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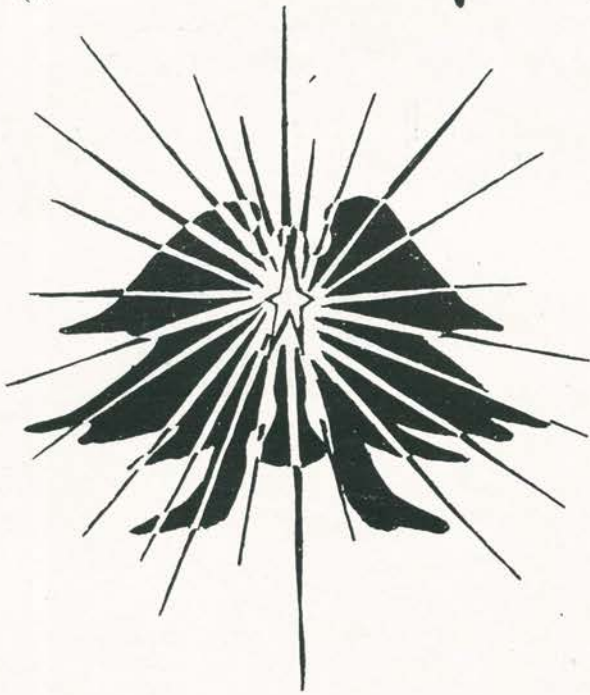
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O Holy Night

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CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

By Barbara Whidden

The world is full of season's cheer
For Christmas holidays are here.
Come, be merry, one and all,
Listen to the joyous call.

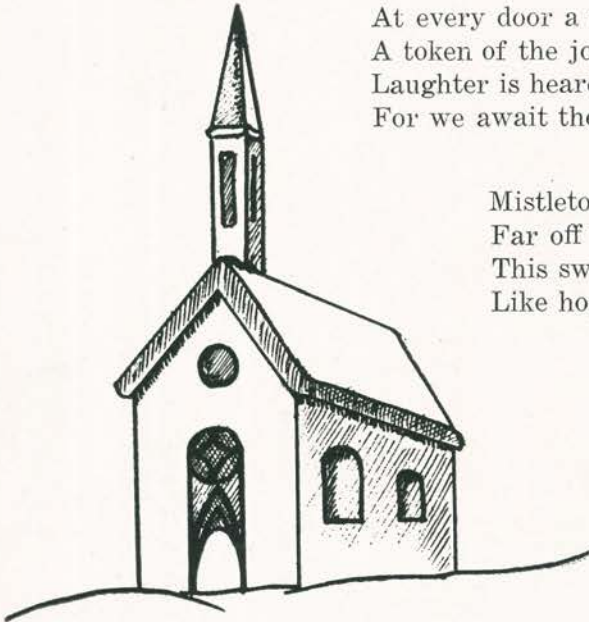
The snows have come so white and deep,
And toys shall lie the tree beneath;
Jingling sleighs are driven slow
Leaving presents as they go.

At every door a wreath is hung,
A token of the joy begun.
Laughter is heard and all is well,
For we await the glad Noel.

Mistletoe and holly swing—
Far off the distant church bells ring.
This sweet sound floats on the air,
Like hope, through clouds of dark despair.

A kindly deed, like a Christmas star,
Will shine for friends both near and far,
The joy that comes from Christmas cheer
Will spur us on throughout the year.

For those whose path is hard and long,
Bringing gifts of hope and courage strong;
Struggling on down life's steep way,
They pause to rest on Christmas Day.



JIM

By George Petrikas

It is Christmas Eve, 1950. This Christmas Eve is probably no different from any other Christmas Eve—same crowds, bustle, smiles, greetings, gifts and maybe a few guys like Bob Kennedy.

Bob Kennedy is taking the commuters' train after the usual dull, routine office day and is in no merry mood.

"Merry Christmas, Bob!" "Merry Christmas!" "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, Bob!" shout all his pals on the commuters' train.

"Yeah, yeah, Merry Christmas," mumbles Bob and opens his newspaper. Korea . . . Malik . . . murder . . . veto . . . atom bomb . . . strikes . . . communists . . . "Yeah, Merry Christmas," he mumbles again.

Bob gets off the train at Thornwood from where he walks to his suburban home. Just as he turns around the corner of the station, a gust of wind suddenly chills him and he hears a voice shout behind him.

"Hey Bob! what's your hurry?"

Bob turns around, amazed, and sees a little round old man with a cherry nose and a twinkle in his eye.

"Who are you?" gasps Bob. "How did you know my name?"

"Oh, I know a lot of people, Bob," answers the little old man jovially. "You can just call me Jim."

"Well, what do you want?" asks Bob crossly, having recovered from his surprise.

"You don't seem very happy, Bob."

"Why should I be?"

"It's Christmas Eve, you know."

"Look mister . . . er . . . whatever your name is, I'm in a hurry to get home; and whatever it is you're selling, I don't want any."

"Jim, just Jim," answers the old man, still smiling; "I'm not selling anything . . . well, maybe I am. Mind if I walk along?"

"Oh, all right," answers Bob, "I just live up the street."

"You don't seem to care much for Christmas, do you, Bob?" asks Jim.

"Why should I?" answers Bob; "that's all you hear is, 'Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas!' What's so merry about it?"

"Well, I'll tell you," replies Jim.

"Never mind, I'll tell," interrupts Bob. "People all over the world are trying to knock each other off; that's what's merry about it."

"Now, wait, Bob. Let me tell you what's starting all the trouble," says Jim. "It is a few people like you—a few people who have forgotten the real meaning of Christmas. The real meaning of Christmas is not buying a few presents and saying a few Merry Christmases. The real meaning is 'Peace on Earth and Good Will Toward Men.' Do you think that there would be any trouble in the world today if everybody followed that statement? Think it over, Bob. Think it over."

"Gee, you're right, Jim," answers Bob. "I didn't realize it was that way. The next time I see a guy like me who forgot the real meaning of Christmas, I'll tell him what you told me."

A sudden gust of wind rattles its way through the bare branches of the tall elms.

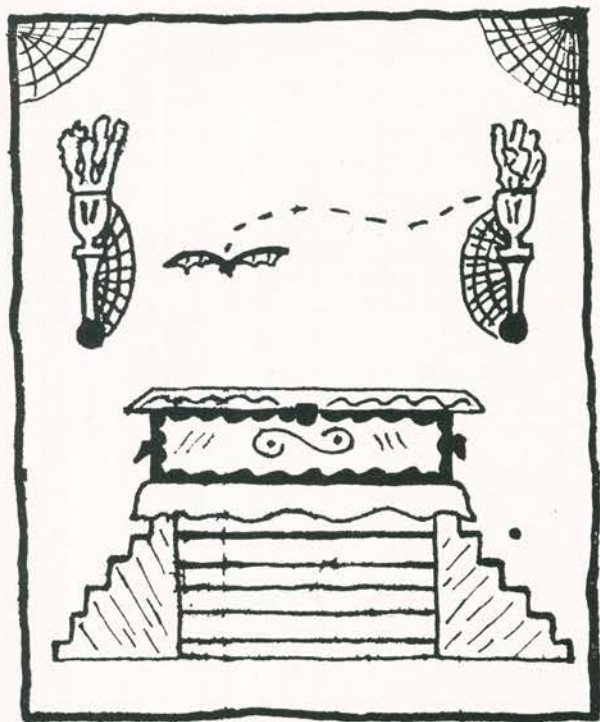
"Say, Jim," asked Bob, "how about having dinner with me tonight? . . . Jim? . . . Where are you, Jim? . . . Jim!"



A little round old man with a cherry nose.

VAMPIRE'S VENGEANCE

By Raymond Adams



There was a big gilt-edged coffin.

It's getting stuffy in here. I haven't much longer to live. As I'm lying here, my mind seems to wander back over my life—all the mistakes, all the errors, all the incidents that led to these final minutes of my life. It seems only the other day that Johnny Stuart, my best friend, came up to me, and asked me to go to the movies with him.

After the show that night, we started home. We were driving past a cemetery when Johnny hollered to me to stop the car. He said that he had seen a shadowy figure going through the cemetery, and, before I could stop him, he disappeared. I tried to follow him, but I couldn't find him. I looked all over the cemetery and finally found footprints leading up to the tomb where corpses are kept during the winter. The footprints stopped there, and, when I tried the door, it was locked.

I didn't see him again until a few days ago. In that time, there had been quite a few mysterious disappearances. Johnny was the first to return.

After his return, he acted in a daze; and one day I noticed two little punctured holes in his

neck as if a snake had bitten him. He went from bad to worse. His eyes seemed to burn with an unextinguishable flame, his body grew thin and haggard, and his two upper front teeth became long and pointed. At night he could never be found, but he usually returned about six o'clock in the morning.

The others who had disappeared gradually started to return; and they all resembled Johnny, but every night one or two more people would disappear. The police couldn't do anything and the F. B. I. was even called in to try to find the solution. All the people were traced to the same tomb where I had found Johnny's footprints and the caretaker vowed that he couldn't open it. Finally the F. B. I. set a date to blow open the tomb to try to solve the mystery.

The night before they were to blow open the tomb, I was looking around the cemetery trying to find out what had happened to the people. I don't know what came over me, but I went up to the tomb and tried the door. Strangely enough it opened, and I just stood in the entrance amazed at what I saw. It was just like a shrine with an idol in the middle. There was a big gilt-edged coffin lying on an altar covered with velvet with marble steps leading up to it. Cobwebs were strewn all over the walls and bronze torches lighted the tomb, giving it an eerie glow, as if something mysterious were about to happen.

Suddenly I felt something swish by my face. It was a bat and it lighted on the coffin. Before my eyes, the bat changed into a man. As I looked closer, I saw that it was Johnny. Then I saw the answer to the whole question—how the people disappeared, why Johnny looked the way he did, why he stayed out at night. The answer was that he was a vampire. A vampire had bitten him and changed him into a vampire. In turn, he had bitten another person, and that explained the strange disappearances. Now he was after me to drink my blood.

He started to walk toward me, as if he were gliding across the stone floor. His eyes held me in a sort of a trance. I couldn't move, and I could not take my eyes from him. Just he was about to bite me, another bat flew between us, and it broke that hypnotic spell just for an instant. In that instant I realized the situation, and I started to run through a passage in back of the altar.

