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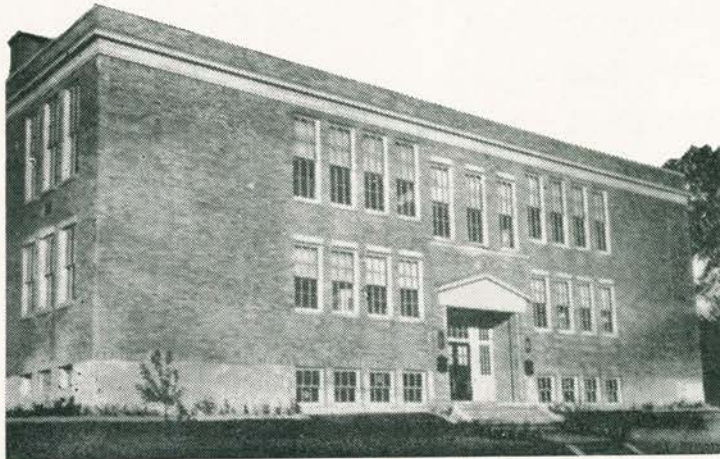
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Greetings



The Oracle

DECEMBER, 1949

Published by the students of Bangor
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Vol. LIX

No. 1

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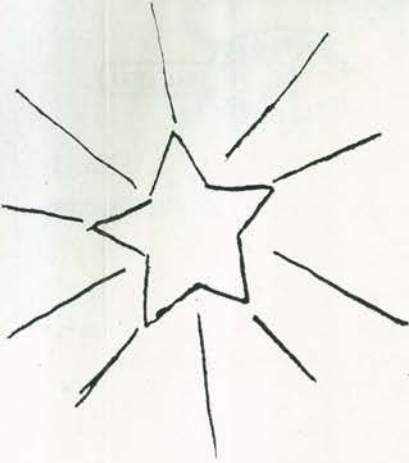
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A CHRISTMAS POEM

By Mary Jean Chapman



One silent night of long ago,
A bright star shone on high;
Some shepherds resting on a hill
Gave out a fearful cry.
But soon their anguish turned to joy,
For angels stayed their fright
And told them that the Prince of Peace
Was born to men that night.

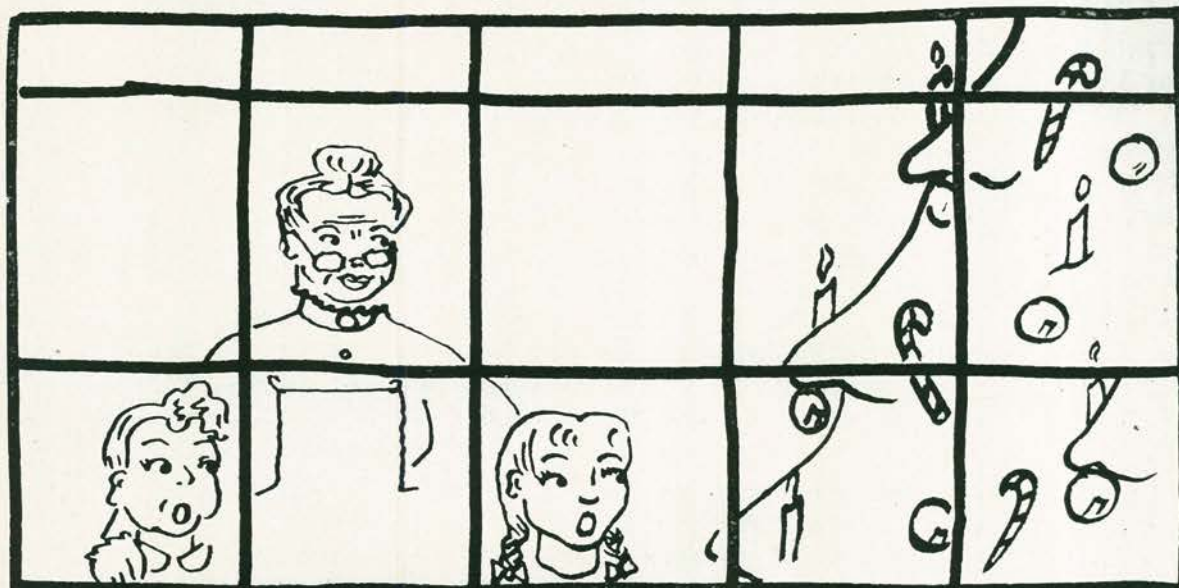
In a lowly stall in Bethlehem,
This Holy Child was born.
With Him came love, new hope, and joy;
Dark night was changed to morn.
Three wise men came from lands afar
To worship their new king;
Gifts of frankincense, gold, and myrrh,
As tribute they did bring.

The Christmas spirit marches on
The same from year to year;
Its joy is felt in every land
In many a heart, its cheer.
Carols are sung in every tongue,
While happy preparation
Goes on in many and various ways
For the day of celebration.
Desire to give should far outweigh
Desire to receive;
The happy giver feels a joy
That's hard to quite believe.
To get the most out of this day,
Be thankful and remember
To keep the Christmas spirit living
Right through to next December.



Impersonating Mrs. Santa Claus

By Frances Ertha



"God Bless Mrs. Santa"

Quietly and swiftly the soft white snow was descending upon the straight row of maples that flanked the driveway of Mrs. Whitman's spacious mansion, creating a scene many artists have tried unsuccessfully to capture; but to Mrs. Whitman standing alone by the window, it seemed only to intensify her loneliness.

"One week and then Christmas. How can I possibly go on? My thoughts are all of Nancy—Nancy as a smiling dimpled baby—a winsome little girl; Nancy with her high school chums and her college gang; then Nancy, scornful, angry, "Mother, if you are going to be so narrow, so selfish and self-centered, I won't stay here." And then unbelievably, Nancy gone—and no word from her since."

Almost against her will, Mrs. Whitman raised her eyes and looked down the driveway and across the wide street. "That place was the cause of it all."

The large rambling old house, which was the object of her gaze, was not so large nor well-kept as her home. Gray smoke curled from its chimney trying in vain to grasp the snow-filled sky, but to no avail, for it was being blown into nothing by the cool soft wind that was non-accompanying the feather-like flakes. The house looked innocent enough in the twilight, but she

stood looking at it with almost hatred in her eyes.

At first, the news that the old Grayson Place had been sold and was to be used as an orphanage seemed to her an unbelievable dream. She refused even to consider the possibility of having a gang of dirty, neglected children over-running her front yard. She had fought the opening of the orphanage with every weapon possible—legal and illegal. Now the orphanage had taken its revenge. Her only child Nancy, who had studied sociology instead of dancing in college, and who had insisted on becoming a nurse, had turned on her and, after a bitter quarrel, had packed her simplest clothes and left.

She turned quickly from the window and, as if by impulse, she said, "Hopkins, turn on all the lights."

"Upstairs too, Madame?"

"Yes."

The sudden blaze from the chandeliers dazzled her eyes and she turned once more to the window. As she stood gazing again at the white blanket that now covered the countryside, a tiny figure making its way up the snow-filled driveway caught her eye. They had never bothered her throughout the year they had been there. She had seen them gazing wistfully at her smooth

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EARNED VICTORY

By Nancy Bryant

"So you really think you have a chance of winning the race this afternoon," drawled Jim Brady, "Well,—'Never say die!' Yup! That's my motto too." Jim was a lanky, blonde boy of seventeen; the strong, outdoor type that made girls look twice. At the present time he was engaged in a favorite pastime, that of teasing Jo Roberts.

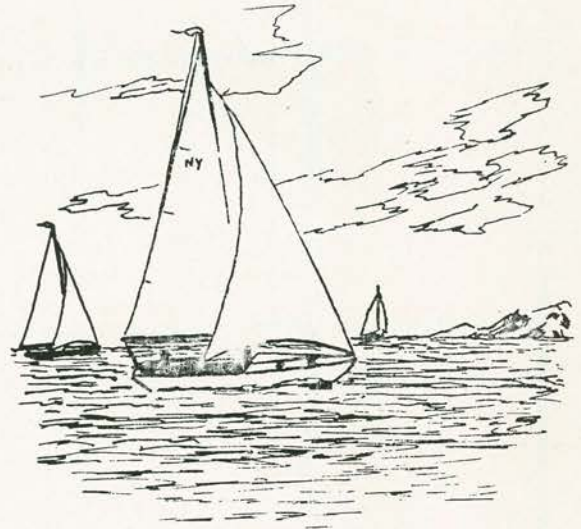
Jo was a tall, slender girl with serious, brown eyes and short, straight hair. She had a frank, boyish grin and a long, swinging stride that made it difficult for most people to keep up with her.

She was seldom seen in anything but dungarees and it was a well known fact that giggling girls and gossiping women were her pet peeves. It wasn't that Jo was unfriendly but as soon as someone would begin on the village gossip, Jo would immediately remember that she was in a terrific hurry and excuse herself abruptly.

She spent all her spare time out on the water, either swimming or sailing. Even on foggy days she could be seen in her slicker giving the sides of her boat "the once over" with a rag and some Dutch cleanser. It was always a chore for her friends to get her to go to a dance with them, even though the dances were only held every third week.

All the boys liked Jo because she was different from most girls. She didn't put on airs nor try to impress them with stylish clothes; not Jo, she was the kind that spoke frankly so that a fellow didn't have to spend the better half of the next week trying to figure out if she meant what she had said.

At the present time she was leaning lazily against the railing of the post office, waiting for the mail to be sorted. Jo enjoyed having Jim tease her. It pleased her to see him get "ruffled" when it became apparent that his teasing was making very little impression. She now returned his last "dig" with a flip "Wait and see" and slid off the railing just as Alice White came dashing over with a noisy description of the cute new boy who had moved in down on the south shore. Jo picked up the pile of mail and sauntered down the road with her nose buried in a letter, leaving



"They were all nearing the marker"

the unlucky Jim to listen to the lengthy account of the scatter-brained Alice. He glared after Jo until she turned the corner; but, though it did make him angry to be left with Alice, he couldn't suppress a little smile of admiration. That Jo Roberts certainly knew how to make a neat exit.

When Jo reached the camp, all was quiet. Since her mother and older sister had gone to town for the day and her father was at work, Jo had the house to herself. She picked up Calahan's *Learning to Race* which was on the table, opened a bottle of coke, and plopped into a chair on the porch. From here she could see the "Dolphin" swinging lazily at her mooring. The "Dolphin" was the family boat. She was nineteen feet in length and had a ten foot beam. She had a centerboard and carried both mainsail and jib. Because of her width and the shape of her hull, she was slower than many boats. The fact that she was a slow boat was the very reason for Jo's sitting down quietly with Calahan's book on a day when she could count a dozen sails out in the bay. You see, Jo simply had to win the race, not for the prize or the glory it would give her, but because it would decide whether her father would sell or keep the "Dolphin," which she had learned to love over the past four years.

Jo's father wasn't an unkind man, but he was one of those men who were satisfied with noth-

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The Date of Dates Or Cuthbert's Quest For Classic Company

By Myles Striar

As our story opens (a new twist), Cuthbert Kwackpot, student genius of Off-Centerville High, handsome, muscular star athlete, and idol of 332 swooning bobby-soxers and one middle-aged office girl, is hauling his "87 pound soaking wet" body home from dear old alma mater. He is trying desperately to average a 32 in geometry, a 16 in English, a 23 in French, and a 97 in basket-weaving to a passing grade of 70.

Thirty yards dead ahead, three dashing damsels, no doubt fans of Cuthbert, become aware of the route of our hero's journey. The shrill blast of a police whistle shatters the peaceful autumn stillness, and the first of the three admirers shouts desperately, "To the right, flank, march!" The girls rapidly cross the street. With the exception of a mass suicide of a family of black cats whose path is crossed by Cuthbert, no other incidents occur during the remainder of his journey.

