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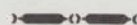
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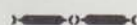


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October

by Alfred Perry

October days are here again,
Those crisp, cool, Autumn days,
When sapphire blue is heaven's hue,
And trees with gold and crimson blaze.

October is a glorious month,
With nature's changing dress,
When, with rosy nose and-tingling toes,
We first feel Winter's cold caress.

October is the gridiron month,
When team 'gainst mighty team,
Must struggle hard for every yard,—
The month when football reigns supreme.

October is the sportsman's month,
When woodcock, partridge, deer, and bear,
And other game from hunters' aim
Are seeking refuge in despair.

But October's most of all
The month of Hallowe'en,
When witches' cats and swooping bats
And Jack O'Lanterns grim are seen,

When mischievous boys with soap and wax
Mark up your window panes,
And, running about with boyish shout,
Leave everywhere their soapy stains.

So, with football games and Hallowe'en,
World Series, and the rest,
October reigns, and still remains
Of all the dozen months, the best.



To An Unsuspecting Male

ELINOR GRIFFIN

SENIOR



Elinor, for the benefit of you who haven't "heard", is known as the "Grapevine." Good-natured, this senior shows her fine sense of humor (also her "man-power" in the epic of girl's pursuit of happiness.)

TWO very graceful arms appeared above the covers and then slowly a shining head.

"Yes, yes, I'm coming."

"It's about time, my dear sister; for your knowledge, it is now eight twenty; therefore, if my calculations are right, you have exactly thirty-five minutes to prepare your dainty face for your great public."

This speech was ended by a well aimed pillow landing just where it was supposed to.

Every morning the same procedure was carried on. Jimmie was just one year younger than his sister Anne, but in his own estimation he was quite worldly and looked down on his seventeen year old sister.

Fifteen minutes later a very well groomed young lady came dashing down the stairs tying on a kerchief.

"Bye, Mum, I haven't time to eat. I'll get something at recess, see you at dinner. Come on, slow-poke."

This last was cast at Jimmie who calmly made a face and followed her out.

"Oh, oh Jimmy, here comes that awful Judith Wilson. If she gets that good looking new boy to take her to the next dance I'll die. Hi, Judy, what's news?"

"Hi, Anne, Oh, hello, Jimmie. Have you been asked to the dance yet, Anne? I have had three invitations and I can't possibly make up my mind. I hate to disappoint any of the boys."

"Oh, Jimmie, may I borrow chemistry notebook? I have so much going on I don't even have time to study. Thanks loads. Well, I'll see you later; I've got to tell Joanne the latest. Bye now."

"That cat! Why did you give her your notebook? I would like to give her a blackeye! Who do you suppose has asked her to that dance? Jimmie, you have just got to find out who that boy is; why you might even ask him up for supper. Of course, I don't mean for my sake, but it must be rather lonely for him and he hasn't got a nice sister like you have."

"Yeah, I understand. I'll ask him up and of course, you're not interested, but I had better try and interest him in my nice sister or else! Yeah, I know, you dames are all alike! Well, I'll see what I can do to help a damsel in distress. See you later. Oh, by the way, nice sister, will you lend me a quarter? I knew you would. So long."



... A well aimed pillow

Anne walked on to her classes thinking seriously. The Christmas dance was only two weeks away and she hadn't been invited. Why she didn't even have a dress to wear.

"Hi, Anne"

"Hi, Jean"

"Gee she must be about to go off the deep end; she hardly saw us."

"Hey, Anne, good news my dear sister. Your pres-

ent-idol's name is Bud Ingals. He is five feet eight inches tall, weighs one hundred and fifty pounds, plays half-back on the football squad, sings baritone in a church choir, is seventeen years old and his birthday is November twentieth."

"Jimmie Graham, how did you find out all that in one day? You didn't ask him outright, did you?"

"Sure I did. I told him my sister was interested in pedigrees and so I was helping out. O. K. Sis, O. K., don't get so huffy. I was told this information by a certain friend of yours, David Blaine."

"Jimmie, you didn't really ask Dave about him! Why, Jimmie, just think, I may have to go to the dance with Dave."

"Boy, I like that! You may have to go with him; you can't get a boy to take you and you're worried sick over it and I know it. But of course you aren't interested in Bud Ingals!"

"Hi, there Judy, hear you're going to the dance with the latest he-man in town—say he really isn't bad, just about my build; I guess I'll have to teach him a few tricks."

Brr-ring, Brr-ring, "Hello, oh Hi, Betty. Yes, this is Anne. When did you get in town? Staying long—gee that's *too* bad—yes I'm going—Who with, well it isn't exactly known, but I'm going with, eh, Bud Ingalls. Haven't you heard about him, Oh Betty he looks like a Greek God! Big, blond and so handsome, too bad you won't be here for the dance. Well, I'll see you soon, Betty, Bye."

"Why, Anne, I didn't know you were going to the dance and with that new boy. Well, that's fine dear. We must see about a new dress. Would you like green?"

"Oh, mother, I didn't know you were here. I don't think I feel so good; let's not make any plans now. I'm going up and lie down."

"Anne, are you home?"

"Yes, Mum, I'm up here."

"I brought home a dress for you to look at. You have felt so miserable lately that I thought I would look around for you. I saw Betty Jacobs down town. She has decided to stay for the dance and she said to tell you she has met Bud and she and Jack would like to swap a dance. Now, let's try on the dress, dear."

After that speech Anne really did feel sick. What was she going to do? She had told Betty she was going to the dance because Betty was so popular with the boys she didn't want her to think she was a wallflower and couldn't get a date. She looked at the dress. It was light green chiffon, just the kind of dress she had dreamed of, and she knew she would look good in it because her dark hair and eyes would set it off perfectly. Would she have a chance to wear it? She wondered.

"Anne, Anne Graham, come here quickly, guess what I just heard!"

Anne had been dreading this ordeal of meeting her wise brother more than anything she knew of, and here it was.

Jimmie came dashing up the stairs and stopped short in Anne's doorway. She had just slipped the gown over her head and she stood flushed and looking very pretty expecting the worst from her brother. For once in his life Jimmie was silenced. Both astonishment and admiration were written on his face.

"Gee, Sis, you're all right! Then you are really going to the dance with Bud Ingals? Dave just said he guessed his chances were all off because you were dated with Bud. What has gone on behind my back? Fess up Miss Graham, fess up; your brother is wise to you."

"Dave told you that?" asked Anne weakly. "Too bad he didn't come sooner," was all Anne could think of to say.

Was she worried or was she worried! Why she hadn't even met Bud Ingals.

That night things came to a climax. Jimmie came home to dinner and announced that a gang of boys would be dropping in a little later and would his mother please make a few sandwiches.

About seven Anne came down stairs. Just as she reached the hall the phone rang. She sighed and picked it up.

"Hello"

(Please turn to page twenty-seven)

Une Jolie Fille

by Faith McLeod

(with apologies to J. G. Whittier)

Blessings on thee, pretty girl!

Lovely one, as rare as pearl!

Beauty sets upon thy face

With a tantalizing grace.

With thy smile thou brighten up

The world, and sweetly fill my cup

With joy. Oh such a one as thou

I ne'er have seen, but I see now!

The music that dost fill my heart

Is, I know, of thee, a part.

With thine eyes, so boldly blue,

Thou hast won my heart so true.

With thy golden colored hair,

Thou art one who's truly fair.

Wouldst thou give encouragement?

For on thee my heart is bent,

And with me, my sweet, you rate

One hundred per cent—let's have a date!

Miracles Can Happen

by Priscilla Gray

"Pris" is a senior with a flare for the unusual, a slight departure from her unassuming nature, but with a sincerity which really makes a story realistic.

"MOTHER, guess what!" gasped Betty, as she came rushing into the kitchen, where her Mother was preparing their supper. Mrs. Bell could plainly see that Betty was especially happy about something, but that was not surprising, for she was one of the very few girls who are happy and vivacious all the time. And why shouldn't she be? She had everything that an eighteen-year old girl could ask for—beauty, popularity, and brains. But other girls have had this same good luck, and it didn't make them just like Betty. She was one girl in a thousand, and that was the thought that her mother had as Betty anxiously asked her question.



Betty, lying still as death . . .

"What, dear? I couldn't guess, unless you've heard from Allan." Mrs. Bell seemed interested, as she always was in Betty, her only child and her one big comfort since Mr. Bell had left them eight years before.

"That's it, Mother. Isn't it wonderful? I was just over to his house, and his Mother said that she had had a telegram from him. He's coming tonight, to stay a whole week. Oh, Mother, isn't it wonderful! Do you suppose he's changed, and suppose he doesn't like my hair this way—Oh, Mother, I'm so excited!"

"There, there, Betty, get your breath, dear. Of course, Allan hasn't changed. After all, it's been only two months since you've seen him. You know, I'll be glad to see the boy again. I've really missed him.

Come, help me set the table, dear."

Betty flew around in the kitchen, humming bits of many of the popular tunes. Mrs. Bell looked admiringly at her daughter's lovely hair and sparkling eyes, and hoped that Betty would always be as happy as she was at this minute. But life isn't like that, and Mrs. Bell knew it. However, she had nothing to warn her that any serious unhappiness would soon come.

"Betts, run over to the store, will you, dear, and get me a pound of that nice candy that we tried? If I'm going to be alone this evening, I'll want something to munch on. You'll have plenty of time to get ready for Allan. What time did you say that the train's coming in? Are they going to call for you and take you with them? Oh, of course they are—you see, I'm as excited as you are. Run along now. Remember, the peppermint kind."

"O. K., Mums, the peppermint kind." Her Mother barely heard the words as Betty ran down the steps, out of the yard, up the street, and out of sight.

The mother happily thought of her daughter. So far, Betty had had everything in her life the easy way. If things sometime should go wrong, would Betty really stand the test of a good daughter? Mrs. Bell somehow thought she would. But she pushed these thoughts out of her mind. When the world is so good to you, and when the one person you love most is completely happy, why think of the hard things to come later? Mrs. Bell began to sing.

And then the knock on the door came. She saw her darling Betty, lying still as death, in the arms of Allan Hawkins.

"Allan—where did you—Oh, Allan—what is it?"

"Now, Mrs. Bell, I'll tell you all about it. Let me put Betty on the couch. Oh, how did I ever do it." He was already dialing the number of the doctor.

Mrs. Bell, overcome, sat by the side of her daughter. Allan incoherently said, "I had a chance to ride home with a fella, and get here earlier than the train. Oh, Betty's coming to now—well, I was just backing the car out of the yard to come over here when I saw something bright run in back of the car. But it was too late. I got out, and found Betts. Oh, what am I going to do? Is she all right? Her eyes are open—"

Betty could only look at them, and murmur, "Oh,

my leg—my right leg. It feels crushed—Oh, you here, Allan—Mother."