(Continued on Page 39)

GIRLS, BAH!

By Ruth Beal

The interior of the school room was chilly in spite of the fact that the old pot-bellied stove in the corner was cracking and snapping until it actually glowed red. Frost had gently painted pictures on the small, oblong windows until only a stray beam of light was able to stream in here or there. On one side of the room, right next to the wall, on one side of a narrow wooden bench sat a freckled-faced youngster with a thatch of yellow hair, defiance stamped plainly on his face. He was absorbed in tracing patterns on the frosty windows.

"Jodariah! Jodariah Doody," came a harsh voice from the front of the room. "Stop that *immediately*. If I have to speak to you once more today, you will be punished."

Mr. Clappenbop was a good man, but he prided himself on being a hard master. Tonight at the school concert he would show the parents of his pupils that they had improved in speaking since he had come to take over Redwing Schoolhouse.

Jodariah, or Jody, as his friends called him, sat still and looked at the pictures in his science book for as much as five full minutes. Then, because the bench was so hard, he began to fidget and twist. A loose page caught his eye. He carefully finished tearing it out and shaped an airplane from it; then he aimed it at the pigtailed head of Prudencia Spears, a newcomer of three-weeks standing at Redwing. Unfortunately the slant of the wings was wrong, or something; for the plane made a half-circle and landed at the stout leather shoes of Master Clappenbop.

"Jodariah Doody!" Mr. Clappenbop yelled, although he usually was very calm. "If you cannot behave yourself on the boys' side of the room, you must sit with a girl. You may take the empty seat next to Prudencia."

Jody's face was red with shame as he slunk across the room. This was the supreme punishment. Sitting with a girl! As he lowered himself to the bench, Prudencia gave him a shy grin. Well, he might have to sit with a girl, but he certainly wouldn't get friendly with her; and Jody turned his head and began diligently to draw skeletons on his slate. After this had become tir-



He aimed at the pigtail head.

ing, he noticed the long brown braid of Prudencia Spears, and at the same time his eye fell upon the full inkwell in the desk behind him. He carefully lifted the braid and dipped it in. The blue clashed with brown beautifully. Then the dismissal bell tinkled, and Jodariah was out of the schoolhouse like a streak of lightning and on his way home.

That evening, the schoolhouse had a different atmosphere. The pot-bellied stove was still puffing away, but the warmth of many people in one small place did away with the chill. Up front, in back of a screen, nervous mothers made last minute adjustments on frilly little dresses. Master Clappenbop was running hither and thither, greeting people and making sure that his flock was ready for the show.

Wedge in the front row among a group of other uncomfortable boys, sat Jodariah Doody. His new sweater itched, but he was too self-conscious to do anything about it. As in a dream, he felt himself march to the front of the room, falter his poem, and dismount from the platform. Then his head began to clear. He began to think of ways to occupy himself. He counted the cracks in the wall, he counted the moles on Mr. Clappenbop's face, and he counted the dots of chalk left on the blackboard by a hasty erasing. Then a voice spoke

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LOW SCORER

By Jerry Pangakis



Jack brought the ball down the court.

"What-cha so sad about, Jack? You made it, didn't cha?" This fugitive sentence from an English book emerged from the vocal box of a short, fat, be-spectacled youngster of about sixteen years. He was addressing a tall, lanky, rather gloomy looking lad who trudged along beside him.

"The only reason I made the team is because I was in the varsity last year. That new guy, Flash Newton, made me look like a plow horse, and you know it, Stubby," replied Jack.

In his mind Stubby knew that the new boy was a flashier player than his buddy, but he also knew that Jack was a much better team player and play-maker. He had told Jack this on many occasions, but Jack had only disregarded the help which his friend offered.

The four first-stringers for Madison High were some of the best material in the state. Tony Marshall and "Spring" Fisher were the forwards. "Horse" Mahoney was the high-scoring center. Sandy Smythe was in one guard spot, while Jack and "Flash" Newton shared the other.

All through practice and the first five victories for Madison, Jack played his usual steady, but low-scoring game; and "Flash" Newton seemed to make a fifth cog in Madison's first string wheel.

Just before the sixth game with Vangrem High, Jack decided things were going to be different. He decided to shoot more and act as flashy as his team mates. In the first half he scored eight points. That was more than he usually scored in a whole game. On plays where he had

a choice of shooting or passing off, he shot, whereas before he had always passed.

When the game was over and the team was leaving the floor with their first defeat, Coach "Pack" Nelson called to Jack. When Jack made his way to the coach, he saw that the "Pack" wasn't too pleased.

"What were you trying to do in there?" demanded Nelson.

"I was just trying to fit in with the other fellows," replied Jack.

"Well, it didn't work," retorted Nelson. "There's something you'll have to learn, and I think you'll learn by sitting on the bench when we start the game with Lincoln."

Jack sat on the bench, and he did learn a lesson. Newton was out there taking a lot of shots; hook shots, set shots and shots on the run. Some of them went in, but not enough to give Madison a half-time lead. Lincoln led 34-26. It was then that Jack realized his mistake. Even though the other members of his team did all the scoring, it was his timely passes and his continual feeding that set up their scoring opportunities. Newton was always thinking about getting off a shot instead of setting up a screen or a fast break.

Jack explained all this to the coach during the half, and when the second half started, he was playing guard.

With a confidence he had never felt before, Jack became field general for his team. He passed to the right man at the right time and set up score after score.

In the last minutes of the game, Lincoln held a two point advantage. Jack and Tony Marshall brought the ball down court. The Lincoln team had a smooth zone defense. With no one in the open, Jack dipped for a long set shot. It never reached the rim. It was a well calculated pass to "Horse" Mahoney who leaped high and tapped the ball in. The score was tied 62-62. Lincoln took the ball out and moved quickly down court. Then a pass was intercepted by "Spring" Fisher, who passed to Smythe on a fast break. Sandy drove in, and then suddenly he stopped. Wheeling quickly he handed off to Jack who laid up the shot, that won the game 64-62.

This time it wasn't the high scorer who was hoisted up in the air by his team mates, but Jack Darlan whose total score for the game was two points!

BIG MAC

By Rowena Trenholm

"I've been in the army too long for any fuzzy faced jerk of a sergeant to push me around," belted big Mac, as he shook his rifle like a toy.

James Edward MacCormick, big Mac to all who know him, was a big, rough, barrel-chested, good-natured man, who in many respects resembled an ape. This was his fourth time in the army, and he was still a private many times broken. He often boasted that when he received stripes he would put snaps on them so that the stripes would be easier to take off.

Mac had an excellent war record, and it was this fact alone that saved him many trips to the stockade. Big Mac may have been gruff on the outside, but he had a heart as big as all outdoors. If anyone were considered his friend, there wasn't anything Mac wouldn't do for him. He just liked to gripe, eat, and have a good time.

Yes, Big Mac had just received a good bawling out by Sergeant Miller, who only a week ago had been assigned to Company C. Miller began to show his authority over the squad the first day he came, and this got under Big Mac's skin. One day Mac sounded off once too often, and Miller jumped on him. The squad leader blew his lid. He called Mac everything from a trouble maker to an over grown ape, and there was nothing that Mac could do but take it. When the Company was dismissed, Mac walked away muttering revenge.

Big Mac was well known for his griping ability. He could and would gripe about anything from the army to the weather, but his favorite subject was chow. He had an enormous appetite and was known as the company chow-hound. While going through the chow line he would often yell something like, "Hey, you in the white hat, what's the mess?"

"It's baked cigar butts," shouted the cook.

"Oh," Mac would reply, "I thought it was something I couldn't eat."

"Funny boy."

Mac looking over the meal would say, "Why don't you guys cook this stuff so a man can eat it?"

"When it's steaming, it's cooking; and when it's burning, it's done. That's our motto."

Mac reached for another piece of meat and

said, "You bunch of kitchen cowboys would starve a man to death if he gave you half a chance."

"Move on, handsome."

The feud between Sergeant Miller and Big Mac had by no means ended, but they were skilled at keeping out of each other's way.

On the following weekend, Company C was to have a pass to go to New York. Sergeant Miller told the men that he would not be able to be with them as he wanted to visit some old friends that he hadn't seen for a long time. At that, Mac tossed a few cracks at Miller, and the rest of the boys murmured, "There go Mac's stripes again."

But Miller said nothing and kept on shining his shoes. During the weekend the boys had an exciting time covering every inch of New York City. This ended on Sunday night. Miller was waiting for a downtown express in a subway station when he saw a familiar form slouched on a bench. It was Big Mac! He was apparently separated from the rest of the crowd and from all ap-

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He picked Mac up and carried him back to camp.

CECILIA

By Nancy Bryant

"Now remember, Cecilia, that our guests for supper tonight are the distinguished Mr. and Mrs. Van Dyke. Please treat them accordingly."

Having finished a rather lengthy lecture with the preceding statements, Mrs. Atkinson handed Cecilia, her household helper, a shiny new uniform of black silk. With a last exasperated sigh, she went into the living room to relax by the fire.

"Oh, what will I ever do?" moaned Mrs. Atkinson inwardly. "Why did Jim have to invite the boss and his wife for dinner when Cecilia is such a problem! If she would only change her uniform every day and those horrible bedroom slippers! They must be at least four years old. Thank goodness she will have a clean uniform tonight. I saw to that."

The front door closed gently, and Mr. Atkinson entered the living room.

"Hello, Martha, all set for tonight?" He grinned as he walked over to the fireplace to put another log on the fire. "Has Cecilia got everything straight? Do you think I ought to speak to her about looking neat and watching her manners?"

"I really don't think it would make any difference, Jim. I've just been lecturing her on manners, and I gave her a new uniform," answered Martha. "Hush, Jim, here she comes now."

"Scuse me folks, but I'd like to know if I can get next Saturday off. Got an appointment with George."

"We'll talk it over and let you know by tomorrow, Cecilia. Now please set the table," said Mrs. Atkinson. "There, Jim, do you see what I mean? She's worrying about having next Saturday off, and it's only Monday. I think, if I get through tonight, that I'll let her go and look for a new girl."

"There's the doorbell, so stop worrying for tonight," muttered Jim. "What did I do to deserve this?"