The daily slamming of the front door, Cuthbert's one proof of his superhuman strength, is followed by the hesitant query of a careworn feminine voice, "That you, Cuthie?"

"Yup Ma, it's me. Dinner ready?"

"It's on the table."

Cuthbert greedily devours his dinner, for he is striving to gain three pounds to become a 90 pound weakling. Then he will be eligible for a Charles Atlas course.

After dinner, Cuthbert definitely decides to get a date for the Fall Hop. But who will go with him? Then he phones the one bright spot in his life, Cookie Crumb.

"Hello, gorgeous, this is Casanova Cuthbert. Whatcha doin'?"

"Nothin' much," replies a voice which has possibilities of making a career as stand-in for Inner Sanctum's creaking door, "just knitting yer socks. Hey, Cuthie, I'm having a little trouble. You-uh-got any open-toed shoes?"

Lowering his voice to a deep soprano, our hero answers, "No, but I can buy some if you like. Gee, Cookie, I'd do anything for you. Say, I got an awful important question to ask you."

"Yes, Cuthie?"

"I-that is-you know-Cookie, will you attend the Fall Hop with me? We won't have to walk this time, 'cause I found two old streetcar transfers."

Cookie, who doesn't need the use of higher mathematics to determine her chances of receiving another offer, enthusiastically accepts. "Uh-huh."

Overjoyed, Cuthbert anxiously awaits the big night, and, on the evening of the Hop, descends the stairs in an outfit that would not only send Emily Post to the grave, but subsequently cause her to roll over in it; his sister screams, his mother stares, and his father, who had been driven to drink at first glimpse of Cuthbert many years before, falls out of the chandelier.

Cuthbert, not satisfied by merely wearing Adler shoes, has increased his height to four feet ten by donning high heels. The pants of his tux are pegged, and he wears a lavender tie with pale green stripes.

"You're not; tell me you're not going to wear that," groans his father, "so I can die in peace."

"Why not? If dames can wear spikes, so can I. The tie and pants are pacesetters. Pretty soon everyone will be wearing them to formals; I'll be famous."

"No more famous than you are now," chimes in his sister.

"Bah," exclaims Cuthbert, and he grabs his scooter and leaves.

Cookie Crumb is quite a woman, all seven feet two inches of her. The most sought after amateur basketball player in the country, rumor has it that she has been offered a \$100,000 bonus to sign with any pro team.

Greeting Cuthbert, Cookie opens her corsage. "Tulips," she murmurs feebly, "how lovely."

On the way to Mildew Manor, where the affair is being held, Cuthbert is speaking to the light of his life. "I have a surprise for you, you know. I've learned to dance."

Cookie heaves a sigh of relief, "Thank the Lord."

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THE LAST TRAWL

By Bette Bailey

The afternoon air was cold and crisp. The wind blew the heavy white clouds slowly across the leaden sky over the little group of trawlers anchored off the Grand Banks. These weather-beaten little ships from the New England coast had been fishing at the Banks since September and would stay there until their holds were filled with fish.

On board the "Sea Queen," the largest and trimmest of the trawlers, Captain Richard Perry and his crew prepared to go out in the dories, to haul the trawls. The "Sea Queen's" crew was an odd assemblage of men; most fishing crews are. Captain Perry was a just man with his crew and knew the Grand Banks as well as his own backyard; and, because of this, he had the respect and confidence of all his men. Among the crew were John Furrow, Wesley Archer, Frenchy Leveraux, Andy Wilkins, and Tom Wilkins. John Furrow was the strong man of the crew. He liked to show his strength and ridiculed the other men's weaknesses. Wesley Archer, a serious middle-aged man, was called the "Preacher" by his mates. He had once started to train for the ministry and tried to transfer some of his religion to his rough friends without much success. Frenchy Leveraux was a bandy-legged little man who had curly black hair, snapping black eyes and a very quick wit. Andy Wilkins and his brother Tom were younger members of the crew. Their one ambition was to earn enough money to buy a trawler of their own.

The men, dressed in warm clothes covered with oilskins and big rubber boots, got into their dories and rowed toward their trawls. John Furrow and the "Preacher" shared one dory; the Wilkins boys shared another; and Frenchy and Bob Blair, another member of the crew, shared a third. As they passed other ships and other dories, they called to the men and talked about the Christmas Eve celebration to be held that night; they even made bets on who would catch the most fish that day.

John and the "Preacher" reached their first trawl and began to haul it. John pulled in the fish and took them off the line. The "Preacher"

baited the hooks again and threw them over the other side of the dory.

The men worked steadily during the afternoon paying little attention to the change in the weather. Late in the afternoon, the sky darkened, and the wind blew harder. It began to snow slowly at first and then thick and fast.

One by one the dories returned to their ships. Frenchy and Bob Blair rowed past John and the "Preacher" and shouted to them to go back to the "Sea Queen." John laughed at them and told them to go back to the ship if they wanted to. He and the "Preacher" were not afraid of a little weather and were going to finish hauling their last trawl.

Nature went wild. It became so dark and the snow swirled so fast, the two men could not see the ship. The waves changed from long low swells to high frothy white caps which sprayed over the sides of the dory. The cold became intense; spray froze on the men's oilskins. The "Preacher" refused to work anymore, and even John was awed at the suddenness and violence of the storm.

They began to row against the wind in the direction of the ships. They rowed and rowed and rowed, but did not reach the ships. Finally after four terrible hours, the "Preacher" collapsed. John covered him as much as possible



"A miracle of the magic season, Christmas"

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TO SLEEP OR NOT TO SLEEP

By Audrey Sands

Who started all this hooley about sleep? Who said that eight or nine hours of sleep a night are healthful? The idea that plenty of sleep is necessary to one's well-being is one of the greatest fantasies ever formed in the mind of man.

For example, look at the trouble people get into while supposedly resting the muscles and rebuilding their cells deep in an unconscious trance. First, we have somnambulists. Some people who are somnambulists should not be allowed to sleep, they only get into trouble. Sleepwalkers are also the silliest animals afoot. Who could refrain from laughing at the sight of a man or woman, dressed for the nightly tussle with sleep, ambling blissfully and unconsciously along his or her way? Especially the women in their so-called beautifying paraphernalia! The idea that it is bad luck to wake a sleepwalker is a fallacy. This fallacy was concocted by pajama manufacturers who did not want their customers to see how they looked in their p. j.'s.

Secondly, one never knows what may be happening while one is happily dancing through Elysian Fields chasing beautiful nymphs. History has many anecdotes to prove my point. Take Rip Van Winkle. Rip Van Winkle was a young Dutchman who led a happy, normal life. He may have been a bit lazy, but that's pretty normal. Now one day Rip started out hunting. At least that's what he told his wife. But between you, me, and the lamp post, I think he was going bowling with the boys. All the talk about meeting a bunch of sawed-off runts back in the mountains is not the truth. (Now the object of bowling is to knock down ten insignificant pins with a huge unwieldy ball.) It must have been a pretty rough game because Rip decided to stretch out under a tree (bowling hadn't been brought indoors at that time) to catch a few winks. The winks were caught, one by one; finally Rip came to. Upon finding his clothes torn and ragged and his face sporting as pretty a piece of hirsute adornment as he had ever come upon; he must have been a little puzzled. Probably a bad storm, he might have thought. But, upon trying to get to his feet he thought that it must have been more than a storm for the

water began to leak into his joints and rust them. Upon reaching the village, Rip found his family and friends gone, and he himself a forgotten man.

There you have a picture of a man who slept, "not wisely but too well!" After twenty years of this so called "health-giving" sleep, Rip Van Winkle was a wreck. And yet millions of people still blindly believe sleep is health-giving!

Sleeping Beauty was another. She, of course, was cursed. Therefore you might say there were understandable circumstances. In Beauty's time everyone had a fairy-godmother who just hung around waving her wand like mad and making life as easy as possible for her protégé. Nowadays the fairies play it cozy. "Nobody gets nothin' for free nohow!" (The preceding pearl being written in the vernacular of today.) Well, to get back to my story. She has thirteen fairy-godmothers! Now, just after the birth of Beauty, her mother and father decided to give a party for her, the object of which was to get as much for as little entertainment as possible. As you probably know, they forgot to invite the thirteenth fairy who got so insulted that she crashed the party in a blaze of brimstone and lightning. The old girl made a big entrance and proceeded to raise a rumpus and wound up saying that the princess would prick her finger on a needle on her sixteenth birthday and fall into an eternal sleep. She then waved her wand and left the party. However, one of the other twelve fairies changed that curse so that the princess would need a kiss to wake her up. Surely enough, on her sixteenth birthday, the princess pricked her finger and fell into a deep sleep. The only trouble was that everything else in the castle fell asleep too. A big hedge sprouted up around the castle to keep everyone out. Then, one day a handsome prince came riding up to the hedge on a milk-white steed. I think it was a milk-white steed, I'm not sure, but since the prince, not the horse, marries the princess, why worry! Well, the prince gets through the hedge, kisses the princess, wakes her up, everybody wakes up, they're married—the prince and the princess, not everybody—and they

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Proposing Lessons: Jerimiah Prouty

By Ruth Beal

"Crash." Over went the spindly, long-legged table. Merna felt like sitting right down on the flower-patterned rug and howling.

But, instead, she just wailed, "Calvin Barnaby Benson, how can you get into so much trouble? You get out of the best room and stay in the kitchen with Gwendolyn."

Three year old brothers were a lot of trouble, 'specially when your best beau was coming to visit for the first time, and you wanted everything to be just right.

She continued her dusting and, after a few minutes, started to hum a hymn. The tune was not quite right, but it showed that her good humor had returned.

"Merna, how do you expect me to study with that cat-a-wauling goin' on?" yelled an eight-year old voice from the kitchen.

Gwendolyn was disgusted with her sister--making all this fuss over a boy. When *she* was seventeen, she'd have just as much contempt for boys as she had now.

Gwendolyn loved big words, but she didn't dare say them out loud for fear people would laugh at her.

"Contempt," she repeated mentally with pride.

Folks in Floundersbay didn't have much use for big words. Only "high faluking furiners" used them. Plain everyday New England words were good enough for anybody. Floundersbay people didn't have much to do with "furiners." They were too busy keeping up with village gossip.

Why, everybody knew Jerimiah Prouty was coming courting Merna Benson tonight. Hadn't Lorita Benson been to Georgie Fadden's dry goods store and bought doilies for the backs of the best room chairs? It was about time Merna had a beau who was really interested in her.

Lorita Benson agreed with the rest of the villagers. Her husband, Emery, a weather-beaten, tired-looking sardine boat captain, was in no hurry for Merna to be married. He enjoyed having his eldest daughter around the house with her gay, bright chatter.

"Course she'll have to get married sometime,"

he'd say to Lorita. "Seventeen's kinda young, though. Give the young'un a chance."

Merna herself felt much as her mother did. After all, Jerry was a smart, up and comin' young man. Educated and handsome, too. She *was* getting older everyday, and who knew when the chance might come again?

Gwendolyn disliked all boys, but Jerimiah Prouty she disliked intensely. He'd called her "Merna's baby sister" at the fair last year.

Supper in the Benson house that night was different from what it usually was. Everyone but Calvin was too busy with his own thoughts to engage in conversation.

The Jerimiah for whom all the preparations had been made was a tall, rather lanky young man. He'd spent one term in college, and was considered "learned." His crew cut gave his face a square look, but most Floundersbayers thought him handsome. Jerry agreed with them.

As he drove up to the Benson house in his 1915 Ford, he mentally rehearsed what he would say to Merna. He had composed a beautiful poem. The words went through his mind.

On life's highways,
Through life's strife,
I shall succeed,
If you'll just be my wife.
Give me much happiness,
Fill me with bliss,
Merna, my rosebud,
Do answer "yes."

