

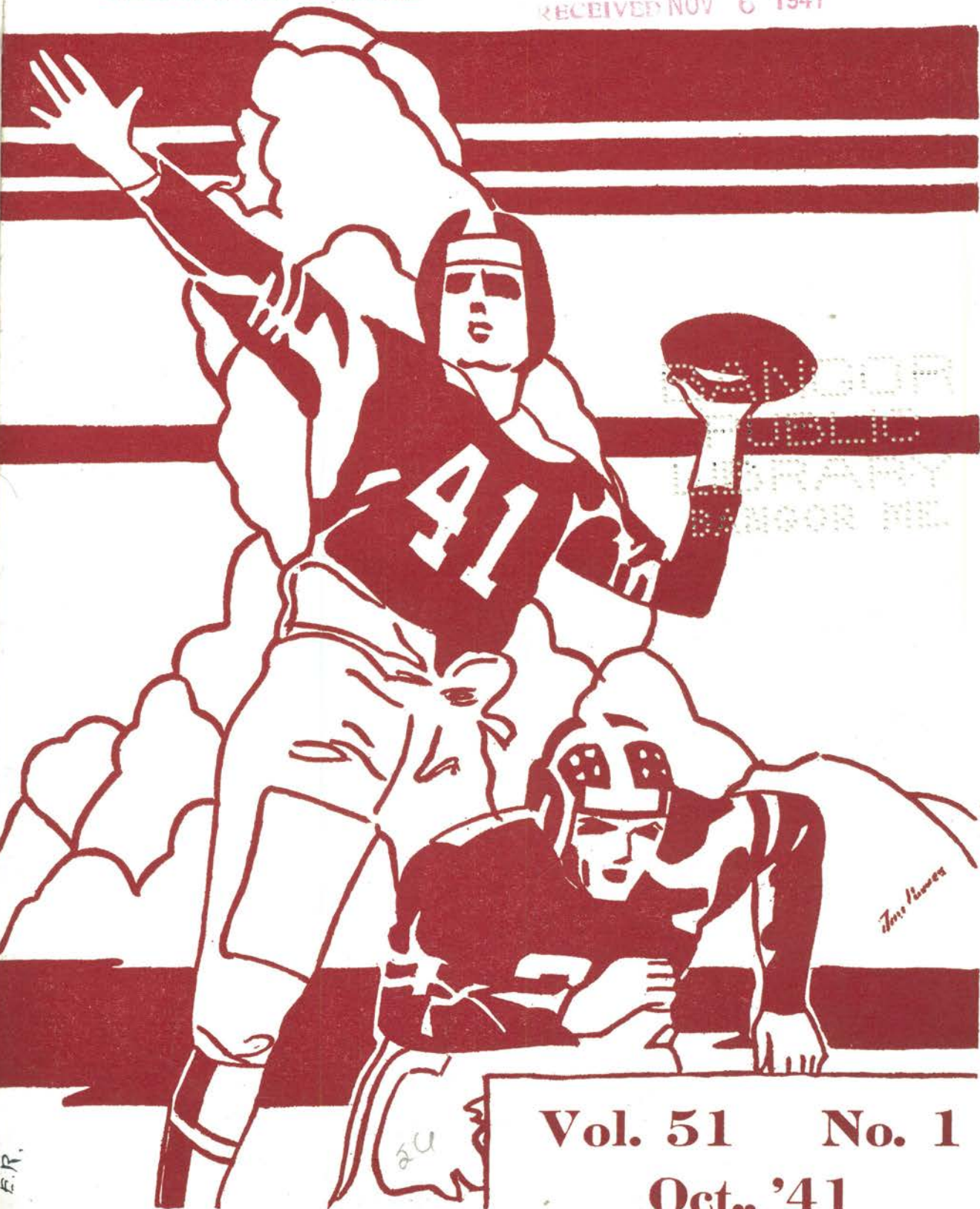
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Contents

COVER—Jimmie Powers

STORIES

To Satisfy the Appetite	Page 7
By Barbara Carr	
Scholastic Ape-titude	Page 9
By Faith McLeod	
Gold in Them Thar Hills	Page 11
By Wayne Thurston	

POEMS

In Memoriam of October Twelfth	Page 6
By Barbara Carr	
Sea Fever	Page 10
By Marydel Coolidge	
The Evil of Swing	Page 10
By Elizabeth Palmer	
Fantasy	Page 10
By Faith McLeod	

FEATURES

You Will Cough When It Hits You—Yes Indeed!	Page 13
By Marydel Coolidge	
Editorials	page 14
Passing in Review	page 15
Hokum	page 16
Fall Fashions	page 18
Alumni	page 20
Outside the Classroom	page 21
On the Bookshelf	page 23
Movies	page 27
Girls' Athletics	page 25
Record of the Rams	page 24

Staff

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In Memoriam of October Twelfth

by Barbara Carr

Through mist and rain and fog and sleet and all
The weird and eery shrieks of the gull's call;
Encircled by a death wind whispering low
That above a cruel sun went blistering woe;
Through this unpromising fate he made them sail,
So that to reach this land they would not fail.

No clear and chartered course did he possess—
Not even by hope of return was blest—
His only knowledge of that far away land
Was stories told of gems and golden sand.
Just where it was or how he'd find its shores—
Not he nor crew knew where their ship would moor.

Their faith in God above sent them straight on
Always in hope of land by the next dawn.
At night they tossed and turned with heat and cold;
At day they fooled their hearts by actions bold,
And soon not even faith in God was there
To calm their fears and ease their grief and care.

With tortured souls and wasting minds it came—
A day when it seemed that they sailed in vain.
To die would bring to them a pleasant rest
They thought. But soon they found that they were blest,
For bordered by sky and ocean they saw our land,
Salvation! God bless the spirit of this brave band!





To Satisfy The Appetite

BARBARA CARR

SENIOR

Barbara Carr is that cute, little, blond senior who just loves to write. We're sure you will enjoy her story of the Malbourn family who live in the slums of New York and who by a quick turn of fate are able to visit Maine.

NEW York is a dense, dusty, hard-to-penetrate city. Its tall, impersonal buildings catch up the glare of the sun and hurl its rays straight at you. Everywhere people are dashing, car tires are screaming, children are squalling, dirt is flying, people are bargaining, and even I am running in circles, thought Mary Malbourn. Mary was twenty, pretty, and the family bread-winner. She couldn't remember when her father and her mother had not always been the same—tired, and patient, and striving. Mary was sick of striving. She was just plain sick and tired of being shoved around in all this heat and dirt, and she was tired, too, of moving from one squalid two-by-four flat to another. It wasn't exactly the kind of existence she dreamed of living and she was sure her younger brother, Jack, didn't like it, either. But just as with thousands of other middle-class families, there didn't seem to be anything either Mary or Jack could do to better the situation.

All day long while Mary worked, she tried to puzzle some way out; however, there seemed to be none. At night Mary solemnly wound her way home, only half hearing the blare of radios and the street noises. Climbing the stairs to their flat, Mary fell into her old habit of guessing at each landing what the Smiths or the McGees or the Masons were having for supper. Somehow the smell of supper cooking made her feel better and she laughed at herself for even wishing for a life of luxury. This, she decided, as she opened the door, was her life.

Jack looked up from reading the "Sports" section of the *Evening Paper*, "Hi, Mary! Anything new?"

It was his usual evening question, Mary realized, and she replied with an attempt at gaiety, "No, Jackie, nothing newer than the McGee's daily food problem."

But Jack didn't respond to her mood. He replied bitterly, "It can't be any worse than ours!"

Just then their mother called, "Supper's ready children, and, Jack dear, please turn off the radio until after supper; my head's splitting."

Impatiently, as youth always moves, Jack snapped the radio off and flung down the paper to wash for supper.



they saw neat cottages forming straight rows from the harbor

Shortly, Mary appeared in the kitchenette, and leaning across the table, kissed her mother's hot, tired face.

"Well, darling, do you feel any better now than you did this morning? Really, you looked ill when you left for work, child. Heaven knows this heat is enough to make a body ill, but when fall comes we'll get a little relief," her mother chattered as she served Mary and Jack.

"Yes, Mother," Mary replied, "it does seem to be getting hotter every day and the summer has only begun."

"You said it," Jack agreed vigorously, "I'd like to have a good ole swimming hole to jump into to cool off like I was just reading that Rowe Le Maggir had when he was a kid. Right in his own back yard! I'm beginning to think I'd like to live in the country myself, the farther in the better. 'Way up in Maine would suit me just fine."

Mary and her mother laughed at this confession and then they all continued eating in silence.

Finally the table was cleared and the dishes washed and put away. Then the family settled down and listened to the radio, as they did every night. It was too hot to do anything else. Jack turned the dial to his favorite quiz program and they all relaxed to try to beat the quizers to the answers.

After answering nearly every question, Jack said disgustedly, "Gosh, when you listen just so long to those quiz programs, the answer just falls out of the sky to you!"

"Attention, everyone!" the announcer commanded, "We wish to report that the Fluffy Duffy Foods organization is conducting a nation-wide contest. There will be three prizes; first, one thousand dollars in cash and a trip to Bermuda; the second, five hundred dollars and a trip to New York; and third, a trip anywhere in the New England States. Get the rules for this contest at your nearest grocers."

"Jeepers!" Jack exploded, "I wonder what kind of contest it is?"

"Sounds worth a try, doesn't it?" Mary queried.

"Boy, you bet! I wonder what time it is? Oh heck, though, Mr. Donahue closes at 6:30 and it must be past seven anyway. But the first thing tomorrow morning I'm going to go down and get a copy just for the heck of it. What do you say if we try it together, Mary?"

His mother smiled secretly, as Mary consented, because Jack was well aware that Mary could write beautifully and she would be rather handy in case it was something to write.

After listening to all the programs that are projected over the air-waves, the Malboroughs went to bed with visions of \$1,000 bills and trips to the ends of the earth dancing before their tired eyes.

The dawn of the next day promised to match the intense heat of the day before, but this did not daunt Jack any, for before breakfast he hurried down to Mr. Donahue's and demanded the contest rules. They were, he discovered, the usual thing. But then, he argued, the Fluffy Duffy Food Products Inc. was a good company and, since both he and Mary understood plenty about food problems, they at least stood as good a chance as anyone else in the 48!

Mary agreed with everything Jack said, for she could easily see that this was one way to get him out of the

dumps at least, and it was just as good as anything else to relieve her boredom, too.

