more dignified and proper "cake-eaters" haircut. As long as the girls cut it short, the boys figure they will let it grow.

"MARY'S LITTLE CURL"

Mary had a little curl
It hung beside her ear;
But when she went to bed it hung
Upon the chiffoniere.

It has been decided that pupils must keep two inches away from the walls. This law will be enforced.

Orono High is so anxious to play Bangor that they would be glad to do their stuff for 40 per cent of the gate.

The conduct of the students of this school has been commented upon by both Portland and Bangor. This city is very proud of its young people because of their excellent conduct while in Portland at the game on November 18, 1922.

Chalk Throwing Commission bars the favorite pastime of all pupils in study and class rooms. As long as chalk is used, the sport is above reproach, but when ink-wells are introduced into the game, then all is not well. Consequently, chalk-throwing is banned and no more contests will be held.

One girl we know waved so much at the boys that she developed a permanent wave in her hand.

Friends of a certain senior boy will be glad to learn that he recently completed another experiment in chemistry and is still with us.

A small boy, believed to be a member of the freshman class was found wandering on the third floor about six o'clock after the first day of school. Owner may have the same by calling at the office.

PASSENGERS IN REVIEW

CATHERINE MACDONALD. This snappy senior is doing her best to be faithful to a certain blond, but how could anyone overlook all the eligible men (?) at B.H.S.

She can store away banana splits like a veteran or claims to be in complete heaven listening to "You Do" and dreaming of Ty Power. I wonder what he's got? (It says here).

She has a delightfully different hobby—men. Best of luck in this categorie, Cathy! (as if you need it).

B.H.S. is tops with her and she's certainly tops with us!

FREDDIE DOLAN. Freddie hates women! And yet, in the next breath he says he is torn between blondes and brunettes. And men claim women are hard to understand!

There's no food shortage worries for Freddie—he'll eat anything except fish which to him is—to use a technical term—"lousy."

Freddie owes all his success in his beloved game of football, to the dreamy music of Freddie Martin and the inevitable answer—women (we can't seem to understand him. I guess love 'em and leave 'em is his motto) but that's just Fred, I guess.

P. S. Between you and me I think way down deep he has a terrific desire for "Dizzy" people.

NANCY PRATT. Lovely smile, lovely gal, that's Nancy Pratt, the cute blonde sophomore in 114 (one way men—I'm interviewing).

Here's a gal with school spirit plus. The Bangor Band is tops with her in the music world. (Fred Waring running a close second.)

Fellas, she's all yours if you're blessed with dark curly hair (Ty Power seems to be cutting you boys out) and if you can provide watermelon on the side, but if you're the least bit conceited you're her enemy for life!

Here she is! What a gal!



JIMMY MACLEOD. Well gals, here he is, the red-haired Van Johnson of Bangor High.

To make Jimmy happy, give him a steady diet of pretzels, plenty of hearts to break, and, as he says, "anything as long as it's a girl."

In the fall Jim devotes most of his time to football (he really isn't half bad).

If you hear a distant voice trying to sound like Vaughn Monroe, but more like Jim MacLeod, singing "Bonga, Bonga, Bonga," you'll realize his hidden passion for "Civilization."

Jim claims he also works (?) in the summer. What men B.H.S. turns out these days!

SHEILA SMITH. The cute grin and contagious peppiness of this junior gal mark the characteristics of one of our most popular cheerleaders.

She seems to be everywhere at once and bubbling over with "hi" to everyone.

If you happen to see a curly dark head and a voice out of this world humming "Would You Believe Me" between bars of "Oh Johnny" (I'll bet there's a hidden meaning there. We wonder what on Ertha-t could be) you'll know it's Sheila.

She admits a hidden desire for apple pie and ice cream (it always gets in here somewhere) and B.H.S.

That's our Sheila!

KENNY HONEY. The classy treasurer of the sophomore class.

Gals beware, don't be silly around Kenny if you have a hidden desire to be a friend of his.

We hear he gets his energy from all kinds of sundaes and Ken thinks "Stardust" by Vaughn Monroe is tops on his hit parade.

If you're interested, he likes brunettes; but don't mob him gals; men are precious these days.

Kids meet Ken Honey! He seems like a H-O-N-E-Y of a guy!

The Platter Spinners' Corner



When December rolls around, everyone begins to think of Christmas. With Christmas come thoughts of Christmas shopping. Why not start off on the right foot by dropping into your favorite music store to find out what's new for platter spinners. Here are a few helpful suggestions to get off to the right start.

First, here are several albums that are in keeping with the season.

Perry Como sings Merry Christmas Music. R. C. A. Victor P. 161. That Christmas Feeling, Winter Wonderland, I'll Be Home For Christmas, Santa Claus Is Coming To Town, Silent Night, White Christmas, Jingle Bells, O Come All Ye Faithful.

The Small One. A Christmas story. Decca Records. Bing Crosby with supporting cast, music, and sound effects. Story by Charles Tozowell.

A Merry Christmas with Ray Block, Johnny Long, and Monica Lewis. Another album of favorite Christmas music.

Popular Albums

Jerome Kern, Album CD-41. \$3.75. Don't miss this album . . . It's sure to be one of your favorites. Kern's great songs by nine top artists. Sure to please every musical taste.

Tango with Cugat. Columbia. Set C-132. \$3.75. Come one, come all! Spanish students and South American music lovers! Here is the album for you. Xavier Cugat and his orchestra play Jalousie, Rain in Spain, Inspiration, Porgue the Quiera Tanto? Caminito, Adios Muchacho, Medias De Seda.

The Unfinished Dance. M. G. M. 4. \$3.94. Those of you who saw the Unfinished Dance will enjoy this album. The narration is by Walter Pidgeon with the M. G. M. Studio Orchestra, conducted by Herbert Stothart. Don't forget Danny Thomas either.

Frankie Carle. Album A-553. Decca Records. \$3.15. Here is one your platter spinner went crazy over. Frankie's piano solos with rhythm accompaniment. He plays selections from Cole Porter's "Rosalie", George Gershwin's "Damsel in Distress," and Rogers and Hart selections from "I'd Rather Be Right."

Waltz Time in Vienna. Columbia C-17. \$3.75. If you feel in the mood for waltzing, be sure to get this album. Al Goodman and his orchestra play such favorites as the Merry Widow, Sari, The Skaters' Waltz, Estudiantina Waltz, Waltz Dream, Carmen Silva, You and You, Count of Luxembourg.

Here are a couple of albums for lovers of Bach and Beethoven. Beethoven: Concerto In D Major for Violin and Orchestra, Op. 16, Columbia Set MM-697, \$5.85. Joseph Szigch, Violin, with Bruno Walter conducting the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York.

Bach: Suite No. 2 in B Minor for Flute and Strings (with Sebastian Cartelli, Flute) Fugue in G Minor (orchestra by Lucien Cailliet). Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, Conductor.

Popular Hit Records

Dinah Shore, Columbia 37555. All My Love, A Little Bit Longer. Orchestra under direction of Sonny Burke.

Les Brown, Columbia 37557. Don't Tell Me (From the "Hucksters"). Vocal Chorus by Eileen Wilson. Every So Often. Vocal Chorus by Ray Kellogg.

Kay Kyser, Columbia 37561. Naughty Angelina, It's Kind of Lonesome Out Tonight. Both Vocal Choruses by Harry Babitt and the Campus Kids.

Frank Sinatra, Columbia 37554. I Have But One Heart, Ain'tcha Ever Comin' Back, with the Pied Pipers. Orchestra under the direction of Axel Stordehl.

Between The Covers

Wondering what to give Sis and Brother or Mother and Dad for Christmas? How about books? They always make a nice gift. Here are a few suggestions for sister and brother from ages thirteen to seventeen:

Knute Rockne, by Harry Stuhldreher

Life story of one of America's most famous football coaches.