The doctor was there by then, and, carefully examining the girl. He said, "hmm," the way doctors do when they are thinking. After a brief pause, he said, "I think I'll take Betty along to the hospital with me. Her leg might need fixing. How about it, Betty?" Betty managed a wistful smile, and sighed "Uh huh."

Allan had Mrs. Bell's arm, leading her to the doctor's car. "I'll go with you, if I may," he said, as calmly as he could. The poor, frantic mother was being subconsciously led to the car door. She was saying over and over—"My poor Betty—my wonderful, active Betty going to the hospital, with—no one knows what it is, really."

The doctor assured her—"Oh, Mrs. Bell, I'm sure it's nothing more than a badly broken leg—now, don't you worry," and, Betty, through all her suffering, smiled faintly, and said, "I'm all right, Mother, really I am."

The badly broken leg proved to be a very serious break. Betty stayed in the hospital for a long time. Allan saw her every day. The week that she had planned to spend playing tennis, swimming, and having fun with Allan and the crowd was spent in a narrow, uncomfortable hospital bed. Of course, Allan was very much broken up. The thought never left him that he—Allan—was the cause of all his girl's suffering.

At the end of six weeks, when she had hoped to go home, the doctor shook his head—"Not for a day or two, little girl." But, out in the hall, he spoke in a low tone to the anxious mother. "Mrs. Bell, I'm afraid I've never had a case like this. The leg has not come along well at all. I wouldn't worry too much, but I think I'll have Dr. Borr and Dr. Keif, the two bone specialists, come if you approve." What could the terrified Mother say but, "Yes, of course, get them as soon as possible."

The great doctors came, but they were as puzzled as Dr. Smith. They shook their heads, and went in a business like way to Mrs. Bell. "Mrs. Bell, your daughter may not be able to take a step for months, may be years, may be never." The doctor took Mrs. Bell's arm, and led her out of the hospital.

In that minute the world smashed. To hear this awful truth about her daughter—the most wonderful girl in the world. And to think what a little thing brought this all on. She had sent Betty for peppermint candy. Oh, she could never speak or think of candy again. Of course, in her excitement, Betty had been careless, but Allan and Mrs. Bell would never blame anyone but themselves.

Hard things, as well as easy ones, have to be faced. Betty was not told of her misfortune, of course. But,

after being allowed to come home and stay in bed (the doctors could take care of her there just as well) she began to be anxious and suspicious. This was not just a broken leg, surely. One day, she said, "Mother, tell me what the doctors said. I can take it, really I can."

Mrs. Bell explained that the doctor said that a certain bone in her leg was to be always out of place—if she walked, she would be lame. But, of course, she would walk, and what was a little lameness anyway?



"Mother, I'm going to walk."

But Betty didn't walk. Two years passed, and a new, quiet, but a laughing Betty was still either in her bed or in her wheel chair. She never gave up hope that tomorrow she could get up. Allan came every vacation, and together they planned what they would do when she was all right again. Those days were always the brightest, but a little smile was always on the girl's face, even when her thoughts wandered back to her dancing, active, carefree days.

Betty always had believed in miracles in a way, and, in her heart, she vowed that there would be a miracle in her case. This was the only way she could go on leading such an unusual life.

Her mother was in the kitchen, baking a cake, on her twentieth birthday. Betty was dressed in a party dress—the prettiest she had—and, even after her suffering, she was as beautiful as ever, but in an even more spiritual way.

Betty was terribly excited that day. When she heard the doorbell ring, and heard her Mother talking to Allan, her thoughts went back to her happy fifteenth birthday, when she had first seen Allan. She relived the day. She wasn't lame. She was receiving her guests—laughing, talking, and playing with them.

(Please turn to page twenty-seven)

Dan Finds A Dandy

by Nancy Ragan

This down to earth tale was written by none other than that dark and interesting sophomore, Nancy Ragan.

Her plot will remind you that "it might happen here" and you'll agree that "dandy" is just the adjective for this short-story success.

"MR. DANVERS! Will you please pay attention to the lesson? I have asked you three times, and this will be the fourth; what conjunction will be most suitable in this sentence?"

Dan blinked his eyes and rose quickly to his feet.

"I'm sorry, Miss Carruthers, but I didn't hear you," he muttered. He started to ask what sentence they were working on, when Helen Myers, the new girl, whispered, "It's the eighth one," from behind her book.

Dan stumbled through his sentence somehow and sat down quite puzzled.

"Gosh, what was I thinking about?" he mused. "Oh, yes—Jean Murphy. Golly, what a girl! Why, she's one of the most popular girls in the school and she actually told me she'd go to the movies with me tonight! Gee! Oh, oh! Miss Carruthers is giving the assignment. I'd better pay attention now and get it right."



... Spilling books all over the floor.

It was the last period of the day; so the bell which ended the period was a welcome sound to most ears, especially Dan's. He rushed out of the room in order that he could see Jean coming out of her Latin class and perhaps get a chance to talk to her for a minute about—about what? Oh, just anything so that he could let all the guys see him talking to her. Just as he dashed out of the door, he ran into someone, spilling books all

over the floor, and scattering papers all around. He muttered, "Oh, for Pete's sake" and stopped to help pick up the papers and recover his books. He found he had run into Helen Myers. She was very busy picking up her belongings, and when she looked up, she stood up and said "I'm so sorry." My gosh! You'd think she had run into him!

He said, "I'm sorry, too. Did I hurt you?"

She replied, "No, I'm all right, thank you" and piling up her books and papers, went on down the corridor.

Dan stood looking after her for a minute and then realized why he had dashed out of the room.

"Golly!" he exclaimed and ran down the corridor to Jean's Latin room, slowing down to a walk as he passed the principal's office.

When he finally got to the room, Jean had gone.

"Oh, heck! I would have to run into somebody just when I was in a hurry! Oh, well—I'll see her tonight."

That night he ate his supper in a hurry and then rushed out to the garage, stopping a moment in front of the hall mirror to see if his tie was straight. He met his father coming down stairs.

"Why, Dan, what's all the rush for? Going to have football practice or something?" he inquired.

"No, just a date," Dan replied, trying to look and act very nonchalant. "Dad, may I have the car tonight? It's very special."

"Well, all right, son, just tonight. If you take it tonight, you can't have it again till Saturday. You know my rule."

"Okay, Dad," he said and ran out to the car.

A few minutes later, he was parked in front of Jean's house. He went up the steps and rang the bell. A maid answered the door and ushered him to the living-room, where he waited rather nervously.

In a few minutes, Jean came downstairs, looking more like a movie star than a school girl.

They saw the show and went for some ice-cream later. As they were sipping sodas, Jean remarked, "Are you going to play football this year?" "No, I'm going to wait till next year. I have a lot of outside things this year, and I want to work for A's this year instead of trying to be satisfied with C's."

Now, to Jean, football was just about the most wonderful game there was. When she heard this, her interest in Dan seemed to fade and she started to think about her date tomorrow with "Mac" Figgins, one of the star football players of Baxton High.

When Dan took her home, he asked for another date on Friday to take her to the first school dance of the year. Then he suddenly remembered that he couldn't have the car till Saturday, but she said "I'm sorry, but 'Mac' is taking me. Perhaps some other time. Good-night."

Dan returned home in a bad mood. Well, maybe he could get a date with her soon.

The next day, he wrote Jean a note and passed it to her after her geometry lesson. It read as follows:

"Dear Jean,

How about a date tonight to hear the concert at the City hall? Let me know as soon as possible. Dan."

Jean had a date with "Mac" that night. About 4 o'clock she called Dan.

When Dan heard the telephone ring, he ran to it and picked up the receiver, and tried to say "Hello" very casually. It was Jean, and she was very sorry, but she had a previous engagement. But she'd see him in school anyway.

Heck! What good did it do to try to date a girl that was always dated way ahead. Fooley! Well, he'd try again tomorrow.

The phone rang again and he picked up the receiver dejectedly and sighed a barely audible "Hello." A feminine voice inquired if Dan were there.

"This is Dan," he replied. "Who is it speaking? Oh, Helen—hello. Yes, Prof. Craxton did give me the book. Tonight? Oh, certainly. I'll be up in a few minutes and give it to you. Sure, it won't be any bother. All right. Good-bye."

In a very few minutes Dan was springing lightly up the front steps of Helen's house with a book under his arm. He rang the bell, and Helen opened the door.

"My, but you got here quickly!" she exclaimed. "Come in, won't you? I can find the material I need from this in a short time and then you can take it back with you."

Helen found what she wanted in the book and copied it; then she asked Dan if he was hungry. He didn't just know what to say, but she was pretty sure some food wouldn't upset him any. Helen took him out in the kitchen where they both made sandwiches and cocoa.

Dan left shortly afterwards. As he walked home, he wondered why he felt more at ease with Helen than with Jean.

The next day he met Helen coming out of French

class and found himself asking her to go to the school dance with him that Friday. She said she'd let him know that evening.

That evening, about supper time, Helen called and said she'd like very much to go with him. He said he'd call for her at 7:30 Friday night. When he hung up he was surprised to find that he was awfully glad she could go, and he realized how disappointed he would have been if she could not have gone.

The next question was—could he get the car for Friday night? He put the question up to his dad, who thought it over and said, "It all depends on whether I'll need it or not Friday night."

Dan told Helen about it at school and she said she'd just as soon walk. Gosh! She was a swell sport!

Friday night finally rolled around and found Dan sitting at the wheel of the family car with Helen in the front seat, looking perfectly swell in a dress of his favorite color, blue. His only thought of Jean was, "Someone else can have her. I'm not interested. Helen is the best 'scout' there is." He felt pretty proud to have her going to a dance with him and when he saw Jean that night at the dance, he didn't even notice her because he and Helen were too busy eating ice-cream and talking about a movie they were going to see Saturday afternoon.

Sergeant Donchecz

ANOTHER honor has come to Bangor High School through the R. O. T. C. The students of the school, and especially those boys who have taken or are taking R. O. T. C. training, will be very much pleased to learn of the promotion of Staff Sergeant Frank D. Donchecz, U. S. A., assistant Professor of Military Science and Tactics, to the rank of Technical Sergeant. This is the second highest grade a non-commissioned officer can hold. The promotion was made by the Commanding General, First Corps Area, and the warrant was awarded last month by Major Ragan. The promotion was made for long and faithful service.