They worked every night for a week on, "Why I like Fluffy Duffy Foods," and, much to Mary's amazement, Jack even wrote a song about it! Finally, the night before the contest closed, they sent in the topic completed, and because Jack had grown so fond of his song, he sent it in too. Every night, returns from the contest were eagerly awaited. Then it was announced in the papers that Thursday would be the night!

Thursday night found Mary, Jack, and Mrs. Malborough waiting, half expectantly, half prepared for disappointment, beside the radio. The first prize went to a Mrs. Macentire of New Orleans.

"Gee, the lucky dog," Jack admitted grudgingly.

Then the second prize was announced, and it, too, went to someone else.

"There goes our trip to Bermuda and \$500," Mary exclaimed, and added jokingly, "I guess we'll just simply have to be satisfied with your trip to Maine, Jack."

She had no sooner said this than the radio announcer said, "Now for the third prize. This entry took our eye at once for the originality shown, especially in the song accompanying it. Hereafter, the song will be used for advertising purposes. It was written by Jack Malborough of New York City, New York."

"Yippee!" Jack yelled, "We go to Maine."

Everyone sat dumbfounded for a moment, and then at Jack's "Well, what's the matter, don't you want to go to Maine?" they came to life and breathlessly marveled at their good luck.

After all arrangements had been taken care of, the family left, still in a pleasant haze, for Maine.

Their first glimpse of Maine was even more than they had wished for. They had taken a boat, and, as it pulled into the harbor, they saw neat cottages forming straight rows from the harbor to the three or four stores that formed the down-town section. The cleanliness and absolute sincerity of the whole place struck them first, and, later, as they came to view the calm courage of the people, it, too, awakened an unusual feeling inside them. It was like an urge to create, or protect a great creation, this new will of theirs, inspired by unaccustomed simplicity which, they soon realized, really made the wheels go around.

"It's a funny thing," Jack remarked one day, "How this town and its people sort of grow on you. It isn't much to look at on the surface, but when you see all the determination and vitality under it, it gets you. We've only been here a few weeks, but already it is more like home than home is."

"Go on, Jack," his mother teased. "You know that it isn't all those things which appeal to you; it's this new

(Please turn to page twenty-nine)

Scholastic Ape-titude (?)

by Faith McLeod

You can't make monkeys out of us!—That's what we said to Faith when we first read this story. But maybe she has done just that! You never can tell what will happen when this senior starts wielding her pen!

UTANG was the handsomest ape in school. He was the hero of all the little feminine apes, due to a great many things. He played quarterback on the football team. And oh! when Utang swung that baseball bat with his powerful, hairy biceps, every feminine heart on the bleachers just flopped over.

But Utang had a crush on a naturally curly-haired monkey with the tiniest hands and feet, the most apish eyes and a wonderful squashed nose. She was a daughter of the socially prominent Orangs, and her father, a handsome ape who had been the star athlete at Congo College, was giving her a birthday party in just a week. Poor Utang knew Tombee wouldn't ask him because they had had a fight only last night about Anzee Chimp. Anzee was the smartest ape in school and got "A's" all the time, but she was also very ugly. She wore glasses and her walk was lumbering. When she was thinking, she had a habit of pulling her nose, and by now she had pulled it all out of shape.



Hero of all the little feminine apes

Tombee ridiculed her, but Utang had insisted that she had a great mind. Finally Tombee flung at him: (the following is a free translation without benefit of a trot.)

"All right, you can have your booby Anzee, for all I care! She's just a lumbering old fool, and the most complimentary thing I can call you is goon child!" (Which, of course, was silly because everybody knows

he is an ape!)

Utang had blushed under his glossy black fur. He turned away quickly so that he should not yield to the temptation of talking back to her. That would have been terrible—well-mannered apes never talk back to pretty little monkeys. But Utang found it difficult to obey this hard and fast rule now.

The next day a sad-faced Utang stopped in front of Tombee's palatial house and swung by his tail awhile, but when she didn't appear he proceeded on his way, alone.

Utang had not found it easy to prepare his lessons for the day—love's a puzzle, and he couldn't figure it out, to say nothing of geometry. So he let the latter go.

But strangely enough, Mr. Chimp (who was Anzee's fourth cousin twice removed) didn't understand the mortal agony through which Utang had gone, and would accept no excuses. As a result Utang found himself alone, at the end of school, in a study hall, puzzling over the queer figures on his paper. He was just bemoaning his fate when a shy tug at his elbow aroused him.

"Sorry," Anzee said, "but I saw you trying to catch up on your work. Could I, perchance, be of any help to you?"

Utang, with a joyful bump of his heart, accepted the offered help with alacrity, and soon two fuzzy heads were bent over his paper.

Utang did Anzee the honor of walking home with her that night after school, and also called for her the next morning. On the way to his first class, he met Tombee, and although she immediately started to simper, he ignored her completely—an act which infuriated her coquettish nature immensely.

But after school that night it was a different story. Utang met a tearful Tombee on the outside steps.

"I say, what's the matter, baby?" (As it has been said, this is only a free translation—I wouldn't dare to give a literal one!)

Tombee tried to squelch her sobs, but the attempt was unsuccessful. In a mighty burst of emotion such as only a frustrated little monkey can produce, she cried:

"Oh, it's too, too horrible. Papa says I can't have my birthday party unless I get B in my geometry test tomorrow, and I just can't because I don't know one

bit of it. What shall I do?"

Then Utang grinned all over and with a mighty leap, he landed in a tree. After a jolly swing or two, he landed beside her.

"Keed, leave everything to Einstein here. I'll fix it. I can help you with your geometry so you'll get A tomorrow."

Tombee was properly astonished.

"You? But you flunked the last one!"

"That, my pet, was the last one. Since then I've learned things." His eyes sparkled.

They held an intensive geometry session that evening, and afterwards while they were refreshing themselves with a gallon of coke apiece, Tombee said:

"You'll come to my party of course! I just know I'll do well in that geometry test. Say, Utang, how in the jungle did you learn all that stuff so quick like. . . huh?"

Utang puffed up visibly.

"Anzee Chimp showed me how. By the way, of course you're asking her to the party too?"

Tombee stiffened.

"Oh, so she taught you!" she said in a sour tone, but then her naturally gay spirit asserted itself and she added: "I'll ask her if I get B on my test tomorrow, if you'd like."

Everyone but Tombee, Anzee, and Utang were much surprised when Tombee's name appeared on the board as one of those who had made 85 or above on the exam. And everyone was surprised when Anzee showed up at the party wearing a bright red sweater and brilliant green skirt. But after one gulp, Tombee was the gracious hostess. As she remarked to Utang afterwards: "I certainly couldn't ignore Providence, could I?"

See Fever

by Marydel Coolidge

When travelitis has you in its grip,

You fret at home and long to be away—

These symptoms sad may set in any day;
For cure, but one is sure—to make the trip.

By bus or train or agile thumb you roam

And squint at super-panoramas famed;

By eye, you scale bald-pated peaks, unlamed,
And stop at Komfy Kabins with a moan.

Their signs looked good. . . or better than their food;

"Both hot n' cold" the faucets ran—(at least

They ran.) And "springs in every bed." No feast
Arrayed the menu. . . only oysters stewed.

The bed was hard that night; the scenic setting

Has lost its lure. You won't look back. . . I'm betting!

The Evil of Swing

by Elizabeth Palmer.

On a night of long ago, when every thing was still,
I looked up to see three ghosts truckin' down the hill

First they'd truck and then they'd Suzy-Q.
To tell the truth I knew not what to do.

Till "come join us" is what I heard them say;
"We'll teach you how to swing and sway!"

Now folks will say that I am dead,
But if you'll look when time for bed,

Three little ghosts you'll see no more.
Oh my no! ! there now are four.

Fantasy

by F. A. McLeod

Somewhere, once, in delved darkness
Stole a lost and lonely sunbeam,
Rested lightly on a poppy—
Sank within its velvet shelter,
Nestled deep in powd'ry pollen,
Fell asleep and dreamed there.

Night, and Oberon came softly,
Followed by his forest faeries:
Gnomes and pixies, elfins, brownies.
Then Titania, gracious, glowing,
Glided in amongst the gath'ring,
Leading all in revelry.

Lo! Titania has found it—
Found the softly sleeping sunbeam.
Gather round, ye fays and faeries,
Watch Titania weave her 'chantment.
Thrice she waves her wand o'er Sol's son:
Thrice she sings a slow, sad song.

Then the faeries, running lightly,
Bringing her the dew of violets,
Sprinkle on him mists of stardust,
Gathered when the dusk of twilight
Sinks with sighs into the night-time,
While a whip-poor-will is calling.

Quickly work, for lo! the dawning
Comes with rosy feet a-running.
Slowly then, as came the morning
From the depths of flower crimson,
Rose a fair and lovely creature—
Called by man a butterfly.

Gold In Them Thar Hills

by Wayne Thurston

You certainly must read this humorous experience of two hick farmers and a search for gold, written by senior Wayne Thurston. It is a snappy tale and is sure to give you plenty of good laughs.

FRED was a small man, small in mind and in body. No bargain was too small for his mean eyes to see; no person too poor to be of value as a debtor. He lived to cheat and he cheated to live. He cheated himself by eating less each day. He cheated his horse by mixing sawdust with his oats until the poor beast died of hunger; then he cheated the dog food factory on the carcass.

Jed was a kindly old fellow, very much in love with the whole world. Everyone liked him; everyone respected him.

Although once he had become enraged when Fred had chased some of his chickens off a small spot of land that they both claimed to own, he was usually placid and slow moving like a quiet meadow brook. But there were rapids in his path.

One day as he was going out to inspect his land, he noticed the peculiar actions of a young fellow who was inspecting the property between his house and Fred's.

The fellow seemed to be looking for something and was splashing busily in the waters of a small stream which meandered across the land. He had several pans and seemed to be washing them.

Jed supposed it was a new method of fishing and paid little attention to it.

A short while later Fred spied the same man engaged in the same project, but Fred was more curious.

"Whatcha doin', stranger?"

"Washin' dishes."

"Thas a likely story, what in heck is so secret about it?"

"Say dope, do you own this land?"

"Well, not exactly."

"O. K., then, it's none of your business."

"Now lissen here, you, where I come from them's fightin' words."

"Fine," said the stranger, and hit Fred so hard ont he chin that he saw stars for several minutes.

Fred got up in a rage, but, although he was terribly angry, he realized that that was no place for him.

He turned viciously on his heel; stamped off; and vowed to avenge himself at all costs.