There would be no word fumbling when he, Jerimiah, proposed. Maybe someday he would open up a school for awkward young men to learn to propose in "Jerimiah Prouty's School of Proposing." Merna would accept him, of course. How could any girl resist such a flowery proposal? 'Specially when Jerimiah Prouty was doing the proposing.

The moment arrived. Jerimiah and Merna were sitting side by side on the overstuffed sofa. The poem kept going through Jerimiah's head. He turned to Merna and opened his mouth to speak the familiar lines.

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HOT SHOT

By Walter Luro



The crowd cheered as the buzzer sounded ending the game. The home team had won 54 to 45. It was the sixteenth straight win for Middletown High. They had lost only one game this year and that was to their old rival, Chester. Now only the tournament was left. Middletown had a good team, but Chester was favored to win the tournament.

Coach Joe Beggs had been preparing for the tournament

a long time. Hour after hour he had had the team drill on new plays that he planned to pull at the tournament. On his team this year Joe had four veterans. They were: center, Pat Ruelback; guards, Chuck Salters and Buzzy Chilson; and finally Red Macon, who was Middletown's high scoring forward. Also on the team was Pete Morgan who wanted to play basketball more than anything else, but Pete was only 5' 6" tall and had sat on the bench most of the year. Because of his height disadvantage, Pete had to be extra good. The thing he concentrated on most was set shooting.

In the first game of the tournament, Middletown was to play Deep River. Red Macon and the rest of his teammates didn't have much trouble overcoming Deep River and then Cromwell in the semi-finals. Now, in the finals they were to play Chester.

Almost all of Middletown turned out to see the game. The gym was packed. There was tension everywhere. The two teams were near their benches getting final instructions from their coaches. The fans were on their feet as the referee tossed the ball into the air, starting the game. Pat Ruelback easily outjumped the Chester center and tapped the ball to Buzzy Chil-

son who whipped it to Red Macon under the basket. Middletown had a quick 2-0 lead. The crowd was amazed as Middletown built up a 28-21 lead at the half. Joe Beggs' plays were paying off. Red Macon had scored 16 of the 25 points and was on his way to winning the outstanding player award.

The gym was hot and stuffy as the two teams came back onto the floor. The teams lined up for the jump ball to start the second half. Pat Ruelback had little trouble out-jumping the Chester center again, and Middletown's score quickly jumped two points. But before Middletown could set up its defense, the Chester players were down on top of them and dropped one in. As Chuck Salters and Buzzy Chilson brought the ball up the floor, they set up one of the new plays. The ball ended up with Red Macon under the basket, but two men were quickly on him. Chester was using a zone defense! Everyone, including Joe Beggs knew that plays can't be worked against a good zone. It was just a matter of time before Chester tied the score at 40 all, and went ahead with 2 minutes left to play. The zone had stopped Middletown completely. Even Red Macon had scored only one basket in the last thirteen minutes. Time was quickly running out as Coach Joe Beggs called Pete from the bench and sent him into the game in place of Red Macon.

With a little more than one minute left, Middletown took the ball out at mid-court. Chilson passed the ball to Salters who whipped it to Pete in the far corner. Pete set quickly and shot. The crowd rose to its toes as the ball dipped high in the air and dropped through the hoop without touching the rim. The score was tied!

Chester took the ball out with 40 seconds left to play. As the boys brought the ball up the floor, Pat Ruelback intercepted a pass. Before Pat could get started down the floor, Chester had set up their crack zone which Middletown failed to penetrate. Ruelback snapped the ball into Pete. But, instead of shooting, he dribbled out near mid-court. He glanced up at the clock and saw that there were 15 seconds of playing

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"LET NOTHING YOU DISMAY"

By Patricia Wilson

Jane Dickerson tilted back her head, stuck her tongue out and neatly caught a snowflake on its tip, at the expense of dropping one of her many bundles. Hastily she recovered her package, composed her features and continued, with dignity, down the bustling street. In spite of her feigned indifference, the year's first snowfall plus the excitement of the Christmas season were just as irresistible to her at seventeen as they had been when she was seven. She looked pityingly at the unruly throng of shoppers so intent on their Christmas purchases that they were oblivious to the magic of the downy flakes drifting softly and gently to the sparkling street.

"Big girls aren't supposed to stick their tongues out," a voice chided at her elbow.

"Uncle Bill!" Startled, Jane looked at the tall man who fell into step beside her, his dark eyes sparkling with fun.

"Hi, Janie," he greeted her. With an approving glance at the piquant face turned to him, he went on. "How's my favorite niece, and what's she doing?"

Laughing Janie broke in on him, "Just a minute—one at a time. I'm just fine and right now I'm on my way home. I've just finished my shopping. I bought all new trimmings for the tree, and you're just in time to help me trek 'em home." She began transferring several packages to him, but stopped when she saw the stern look on his face. "What's the matter? Aren't you a friend in need?"

"Sure, Honey, you know I'm always ready to help a fair damsel in distress," he replied impishly.

Janie breathed a sigh of relief and broke into a cheery smile. "Well, for a minute I thought you had gone serious on me. Why the long face?"

"I'm sorry if I worried you, Janie, but I was just wondering—Does your mother know that you've bought all this?"

"Well, no," she admitted gravely. "I intended to surprise her. Why?" But Janie herself knew the answer; her eyes widened in sudden disappointment. "Oh, Uncle Bill, you don't think Mother would mind, do you? On account of Daddy, is that what you mean?"

He shook his head regretfully. "I really don't know. But, Honey, you know your mother never was one to make a big fuss over holidays and such. And since your father died, well, she takes everything so seriously. I just don't know whether or not she'd like the idea. You know, Janie, she doesn't figure that there's much left for her to celebrate about."

"I understand the way she feels. No one could possibly realize how hard she's taken it since Daddy left us. She never was the kind to tell her troubles, and now she just keeps all her misery locked up inside her. She has the most forlorn look and is so nervous and fidgety. Her eyes are so dull and lifeless, and her voice is so soft and sad. She's just pining away." Choked by sobs, Janie could not go on.

"I know, Janie. I know. Let's forget about it for now. But what I was trying to make you see is this. Your mother has suffered enough. We just can't do anything that might hurt her more. Say, why don't I keep this stuff at my house. If your mom says anything about having a tree, you can come and get it. If not, you're invited over. How's that?"

"Oh, would you do that? That would be super!"

With a deep bow, as deep as he could manage with all the packages, and a gentlemanly flourish, he presented her with a king-sized handkerchief. "Now, blow."

Together they turned up a narrow street, colorfully sparkling with the reflection of Christmas lights which adorned every house. There were no lights, no tree, in the windows of the house where the pretty girl and the tall man stopped.

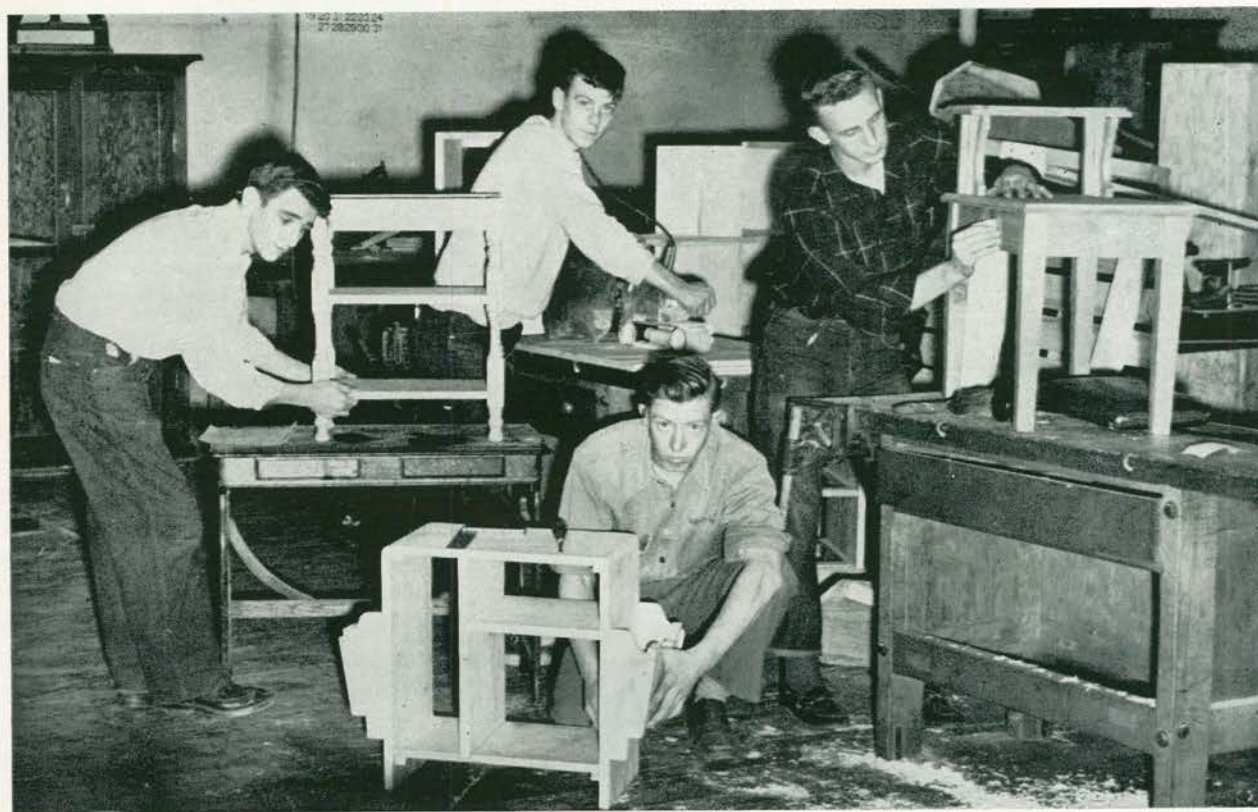
"Thanks a million for the lift, both physical and mental. Won't you come in for awhile?"

"I must admit it isn't often I get such an invitation from so charming a hostess, but my wife'll be waiting for me with a rolling pin as it is now," he grinned slyly.

He watched with evident pride as the slight figure crunched up the steps, turned, waved to him and then entered the house.

Slowly he turned and walked down the street.

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Left to right: William Thomas, Frederick MacDonald, Charles Mower (kneeling), and Richard Withee.

BUILDERS OF TOMORROW

If someone asked whether there was a furniture factory at Bangor High, anyone might answer, "Why certainly not." Believe it or not he would be wrong. The shop isn't called a furniture factory; it doesn't pay the workers; there are no labor unions, and it doesn't sell its products.

Of course what all this double talk is about is the woodshop. The shop was easily found on the basement floor and Mr. Daniel Chick, the competent instructor, was very willing to tell all about the shop and the work done in it.

Mr. Chick supervises around fifty sophomores and seniors in their work. The shop is located in room 004 and the storage room where the extra wood is kept is across the hall.

At the first of the year, so that he can see what they are capable of doing during the year, Mr. Chick has his pupils each make a mantel

clock frame. When the frames are completed, a clock, for which the boys send away, is placed inside.

Upon the completion of this first project, each boy selects some larger project which he would like to do. Mr. Chick then decides whether the boy is competent enough to handle the task.

The boys start work on their chosen piece of furniture. This year pieces being made include a filing cabinet, a china cabinet, a vanity table, a gun rack, and end tables. The project may be made of a number of kinds of wood depending upon the ability of the pupil, the kind of furniture being made, and on the amount of money that the student wishes to pay. Mr. Chick mentioned that cedar, beach, walnut, mahogany, oak, pine, white pine, and maple were being used. The wood is the only thing for which the pupil has to pay; although, if the project requires any

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THE EDITORIAL WE



Why should we as high school students concern ourselves with tuberculosis? This question has been asked by countless teen-agers throughout the nation with the hope that they may learn the facts concerning TB, for tuberculosis leads all other diseases as a cause of death among young people between 15 and 34 years of age. At the present time, 250,000 of the 500,000 Americans who have active tuberculosis are unaware of the presence of the TB germ in their bodies.