Sugar and Spice, by Lorraine Beim

Story of Ann Coleman, high school senior, who learns she must forego college plans until her brother's education is completed. After a visit to her aunt in New York, she begins to gain perspective on her own problems.

Babe Ruth, by Tom Meany

Full length biography written by Mr. Meany who is familiar with the world of sports and has known Babe personally.

American Women of Nursing, by Edna Yost

Life stories of a few outstanding nurses, based on personal interviews and years of research. A history of the profession also given in the foreword.

For mother and father the following books should appeal:

Mrs. Mike

Benedict and Nancy Freedman

Mrs. Mike is the exciting story of a sixteen year old girl from Boston who marries a Canadian Mounty and follows him into the wilderness. Mrs. Mike is a true narrative adventure of Katherine Mary Flannigan. As Mrs. Mike, she meets all the catastrophies and wonders of the wild woods. The story has warmth, humor, and sadness. Mrs. Mike is real life.

When she loses her children and decides to go back, the reader sympathizes with her, but, when her conscience tells her to return, the reader agrees. Mrs. Mike is an exciting story, but also a warm love story. It is good reading for Mother, Dad, Big Brother, and Sister.

Command Decision

William Wister Haines

This is an unusual novel of the men who ran the war. It is the story of Brigadier General Dennis, a commander of a division of heavy bombers in England. The author relates the stories of the men who "passed through" Dennis's office. The job of General Dennis was to finish operation sketch—the three town bombing campaign to destroy the centers where the new German jet plane was being manufactured.

General Dennis was loved and respected by the men who came in close contact with him, but many were jealous of his shrewd integrity and display of fairness. Against the belief of many of his so called colleagues, all Dennis wanted to do was to fight the war, not the Army, Navy, Congress, and the Press. The story is as real as the atoms in the atomic bomb, as dramatic as an invasion on enemy head beachhead. This novel has as much suspense, thrill, and drama as any one could desire.

This is the list of best sellers that would make good gifts for relatives and friends eighteen years of age and over.

Moneyman—Costain

House Divided—Williams

Prince of Foxes—Shellabarger

Came a Cavalier—Keyes

Gus the Great—Duncan

Proud Destiny—Feuchtwanger

Knock On Any Door—Morley

Adversary in the House—Stone

East Side, West Side—Davenport

Dirty Eddie—Bemelmans

Garretson Chronicle—Brace

Drums of Destiny—Bourne

NON-FICTION

I Remember Distinctly—Rogers and Allen

Home Country—Pyle

Inside U. S. A.—Gunther

Human Destiny—du Nouy

Speaking Frankly—Byrnes

Peace of Mind—Liebman

The New Look—



This model, Nancy Lee Bean, looks very smart in this one hundred per cent virgin wool brown hound's tooth checked suit with its "peter pan" collar and "dutch" cuffs. The skirt, except for the two "slash" pockets, is perfectly plain. This outfit gives one that "well-groomed" look.

David Braid's



Everlastingly lovely is this blue net evening gown modeled by Judy Wooster, one of the outstanding juniors. The bodice is decorated with gold bands and features a flared peplum which gives the waist that new "small" look. The skirt with its yards of blue net is just made for dancing.

Burdell's

—The New Year

For school or for those after the game "get-togethers" this blouse and skirt modeled by one of B. H. S.'s peppy cheerleaders, Nona Lancaster, is just the thing. The well-tailored blouse is gold gabardine. The long sleeves feature wide cuffs. The skirt is a greyish-blue tweed with interwoven gold lines. The semi-wide calf belt and the single kick pleat give the skirt that "new" look.

Rines



The Christmas vacation usually includes many parties. This brown crepe dress modeled by Sig Kimball, one of the new sophomores, will put any girl right in the party spirit. The collar and cuffs are outstanding because of their jeweled trimmings. The back of the dress is styled with a small pleated peplum. The long straight skirt with its slits on either side is the year's newest.

Miriam Wardwell's



Overheard in Miss Mullen's C period class:

Dave W. Fox: "Boy, this sure is a tough course!"

Elmer Gilpatrick: "Yeah, but never mind, old pal. We'll face it together."

Miss Mullen: "Remember, you've got to work. Otherwise you'll be forced to face things with a jerk."

'Course we miss Walkie, George, and Dave, but with Bob and Red to warble for us . . . who could ask for anything more?

We didn't know there was such chaos on earth as exists in the girls' locker room at noon. (Pardon me, but have you seen my left arm? I'm sure I had it when I came in.)

Ever see a "chemlin?" The senior class has quite a few. They're lab gremlins, the ones who pull the hose away from the jet before the gas is off, mix the reagent bottles, overheat test tubes and break distilling flasks.

Maybe we have crows at BHS, but there really aren't any hens. Any odor of rotten eggs you may have noticed comes from the lab. Hydrogen Sulfide has a cute habit of smelling that way.

Wonder if the librarians at the Public Library enjoy being located so near school. Those afternoons when the building is jammed with students, all trying to find out the streets of London, the meanings of "familiar" phrases in French and Latin, and who is whose date for the formal are really something.

Have you noticed the increased attendance at the school dances this year? Don't know what brought it on, but it's swell.

Guess which member of the football team is almost as fast with a pair of knitting needles as he is when he's heading for a touchdown.

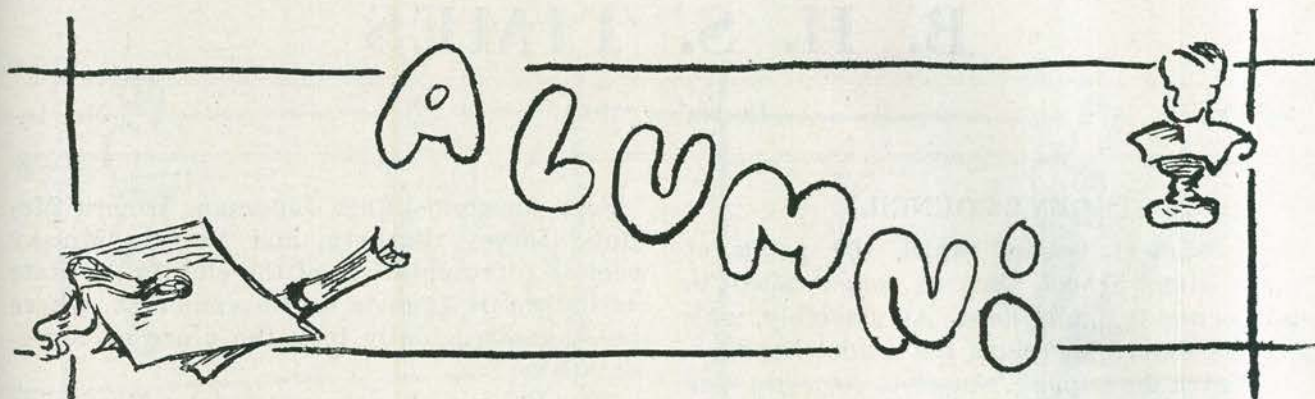
And speaking of knitting, a short and easy method for making Argyles would be greatly appreciated.

Why in the world does it always seem that when a period is omitted for assembly it's your one and only study?