As he entered the house, his eyes fell on the latest newspaper. Slashed boldly across the top were the words:

"Gold Discovered in Plumfield. Thought to be in Neighboring Villages!"

He gasped as the whole recognition dawned upon him.

"So that's what he was doing," he mused, "Hmmm-mm."

Next day he was surprisingly friendly when he met Jed.

"Tell you what, Jed, I'd like to get that plot of land that we both claim to own, so if I'll give you say one hundred dollars. Will you sign away any claims?"

"Well, now I dunno Fred, you see I've been wantin' to raise a garden there. . ."

It really wasn't the garden that Jed wanted; he had plenty of land for that, but he and Fred had never been able to get along well and he hated to see his old foe get possession of any more land.

"O. K. then, I'll make it two hundred."

"Now Fred, I don't like to see that land go."

"Well, look Jed, you're being as onery as a mule, but I tell you what I'll do; I'll give you five hundred dollars and not a cent more."

Jed hesitated—five hundred dollars was a lot of money, an awful lot of money.

Temptation finally conquered old enmities.

"You can have it, Fred."

"Fine, we'll go make out a deed now."

As soon as the legal processes had been completed, Fred went out by night to look for gold. He was a crafty old rogue and no one found out his secret. He searched several nights in this manner. He thought afterwards that he must have panned the whole river.

Shortly after Jed had sold the land, he took up the same paper that Fred had seen and saw the same headlines. His brain was in a turmoil.

"Gold, why I'd be rich. No it can't be, but maybe."

Then the awful truth struck him.

Maybe Fred knew that.

But human nature can believe almost anything it wants to under stressing circumstances. Besides, Fred hadn't been seen looking for gold, had he? Certainly, if he had known about it, he would have been looking for it before.

So Jed decided to buy the land back immediately. He borrowed money; he begged money; he promised large interest on this money. And always, when asked what he wanted the money for, he would reply,

"Never you mind, if you don't want to lend it to me, I can get it from someone else."

As soon as he had one thousand dollars, he went to Fred and, in an effective but unbusinesslike manner, offered him the money.

Fred hesitated. After all he wanted that land for a garden, but then, so did Jed. He had never been so considerate of anyone else's interests in all his life and showed it quite freely. He finally gave in to Jed's coaxing and sold it for eleven hundred dollars.

Jed immediately adopted Fred's previous tactics. He, too, searched by night for treasure and riches, but he too, was unrewarded.

Several weeks plodded wearily by for Jed; then all the desired action came.

A stranger came to the house and offered fifty dollars for his land.

Jed wanted it, yet he didn't. After all, he had paid eleven hundred dollars for it and no man likes to lose that much. He was on the point of refusing when he noticed that the man wore overalls and was very dirty.

"What's your business?" he asked carefully.

"Oh, I'm just an old farmer," the other replied. "Can't say as I'm a very good one, but I need that land like sin."

Jed hesitated. After all, if the man were a farmer, there wouldn't be any trouble in letting him have the land. He finally decided that seventy-five dollars would be the least that he would take.

The farmer decided after a moment's thought and they settled on sixty-five.

The old clerk in the law office remarked that they must be doing a rushing piece of business on that land, as he made out the deed.

"Whatcha gonna grow?" queried Jed as they left the office.

"Grow myself a fortune," replied the other proudly. Jed gulped,

"Wha. . . Wha. . . What?"

"Yep, that's right, gold!"

The truth dawned gradually and as it did, Jed stood white as a ghost.

Just then Fred came proudly down the street. His chest and stomach were stuck out: he had one thousand dollars more and a mortgage for one hundred. Maybe he could foreclose and get the land back again. But that didn't last long. His happy mood burst like a soap bubble when he heard Jed murmur,

"So that's why I didn't find it; it was in the land not in the river."

"What?" faltered Fred.

"The gold," sighed Jed, than sat down so hard that his teeth fell out when he saw the "farmer" slip out of his overalls and step into a nearby limousine on which these words were printed: "Pres. Findum Gold Agency." And Fred collapsed when he recognized the young fellow who had socked him on the chin.

Foot-ballad

(with apologies to Lewis Carroll)

"T was frigid, and the wily boys

Did turn and tumble in the mud:

All bragging were the brawny foe,

And the kick-off made a thud.

"Beware the enemy, my son!

The plays they'll pull, and passes catch!

Beware the nervy knaves, out-run

The quick-footed Pigskinsnatch!"

He took his shoulder pads in hand:

Long time the furtive foe he eyed—

So brooded he on a bench or three,

And saw the score was tied.

As he in sluggish thought reclined,

The enemy, with eyes enlarged,

Came bounding through the veteran line,

And bellowed as they charged!

69 . . 7. . .43. . .11 —

The shoulder pads went tackling. . . whack!

He slipped them all, and with the ball

He sprinted safely back.

"And so you made the touchdown, lad?

Come, give a cheer! Hip, hip, hooray!

Alla men, alla men, alla men, si con

De is kiddi boom boom yea!"

"T was frigid, and the wily boys

Did tire of tumbling in the game:

All beaten were boasting foe,

And the winners lived in fame.



Where is the football team?

1—Say, Jack, hus'e gone through the line?

2—There's no win like a good win!

3—Would you like a red or a black hat?

4—Burn'ard, fire, 'cause Jake obstructs your light!

5—Ma gee-rage is locked now.

6—For cryan' out loud, it's a touchdown.

7—Man, oh man! were we cold at Winslow!

8—The S. S. Mur docks today!

9—This victory means a lot of work!

10—Those are spikes, not spears, on those football shoes.

11—Nel's on the telephone again.

12—Brooks are the kings of the swamps.

13—Left he with out saying goodbye to Jake absolutely?

14—Berhaps we'll win again.

15—The more I see of football, the more I like it.

Answers on page 17.

You Will Cough When It Hits You---Yes Indeed!

« « « » » »

T. B. or not T. B.—that is the question. Are we going to let a public health enemy exist within our knowledge? Would we permit a killer to victimize our community, while we shrank into a hiding place? No, more likely we would join forces with the police in rounding up the criminal. A rat will make his nest wherever he can find piles of old newspapers in disorder. Tuberculosis is a rodent and a killer wherever fear and ignorance are found. If we are to rid our city of this dangerous disease, we must cooperate fully with our health troopers—doctors and nurses—now.

In our own city we have the field nurse for the anti-tuberculosis association, Miss Louise P. Hopkins, who is considered the leading tuberculosis nurse in Maine. Her vital work in our community is more than worthy of the full-fledged interest and support of every citizen.

What is more deadly than a war? What preventable disease kills 175 people each day? What is the leading cause of death between the ages of 15 through 45? The answer to each and all is —Tuberculosis!

How much do you know about it? What is Tuberculosis? It is a disease which nine times out of ten gets its foothold in the lungs. However, it may affect any part of the body. In the old days it was called consumption. The disease is caused by a germ that starts growing and multiplying in the body. A “run down” condition is an outright invitation for these germs. Colds do not cause tuberculosis; it cannot be inherited.

In the beginning there are often no signs nor symptoms. When people who have the tuberculosis germ start to lose weight, feel tired all the time and start coughing, the disease is advancing. An appearance of good health may be only a camouflage for a tubercular condition. The best diagnosis is not entrusted to the stethoscope alone. A competent physician will insist on chest X-ray before he considers his findings complete. For *early diagnosis* you need a good X-ray and a good doctor.

Here are the facts we must all know—the facts which are the anti-aircraft in our fight against tuberculosis. Fear is the saboter from whom the machinery of every health program must be safeguarded. True fact and fear cannot be neighbors.

1. Tuberculosis is caused by a germ—the tubercle bacillus.
2. Tuberculosis is not inherited.
3. Tuberculosis often exists without the presence of symptoms and signs.

4. Tuberculosis is no respecter of persons.
5. Tuberculosis is curable.
6. Tuberculosis is preventable.

Infection usually takes place as a result of contact with a person who has the disease in communicable form, that is, who is giving out from his body living tubercle bacilli. Anyone coming in contact with such a person is likely to breathe in or swallow some of these germs which a patient coughs out in large quantities. Children are especially susceptible, but years may pass before these germs cause any noticeable damage.

Young people of high school and college age are particularly apt to study hard, play even harder, get insufficient sleep and form careless eating habits. They must be watched.

Fame and fortune cannot buy off tuberculosis. No home and no person is safe from it.

Prevention has a two-fold purpose,—to check the spread of the disease from person to person, and to discover the presence of infection in the body long before physical signs of illness appear. We now have the means to do this—the Tuberculin test, a harmless allergy test which leaves no scar. The test liquid is applied to a spot on the forearm. A reaction follows. The doctor “reads” the reaction of the test as positive or negative. Usually when the first test is negative the doctor repeats the test with a stronger solution of tuberculin. If the test should read positive on the first or second strength, it means that infection with T. B. germs has taken place. The skin test must be followed by an X-ray of the chest to reveal whether the germs are imprisoned in a tubercle or are damaging the tissue where they are lodged. That plus a thorough physical examination will determine whether or not treatment is needed. Always remember however, that although a skin test reads negative, this is not an assurance against development of tuberculosis later on. Also, a positive test does not mean that you have T. B. It serves as a clue. The question is, “Where did you get the germ?”

Unceasing research has made great strides to increase our knowledge of tuberculosis. The battle against this disease belongs to everyone, not to doctors alone. Rest, modern surgery, good food, and fresh air are of foremost importance in the cure. The first and greatest need is public health education. Education is the best preventive we have. Tuberculosis can attack anyone—but it need not be you!



Editorial Comment

VOL. LI

NO. 1

THE ORACLE

OCTOBER, 1941

FEW people realize what is taking place behind the scenes in the publishing of a school magazine. Before such a publication is ready for the reader, many hours have been spent in preparation by the members of the staff. In our school, thirty students make up the staff and are responsible in each instance for certain work assigned to them. Upon the thoroughness and effectiveness with which these students accomplish their objectives under the guidance of our faculty adviser, the success of the paper depends.

It is the ambition of those now connected with the *Oracle* to make a creditable showing this year, the fiftieth consecutive year of publication. In striving for such an objective, we are not unmindful of the exceptionally good record of the past. It has not just happened, that on several occasions the *Oracle* has won national recognition for excellence. It simply means that our predecessors have worked hard and earned a prize which they richly deserved. It may not be our lot to win honors as high, but at least we intend to do the best we can.

To back up our efforts we need the support of every student of the school. Many pupils have literary talents which can be exercised by making contributions to the *Oracle*. Others may have ideas concerning new features of general interest which can be profitably added to our paper. Everyone has the opportunity to help us financially by subscribing.