Much of that service has been here. For many years, the Sergeant has worked with the boys of Bangor High School, not only in military classes, but also in the Rifle Club where a greater intimacy and friendship has sprung up between him and the boys. During that time, he has won the respect and admiration of the boys with whom he has worked and of those other students who have had the opportunity to know him.

We, the students, congratulate you, Sergeant Donchecz!

The Midnight Chase

by Sherwood Jones

IT was a dark and stormy night. The wind blew mournfully through the bleak, bare trees and the large houses were dark and still. What little light there was, came from the street-lights that flickered and danced as the wind tossed the trees. The moon showed herself for a few moments, then hid. As time wore on, the wind became stronger, its howl matched by the howl of a distant dog. The moon again slipped behind the clouds, this time not to return; and the night became darker. The only sounds audible were those of the wind and an old alley-cat yowling out of tune. It was a wonderful night—for a murder.

Suddenly a door slammed; then there was a shout. A dark form dashed out of the shadows and clattered on the pavement as he hurried down the street. Not far behind him came another form, which was but a shadow as it slipped silently along like a ghost. The fugitive turned the corner and dashed through an alley, disturbing the cat in his song as he ran. He crossed a fence, and ran into an old abandoned blacksmith shop. Running through an open doorway, he stumbled over some old boxes. He did not get up, but waited a moment, puffing, very much out of breath. The chaser was still following. He came gliding into the alley and over the fence. He made no noise, but continued his hunt. The pursuer came too close for comfort, and the fugitive jumped up and fled from the building. He ran through a nearby garden, stopping just long enough to throw an old tomato at the ever-following foe in the shadows, then sped on. He ran until he could run no

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Summer Evening

by Faith MaLeod

The waves slip up and over rocks,
To slip back down again;
The calling of a lone lost loon
Creates exquisite pain.

The twinkle of a tiny star
Against the deep blue night;
The pointing majesty of pines;
The mist shot thru with light.

The moon in all her orange splendor,
Her light—fantastic, odd,
Upon the darkened waters,—all this. . .
One moon, one star, one God.

Vacation: 1940

by Marydel Coolidge

JUNE 15, 1940. Well, if I'm not the equivalent of a dumb Dora! So this is the vacation I've been saving my energy for. It just isn't human of Mom to call me at the pale hour of six and say, "Son, you might as well start hustling—we're going to clean the cellar this morning."

"What do you mean by 'we'?" A groan escaped from the caverns of my pillow. How women can up and proclaim such a decision with the same determination that made C. J. Caesar cross the Rubicon is more than my gray-matter can reckon out.

Of course, Diary old pal, I forgot to tell you that naturally not a bone stirred from my bed. But soon the savory odor of hot-cakes and bacon played upon conscience. To top that, half-pint brother Buzzie took it upon himself to tweak my nose with early morning vengeance. I tore through the rigamarole of dressing. Seven minutes later we "hound and hared" two steps at a time to the object of our affection—the kitchen below.



My elbow swung into a preserve jar.

The pancakes glided with smooth honey down the little red lane, and we eyed Mom expectantly.

"How beautiful the butterflies are against the blue sky," she remarked without glancing through the open window.

"Aw gee, Mom, say what you mean! Whatcha have to do the cellar for? Gosh, you start right off the first day of vacation giving us chores!" Buzzie rebelled.

I understood her verdict and hustled the young mutineer toward the cellar. But, as always at this point in the act, the telephone rang.

"Hope it isn't long-distance from Washington," I muttered sarcastically, racing through hall and kitchen.

"Hello?—Emmy?—What?—Why we were going to play tennis! Don't tell me you can't get the court this afternoon. . . This morning? (Here I stopped to bel- low in the general direction of the cellar, "For heaven's sake, Mother, can't you hear I'm telephoning?") Sorry, Emmy, Mom's cleaning the basement this morning. . . Bill Griffin? Say Emmy, please don't. I'll skin out of this job if it kills me. . . And we'll make it a love game, keereet? I'll see you there."

For a moment I felt like a Galahad hesitating to venture on the Siege Perilous, but then retraced my steps to the lady of the house, armed with resolution and little confidence.

"Honorable Madam," I began by avoiding the issue, "due to unforeseen complications and uncontrollable conditions this program will be entirely spontaneous and un-rehearsed."

"Well?" She completely disarmed me with a quiz- ical expression, and the manner and appearance of Napoleon in a house dress. To make matters worse, she wore a Turkish towel turbanned about her head.

"Oh, Mother, I'm in line for a game of tennis right away—terribly important—and er—ah—" I threw an apprehensive glance at Buzzie who stood, W. P. A. style, enjoying the scene.

"Well then, Larry, time's a-wasting. Your racket is right by the front door." She started to putter around the jelly closet with a dust cloth.

"Now Mom, you know I want to help you. Oh, you and your psychology! All right, I'll stay and lug the heavy stuff for you—but no longer.—Here Buzz, give a fella a lift," and we dragged the ash can away to the dump pile.

For several minutes silence and Mother reigned, and then—Clonk! my elbow swung into a preserve jar which reeled its noisy way to the floor.

Plonk! Thump! My shoulder grazed the picnic box and tin plates, spoons and cups clattered to a hopeless disorder at my feet.

"Larry James! You take my suggestion and your tennis racket and skat. You're about as helpful as a prizefighter in a gift shop!"

I skatted.

Plack. . . plock. . . The tennis balls were whizzing through the air. There on the court darted Emmy and —Bill Griffin! Then as a last straw I heard Bill call to his partner, "The Return of Larry James!" Emmy gave me a preoccupied smile.

I turned my back on the view and raced off to the club house, indignation simmering.

My conclusion, dear Diary, if you'll pardon the slam- casm,—Vacation is the time when absence makes the heart grow fonder—of someone else.

Moonlight and Noses

by Joan Kirkpatrick

THE two conspirators moved quickly to opposite ends of the room as Bill came through the door. Their faces showed no signs of guilt, but the truth of the matter was, that Ginnie and Steve were doing some very colossal planning, all of which was due to the fact that Mr. William Marlow, the most super- elegant hep-cat that ever slapped a bass fiddle, definitely refused to join their swing band. Furthermore, Mr. Marlow believed swing was trash and a 'gate—oh, my deah!—*absolutely* the last straw. It may be well to say that William collected—ah—stamps.

Ginnie broke the silence. "Bill—l—honey", she began coaxingly.

"No," roared the young dignitary. It is evident that this subject of a band had been approached before.

Ginnie was about to try again when she saw Steve practically standing on his head to get her attention. From his frantic gyrations she got the idea that he wanted to speak to her alone. Ginnie muttered some lame excuse which didn't matter anyway, because Bill was engrossed in his stamps, and slipped out of the French windows.

Steve was so excited he could scarcely breathe. "Oh, boy! Oh boy! Oh boy! Have I got an idea! I've been struck by lightning!" (Remarkable, for Steve rarely had anything but mist on his brain!)

"Well, hurry up, Einstein; lightning never strikes twice," came the squelching retort.

"If I wasn't in such a hurry, I'd answer that," Steve said scathingly. "Never mind though, I've got it!"

"Okay, give. What're you waiting for, telepathy?"

"A'right, a'right. Now look, you know Bill goes into a fog over Dolly Marks, or as he puts it, 'I admiah Miss Marks tremendously,'" mimicked Steve.

"So what?" came the laconic answer to his brain- storm.

"Look, Stupe, Dolly plays the piano in the band, doesn't she? If we could get her to talk Bill into join- ing the band we might get a chance to play at the 'Bas- ket-Ball'", he finished triumphantly.

"I hear ya talkin'," breathed Ginnie, fully awestruck at the actual fact that Steve did, but definitely, have an idea. "You're sure it'll work? It would take an awful lot to jounce that stamp-sticker."

"Sure it will," replied the cocky Steve, already im- agining himself leading the band at the Ball.

Three days later, after much persuading on Steve's part, to get Bill to offer his help in untangling Miss

(Please turn to page thirty-three)

Dog News

by Ellen Lougee

IF "pigs is pigs" then I suppose that "dogs is dogs," but there is a great variety of opinions on this statement. Many people contend that to be a real dog, he must be pedigreed. He must have behind him a long line of ancestors, each of whom has won for himself a medal, a ribbon, a trophy, or a field trial. This line of ancestors must be topped here and there by a champion. Others contend, however, that regardless of ancestors, a dog is either good or he is not. A mongrel, without any reference to what his ancestors did, is only as good as he proves himself to be.

For my part, I cannot disagree with either. A real dog-lover can see good points in any dog which has even an ounce of common sense. I do believe, however, that a dog produced from a line of intelligent ancestors has the edge on all others.

Well, I don't think my opinion matters much anyway in the "what's what on dogs," so I will leave that subject alone and tell you a few of the facts that I have learned about dogs.

Probably the most authentic source of information from which I can quote, is the American Kennel Club; so I will tell you the different classes of dogs recognized by this club. There are actually only six classes of thoroughbred dogs. They are: Sporting Breeds; Hounds; Working Breeds; Terrier Breeds; Toy Breeds; and Non-sporting Breeds. Under these classes there are over a hundred breeds; however, there may be several breeds under one name. For instance, under the name of Spaniel there are nine breeds. Under Setter, there are three breeds, English, Irish and Gordon Setters.

The best way to observe and compare the different breeds is to attend a licensed dog show. Probably no show contains every breed; however, a great many breeds may be seen.

As we stroll down the long rows of dog stalls, we observe many breeds that are seen everyday, such as setters, pointers, spaniels, bull dogs, etc. We notice, however, that they all appear to be in the very best of condition, and, especially the long haired dogs, are continually combed and brushed by the owner. Whiskers are cut and the hair on the ears of long haired dogs is trimmed.

Suddenly, as we start down another row, we see something new—a dog, the likes of which we have never seen before. It has long, buff colored hair, long ears, and has a long beautiful tail which is extremely graceful. Over the stall we read "Afghan Hound."

Then there is the lady who attracts our attention by

continually exercising her beautiful, pure white, long-haired Samoyede, stopping only now and again to brush him. We soon learn that if he were to lie down, he would be certain to get a little dust or dirt on his coat, which would be very noticeable.

Over in the next row, we see a crowd gathered. What can it be? When we get within seeing distance, we find small, square, wicker baskets, lined with delicate blue silk, and containing of all things, Pekingese, our favorite lap-dogs.

We will spend hours looking at the fine types of dogs, each waiting patiently for his turn to strut before the judge, watching the obedience tests, in which a dog must prove his loyalty and will power. As we leave the show, only one question remains, and that is, "How can the judges possibly pick the winners?"