The living room doors slid open and Cecilia, looking very nice in her new uniform and black shoes, ushered Mr. and Mrs. Van Dyke into the room.

"Nice place you have here, Jim," remarked Mr. Van Dyke. "Really an ideal location for our Christmas employees' banquet, don't you think? Now, about this new design—"

"Oh really, Mrs. Atkinson, you are so very, very fortunate to have such a lovely home. The location is absolutely beautiful, and your maid is so delightful," gushed Mrs. Van Dyke. "Tell me,



She stood there with a huge dish of garbage.

how do you manage to keep her looking so nice?"

"Well, Cecilia is rather good," gulped Mrs. Atkinson. "I really don't keep after her too much about dressing neatly. Her manners are quite satisfactory too."

The living room doors again slid open to reveal Cecilia still in her black uniform.

"Dinner is ready. Shall I bring it in now?" asked Cecilia.

"Please," replied Mrs. Atkinson. "Are we ready to go to the dining room? Come, Jim, you can discuss that matter just as well at the table."

"My, what a beautiful table! Don't tell me that your Cecilia did this all alone," exclaimed Mrs. Van Dyke. "It's perfectly lovely."

The table did look very nice. Cecilia had arranged a beautiful centerpiece of pine branches and red berries. The candleholders were shined to perfection, and the red candles glowed with a soft light, bringing out the luster of the silver pieces.

After removing the sherbet glasses which had held a delicious fruit cocktail, Cecilia placed a beautifully browned leg of lamb in front of Mr. Atkinson. She entered the room again with a large dish of steaming potato. Going to each per-

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The Night Before Christmas

(SOMEWHERE IN KOREA 1950)

By Rose Allen

'Twas the night before Christmas
and all through the yard
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a guard;
My clothes were stuffed under my cot
to save space,
And alas—in my tent was no fireplace.

My friends in their shorts
And me in my shoes,
Had just settled down for a long
awaited snooze.
When out in the area there arose
such a clatter
That I sprang from my cot to see
what was the matter.

I stepped from my tent into our
special foxhole
All muddy and wet—
If no one had helped me, I'd be there yet.
And then very cautiously, I climbed
back out
Expecting to see northern enemy
about.

But to my amazement
I saw there instead
The famous Saint Nicholas,
In his suit of bright red.
He sat in his sled which was
pulled by eight jeeps
And they bounced along gaily in
short bounds and leaps.

Then they came to a halt
and out Santa got,
In a twinkling of a second
He was there by my cot.
He was chuckling merrily and his
fat little belly
Just like the poem—was shaking
like jelly.

And then as I wondered
I was sure 'twas a gag
I noticed his pack
Was a blue barracks bag.
Then he reached in his bag and
without hesitation,
Turned to my tent mate with a pack
of K-ration.

He dug in again
And came up with some Spam,
C-Rations, cookies, and bully beef ham
He followed this quickly with
dehydrated potatoes
And reached in once more for a
can of tomatoes.

And then he remarked
There was work he must do,
So he raised a plump finger
And away he flew.
I dashed to the tent flap and
was able to see
Him get in his sled as he waved
back at me.

Away village, on Ford—
Was his cry in the night
And in no time at all
He was clear out of sight.
I'd still have to laugh when I'm ancient
and old
At the thought of St. Nick sliding
down a tent pole!

POOR MOUSE

A little mouse in the kitchen played,
A mousie round and furry,
All is still in the kitchen now,
But the cat is full and purry.

School-Life In South Africa and Germany



Kadimah Freedman

"Really, there are no lions and tigers roaming around the streets of Durban, South Africa," exclaimed Kadimah Freedman with a twinkle in her eye. Discussing school life at Durban Girls' College, the witty sophomore mentioned that in South Africa the girls and boys do not attend school together. The girls wear uniforms, dark green dresses with flared skirts and white collars and cuffs. Black shoes and black cotton stockings complete the outfit. Kadimah explained that Durban Girls' College includes the grades from kindergarten through the last year of high school. Describing the curriculum, she remarked that the Durban school system is quite different from the Bangor system. Although a student takes about twelve courses, she has classes in these courses only two or three times a week; and the classes are just thirty minutes long. No one rushes out of school to go to club meetings because there are no clubs nor is there any school newspaper.

Kadimah mentioned a little about recreation in Durban. She remarked that cricket, net ball, and field hockey are popular sports. There is a beautiful library in Durban, but one is restricted to

(Continued on Page 37)



Herta Jung

At first, Herta Jung, the German student, found things at Bangor High a little bit on the confusing side. In Germany the girls go to one school and the boys go to another school; therefore, she never had had any boys in her classes. Also, in her school, the pupils usually remain in the same room for all classes.

The school hours are somewhat similar; that is, a school day in Germany is from eight o'clock in the morning until one o'clock in the afternoon. Herta is very much impressed with all our extra-curricular activities, and she thinks they are a wonderful idea. At Bangor High, she is a member of Le Cercle Francais and an honorary member of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council. In Germany, there are no outside activities nor clubs connected with the schools. As to why they do not have these organizations, Herta's courses for her school year (equivalent to the senior year) give a hint: Latin V, French II, German VII, English VII, biology, chemistry, physics, history, geography, mathematics, (geometry, algebra, trigonometry) religion, social studies, music, art, gymnastics, needle work, and stenography. Of

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DEAR SANTA

By Judy Wright



"How are you and Mrs. Claus?"

Dear Santa:

How are you and Mrs. Claus? We are all fine.

This year I would like to have a new engine for the electric train that you brought me last year, 'cause Christmas day when I was playing with it, and Eddie was playing with the airplane you brought him, he jumped from the chandelier with his parachute (the umbrella you brought Mama; by the way, she wants a new one) and landed on my train, Eddie wants a new plane, 'cause I was so mad at him, I jumped on his. I'm sorry I did it but you'll forgive me, won't you?

By the way you'd better bring Pop a new watch 'cause I broke his old one, and when he finds out, he'll be at the sputtering point. You know how he is.

And please bring Aunt Myrtle, the one that looks like a turtle, but isn't, a husband so she will move out and we can have the corner where she always sits, to put up our Christmas tree. It looks funny in the middle of the room.

On the bottom limb of the tree you will find for Mrs. Claus, a large dish of Grandmother's plum-pudding, topped with lots of whipped cream. You will be able to tell it from the artificial snow by the smell. As for your lunch, come up, and awaken

Eddie and me and we'll show you the fine arts of raiding the ice-box.

In school we read about how hard you and your little elves work all year, so Eddie and I decided to go up and help you. We sat on a sign that said "TO NORTH POLE" for a whole day but it didn't move an inch all the time we sat there. But some day we'll be up to see you, when we get our new rocket built.

If there is anything else you think Eddie and I should have, please bring it to us, and we'll try to take good care of it.

Love,
David

P. S.—Please don't let Rudolph go by mother's window this year, because he woke her up last year, and she caught us snooping. Believe me, it's no fun opening presents standing up!

CHRISTMAS IS HERE

By Ruth Bowles

Come, need I tell you
That Christmas is here?
Come, be you happy!

I'll share my good cheer!
For when it is Christmas the old become young
And the houses with holly and bright wreaths are
hung.

Come, need I tell you
That Christmas is here?

Come, sing you gaily,
For Christmas is here!
Come, sing you blithely,
The Yuletide is near!
For the good Christmas season doth joyfulness
bring
And when it is Christmas, the whole world must
sing.

Come, sing you gaily,
For Christmas is here!

Come, give you freely,
For Christmas is here!
Come, be you lavish,
For kindness is dear.
And the richest of men, is the poorest, today,
If he be not kindly in some simple way.

Come, give you freely,
For Christmas is here.

I KNOW AN ATHLETE

By David Searles

Yes, I know an athlete. Of course you know what they are—one of those fellows who get their names on the sports page two or three times a week. It is interesting to note how it happened that I, a mere student, got the chance to meet, and talk to, a real athlete. I was rounding the corner of one of the corridors in our school when all of a sudden a massive frame of bone and muscle sent me sprawling with a vicious jolt. Through glassy eyes I saw that my assailant was not a fugitive from the David-Goliath Bible story, but the school's leading athlete. He had been walking down the corridor bestowing his beaming smile on everyone, and yet seeing no one, when he met me with such enervating force.

Seeing me there he grasped me under one arm and hoisted me to my feet. Then, he introduced himself. He seemed to have trouble finding the right words, but he finally told me, rather laboriously, that he was Fred Goalgetter, Captain of the football team; he seemed both ashamed and proud of these two facts. I told him that my name was Mal Content, and that I was a member of the student body. With that quite casual meeting, we began our short conversation.

Thinking that this was a good time to pick up much valuable information on sports and its related subjects, which are so important for conversing with one's date or friends, I started to pry this modern Hercules with leading questions. I remember one very typical exchange of words; it went something like this:

"Say, Fred," I asked, "how old are you?"

"Well, that depends on the conditions when I'm asked," Fred said, wrinkling his brow in deep thought.

"I mean right now, Fred."

"When I go out with older girls I tell them I'm twenty; when someone offers me a job, I tell them I'm sixteen and too young to work; and the rest of the time it depends on the conditions." (This statement was the longest coherent group of words that I have heard come from Fred).

"But Fred, now old are you right now?" I implored.

"Well, that depends on the conditions when I'm asked," Fred said.

I couldn't figure out if Fred was trying to conceal his age, or if he just wasn't very talkative. Later I was told that Fred, although a tremendous athlete, didn't seem to be able to do anything but grin and say "Hi."

While we were talking, Fred Goalgetter dropped several of his books and I helped him pick them up. I handed him his *Elementary Basketweaving* textbook, his *Advanced Problems in Long Division* workbook, and his *The Spelling of Two and Three Syllable Words*, which, as he told me, was his hardest subject.

The clanging of the warning bell broke up our somewhat one-sided conversation; and, as I was walking to class, a fellow student told me of another incident that befell our illustrious athlete.

It was Fred's first year at school, and he was being measured for his football uniform. The manager asked Fred what size helmet he wore, and Fred answered "Oh, about size eighteen or twenty, I guess."

"What!" yelled the manager. "No one has a head that big."