We just love:

Jimmy MacLeod's walk . . . Nancy Pratt's blonde hair . . . the football with Bangor-Bapst '47 painted on it . . . Dave Thurlow's way with women—his "love 'em and leave 'em" attitude has us fascinated . . . Lee McGinn's, Adah Jean Patch's, Harvey Ginsberg's, Mel McClure's, Charles Cushing's, Robert Hamilton's, Marjorie Morrison's, Marlene Ulmer's, and Pat Hyson's ranks (meaning we'd love to have them) . . . fatigue pants, imagine all that for \$.89 . . . Pete Pozzy's snazzy yellow sweater and Bill Nealley's white one . . . Dave W. Fox's pronouncing "spatula", "spa-too-la" . . . Earl Bartlett's way with teachers and Cliff Kuchinski's sudden change in foreign policy—note, just bark, don't bite 'em Cliff . . . Connie's daily struggle with her hair . . . "Y" dances . . . Deering High . . . P. G.'s . . . red convertibles . . . Ray Petterson's Notemakers . . . the advertising stunt Norman Minsky dreamed up for the Fall Festival! 'Twas right pert, with the band (in part) parading through these halls of learning and Bob Morton speling as though he'd been a barker a l his life . . . the way Mike Collins wears his coat with collar turned up . . . tres chic . . . the overwhelming enthusiasm of Mlle. Beaupre's first year French class for sending packages to France . . . Joanie Capen's greed corduroy suit . . . the parking ticket Diz gave to Bob . . . Bob Jenkins' sharp suspenders with the "J" for "guess what?" on them . . . Barbie Lovejoy's radiant look when anyone mentions the word formal—Christmas, Thanksgiving or otherwise. Just control yourself, Cushie . . . season basketball tickets . . . Christmas vacation.

(Continued on Page 39)



As you stroll along the corridors of Bangor High, don't you miss the old familiar faces of last year's senior class? Perhaps you even remember graduates of two or three years ago. The members of the various classes that have graduated are now separated; some are receiving higher education in colleges, others have business positions, and still others are in the service. Let's see if we can keep tabs on them!

The University of Maine has claimed thirty-nine pupils of the class of '47. They are: Joyce McGouldrick, Dottie Curtis, Peggy Hobbs, Joan Craig, Stuart Carroll, Matthew Estes, Emily Leach, Edgar Bailey, Barbara Attner, Bill Mouradian, Gerald Morse, June Palmer, Betty Richardson, Beverly White, Richard Gumprecht, Douglas Batchelder, James Silsby, Kenneth Downing, Raymond Downs, Ellen Economy, John Farrar, Robert Field, Anne Lieberman, William Howatt, Selma Gafin, Sally Gass, Philip Gildart, Janice Goldstein, Malcolm Goos, Robert Hall, Dorothy Manter, Eleanor Mower, Igne Nachum, Milton Raben, Thomas Witherly, Zelma Seplin, and Rosalie Snow. Sophomores at the U. of M. are Joan Byron and Chester Kennedy from the Class of '46.

George Vose, Dave Getchell, Ed Miller, Alan Baker '47, Paul Burr '45, and Malcolm Stevenson '46 are pepping up the Bowdoin campus.

Don't pull a tonsillitic act, boys, when you are told that Jackie Ellingwood, JoJan Hanna, Mary Mitchell, Betty Murphy, and Ruth Shorey are training to be nurses at the Eastern Maine General Hospital.

Judy Bean, Elaine Brown, and Pat Smith are at Westbrook Junior College. Joyce Medwed is at Bryn Mawr, and Marilyn Ames, at Wheelock.

Husson College has claimed Joan Thibodeau,

Robert Gallupe, Carolyn Goodwin, Barbara Graves, Helen Higgins, Clara Hutchinson, John Locke, Rosemary Storey, William Meucci, Joan Nadeau, Robert Oberg, and Roberta Patrick. Phyllis Pierce is at Beal's.

"Icky" Fowler, Frederick Hillman, and Robert Lyon are engaged in diligent study at Higgins. Mary Grace Eames is representing B. H. S. at Smith College. Merna Pilot is attending Boston University. Aileen Tuck is at Pembroke. Kay Handy and Charles Graffam are attending Ricker Junior College. Rosalie Benton is at the Leland Powers School for Dramatics and Radio.

Don Keach is studying at the University of South Carolina; Elaine Ambrose, at Mt. Ida; Sally Hathorne, at Immaculata; Mary Jane Daily, at Goucher; and Barbara Hall, at Wheaton.

The following girls are studying to be nurses: Dorothy Ann Fraser at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital; Priscilla Hayes at the Augusta General Hospital; Patricia Jarvis and Joyce McDonald at the Portland Maine General Hospital; Mary Lois Crawford at the Mercy Hospital in Portland; Jeannette Hastings at the Methodist Hospital in Philadelphia. David Dysart, Bud Adams, and Gilbert White are at M. C. I. Carl Blaisdell is at Kent's Hill, and Loren Blaisdell is at New Hampton School for Boys.

The boys who enlisted in the U. S. Army from last year's senior class are Fred Porter, Reginald Humphrey, Richard Kelley, Richard Trenholm. Vaughn Rhodes is in the U. S. Navy. Dana Bartlett is at the Maine Maritime Academy. Barbara Scott is at Bethany. Bertha Abbott is studying at the Machias Normal School.

Many of last year's graduates are employed
(Continued on Page 40)

B. H. S. TIMES

Vol. LVII

December, 1947

No. 1

STUDENT COUNCIL

That Student Council which the pupils of Bangor High School have so long waited to see in action is finally here. An assembly, with speakers describing plans for school improvements, gave the pupils a chance to see what they could expect in their Student Council.

Following the election of its members, the council, under the faculty supervision of Miss M. Catherine Mullen, and Mr. Claude Lovely immediately put into operation a new lunchroom program. Under the guidance of the council, each home-room has taken its turn selling lunches. New stations have been added on the first floor.

A school calendar and activity tickets are now being discussed. The council has gone far in winning the respect of the students by its efforts to promote the school's welfare.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

A new French club, Le Cercle Francais, sponsored by Mlle. Estelle Beaupre, has been initiated into B.H.S.

The purpose of the club is to help French students in speaking the French language, and in enjoying French customs. Le Cercle Francais will sponsor the annual trip to Quebec in May.

Two French war orphans, Guy Denier, aged fourteen, and Odette Auclair, aged fifteen, have been adopted by the club, and packages of food and clothes will be sent to them during the year.

All students who are taking second or third year French are eligible for membership. Others will be admitted later in the year.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS CLUB

Following the first meeting of the Public Affairs club, a picnic was held at the camp of Norman Minsky, club president. Entertainment was provided by Ray Cox, John Norris, and Bob Morton, who told ghost stories. Refreshments were served also.

At the second meeting State Senator Ruth T. Clough spoke on various bills brought before the legislature regarding education.

Four members, Ruth Lippman, Lenora McGinn, Harvey Ginsberg, and Norman Minsky went as representatives of the club to the state legislature in Augusta on November 22, where the students actually took the place of representatives.

Miss Babrara Welch, assisted by Miss Irene Cousins, is club supervisor.

DRAMATIC CLUB

Under the direction of Miss Esther Drummond the Dramatic Club presented its annual three act play, *Gangway for Ghosts*.

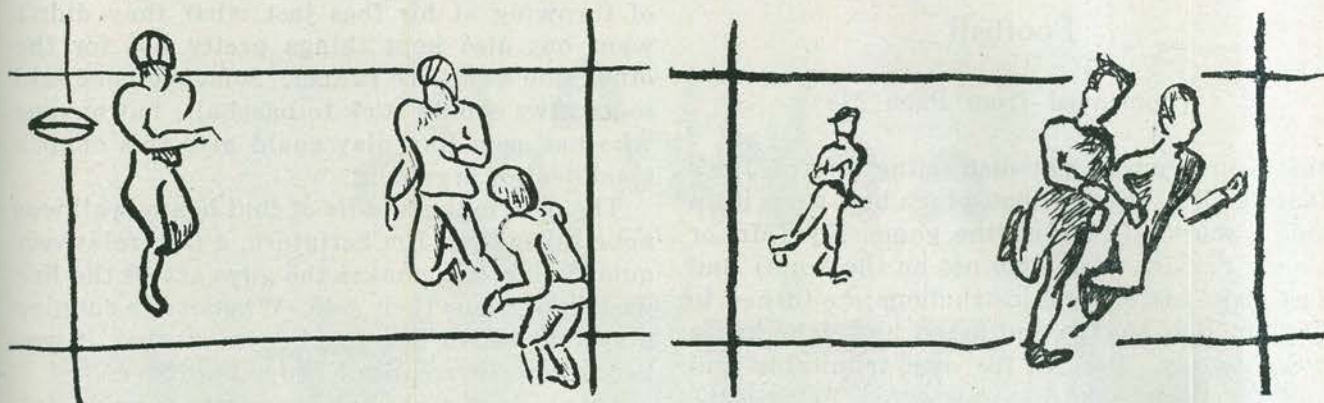
This mystery comedy had the following able cast: Jean Wyman, Larry Blethen, Helen Emple, Bob Edwards, Jane Blenkhorn, Elizabeth Mooney, Helen Fox, Ellen Levinson, Gerald Cormier, Dave Batchelder, and Jean Welch.