This year we have been very much gratified to see the extent to which the student body has subscribed. To date, approximately seventy percent of the school has signed up—the highest percentage ever enjoyed. In attaining this record ten home rooms reported 100 percent, Miss Marion Du Bourdieu's room, 305, being the first and Miss Catherine Mullen's room, 208, being the second. Other rooms reporting 100 percent were as follows: 304, Miss Dorothy Hopkins; 303, Miss Gladys Bunder; 302, Mr. Malcolm Willis; 301, Mr. Albert Kent; 209, Miss Alice Bocquel; 205, Mrs. Shirley Brawn; 315, Mr. Frank McGinley; and 202, Miss Margaret Estes.

In addition to a feeling of enthusiasm for the prospects of the *Oracle* this year, we cannot let this oppor-

tunity pass without commenting on the record of our football team. Last year our congratulations and thanks went to Coach Nanigian and his excellent team who went through an undefeated season to a state championship. This year the team has already won four games scoring a total of 96 points while our goal line has yet to be crossed by an opponent. It is apparent that the Rams are again on the march, our team is on its way to another successful season. Win, lose, or draw, the full support of the student body is with the boys as they go on to the more difficult games to come.

Have you read our article on Tuberculosis? If not, turn back the pages and give it a moment's thought. Don't be too sure about yourselves! Better to *know* you are 100% all right, than to take it for granted! It has been said that Tuberculosis can attack anyone . . . is it you?

You're young—you are the youth of Bangor. Tuberculosis has been pushed far down among the leading causes of death in the United States, but it still takes the highest death toll among people from fifteen to forty-five.

Take the opportunity for prevention now rather than take the opportunity for a cure later on. There's a drop of Scotch in all of you. That fact should make you compare the cost of a free skin-test with the heavy tax on purse and patience of an imperative cure—imperative, because it is the difference between life and death.

You who become impatient at a "Time-out" in a football game, think how tedious a "Time-out" for Tuberculosis would be! Time-out for T. B. is not in the rules of the game of health. Play fair with yourselves.

When the Anti-Tuberculosis Association offers its skin-test to all of you in the Spring, be on hand for a check-up. After this, if there is need, you can follow up with the X-ray clinic. Both of these are free; they won't involve a penny of your money and they'll save you time and dollars!

PASSING IN REVIEW

Harold Burr. "Nab that fullback!" shouts Harold (to himself, of course) as he races down the fifty yard line for our "super-duper" B. H. S. football team.

Hal spends most of his summers vacationing in New Hampshire, swimming and mountain climbing, "purty" lucky, eh what?

But when it comes to food and drink, he simply "dates" on "cokes," and pies and cakes; in fact, 'most anything.

An A-1 track manager, this senior plans to attend an electrical engineering school in Lynn, Massachusetts.

Barbara Wood. If we held a "Miss Personality" contest, our vote would go to Barbara of the Seniors!

Give her a golf club and Dr. "X's" latest book on the fine art of dieting and she'll be happy!

If any of you males are dying of starvation, trot along up to Woodie's, on State Street, opposite the water-works. She'll stuff you so full, you'll never want to eat again!

Have you ever watched Barbara and her brother, Jack, on the dance floor? Boy, they can really swing it!

Barbara is headed for either Maine or Becker next year.

William Fellows. Here we have Bill Fellows of the juniors! Bill's really musical. Why, one day last year, when Billie was swinging out on his trumpet in assembly, a reliable friend of mine swears up and down that he saw 'he chimneys jiving with the ventilators on the roof of dear old B. H. S.!

Although the band and orchestra keep him busy most of the time, he finds a few moments, here and there, for skating, baseball, and hunting.

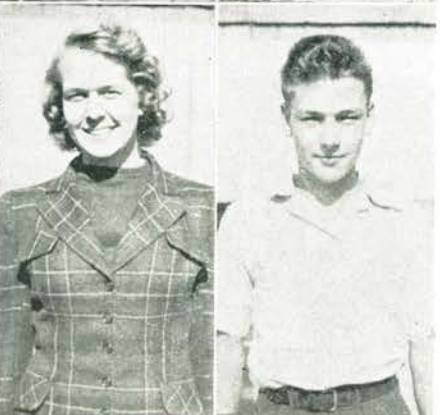
Bill spends his summers on Verona Island eating hamburgers and fried potatoes.

After graduation, in "43," he plans to attend the U. of M.

Priscilla Savage. "Prilly", as she is called, hails from Garland Street Junior High. She's just full of personality and "pecks" of fun!

When asked her chief delights, she slowly, but surely replied, "It's munching cucumbers and diving into the dear blue waters of Togue Pond." In fact, "Prilly" proudly admits that for eight wonderful summers now she has vacationed at Camp Natarswi.

Undecided, as some of us are concerning our future, this sophomore lass keeps mighty busy with her arms just piled with books so we know she'll be a success!



Eleanor Ramsdell. The Senior gal' who likes exciting "every" thing—that's Eleanor. After graduation from Bangor High she plans to go to Farmington State Normal School to become another one of those gleaners of education.

"Donuts" and pies are her chief delights, but when it comes to squash and raisins she definitely looks another direction.

Eleanor likes movies, especially ones with Tyrone Power, Claudette Colbert, Errol Flynn, or Loretta Young.

Tennis and "Ye old swimming hole(s)" thrill her time in the summer, while hockey, basketball, and skating are her fall and winter specialties.

Hayden Bayer. Here he is folks, the man who, admittedly, will eat anything! (What a husband he'll make.)

Besides food, this senior goes for skiing (at which he's quite a whiz) swimming, and last but not least girls!

H. J. (the "J" for Julien) has been known to push "Matthew," his ancient jalopy, miles on end to see Lana Turner (who can blame him?) but, alas, "dear Matthew" has gone the way of all old cars.

This Bayer (no relation to "Teddy") excels in mathematics. This is on the lucky side as he plans to enter Annapolis or Princeton after graduation.

Hope Redman. Rosy cheeks and green eyes ("cool and limpid," but definitely!) dawn this petite junior gal' who is five feet—three and one-half inches to be exact.

She always "shines" for milkshakes (any flavor, too); as for "taffy" apples, ones with lots of goo and stuff, they are the last word in "delish" eats.

Hope sure is a movie fan; and she (bashfully) admits that she just adores Ronald Reagan and Anna Neagle.

Although Hope thinks winter sports are preferable to summer sports, dancing is perfectly perfect all the time, n'est-ce pas?

John Chajman. So you don't think snow will burn? Well, my friends, I guess you've never seen Johnny ski! "Chappie" without skis is like a fish without water.

Johnny says, "there's nothing like root beer and some of Mother's chocolate cake!"

Outside of skiing, John's sports calendar includes; badminton, swimming, cross-country, and ping-pong. (quite a variety!)

Being only a sophomore, "Chappie" isn't certain where he'll go in "45", but we'll bet 100 to 1 it will be some place where there's six feet of snow the whole year 'round.



Hokum

SCHOOL days, school days—ah me! Isn't it wonderful to be in school again, ma frans!! Or p'raps you-all jes' don't agree with us—(don't blame you much!)—after that long (?), lazy, *lovely* summer—it sure am sorta difficult to settle down(?) to studying.—

Then, too, the new sophs are O. K.! (According to some seniors—“zowie—they're cute!”) But ya know we've got one advantage—our senior boys such as Sid Bamford, Leon Higgins, Al Winchell, simply cause our “silly (?) sophs” to stand stock still (notice alliteration) as they (the boys, I mean) walk thru our confusing corridors.

Nothing like a good football game with Moulton on the field for the sophs and Marjy (Cuddles) Lovejoy to drum up our school spirit! !

There's a certain Miss Pendleton (no less) who has trouble keeping her mind on her studies when the R. O. T. C. is outside the school, drilling.

Frank-ly speaking, Ann Conners, do you think it's the B. Hydro outings that M. E. Ellis enjoys so much, or is it a certain Graham fellow? ?

(S)peirs to me, P. Telfer, that the seniors are getting back into high gear again—what with Frannie Johnson and Charlie Guild; “Spanky” and Bob Eddy; Sal Pearson and Bob Bacon and numerous others at the Cheerleaders' Dance together. Wanta place bets for the Thanksgiving Formal?

Say—mirabile dictu—we heard that a certain group was thinking seriously of giving Bernie Jacobs a bid! Must be that wavy (?) hair of yours that gets them, Jake!

Speaking of hair—did you ever get revenge for that summer hair-cut, J. Mutt?y

Ya know, confidentially—and don't you dare to spread it around 'cause his sister might hear it—they say that Richard Giles would jump out of his shoes if you should creep up behind him and say sorrowfully—“*Too* bad she died; she made such lovely *doughnuts*!” Try it and see, folksies! It's fun!

With Sterling Morris away at school, a good part of the female portion of the junior class will be taking up reading and knitting from now on! And while we're on the Morris subject, B. Cameron's lady-love has

gone away to school—too bad, Bob, but she's only in Portland! . . .

Ya know, these Veazie guys get around! Orono and J. Wallace hold quite a fascination for Freeland Jones—but don't weep, Edith Fairley,. . . maybe there's *still* hope for you!

There's a certain D. Hiram H. who's right in his glory now with all that beecootiful sophomore class to choose from. . . which one rates today, Bud,—Shirley P.?

Heard while listening to a piano player on the radio . . . *Maryellen*: Golly, isn't he a super-duper piano player, gals! *Ruthie Fletcher*: Yeah—he reminds me of you. . . he's so different!

Have you-all heard Barby Wood's sudden southern accent?

Zowie—it *might* be the weather. . . or. . . is it her man from Carolina. . . how about it, Woody?

After untangling a few minor mysteries and complications, we've come to the conclusion that H. Goodwin's “that way” about “Rosie” Connelly—time's a-wastin', Hymie. . . or—is it? ?

Va“moose”, Beulah, before Elaine Grant catches you telling us about her engagement—! (which she swears we knew about before she did!)

Any girl, high school or college age, wanting an escort. . . phone Mudgett's. . . we heerd tell of a time when she was in the business of lending *some* of hers to out-of-town gals.!

Golly. . . at long last Mary Brookings has arrived at B. H. S. where she can daily keep track of the whereabouts of one T. Graffam—lucky boy! !