What can we do to prevent the spreading of this dreaded disease? First, let us examine the cause of TB. Every case of tuberculosis is produced by a tiny, microscopic germ, tubercle bacillus. The tubercle bacillus germ lives best in the human body, especially in the lungs. Once the TB germ lodges itself firmly in the lungs, it grows rapidly. The result of tuberculosis does not always necessarily lead to death. Complete bed rest, fresh air, and a strict nutritious diet in a TB sanatorium have cured untold numbers of tubercular patients.

TB germs, having lodged themselves in the lungs, do their best to live and multiply. However, sometimes a person's body resistance is high enough to seal the germs into a small area within the lung. Usually the body defeats the invading TB germs in this way. Thus, we see that in many cases, people do not know that their bodies have fought a victorious round with the tuberculosis germs; yet, there are times that the resistance cannot wall the germs off fast enough. The tubercle bacilli are then left free to damage the lung tissues and to carry out their evil mission. Through the examination of these acts, we find that the most important guard against tuberculosis is maintaining a healthy body with strong resistance.

To keep the body in its best physical condition, these simple rules must be practiced; sleep nine to ten hours every night; eat plenty of meat, milk, greens, fruits, and cereals; bathe often; wash your hands before eating; stay away from people who are sick with TB; and have a yearly physical examination. These few precautions, along with tuberculin tests and x-rays, may mean the difference between a life of agony and a life of happiness.

Tuberculosis can be wiped out, and will be wiped out, if we as individuals work with our local and national anti-tuberculosis associations, and take the necessary steps to expose the unknown circulators of the disease.

The easiest and most efficient plan for discovering tuberculosis is the x-ray. Last year in our own community 600 free x-rays were taken. The Bangor Anti-tuberculosis Association is striving to double this number in 1950. What could be easier than the x-ray? The person takes a deep breath and holds it; that is all. The picture is then developed like a snapshot. The doctor examines the x-ray; and, if TB is apparent, the proper steps are taken.

It is the duty and obligation of each individual to guard against spreading the disease. This purpose can be achieved, only, if each individual consults his physician when the following signs of advanced TB appear: feeling of tiredness not relieved by rest, loss of weight, loss of appetite, a cough that hangs on, spitting blood, and chest pains. These danger signals may or may not mean TB. Nevertheless, a doctor should be consulted. Certainly, a person would not pass up an examination which might save his own life by ignoring these danger signals.

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Left to right: Joanne Turner, Nellie Mason, Claire Lane, and Loucille Davies.

SETTING THE PACE FOR YOUTH

Distributive Education, a course for seniors of Bangor High, established in 1942 under the guidance of Mr. Claude Lovely, is now under the supervision of Mr. Frederick Pinkham. The course is subsidized by the State of Maine; it must meet state requirements; such as, the Minimum Wage Law, and age requirement of at least sixteen. The students' working hours must equal the hours they attend school.

The school day is from 8:00 to 11:00. The course can accommodate between twenty and twenty-five students; at present there are twenty-three. The course of study, which is varied and interesting, consists of English, Arithmetic, Merchandise Information, Selling, Penmanship, Show Case and Window Trimming, Speech, Gym, and Store Practice. Etiquette and manners are discussed; frequently, outside speakers are heard by the class, and many field trips are taken to local factories and stores.

Between 12:00 and 12:30 the students go to work in Grant's, Woolworth's, Senter's, Dakin's, Emerson's, Red & White, Sear's & Roebuck, Burdell's, Coomb's, the Commercial, Standard Electric, Allen Oil Company, and at the University of Maine. They work afternoons and Saturdays; beginning December 7, the students work full time for the Christmas season.

The beautiful new modern show case in room 112 was a foundation gift from Sears & Roebuck Company, made possible through the efforts of the Manager, Mr. Joseph VanGilder. The case, given outright to the school, is valued at \$1200, and is the only one in Maine schools. Experience in trimming the new show case and the hall case, outside Room 111, is obtained through the loan of merchandise by Standard Shoe Store, Largay's, Wight's Sporting Goods, Smith's Specialty Shop, United Stores, and the stores in which stu-

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25 YEARS AGO

The spirit of a place is its genius; its atmosphere, its dormitory, influence. It may be depressing or uplifting. One feels it through suggestion.

Only by application to work, by co-operation between teachers and pupils, by simple honesty in classroom and in examination, only by good humor and an atmosphere of fair play and high-minded sportsmanship can the best school spirit prevail.

Hints to Junior Exhibition Speakers.

1. Don't stand up; sit down while speaking if you can be heard better.
2. Keep your back to the audience; they will feel more kindly toward you.
3. Don't speak loudly or you may win the prize.
4. In the middle of your speech wink at the judges; then you will be sure of success.
5. Don't curl your hair; it looks better straight. Also try to have a little piece of it hanging in your eyes so you can keep brushing it aside.
6. Wear a cheese cloth dress with a dab of red paint on the front of it; it will show up better than a crepe dress with a red rose.
7. Girls, wear high heeled shoes, so that you can lose one of your heels.
8. Boys don't tie your shoe strings; leave them dangling so that when you get up to speak, you can trip. If the judges hear a noise, you will surely get some attention, if not the medal.

Under Captain Tribolet's careful attention, patience, and enthusiasm, the Bangor High School R.O.T.C. rifle team has made some real progress, climbing steadily toward the point where they will be recognized as champions, not only in Maine and the other New England states but in the whole United States.

Fast Addition:

Music Teacher: If "f" means forte, what does "ff" mean?

Student: Eighty.

Never before in the history of the school has a Crimson football team faced a schedule as long and consisting of as many strong teams as that of 1925. Under the capable leadership of Coach Edward Trowell and Captain Terry Sullivan, the team had very successful season with four defeats, two ties, and six victories.

The basketball team had a less successful season with six victories and eight defeats. This was one of the very few years that Bangor did not have a state championship team.

In 1925 Bangor had no baseball team. The spring sport was track. The B. H. S. track team had a good season finishing second in the Colby meet.

All the Bangor teams were coached by Coach Trowell.

At Least Eight:

Little Boy: Mother is my birthday on Monday this year?

Mother: Yes, Bobby.

Little Boy: And was it on Saturday the year before?

Mother: Yes, Bobby.

Little Boy: Mother, how many days of the week was I born on?

Two new clubs have been admitted to the extra-curricular roster this fall. They are Le Cercle Francaise under the direction of Mme. Pauline Beaupre and the Officers' Club, under the direction of Captain Tribolet.

Freshmen are reminded that scooters should be parked outside of school unless all of their lessons are on the first floor; they are then requested to get to the right at all times and please avoid hitting teachers. Also, remember, upper classmen have the right of way!



PASSING in REVIEW

GLORIA SPAULDING: This vivacious senior girl always has a smile for everyone she meets.

Gloria's favorite pastime is writing letters, most of which are no doubt sent over Waterville way.

She is crazy about any food that is camouflaged with whipped cream, but alarm clocks ringing when she's right in the middle of a bee-u-tee-ful dream annoy her to the utmost. The dreamy strains of "Moonlight Serenade" send her right out of this world. In the way of movie idols, her favorite is Dane Clark, while Guy Lombardo is first on her list of band-leaders.

LARRY HALL: Here is one of our rugged football stars who made quite a name for himself this year. Larry did a swell job at his tackle position and was elected to the All-Scholastic Football team.

When he isn't playing football, Larry likes to listen to "Give Me the Moon Over Brooklyn" and the smooth music of Guy Lombardo. In the food department, he has a decided partiality for steak and lemon pie. Sounds good, doesn't it?

After graduating, Larry plans to go to college and put in some more of those long hours of study that we all know so well.

FREIDA SMITH: This cute dark-haired gal was a member of the remarkable sophomore hockey team which walked off with the championship this year. Although she likes to play hockey, Freida says that her favorite sport is basketball.

If you want to be Freida's pal, don't loaf around while she's hard at work; that habit really irks her.

At the moment, Johnson Rag and Guy Lombardo are tops with her in the music world. As for food, just serve her a heaping plate of fried clams and some chocolate cake. French is the favorite study of la charmante mademoiselle.

After graduating from B. H. S., Freida plans to attend the U. of M. to study to be a dietitian.

BOB BURGESS: "How are ya'?" is the friendly greeting that often comes from our senior class treasurer, Bob Burgess.

A steady diet of chicken would suit Bob fine. He tells us he likes about any song—except "Mule Train." Believe it or not, Bob's favorite study is chemistry. (It's a lot of fun to mix chemicals and hope they won't explode, huh, Bob?)

If you want to remain his friend, don't use him as a public leaning post, for "leaners" he cannot stand.

Bob certainly was an able quarter-back on the football team. That is why some of his friends call him "QB."

Either the U. of M. or Maine Maritime Academy will claim Bob next fall.

LORRAINE CANNING: Lorraine is one of our peppy cheerleaders from the junior class. Her favorite song is "I Can Dream, Can't I," but don't think her sentimental, for she is always full of fun and ready to have a good time.

Apple pie and Vaughn Monroe rate "tops" with Lorraine, but she hates to have someone contradict her when she knows she's right. As you might guess, she is crazy about dancing—with? Could it be that her favorite color is "white?"

She spends her summer months camping at Natarswi. Among school subjects, she likes shorthand best. After graduating Lorraine will attend Husson College.

MURRAY BILLINGTON: Here is a very popular member of the sophomore class, of which he is the president. The long cold months of winter don't please Murray a bit. This might explain why his favorite song is "That Lucky Old Sun" and favorite movie star, "June" Allyson. It's too bad that the deer hunting season isn't year-round, because he just loves venison steak.

Murray likes to spend his spare time playing almost any sport, but especially basketball.

After graduating he wants to go either to Annapolis or to Maine Maritime Academy.



BANGOR HIGH



Bangor High School's second operetta, "The Count and the Co-ed," provided this picturesque camera shot, taken during the dress rehearsal. The entire cast did an excellent job in making the production a success. What a beautiful array of tuxedos and evening gowns—don't you agree?

CARRY ON BUSY EXTRA-

Have you seen the Biology exhibit? No? Well you certainly have missed something. Here Mr. Gunnar Lytikanen, biology instructor is shown pointing out items of interest to three biology students.



STUDENTS



Members of the Oracle staff seem completely unmindful of the fact that their picture is being taken. Here the staff is shown making the last-minute preparations for the Christmas Oracle.

CURRICULA PROGRAM

Bangor's Classy basketball combination is shown getting a few pointers from coach "Red" Barry during one of the daily practices. The Rams seem to be headed for a highly successful year. (Planned for your tournament tickets yet?)





VOICE of B.H.S.

Warning—There are two dangerously contagious diseases circulating among B. H. S.'s feminine set. The first is known as "knititis" and is most harmful to one's ranks. There probably aren't half a dozen girls left that aren't tangled up with the complexities of needles and yarn. The second is far more exciting, and if it gets you, it will leave its mark on you for life. We speak of the craze to punch little holes in little ear lobes and push little earrings in. It seems to be the thing to wear long dangling earrings with bobby sox. Next, we'll have rings in our noses!

We can't help noticing:

The number of college widows this year and the mad rush to get mail every morning at 7:55. The amount of pep displayed by everyone, when some poor club is trying to sponsor a dance. What's the matter with you kids? Joanny Howell's ever ready giggle; Judy Phillips' hair; John Knowles' rust suede jacket; Dewaine Gedney's cute cowboy boots; Diane Grant's vast initiative; Bob Oppenheim's "as I see itiveness"; Mark Leiberman's scientific tendencies (We believe we have an Einstein in our midst); Sumner Flash's winning way with the teachers; the scents ever emanating from the chemistry lab—they add so much to the atmosphere; the generally cheerful attitude on Monday mornings; Christmas vacation; that summer is over; Donna Wilks' cute grin; the peppy bunch of sophomores—go ahead—be peppy! We remember once when we were peppy too—but now, it's almost as though we seniors were tired or run down. We dare you sophomores to stay peppy!