LATIN CLUB

The Latin Club, now affiliated with the national Junior Classical League, has been busy both making arrangements for the activities of the year and initiating new members. Membership is open to those students who have studied or are now taking Latin in senior high school. The club's November meeting was in observance of Education Week, with a program depicting Roman education by means of skits and pantomimes.

The following members were received at the October meeting: Betty Bailey, Paul Brountas, Mary Jean Chapman, Violet Colson, Paul Dinsmore, Shapleigh Drisko, Helen Emple, Helen Fox, Dewaine Gedney, Ronald Grey, Margaret Howatt, Janice Kennedy, Elizabeth Kelley, Abbie Kingsburg, Ethel Medwed, Mary Mincher, Sally Mitchell, Elaine Nickerson, Judy Phillips, Frank Ramsdell, Donna Richardson, Herrick Ridlon, Carl Silsby, Robert Smith, Marilyn Wallace, Pat Wilson, and Jean Wyman. Those initiated at the November meeting were Shirley Campbell, Thomas Calderwood, Diane Dickerson, Janice Garland, Donald Hamilton, Barbara Head, Betty Landry, Mark Lieberman, Robert

(Continued on Page 34)



—SPORTS—

The '47 football season will for some time loom as one of those years coaches and student bodies dream about, with B. H. S. recording five wins, one tie, and one loss in seven played, out of eight scheduled games, one of which was postponed because of the forest fire emergency. After having been put last by this emergency, it was finally swept out with the last breaths of fall by cold rains and snow.

The five wins included victories over Stearns, John Bapst, Waterville, South Portland, and Brewer. The tie came as a result of a near death grip struggle between the Rams of Cony High of Augusta and the Rams of Bangor which ended in a 19-19 deadlock. The only concession was given to Portland High in a night game. Although a lot of excuses might be given, it's a tough job to take the negative against a score board.

The season might have been very ordinary except for the last two games. A favored South Portland club just couldn't crack through Bangor's line. The game was hard fought, but it was Bangor all the way with the boys from the Cape only threatening once. Then, came the game of games. The mighty test to see if Bangor, the team that had beaten previously undefeated South Portland, could do an encore and defeat Coach Taft's undefeated Brewer team.

The star spangled story of how Bangor came through via Jim MacLeod's spectacular combination pass interception and seventy-yard run can snuggle up beside the rest of the statistics;

(Continued on Page 28)

Back from the dim dawn of history comes the most ancient of all sports, running. Running consists of three main types: speed running, endurance running, and a combination of the two. From the second category comes the modern contest called cross country. Although this sport is one of the most strenuous and most difficult of all sports, it seldom gets a fraction of the credit it so richly deserves.

The standard number of a C. C. team is seven men. The first five men are scorers and the next two are counted as places. Unlike the majority of other sports, the winning score is the lowest one, for in a C. C. meet the first runner counts one point, the second two and so on. From simple mathematics you see that the perfect C. C. score is fifteen as three hundred is a perfect score in bowling. The average size of a high school's cross country course is two and one-half miles, and from this you can see what it takes to be a runner. As Bangor's coach, Vincent Cuozzo, so aptly puts it, "When those seven boys start out on that course they are on their own and can not lean back and take it easy as one can do sometimes in other team sports."

Now you have the general idea, so let's look at the records. Out of four regular season meets Bangor won two and dropped two; edging out Lee Academy and M.C.I., but falling to Hartland Academy and Old Town. Bangor also participated in the state meet.

Here are the runners who ran in the state meet. This is a chance to get acquainted with

(Continued on Page 33)

Football

(Continued from Page 27)

that is, of course, not distracting any of Jim's laurels. But, the incident which best sums it up was a short talk before the game. Cy (Mr. or Coach Perkins to anyone not on the team) had just given last minute instructions; he turned to Captain Bob Morton and asked him if he had a word to say. Bob, in his own inimitable and un-Gary Cooper-like way, answered, "This is the game we've waited for, the game that proves whether Bangor is or isn't as good as we're supposed to be. For a lot of the fellows, the seniors, this will be the last game on Garland Street field; so for the school, for me, and especially for those guys, let's win **this** game."

Here are the Rams, themselves, a quick resume of the fellows who did the actual work and toil that made the grid Rams what they were this year.

You couldn't start with a better man than rapid Robert Morton, captain of the Crimson and one of the top scorers in the state. Bob is really a football great; but, as far as his friends go, he's still the same old "Moe" that he was before he gained statewide fame for being one of the speediest men on the gridiron and for leaving opponents dumbfounded with his end sweeps and brokenfield running.

Both figuratively and literally masterful Morris Koritzky was Bob's right-hand man as a fast plunging right halfback who more than adequately held up his end of the load. "Morry" is a good example of the Navy's loss being Bangor's gain, for Mr. K., during the war, served on Uncle Sam's ships. Many was the yard he gained by plunging the line. His powerful speed made him a dangerous man if he should break into the open.

Jim MacLeod is the third of the Bangor ball toters. As a running, kicking, and pass receiving left halfback he was without prince or peer. With his triple threat abilities he was a hard man to stop.

The field marshal himself was none other than Ray Petterson, who, as field strategist for the Perkinsmen, not only did a magnificent job

of throwing at his foes just what they didn't want but also kept things pretty hot for the other side as an ace runner. Someone once said southpaws should stick to baseball; but anyone who has seen Ray play could give this chap a good deal of argument.

The man in the middle of that heavy wall was none other than Jim Scripture, a tall, relatively quiet fellow who makes the guys across the line wish he were on their side. Whenever a running play that ended in a touchdown started, it was because Scripture, not Kilroy, was there.

Speaking of right-hand men, there was a fellow who, as a good guard, was in a class by himself. This was the one and only Joe Gartley. Again we must give recognition to the present day John Paul Joneses. While a sailor in the Navy, Red helped his country during the war; but Bangor took him for football after it. No opposing back had much fun going through the center of the line for Joe always turned out to be the big man who was there.

The other reason, and a mighty good one, why those opposing backs didn't like the center of the line was gleeful Raymond Cox. There have been many reasons given why mountainous men have such gleeful personalities, but the mystery to the fellows over there this year was: how can such a happy guard be such a pain in the neck when all they wanted to do was gain an inch of ground (which they didn't do with Cox)?

As we digress from the center of the line, we find the very able right tackle would be Ernie Legere who, for an average sized fellow, did a great deal more than an average job. Every sunny sky has a cloudy spot and so it is sad to relate Ernie was injured during the first part of the season, thus causing his duties to be taken over by the equally able Tino Taber who taught the other teams knocking one man out of the line-up isn't always profitable. (For the records, Ernie is back in A-1 condition.)

For the opposite post of left tackle one finds he is seeing double again, for Dick Treadwell, though plagued by an injury, filled the spot, along with George McCarty, Jr. It is quite comical to see that Dick is quite the silent type while George is never in need of help for something to

(Continued on Page 32)

GIRLS' ATHLETICS



ALL BANGOR HOCKEY TEAM

First row, left to right: Shirley Zitaner, Mary-Ellen Chalmers, Joan Shoppee, Virginia Pease, Gladyce Baker, Margaret Harrigan, Marilyn Drisko, Ruth Ellingwood, Ervine Cunningham. Second row: Janet Head, Marcia Gass, Eleanor Byron, Dorothy Leonard, Lenora McGinn, Eleanor Horton. Third row: Pat Day, Gretchen Vose, Pauline Dyer, Marilyn Dyer.