Regardless of the purpose of owning a dog, whether it is for hunting, showing, working, or what-not, one gets a great deal of satisfaction out of really knowing, understanding, and loving his dog.

Why?

by Glenna Kleiner

Why are men killing each other?
Why are people dying?
Why do men hate one another?
Why are babies crying?

Why are buildings burning up?
Why do bombs keep falling?
Why do ration cards keep turning up?
Why are sirens calling?

Why are there refugees,
Women and children galore?
"Give me a piece of bread, please,"
Is the cry forevermore.

Why, they ask themselves, why
Are these things so?
Again and again they ask with a sigh,
Why does hatred grow?

Why? ————— WAR

"Isn't it wonderful," said Phyllis Lipsky, "how these service stations dig down and find gas every time."

Ever hear the story about the three holes in the ground? Well, well, well!

Alumni

REMEMBER that super star Paul Ford of *Road to the Tomb* fame? He very confidentially entrusted to us, for further reference, the name of his present stopping place—Freyburg Academy.

His right hand man, that fellow with the sonorous voice, Balfour Golden, is one of the many '40 graduates who are attending Bowdoin.

John Alden Woodcock, another partner in the crime, the producer of the *Road to the Tomb*, has also gone to Bowdoin.

Speaking of Bowdoin—Lewis Vafiades, who was the manager of its last year's football team, seems to have taken "Alumni's" advice. He is now playing guard on the B team.

For those who have the ambition to be nurses, "Pompey" Lavoot, '36, took up nursing upon leaving B. H. S. Well, she has met The Patient, and wedding bells are going to ring.

"Col." Dick Morse has joined Giddings at the St. Paul's Prep., in New York.

That blonde girl, whom you used to see upholding the honor of B. H. S. in many of its important debates, Dot Braidy, by name, has now taken her ability to Smith.

Mary Rice, '39, after a year of Harcum Junior College, has followed Mary Carlisle's example and is now attending Stonleigh College at Rye, N. H. Her sister Evelyn, '40, is going to Emerson College of Oratory, in Boston.

Mary Carlisle is now taking a special course at the U. of M.

Maybe Boston holds some peculiar charm—who knows? Anyway, Dallas Bubar has also gone there to school, B. U. to be exact.

Popular Phil Higgins, ex-captain of B. H. S.'s football squad, is wearing the green bow-tie of Maine freshmen; others who are also scuttling around through our back streets are Web Frost, Lyndon Bond, John Johnstone, Shume White, and Lawrence Pullman, to mention a few.

We would have liked to write a little more about those Orbertons, Maurice and Everett, but the best we could do is that Maurice is at Annapolis—or is is Everett? Oh, well, we give up, never could tell them apart anyway.

It's the sunny South for Barby Foley. Yes, she's at Stephen's College, 'way out in Missouri. At least that's what Charlie Jellison says, but we've got to be shown.

Ruth Carlisle is at St. Regis College this year, but Ed Babcock is nearer home; Bowdoin has claimed him.

Henry Deane Benson, '28, was married Sept. 14 to Elizabeth Davidson of Bellefonte, Delaware.

Movies

MOVIE TALK

BOB: "Oh kids, you know what I heard was coming? It's wonderful!"

Polly: "What?"

Bob: *The Ramparts We Watch*. It's going to be different, and that counts a lot with me. Instead of movie actors, the cast is made up of business-men, house wives, and college students picked to act naturally. Most of the picture was shot in New London, Connecticut, because it hasn't changed much since the war years of 1914-1918. The movie is about those years, and people who thought at first that World War I wasn't going to affect *them* very much, but found out later that it did. I read that it cost \$400,000 and took eighteen months to make the movie. I certainly plan to see it."

Phil: "It *sounds* good, but I'd rather see a funny movie. I'll bet Charlie Chaplin's *The Great Dictator* will be a howl. It was made in Charlie's own studio and directed by him too. It seems so silly, because Hitler, the man he mimics in the picture, and Charlie are so different."

Dean: "Yes, that promises to be a very good movie, and I've heard quite a lot about *Foreign Correspondent* lately, another 'war and politics' movie. Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, Robert Benchley, and Herbert Marshall have the leading roles. It's a thrilling concoction of Director Alfred Hitchcock's about an assassination, a spy hunt, a torture, and an air-fight of two cities in the beginning of the World War II. I hope it'll come pretty soon."

Jane: "Oh, there are so many good movies coming that I want to see that I'm going to start saving my money now."

Roselle: "I know; isn't it awful? I want to see *The Philadelphia Story* with Cary Grant, Katherine Hepburn, and James Stuart."

Polly: "Oh yes, and *Escape* with Norma Shearer and Robert Taylor."

Bob: "How about *Knute Rockne*, played by Pat O'Brien? It's all about that famous man who coached football at Notre Dame University."

Phil: "That ought to be great. And also the *Mark of Zorro* with Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell, and Basil Rathbone."

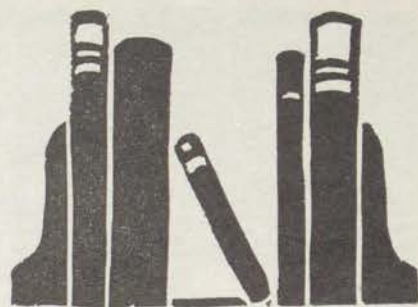
Dean: "Oh, yes, and *Virginia* with Cary Grant, Fred MacMurray, and Madeline Carroll!"

They could go on like this until Doomsday.

So, until we hear from Jane, Roselle, Polly, Bob, Phil, and Dean in the next *Oracle*. . .

Good-bye,

We'll see you at the movies!



On The Bookshelf

WELL, summer's over and most of us have read at least one book. Here's hoping it wasn't one of the kind that you must read the end of, in order to become interested in the middle. However, if you did do this, you certainly should rejoice in my findings for the summer.

Tops on the list is "Ownley Inn" by Joseph and Freeman Lincoln. There is no living author who has such an extraordinary record for successful books as Joseph Lincoln. Now, with the help of his son, Freeman, he has created a rare synthesis of a fresh and salty story with the excitement of a real mystery plus a tinge of romance.

Dick Clarke, disgraced because of the theft of a very valuable book, finds himself on an old Sepatank Island, at an Inn run by Seth H. Ownley. Then things begin to happen. A hurricane isolates the island, and a wrecked cruising launch starts a train of events which keep the main characters in a state of commotion, and, at times, fear. How the missing book is recovered, as told by Ownley and Clarke, is too good a story to give away.

Now let's turn rather abruptly to a man who, unlike Lincoln, has lived, has experienced the events about which he writes. Here is a man who dared challenge the impossible, the unknown, for the sheer love of adventure; one who wrote with untold enthusiasm of the strange, majestic, and beautiful things he has seen and the reckless and exciting things he has done.

Here in the Bangor High School *Oracle*, we should pay tribute to Richard Halliburton (for no doubt you have guessed his name by now), who lost his life in attempting another adventure to thrill his readers.

No one who has read any of his books will ever forget the tales they unfold or will tire of re-reading them. These are the words of a critic: "Richard Halliburton is incapable of writing a dull page—he reports each of his new adventures with the same zest and the same charm and swing and dash that has won unrivaled popularity for his tales."

Here, there is only space to summarize one of his books, and I have chosen "Seven League Boots", in which Halliburton is at his superb best. He tells of the sensation he caused throughout Europe, when he fol-

lowed the tracks of Hannibal through the eight-thousand-foot St. Bernard Pass on the back of an elephant because he thought it amusing. Then with his magic boots he leaped to Ekaterinburg in Siberia where he found a man, half dead from a throat malady, who was ready to give first hand information on the world famous tragedy, for he was one of the chief assassins of the Czar Nicholas II and his family.

That gives an idea of what excitement packs Halliburton's books. Others by him, equally as thrilling, are "Royal Roads to Romance", "New Worlds to Conquer," and "The Glorious Adventure."

If you're interested in the life of Richard Halliburton, a book has been published recently telling the story of his life as written by himself in letters to his parents covering his school days and later, his wanderings over the whole globe. To date this volume has been on several best seller lists.

A recent speaker, discussing vocational guidance, strongly advised reading books which are fictional, perhaps, but give us insight into some particular vocation which interests us. Of course it would be impossible to list books covering all vocations, but here are a few which have been recommended. "Sue Barton, Student Nurse," by Helen Boylston, is the first in a series of books having Sue as a main character. "Peggy Covers the News", by Emma Bugbee, is the story of a girl, who while in college had served as a correspondent for a New York paper, and after her graduation secured a regular position on the same paper. "River Rising" tells of the efforts of a young man to become a doctor and is written by Herbert Skidmore. "Sally and Her Kitchens" shows the various phases of a dietitian's work. "T-model Tommey," by Stephen Meader, is especially for boys, for it relates how a high school graduate starts a trucking business and, through hard work, succeeds.

The boys always seem to like Indian stories, so "Indian Brother" ought to interest them. It's a novel about Maine during the Indian disturbance in the eighteenth century.

Do you want to earn a college education? Read "College on Horseback," by Esther Hall, and see how an ambitious girl earned her education.



Dots and Dashes

Radio Programs

WHO left the radio on last night? It must have been Yehudi listening to the Ford Sunday Evening Hour.

The Ford Sunday Evening Hour began its seventh season Sunday, Sept. 29, with Andre Kostelanetz conducting the orchestra and Lily Pons as guest soloist. This program may now be heard every Sunday evening from 9:00 to 10:00 over W A B I.

For some of you nighthawks who suffer from an overdose of insomnia, a good educational program may be found on WLBZ every Monday night at 10:30; it's called "Adventure in Reading." It's a program of classics, (Need I say more?) The following evening at the same time, 10:30 P. M. you may hear the very enjoyable "Uncle Walter's Dog House"; it's a program for men only, and girls, do they spread it on thick! It's really good; it's full of gags and good music and that's about all you can ask for.

Fred Allen, radio's "king of the quick quip", has "moved" from N B C to take over Ken Murray's duties as master of ceremonies of the "Texaco Star Theatre." On Wednesday, Oct. 2, Fred presented himself with a gay premier featuring tenor Harry Baker, pert Portland Hoffa, Al Goodman's orchestra, and the "Mighty Allen Art Players." This program will take place every Wednesday from 9:00 to 10:00 p. m., over W A B I.

When the Benny Goodmans, Orrin Tuckers, and Artie Shaws have had their day of fast music, ragtime, jazz, and novelties, and all those are but a memory of the past, the soothing strains of Fred Waring and his 55 Pennsylvanians will live on. Waring's program will never set the world afire, but good entertainment of all types including baseball and football scores, the "Song of the Week," the Swingeretts (Patsy Garrett and Dona Day), and various other features will be provided by this light musical program, heard every night, Monday through Friday, at 7:00 p. m. over W L B Z.