Flash!—There's no time like the present for fresh-air friends to sleep out doors—'specially if they have a tent, eh gals??—Dignified Seniors—hmmm—too bad you all couldn't have been at 655 Essex St. the night of Sept. 19, to see gypsies Fletcher, Ellis, Wood, Mudgett, Conners, and Duffy stretched out on “terra firma”! And 2 o'clock was rather a bad time for the tent to collapse accidentally (?), wasn't it?

Have you ever noticed Donald Libby and that brunette who have those daily conferences in the corridor?

And we hear that Dick Dillon has been doing some hitch-hiking out of town lately—(according to Louise

H—what *could* the reason be?)

We wonder why Marilyn Cameau went to the Bijou so often this summer—hint:—was it the leading man or the leading usher.

Connie Coleman and Dorrie Eaton are ardent fans each day at football practice they say. . .!

Millinocket't Bob Oliver is preferred by that dark-haired senior J. G.

And J. Muttly prefers Medway to Bangor—was the game good, Joan?

Will we—(could we?) ever forget that Winslow trip. . .? ? Remember:

—Those comfortable, inconspicuous school busses (both of them!)

—That disappointing drizzle as we started—and then that warm and brilliant sun as we joined homeward.

—Casey and Lovejoy leading us in songs.

—Davenport's singing (and cussing) in Spanish.

—The volume of those cheers as we rode through Waterville—

—Nichols and Stone arriving at the half—It seems that Lucille has been trying to drive!

—The Waterville gal who cheered for both Bangor and Waterville in the same breath—tres confusing!

—McGee, Ryan, Black, England and others doing their bit toward that 19—0 score for Bangor!

—George Brown's outfit—green hat (?) blanket, ski mittens, etc.

—how we wondered whether it could be because she missed that Mullins' playing—or because of a cinder in her eye—that Anne Woodman was crying about.

—Fleming's wonderful voice that probly "was good before *tune* became the rage."

—That salmon colored convertible that kept flashing past us now and then—Hi, Ruthie!

—Woody consoling Cameron—need we say more, Barb?

—and finally. . . "open-house" at Billie's house afterward—and Connors and Jacobs game of Monopoly?

What a day! !

Notice to all couples mentioned in Hokum: Please have the kindness to remain in above state at least until the *Oracle* is published! Merci.

Answers to questions on page twelve

Here is the football team:

1—Jack Hussey	6—Ryan	11—Nelson
2—Goodwin	7—Coleman	12—Brookings
3—Ora Black	8—Murdock	13—Lefty Jacobs
4—Jacobs	9—Work	14—Burr
5—Magee	10—Speirs	15—Morrissey

Soph Soap

THAIR is a roomer around the corridors that us soffomores ar looking pritty green. . .wall, that jes' goze to show whot a cullerful fucher we hav befour us. anyway.—

i niver saw a purple soph

i niver hope to see one.

but i kin tell you, with a coff,

i'd rather be a green one. . .

cud anything be wurse. . .but verse?

weed like to get rid uv that green look—after awl, weer not robin hood's multitoodinus merry men, but even robin hood ud be better than robbin' banks. honest injun!

we-uns sorta wonder how yoo get to be so famous an' soopeeryer like thoz senors and goonyers. do thay do sumthing owtstanding sech as standing owt in the corridoors fer awl to see, or do thay tak sumthing upsetting like setting-up exersizes? uv corse i meen the exersizes thay do in jim classiz, not the ones we hav in algeebra.

at furst we wer a littul doobius about hi skule. we-uns sho lerned a heepoliving in that oracul assembly; it rilly showed us how to handul ovr difficulties . . .fin-anshul and otherwise. "when ladeez meat" wuz simply wunnerful for ovr liver—we jes' rattulled with laffs. and we thunk it wuz marvellus to see whot a dab of make-up kin put over. mebbe we cud patch up the hull forren situashun the saim way, huh? mebbe. lemme see—if hitler ud only start using a make-up base for an airbase then heed have a gud foundashun creem for a wont-rub-off peace. . .ummmmmmm? my frens, as politishuns we ar promising candydates!

y'know, we like thoz footbawl gaims and it dozent tak much pull to make us open wide 'n say "ahhhhhh" when the rams start to horn in on the touchdowns. besidz, those jolly good cheerleaders are enuff to set enyone exersizing his vocul discords.

grate oaks frum littul acorns gro. . .i wunder whot's at the root uv a horse chessnut tree—a horse laff? neigh, i say, and nutz. the eternal treeangle. . .whot else?

we think weer lucky to hav noo fountens to quench ovr thirst for watah, as well as books to quench ovr thirst for . . .oh, itz that long long word we had to look up in the dieshunary las week. when weer senors, weel have them made into soda fountens with your favorit flavors frum peppermint to pistashio. yood better be nice to us now! also when ovr convoy comes in (a ship cud niver mak it alone), weel install up 'n down escalators and caddies to carry books and crib notes—hey, caddy! promise not to dishillushun us, pulleez, not yet. weed still like to suggest rollarskates

(Please turn to page twenty-nine)



Fall Fashions



The Rines Co.

We can't escape them, and who wants to, when we can have honeys like these. We not only mean Molly Mudgett and Johnnie Brookings, but also the wearable outfits which they have on. Of course you've seen Molly dashing around school—she's one of those vivacious juniors. Mellissa looks so cute in this plaid shirt and jerkin and skirt set. The long sleeved sweater is shetland, and matches the yellow in the monotoned plaid. Yellow is always becoming to dark-haired girls. The skirt, which is plain gored, may be worn with other sweaters and blouses. Red, tan, brown, or black all blend with it. As tailoring is the key-note of clothes this fall, this outfit fills the bill (without too much bill. . .pun, pun!)

If you want to have nifty sport clothes and bagatelles (jewelry to you) Rines is the place for you to go.

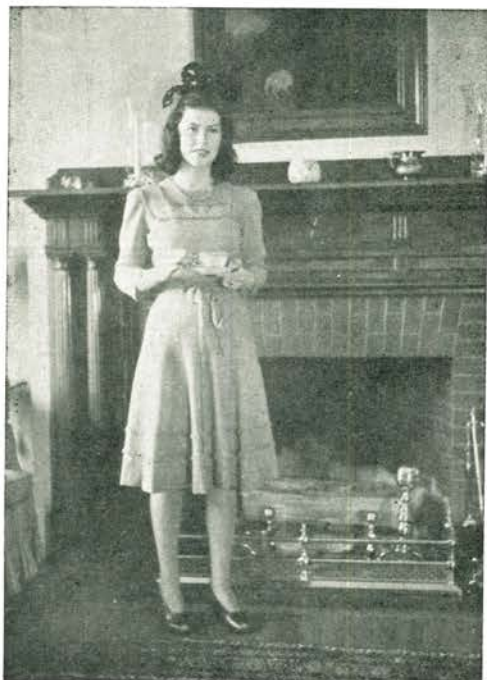
"You've got to be a football hero". . .but Johnnie managed to find time to model this good-looking jacket for us. It is beautifully tailored and is made for long hard wear. The herring-bone tweed is blue and black, a combination which can be worn with almost any dark pants.

We have heard the boys recommend Largay's for sport clothes and their best suits.

Say, have you girls noticed the good-looking sport jackets, pretty ties, and flashy shirts the fellows are wearing? We had better watch out or they will be showing us up!



Largay's Men's Shop



Smith's Specialty Shop

He'll go for you, Peggy Carlisle, in this aqua tea dress of rabbit's hair. If you read your *Vogues* and *Mademoiselles* faithfully, you will realize that the fringe around the neck and skirt of this wool is the influence of our American designers. Notez-vous the clever gold horse-shoes used for a belt buckle.

You'll love to wear these dresses everywhere. . . to class, to town, for dates, for everything; these can be found at Smith's Specialty Shop.

Every English woman, who can afford it, is buying a "good" suit. Those who cannot afford it are having difficulty to find fall clothes. Let us take notes on their saving ability.

Whether we like to think about it or not, this winter is to be very different from any we have ever known. Maybe you don't understand how this could curtail the fashion column in a high school magazine.

It is the duty of every American woman to save in all ways possible. Her favorite and biggest personal item is her wardrobe; therefore, she must cut clothing expense. English women have found that a "good" suit is best; it can be changed by the use of accessories and will wear longer than a dress.

If you don't know this sophomore already, let us introduce Prilly Savage. She chose to model this blue herringbone tweed suit with a long, fitted, tailored jacket and a straight shirt with kick pleats. The jacket is fully lined with a slit in the back and pockets which conveniently button to keep one's possessions from falling out.

No one needs to tell you that Wardwell's has a smart stock of suits, formals, and street length dresses.

The hat—rather tricky we'd say—made of antelope comes in red with red and brown feathers.

Speaking of suits, reminds us of a radio program talk by a woman who has recently been in England. She said that English women have been buying kilts, which are classed as pants in the rationing system, and making their suits of the material in them. It seems that kilts, which have nine or ten yards of wool, cost only four coupons while the material for suits costs four and a half coupons a yard.

If you notice these sophomores, you will see some tailored suits which are enough to make upper-classmen jealous!



Miriam Wardwell



Alumni

THIS column is published in the "*Oracle*" for the benefit of those pupils who would like to hear news concerning their friends who are now alumni.

We don't guarantee to print reports on everyone because—well—you never can tell where some folks will end up. Take, for instance, Baldy MacFarland. He joined the marines to see Bermuda and landed up somewhere in Iceland! Robert King is with him.

Jack Campbell is away out in Indiana showing Culver Military Academy how to do it the New England way. Jack was the first subscriber of the "*Oracle*" this year.

The gee club is going to miss Janice Ames this year. She's taking a post graduate course at Northfield Seminary.

If there's any money that has to be raised at Higgin's Classical Institute, Al Keith's the one who can do it.

Alice Shorey has entered the Eastern Academy of Beauty Culture.

Phil Lipsky, who is a freshman at Wellesley, writes home that she has grown a whole-one-half inch!

Here's a list of last year's graduates who are attending the University of Maine this year. You have probably noticed many of the Frosh around town in those little blue caps and green ties.

Nick Vafiades	Neal Brennan
Nick Brontas	Polly Holden
Joe Chaplin	Elaine Hayes
Charles Jellison	Grover Condon
Gus Flannigan	Lloyd Burnett
Ruth Thompson	Louise Eastman
Jean Devoe	Jenny Johnson
Frank Wood	Alvin Morris
Garry Speirs	Arthur Norwood
Windy Work	Benjamin Segal
Raymond Jones	

Guess who sent me a postcard the other day with the picture of a night club on it? Well, since we know Baldy's up in Iceland, it must be Joe Boles. He's going to play basketball this winter for the University of Virginia.