The annual field hockey party was held in the high school gym on Tuesday, November 25. The entire program was planned and carried on by the members of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council. The committee in charge of games was as follows: Helen Wagman, chairman; Dorothy Leonard, Lenora McGinn, Eleanor Byron. Refreshments were served by Ruth Ellingwood, chairman; Charlotte Braidy, and Gretchen Vose. The Decorations were done by Margaret Harrigan, chairman; Gladyce Baker, Marlene Ulmer, and Ervine Cunningham.

New members taken into the Council at this time were Mildred Stevens, Pat Day, Janet Head, and Treatre Thumith.

The following girls gave the charges: General—Ervine Cunningham; Scholarship—Dorothy Leonard; Athletics—Gladyce Baker; Respect—Helen Wagman; Leadership—Margaret Harrigan; Dependability—Eleanor Byron; Sportsmanship—Ruth Ellingwood.

The following girls were awarded numerals and certificates at the field hockey party: Seniors, Gladyce Baker, captain; Mary-Ellen Chalmers, Ervine Cunningham, Marilyn Drisko,

Ruth Ellingwood, Margaret Harrigan, Mary Leckemby, Lois Leonard, Virginia Pease, Joan Shoppee, Mildred Stevens, Shirley Zitaner. Juniors: Audrey Buck, Jeanne Butler, Eleanor Byron, captain; Susan Chase, Patricia Day, Marilyn Dyer, Pauline Dyer, Marcia Gass, Pauline Gilpatrick, Lois Griffin, Connie Hackett, Janet Head, Barbara Head, Elinor Horton, Sally-Ann Keach, Dorothy Leonard, Lenora McGinn, Shirley Pendleton, Jane Purcell, Rosalie Robinson, Patricia Russell, Roberta Smith, Marlene Ulmer, Gretchen Vose, Jean Welch, Paula Whittum, Judith Wooster. Sophomores: Pearl Apotheker, Dorothy Brown, Geraldine Call, Mary-Jean Chapman, Eleanor Eames, Eleanor Fowler, Nancy Gould, captain; Marlene Hanson, Barbara Head, Patricia Hyson, Charlotte Katen, Janice Kennedy, Abbie Kingsbury, Janet Kinney, Beth Landry, Norma MacPherson, Patricia McInnis, Diana Medwed, Mary-Ellen Moran, Helen Perley, Judith Philips, Joan Reardon, Donna Richardson, Elaine Talbot, Aleta Whitney, Joan Wood, and Barbara Ziplow.

Field hockey B's and certificates were awarded
(Continued on Page 30)

With the Forces of Occupation

By Marilyn Drisko

Jimmy Hoffman, a junior here at Bangor High, has had an experience that most students only dream about. He, with his parents, has just returned from a six-month stay in Germany, England, France, Czechoslovakia, and Austria.

Most of his stay was concentrated in Germany where his father, Major L. F. Hoffman, was Adjutant to Hospital 221 Medical Dispensary in Bad Kessington, near Frankfort. Major Hoffman is now Adjutant to the Dow Field Hospital, Bangor, Maine.

The Hoffmans lived in a hotel during their stay in Bad Kessington, a former resort town which had suffered little from the war.

During his tour of the other countries Austria "took the cake" with Jim because of its beautiful scenery.

While in Germany Jimmy attended school at Erlanger, a German University, recently turned over to American students where his instructors were all Americans with the exception of his language tutor.

All German youths speak perfect English as they have been required to take it since their third year of school. This was no asset to Jim as he had hoped to develop further his German. German students on the average are very intelligent and the typical German youth has blond hair and blue eyes, according to Jim.

Before going across, Jimmy attended school in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Denver, Colorado; and, although he thinks Bangor High is "all right," he's anxious to return to Germany to see his friends again.

Girls' Athletics

(Continued from Page 29)

to the Honorary All-Bangor Field Hockey team at this time. Girls that have played hockey two or more years were eligible to be put on the ballot. The senior members of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council, who acted as coaches assisting Miss Mildred McGuire, voted on the team. The cup which was awarded to the senior team for winning all its games was received by Gladysce Baker, captain of the team.

Dial 6843

"The Store That Saves You Money"

EVERYBODY'S STORE

Complete Line of

LADIES' AND MISSES' WEARING APPAREL

S. E. Cummings, *Manager*

145 MAIN STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

DODGE CLOTHES

89 MAIN STREET

BANGOR

MAINE

Snow & Nealley Co.

Manufacturer of

"OUR BEST"

Lumbering Tools

84-90 Exchange Street

Bangor, Maine

The Evidence of Things Not Seen

(Continued from Page 7)

"Can you save this for me, for my mother's Christmas present?" Jimmy asked the clerk.

"Oh yes, my little man, if you have forty dollars to pay for it," smiled the saleslady.

"Put it away, please. I'll come for it the day before Christmas, and I'll pay you then."

The days that followed sped by for Jimmy. All of his thoughts were of how happy and surprised his mother would be when she opened her gift and saw the wonderful robe, and how tall and shining and beautiful she would look with the gown draped about her dear shoulders. Jimmy could hardly wait.

The day before Christmas finally came. Jimmy started for the store to get the red robe for his mother. His heart was full of happiness and love, but his patched pockets held very little money. As he trudged down the snowy sidewalk, he was suddenly stopped by the frightened cries of a small child. Glancing across the street, Jimmy saw the child, a baby girl in her stroller. The carriage had started to roll down the hill, gaining speed with each revolution of the wheels, and heading directly for the speeding cars in the busy street. Quickly, Jimmy darted across

the noisy thoroughfare, heedless of his own safety. He couldn't reach the carriage in time to stop its careening speed with his hands; but, throwing himself directly at it, he diverted its course; and, in a moment, both he and the little girl were sprawling on the sidewalk. A frantic mother had watched this scene from the hilltop, where her baby's carriage had rolled beyond her help. When she found her little girl unhurt, and Jimmy standing by her with a smile on his smudged face, she gathered them both into her arms.

"What is your name, dear child?"

"Jimmy," smiled the boy.

"Tell me, Jimmy, if you could have any wish in the whole world granted, what would it be?"

"Oh gee, ma'am," breathed Jimmy, "the red robe for my Mom's Christmas, of course."

The next morning the spirit of peace on earth, good will towards men reigned over all the city. But nowhere did this spirit of Christmas shine forth more brightly than in the humble home, where Jimmy, with shining eyes, looked at his beautiful black-eyed mother wearing the red robe, and said, "I'm so glad I decided to get you that present, Mom. Gee, this is the best Christmas I ever had."

"And on Earth Peace, Good-will Toward Men"

Thurston and Kingsbury

T. & K. SPECIALTIES

Wholesale Grocers

BANGOR

MAINE



All types of

PLUMBING - HEATING

37 Franklin Street

Bangor

Dial 9463

Football

(Continued from Page 28)

say, but when it comes to filling those tackle shoes they both have the stuff.

Moving down the line we find a pair of hard working right ends, Carleton Scripture and Bill Nealley. Bill who started the season was as good an end as could be found, but sorry to say he too was injured at the first of the season like his neighbor Ernie Legere. They talk about glue-fingered ends, but Bill is the guy who set Le Page into business. Following in Bill's footsteps and equally as good was Carleton Scripture who didn't slight the position of the talents of its previous master.

Definitely not least, was the never to be out-done Bill Webb. Bill is another one of those fellows who could be very easily put in the glue fingered class and presented ample evidence of it during the season. Besides this great attribute of a good end, Bill also was a first class blocker and defensive end.