Can you imagine?

Myles Striar without a story to tell? Ethel Medwed backing out of a parking lot, leaving the

car intact? James Lobley without a yawn? Gym students, life without Monday morning's up-two, down two's? A senior with a spare moment? Lu Lu Schoppe serious? Mike Collins considering a formal? B. H. S. with escalators? No homework? "Freckles" Fineson silent? A return to the days of chivalry? (We can't! The superior type males that haunt the corridors of B. H. S. all seem to consider themselves above showing any female preference. Three Cheers for Sir Walter!)

Does anyone know what causes Jean Hopkins to turn light green, every day after lunch? We can't figure it out, unless she doesn't eat enough. Someone asked Bunny Cutler if she's a turtle. We wonder how many of us know what a bunch of good Samaritans we have for a football team this year? One night the boys were eating on their way home after a tough game. A cold little tot wandered in selling papers, and our guys bought every one of them, then returned all but one. How's that?

Don't you think it would be nice to have music floating through the corridors all day? In case you didn't know it, eminent psychologists state that music is most conducive to work. Therefore, we suggest that juke-boxes be installed in the radiators. Think of the high degree of efficiency that would be attained if we were aided by "Mule Train" and "Rudolph, the Red Nosed Reindeer". We're all for it.

FLASH!

Bowdoin Forum Trophy comes to B. H. S. for the first time in eleven years. The Bangor team composed of Paul Broutas and Shap Drisko copped top honors in each of their respective forums. Among those welcoming the boys and Miss Mary Hodgson to Bowdoin was Malcolm Stevenson, former editor of the Oracle.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS



Left to right: Dorothy St. Onge, Betsy Tandy, Barbara Barron, Elaine Nickerson, Elaine Talbot, Pat Hyson, Ann Lenfest, Barbara Head, and Judith Phillips.

On November 22, the Girls' Athletic Honor Council held its annual hockey party in the gym at Bangor High School. At the party, athletic numerals and letters were awarded to the team members of the sophomore, junior, and senior classes. Special recognition was given to the sophomores team, captained by Anita Ramsdell, who won the championship for their class. Although the sophomores have won the championship in basketball and volleyball, this is the first time they have won in field hockey. The seniors and juniors were unhappy at being beaten, but they offered their congratulations heartily to the proud sophomores.

Five new members were taken into the Girls' Athletic Honor Council at the party. Girls having the rank of 80 or above in all school subjects and having won an award during the previous season are eligible for the Council. The new members are Barbara Barron, Patricia Hyson, Ann Lenfest, Elaine Talbot, and Betsey Tandy.

Giving the charges at the initiation were the following: General, Donna Richardson; Scholarship, Joan McEachern; Athletics, Janice Kennedy; Leadership, Bette Bailey; Respect, Judy Phillips; Dependability, Mary Jean Chapman; Sportsmanship, Eleanor Cilly.

The 1949-1950 All-Bangor Hockey Team was announced also at the party. The senior members of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council vote on girls who have played field hockey at least two years. This year all the girls on the All Bangor Team are Seniors. They are Pearl Apotheker, Barbara Barron, Captain, Dorothy Brown, Phyliss Cassidy, Mary Jean Chapman, Marlene Hanson, Barbara Head, Patricia Hyson, Janice Kennedy, Abbie Kingsbury, Janet Kinney, Norma MacPherson, Patricia McInnis, Ethel Medwed, Elaine Nickerson, Judy Phillips, Joan Reardon, Donna Richardson, Deborah Rudman, Georgia Savoy, Elaine Talbot, Barbara Ziplow.

'49 FASHION



Here is Elizabeth Rand looking very dainty in this pert navy-blue taffeta dress with black velvet stripes from Miriam Wardwell's. Her gold necklace sets off the scoop neckline with the tiny black velvet bow. She is all ready for a very special date, a tea, or any dressy occasion she may choose.

What a pretty picture Nancy Goss makes modeling this lovely black taffeta formal. The silver sequins add a rich touch and are a sparkling contrast to her dark hair and gown. This formal, from Frey's, is the very latest fashion with its tiny straps, a gathered bodice with a pleated edge and that wonderfully full skirt. Wouldn't you like to wear this gown to a Christmas formal?



AT B. H. S.

Attractive, blonde Donna Andrews is wearing a smart suit from Cortell-Segal Company. Any girl would be proud to have this in her wardrobe. A suit is always adaptable to a dressy or a sporty occasion. This smartly tailored suit is of teal blue gabardine with turn back cuffs and a slit skirt. This outfit would fit perfectly into any girl's plans for a Merry Christmas.



What boy wouldn't want to be seen in this snappy sports outfit worn by our popular senior, Johnny Knowles? The seal brown and white checked sports jacket is made of Rumson tweed with three button patch pockets. The good-looking slacks are chocolate brown, one-hundred per cent Virgin Wool Venitian Covert. This outfit is from M. L. French and Son.



ALUMNI

Where have they gone? What are they doing? You too have probably asked this question about the alumni of Bangor High. It is the purpose of this column to find out what has happened to the graduates of this school of the class of '49 and the one or two years before that.

Many members of last year's senior class have found their way to the University of Maine. They are: David Batchelder, George Betterley, Eleanor Byron, Nancy Chandler, Susan Chase, David Cole, Charles Cox, Raymond Cox, Richmond Cushing, Frederick Dolan, Waldo Gagnon, Marcia Gass, William Hackett, Robert Hamilton, Leo Harrigan, Janet Head, Helen Johnson, Sally Keach, Ernest Khoury, Dorothy Leonard, Marjorie Morrison, Jane Purcell, Richard Searles, Leon Segal, and Eugene White. Raymond Crosby and William Nealley, members of the class of '48, have enrolled at the University as freshmen.

At Bowdoin are found Raymond Petterson, '49, Gleason Rand '49, George Vose '47, David Getchell '47, and Malcolm Stevenson '46. Stevenson is a candidate for one of the Rhodes Scholarships.

Marlene Ulmer '49 and Mary Leckemby '48 are studying at Bates, and Robert Morton '48 is at Colby.

To be found at Boston University is Marvin Goldstein; at Wellesley, Lenora McGinn; at Simmons, Elizabeth Baldwin; at the University of Minnesota, Priscilla Field; at Gordon College, George Garland; and at Rosemont, Patricia Largay.

Frederick Brown is attending the Boston Museum School of Fine Arts; Judith Worster is at Endicott Junior College, Marilyn Bean is at Larson College; and Treatre Thumith is at the New England School of Theology.

Representing B. H. S. at Westbrook Junior College are Lois Plummer and Mary Lou Webb; at the Winslow Secretarial School in Boston is

Harry Derry; and at the Zion Bible Institute, James Peters.

Still to be found studying right in this city are Carole Blaidsell, Thomas Brown, Vaughn Cole, Harold Gerow, Earl Hanson, Henry Knowlton, Edward McInnis, Roderick McLeod, and Ray Seymour who are all at Husson College; Joan Griffin who is at Beal Business College; and Eleanor Craig, James Smith, and Harry White who are taking post graduate work at Bangor High.

David McDonald is at Higgins, where he is still making his presence felt on the basketball floor; James Rapaport is at Kents Hill School; and Maine Central Institute has claimed Harold Burbank, Robert Davis, and Albert Paine.

Down at Castine attending the Maine Maritime Academy are Lawrence Blethen, Robert Bruns, Richard Castner, and Joseph Carr. James Doherty is working for Uncle Sam in the Army.

The nursing profession has not been neglected by members of the class of '49. In training at the Eastern Maine General Hospital are Shirley Campbell, Mary Ellen Eames, Gladys Gordon, Marilyn Nickerson, Mary Theresa Condon, and Mary MacManus. At the Maine General Hospital at Portland are Audrey Buck, Constance Hackett, Elena Leighton, and Barbara Heal.

From the class of '49, the following members are married: Lois Allen, Mary Laliberte, Lorraine Legere, Jeanette Maxsimic, Naida Osgood, Leona Pierce, Nadine Steeves, Ruth Stevens, Elsie Vague, and Betty Philbrick.

In many stores and offices in Bangor are members of the class of '49 to wait on you or help you. Working at Freeses are Beverley Braley and Alice Farnsworth; at Grant's are Irene Camber, Janet Keenan, Grace Knapp, Anita McAlpine, and Lorraine Walsh; at Sears are Joan Ericson and Alice Sullivan; at the Telephone

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FRONT — RUNNING RAMS



Ram harriers assemble before New England Meet. Left to right: W. Thomas, C. Kinney, T. Michaud, Capt. F. Ramsdell, W. Luro, D. Dearing, and V. Holyoke.

Potentially the strongest team in the state, the B. H. S. Harriers gave Coach Vince Cuozzo a lot to be proud of this season as they turned in the finest all around performance in the history of the school. The hill and dalers proved their power by topping all other Maine clubs in the annual New England Championship Meet at Middletown, Connecticut, on November 11. Here the Rams listed their finest accomplishment, tying Beverly, Massachusetts, for sixth place. They were third in the state meet. This season the Queen City crew piled up a record of five wins, one loss, one tie, and a second place in a five-way meet.

When Captain Frank Ramsdell hung up his spikes for the last time a few weeks ago, followers of the Crimson saw a fine harrier finish an outstanding career. Breaking the tape four times, Ramsdell never finished worse than second in regular competition, while annexing a fourth in the state meet and fifteenth in the New Englands.

The only other senior letter man, Jerry Kinney, has the distinction of being the only member of a Bangor High Cross Country team ever to earn three letters. Although seldom breaking

into the headlines, Jerry was what Coach Cuozzo called his "workhorse," a steady runner picking up needed points.

Manager Cornelius Fox, completing his third season keeping things running smoothly for the harriers, deserves a great deal of credit for his work.

Coming into the limelight this season were two young sophomores, Ted Michaud and William Thomas. Both turned in fine records and were two of the few, if not the first, sophomore runners to represent B. H. S. at a New England Meet. Look for big things from them in the next two years.

Steadily improving his time all season long, Vern Holyoke hit his peak this season when he placed twenty-second at Middletown, second only to Frank Ramsdell for the Crimson. Vern should give a lot of opponents some sleepless nights before he's through.

A real competitor right down to the wire, Walter Luro proved beyond the shadow of doubt that he's got what it takes. Luro took a first against Orono and tied for first against the Maine Frosh. Then, after running neck and

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ALONG THE GRIDIRON TRAILS



Ready for the Kill

Displaying class unwitnessed at Bangor High School for many a long gridiron season, "Cy" Perkins' "Ramblin' Rams" rolled up a series of victories on successive weekends this past autumn that had them earmarked for a state championship crown; however, although the Crimson powerhorse had registered 162 points to 21 for the opposition since bowing to Lewiston in the season's ice breaker, the gods chose the next crucial Friday night to cease smiling upon them. The traditional jinx which seems to shatter the dreams of all front-running B. H. S. athletic clubs was working overtime, and the Rams finished out of the money. There may be schools in the state with better football records, but there are none with better fighting records. The students of Bangor High can well be proud of the gridders of '49, who played the best of them being edged out only by the two top-rated teams in Maine; for the boys who sweated it out from the heat of the August sun until the ground froze in November played to win all the way and achieved a certain kind of greatness that even a state championship cannot bring.

We'd like to take time out right now to honor a few personalities behind the scenes of the 1949 season.

First and foremost, congratulations are in

order to Coach "Cy" Perkins who, together with Assistant Coach "Red" Barry, saw his finest Ram club, since his debut here, score 195 points while yielding no more than one touchdown in any game.