While brushing the cobwebs from your weary eyes "early every morning," to put vim and vigor into your tired system, snap your jazz box to 1200 on your dial, W A B I in Bangor. The program for which you have

arisen so early is a presentation of light, gay, swing music; this program is properly called "Revelry." For a general waker-upper and pepper-upper, this program just can't be beaten. The music is transcribed and consists of various popular pieces of different eras, supplied by several swing bands.

A comparatively new program, entitled "Quiz Kids," is probably the most popular of the new programs. If you want to find out how smart you really are, listen to some of the questions asked of the "Quiz Kids" (children between the ages of 7 and 14), and see if you can answer them. Be sure to tune on the "Quiz Kids" every Wednesday night at 8:00 on station W J Z or W B Z.

The present rage in swing is Glenn Miller. Glenn and his Chesterfield orchestra are heard every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights at 10:00 p. m., on W A B I. This program should be placed on your "must hear" list.

With the close of the summer season and the approach of the long winter evenings, a great many of the "better than ordinary" programs have returned to the air. Among these are: "The Shadow" with its fantastic tales of horror, the old maestro, "Ben Bernie," with his fat-hat and big cigar, "Professor (know it all) Quiz", "Fibber Magee" and Molly, of 24 Wistul Vista", "Jackson (bee) Benny" and his gang. If I were you, I wouldn't miss these, for they are bigger and better than ever before. For more details of these and other new or revised programs, cast a gaze at the Radio Column of the next issue of the *Oracle*.

Diner: "Do you serve crabs here?"

Waiter: "We serve anyone; sit down."

"What kind of dog is that, my boy?"

"This is a police dog."

"Why, he doesn't look like a police dog."

"Nope, he's in the secret service."

—Our Time

"I've had no luck with that girl. I've passed her every day the past week—and she hasn't smiled once."
"Some women have no sense of humor."

Editorial Comment



VOL. L

NO. 1

THE ORACLE

OCTOBER, 1940

New System

BY this time, all of you have got into the swing of the new rotating schedule, and are no longer showing up in the wrong classes at the right times. You have also got used to bringing your lunch pails to school. Many of you, however, are still wondering what purposes were behind the change, and are curious to know why our old arrangement was discarded and a new system put in its place.

As a matter of fact, the rotating schedule and the lunch pails are nothing more than manifestations and direct results of a deeper, more far reaching change.

It all began when the schools became so over-crowded that some action was imperative. The question was, what action was to be taken? New grammar schools could have been built. A new high school might have been erected. Neither of these ever passed the possibility stage. Instead, an up-and-coming body of school officials, decided upon the arrangement that we now have: a 6-3-3 system, with six elementary grades, three years of junior high school, and three years of senior high school, the high schools to have longer periods and a longer school day.

The reasons for this decision are important. Since the turn of the century, and especially in the last ten years, there has been an ever-increasing trend toward the adoption of the Junior High School principle of education, which, with certain modifications to fit Bangor's specific needs, is what we now know in this city. The superintendent of schools saw, in building the junior high schools, an opportunity not only for relieving the congestion in the schools, but also for improving and modernizing our entire system of education. Thus, the change is more than a means to an end; it has become an end in itself. Back of it, there are certain very definite principles, based on years of experience and extensive studies and observations of adolescent minds. It is in keeping with modern educational philosophy, and similar changes are being made all over the country.

We are mainly concerned with discussing the matter from the viewpoint of the high school student. Why the

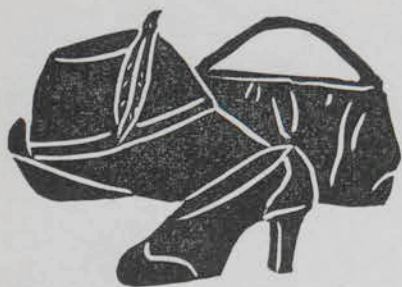
longer school day? Why the hour-length periods? The reasons are definite.

The longer school day has been adopted in Bangor High School to afford its pupils an enriched curriculum, and a broader, more satisfying program of activities, all during school hours. It is hoped that the longer day will permit the advance of such activities as physical education, music, art, even education in safety and driving. These hopes have not yet been realized. They probably will not be so for several years. Such changes must of necessity be gradual.

There are two main reasons for the hour-length periods. The first is psychological. It has been found that the human mind requires some time to adjust itself to a given situation, i. e., to warm up. Football players spend quite a long time warming up and limbering up their muscles before a game. In the same way, one's mind needs to be limbered. If one is coming from an English class, where *Hamlet* has been under discussion, to his geometry period, he requires a few minutes to get himself into a proper attitude for studying geometry. Also, at the beginning of a period, there is apt to be confusion, what with getting settled in the seats, and putting books in desks, before the class can even start. With short periods, the class barely gets into its stride before the bell rings. Hence, the first reason for the long periods.

The second reason deals with assignments and the much-discussed supervised study. It has been our experience that the assignment is usually given out after the warning bell has sounded. That leaves the student to puzzle out the lesson and its meaning for himself. Now, puzzling is certainly good mental exercise, and it is good for a student to be independent. But as often as not, after puzzling for some time, he arrives at the wrong conclusion. Then he has not only to learn the correct answer in class, but to unlearn the wrong one, which makes the lesson doubly difficult and confusing. The trend today is to place less emphasis on the recitation, and more on the assignment for the coming day. That is supervised study. In an ideal

(Please turn to page thirty-two)



Fall Fashions



You're off for a touchdown if you're wearing this darling, cadet blue, reversible. Marydel Coolidge, a sophomore at Bangor High, is our model, and a very nice one she makes, (*n'est-ce pas*)?

The jacket comes in that new finger tip length, and is fashioned in corduroy, for fair weather—garbardine, for foul. There is a very jaunty, detachable hood and striking silver buttons to give it a military smoothness. Three patch pockets add further charm to this all around "double-or-nothin'" jacket.

The skirt she is wearing is an imported tweed, with a dashing plaid that's as Scotch as thistle. Smartly fashioned buttons running from the waist to hem in front furnish the trimming to this grand school skirt.

"Sock-'ems", that's what those boxing mitts are called. They are made of capeskin and are wool lined, coming in fire-drill, red, white, royal blue, and kelly green. They're the sporting thing to wear this fall and are as new as a minute. Rine's, 43 Main Street, in Bangor, is the store carrying the cadet blue reversible, imported tweed skirt, and the "sock-'ems."

Your fashion editor, Louise Eastman, is there with the rest of them, cheering the home team, in an ultra smart coat. This is a coat for the really smartly dressed spectator of sports this season. Fashion dictates that at every football game the costume which will win the most applause will be a fur trimmed suit or coat.

Louise is wearing a beautiful hand-tailored coat, done on princess lines, with tiny buttons running down the front. The skirt has its fullness at the front which falls into beautifully draped folds, banded at the bottom by swirls of martin matched by the close fitting collar of the same fur. The interlining is of lambs wool to protect you from those icy chills of winter. The lining is done in gorgeous satin.

The hat we chose to set off the natural colors of the coat is an intricately draped turban, accented by a forward-topping affair. It has enough chic to satisfy any young heart.

The Besse System is the store to visit if you desire to be ahead of the fashion in this dashing costume.



Bloused Silhouettes

Here, right here, right in the middle of a mode where almost every dress is flared—here is a slim frock with a bloused top. It is not the death sentence of the flared frock, however, for people love flares and will continue to wear them. About half and half, that's the right proportion.



Those chill days are just a flip of the calendar away, so step out with a new fall coat. Nothing could be more suitable for any high school girl than this one, done in aqua and brown herringbone and modeled by Louise Eastman. The double breasted front is smartly cut to give that divinely tapered look at the waist-line. Six buttons accent the top, two V shaped pockets, set at an angle to flatter the waistline, accent the skirt. This is a grand winter coat and will keep you as warm as can be.

The hat is a navy blue Bretton sailor. Navy blue to match the buttons on the coat. It is fashioned in French felt, trimmed with navy blue grosgrain ribbon.

Many other fine coats and hats are sold by the Besse System also. In fact we had a very hard time deciding which ones were best for the fashion column. If you want a new winter coat, dress, or hat the place to go is the Besse System.

Big Pins

Big pins are rivals of necklaces this season, but don't wear them centered at the neckline. It is new to leave

the neck perfectly bare and pin the brooch to the left shoulder. Patriotic pins are the ones.

Pompadour Hats

Pompadour hats have arrived, the kind of hats that the Duchess of Windsor has been wearing. These are little turbans set on the back of the head showing the roll of your pompadour hair-do.

Red Coats

Red coats have come, and are still coming. Believe it or not (Ripley), red can be worn with many colors, off blue, navy, dull green, beige, black, and grey. Let's see a lot of them.

Oooo, la, la. what have we here, a French maiden? No, it's our own cheer leader, Norma Quinn. Doesn't she look as if she had just stepped from the pages of *Mademoiselle*, in this darling, pinafore dress? The skirt, done in navy blue corduroy, is closed at the side by a zipper to give you a nicely concealed closing. Two pockets lend an extra fashion note to this smoothly tailored pinafore. The canary yellow blouse is of serge. It is just the material to give the shoulders that stand-out-ness they need and the reversible neckline that neat, tailored look. We found this, after much hunting, at Burdell's, the store for last minute fashions for the younger set.





Outside The Classroom

Assemblies

ASSEMBLY—OCTOBER 27

THE curtain went up on the 1940-1941 ORACLE board as the whole school gathered for the first time in the ever-popular assembly hall this fall. The jolly play "Recompense" from the talented pen of Louise Eastman, the ORACLE'S style-conscious fashion editor, started the ball rolling for the subscription drive. Charles Jellison and Phyllis Lipsky, who were the feature players, brought "The Recompense" to life as they easily acted the parts of the football hero and his flighty girl-friend. The hero's friends, Stan, played by Joe Chaplin, and Frank, played by Bennie Segal, together with the football coach, "Moose" Murdock, and Charlie Jellison's "mother" and "father", Janice Ames and Sidney Bamford respectively, and the editor in chief of the *Oracle*, Bryant O'Brien, in real life Alfred Perry, completed the cast.

Alfred Perry, recalled the fact that this is the forty eighth consecutive year of the ORACLE and that its age has only increased its quality and quantity. Business manager, Tom Hilton, reminded us to use this opportunity to become acquainted with the ORACLE.

The orchestra ably provided musical moments and the showing of the colors added a patriotic note as the assembly closed with the "Star Spangled Banner."