"Now look," said Fred, "my neck is size seventeen and I know darn well my head is bigger than my neck."

Yes, I know an athlete, but far be it from me to brag about it.

GOD'S VOICE

By Elizabeth Rand

The sky, cloudy but for a few shimmering rays
Of the moon, tried desperately to glow.
The wind, whistling through the trees that lined
the shore,
Had just begun to blow.

Standing on the pier extended far out into the
darkness
We waited; for what, we did not know.
The gently lapping waves increased as thunder,
Crashing and rocking the anchored boats below.

As suddenly as the tumult had appeared,
It stopped, leaving a calm, silvery sea all aglow.
It seemed to us that God had spoken, and his words
Had reached the very center of the hearts of us
so low.

The Glue-Backed Army



A glue-backed army came marching out of the goodness of the hearts of millions of people literally to stamp out the invading hoard of tuberculosis germs. The battle was going extremely well, with the germs being beaten on every side, until the glue-backed army of germs ceased to come. At this event, the battle changed; the fearful, destructive germs overwhelmed the few straggling soldiers of mercy and the land was turned into chaos and despair.

Fantastic you say? But it is not fantastic, or even unreal. The army of glue-backed soldiers is none other than the Christmas Seals which you, one of the millions, annually buy to help support the National Tuberculosis Association and its applicants. If you discontinue your support of this campaign the very chaos and despair that fell upon the battle field in our story may well fall upon your own community.

"How can my small contribution make any difference in the success of the campaign," you may ask yourself. The answer is simple. Undoubtedly, you consider yourself an average person. By multiplying all the average people who help support the Christmas Seal Campaign you will arrive at a figure which is very close to the total amount collected by the drive; therefore, you may see that you too are an integral part of the campaign.

Let us find some of these soldiers of mercy and follow them as they go about the community doing their good deeds.



Look! There we have a squad of five Christmas Seal soldiers ready to go on their assignments. The first is sent to the local Tuberculosis Sanatorium, where he will help care for those who are afflicted with T.B. With him will go countless numbers of other Christmas seals.

The second and third will go together to the community clinic, where one will assist in giving X-Rays and others will assist in giving free medical treatment for those who can not afford it.

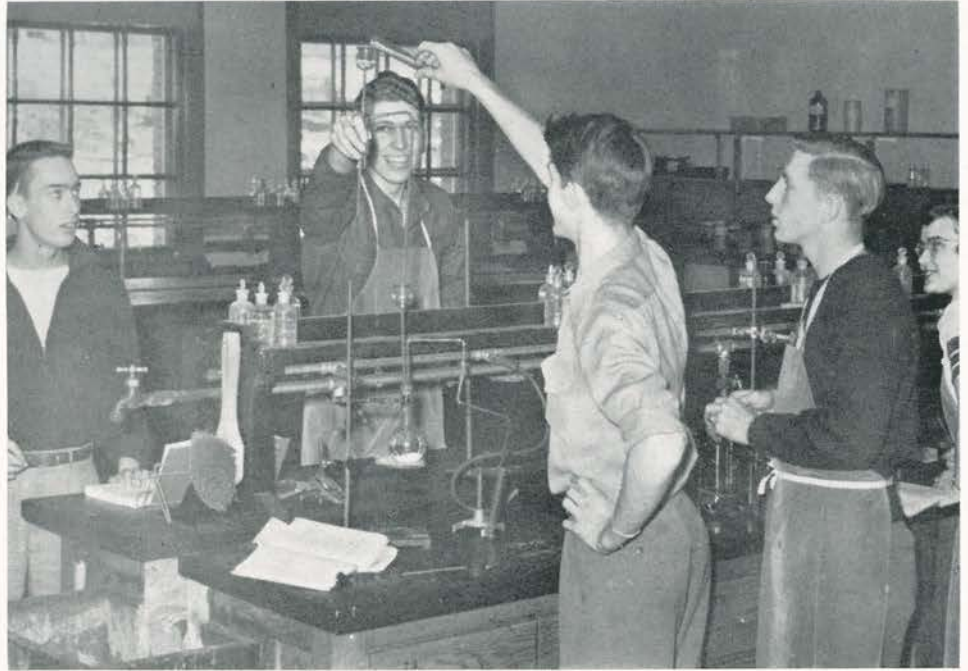
A task of a different type befalls the fourth glue-backed Spartan; for he must go to a large city and work in a laboratory filled with searching scientists. Here much of the research work for combating tuberculosis is done.

The last of the squad has a less interesting job, but definitely as important. He goes to the offices of the National Tuberculosis Association where he will become a member of the administrative department, which takes care of all business matters.

Thus, we have seen five ways in which the money obtained from the Christmas Seal is used. There are many, many more, all needing your support; all depending on you.

The crusade against Tuberculosis goes endlessly on. The road ahead is long, but with each purchase of Christmas Seals the ultimate goal, the complete end of tuberculosis, will come closer to reality.

BANGOR HIGH



Don't pour it too fast, Gary, or it might go boom! Although chemistry still remains a mystery to the majority of students, they enjoy the experiments.

AT WORK



Gone but not forgotten is the 1950 football season. Shown here is Tom Zoidis (33), assisted by Ed Colburn (34), picking up a first down against Brewer on Armistice Day.

SCHOOL STUDENTS



This is a picture of our musicians. The Bangor High band is participating in numerous activities this year; and it is a great success under the directorship of Mr. Thomas Hill.

AND PLAY



Action pictures of the players are numerous, but here we have Bangor High's energetic coaches in action. "Red" Barry teaches Captain Mooney and Bob Simpson one of his intricate plays, while "Cy" Perkins is showing one of his boys the correct offensive stance.



PROJECT COMPLETED

By David Searles

At last, after several years of planning and work, Bangor High School has a set of new, shining trophy cases. Situated directly in line with the main entrance, the trophy cases greet all entrants into the school with a ringing declaration of Bangor High School's honors, both past and present.

Long a sore spot in the school, the trophy cases are now a thing of beauty, to be admired by students, faculty, and visitors alike.

The history of the trophy cases covers a span of many years beginning in 1943. At that time the B Club conceived the idea of having new trophy cases. The Oracle and the Bangor Hi-Y each contributed one hundred dollars for B Club Trophy Case project while the military department gave a somewhat smaller sum. During the war materials were not available and the project was shelved until, in 1948, the Student Council, under the guidance of former Dean of Girls, Rachel Connor, and with Raymond Cox, of the class of '49, as president, new plans were discussed. Because of other pressing matters these plans remained unattended to until the following year. At the beginning of the 1949-1950 school year, the Student Council, with Mr. Claude Loveley, guidance director at B.H.S., as adviser, and Shapleigh Drisko, of the class of 1950, as president, undertook as its aim for the year the completing of the trophy cases.

With a great deal of work lying ahead of them, the Student Council began, at last, to make definite, concrete plans. Frank Ramsdell, of the class of '49, was appointed chairman of the trophy case committee, which operated from the Student Council. This committee had the task of getting blueprints, contractors, prices, and other details concerning the construction of the cases.

At the same time the Student Council went about raising money for this tremendous project. With only a moderate balance in the treasury, the Student Council decided on three ways of raising money: 1) The sponsoring of a food sale, 2) the producing of the Third Annual All-Bangor Nite, and 3) the soliciting of money from some other school organization.

The third step in this money raising program turned out to be the easiest of the three. Under the direction of Mr. Frederick Pinkham, adviser of the Bangor B Club, which was composed of boys who had won their letters at the high school, the Student Council was presented with nearly one-third of the amount needed for the project. This included the money in the original Trophy Case Fund.

The Beta Hi-Y Club donated money and manpower for the project. The manpower was used in the polishing and collecting of all the trophies in the school.

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ALUMNI

BANGOR GRADUATES CONTINUE TO RECEIVE HONORS

Every day notices about our alumni posted on the bulletin board attract our attention. These notices are sent from colleges all over the country and are sent to Bangor High School so that the present student body will know of honors earned by members of the classes that have gone before them. For example, one of the notices reads that Myles Striar, class of 1950, has been appointed to the news staff of the Brown Daily Herald at Brown University. The present juniors and seniors remember Myles as the lad who could write either a humorous story or a deep, controversial article with equal ease. Then there is Harvey Ginsberg, who is treasurer of the Harvard Advocate, at Harvard University. Harvey was editor of the Oracle, president of the French Club and one of the academic greats of the class of '48.

Look at a few of the former class officers. In the class of '48, Bill Neally, president, is now at the University of Maine. Vice-president Bob Morton, who is well remembered here at the high school for his athletic achievements, is now at Colby College and is married to Gloria Spaulding, a B. H. S. graduate in the class of 1950. From the class of '49, president Ray Petterson is studying at Bowdoin. Ray Cox, vice president, is one of the very promising football players at the U. of M. The Dyer twins, Marilyn and Pauline, are working in local banks. Joe Bernard, president of last year's class, is also at Maine; as is Bob Burgess who was treasurer. Donald Hamilton, vice president, was recently elected captain of the Freshman football team at Bates. Bentley Herbert, secretary, is at the Maine Maritime Academy, along with Ronald Dorsky and Richard Cratty of the same class.

Also from the class of 1950, Helen Emple is at Russell Sage College studying dramatics; Eleanor Eames is at Northfield School for Girls; Kern Feeny is at Higgins; Paul Broutas, Ronald Gray, and Charles Ranlett are at Bowdoin; Norma Mc-

Pherson is attending Becker Junior College; Bette Baily is at Westbrook Junior College; and Shap Drisko is making an excellent record at West Point.

At the University of Maine are John Fleming, John Ertha, Paul Dinsmore, Mary Jean Chapman, Alan Chapman, Tom Calderwood, Bob Burgess, Fred Brown, Joe Bernard, Carl Silsby, George Thibodeau, Robert Smith, Judy Phillips, Pat Wilson, Helen Perly, Pat Wallace, Bob Weatherbee, Jean Wyman, Bob Oppenheim, Mary Mincher, James Loble, Mark Lieberman, Cornelius Fox, Jr., Helen Fox, Dewaine Gedney, Bob Goodell, Dick Gray, Margaret Howatt, Gerald Kinney, Abbie Kingsbury, Donna Richardson, Nancy Gould, Dorothy Leville, Jean Hopkins, and Dave Thurlow.