Three ex. forty-three-ers deserted B. H. S. this year. Bonnie Cratty has entered Marymount Preparatory School in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., and Mary Caroline Freese and Fradale Segal are going to Dana

Hall. I saw them wandering around the corridors before they went away, and they looked as if they hated to leave the old place.

I wonder how Barry Steele (Wiseman) is getting along without that convertible of his? He's attending the Worcester Academy in Worcester, Mass. News from a reliable source says that he likes it there.

Our former head cheer leader, Janet Reid, is at Lassel Junior College in Auburndale, Mass.

Dick Fellows, that super skier, went to Colby College this year because he heard that it was atop Mayflower Hill (ha-ha).

Clifford B. Anderson '40, has joined Uncle Sam's Air Corps with the 34th Bomb Group, stationed at Westover Field, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Three of the class of '41 are going to be school marms. Dottie Hill is at Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School, Naomi Pomroy is at the Lesley School and Eleanor Griffen is at Farmington Normal School.

Artie Eaton, Alice Warren, Robert Drinkwater, Joanne Kirkpatrick and Dottie Murch decided that the home town was just too swell to leave so they change residence from B. H. S. to the Maine School of Commerce, and are quite contented there.

The class of '41 is represented at Bowdoin by:

Alfred Perry
Samuel Robinson

Elaine Enman and Ellen Lougee are at Maine Central Institute.

Gloria Redmond is at Virginia Jr. College in Virginia, Minn.

To all girls who want that Ipana smile, Marise Reavie is at the Forsyth Dental School in Cambridge, Mass. Francina Gamble is also attending a dental school.

Liz Curran and Dottie Cole like it at Emerson.

If you see the Atlantic Fleet steaming up the Penobscot River one of these days—don't be alarmed. It'll just be Bus Pearson of Columbia Prep. in Washington, D. C.

Last Saturday after the football game, I saw a man who appeared to be very interested in the formation of the victory parade. Later, I found out that it was Bangor High's oldest living football captain, Mr. Haven Sawyer.

And speaking of football, if you know any news about last year's team, will you let me in on it?

Outside The Classroom



Assemblies

At the Sophomore Assembly several weeks ago there were several interesting speakers, who represented the various clubs and organizations of the school.

At the *Oracle* Assembly on September twenty-sixth the students were well entertained by a clever play, "When Ladies Meet," written by Janice Minott, Marydel Coolidge, and Edith Fairley; and directed by Miss Jessie Fraser. The leading parts were ably played by Tom Hilton and Mary Farrar. Others of the cast included Whitney Jennison, Hayden Bayer, Leon Higgins, Janice Minott, Margaret Carlisle, Edith Fairley, Elizabeth Burns, Harlan Goodwin, Margaret Knowlton, Marion Conners, Sidney Bamford, Philip Murdock.

Following the play, the *Oracle* Staff was introduced by Editor-in-chief Leon Higgins who announced that the annual subscription campaign would continue for two weeks. Several selections were played by the band between the acts and the Assembly was concluded by the singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner."

On October tenth Dr. Harry Trust, president of the Bangor Theological Seminary, was the speaker in Assembly. He gave a very interesting talk on Christopher Columbus, as Columbus Day was to be celebrated the following Monday. In his talk he described Columbus as ambitious, persevering, patient, earnest, and, above all, pious. Although Columbus had discovered a new continent, he died a sick, penniless, and forgotten man.

The band played several selections and at the close the audience sang the "Star-Spangled Banner."

Dramatic Club Workshop

The Dramatic Club Workshop held its organization meeting on Thursday, September 29th. Ninety-five students were present.

A program committee was appointed and the plans for the coming meetings were made.

Miss Haney, the director, gave a few pointers on "Stage Technique" at the second meeting of the year.

Several plays were considered for production.

Latin Club

The first meeting of the Latin Club was held during Activity Period on October third. The sophomore Latin classes were guests and Mrs. Cumming gave a brief talk on the usefulness of Latin. Then several Latin songs were sung. Robbie Speirs presided over the meeting and the following officers for the first half-year were elected:

Consuls	{ Faith McLeod
	{ Valerie Parkin
Praetor	Barbara Mills
Quaestor	John Ballou
	{ Edith Strout
Aediles	{ Joan Ambrose
	{ Joyce Marsh
	{ Harry Graves
Tribunes	{ Prudence Speirs
	{ Shirley Wilson
Curator	Richard Giles

Dramatic Clubs

The Bangor High School Dramatic Clubs promise to have some grand productions this year, as approximately one hundred and forty members are enrolled.

At the organization meeting of the B. H. S. Senior Dramatic Club, activities for the coming year were planned. Only those juniors and seniors who earned their credit last year are eligible.

Mary Farrar was elected president at the second meeting, held on September 20th.

Other officers elected at this time were:
Margaret Knowlton—vice president.
John Ballou—secretary.
Gilbert O'Connell—treasurer.

A play reading committee was appointed as follows: Mary Farrar, chairman; Prudence Speirs, Valerie Parkin, Betty Higgins, Sally Pearson, Albert Winchell, Doris Ayer, Janice Minott, and Margaret Knowlton.

Mark Twain's "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court", a comedy in three acts by John G. Fuller, has been chosen for presentation Dec. 5 in the Assembly Hall.

Debate Club

The Debate Club began its twelfth season on September 11 with its organization meeting. At this meeting, Albert Winchell was elected President, Mary Farrar, Vice-President, and Faye Jones, Secretary. Miss Stewart welcomed the new members and outlined the club procedure for the year.

With the first regular meeting of the year, on September 18, the work of the club really got under way. The members voted to hold two of the Club's money-making events in October, first a Rummage Sale, then later, at Teachers' Convention the annual Candy Sale.

With the club enthusiastically behind it, plans for the Rummage Sale to be held October 17 and 18 are well under way. Mary Farrar is managing the event, with Philip Hatch as assistant, Fred Bean and John LaPointe in charge of collections, Marydel Coolidge for advertising, and Faye Jones, chairman of sales.

While the club is concentrating on its money-making program, plans for a big full debate season are also well under way. Bangor has, as usual, joined both the Bates and Bowdoin Leagues. To Bowdoin will go Albert Winchell and John LaPointe, last year's varsity debaters. Bates League activity this fall will be highlighted for Bangor by the fact that the Eastern Maine Debate Clinic will be held here this November 14.

Leading debate teams from all over Eastern Maine will attend to hear the Bates League question explained, and to listen to a Maine Bates intercollegiate debate. This latter contest will arouse special interest here this year, since two former Bangor High debaters, Charles Jellison and Nicholas Brontas, are representing Maine.

"B" Club

The "B" Club held its first meeting of the year in the gymnasium on October 2. After the meeting had been called to order by Mr. Legere, who was taking Adviser Nanigan's place, the officers were elected.

They were:

President.....Paul Coleman
Vice-President.....Bill Work
Secretary-Treasurer.....Harold Burr

The new president took charge, and plans for the year were discussed. Among these plans was the holding of another Barn Dance, which last year proved so popular. After this discussion, the president adjourned the meeting.

Remember, if any boy has earned his letter in any sport or in the band, he is welcome in the "B" Club.

Mineral Club

This marks the Mineral Club's first anniversary. Mr. Malcolm Willis, a very efficient supervisor, organized it last year.

The club members study and learn to identify the soil, rocks, mountains, and streams.

Anyone is welcome to attend one of the meetings. Who knows? You may decide to stay!

The officers of the club are as follows:

Clayton Willis—President

Howard Ricker—Vice-President

Constance Stone—Secretary and Treasurer

Specimens are to be brought to the next meeting by Mr. Willis.

Plans for mineral collecting outings were discussed.

Girls' Glee Club

The Girls' Glee Club has been busy preparing to sing with the Bangor Symphony Orchestra at the Teachers' Convention.

With forty-four members under the direction of Miss Hopkins, the Glee Club should certainly have a very successful season.

Public Affairs Club

The first meeting of the Public Affairs Club was held on September 15. Miss Cousins read the tentative list of speakers and gave some ideas for some future programs. Every member signed up for some phase of work in the club. The nominating committee, chosen by Miss Cousins, presented two slates of names for consideration. The officers elected were:

President.....Tom Hilton
Vice-President.....Betty West
Secretary.....Mary Frances Spangler
Treasurer.....John Carson

The new president took charge before the meeting was adjourned.

The second meeting of the Public Affairs Club was held in the assembly hall on October 3. President Tom Hilton called the meeting to order and introduced the first speaker, Alec Robertson. Mr. Robertson who flew with the Royal Air Force, spoke on defense. His talk proved both educational and interesting to the club. The next speaker was Maurice Dolbier of Station W. A. B. I., whose topic was "Radio Defense." This was especially appropriate, for the radio is quickly becoming an important wheel in our defense machine. After these speakers, the members of the club asked questions, and the meeting was adjourned.

On The Bookshelf



HERE we are at the beginning of a new school year. This means new students, new teachers, and, best of all, new books; and it is to interesting and varied reading that this column is devoted. So here goes!

First of all there is the novel, "Portrait of Jenny", by Robert Nathan. In this book, the author has again succeeded in writing an exciting fantasy. He found her crouched in the shadowy fog of the park—this child who was to shape his entire life. It is the story of an ageless woman (everyone receives a different impression as to who or what she really was) who gave inspiration to a struggling young artist. The artist's own bits of philosophy add their contribution to this entirely different story which has a fascinating air of unreality about it.

By the way, girls, Nell Giles has written a grand book—it's really a hand-book of good grooming—for the lone, sole, and only purpose of saying to all girls under twenty, "Susan, Be Smooth!" (which is the title of it.) It is so cleverly written that one finds herself unconsciously taking a personal inventory. "Smoothness is good grooming, *clean, simple, and smelling nice*, always. Girls who aren't smart and aren't very pretty can get anything they want by just being smooth." So, Ladies, lend an ear—or rather both your eyes and your good sense.

"RAMONA"

The story of "Ramona" is at least fifty years old. It has been produced as a stage play once and has been filmed three times as a moving picture, the last time in glorious technicolor. The popularity of this splendid book by Helen Hunt Jackson is clearly understood by those who are acquainted with this tale. To you who have neither read the book nor seen the movie, we say, "You don't know what you're missing." Intensely thrilling without sensationalism, it most vividly portrays the white man's injustice to the Indian. It is the stirring romance of an Indian girl, Ramona, who makes the supreme sacrifice of a wealthy home for a life of poverty and hardship because of her deep devotion to the noble Alessandro. The characters are supported by a rich background of local color.