ASSEMBLY—OCTOBER 4

OUR second assembly came sizzling off the stage in the form of a rousing rally, October 4th, with all the trimmings—band, cheerleaders, twirlers, and the "quality" of our school, the football squad.

Nicky Vafiades was one of the best master of ceremonies we have ever had, and after a brief and interesting talk, he introduced the starting line up for tomorrow's tussle with John Bapst.

Coach Nanigian and Al Kent gave their versions of a pep-talk and had little trouble in convincing us that the Rams would waste no time in showing Bapst that the best man always wins.

Paul Coleman and Garland Strang spoke on the subject of hearing as well as seeing the students at the field.

The twirlers in startling new outfits put on a clever display of drill formations.

The assembly hall thrilled with cheers and the showing of the colors closed a program enjoyed by students and faculty alike.

Debate Club

This year the Debate Club begins its season with a new faculty adviser, Miss Alice Stewart. The club got off to a good start in its first meeting with 89 members present. Later registrations brought the fall membership to 126. At the organization meeting, the following officers were chosen to head the club during the coming season: Nicholas Brontas, President; Charles Jellison, Vice-president; Raymond Jones, Secretary; and Frances Johnson, Corresponding Secretary.

First event of the fall program was the annual Candy Sale in charge of a committee consisting of Nicholas Brontas, Fred Bean, Mary Farrar, and Prudence Speirs. Funds from the sale are to finance the fall debate program.

The Club also is bringing to Bangor this fall one of the country's outstanding lecturers, details of whose appearance will be announced later.

Active debating plans for the fall season include one or more practice debates, and participation in the Bowdoin League. The League this year is advocating that the President of the United States be elected for one six year term only. The final forum is to be held Dec. 14 at Brunswick. With at least two veteran debaters available, Bangor's chances of placing high on the list of competing schools are good.

Rifle Club

The first meeting of the Rifle Club was held on September 30 with about 73 applicants turning out. The new members were shown how to care for the rifles and
(Please turn to page twenty-five)

PASSING IN REVIEW

Marise Reaviel. Need more be said? She's another who bears the torch of the senior class. Attractive, I call her, with a capital A. Marise attributes her beauty to long hours of sleep. I guess we'd all better try getting more sleep. Right? Right! This brave individual checks off each rule at Natarswi as she breaks it. She swims at her best, so the gal scouts say, in the wee hours—the air is much more invigorating or sumpin'. She'd much rather spend the day out of school when there really isn't anything to come for. All in all, "I'll bet she was a villain when she was young."

Francis Pearson. "Give me an Italian Sandwich, Hedy Lamarr, and let me go skiing," says Bus, "and I'll be happy!" (Who wouldn't?)

Roast pork, pretty girls, chemistry, football, and hunting are a few more things that Bus enjoys.

In fact, his only two dislikes are squash and Greta Garbo. The last two years, Bus has been a crack shot on the rifle team.

Bussy has had his heart set on Annapolis for sometime; so his eagle eye and liking for girls should help him no end.

Elaine Enman. Elaine is a member of the exclusive senior class. (No freedom of speech allowed!) Listen to this, boys; she plays hockey, softball, and basketball. This certainly proves that she's no backward lassie. Poor girl, she reads fiction and practically believes it. That, however, doesn't include school books.

And even more this well-liked senior can do; she can ski and skate. Elaine confesses that her ambition is to be a doctor and have a man nurse. (Why wouldn't it be easier to be a nurse and have a man doctor?) All in all, Westbrook, you're going to have your hands full with this 113 pound flash of dynamite.

Arthur Eaton. Introducing to you Artie Eaton, live wire of the senior class.

"French and I aren't such good friends," says Arty, "but the rest of us get along swell."

Fishing, hunting, hiking, swimming, and football keep Arty on the go, but his chief delight in the summer is giving the camp truck at Jordon flying lessons.

Arty, of the indelible smile, states that Donald Duck is divine, and chocolate milk is scrumptious, but mince-meat pies should be shot, which just goes to show that you can't please even Arty all the time.



Sidney Bamford. This tall blond junior is none other than "Sid" Bamford, one of the ringleaders of the Fairmount gang.

In case you're interested in that wavy hair, it's all done by shredded wheat!

Baseball is where Sid excels, but swimming, football, and hockey make the rest of the year worth living for.

Errol Flynn is his man of the cinema, but he bashfully admits that Ann Sheridan makes his lil' heart go piti-pat.

Sid swings a mean lead pencil in his spare time and plans someday to put Walt Disney out of business.

Patricia Connelly. Pat confesses that she simply adores those new Chevrolet convertibles, taking into consideration, of course, what's in them. And this terrific heart-breaker actually enjoys her own cooking. I mean, she really eats it!

Wise men tell us that eels frighten the timid gal to death. (Notice how that is inside information).

If you want some real attention from this gal, just take her to one of those mystery thrillers; she confesses that she always grabs the person sitting next to her.

Sherwood Jones. Just one of the Jones boys, Sherwood of the silly sops., to be exact!

Whether it's swimming, skiing, tennis, or football, Jonesie is always in there.

Latin, and keeping the neighbors awake with his "infernal" trombone help pass the long winter evenings, but, in the good old summer time, he keeps the girls down South China way guessing.

"Any movie with a dame in it is O. K. with me," says Sherwood, "but Lana Turner and Ginger Rogers are mighty purty!"

Jonesie intends to make Bowdoin his headquarters after graduating.

Jeanne Archer. But this Jeannie hasn't light brown hair—no siree, she's an exciting blond.

Just like the rest of the sophomore class, she's often seen cracking peanuts in the last row of a movie house. When it comes to diving, you'll find Jeanne up at 'em. Maybe we could arrange for her to give a few lessons.

She claims to be another one of them thar' cooks, and if she had her way, squash and turnip would be kept in the market, just for display. Blue is her favorite color, but if she values her life, she'd better stick to the red and white of B. H. S.



Hokum

Hi ya, mes petites papillons. . .and how is the world treating you??? or maybe perchance it isn't. After a much too short summer of carousin' around (as in the case of Mary Carolyn Freese) the ghastly fact remains that here we find our little selves zooming through the venerable halls and around the suicidal corners of dear old B. H. S. for another two semesters of simulated study. Also right (take it any way you want to) on the job is Ye Hallowed Hokum Ed. with scandalous sequences in the lives of the scholars (just for the sake of alliteration, m'frans) from corridor to corridor and room to room.

Question: What has a certain John Gillen, fugitive from Fryeburg, got that wows 'em? We meant to ask Jeanne Archer, but it slipped the old overworked mind (no *obvious* wise-cracks, Jellison, smarten up). Oh well, Liz Burns will tell all. . .or maybe Miss Ramsdell can shed some light on the whys et wherefores.

Agent SUB—1 has unearthed conclusive evidence to prove that the feminine hearts of good old Newberry Neck have been observed to invariably palpitate. . . but wildly. . .in the presence of one Ross St. Germaine. Further testimony proves sans doute that Jug's heart also does an occasional flutter for a Marble head, Mass., miss.

Ruth Fletcher's favorite dish these days seems to be Bacon. . .the Hampden brand of course. And Hampden will remind one of—oh, f'r instance—Ruth Palmer—While we're not on the subject. Mr. Jonason sure gets around—in Brewer—He knows all the gals—even including the So. Brewer feminine population.

Jack "Sophomore" Lord, in spite of his tender years, is hep to the wicked wiles of this here world. Sure as Marise and Stuart, the dear child actually bribed someone to take him out to Higgins. . .if only for a brief glimpse, huh, Lard? ? But don't get discouraged, m'boy, we all live for week-ends. . .even such solemn seniors as Dotty Murch and Alice Warren! Golly, aren't those happy little hats and brilliant green ties becoming, gals? ? Speaking of frosh and kids in general. WHY the silence from those sweet young things in the sophomore class? ? Won't anyone spill the low-down on Bonnie, and Fradelle and Prudie, and Co. Such loyalty is alarming to those in our position.

Believe It or Leave It: Even a special meeting of the Secret Society of Snoopers and So-forth, Un-inc., failed to reach a decision on the pressing question of "Is Neal Biennan's snorky (Hi ya, Katie Taylor! !) coiffure a gesture of defiance or a sign of deep mourning?" If, by any volvens fatis, 'tis the latter, keep in mind, dear reader, these immortal words:

(quote) He who loves and gets the gate,

Will live to love another date! (unquote)

A certain senior femme (hint: first initial E.—as in Elsa) has acquired a southern drawl (AND a gold megaphone) since her Maine cheer-leader transferred to No'th Ca'linah State. No doubt so's she can talk to him 'long 'bout Christmastime, huh, honey-chile? ?

Gawsh keeds,, do you s'pose Bud Mullins knows about all of those broken heart's he's caused? ? 'Tis rumored 'round that the B. Hill-Sal Pearson "parting is such sweet sorrow" scb session was something to observe. And did the sad story of Sally's ring ever reach a "successful" conclusion?? Alden Elliott ought to have the answer to that. . .if not the ring itself. Speaking of Pearson, *was* that Francis with Frances. . . . or do mine optics mislead me? ?

To Mon Ami, "Anonymous": Please attach proof to those masterful pen-squeaks, old pal. How do we know that Herky Dauphinee ever even went to Bar Harbor . . .party or no? ? or that John Woodman said that at all? ? or that Marilyn Hibbard is the "left" corner of that geometric figure whose other corners are Clayton Veno and a gal we all know? ?

The only thing that Janet Reid has said for weeks is, "Gee, he has beautiful eyes!". . .and how can we prove that, unless we question Paul? ? ? Wendy "Killer Diller" Cary wants it understood here and now that he can't tolerate any unfavorable publicity on account of because he's "going steady". . .and this means you, Hoke Ed. Ma foi, but afore mentioned W. C. is a pretty snakey salesman. . .and not even on the payroll! ! !

Agent SUB—O has informed headquarters that there is more to Frances Taylor's passion for football than meets the sight. It seems that her frequent visits to practice sessions are all to observe the antics of Footballer Hymie Goodwin. In other words—to mis-

quote some authority—(youse must *always* give 'em the benefit of the doubt—we do!) She goes for him—!! In the words of the immortal card—Baldy MacFarland—"Here's one for the books!"

Our esteemed Ed. Alfred (Pun) Perry emphatically asserts that the only two femmes he saw this summer were observed at a distance of not less than 100 feet, which proves that truth (?) is stranger than fiction. Ode to the Morris (by permission of John Mincher.)

Margie's sociability.

Is no more than civility; (all ignobiles volgi consult Noah W.)