Future nurses are Marilyn Wallace, Barbara Head, Jo Robinson, and Janice Kennedy, all at the Eastern Maine General Hospital; and Elaine Nickerson at Children's Hospital in Boston.

From the class of '51—Hum, they haven't graduated yet, have they. Well, it's almost safe to say that they will continue to make the same excellent record that graduates of B. H. S. are noted for.

WINTERY WEATHER

By Ruth Bowles

What a wonderful thing is a wintry day
When the sound of the wind is a roundelay,
And the frosty, gracefully swirling snow
Drifts lazily down on the towns below,
As if some heavenly feather beds
Had burst in the air above our heads.

What a beautiful thing is a wintry night
When the moon and the stars light a world of
white,
And the air is fresh, and crisply clean,
And the nights wax chill, and winter's queen.
When the trees stand tall, and gaunt, and gray
And the snowflakes dance, like elves at play.



*Kneeling, left to right: Alice Ryder, Mary Peters, Genevieve Perkins,
Glenn Geyer.
Standing, left to right: Anna Anderson, June Day.*

FUTURE HOMEMAKERS

"Home Economics is merely a cinch course! All they do is sew and cook."

This is a statement made quite widely by students who know nothing about Home Economics. They certainly do not know anything about rooms 008 and 012 in Bangor High. True, if one peeks in the door as one goes by, one sees stoves, sinks, and sewing machines. These items are an important part of the course, but they do not make up all of it. Miss Ruth Crosby teaches three types of courses: one for sophomores, a combination for juniors and seniors, and a special group for seniors.

This year there are so many sophomores taking Home Ec that the classes have been divided. Mrs. Kenneth Carle teaches one group of the sophomores A and B periods. The first quarter these girls learn how to bake muffins, quickbread, pies, and pastries. What a wonderful study that must be! Who wouldn't like to eat a good piece of pie, fresh from the oven, in the middle of the morn-

ing, or better still, near the lunch period? Later on they take up meal planning. Several luncheons for teachers and other adult groups have been put on in the past. The third quarter of the year is spent on clothing construction, design, and fabric selection.

The sophomore course does sound like "All they do is sew and cook." However, the junior-senior combination diverts from those subjects. The picture heading this article shows some girls scraping and painting furniture. This is a part of the study of household furnishings and management. The students are really putting into practice what the teacher is preaching. They learn how to spend the hard-earned dollar wisely when furnishing the kitchen and the rest of the house with the proper equipment. Last year this combination group, as a part of their study of nutrition, made some feeding experiments on rats in conjunction with the Biology Department.

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PASSING in REVIEW

Nancy Goss—This peppy cheerleader is everybody's friend. Nancy, who is taking a business course, says that Problems of Democracy is her favorite class. She couldn't be happier than when she's eating a chocolate bar and listening to the "sweetest music this side of heaven" played by Guy Lombardo. Swimming is one her favorite pastimes; and, needless to say, she enjoys cheerleading.

Jerry Pangakis—Popular Jerry has recently been elected class treasurer. He is on the Orascope staff, and belongs to the Latin Club, as well as the Beta Hi-Y Club. Jerry's ambition is to go to the University of Michigan to study law. That's a big ambition, but with a little determination we know he'll make good. Jerry loves all kinds of music. He considers Guy Lombardo tops. His favorite food is steak, the more the better. He says he likes all sports; I presume this includes field hockey and girls' basketball.

Julie Higgins—Cute Julie is from the Sophomore class. She is a member of the Radio workshop and the Outing Club. In the winter she keeps herself busy swimming with the Dolphins or skating. In the summer Julie just swims, swims, and swims some more. She likes her music peppy, but not too jazzy. Guy Lombardo is her favorite musician, with Tommy Dorsey running a close second. When she finishes high school, Julie wants to be a nurse and work outside of Maine. She'd especially like to be a nurse in the slums of New York. With such a devoted ambition and such a sparkling personality, she'll make a success of whatever she does.

Steve Perkins—Steve is a popular member of the senior class. He is vice-president of the Student Council, president of the National Honor Society, and treasurer of the Alpha Hi-Y Club. Talented Steve, loves to dance, especially with a certain girl. However, dancing isn't Steve's only talent. He is also a marvelous singer and speaker. After high school, Steve plans to attend the University of Maine for two years, and transfer to Boston University. Then Steve will be a prosperous lawyer. We predict that he'll be a nice guy to know in the future, just in case you get mixed up with the law.

Sally Rand—Blonde and blue-eyed Sally is a well-liked Junior girl at B.H.S. She is active in the Latin Club, the orchestra, and the Girls' Athletic Honor Council. Sally plays volleyball, hockey, and basketball for B.H.S.; but her favorite sport is basketball. After school hours, you are apt to find Sally either roving around town in her grandfather's car, or playing her violin in the Bangor Symphony Orchestra. She really goes from one extreme to the other. Sally spends her summers swimming, hiking, and canoeing at Camp Natarwi. After high school she wants to study either Physical Education or music. Did you ever see a gym teacher playing a fiddle? If not, come around in five or six years.

Donald Pelkey—Donny is an outstanding athlete in the sophomore class. He plays end on the football team. For the benefit of those who know nothing about football, this doesn't mean he was on the end of the action. Oh no, he was always right in there fighting. He is also a varsity basketball player, and plans to go out for track next spring. Donny is also a member of the Alpha Hi-Y Club. In the summer he works and plays softball. Like many of us, he has no definite plans for the future. Donny likes music, especially Les Brown. He says he likes all kinds of food. Does this include mustard and ketchup sundaes, Don?





VOICE of B.H.S.

The football team looked a little "off the beam" this season. There must be some excuse. Maybe some of the fellows are saving their energy for a super basketball team.

For the second straight year, the girls of "52" captured the field hockey championship. The sophomores claim that they haven't had much experience. The Seniors say a teacher keeps them up too late nights, because they have to read a book a week. Therefore, the Seniors are just too exhausted to play a good hockey game. Nevertheless, we'll have to admit that the "Junior Amazons" are too clever for us.

The cheerleaders really look swell this season. Those new uniforms are certainly classy. Frankly, girls, does Lorraine work you as hard as it seems?

The latest fad among the Senior girls is to wear fingernail polish. Could the reason be that they're trying to charm our new practice teachers?

The driver training students are looking a little nervous. I imagine that driving in traffic is a bit too much for them. It is a trifle nerve-racking to glance suddenly to one side and see a big bus pull up six inches away from the car.

Don't you think Steve Perkins, Donna Holmes, and Dicky Rand made a pretty sharp trio in the Oracle assembly? I suggest they pack their scotch plaid hats and go audition for the Horace Heidt Show. On second thought, maybe they'd better try out for Spike Jones instead.

The Dramatic Club Workshop is certainly a great addition to B. H. S. The members really sound like professionals. For example, one night an innocent sophomore turned on his radio to hear the Lux Radio Theatre. He got the wrong station by mistake and didn't notice the difference, until a brilliant senior explained that the masterful performance was the B. H. S. workshop on the air.

My arm, my leg, oh! my back. That's what the new Junior Varsity cheerleaders are screaming. Control yourselves, girls. You haven't lived

yet. Just wait until you jump or turn a cartwheel when everyone else is kneeling.

At a recent walk through the auditorium, I noticed dozens of girls walking in all directions. What is this? I thought. Are those characters trying to run off excess energy?

However, Captain Wade informed me that they were trying out for the girls' drill team. It is undecided just how large the team will be, or what the members will wear. Anyway, we'll be looking forward to the first sparkling performance.

That two at a table arrangement in chemistry is pretty good. Unfortunately, most people don't seem to be learning much, I mean much chemistry, of course; now here's an example: Mr. Harlow asked a certain member of the class to name a poisonous substance. Finally, the embarrassed character said, "Aviation." Mr. Harlow told him to explain his answer.

"Well," said the pupil, "one drop will kill, sir."

Merry Christmas, folks!

POOR NELL

The stormy waves dashed on the rocks,
The wild spray filled the air.
A driving rain beat all around,
It seemed like death was there.

Then Nell, the keeper's little girl,
Came down upon the shore
To gather from the rocks the socks
Put to dry the day before.

A mighty wave came crashing in,
Its force was sure terrific
And now poor Nellie rests somewhere
Out in the wide Pacific.

My tale is not for pity told;
But just to give a warning:
Don't gather socks from rocks by storm,
Just wait till the next morning.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS



*First row, left to right: Gwen Bryant, Rowena Trenholm, Joan McEachern, Janet Scripture, Anita Ramsdell.
 Second row, left to right: Elinor Cilley, June Walsh, Joanne Dorsky, Carlene Lobley, Dorothy St. Onge, Eleanore Rosen.
 Third row, left to right: Betsy Tandy, June Day, Carol Bubar, Anne Lenfest, Susan Humphrey, Janet Burton, Jane Hunter.
 Fourth row, left to right: Jane Bacon, Catherine Zoidis, Donna Holmes, Ronda Goodman, Jackie Wardwell.*

The shy demure girls of Bangor High whammed their way through another hockey season. The Senior record fails to show the excellent teamwork and skill which their well-rounded team displayed. The Juniors came roaring back this season with experience and spirited fight which helped lead them on to an undefeated, unscored-upon season. The Sophomores showed plenty of promise while competing against two great teams.

The Seniors were spurred on in their games by captain Joan McEachern, and coached by the captain and Lois Arsenault. The Juniors, captained by Janet Scripture, were ably coached by

Betsy Tandy, Carlene Lobley, and Ruth Beal. Sophomore captain Jean Flagg was aided by coaches Carol Bubar, Eleanor Cilley, and Dotty St. Onge.

As usual the games were fast and furious and the players displayed excellent skill. Eleanor Cilley, a capable end, could be counted on to carry the ball down the field. Jane Bacon, center, kept up her usual sparkling brand of play, while Jackie Wardwell was always in the thick of it. June Walsh, speedy senior, could keep up her fast pace even in a tight skirt. Captain Joan McEachern usually kept the ball rolling in the right direction.

(Continued on Page 34)

FIRST SEMESTER

AT



Vivacious Marianne Ellis models a Henry Rosenfield fashion, exclusive with Smith's Specialty Shop. A special dress for special occasions! The strapless dress has a metal embroidered top. Here Marianne wears the dress with the smart jacket, buttoned at the waist and styled with the bat wing sleeve. Any girl would love to have this outfit in her winter wardrobe.