Hats off to Geddy Morse, Bangor High quarterback of three seasons ago, who coached our jayvees this fall.

Faculty manager Ernie Legere plays a major role in the success of our athletic department. We can thank him for every thing from the hotel accommodations and wholesome meals enjoyed by the team on road trips to that seat on the fifty-yard line.

Senior manager Charles Tuck and his staff kept things in shipshape order by many weeks of good hard work.

In following with the summaries of some of the games and statistics compiled by the forty-niners, all players' names cannot be mentioned. It must be remembered that football games are not won by two or three, or even eleven players but by an entire team working as a unit. Coach Perkins put it very aptly when, at the fall sports banquet, he asked that the newspapers list players by positions and not by starting teams. In this day of team football, a position can be filled two or three deep in equal strength.

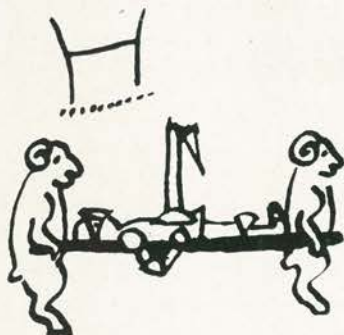
LEWISTON 9—BANGOR 0



Having every down-field march halted by penalties, the Queen City gridders smelled blood, but never tasted it as they dropped a costly decision to the Blue Devils of Lewiston, who had the advantage of playing a game

before Bangor's opener and getting a little experience. It was a bitter pill for the Rams, who, despite a first quarter safety, had definitely outplayed their opponents. Touchdown drives spearheaded by jet-like Joe Bernard and Captain Don Hamilton fizzled out in Lewiston territory as a result of penalty after penalty. In the third period, Le Compte of Lewiston shot around his own left end. Supported by solid down-field blocking, he evaded all tacklers to end the 45 yard dash with a score.

BANGOR 50—BAPST 0



Blasting out four second quarter touchdowns, the B. H. S. Rams put on a performance that made even the most partisan fan gasp while the Harlow Streeters mercilessly drubbed the John Bapst Crusaders, 50-0 for their

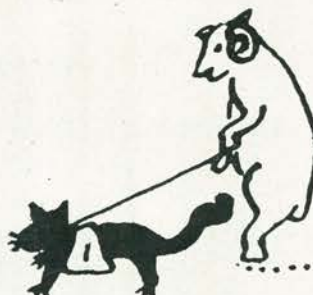
third straight victory. Her interference formed, and her line was magnificent. It was not a question of "who", but "how much."

The Crimson scored early in the first period as Joe Bernard tripped along the sideline for seven yards. Then Jess Rollins got into the act and crossed the welcome diagonals for the next two TDs. A few minutes later, Joe again cut around his end and blazed down the sidelines for sixty glory-covered yards. Bent Herbert broke into the scoring column by recovering a blocked kick in the end zone. Soon after, Bob Burgess faded back and placed one in the waiting fingertips of Don Hamilton. In the third period, the Rams began another downfield march which was climaxed by Gary Burke's 12 yard scoring plunge. Following an interception by Hall, Ed Dudley crashed through the center of the line

for number eight.

Top line play was turned in by Larry Hall, Don Hamilton, Waldo Gilpatrick, and Mark Lieberman.

BANGOR 39—RUMFORD 7

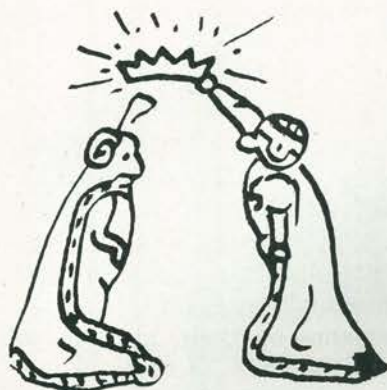


The fans just stared. After scoring a fast first quarter touchdown, the Rams had yielded seven points and were behind for the first time in five weeks. The stares soon changed to grins, however, as Gary Burke proceeded

to do everything with the ball but eat it. The swivel-hipped halfback just couldn't be stopped and rolled up three touchdowns and added a fourth, which was called back. It was a great night all around as Burke, Burgess, Bernard, and Rollins ran the ball through Rumford's mud and dust to the tune of 39-7.

The game had many highlights. Beginning these was a 72-yard sprint through the middle of the line by Burke. He bounced back with a 62-yard ground-eating dash following Rumford's score. Then Jess Rollins began to carry the mail and went off tackle for the third Crimson TD. In the second period, quarterback Bob Burgess faded back and placed as pretty a pass as you'd care to see in the fingertips of Captain Don Hamilton who hooked it and went across unmolested. Again it was Burgess tossing. This time he hit Hamilton with a pass, and Don lateraled to Joe Bernard, who streaked 85-yds. on the season's longest scoring play. Switching to fullback in the final frame, Burke added the last tally on a sweep. Ted Keefe booted the three extra points against the Panthers.

SOUTH PORTLAND 7—BANGOR 6



A dream fostered for over a decade disintegrated before the very eyes of a partisan Bangor crowd on October 28 as a hard-hitting South Portland team took advantage of the breaks

that spelled a heartbreaking defeat for the Bangor Rams. Big "Moe" Marceau, one of the most powerful and versatile backs to be seen for many a year, and speedy Keith Sturgeon ate up the precious yardage that was the lifeline of any hope for a state crown; but the visitors had to fight for every inch, for the Rams were on the warpath. Both teams fought it out on even terms, but the Capers brought home the bacon.

After receiving an early out-of-bounds kick, Joe Bernard and Jess Rollins lugged the leather to the Caper 45. Here brilliant Bangor field general Bob Burgess faded back and hit Gary Burke with a touchdown pass. The kick was low. South Portland bounced back, however, and Marceau and Keith Sturgeon drove downfield where Marceau passed to Guy Sturgeon for the all important tally. After Marceau kicked the extra point, South Portland operated on the theory that you can't be scored upon when you've got the ball. The ball went back and forth, but neither team could draw blood, and, when the final gun drew nearer, the Rams called for time-outs; but in spite of the rules, they were not allowed to call extra time-outs and be penalized.

With but seconds remaining, Burgess fired to Hamilton. Rollins, Burke, and Bernard carried, and the Crimson fought gamely on for 65 yards. Then as the Rams came out of the final huddle to make their one last bid for glory, time ran out. It was all over.

Joe Bernard and Bob Burgess played superbly, and some top line play came from Burt Davis and Don Hamilton.

BANGOR 27—BREWER 6



On November 11, the Bangor gridders journeyed to Garland Street field to meet an undefeated Brewer team in the final appearance of the 1949 Ram powerhouse; Brewer fought gamely and fiercely, but it was no use. The Rams

were making this one good. In their final appearance, Mike Collins and Jesse Rollins turned in the finest performance of their high school

careers. Both ran, blocked, and tackled with determined smoothness.

Rollins scampered for a 39 yard TD on the third play of the game, and Keefe, his toe in excellent working condition, converted. The Witches marched 94 yards to the Bangor one yard stripe, but the big Crimson line held. The score at halftime was 7-0.

Don Hamilton carried for the next score, and the "Little City Express" streaked 22 yards in an "end-around" play. Keefe's kick again was good. A recovered fumble on the Brewer 34 set up the next 6 points. Burke drove off tackle for 22 yards a few plays later, and Keefe made it 21-0. For the final Crimson tally, Ed Dudley followed line smashes by Tom Zoidis and Bob Reynolds with a spectacular 68 yard run that brought the packed stands to life. Keefe missed the point, but the margin was enough so that a fourth quarter score by the Orange and Black was of no avail.

Captain-elect Dave Searles played a fine game, and made tackle after tackle. We wish him and the rest of the 1950 Rams lots of luck.

Statistics Compiled by the 1949 Rams

- *Denotes figures which do not include Rumford game.
- *Total offense—2065 yards
- *Total yards rushing—1782
- *Average yards rushing per game—255
- *Most yards rushing, opponents—Lewiston 204
- Least yards rushing, opponents—John Bapst 3
- *Total yards passing—283
- *Average yards passing per game—40.4
- *Most yards passing, opponents (3 or more passes) Brewer—102
- *Least yards passing, opponents (3 or more passes) Waterville and So. Portland—28
- *Average offense per game—295 yards
- *Percentage of completed passes—36%
- *Average yards punting from scrimmage line (Includes out-of-bound kicks)—30.9
- Most extra points—Keefe 13
- Most touchdowns—Burke 12
- Most points, single game—Burke 18, Rumford
- Most points for season—Burke 73
- Longest passing play—Burgess to Hamilton to Bernard—85 yards, Rumford
- Longest running play—Burke, 72 yards, Rumford

*Drill Squad Presents Arms*

THE LAST CALL

This is truly the last call. Is Bangor High School to give up its once proud and spirited Reserved Officers Training Corps as a job poorly done? The answer is NO! We cannot, however, afford time and space merely talking about the problem. The time has come when we must act to alleviate these problems. It is now or never!

Basically there are four things which must be improved before the government will continue to support a unit at B. H. S. The four problems are the following: improvement in training, improvement in discipline, increased interest throughout the city, and added cooperation between the city and the school. The first problem of improvement in training has taken care of itself. With Capt. Arthur P. Wade, a graduate of West Point, as P. M. S. & T., and a staff of well trained sergeants the problem of discipline has been improved. The last two problems concerning interest and cooperation have not yet been improved. If those who read this article would only write a short statement to Capt. Wade, letting him know that they're interested in the unit and what it does, offering their suggestions and criticism the remaining problems would be greatly lessened. A letter which would cost less than a dime, addressed to Capt. Arthur P. Wade, Bangor High School,

Bangor, Maine, might help to save the unit.

Several prominent citizens have displayed their interest in the unit by statements and newspaper articles. Some of these statements are written below.

Joseph B. Chaplin, principal of Bangor High (an appeal to the school):

*R. O. T. C. Students See West Point!*



David Douglass: Model Cadet

"This is an appeal to all students and faculty members in our school, particularly the boys, for a more active support of our R. O. T. C. program. This school has the distinction of being the only high school in Maine with an R. O. T. C. Unit, and it has the further distinction of being the first high school in the U. S. to establish a program of Military Training. With this historical background and an excellent record of past performance, the present indifference toward our unit is most deplorable.

Our school now enjoys advantages in our R. O. T. C. which should not be jeopardized by apathy and indifference. Capt. Arthur P. Wade, our Professor of Military Science and Tactics, is making a determined drive, this year, to improve the work of the Unit and to secure better co-operation from faculty, students, and interested citizens. He deserves the wholehearted support of every one of us."

Roland J. Carpenter, Superintendent of the Bangor Public Schools (an appeal to parents and citizens of Bangor):

"The value of any program in the educational system must be measured in terms of the value to the individual participating in it. Reports from boys who were in the service seem to indicate that the training they received in Bangor High School R. O. T. C. was of distinct benefit to them. Should compulsory military training become a reality, boys who have had R. O. T. C. would enter it with a distinct advantage over those who have not had this training. The value of the unit to the boys enrolled will be in direct proportion to the interest which they and their parents take in its operation. The program has much to offer and should be a distinct asset to the educational development of any young man. The test of its value should be the same as for any subject in the curriculum. Does it give a background training which will help the individual to become a better participating citizen than he would have been without it? Bangor High School is one of four schools in New England with such a unit. Many other schools desire one and are on the waiting list for Army approval. Once taken from our school, it probably would never be returned. Its retention depends upon the interest which students, parents, and citizens manifest in its welfare."

Harold A. Towle, Bangor attorney and former judge of the Municipal Court (a statement to Bangor High):

"I favor the retention of the R. O. T. C. program at Bangor High School, because it is now, and always has been, an important factor in the training of our boys for good citizenship. It also serves as one of the integral and vital links in our National Defense system, which, in my opinion, we can ill afford, at this time, to weaken."