'Cause Margie knows that it's a cinch,

To get another guy like Lynch. (Well—what rhymes —j'espere—with cinch? ?)

Joe Chaplin seems exceptionally anxious that his pals don't tell all about him. Could Grand Lake have anything to do with his woeful worrying? ? (Heh, Heh, that appeared (mirabile visu). Or is it the lip-stick on his dazzling white sweater? ? We allus contended that Joe looked like a man with a past. . .and a future, no, gals? ?

Garry Speirs, ESK., is quite the playwright. 'Tis even hinted that he writes from personal experience . . .under which heading should also be chalked up "The Trip to Rumford. . .or, The Case of the Drum Majorette." Barry's Wiseman' choice of a theme song, and his hep-hep revision of "In the Mood" are the chief topics of conversation hereabouts.

Speaking of theme songs reminds one of the night that Fibber Magee was buzzing along singing *his* theme, "I must see Annie tonight", when who should happen along but those two dangerous dames Polly Holden (which kept it all in the Woodman family) and her partner in crime, La Reid. Having happened along, er-I-mean-After they had happened along, they took "The Kid" up on it, and sure as Betty Brown and Bud Libby, zoomed him up to Montgomery Street before he could call the play. Then—clad in her p'j's de bleu, 'twas more than worth the price of admission, vow the 'fore-mentioned villainesses, to see the blushes come and go. Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! !! To be an eye-witness to such a predicament must be simply super. . .would that 'twould befall a Hokum Ed.

Beauteous "Mimi" Merrill just can't find any local talent to keep her happy. Prior to now, she never had any trouble, but "them days is gone. . .forever? ?." Now, nothing short of Maplewood, N. J., fills the requirements.

Big John and little Flo Prusaitis are still under the spell. You ain't lyin' Laura Springer. . .there *is* something 'bout a cop! Shucks, keeds, isn't it wonderful the way Iggie Palmer and Edgar Pearson sorta sit and

stare at each other more'n more? ? ? And we hear that a pal of ours is being "folletted" around these days—Tsk Tsk—*such* goings on! !

Just to prove to any and all sceptics that he *is* just a little ray of sunshine, Fred Woodman chased Polly Holden for a good half-mile with a razor—while Dick Erickson stood by and cheered excitedly—whom he cheered for, was not made quite clear in the 77th hand account that we invariably get.

ACTIVITIES

RIFLE CLUB

(continued from page twenty-two)

were taught numerous safety precautions. In the future, the membership will be reduced to around 35. The club, as in former years, is under the capable direction of Sargent Donchez. As the *Oracle* went to press, the officers had not yet been elected.

(continued from page twenty-two)

LATIN CLUB

Forty-four Junior and Seniors gathered in 307 on Sept. 20th, to elect Latin Club Officers for the first half of the school year. Ruth Butterfield and Charles Jellison served as a nominating committee.

The following officers were duly elected, and will take the oath of office at the October meeting.

Consuls	{ Raymond Jones, '41
	{ Janice Minott, '42
Quaestor	—Joan Kirkpatrick, '41
Praetor	—Pauline Collins, '42
Curator	—Helen Boulter, '42
Tribunes	{ Joanne Springer, '42
	{ Rosalie Mansfield, '42
Aediles	{ Esther Smith, '42
	{ Mary Spangler, '42
	{ Donald Fowler, '41
	{ Robert Eddy, '42

Latin Club will meet once a month, during the Friday morning activities period. The first regular meeting was held on October 11, at which time Mrs. Cumming gave a resume of an address which she gave on October 4, at the Aroostook County Teacher's Convention, entitled, "Latin in a Changing Curriculum."

Reports from the Sophomore Latin classes tell of "good stuff" to be found there, so that the present membership of about fifty, will doubtless be greatly increased after the first quarter's ranks appear, and these ambitious young sophs. have achieved the necessary 85. Good luck to you! We well remember the grand and glorious feeling that first 85 gave us, two long years ago.

Dramatic Club

Nicholas Vafiades was elected president of the B. H. S. Dramatic Club at the organization meeting held during activity period. Other officers elected were: William Turner, vice president; Barbara Burchill, secretary; and Barry Wiseman, treasurer.

After the meeting was called to order, Miss Evelyn Haney outlined the aims and purposes of the club as follows: To promote in Bangor High School an active and more intelligent interest in dramatics.

She stated that the club itself would be divided into two groups. The active club will be made up of seniors who are interested in acting or some other line of dramatic activity. This club, which will sponsor all public performances of school plays, will meet on the following dates: Oct. 10, Nov. 14, Dec. 12. These meetings are scheduled until Christmas vacation and will be held at 2:15 P. M. The program of these meetings will consist of one-act plays, play readings, play reviews, make-up lessons, and lectures on the theatre.

The second division, called the work shop, will be open to all classes, and pupils will be known as associate members. They will take up the study of acting and the theatre. At the end of the first semester these members who have earned one office credit may be taken into the active club.

Public productions will be held on the following dates: Friday, Dec. 13, some time in March when the club will compete in the State One act play contest, and May 16. The club also will give a play in assembly Nov. 22.

The National Honor Society

The chief object of this society is to raise the secondary schools of the United States to a higher plane. It is the present hope of the living founders to direct and to center the enthusiasm of the youth of this land as they take their place in the life of our commonwealth, to the end that they will raise our high schools to the levels of more effective service in the training of the young people within their influence. Members are students who are outstanding in scholarship, service, leadership, and character. Students are chosen by members of the faculty appointed for the purpose. Fifteen percent of the class may be elected, but not over this number. Appealing to the sense of gratitude for educational benefits received, to the feeling of growth toward higher ideals, to prompting toward duty for the honor bestowed, and to the hope of developing fruitful personalities, the National Honor Society endeavors to capitalize these emotions so that, as citizens and as prominent

persons in later years, the elected members will exercise an influence that will uplift the secondary institutions of our land.

Best wishes for a successful year to the N. H. S., and the new members soon to be elected.

Commercial Club

The Bangor High School Commercial Club organized recently has held two meetings. One was devoted to the election of this years officers and their assistants, and the other, to plan for the year. Those elected were as follows: Clifton Reynolds, president; Elizabeth Curran, vice president; Thomas Keenan, treasurer; Roberta Curran, secretary; Phyllis Hurd, social chairman; Ruth Palmer, program chairman; and Arthur Jonason, publicity chairman.

Those chosen for the officers assistants were: Winifred Rose, Louis Cunningham and Florence Prusaitis, assistant social chairmen; Peggy White, Evelyn Ames, and Elizabeth Palmer, assistant program chairmen; Cathryn Cilley, Harriette McKinnon, and Elura Buck assistant publicity chairmen.

A large number of Commercial students turned out for membership, about eighty-six being present. From the large turn-out it can be correctly assumed that the peak of interest is much higher this year than ever before.

The purpose and aims of the club are to stimulate an interest in modern business methods and requirements to aid the educational, recreational, and sound development of its members and friendly cooperation for self improvement. The organization will, as in years past, invite business men from some of the concerns in the city to speak on their specialized subjects. Often the speakers impart most helpful and valuable information to the future members of the business world. Several outings and field trips are eagerly anticipated this year by the members.

The club has as councillor its able faculty advisor, Miss Janice Moore, head of the Commercial Department, who originally sponsored the organization, and who has done much to shape it to its present well organized status.

B. H. S. Band

THE Band got off to an early start this year, by calling a rehearsal the first week of school. It contributed selections for the dedication exercises of the new Garland and Fifth Street Junior High

Schools. The officers for the band this year are:

President—Moses Garland

Vice President—Albert Bean

Secretary—Ruth Blake

Treasurer—Alfred Perry

Student Leader—John Clement

Drum Major—Charles Jellison

So far, the band has been on hand with music for the football games and has played for assemblies. All indications seem to point to another successful season under the baton of Mr. Irving Devoe.

Orchestra

The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Irving Devoe, reported for its first rehearsal during the opening week of school and started with full attendance. This year, we have a well-balanced team with an unusually good string section including viola, cello, and two basses. A full trumpet section, two French horns, and trombone constitutes the brasses, and the wood-wind section has four clarinets and two flutes. Three saxophones, bass drums, snare drum and tympani, and a corps of six capable pianists complete the instrumentation.

Although the orchestra was prepared to play for the opening of the new Junior High Schools, it was decided to use the band for those occasions, but the orchestra played for the first assembly of the school year. The new seating arrangement by which the orchestra is strung along the entire width of the stage owing to the need for floor space by the students and teachers, caused some speculation as to whether the orchestra would be able to "keep together", but things seemed to move along smoothly, and the numbers played were well received.

The orchestra will alternate with the band in playing for assemblies and is working on a repertoire that will give the several sections a chance to express themselves. The organization plans to be ready to perform for any occasion.

MIRACLES CAN HAPPEN

(continued from page ten)

Now the door opened; she just couldn't stay in her chair. She took hold of the arm of it, and involuntarily stood up and when she did this, something snapped. Allan and her Mother rushed to her side. "Sit down, dear," they both said. "No, mother, I'm going to walk today, I'm going to." Her mother, terrified, could say nothing. With Allan's help, she walked to the door. There she saw her surprise party. The

guests were singing "Happy Birthday to Betty." She walked, bright eyed, with Allan, over to her friends.

She didn't have any pain in her leg. Could the bone have snapped? It could and it did. The doctor said it certainly was a miracle. Betty had known that she would walk. Faith had performed a Miracle. She had had faith every minute of those two long years.

She could walk—walk. She was never going to stop walking again. But, best of all, she and Allan would walk right out into the future together.

TO AN UNSUSPECTING MALE

(continued from page eight)

"Is this Anne? Well, I like your nerve; what makes you think you are going to that dance with Bud Ingals? He asked me a long while ago and I had planned to go with him. I wish you would please explain your little scheme."

"Why, Judy, I am sorry if I've upset any of your plans but—oh dear, there is someone at the door. I'll call you soon Judy."

"What a life! Just where do I go from here? I certainly jumped from the frying pan into the fire. Thank goodness, the bell rang; I hope it isn't Jimmie's crowd."

Anne, looking slightly worried, opened the door and then started violently and turned scarlet.

"Hello, you must be Anne. I hear we are taking the dance in; that's swell. Have you got all the dances swapped? I wish you would save a couple for me."

During this speech Anne had stood perfectly still, too astonished to speak. Was this really Bud Ingals standing there talking as if it were as commonplace as grass to have an upstart of a girl right out of a clear sky claim to be going to a dance with a boy she had never even met?

"Yes, I am Anne Graham, Won't you come in? I know I owe you quite an explanation."