Here is peppy Sue McHale wearing a slick sports outfit from the Rines Company. The red and green, authentic clan-plaid, box jacket is a bright contrast to the Oxford gray wool skirt and fluffy, white Garland sweater. The black silk scarf adds a finishing touch. This outfit combines practicability with good looks.



FASHIONS

B. H. S.

A dream of a formal, but it is real! Sweet Donna Wilkey models a ballerina length formal from Cortell-Segals. Over the full, powder blue, rayon net skirt is a tracing of braid sparkling with rhinestones. The gown looks perfect on Donna with her blonde hair and blue eyes.



What a snappy sports outfit our well-known senior, Gary Burke, is wearing. The imported wool jacket, made in England, is the popular hunting Mackinnon plaid. This jacket furnishes a smart contrast to the neat, tan wool slacks. The brown and yellow tie completes the outfit, which is from M. L. French & Son.

PACE SETTING RAMS



Left to right: Walt Luro, Dave Dearing, Murray Billington, Bill Thibodeau, Vern Holyoke, Stan Furrow, Harry Folster, and others.

The traditional B.H.S. jinx popped up this season, and once again a front-running Bangor team was an ill-fated victim. For the second year in a row, Coach Vincent Cuzzo's cross-country squad suffered a heart breaking defeat in the annual State Championship Meet held at the University of Maine in November. Losing by a scant three points and ending in second place, the Rams displayed class unwitnessed at Bangor High since their tragic defeat in this same meet one season ago. Hats off to Coach Cuzzo whose patience, help, and friendship built the team, over a period of two years, into a group of runners who will long be remembered for their fine running, not only in Maine circles, but also in two straight New England Championship Meets.

This season the Crimson crew racked up a record of three wins against a single loss in dual competition; a second place in a three way meet; a third place in the 6 way regional meet; second place in the State Meet; and the ninth place in the New England contest held at Colby College's Mayflower Hill.

The following is a look at the boys who made the 1950 harriers what they were.

As captain of the Cross-country squad David Dearing proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that he had what it takes. Up among the leaders in every race, Dave made a fine leader for one of the best Cross-country teams in B.H.S. history. He is also a top half-miler on the Track squad.

A speedy runner who added class to this year's squad was Walter Luro, whose middle name must be "determination." Walt took firsts against Hartland and M.C.I. and was the first Ram harrier to cross the tape in practically every other meet.

Probably the best miler to emerge from Bangor High in a decade is Vernon Holyoke, who, when running on the Cross-country team, proved to be a fine harrier, also.

Bill Thibodeau has been a member of football, basketball and track squads at B.H.S., but this season Billy turned his interests towards Cross-country, and the team immediately gained a fine competitor and steady runner.

Two hard working seniors, who also happen to be twin brothers, are Regie and Robert Segar. Steadily improving all season, they both hit their peaks in the State Meet when they finished with

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ALONG THE FIFTY YARD LINE

The Bangor Rams, although not having the best season in their glorious history, ran true to form as far as fight, spirit, and will-to-win were concerned. Coach "Cy" Perkins' gridsters, while having only a fair season this year, will have some fine ball-players returning for another campaign in 1951. The Crimson Tide still carries the "killer" schedule with the very best teams in the state.

These teams usually out-classed the Rams in experience, ability, and manpower; but not in fight. Stating a fact and not an excuse, this year's squad was very light and it was not unusual for them to play against teams which outweighed them sometimes 10-20 pounds per man.

The Harlow Streeters opened their season out on the wrong side of the won and lost column, losing to Lewiston, Cony, and Portland. They bounced back the following week with a sweet victory over the previously unbeaten John Bapst team. The Waterville Panthers surprised everybody by upsetting the Crimson at Waterville a week later. Against Rumford, the boys in maroon turned the game into a rout and won 54-0. At South Portland, the Capers surprised no one by taking the Rams into camp; but not before a hard-fought battle.

Ending the season with a blazing win over the Brewer Witches, the Queen City crew retained the Bean Pot by again capturing the inter-city title.



I. David Searles—Bangor High's contribution to All-State recognition is Captain David Searles, whose never ending spirit and fight places him high on the list of the leaders to graduate from B.H.S. "Dave" consistently played good football this year, with his all-around performance, and tried to keep his boys in the thick of the fight.



II. Ed Dudley—There isn't any doubt as to who one of the tops in the scoring department was, nor to who made the longest runs for the Rams this season (although a few *were* called back by the officials.) Ed, a three-year letterman, carried the ball to the best of his ability which is good enough for us.

III. Larry Hall—Smash! Bam! Thump! These were the sounds usually detected when our hefty left-tackle got his mitts on an opposing team's halfback. Larry's ability on defense is well known, but don't think that he was a push-over on offense. When he got mad, we were sure glad that he was on our side.



IV. Gary Burke—Potentially the hardest running back in the state, but continually hampered by injuries all year long, Gary will long be remembered for his shifty end sweeps, swashing off-tackle slants, and brilliant pass receiving.

V. Ed Colburn—Sonny, playing only his second year of organized football, was a credit to the team. During the season his fine play against John Bapst merited his being named Lineman of the Week, as he blocked and tackled from his left-guard position.



VI. Tom Zoidis—Our driving left-halfback, probably one of the hardest plunging backs in the state, despite his size, might be another candidate for All-State honors, had it not been for a knee injury received during his sophomore year. Tommy was always at his best when the chips were down.

VII. Frank Hollis—With two years of J. V. experience under his belt, this hefty right guard went unnoticed during the entire season, but not by his teammates. Frank could tackle with the best of them, and many times broke a speedy back loose with his timely blocking.



VIII. Dick Merriman—"Jug" was our quarterback on this year's squad and did a fine job handing off the pigskin and tossing passes. Being a Junior, Dick will be back for another year under the Crimson bonnet.

IX. Dick Russell—Another junior on this season's starting team was lanky Dick Russell, playing left-end for the Rams. Russ probably got the greatest thrill of his life when he caught two successive touchdown passes in the Rumford game.



X and XI. Dick Brown and Bob Stevenson—Any slack which might have been evident was quickly taken up by these two sky-scraping seniors who both held down the right-end post. Dick snagged many an unwieldy pass during the campaign and often was witnessed dumping an opposing backfielder with his pin-point tackling. Bob, or "Gil" as his admiring teammates tab him, is one of the most likable members on the squad and was always ready to step in when called upon.



XII. Bob Chaput—The heaviest man on the squad was big Bob Chaput, who showed marked improvement each week with his efficient blocking and effective tackling from his center position. Bob is the third junior in the starting eleven and will be a great asset to the team in 1951.

XIII. Phil Flagg—Phil has played end, center, guard, and halfback for the Rams, but he really shined on defense at any position.

Louis MacClusky—"Dugan" added strength to the backfield and could be depended upon by coach and school.

Douglas Treadwell—A hard working senior, Doug scored a touchdown against Brewer with some hard running.

Gordon Treadwell—"Impy," brother to Doug, and next year's captain, was one of the better defensive men either whacking down enemy passes or knocking down enemy players.

Malcolm Kitchen—"Mal" intercepted a pass and galloped 20 yards for a T.D. in the Brewer game. Being a junior, he should see a lot of service from his end post next year.

Bob Lamson—Bob is a quiet fellow, but a steady ball player for the Crimson. He'll be back at guard in '51.

Ralph Carr—Our capable senior manager followed in his brother Joe's footsteps by keeping the team well equipped, in good health, and in high spirits.

The others who contributed their best to the service of their team were: seniors, James Pearson, Marion Rudnicki, and Paul Nadeau; juniors, Gerald Talbot, and James Elliot; the eight sophomore Rams, James Hamilton, Donald Pelky, Gerald Reynolds, Thomas Chase, Gerald D'Amico, Jerome Pedro, Chet Kuchinski and Donald Rideout; and managers Raymond Adams and George Currier.

RADIO WORKSHOP AT B. H. S.



First row, left to right: Nancy Silver, Selma Bell, Charlotte Rolnick, Lois Severence, Pat Leahy, Yovanne McMinn, Rachael Nachum, Shirley Merrill, Cecilia Roberts.

Back row: Robert Johnson, Tommy Rogan, Edward Connelly, Ray Hollis.

Bangor High School's "Radio Workshop" has presented, during the 1950 season, many worthwhile programs. The supervisor of the organization is Miss Mary Hodgson. Radio station WGUY has been most cooperative in making arrangements for the broadcasts, which are presented over the air on Wednesday evenings at 6:45. In addition to the "Hi Time" broadcasts, work has been devoted to programs concerning tuberculosis, the hard of hearing, and the Community Chest. These subjects were selected because of civic and community demands of the city.

This radio workshop, which is the student's own guild, provides an opportunity for all the members to learn the techniques of radio operations, organization of the radio field, skills in using the microphone, methods of advertising, as well as the problems involved in writing scripts.

The first meeting of the "Workshop" was, in itself, a great success. Thirty-five students at-

tended the meeting at this time. Since then the interest has grown to such an extent that the group has increased to fifty members. All the students are welcome to come to the meetings as they so desire.

It seems to be the common impression that the members of this guild deal only with the actual broadcasting of the programs. Although radio dramatics has been emphasized by this group, students not interested in acting have an opportunity to plan or direct programs, or to arrange the musical accompaniments.