"Introducing Charles Dickens"

Mary Lamberton Becker is the Reader's Guide for a New York paper. Her daughter, Beatrice Warde, is in London working and doing a great deal of war work, such as assisting in air shelters. It is to her daughter that Mary Becker has dedicated her book, "Introducing Charles Dickens." The royalties from this book Mrs. Becker has donated toward the purchase of an ambulance for Britain, to be called the "Charles Dickens."

Mrs. Becker's books are especially interesting to young people. Here is a little bit of what she says in her introduction to this latest book of hers: "Who is Charles Dickens? He was a man driven by something greater than her—He was a banner in the sun, the wind his genius, his novels the dancing shadows. That ruthless genius used him, drove him, tore him, killed him, and left him; but it also left us his novels, and they are all that matter." This book is not brilliant nor profound nor scholarly, but a warm, sincere, uncritical appreciation of a great writer. Boys and girls will read it and go from it to "David Copperfield," "Oliver Twist," "Tale of Two Cities" with new zest.

HOSTESS OF THE SKYWAYS

A grand story for the girls by Dixie Wilson. From her first interview until she is graduated, Marcia Castle, a nurse, enjoyed training to be an hostess while three of her friends found other types of hostess work equally absorbing.

THE MAKING OF A SCIENTIST

We recommend this book by Raymond Ditmars to the scientific-minded boys. A boy, whose hobby of collecting moths gained him an unexpected job in the American Museum of Natural History, and who eventually became curator of the New York Zoological Society, writes an entertaining record of his experiences.

These books are all found in our own school library along with many others that we'll feature later.



RECORD OF THE RAMS

On September 2 the Bangor Rams, defending state champions, got into preparatory action as some 65 candidates reported for practice. Working with nine letter men and a great many sophomores and juniors, coaches Nanigian and Kent held two practice sessions a day for the first week before school began, and then one afternoon session a day after school started. This time was spent in conditioning and drilling the team which came forth with a line averaging about 175 pounds to the man, and a very fast backfield.

Great was the loss of Paul Coleman, co-captain this year and for the past two years center, who was injured in a scrimmage and will be out of action indefinitely.

After three weeks of practice, the Rams played their opener with Brewer and proved themselves the better team by a 20 to 0 margin. In the opening minutes of the game the Bangor team had to hurl back a Brewer threat, but after that Brewer was held fairly well. The first score of the game came after a 57 yard march down the field was ended when Black went around the end and into the end zone. The placement for the point went wide. The next score came after a recovered Brewer fumble and two plays with Magee carrying on the first and Jacobs scoring on the second. The kick for the extra point was good. The final score came after an intercepted pass by Magee and several plays ending when Jacobs crossed the goal line. The placement was good making the score 20 to 0. Although Bangor looked ragged in spots, they proved themselves too powerful for the Brewer team. Practically every man on the Bangor squad was used during the game.

After a week of hard practicing polishing up the rough spots of the first game, Bangor faced a strong Rumford eleven. The only score in the game came when Magee shot a long pass to Hussey who stepped into the end zone for the score. The placement for the extra point was missed. Bangor could not get its running attack clicking enough to score all afternoon

although Rumford was outplayed in the first downs, yardage gained, and their backs were to the wall all the game. In the final moments of the game a heartbreaking attempt to score came when the ball was brought to the four yard line and in four attempts was not carried over the goal.

Again Bangor held the tradition of not being beaten or scored upon by John Bapst by rolling up a 39 to 0 score. Bapst's line was desperately outweighed, but their backfield was about the same weight as Bangor's. Bangor had very little trouble in scoring two touchdowns and a point in the first quarter. After the substitutes poured into the game for Bangor, they scored and then they kicked off to the Bapst team who completed a lone forward pass and moved the ball down into threatening territory. The first team was sent back into the ball game to halt this attack. Two more touchdowns and a point were scored in the third quarter. Again substitutes were sent into the game, but Bapst opened up an arial attack and were threatening, so the first team was sent back into the game. As Bapst continued to make yardage, co-captain "Willie" Work called time out and told his team that to have Bapst score was as good as a defeat. (This has been a tradition of Bangor teams for the past several years.) On the next play Murdock intercepted a Bapst and with two blockers in front of him raced 95 yards for the touchdown. The kick for the extra point was good, making the final score 29 to 0, saving the honor of Bangor. As is the custom, Paul Coleman sliced up the pigskin and passed it around to all the members of the squad.

The fourth straight victory of Bangor's unscored team was played at Winslow on a very snappy day. Not playing too impressingly the Bangor team took Winslow 19 to 0. Bangor scored two touchdowns in the first half and one in the second converting one of the extra points.

(Please turn to page twenty-six)

A SPORT FOR EVERY GIRL



A GIRL FOR EVERY SPORT

Girls' Athletics

HI, all you Amazonian gals of Bangor High School who brave the wind, the rain, and the bumps to wield a hockey-stick these chilly, fall days! I know all you girls who go to camps during the summer, busy with swimming, fishing, and other sports just feel all cramped up and shut in when you come back to school. That's when hockey comes in, to strengthen lazy muscles and minds, after you have slaved over your desks and strained your eyes in artificial light all day long.

And the fact is clear that you appreciate school's and Miss McGuire's efforts to provide you with this pleasure because forty-five seniors, forty juniors, and thirty-two sophomores have turned out for this sport. That makes a total of one hundred seventeen more, I believe, than the number of boys who came out for football. This just "shows to go you" that there must be sumpin' compelling in the good, old institution of field-hockey.

If you'd like to know a few outstanding goal-getters, here's a promising list, although every single girl tries hard and does her best. Jackie Doherty, Joan Pendleton, Ann Freeland, and Annie Jane Philbrick of that fearsome sophomore class are sure to be future stars. And that junior class! If they don't run away with all the honors this season, it'll be a miracle! If you've ever tried to outrun Shirley Wilson's long legs, you'll know what I'm talking about! And Anne Woodman whizzes around, in and out, like sixty! There's another little girl, defying her size, who does more than all right for herself, and that's Jean Archer. A lot of praise also ought to be given to that golden-hearted good sport, Ruth Fairley, who works hard as a goalie and never complains. And now for the poor, little class of 1942.

There's really quite a sad story to tell about us. We've just never won a championship, and we didn't even win a game last year but we're still trying, with our motto, "There's always a first time for everything." And if we don't win, it certainly won't be the fault of Billie Lovejoy, that dashing center who's a credit to any team, nor of Mary Spangler, who can run almost as fast as Shirley Wilson—and that's saying something! Now, Iggy Palmer isn't a player to be forgotten and Marie Duffy always gets in mighty good swings when the chance comes her way. With these invaluable helpers, maybe the poor, old seniors will take the title this fall.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC HONOR COUNCIL NEWS

Already we've been having a rip-roaring time in the G. A. H. C. At the first meeting, which we have down in the gym now because of the cafeteria's expansion, the senior members were appointed coaches of the hockey teams. Ruth Blake, Doris Eaton, and Louise Homstead were appointed for the sophomore team; Betty West and Peggy Carlisle for the juniors; and Marie Duffy and Marion Connors for the seniors. That flash of a dash, Shirley Pauline Wilson, was voted assistant manager of hockey and Marie Duffy resumed her position as manager, being assistant last year.

It was decided that we needed some new records for the dancing classes, so ten of the newest, snappiest, and sweetest were bought. If you haven't heard them yet, you just come right down to the very next dance period and hear them!

At the second meeting of the G. A. H. C., Marie Duffy, Eleanor Prusaitis, Connie Coleman, Ruth Blake, and Marion Connors were appointed to work on the booth, October 18.

HOCKEY SCHEDULE

Here's a tentative schedule of all games.

Seniors vs. Juniors Wednesday, October 15
 Seniors vs. Sophomores Friday, October 17
 Juniors vs. Sophomores Monday, October 20
 Seniors vs. Juniors Wednesday, October 22
 Seniors vs. Sophomores Friday, October 24
 Juniors vs. Sophomores Saturday, October 25
 The scores will be in the next *Oracle*!

BANGOR THE LONG WAY

I. B-A-N-G-O-R rah, rah, rah.
 B-A-N-G-O-R rah, rah, rah.
 B-A-N-G-O-R rah, rah, rah.
 Bangor
 Bangor
 Bangor

II. **PEP CHEER**
 Hip-hip-hoo-rah
 B-A-N——G-O-R
 Bangor
 Bangor
 Hip-hoo-rah!

III. **STUTTER CHEER**
 B-B-B-A-N
 G-G-G-O-R
 Bangor-Bangor-Bangor

IV. **ZIPPER CHEER**
 One-a-zipper
 Two-a-zipper
 Three-a-zipper zam
 Four-a-zipper
 Five-a-zipper
 Don't give a
 Hobble, gobble, razzle, dazzle, sis-boom-bah!
 Bangor High School
 Rah
 Rah
 Rah!

V. **ALLAMEN CHEER**
 Allamen
 Allamen
 Allamen si-con-di-is kiddie boom-boom-yay
 Taddy roo
 Taddy rah
 Taddy-rub-dud-dub- and a sis boom bah,
 Hit 'em with a football
 Rah-rah-rah
 Team, Team, Team!

RECORD OF THE RAMS

(continued from page twenty-four)

The team was followed to Winslow by special busses carrying loyal Bangor rooters who, upon losing their voices, after the game purchased some horns and paraded the streets of Waterville sending forth mighty blasts of victory.

Bangor has completed half of its schedule unbeaten, untied, and unscored on. It might be interesting to note that Lewiston nosed out Waterville, by a 7 to 6 score which means that both are probably very strong teams, and will be tough games. All the team is playing for two objectives: an undefeated team as last year and an unscored on team as this year. You can depend on us to do our best to attain these goals, and we want the whole school fighting right behind us.

Cross Country

The Bangor cross country team under the coaching of Mr. Cuzzo got off to a very successful start with two wins and no defeats. The first meet was run against Winter Harbor with a total of twenty men participating. Bangor won this by a score of 18 to 45. Finishing first was Pennypacker of Bangor.

Results: Pennypacker (B); Tibbetts (B); Workman (WH) Rogan (B); W. Jennison (B).

The second meet against Dover-Foxcroft Academy was run on a very wet day. Bangor won by a score of 25 to 31. Finishing first was Blethen, interscholastic mile champ, from Dover, and second was Pennypacker of Bangor.