Walter John was many times singularly responsible for turning a possible touchdown into a loss, Walt, at times, was next only to a complete team of defensive aces. He used his abilities to maximum effect in several different positions.

At the football team's banquet, Ray Petterson was elected captain of the 1948 team.

Upon A Midnight Clear

(Continued from Page 12)

as they flew through the dazzling snow. Their hair blew back over flushed brows as they twisted and turned around corners, 'schussed' over knolls and flashed through deep snow.

Speeding down hill, the boys had no thoughts of anything except the thrill of racing like the wind on the snow.

Suddenly the trees at bottom of the hill loomed into view. As one, the skiers threw themselves into a Christiana turn that sent the powdery snow spraying high into the air.

As the snow settled back, glistening like a myriad of diamonds in the moonlight, the boys stood there, breathlessly watching. No word was spoken; but thoughts were tumbling through Hank's mind like a turbulent river. Finally he spoke. "Jack, I think I see what you mean now. I've been rather selfish, haven't I? I've changed my mind about Old Peter. Let's start tomorrow. You know if I hadn't come out here tonight I probably would have become a confirmed isolationist. This old world has got enough troubles as it is, and, if everyone would only help his neighbor a little,—why, by gosh, it would help more than all the good-will ambassadors there ever were!"

"The City Fuelers"

Stickney & Babcock

Coal Co.

Always at Your Service

HARD AND SOFT COAL

NEW ENGLAND COKE

All Grades of Fuel and Range Oil

17 Hammond St.

Bangor, Maine

Ideal Dye House

CLEANING AND PRESSING

76 Washington St.

Bangor

Telephone Bangor 8825

CROSS COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 27)

some fellows who have what it takes.

Because one always starts at the beginning so shall we, and we find Captain John Bowler, tall, lanky runner and two year veteran of the team.

Next comes another senior, an outstanding runner who comes from a long line of good runners, Dave Silsby. For him, this sport was a builder-upper for track in which he is a good miler.

Getting down to lower classmen we first come to Jack Whitworth who as a first year runner was outstanding. He was one of the first of the Bangor scorers in the state meet.

While on the subject of lower classmen we come to Gerald Kinney who is of the type of men coaches like to see, for they represent very good hopes for the future.

As we ascend again we stop at a junior, Richard Rowell, who is another fellow who is living up to a tradition set by his brother last year.

As we see it Mel McClure is a very good runner; those first quarter four A's in major subjects indicate he is a good student too.

As we near the end, but just as important as any, is Dave W. Fox who, for a small man, does superhuman things, and makes a fellow very glad that that spirit is on his team.

The 1948 cross country team is to be captained by Richard Rowell.

THE WILL TO WIN

(Continued from Page 9)

on the field, reported to the referee, and got into his position at left guard. Then things began to happen. Wilkins of Washington intercepted a pass and was knocked down on the 50 yard line. For the next three downs Washington was held back by the powerful Rodman team.

The next play was one in which Phil was an important factor. He was to block Martin, the opposing right guard, so the ball carrier could slip through between tackle and guard. The ball was snapped to the quarterback who then handed it to the halfback. Phil lunged for Martin; but in his anxiety, he slipped. Martin broke

through the line and tackled the ball carrier before anyone realized what had happened. Phil felt bad. He had made a mistake, a bad mistake; and football is a game where mistakes spell the difference between victory and defeat.

It was Rodman's ball, first down on Washington's 48 yard line. The ball was snapped to Edwards who eluded the whole primary line of Washington. He scampered through the secondary and soon he had a clear field ahead of him. However, he was not alone. Not twenty feet behind, slowly gaining, was Phil Ridlon. The 40, the 30, the 20 yard line were passed by the speedy Edwards, but Phil was creeping up. He was now ten feet behind. Phil's lungs were bursting, the sharp air stinging with every breath. At last the goal line loomed large, as Phil leaped through the air, grasping Edwards ankle with his outstretched arm, bringing him down just one foot short of paydirt.

Yes, Phil Ridlon had saved the game; but it was more than the saving of the game. It was the story of a boy with great courage who overcame insurmountable odds. For you see, Phil Ridlon had only one arm.

Enrico Frati

Jeweler

Watchmaker

Diamond Setter

Engraver

85 Pickering Square

Bangor

Pittsfield

CARTER'S VARIETY STORE

240 HAMMOND STREET

Open Evenings

FRED C. N. PARKE

TAXIDERMIST

Parke Building 569 Hammond St.
Bangor, Maine

CLYDE - R - PHILLIPS

for

Fine Groceries and Quality Meats

624 Hammond St. Tel. 7655

B. H. S. Times

(Continued from Page 26)

Nason, Helen Perley, and Myles Striar.

Miss Mary Copeland is faculty adviser.

DEBATE CLUB

The crowning of Bob Morton and Ruth Ellingwood as king and queen was the highlight of the Debate Club's Fall Carnival. There was dancing to Ray Petterson's "Notemakers," a stage show, and a variety of booths.

Under the co-chairmanship of Norman Minsky and Joan Shoppe, the auditorium was appropriately decorated with all the glorious colors of fall. The different games of chance were open until the stage show was presented.

Bill Levine, several times interrupted by the jokes of David H. Fox, acted as master of ceremonies. Sue Chase started the floor show by her singing of "Deep Purple" and "Near You." Winona Lancaster presented for the first time "Ecstasy", written by Leo Lieberman, a former B.H.S. student. Yvonne Pottle gave a tap dance and Richard Smith, a piano solo. Joyce Moon gave her idea of how dancing should be done and James McDonald played a trumpet solo, "Star Dust." A new quartet presented itself in the form of Richard Smith, Bob Morton, Jim MacLeod, and John Bowler, who rendered a combination of song and dance.

Dancing was resumed at the close of the show.

Miss Esther Drummond supervises the Debate Club.

COMMERCIAL CLUB

The Commercial Club opened its season with a very successful picnic and wiener roast at Oak Grove, with Mrs. Ardis Abbott, Mrs. Janice Burton, and Mr. Malcolm Willis as chaperones.

At the November meeting program, committee chairman, Ann Marie Whitley, presented a skit written by her and Catherine MacDonald. The cast included Melvin McClure, Catherine MacDonald, Marilyn Bean, Joan Carleton, and Ann Marie Whitley. Following the skit, Gerald Ballanger gave a typing demonstration, and Faith Bennett played popular piano selections.

On December 10, the club held its annual Christmas party. Presents were exchanged, and

(Continued on Page 38)

IT'S LIKE THIS — SEE?

(Continued from Page 16)

After an eternity or two during which I have more dreams, Pearl comes back. Deciding that I am "well done" to which I heartily agree, Pearl turns off the heat and starts yanking the curlers off. I am deciding that Pearl is deaf. Even the janitor comes rushing in at my screams, but Pearl just keeps on yanking. Then she holds my head under the faucet again. My head is so hot that it takes quite a while for the steam to clear away. When it does, Pearl starts jabbing hairpins into me. I keep wondering why my head doesn't get numb with pain but no such luck. This goes on for about half an hour. Then she again shoves me under the drier. This time she has to tie me down. I don't know how long she intends to keep me there, but she finally has to take me out as it would be bad for the "Palace" if someone is known to die there.

Then she takes the pins out and combs my

hair which doesn't hurt so much. I even begin to feel a little bit better towards Pearl, especially when she says how "chick" I look. "My hair doesn't look too bad." I think to myself. "This resemblance between my curls and sausages is just an unfortunate coincidence."

So I pay Pearl for the job. She doesn't have any trouble getting the money, because I am so glad that she doesn't succeed in killing me.

Then I dash home to get ready for my date with my man, Charlie. I'm ready and waiting with my fuchsia and lime dress on and my hair combed in lovely curls when my man, Charlie, comes.

"Hi honey," he says. "That dress is some hot stuff, but hurry and get your hair fixed, will ya? I want to make the early show."

My new man, Mike, knows better than to say such things. He appreciates what women go through just to look beautiful for these dumb men.