The first "Hi Time" program presented was "Meet Your Faculty." Some of the teachers that were interviewed were Mrs. Dorothy Coiley, Mr. Robert Harlow, Mr. Robert McKinney, and Mr. Thomas Hill. They were asked questions concerning their outside interests and the schools from which they graduated. A series of short

(Continued on Page 37)

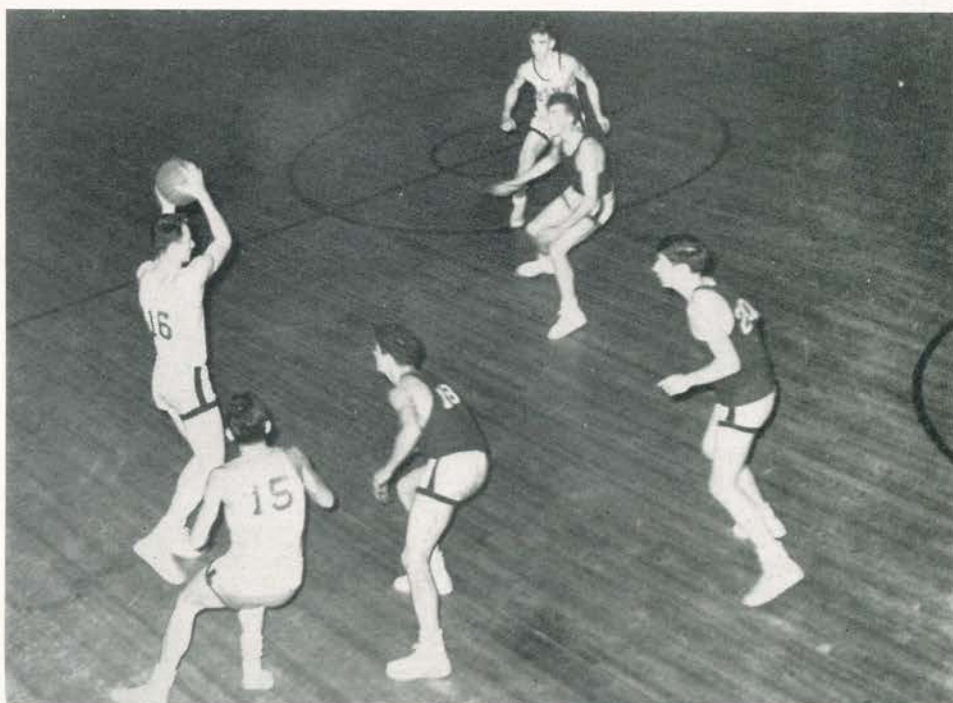


Believe it or not, this long line of students shown waiting for lunch will be taken care of in a matter of minutes by the capable cashiers. After the first confusion wore off, the new lunch system proved a big success.

..... STILL AT



Among the extra curricular sports at B.H.S., is Cross-country which combines both speed and endurance gained in long practice sessions after school hours. Here some Ram runners quietly warm up before the start of the annual state meet at Orono.



Football has passed on for another year, but basketball has begun in earnest with Coach "Red" Barry and his basketball candidates practicing daily for another rugged season. Already the tournament is being discussed, with high hopes for the March event.

WORK AND PLAY



This interesting shot was taken at the rehearsal of the operetta, "The Waltz Dream." The operetta this year had nearly 90 students participating including the orchestra.

PACE SETTING RAMS

(Continued from Page 28)

the leaders to pick up valuable points for the Rams.

The only junior on this year's starting team was Stan Furrow who will also be the only returning letterman for next year's team. Succeeding Dearing as captain, Stan is going to be good, so keep your eye on him.

Charlie Katen, the toiling senior manager, who uncomplainingly did his best to keep things ship-shape and running smoothly, deserves a great deal of credit for his hard work.

Coach Cuozzo with only one letterman back next year will have to build practically from scratch, but with his skill and patience we know the Rams will again be a statewide threat.

In the first meet of the 1950 season, the Rams dumped Hartland by the near perfect score of 16-47 as Luro finished first, Holyoke second, Dearing third, and Thibodeau fourth.

The next win came at the expense of Old Town as the Indians were scalped 21-34. Luro and Holyoke tied for second place; Dearing was fourth; Thibodeau was fifth.

The Queen City Harriers finished in second place in a three-way meet with Lee Academy and Ellsworth, as both Varsity and Junior Varsity teams competed. Lee won the Varsity event with a score of 32 to Bangor's 44 and Ellsworth's 48. Luro was sixth; Thibodeau eighth; and Dearing was ninth for the Crimson. Although Lee also won the J. V. contest, Roland Perkins of the Rams captured first place.

With three members of the powerful Maine Frosh tying for first place hand in hand, Bangor was defeated 22-34 at the U. of M. Luro placed fourth; Dearing and Thibodeau tied for sixth and Holyoke was eighth.

The Rams were forced to third place in the 6-way Regional meet as Old Town garnered top honors with Lee Academy a close second. The Maroon order of finish was: Holyoke (10); Luro (11); Dearing and Furrow (tie) (13); and Thibodeau (16).

Both the Varsity and Junior Varsity teams topped the M.C.I. entries as Luro, Dearing and Thibodeau finished 1st, 5th, and 6th respectively. Perkins took J. V. honors as he won the event for the Ram J. V.'s.

In the thrilling, and heart breaking, State meet with 104 runners representing 16 schools, the order of finish for the Rams was: Luro (8); Dearing (11); Holyoke (14); Furrow (20); Bob Segar (24); Reg Segar (27); and Thibodeau (57).

For the annual New England Meet November 11, Coach Cuozzo and his Harriers journeyed to Waterville and Colby's Mayflower Hill. Running

in a field of 154 team and individual runners, representing over 30 New England high schools, the Ram Harriers scored as follows: (minus the positions of individual runners):

Dearing (14); Holyoke (42); Furrow (59); Bob Segar (61); Thibodeau (63); Luro (64); and R. Perkins (79).

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page 25)

Of course the whole junior team was a powerhouse, but the speedy attacks of Sally Rand and Jodie Neal stood out. Gwen Bryant was high scorer for all classes with five goals. Anita Ramsdell with her marvelous technique seemed to zoom in out of nowhere. Captain Janet Scripture played a big part in leading her team to inevitable victory. Rhoda Rudman didn't miss a chance to hit the ball.

The up and coming sophomore team was sparked by Captain Jean Flagg. When Beverly Drew hit the ball, it was well on its way to the opposite end of the field. Eunice Simpson was a girl to watch. Mary Ellen Day was in the lead as the players rushed the ball down the field. Beverly Talbot caught every opportunity to advance the ball in the right direction. Such praise could go on to include all the players, but the space is somewhat limited.

Everyone felt the barked shins and black and blue spots were well offset when she received her award at the annual Hockey Party. This gala affair was unique in the respect that it was held in the cafeteria annex, which was gaily festooned with balloons and crepe paper for the occasion. Everyone enjoyed playing novelty games, followed by the presentation of athletic awards by Miss Mildred McGuire. Coach Betsy Tandy presented the hockey trophy to Janet Scripture, captain of the victorious junior team.

Named to the All-Bangor Hockey Team were the following girls: Joan McEachern, captain; Eleanor Cilley, Ellen Hill, Jackie Wardwell, Janet Burton, Joanne Dorsky, Donna Holmes, Betty Ellis, Carlene Lobley, Dotty St. Onge, Susan Humphrey, Betsy Tandy, June Day, Carol Bubar, Ronda Goodman, Anne Lenfest, Glen Geyer, Kay Zoidis, Chris Caswell, Jane Cole, Jane Hunter, Athena Vafiades, June Walsh, Rowena Trenholm, Gwen Bryant, Anita Ramsdell, and Janet Scripture.

The Girls' Athletic Honor Council completed the program by taking in the following new members: Sue Humphrey, Jane Bacon, Freida Smith, and Jodie Neal. Herta Jung became an honorary member. The evening was topped off with refreshments served by the G. A. H. C. Alumnae attending were Mary Jean Chapman, Abbie Kingsbury, and Donna Richardson.

CECILIA

(Continued from Page 12)

son, she allowed them to serve themselves. Cecilia repeated this procedure until everyone had a plate heaped with potato, squash, onions, and lamb. "May I get anything more for you, ma'm?" asked Cecilia.

"No, this is fine. I shall ring if we need anything," replied Mrs. Atkinson.

Cecilia really has outdone herself, thought Mrs. Atkinson. Maybe we should keep her. She really is a nice girl. Perhaps, if I keep after her, she'll become used to wearing a clean uniform every day. I guess we can endure the bedroom slippers if we have to. Then, of course, I'll have to break her of some of her habits such as emptying the vacuum cleaner in the backyard and burning garbage in the fireplace. However I guess those things can be taken care of all right.

Mrs. Atkinson stepped on the bell and Cecilia appeared with dessert.

"Oh! what a delightful dessert," exclaimed Mrs. Van Dyke. "I should never have thought of mixing oranges and bananas like this. Please tell me, did Cecilia do this too?"

"Oh, yes," smiled Mrs. Atkinson proudly. "She really is extremely clever, don't you agree?"

"I certainly do," answered Mrs. Van Dyke. "Julius, we'll simply have to get a new maid. I want one just like Cecilia."

"Please, dear, I'm talking business. We'll discuss that matter later," replied Mr. Van Dyke indifferently.

"How about going back to the living room," suggested Jim. "I'm ready for my coffee."

"Fine idea," agreed Mr. Van Dyke.

"We're going to the living room now, Cecilia. You may serve our coffee there," instructed Mrs. Atkinson. "And, Cecilia, you're doing a fine job," she added in an undertone before following the others into the living room.

The living room looked very comfortable with the glowing fire and the large chairs. Soon everyone was peacefully settled, sipping his hot coffee and watching the fire.

It's been a perfect evening, thought Mrs. Atkinson. I should have known that I could depend on Cecilia. She certainly will get next Saturday off. Jim will probably give her a raise because she has been so proper tonight. His business with Mr. Van Dyke is going along so well. I guess he's almost convinced that Jim would make a good manager. Oh, what a wonderful evening!

At this point, her thoughts were interrupted by a sharp gasp from Mrs. Van Dyke and a murmured "Oh, no!" from Jim. Both of them were staring over her shoulder at the hall doorway. Mrs. Atkinson turned to see what had caused

(Continued on Page 40)

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SCHOOL LIFE IN GERMANY

(Continued from Page 14)

course, the students don't have each subject each day, but all the subjects are included in a week's work.

Herta is also very much impressed with the attitude of the teachers in this country. She likes their friendly, helpful manner, which one wouldn't find in Germany. She also likes the way students can have extra help after school; this wouldn't be possible in Germany.

Herta likes this country very much. She finds that most of the young people are more carefree and gay than those in Germany and much more friendly. However, Herta thinks that the young people over here seem to be expected to hold more responsibilities and to make more decisions without the help of their parents.