Results: Blethen (F); Pennypacker (B); Tibbetts (5); Huntington (F); Rogan (B); Tyford (F); Twitchell (B); W. Jennison (B); Fowler (F); E. Jennison (B) Crane (F).

WITH APOLOGIES TO JOYCE KILMER

I think that I shall never see
 A martyr like the referee,
 A referee so oft distressed
 When by opposing teams he's pressed;
 A man who's on the ball all day,
 And lifts his arms to call the play;
 A man who may in autumn wear
 A grim expression—(Team, take care!)
 Upon whose judgment curses rain;
 To whom we turn our pleas in vain.
 Poems are made by fools like me,
 But who can fool the referee?

Spinning Reel



EE, kids, how's it feel to be back to *movie land* again? It's hard to leave those "pet hide-outs," "old swimming holes," and "summer pals" and settle down to routine. And, if it weren't for our friends, the movies, some of us would just fold up and die from pure "lack of excitement." Somehow, movies bring back those treasured "summer moments" such as. . . well, you know the ones we mean.

Our Advantage

Then too, we have the jump on our *big city* friends. They kidded us this summer about our small town, Bangor, but we wonder what they'll have to say when we write to them enthusiastically about our big movie hit in Bangor that hasn't even reached their *big city*. It's true. Bangor gets movies before most of the large cities. Guess why. It's simple enough. The other cities are too *big*. Seriously though, small town theatres exhibit new productions weeks before they appear in large cities because small towns can show three or four pictures a week while the large cities run pictures at least one week and sometimes two or three. Logical, isn't it?

Teacher Convention's is big week-end—Halloween, the Lewiston game, exams coming up, plus two *swell* movies.

Feminine Touch

Hurrah, a quadruple angled romance for a change. The triangle plots are outmoded. The stars envolved are *Rosalind Russel*, *Don Ameche*, *Kay Francis*, *Van Heflin* and what a mix up they're in. John Hathaway (*Don Ameche*), professor at a college writes a book about jealousy which he believes could not exist in him and refuses to recognize it in others. With his pretty wife (Rosalind Russel) he goes to New York to have it published. The assistant publisher (Kay Francis) immediately devotes herself to the professor. The Publisher, in turn, falls in love with Julie, the professor's wife. Julie complains to the professor who only scoffs at the idea of jealousy. Then, somehow or other, John Hathaway is arrested and things begin to happen. Julie turns to the provider, as the only means of help and Nellie takes things in her own hands and makes things worse for the professor. Finally Nellie and Morgan are married and Julie and John Hathaway find happiness, but what a train of hectic situations brought

it about! Why, even to read about them, we get puzzled and confused. Wonder how we'd feel to see them on the screen. Remember how the *Philadelphia Story* was? The same director, Joseph Mankiewicz, produced this one. Judge for yourself whether you'll enjoy it or not.

Smilin Through

Jeanette MacDonald and her husband, *Gene Raymond*, are at last starred together and in none other than great love story. For the first time in her caeer, *Jeanette* has a duel characterization part. In 1897, Queen Victoria's Jubilee year, she hovers in the memory of Sir John Carteret (Brien Aherne) as the lonely Irish girl was to marry thirty years before, but who had been snatched from him by a disappointed suitor. Later *Jeanette* assumes the role of Kathleen the orphan neice of the "Irish girl." When she has reached womanhood, she falls in love with Kenneth Wayne (*Gene Raymond*) who has come from America to join the British army. Sir John, who had taken care of her since childhood, hated Kenneth because his father was the man who deprived him of his wife to be. Kathleen tries to forget Kenneth as he goes to war, but it is useless. Kenneth, however, returns as a changed man with no love for Kathleen and decides to return to America. With Kathleen heartbroken, loving Kenneth more than ever, Kenneth cold and indifferent and Sir John stern and unbending, we leave the story to you. Of course it ends happily, but how is this tangle unsnarled! !

Selected Shorts

We know your weakness. The shorts often decide which movie you'll see. Here are some to be looking for, *Little Cesario*. It's the story of the adventures of a St. Bernard dog whose name are those of famous figures of history such as Alexander, Queen Victoria and those who live in a mountain monastery. The *Flying Bear*—now your favorite little character has joined the Army Air Corps continuing to do his little bit for National Defense.

Official Pooch—is a creation by William Hanna and Joe Barbara who, last year, produced the cartoon *Puss Gets the Boots* which was a runner up for the Academy Award; so, this should be good.

If the features don't get you, the shorts should. So we'll be looking for you *at the movies*.



Dots and Dashes

“GIDDEE-UP, here we come with the giddiest show that ever made a vest button go!” Say Gracie Allen, George Burns, of their new program, “Well, I Swan!” heard Tuesdays, at 7:30, over N. B. C. Gracie, who recently exhibited a new invention, a telephone with two mouth pieces “so you can do all the talking” is more in the lime light than before with George subordinating himself somewhat. New announcer for the show is Bill Goodwin. Also included in the cast are Senor Lee and Paul Whiteman, who not only leads the orchestra but does character roles as well.

Fred Allen, who claims that the only time he gets a better cry than when peeling onions, is when he “accidentally” tunes in on Jack Benny’s show (7:00 Sunday’s, N. B. C.), is back from his seclusion in Maine with his full hour program of laughs Wednesdays at 9.00 over C. B. S.

Edna May Oliver made such a hit at her first appearance with Rudy Valee and John Barrymore on their N. B. C. program (10:00 Thursday), that she has been signed to appear on their show regularly once a month. Also to appear regularly monthly is John’s famous brother, Lionel Barrymore.

One of the most unique programs in radio, “The Musical Steelmakers”, is back on the air to continue its tradition. Five years ago, invited to fill a spot in a series of industrial programs on the local station WWNA, Wheeling, W. Va., advertising Manager J. L. Grimes, of the Wheeling Steel Corporation, arranged a program by one of the company’s employee musical groups. The response was immediately enthusiastic and the listeners clamored to hear more. Today this “family” consists of over a thousand talented worker-musicians and broadcasts coast to coast over the entire NBC Blue Network, Sundays from 5:30-6:00.

The largest American radio audience ever to hear a speech of any kind listened to President Roosevelt when he told the country that the Navy would attack German raiders coming into waters necessary for American defense. A survey estimated that 72.5 percent of all radio owners heard the speech.

The government’s big radio program, the “Treasury Hour,” has moved to NBC on Tuesday’s at 8:00. This

elaborate show, designed to draw support for the defense drive, will continue to present many of the big-name stars who give their talents to this great cause.

Xavier Cugat, the man who has done so much to popularize Latin Music in the United States, presents his Rumba Revue over NBC, Thursday at 7:30. Unlike much so-called Latin music, Cugat’s music is of a nature that Latin Americans can accept as their own.

NBC is trying to arrange with the Canadian government to have Jean Cavall continue his broadcasting from Canada while in training. The French born vocalist had ended his previous program to enlist in the Canadian Army.

Dorothy Foster will replace Ginny Simms, a vocalist, on Kay Kyser’s “College of Musical knowledge” NBC Thursdays at 10:30.

A very interesting and unusual way of presenting the news is that of Cal Tinney in “Sizing up the News” Mondays at 8:00 over WLBZ. Bob Trout CBS news commentator has gone to London to relieve Ed Murrow.

Walter Winchell is back with his inside stories and commentations Sunday nights at 9:00 over NBC.

Orson Welles, the wonder boy, just back from the movies and “Citizen Kane” leads his Mercury Theatre into a new series of programs over CBS Mondays. Breaking with his own tradition of serious drama, Welles plans to have shows covering a wide range of entertainment, but what they will be nobody can tell.

“Are You a Missing Heir” heard over CBS Mondays at 8:00 has proved of great value in finding people who have been left money but cannot be found.

“Big Town” with Edward G. Robinson and Ona Munson is back at 8:00 Wednesdays (CBS) but will, this year, present programs of less serious nature than is its custom.

On Friday evening 1320 guests and countless radio listeners gather to hear Dr. Frank Black and the Cities Service Concert. With Lucille Manners, Ross Graham, and the Cities Service Choir, the program, in its fourteenth year, is stamped as one of the finest broadcasts of music. The New York Philharmonic Orchestra has returned to its familiar CBS spot at 3:00 on Sundays.

TO SATISFY THE APPETITE

(continued from page eight)

way of cooking and new things to cook, that please you."

"That's just one other thing to add to it, Mother," Mary exclaimed. "Why everything here is so new and clean and refreshing. I wish—I just wish that we could stay here always!"

At that point old Herman Andrews walked in. He was an old sea captain and one of the best. It had often been his habit of late to relate tales of this coast town and the sea that relentlessly beat upon its shores to these "New Yawkers" who seemed so friendly and interested. Now he picked up Mary's last words and challenged, "An' why couldn't ye do jist that, I ask?"

To Mary it seemed to come out of the air, and she slowly turned around and asked, "I wonder—could we?"

"Well, why not?" Herman asked. "All of us here live by the same means you do in New Yawk. There are jobs here, same's anywhere else."

This blunt statement was revelation to the Malboroughs, and immediately they set about to secure the means of staying in their newly found heaven. To their astonishment, even when they had actually become established in their adopted town, it still held the same stirring awakeness for them. The change from uncertainty to deep peace and new life, caused a lump to rise in Mom's throat as she said to Mary and Jack while they were enjoying their Sunday dinner, "You know, I think I'll paint a sign saying, 'Come Here to Relieve Hunger', and Mom meant hunger two ways.

SOPH SOAP

(continued from page seventeen)

fur the footbawl team so thay'd rilly be ball-bearing. weel bet a pigtail that the one who makes the kik-off will come down to earth in a thuddle. sit-down strrike one! oh, i fergot. we wer tawking of gridirony, wernt we?

weer humen (that's the plooral of human, y'know) too. how we look for'ard to Saturdays! itz ovr fav-orit day. . . a weekness, perhaps. we kin hardly wait for teecheers convacashun when weel sleep late, eat later, and wish fur more convenshuns more often. 'xcept, uv corse, the soffomores who hav to practis on the team, or sel candy fur the debait club, or play in the orkestra, or toot in the band. regular models of vir-choo we ar. . . wall, almost.

we sophs look fur ovr vitamins in alphabet soop. . a b c d e f g, etc. cud be that i shoold say alfalfabet soop when yoo konsidder how cornshienshus we-uns ar. corn is out uv season now, weer out uv corn now, and pretty nigh tongue-tied. seems right seasonabul fur us to take time out fur a spell. . or even better, fur a spelling bee. yoo noticed that, too?

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