Steel

Sheets and Metals

N. H. BRAGG & SONS

BANGOR, MAINE

Replacement Parts

Automotive Equipment

FOR 93 YEARS

Bangor's Leading Seafood Market

Established 1854

When You Think of Seafood

Think of Jones'

*Where Your Grandmother Bought**Her Seafood*

JONES'

Seafood Market, Inc.

Bangor, Maine

Brown & White Paper Co.

PAPER MERCHANTS

99-100 Broad Street

75 Pickering Square

Bangor

Maine

STOKELY BROTHERS

Packers of

Stokely's Finest Fruits and Vegetables

ARTHUR CHAPIN CO.

BANGOR, MAINE

Wholesale Distributors

STOP THAT JINGLE

By Marvin Goldstein

This is a tale of High Adventure.

High Adventure was a little fellow, about six feet three in his stocking feet, who would have been old enough to vote, had it not been for the fact that he wasn't twenty-one.

He was always getting into trouble, this poor little man, even though none of it was ever his fault. Like the time he had to serve thirty days in jail for stealing a steam roller, when all he wanted to do was press his pants. Or the time when everyone accused him of freezing over his sidewalk in the wintertime, all he'd done was to pour hot water on the snow to melt it.

Even though he did get into trouble occasionally, High was still a very normal chap except for one thing, he *liked* singing commercials. He didn't turn off the radio when the singing commercials came on and then turn it back on when they went off. No sir! He turned the radio on when they came on and turned it off when the program came on again. This would have been all right in itself if he hadn't bought everything that was advertised. For instance, when he heard this jingle

"If your dog acts like a dude
Get him Mee-ow dog food."

he went out and bought some dog food, even though the only pet he had was a little turtle named Antipasto.

On day however, he heard this jingle:

"Once you buy our product
Then you will buy some more.
If water doesn't do it
Use H² SO⁴."

Naturally he went out and bought some sulphuric acid.

The next night he was very thirsty so he drank some water. The water didn't quench his thirst so he went right ahead and used H² SO⁴. (How was he to know they meant it for cleaning out sewers?)

To conclude, the funeral was held the next day.

The moral of our story is "Don't pay any attention to singing commercials because when 'Pepsi Cola hits the spot' you might be standing on that spot."

Ruth Lippmann, Girl Governor

(Continued from Page 13)

There were also many activities which were on the lighter side such as swimming, boating, dancing, sight seeing, and receptions. The week ended with a gala dance to which the girls were escorted by boys from Annapolis. The Annapolis Band furnished the music.

Ruth feels that both Pine Tree State Camp and Girl's Nation will stand out as memorable events in her life.

girl from Oklahoma was elected president. She chose her judges and cabinet. The girls held a mock senate in the same room where the Brewster-Hughes trial had taken place. All the proceedings of both camps followed parliamentary law.

Ruth, together with the other girls, made the most of her week in Washington. She saw all the places of interest such as Lincoln Memorial, Jefferson Memorial, the Washington Monument, Mount Vernon, the Senate Building, the House of Representatives, the Library of Congress, the Smithsonian Institute, the Pentagon Building, Capitol Hill and the F. B. I.

The girls were conducted on a complete tour of the F. B. I. A guide explained how many famous criminals had been caught, mentioning Al Braidy and the German spies at Bar Harbor. They were shown how blood could be classified, even from a small spot on a shirt. The fingerprinting room and indoor rifle range proved to be very interesting too.

Of the many exciting things that happened to her, Ruth enjoyed a speech by Gen. George Marshall the most. One remark in his speech stands out in her mind still. It was: "One should not form opinions until one knows all the facts which can be obtained by reading many books expressing both view points. When the facts are known, then form an opinion. It takes time and understanding to build an everlasting peace."

Margaret Chase Smith also spoke to the girls on the subject, "The Responsibility of Future American Women."

Miss Virginia Stover from Portland, Maine, who is one of the editors of the girls' magazine, *Seventeen*, was on hand to write an article about Girls' Nation for her magazine.

Bryant's

Jewelers of Bangor

One of Maine's finest stores for

Diamonds, Watches, and Jewelry

for three generations

C. H. BABB & CO.

Plumbing - Heating

Air Conditioning

Contractor

106 Exchange St.

Bangor, Maine

THE ORACLE

from the press of

FURBUSH-ROBERTS PRINTING Co.

108-110 EXCHANGE STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

B. H. S. Times

(Continued from Page 34)

entertainment and refreshments were enjoyed. The committee for the party included Gerald Ballanger, chairman, Ann Marie Whitley, Geraldine Hammond, Jacqueline Keenan, Mae Ballanger, and Joan Wiley.

Club advisers are Mrs. Janice Burton and Mrs. Ardis Abbott.

HOMECLUB

The first project of the Home Ec Club this year was during the Bar Harbor fire, when the girls collected clothing for the refugees.

At the December meeting a food basket was made up to be given to a needy family.

Miss Ruth Crosby is the adviser of the Club.

CHEMISTRY CLUB

On November 25th a new Chemistry Club held its first meeting, at which time the following officers were elected: President, Bob Jenkins; Vice-President, David W. Fox; Secretary, Mary Edge Leckemby, and Treasurer, Bernard Lewis.

It was decided that meetings would be held every third Monday at 2:30 P. M. A committee composed of the officers will draw up a constitution.

The members of the Chemistry Club have already become affiliated with Science Clubs of America, a national institution having thousands of members throughout the country.

Requirements for membership in the Chemistry Club is a chemistry project. The club will hold a Science Fair and Congress sometime in February, at which time the selected projects will be on exhibition. Science clubs in the county will take part.

Mr. J. Harold Smith, club adviser, will supervise work on projects.

The purpose of the club is to not only learn about science, but to appreciate and enjoy it as well.

R. O. T. C.

On December second, Lieutenant Colonel Jim

H. McCoy, P. M. S. & T. at Bangor High School issued the following promotions of Cadet Officers: to be Cadet Colonel, Captain Norman O. Theriault, Regimental Commander; to be Cadet Lieutenant Colonels, Captain Robert Dunning, Regimental Executive Officer, First Lieutenant Robert T. Morton, First Battalion Commander, First Lieutenant Charles A. Bragg, Second Battalion Commander; to be Cadet Majors, Second Lieutenant Richard E. Treadwell, First Battalion Executive Officer, Captain Earl F. Howland, Second Battalion Executive Officer; to be Cadet Captains; First Lieutenants Phillip A. Smith, Dana S. Treadwell, Kenneth W. Spearing, and Palmer Luro to be Commanders of Companies A, E. F. and G respectively; to be Cadet First Lieutenants, Second Lieutenants George E. Thorne and Leslie E. Willis.

PEOPLE'S FISH MARKET, Inc.

All Fresh Fish in Season

OYSTERS

CLAMS

SCALLOPS

LOBSTERS

Telephone 5636

120 Broad Street

Bangor, Maine

VOICE OF B. H. S.

(Continued from Page 24)

Just wondering, thanks . . .

Why Ken Honey doesn't pronounce his name the way it's spelled? Seems like it would suit him . . . how Larry Blethen's little red truck stands the punishments it gets after games . . . what the answers were to the outside reading test . . . who invented term papers (reward—dead or alive) . . . why all the sandwiches get sold so quickly? We've been eating "Nabs" for three weeks . . . where the Koritsky limousine is this season? Haven't seen it around . . . what happened to the male cheerleaders? They were swell while they lasted . . . who the Brewer red-head we've heard so much about is . . . where all the wonderful sophomore boys have come from. Even the dignified (purely polite) seniors are overcome.

Christmas presents to:

Mr. Floyd, for the bang-up job he has done with the band and orchestra this year.

Miss Cousins, because she has more school spirit than almost anyone else we can think of.

Mr. Drisko, because he doesn't a'ways charge a nickel for the master key.

Miss Mullen, for unearthing the student council.