Impersonating Mrs. Santa Claus

(Continued from Page 7)

lawns, but until now not one of them had ventured across the street.

Mrs. Whitman, who had crossed to open the door herself as the child came up the stairs, looked down into a small face, that somehow reminded her of Nancy. The same short golden curls, the dark eyes and the sensitive mouth, that stopped the reprimand before it was made, were

so like her own Nancy's that Mrs. Whitman forgot the remarks that had been building up in her mind.

"Are you Mrs. Santa Claus? I saw all the lights and knew that Santa must be here."

"Come in out of the snow and tell me why you are looking for Santa Claus."

"Well ya, see, I heard Doc. Jack and Auntie Scott talking today and Dr. Jack said that if something doesn't turn up soon they'll have to close the Home and with forty children he knew that Santa wouldn't be coming this year. I really don't mind for myself 'cause I had some swell Christmases with my mama and daddy before the car accident. Some of the kids have never had a real Christmas though; Maggie is five, almost as old as me, but she's never had a doll. Dr. Jack says that if he were Santa Claus he would buy Dickie a new foot so that he could learn to walk like other kids. But please, lady, are you Mrs. Santa Claus?"

Mrs. Whitman, who had been listening intently, now looked at the little girl's serious, sweet face and answered, "Maybe. It's late now though; won't they be looking for you?"

"I s'pose so; but it would make up for it if I can find Santa."

On another impulse, Mrs. Whitman took a coat from the hall and said, "I'll walk you home."

The little girl chattered gaily all the way, and it seemed only a few minutes until they reached the orphanage.

Mrs. Scott's surprise at seeing Mrs. Whitman was mixed with the joy of finding Joyce. "Joyce darling, where have you been? You know you're not allowed—oh, please excuse me, Mrs. Whitman."

"She's Mrs. Santa Claus, and she's going to get Santa to make us a real Christmas. Ain'tcha?"

"Joyce, you talk too much."

"Mrs. Scott, have you found Joyce?"

"I'm right here, Dr. Jack. Come meet Mrs. Santa Claus."

At this moment a tall dark young man appeared in the doorway. He looked as though he had lost a lot of sleep, but, nevertheless, he was smiling happily. "Mrs. Whitman, well this is a pleasant surprise. You wouldn't remember me but I attended a party Nancy gave last year."

"Have you seen her lately?" Mrs. Whitman asked quickly.

Dr. Jack shook his head, and then asked, "Would you like to see what we are trying to do here, Mrs. Whitman?"

One hour later Mrs. Whitman was back in her own home saying, "Dr. Jack, I've been such a blind, stupid fool. What wonderful work you and Mrs. Scott are doing. I'd appreciate it very much if you'd allow me to provide Christmas for the children. I want to pay for little Dickie's operation. In short, I want to play the part of Mrs. Santa Claus."

Christmas Day found forty pairs of eyes looking at the wonderful dinner that had been prepared for them by Mrs. Whitman's cooks and at the huge over-laden Christmas tree in the middle of the drawing room.

Mrs. Whitman, looking at the happy faces around her, was thinking so hard of Nancy that it didn't seem strange to hear, "Mother dear, Merry Christmas." After Nancy had explained to her mother that Dr. Jack had wired her to come, the happy group sat down to dinner.

After eating, the children made a circle around the tree and sang Christmas carols, while Mrs. Santa Claus passed out the gifts. Dickie's face shone with happiness at the prospect of being able to walk. Little Maggie played happily with her new doll and the others proudly displayed their gifts. When the clock chimed eleven, Auntie Scott, Dr. Jack, Mrs. Whitman and Nancy began herding forty sleepy, but perfectly happy children into their coats.

Mrs. Whitman watched them as they went down the driveway and across the street. When the last child had disappeared from view, she turned to watch Nancy and Dr. Jack who were laughing as they stood by the fireplace. They looked so happy, so right together. "Maybe, Mrs. Scott will let Joyce live here with me," she thought. "But regardless of whether or not she does, I know I'll never be lonesome again."

Across the street forty little voices murmured in prayer, "God Bless Mrs. Santa Claus."

EARNED VICTORY

(Continued from Page 8)

ing but the best. Therefore, he had mentioned several times his intention of selling the "Dolphin" for a more modern boat. Though Jo had pointed out the good qualities of the "Dolphin" many times, her attempts were always met with a gentle but firm shake of the head. Jo had decided that her only chance of keeping the "Dolphin" would be to prove to her father that she was a good boat. Jo knew that the only way to win the race would be through the use of some of the finer tricks of racing. Therefore she had borrowed a copy of Calahan's *Learning to Race* and had doggedly read chapter after chapter, practicing the tricks while sailing, until she felt as if she knew the book inside and out. None of the boats in the race had her particularly worried except Jim's "Red Demon." Jim was a good sailor and he had a fast boat. That made him the most dangerous opponent.

The first leg of the race was with the wind on the beam. Jo gave the mainsail what it would take while Ann watched the jib. They had a fairly good start with only five boats ahead of them. Jim was out in front with a black sloop on his stern. They were creeping up fast on a white boat bearing the name of "Flash" in large gold letters on her transom. Jo trimmed the sheets slightly and they passed her to windward thus slowing her down by blanketing her for a couple of minutes.

The next leg of the race was dead into the wind. Jim was already on it and sailing hard. Jo glanced ahead. There was another boat a few feet ahead of her which would have to give her buoy room. What a break! That would put another boat behind her.

They were nearing the marker now. It was on their bow. Now it was amidships. Jo swung the boat around slowly, thus maintaining as much speed as possible, while she sheeted the mainsail in. Ann had the jib in flat. Jo took in the situation with one swift glance. Jim was still ahead but it looked as though he had his boat sheeted in too flat.

The rescue boat was towing in a capsized snipe while the crew glared at her up-turned hull, cursing their luck. The jib sheet had snapped

on a small, blue sloop and the jib was hopelessly entwined around the forward stay.

A black squall was racing toward them. Jim had already run into it and the "Red Demon" was right on her side. Jo let the "Dolphin" up so that the mainsail was carrying a greater luff. When the squall hit, Jo gained over six feet simply by taking advantage of it. This put her about one foot to windward of Jim though she was still about fifty feet behind him.

They were all nearing the marker. Jim had started his sheets. They were so near that Jo could see the intent expression on Jim's face. He had to swing off slightly to give the "Jenny" buoy room. She was squeaking it awfully close. As Jo remembered it there was a strong tide near the buoy. The captain of the "Jenny" discovered this fact a few seconds too late. As he tried frantically to swing her away from the buoy, a small squall hit her. The end of the boom gave the marker a resounding whack. Another boat was out of the race.

At this point Jo decided to experiment a little, so she came about on the opposite tack. The tide was in her favor and, when after about ten minutes, she changed back to her former tack she was ahead of one more boat. That left the "Red Demon" and a smart little sailor called the "Jenny" as her only worries.

By this time, Jim and Jo had both rounded the buoy and were fighting hard for the lead. The "Demon" was still ahead by about five feet but the "Dolphin" was gaining fast. Jo glanced to windward and saw a slight squall coming. Here was her chance. She flattened the mainsail a few inches, instructed Ann to do the same with the jib, then waited tensely. Jim hadn't noticed it yet. Just as it hit, Tom yelled and Jim swung up. He hadn't been quick enough, however, and Jo was now to windward of him.

They were near enough to hear the cheering of the crowd on shore now. She was almost beside the "Demon." One extra puff was all they needed and it was on its way. There was no cheering on shore now. Everyone's eyes were riveted on the two advancing boats.

When the puff hit, Jo flattened the mainsail a couple of inches. It was all that was needed to put her in the winning position. She now had the "Red Demon" helplessly in her blanket.

There was one last moment of tense silence, then the roar of a hundred happy people as the "Dolphin" crossed the finish line six inches in front of the "Demon."

Jo sailed into the wharf amidst the shouts of her friends and the noise of the crowd. A beaming judge handed her the silver cup. With a grin for her mother and a wink for her father, Jo scurried back down the gangplank to the "Dolphin."

When she finally arrived at the camp, she found the family rushing around in preparation for the big dance that night. Her father found time, however, to congratulate her and to tell her that, as far as he was concerned, the "Dolphin" was hers—not that he had given up the idea of having another boat, but he couldn't see the harm in having both a fast boat and a slow one.

That night there was a huge crowd at the yacht club. The lights were dim and the crowd was happy. At nine o'clock the grand march was formed, led by none other than Jo Roberts and Jim Brady. Jim came down the floor with his usual grin and for the first time in her life Jo was enjoying a dance.

ALUMNI

(Continued from Page 26)

Company are Catherine Charlton and Pauline Gilpatrick; at the Merrill Trust Company are Philip Crane and Pauline Dyer; and at the office of Cole's Express is Marlene Dempsey.

Ann Dunphey, Florence Hall, and Gwendolyn Kenney are employed at Newberry's; Marilyn Dyer at the Merchant's Bank; Charles Goodine at the Bangor Nursery Flower Shop; John Goodwin at the Bangor Auto Supply Company; Lois Griffin at the W. C. Bryant Store; Granville Hammond at the A and P Store; Robert Hinds at Dupont's; and Marvin Ellis at Seavey's Floral Shop.

Donald Grant works for the Bangor Hydro; Roland Leland for the Maine Central Railroad; Floyd Melvin for the Coca-Cola Company plant; Betty Mulheron for the Dayson Bedding Company; Joyce Perkins for the Star Store; Charles Plummer for the C. H. Babb Company; Allan Quine for the Center Street Service Station; Joyce Redman and Roland Rose for Woolworth's;

(Continued on Page 44)

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"Let Nothing You Dismay"

(Continued from Page 14)

Janie went in and closed the door softly behind her, a habit newly acquired since her mother's nervousness. Slowly she pulled off her mittens, folded her kerchief, and hung up her coat.

She tiptoed into the living room and was surprised to see her mother there. Usually she stayed in her room except at meal times. Her cheeks were flushed, and there was a new light in her eyes.

"Jane, your brother and Mary are coming to spend Christmas with us. I had a letter this afternoon; and, Jane, you'll never guess what. Mary is going to have a baby. Can you imagine their not telling me before? They said they were afraid of upsetting me."

Jane smiled. For long months she had kept Jim's and Mary's secret. It was she who had insisted they tell her mother, and now, she could scarcely believe her eyes at the change it had made in her mother.

The days came and went in rapid succession. At last the day came when the guests were to arrive. Janie, Jim, and their mother talked way into the night. Janie thought sadly of the many times they had done this, when their father was alive.

Finally the day before Christmas arrived, and, by this time, Janie had given up all hope of her mother's suggesting a tree, although at times she had seemed almost carefree and gay.

Then Mary had a bad spell. Jane was sent to have a prescription filled. She hated the druggist for his disconcert and slow deliberateness. When, after what seemed like hours, with the prescription clutched in her hand, she breathlessly ran home, she found the house empty! A note on the table informed her that they had gone to the hospital. Without stopping to catch her breath, she set out again. At the hospital she found her mother and brother nervously thumbing through magazines in the waiting room.

After what seemed like ages, a crisp efficient nurse told them they could see Mary for a minute. They were shown to her room. In the curve of her arm lay a tiny bundle with a red puckery face. "So homely, it's beautiful," thought Jane.

Mary's face was thin and tired looking. Her eyes were dark and deep set but shining with

happiness. "It's a boy," she whispered.

"We'll name it Michael Allen," said Janie's mother. "That is, if you agree."

Janie's heart nearly burst, and she was on the verge of tears. Michael Allen had been her father's name.

"It's beautiful. I was hoping you'd suggest it," smiled Mary.

Softly Jane crept from the room. She ran straight to her uncle's where she related the whole story punctuated by much sniffing and nose blowing.