"You don't owe me anything. I'm darn glad you did it; I hate all the bother of asking a girl to a dance. By the way have you got anything to feed a starving male, Anne?"

TIE CONTEST

In our next Oracle we are going to announce the winners of the tie contest. They will be the boy and the runner up who, according to a committee of five girls and your fashion editor, wore the most suitable and best looking tie during the month. Let's see your best ones, boys. We'll be watching for them.



Record of the Rams

Boy's Athletics

FOOTBALL

Back in Bangor High's starting lineup this fall are seven letter-men from last year; Capt. Garland Strang, Windy Work, Bud Mullins, Duny Work, Adrian Miner, Paul Coleman, and Moose Murdock. While, of course, we'll not forget quickly the playing of Dick Morse, Capt. Phil Higgins, Bob Emerson, Hal Littlefield, and Burleigh Carson, it looks as though, with the experienced subs of last year and good-looking newcomers, this year's Rams will maintain the fine record of last year's team or even do better.

This year's schedule follows:

Sept. 14	Brewer
Sept. 21	at Waterville
Sept. 28	at Rumford
Oct. 5	John Bapst
Oct. 12	Winslow
Oct. 19	Higgins
Oct. 26	Open
Nov. 2	Lewiston
Nov. 11	at Brewer

BANGOR 7, BREWER 0

Bangor High's Rams opened their 1940 grid season with a 7—0 win over a scrappy Brewer team. The Rams, heavy favorites, were not really able to get rolling until late in the fourth quarter, although they did hold a slight advantage in ground gaining throughout the game. However, with a few minutes left to play, Bangor started near its own twenty and, sparked by "Fibber" Magee, promising sophomore substitute for Windy Work, and Dougie Harrington, drove to a touchdown which came after actual playing time had expired. On the last play of the game, interference was ruled against Brewers and Bangor was granted one play. With the ball on the eleven yard line, Dougie Harrington took the ball and fading, threw a quick pass to Upton in the corner of the end zone. Then Herky Dauphinee kicked the extra point from placement. Outstanding for Bangor were Windy Work, Dougie Harrington, and Fibber Magee in the backfield, and Capt. Strang and Paul Coleman in the line.

BANGOR 32, WATERVILLE 7

In winning their second win of the season, the Bangor Rams scored five touchdowns against a lighter Waterville eleven. They kept the scrappy Waterville team on the defense nearly the whole game. Windy Work opened the scoring in the first after Harrington had set up the score with a 30-yard run. Mullins kicked the point after. Waterville evened it up in the second period, displaying a fine passing attack. After that it was all Bangor. Dauphinee went over from the one yard marker in the third and scored again in the fourth. Dougie Harrington then ran back brilliantly, a punt to make the score 25—7. Mullins concluded the scoring by going over in two successive tries from the 19 yard line and place kicking the extra. In this game the Rams showed great all around power and great improvement over their opening game with Brewer. The backfield proved to have plenty of ability at ground gaining and should take care of the scoring admirably this year. In the line, Capt. Garland Strang and Paul Coleman were outstanding.

BANGOR 27, RUMFORD 6

The Rams now have three victories in as many starts, after a convincing 27—6 victory over a fighting Rumford team. The Rams started slowly but carried the fight to Rumford during the whole game and when they rolled, they were unstoppable. The first score came in the second quarter when Windy Work went through the center of the line and broke away for a touch-down. Dougie Harrington passed to Upton early in the third, and he dashed over for the second touchdown. Dauphinee kicked the point. In the fourth period, Work and Harrington added 14 points to the Rams' score on two passes; first, a 20 yard pass from Work to Harrington and then a short 9 yard pass from Harrington to Work. Windy kicked both of the points. Rumford's lone score came in the last quarter against Bangor's second team. Windy Work paced the Rams' attack with two scores, passing to another and kicking two of the points after; however, Dougie Harrington, Bud Mullins, and Herky Dauphinee also did fine jobs. In the line, Capt. Garland Strang at end was outstanding.

OTHER GAMES

Bangor.....	32
Waterville.....	7
<hr/>	
Bangor.....	27
Rumford.....	6
<hr/>	
Bangor.....	33
John Bapst.....	0
<hr/>	
Bangor.....	26
Winslow.....	0

CROSS COUNTRY

Since September 12, 25 men have been working out daily at Mary Snow field under Mr. Soule, who succeeds Mr. Charles O'Connor as cross country and track coach. There are four veterans from last year's team; Turner, Farrell, Jennison and Hunt. Among the other outstanding men are, Rogan, Williams, Petterson, Penny-packer, and Leavitt.

This year's schedule is as follows: (All meets at University of Maine.)

- Oct. 5 Maine Freshmen
- Oct. 10 Winter Harbor
- Oct. 16 Bar Harbor
- Oct. 22 Old Town
- Nov. 1 Old Town, Bar Harbor, Winter Harbor
- Nov. 8 State Meet

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The 1940 girls' hockey season has started, each class hoping that this will be its year to win the cup.

In order to get ready for the games to be played this season, the girls have been holding practices at Little City Park under the direction of Miss McGuire, our coach and physical education teacher. This season's games are to be played at three o'clock on the following dates unless it rains:

- Seniors vs. Juniors.....Oct. 14
- Juniors vs. Sophomores.....Oct. 17
- Seniors vs. Sophomores.....Oct. 18
- Seniors vs. Juniors.....Oct. 21
- Juniors vs. Sophomores.....Oct. 22
- Seniors vs. Sophomores.....Oct. 28

Senior council girls assisting Miss McGuire are Ruth Palmer and Florence Prusaitis coaching the Sophomores; Jenny Johnson and Louine Kimball coaching the Juniors. The Seniors are coached by Miss McGuire.

This year the manager of hockey is Florence Prusaitis with Marie Duffy as her assistant. The other members of the G. A. H. C. are linemen.

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NEW SYSTEM

(continued from page nineteen)

situation, supervised study would consume, on the average, half, if not three quarters, of class time. Of course, this would vary from day to day.

Many people suppose that supervised study means less home study. That is not what is meant at all. The purpose of supervised study is to acquaint the student with the main stumbling blocks of an assignment—that is, points that experience has proved to be especially difficult for the student to grasp—and to enable him to do the same amount of home study more quickly, and, at the same time, more successfully. In short, the purpose of supervised study is to teach pupils how to study. That would not deprive the student of independence in study, and it would not only be good mental training, but would afford him more time in which to do worthwhile things, such as reading good books, and becoming proficient in worthwhile hobbies.

Supervised study is one of the advantages of the revised program that we should expect to realize immediately. And we can further the success of this venture materially by trying hard to understand why our program has been changed, and by carrying our lunch pails cheerfully until a better arrangement is possible!

THE MIDNIGHT CHASE

(continued from page thirteen)

more; then he flopped down behind a large lilac bush to catch his breath. He had rested there but a moment, when down the street came that same dark, mysterious



shadow. The hunted jumped up once more and ran on. The chase continued for hours, it seemed, and his legs would hardly stand up, but still the shadow fol-

(continued on page thirty-six)

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MOONLIGHT AND NOSES

(continued from page fourteen)

Marks' geometry problems, a date was set. Dolly was coming to Bill's house, well coached in her part too.

At eight o'clock Bill, nervous, but with a "do or die" expression on his face, answered the summons of the bell. "Oh—ah—well, this is—," stammered Our Hero. "Aren't you going to ask me in?" came the musical voice of "Miss Skulduggery" as she breezed past him, not giving him time to answer.

Needless to say, Bill was slightly disconcerted. He followed meekly in the wake of the delightful Dolly, the essence of "Fleur d' Amour" filling the room, and stood looking on as she seated herself at one end of the table. She looked up inquiringly, and Bill pulled himself together manfully and got down to business.

A half hour later he was convinced that Dolly was only made to tackle bon-bons. She, apparently, had lost her interest, for was gazing wistfully into the garden. Some how or other Bill mentioned fresh air, and Dolly pulled him into the garden before you can say "groove." So there they were, all "four" of them. By this time, Ginnie and Steve had come around to see what was going on. Concealed behind some very uncomfortable shrubbery, they watched Dolly snuggle up to Bill, and Bill, with a pleasant haziness enveloping him, put his arm around her masterfully.

The setting was perfect. The smell of roses floated on the warm spring breeze. The moon sent down its bright rays to weave lacy patterns on the garden floor. At a time like this, Bill would've promised to play "Boogit" standing on his head; that is, he would have if "it" hadn't happened.

Just as he was going to fulfill Steve's dream, a raucous sound broke the sacred silence. It was Bill! He sneezed! It was his rose fever! Steve and Ginnie felt their plans crash about their ears, for Dolly humphed, and Bill, eyes streaming, rudely dumped that dainty personage on the ground and fled to the house.

Ginnie said mournfully at last, "There goes our last chance."

"Um—m," only this from Steve.

"Disgusting, huh?"

"Um—m."

"Might as well give up."

"Um—m." Several moments of heartbreaking silence.

"Ginnie, I've got it," screamed Steve.

"Oh, Lord, here we go again."

Jellison: I thought Virgil died 2000 years ago.

Campbell: He did.

Jellison: Well, Mrs. Cumming says she teaches him.

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THE MIDNIGHT CHASE*continued from page thirty-two*

lowed. It was slowly gaining on the fugitive. The runner became desperate, then panic-stricken. He could not elude this creature.

The two runners were not alone in the night. A long distance from where the chase had started, a bevy of skunks had been feasting on some corn-stalks in a garden behind an unused barn. Now quite full, they had stopped for a moment's romp in the field, before returning to their home for their nap. The mother, fearing nothing, was intent upon her children's antics and was not so vigilant this night as some. Suddenly, around the barn, through the garden, and into the field, came a big, black, scampering shadow. The intruder was upon them before they knew it, and they were completely surprised. Thinking of nothing but their own safety, they hastily jumped out of the way. The intruder hurried on. The skunk family settled down, but suddenly came another shadow. This time they were prepared to receive their visitor, and they received him in a manner quite unpleasant to the mysterious runner. He stopped suddenly, then departed in the direction from whence he had come, quite as quickly. The first ran on, then finally sat down to rest, not too broken-hearted at his foe's little "accident." Then he slowly walked up the nearby street, heaving a sigh of relief, and whistled beneath a window in one of the many houses on that street. Soon there came an answer and he walked up on the porch. The light was snapped on and the door opened.

"Hello, Tommy, what made you so late?" chirped a musical voice whose owner was a pretty girl with big brown, questioning eyes and smooth, black hair.

"Hello, Mary Jane," answered Tommy, "I had a terrible time trying to skip my little brother. The pest followed me everywhere."

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