Our faculty adviser, because she's been so much help and had so much patience with us.

The sophomores, juniors, seniors, and the whole faculty because we're really rather nice after all, aren't we?

Rice and Tyler

"Electrical Appliances"

74 Central Street

Bangor, Maine

ENDICOTT-JOHNSON SHOE STORE

"Footwear

for the

Family"

49 Main Street

Bangor, Maine

Telephone 8798

Henry Lord & Co., Inc.

Claude L. Ryder, *President*

GENERAL INSURANCE

61 MAIN STREET

BANGOR MAINE

Tel. 6661

Coe Building

DONALD PRATT CO.

DIAMOND MERCHANTS

and JEWELERS .

18 HAMMOND STREET

BANGOR

MAINE

Bangor Motor Garage

Mobilgas and Mobiloil

BANGOR, MAINE

Dial 4361

JOHN ATWOOD, Prop.

THE ALUMNI

(Continued from Page 25)

in local stores and offices.

From the Class of '46, Mary Jane Redman is a sophomore at Connecticut College for Women. Barbara Nealley is attending school in New York City. John McGinn is at the University of Pennsylvania. John Godsoe and Don Severance are in the navy. Jim Glencross has graduated from the Maine Maritime Academy and is serving in the Merchant Marine.

Thomas Walsh '47, Ted Frost '46, Herbert Follett '46, Bob Jenkins '47, John Williams '47, John Wright '47, Kenneth Crombie '47, William Gordon '47, Leighton Mishou '45, and Addison Palmer '47 are taking a post graduate course at Bangor High.

Several former students are engaged to be married. They are Isabel Nevins '47; Priscilla Polk '46 and Edward Rogan; Anna Whittier '46 and Walter Shorey '47.

Wedding bells have sounded for Elizabeth Annis, Donna Bridges, Louise Adams '47, Lucy Hincks '47, Crystal Garran '47 and Virgil Wing, Priscilla Bradford '47 and Gerald Palmer, Janet Hersey '47 and W. Raymond McKay '41, Ruth Gedney '46 and Samuel Slagle, Lois Ann Hopkins '45 and Fred Woodman.

*For the most complete selection of
radios, appliances and house
furnishings visit the*

HOME RADIO and FURNITURE Co.

34 Central Street, Bangor

Maine Street, Calais

Hotpoint
Ranges
Refrigerators
Sinks
Sink Dishwashers
Dishwashers
Disposals
Ironers
Washers
Dryers
Automatic Clothes Washers
Hot Water Heaters
Frozen Food Cabinets

Cal's Electrical Shop

SERVICE—HOT POINT—SALES

22 HAMMOND STREET

BANGOR, MAINE



Webber Motor Company

499 Hammond Street

Bangor, Maine

Telephone 5691

John J. Nissen Baking Corp.

Baker of
BETSY ROSS BREAD

*"The old fashioned bread with all the
grain flavor"*

FORTY-FIVE COLUMBIA STREET
Bangor

H. P. Snowman

JOB PRINTER

Manufacturer of
RUBBER STAMPS

27 Franklin Street

Bangor

WHITE & HAYES

Funeral Home

Center Street

BANGOR

MAINE

DAVID BRAIDY *Clothier - Outfitter*

14 Hammond Street Telephone Conn.

UP ONE FLIGHT

"Where You Save"

"MARK EVERY GRAVE"

FLETCHER & BUTTERFIELD CO.
Cemetery Memorials

86 Central Street

Bangor, Maine

Leach's Market

266 HAMMOND STREET

“For Music, News, and Sports”

W J O R

BANGOR, MAINE

1230 on your dial

Hilltop Pharmacy

B. W. Mitchell, Prop.

Formerly owned by

C. M. Brown

Prescription work under direction of

PHILIP H. RILEY

Fountain Service and General

Drug Store Supplies

RECORDS

Popular . . . Classical . . . Hot Jazz

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Bought, Sold, Exchanged, Repaired, Rented

SAM VINER MUSIC CO.

53 Pickering Sq. Upstairs, Bangor

Everything in Music

PRIEST DRUG STORE

136 Exchange Street

Bangor, Maine

(Opposite Penobscot Hotel)

SOUTHARD OF BANGOR

"Modern Store Equipment"

Since 1931

195 Exchange Street

Bangor, Maine

IT'S WIGHT'S

FOR

WINTER SPORTS

Skis

Ski Boots

Ski Sweaters

Ski Pants

Ski Jackets

Ski Poles

Toboggans

C. C. M. Skates

Moccasins

WIGHT'S

Telephone 2-0442

54 State Street

See

THE HAYNES & CHALMERS CO.

for

The best hardware

The best in builders' supplies

in town.

SPORTSWEAR

for

Men and Young Men

SHIRTS - SLACKS - SHOES

TOPCOATS - OVERCOATS

M. L. French & Son

196 EXCHANGE STREET

The Brass Rail

Bangor's Finest Restaurant

Air and Sound Conditioned

202 Exchange Street

Bangor, Maine

Brockway's Flower Shop

Flowers . . . Plants . . . Corsages

15 CENTRAL STREET

POST OFFICE PHARMACY

Prescription Service

See our complete line of Christmas Gifts for
Mother, Dad and all the family

Open all day Sunday

PICTURE and GIFT SHOP, Inc.

Picture Framing - Artists Supplies - Stationery

13 HAMMOND STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

Blake, Barrows & Brown, Inc.

73 Central Street

INSURANCE, SURETY BONDS

Travel Agency

The Allen Drug Co.

32 State Street—Corner Harlow

C. D. Merrifield Co.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Notebooks, Paper, Pencils, Erasers and Ring Book Fillers

Our Motto

If we haven't got IT
we'll get IT

23 CENTRAL STREET BANGOR, MAINE
DIAL 3793

DAKIN'S

Headquarters for

SPORT AND PHOTOGRAPHIC

EQUIPMENT

25 Central St. Bangor, Maine

See

Donald S. Higgins

About

INSURANCE

27 STATE STREET

Bangor, Maine

The Hincks Coal Co.

11 Central St.

Tel. 6478

COAL - COKE - OIL

Timken Silent Automatic Oil Burners

Heating Contractors

Winkler Stokes

Radios and Appliances

CONEY'S

Groceries and Meat

277 Grove Street Bangor, Maine

LODER'S FLORISTS

Cut Flowers and Floral Designs

Telephone 6954 11 Broad Street
BANGOR, MAINE

WE TELEGRAPH FLOWERS

Established 1910

**Bangor Clothing
Mfg. Co., Inc.**

HARVEY GARMENTS

128 Exchange Street

Dunham-Hanson Co.

31-39 Mercantile Sq. Bangor

BUILDING MATERIAL

Hardware

Windows	Asphalt Shingles
Doors	Insulating Board
Cutlery	Carpenters' Tools

MODERN PHOTO ENGRAVERS

Makers of Printing Plates, Illustrators

9 BROAD STREET, BANGOR, MAINE
J. M. McLEOD, Prop.

WHEN GRADUATIONS ARE OVER

. . . . don't forget to study your electric rates! It will convince you that electricity is the modern, economical operation of homes, farms, and industries.

Bangor Hydro Electric Co.

BANGOR, MAINE

..SEE..

Your Studebaker Dealer

New Cars and Trucks

"Our reference—anyone you meet"

Knight Auto Sales Co.

54 CUMBERLAND STREET

Telephone 2-1505

Appointments
are now being
made for
Class Portrait
Sittings for
the Oracle

*Special Discount
will be given to
B. H. S. students*



JEAN

Klyne

156 MAIN STREET
BANGOR
TELEPHONE 2-3190

STUDIO

NEAR THE BANGOR HOUSE

W A B I

CBS in the Heart of Maine

910 on your dial

5000 Watts

Member Federal Reserve Bank



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

The Merrill Trust Company

With thirteen offices in
Eastern Maine
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.