When she returned home, her mother was in the middle of the floor testing the strings of lights for the Christmas tree. The radio was on, and the words of a familiar carol drifted through the room. "God rest ye, merry gentlemen. Let nothing you dismay. Remember, Christ, our Saviour was born on Christmas Day."

Janie's heart nearly burst with joy, and she ran to her mother and threw her arms around her.

"I'm afraid I'm too late," her mother said sadly. "Our ornaments are so few and most of our lights are burned out. Jim's gone for a tree, but I'm afraid it'll be a bare one."

"Oh, Darling! I've decorations galore. They're over to Uncle Bill's. I was just waiting for you to say the word."

Janie threw on her coat, and with seemingly winged feet sped toward her uncle's home, one thought running through and through her mind. "God rest ye, merry gentlemen. Let nothing you dismay. Remember, Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day."

Hot Shot

(Continued from Page 13)

time left. The crowd was amazed as he just stood there dribbling the ball while time ran out. Then, with just 5 seconds left, he set, dipped, and let go a long looping shot. It hit the rim, rolled around once, and dropped in just as the gun sounded ending the game. The crowd let loose with a yell that was deafening as they swarmed onto the floor around Pete. Middletown had won and so had Pete Morgan.



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The Date of Dates

(Continued from Page 9)

"Yep, my mother taught me a new dance called the Charleston."

At the dance, things run rather smoothly. Cookie and Cuthbert are left alone, and, for some strange reason, are not bothered by annoying people wishing to exchange dances.

As they quietly do the Charleston, cheek to cheek, (correction; the highest Cuthbert can get is Cookie's hip) seven foot two with eyes of blue exclaims, "Cuthie, I've loft my teef again."

Automatically reaching for his pocket, Cuthbert withdraws a tube of denture cement. Then Cookie plows to the powder room, strewing her contemporaries all over the floor.

On his way to get the coats, Cuthbert's life becomes endangered as Crusher Koogan, star athlete, threatens to exhale. A mere glimpse of Crusher would assure the reader that the least that could result from this would be a few broken ribs; but, hark, the heroine arrives. "Crusher Koogan, you touch him, and I will quit the basketball team."

"Not that!" shouts Crusher as terror grips his heart. "I was only kidding anyway." She pats Cuthbert on the head and leaves.

On the way home, Cuthbert is modestly giving out with his autobiography. "It really gets you down, Cookie," says he. "They don't realize how important it is; so I flunked my 10,000 word essay on 'Any Problem Vital to The Maintenance of the American Way of Life.' Someday they'll say, 'There's the boy who wrote the essay on the cross-pollination of morning glories and black eyed susans.' Say did you know I've been promoted? I'm playing between first and third trumpet, and all I've got to do is swap my trumpet for a harmonica with a mute."

Cuthbert drones on with his monologue until they reach the Crumb residence. As they approach the door, Cookie whispers, "I had an awful nice time, Cuthie."

Cuthie thrilled to the very marrow replies, "Cookie, we've known each other for years, do you think—well?"

"Why shore," interrupted Cookie and she accommodatingly creaks to a right angle, somewhat

(Continued on Page 43)

Harriers

(Continued from Page 27)

neck with the pace-setters until the end of the state meet, Walt just gave out. Staggering and swaying for several yards and picking himself off the ground, he came in to finish. The school should look for a lot from him next year.

Second Harlow Street Harrier in the state meet, Captain-elect Dave Dearing has hung up a fine record this year. Up among the first few winners in all the regular meets, Davie tied for first against the Maine Frosh. As the leader of the Crimson runners for next year, he's going to be good. Keep an eye on him.

Coach Vince Cuzzo has brought his boys through a fine season. We hope that he and his five lettermen can make it even better next year.

In the Rams' first 1949 meet, on September 30, they defeated Hartland, 22-35, as Ramsdell finished first. Luro was third; Dearing, fourth; Holyoke, fifth.

The next contest was with Orono, who was defeated 23-32 as Luro broke the tape. Dearing was third, and Holyoke was fourth.

With Ramsdell in front once more, the Rams broke a jinx held over them by Old Town, 27-28. Luro was third; Dearing, sixth; Holyoke, seventh.

Lee Academy broke the Rams' string on October 11 and topped them, 24-31. The meet was won by Ramsdell, and Luro took fifth, followed by Dearing at seventh.

Dave Dearing, Walter Luro, and Frank Ramsdell finished in a triple-tie as the Queen City harriers collected over the Maine Frosh 120-39.

Despite a lad named Firalette, who nabbed a second in the New Englands, Ellsworth bit the dust 25-30. Ramsdell finished second, followed by Luro and Dearing.

Presque Isle forced the Rams to second, as Ramsdell, Luro, and Dearing finished 2nd, 7th, and 13th respectively in a five-way meet at Orono.

Both the varsity and the jayvees finished in ties with M. C. I. Ramsdell was second, followed by Luro and Dearing, and Wibby finished first for the juniors.

As the Rams came in third in a memorable state meet, they finished as follows: Ramsdell (4); Dearing (19); Holyoke (22); Kinney (30); Thomas (33); Michaud (41) and Luro (44).

(Continued on Page 43)

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Proposing Lessons

(Continued from Page 12)

"On life's, life's" and then, he forgot how it went. He tried again, conscious of a Gwendolyn giggle at the keyhole. This time the words came pouring out.

"When in the course of human"—He got no further, for Merna was laughing. Laughing at him, Jeremiah Prouty! It was unthinkable that anyone should dare to laugh at him. And he'd almost asked her to marry him. It was a good thing he'd found out in time what kind of girl she was, and had sense enough to save himself. Never again would he ever speak to her.

After the indignant rattle of the Ford had died away, the Benson family again sat in the kitchen.

Lorita had a rueful, half-smile on her face. Well, perhaps it was best.

Merna had hardly stopped laughing. Seventeen was pretty old, but that Rob Goodwin from Mukepoint was a nice fellow. She'd have to make his acquaintance.

The Last Trawl

(Continued from Page 10)

from the storm and then sat down beside him to rest. The dory drifted rapidly back over the way they had so tediously rowed. After about an hour of drifting, John struggled to begin rowing again; but his hands had become frostbitten; he could not move them. Suddenly the wind stopped howling, and John heard the clang of a ship's bell. He shouted for help, and he saw lights and heard voices above him. Then everything went black.

When John regained consciousness, he was in his own bunk on the "Sea Queen." The "Preacher" had not yet regained consciousness, but he was expected to be all right. The men from the other ships were gathered in the fo'castle for the Christmas Eve celebration, and John told his story.

That the ocean, usually so wild and merciless, had brought the two men back to their ship when they had missed it in the storm awed the simple fishermen. They felt that it was a miracle

(Continued on Page 43)

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The Editorial We

(Continued from Page 16)

The battle against TB was started in 1902. Since that time, extraordinary achievements have been made in discovering new cures for tuberculosis. Today, research is being carried on to determine the effectiveness of a new cure for TB, streptomycin. It has already shown definite value in certain cases of tuberculosis. Also, to supplement the bed rest of a TB patient, surgical methods have been used to relax the lung. The method most commonly used is pneumothorax, by which sterile air is forced into the space between the ribs and the lung, so that the lung collapses. Such a procedure tends to compress the diseased area of the lung and to close any cavities that are present. We see, therefore, that tuberculosis is a curable disease—if discovered in time.

Now that we have examined the facts, we should be fully convinced that our own health and well-being is inseparably bound with that of the rest of the school and community. It behooves us all, then, to make it our personal responsibility to follow the simple rules of safety concerning TB, to check on all danger signals, and to take every precaution necessary for the complete eradication of this dreaded disease. The ultimate effect of carrying out this program of realization—which must become an integral part of our daily life—will be a momentous advancement toward complete freedom from the fear of tuberculosis.

To Sleep or Not to Sleep

(Continued from Page 11)

live happily ever after. But as to the dangers of her sleep! What if the prince were utterly broke with nothing in the world but his title? She might have been better off with the horse. Of course, there would be some who would be glad to have that happen to them. Marriage, I mean.

To continue the list, we have Lady Macbeth wandering around the cold damp floor in the dead of night hollering, "Out damned spot!" There she was, a grown woman, gibbering over a spot in her sleep. Why didn't she do something about it? Cut off her hand or something!

(Continued on Page 43)

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The Date of Dates

(Continued from Page 38)

resembling a derrick.

Cookie looks at Cuthbert; Cuthbert looks at Cookie; then with a wild, dickens-may-care motion, Cuthbert grabs Cookie's massive hand, romantically squeezes it, and, unable to face the embarrassment, jumps on his scooter and scoots (or whatever it is one does on a scooter) down the street. So ends Cuthbert's date of dates.

The Harriers

(Continued from Page 39)

By virtue of a great showing in the state meet, Coach Vince Cuzzo's harriers journeyed to Middletown, Connecticut, to the New England Meet on November 11, where they tied for sixth place with Beverly High School of Beverly, Massachusetts, in a meet which saw 180 men, representing 18 schools, start with the gun. Here is the Bangor scoring: Ramsdell (15); Holyoke (22); Dearing (27); Kinney (41); Luro (48); Thomas (67); and Michaud (84).

The Last Trawl

(Continued from Page 40)

of the magic season, Christmas; and, before they went on with their celebration, they knelt down and gave thanks to Him who had saved the lives of their shipmates.

To Sleep or Not to Sleep

(Continued from Page 41)

Romeo and Juliet were a couple of lovebirds who got slightly fouled up. Juliet needed a little sleep; so she took a long drag on a sleeping potion and went out like a light. Romeo finds her and, thinking her dead, commits suicide. Juliet comes out of the arms of Morpheus, finds Romeo, and commits suicide. Two lives thrown away because of sleep.

Have not these tragic stories illustrated my point? (1) Poor Rip, disheveled and forgotten; (2) Sleeping Beauty married; (3) Lady Macbeth sliding up and down banisters at night, and (4) poor Montagues and Capulets, minus a son and a daughter.

Prosecution rests!

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ALUMNI

(Continued from Page 35)

Helen Springer and Elizabeth Walsh for the Priest Drug Store; Grace Stewart for Senters; and Robert Edwards for the R. B. Dunning Company.

Leslie Grant and Frank Mower are among the farmers in the class of '49. Nancy Mishou is keeping herself busy teaching dancing.

Barbara Kjenslee, Philip Mayo, and William Close have moved or are planning to move from Bangor. Barbara has gone to Germany with her family.

Builders of Tomorrow

(Continued from Page 15)

hardware such as hinges or metal handles, he must obtain them from outside.

Just as soon as the parents of a boy give a written permission, he is free to use the power machines in the shop to aid him in the construction of his piece of furniture. These machines include a circular saw, a band saw, a servicer, a joiner, a drill press, and six lathes.

Mr. Chick explained that each big project done by a boy takes on the average nearly eighteen weeks or almost half a school year; therefore each student does about two main projects a year. The amount of time spent on each shows that much work goes into the undertaking. When completed, the piece is really valuable and attractive.

If, after reading this article, the shop course sounds like the perfect haven for students, remember the students do not escape tests. Mr. Chick informed us that his classes are not free of the inevitable exams which are over shop techniques and practices.

It is hoped by the administration that the knowledge and practice acquired in the woodshop course will be used by the boys after graduation to good advantage.

There was a young girl named Katrina,
Whose head was shaped like a wiener;
She surely got flustered,
When they spread on the mustard,
And, Oh, brother! You should have seen'er!

By R. Goodell

Setting the Pace for Youth

(Continued from Page 17)

dents are employed. Inventory is made of merchandise and one week later the merchandise is returned to the stores.

After graduation, the jobs may be held if desired. This course presents the advantage of developing better qualifications for advancement, depending on the ability of the students. The state department is anxious to have the course introduced in other schools, throughout the state.

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