She was quite astonished at seeing some of the high school age groups driving around in such beautiful cars, but she thinks it is wonderful. However, she finds the fact that everyone in the United States seems to prefer riding in cars to walking rather amusing. In Germany, most people ride bicycles or walk.

Herta liked our football games, although she found the noise and excitement a bit confusing. She was greatly impressed with the wonderful football field, the large bleachers, and the bright lights that are American. In fact, she is still amazed at the amount of money that is spent on education and athletics in this country. She especially likes our modern schools and facilities, our band and orchestra, and our athletic equipment.

The attitude of the adults toward the children seems to be quite different over here from that in Germany. Herta says that in this country the children seem to be treated as if they were more grown up. They are given more responsibilities by their parents. For example, in Germany, a person never works until he is out of school unless it is absolutely necessary. Also, as a rule, a girl doesn't go to a dance or party unless she is accompanied by her parents until she is eighteen.

Herta thinks the United States is grand. She likes the friendliness and gaiety of everyone; she likes our customs; she likes our high standard of living; and she likes the way we do things.

SCHOOL LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA

(Continued from Page 14)

only one book at a time. Durban's one radio station is transcribed from Britain. There are no "soap operas," comedy shows, nor mystery programs on the air—just music and news. The movie theatres do not show movies continuously nor on Sundays.

Kadimah compared the attitudes of parents toward their children. She noticed that American parents are more lenient with their children. In Durban, high school girls definitely do not go out on dates. When the girls go to social functions, they go in a group.

When asked what she thought of Americans, Kadimah replied, "I think they are wonderful people."

PROJECT COMPLETED

(Continued from Page 20)

During the summer of 1950 the halls of Bangor High School were ringing with the banging and buzzing of carpenters and their tools. By September, the trophy cases were ready for the finishing touches.

The Student Council of 1950-1951 were left the job of getting the cases ready for the admiration of the students. With Mr. Lovely again as adviser and David Searles, of the class of 1951, as president of the council, the trophy cases were finished. A committee composed of Mr. Frederick Pinkham, Nancy Bryant, and David Dearing, of the class of 1951, and Jerry Pangakis, of the class of 1952, was in charge of lining and filling the trophy cases. Under their direction the cases were finished.

Constructed in such a way that they can be expanded when necessary, the trophy cases are a credit to the school and the community, and the work of all those connected with the building of it will long be remembered and appreciated by all who see Bangor High School's trophy cases.

RADIO WORKSHOP

(Continued from Page 31)

stories, written by Dickens, Thackeray, and other such famous authors, dramatized by the students, was presented in the form of a program entitled, "Books I Should Have Read."

During American Education Week, a program entitled "Lift a Mountain," was given. This presentation concerned the life of Horace Mann, a famous American educator and statesman born at Franklin, Massachusetts.

The next series to be presented by the "Workshop" is "Pardon My Laughter" which is, as the title implies, a humorous series.

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BIG MAC

(Continued from Page 11)

pearances had been in a fight. He was as good as out cold. This, Miller knew, was his chance to get rid of the guy. If the M. P.'s brought Mac back to camp, he would surely get a court martial and be out of his squad for good. But Miller could not leave him there.

He picked Mac up and literally carried him back to camp. He was almost late because of it, but he brought Mac into the barracks and got him in pretty good condition for roll call in the morning.

When Mac heard from the rest of the squad what had happened, he could not believe it. He thought now maybe this Miller was not such a bad Joe after all. Mac did not come right out and thank Miller for what he had done, but he showed his thanks in his actions. He caused no more trouble, and it was not long before he and Miller were going to the P.X. together.

This change in Mac's attitude did not affect his griping. He can still be heard above the dull roar in the mess hall bellowing, "This darned coffee tastes like varnish."

GIRLS, BAH!

(Continued from Page 9)

from the platform. He glanced up. There stood Prudencia Spears. But a different Prudencia from school. A dotted white dress, stiffly starched, and long curls made an angel from a common girl. Jody could not believe it. But it was Prudy, for there on the end of one brown curl was a spot of blue. Jody sat enthralled during the rest of the program. Then, when it was over and the crowd was milling around, he walked hesitantly up to Prudencia.

"Gee Prudy," he stammered, "You did swell. And gee, I mean gosh. I'm sorry I dipped your braid in the inkwell. Will ya kinda forget I did it?"

Prudencia was a little too embarrassed to answer, but she grinned shyly.

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VAMPIRE'S VENGEANCE

(Continued from Page 8)

This way turned into an intricate maze of passage-ways, winding in and out under the cemetery. It was pitch black in there, and I stumbled along until I was exhausted, always seeming to hear bat's wings fluttering above my head. Finally I came to a dead end, and I sat down to think. I saw that I was trapped unless I got out of there; so I tried to retrace my steps, half-stumbling, half-crawling, in and out the different passages until I was hopelessly lost. Always the fear of the bat kept me going, but I knew I couldn't keep up much longer. The last I remembered was falling and hitting my head on a rock.

It was two-thirty in the morning by the hands of my luminous watch when I recovered consciousness, and I found that my clothes were all torn, and my face was cut. I was a little dizzy as I started to grope my way around the passages again. Then I saw a light in the distance, and my heart beat faster. Finally I saw that I was back in the tomb. I heard somebody walking in the passageways; and I tried to get out the door, but it was held by some strange force. I was getting frantic. I saw that I had to do something quickly, or the vampires would be here. I started back through the cave, but the footseps were coming closer. I looked around and the only place to hide was in the coffin on the altar. The lid was open a little, so I lifted it and jumped inside just as Johnny came through the passageway. I pulled down the lid, and I felt a corpse beneath me. I could feel its cold clammy hands against my face, but I didn't dare to move, fearing Johnny would hear me.

As I lay there, more came. I heard them talking in a queer language that was foreign to anything I had ever heard. Finally, the talking died down, and they seemed to go way. When I felt that they had gone, I tried to lift the coffin lid but, when I had closed it, it had locked. I was trapped in a coffin with a dead man! Then I realized that the F. B. I. was going to blow open the place, and they would save me. Slowly the air began to grow thin, and I knew that I was finished. There were noises outside, but I knew they wouldn't blast the door open in time. I had never imagined I'd die in a coffin, especially with a corpse, but I can't have everything. I'm getting dizzy, dizzier, dizzier—

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CECILIA

(Continued from Page 35)

their dismay. There stood Cecila in her usual dirty uniform and those horrible bedroom slippers, carrying a huge dish of garbage in her hands. With an "Excuse me, folks," she marched directly in front of Mrs. Van Dyke, went to the fireplace and matter-of-factly emptied the dish. Then, slowly chewing her gum, she left the room.

FUTURE HOMEMAKERS

(Continued from Page 22)

Think of it . . . girls . . . and rats! Brave, weren't they?

Home Ec is a widely varied subject. Whatever the phase being studied, the girls are making use of their knowledge and not just reading information from a book. The school has good equipment with which to work. An example of this use of knowledge is the room connecting the "kitchen" with the "sewing room" which was redecorated recently. It was given the glamorous name of "The Rainbow Room," which suggests the use of many colors. This room is used as a dining room, reading room, and general work room. It is much easier to work in pleasant surroundings.

Many college preparatory students are able to take a course in Home Ec by electing the Senior Special course. Their units are not wholly decided by Miss Crosby. She gives the girls a long list of units, and they vote to decide what subjects they wish to study for the year. This year clothing construction ranks high on the list. What girl is there that does not like new clothes? At present this group is studying a unit on the training of little children.

Recently as a part of National Education Week the Home Ec department of Bangor High, with those of Fifth Street and Garland Street Junior Highs, displayed in the windows of Sears Roebuck, clothes and canned foods which were made in the classes.

Near the end of the year the Home Ec department puts on a gala style show for the girls of B.H.S. Each girl who has taken sewing participates. The clothes that are modeled are surprisingly professional.

Home Economics is hardly a cinch course, for students do not get away from tests even in the basement of B.H.S. Any girl who can squeeze Home Ec into her course would be doing herself and her family (either present or future) a good deed. After all, where would this world be without experienced homemakers?

OBSERVATIONS OF A SALESGIRL

By Carolyn Clark

Dear customer, you'll never know just what you mean to me,
Your coming to my counter is a sight I love to see;
I don't mind if you spend your dough, I like to help you buy,
I try to dress my counter up to make it catch your eye.
But, if you please, I've one complaint I'd like to have you hear
About the way you treat my goods and strew them far and near.
I don't mind if you pick one up, you want to see the style;
But must you take the one that's on the bottom of the pile?
Then when and if you put them back, you never fold them right,
And by the time you've looked around, my counter is a sight!
How can you be so thoughtless, so positively rude,
As silently I strive to keep a courteous attitude?
And while we're on the subject, I would also like to mention
A couple other things that should be brought to your attention.
It's five o'clock, relief at last, we're just about to close
When sudd'nly you come dashing in, and add to all my woes!
I realize you're the customer and I am here to serve,
But sometimes I believe you have a little too much nerve.
My patience is not endless; I take a lot from you,
I sometimes lose my temper just as other people do!
You're not as inconsiderate among your friends, I'm sure,
Why should you take your manners off just 'cause you're in a store?
In closing, I have one request I'd like to make of you:
Remember, strange though it may seem, that I am human, too!

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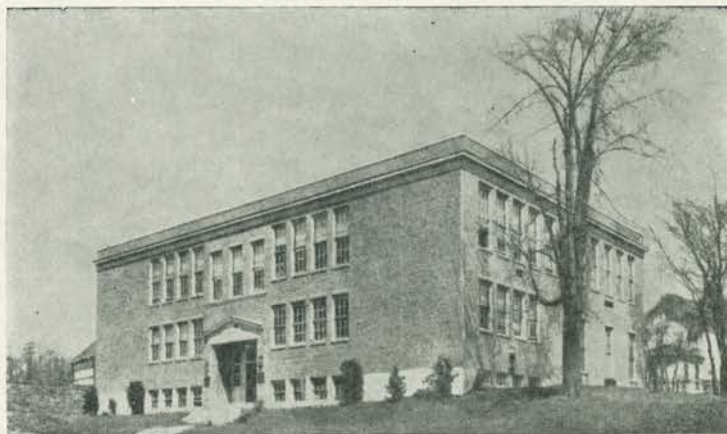
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