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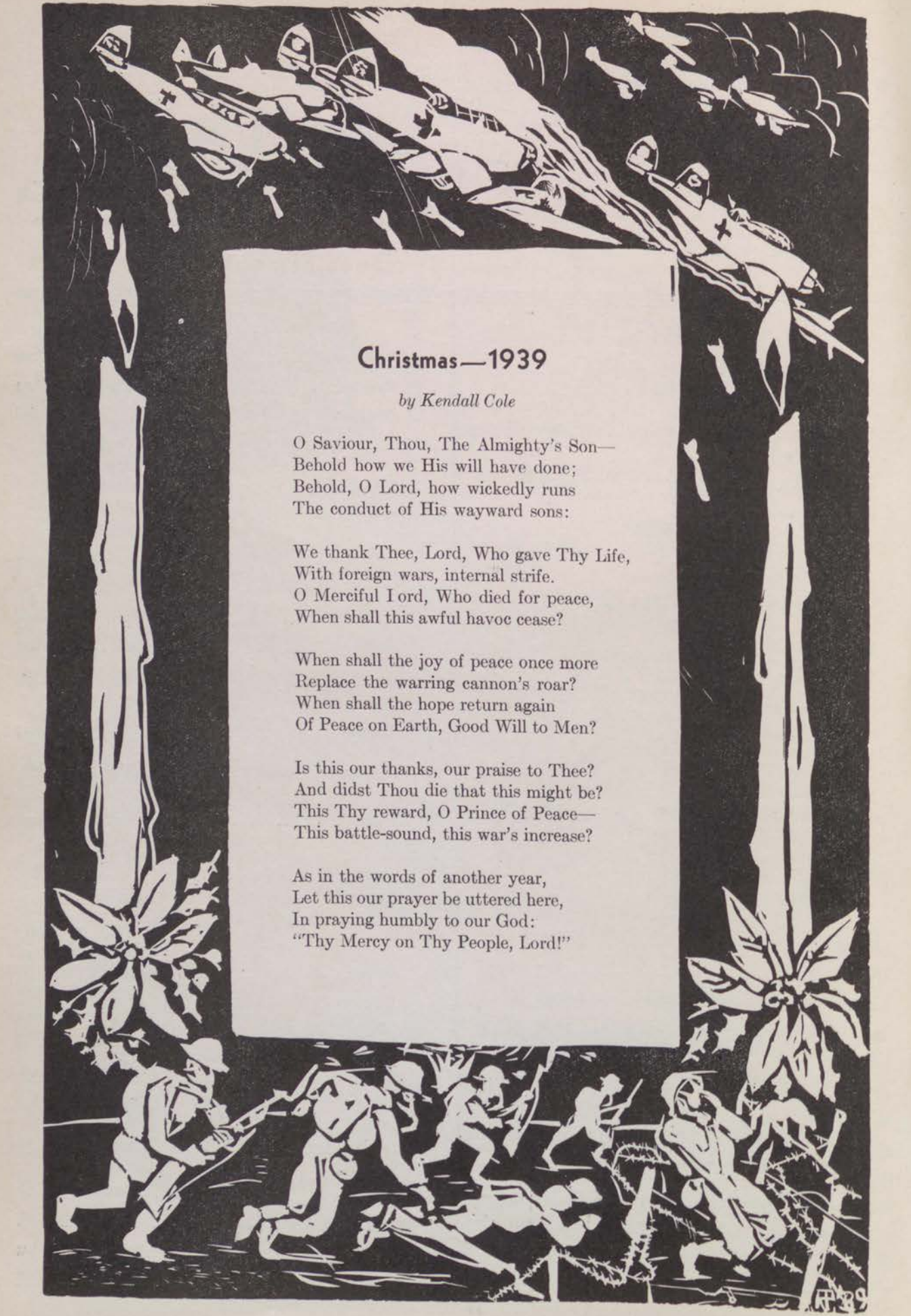
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Christmas—1939

by Kendall Cole

O Saviour, Thou, The Almighty's Son—
Behold how we His will have done;
Behold, O Lord, how wickedly runs
The conduct of His wayward sons:

We thank Thee, Lord, Who gave Thy Life,
With foreign wars, internal strife.
O Merciful Lord, Who died for peace,
When shall this awful havoc cease?

When shall the joy of peace once more
Replace the warring cannon's roar?
When shall the hope return again
Of Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men?

Is this our thanks, our praise to Thee?
And didst Thou die that this might be?
This Thy reward, O Prince of Peace—
This battle-sound, this war's increase?

As in the words of another year,
Let this our prayer be uttered here,
In praying humbly to our God:
"Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!"

Case of the Missing Manuscript

PAUL FORD

SENIOR



All that is base, all that is evil, all that is nefarious is brought together under the one name of Therma K. Kylestone, latest literary monstrosity created by the warped mind of morbid Hokumist Paul G. Ford. He says he got the idea during a nightmare, and we are of the firm opinion that he isn't lying. It's superlative, stupendous, stupidious . . . er . . . well, anyway, read it. It's swell.

THE clock at the end of the study hall clicked to half past four. Already the room was in shadows, for darkness falls early in late October. The room was vacated save for one lone person who sat writing at a desk near the window. Laboriously did he scribble, his tongue protruding through his lips at every word of more than three syllables. This lone figure, Bob Dureau, was the only hope that Westland High had for overcoming Middletown Hights the next day; but luckless Bob was banned from the game because the sardonic Miss Kylestone had reported to the athletic office that Bob had neglected to pass in an essay, due that day, which had been assigned a month previously.

"I regret my position," she had said with that sarcastic smile so peculiar to her, "but I must report this incomplete work to the office. I hate to do this," she continued, not relaxing a muscle of her iron countenance, "but it is my duty as an instructor to enforce the regulations of this institution. Painful, however, is my duty in executing this regulation, but duty is duty," she icily added, compressing her thin lips. This said, she withdrew majestically to the athletic office where she dutifully made the complaint.

Back in her room she summoned Bob to her. Removing from her hair a pencil which had been there so long that it was regarded by all as part of her headgear, she began filling in his failure notice.

"Needless to say, the displeasure that this duty causes me is of the greatest, Mr. Dureau, but there is nothing I can do with one so irresponsible. I have been very lenient with you thus far. I have spoken; you may withdraw." Throughout the entirety of this

speech she had not lifted her stony countenance from the failure notice she was filling in.

"But Miss Kylestone," wailed Bob, "didn't you find my essay on your desk? I placed it there a week after it was assigned. It was here in this very room. I distinctly—"

"I found nothing of the sort," she answered in a voice as cold as steel. "Need I request the second time that you retire to the room whence you so recently came?"



Therma K. Kylestone

As she glared icily at him, he was only too glad to take his departure.

"I'm sorry there's nothing I can do," Mr. Graham, the principal, said kindly when Bob came to him for assistance. "Wait a moment though," he reflected, "didn't Miss Kylestone say that the essays had to be in

before school closed today?"

"Yes, she did," answered Bob hazily, "but I—"

"Well then, school isn't over until 4:45 this afternoon, and if you have written the essay once, you can easily rewrite it, having already read the necessary volumes. Come back this afternoon when you have finished lunch, and write it here in one of the vacant study halls, so that I can be a witness and say you did it by yourself. If you finish before 4:45, Westland will have a chance tomorrow."

Bursting with exuberance, Bob was back at school by 1:30 and, alone in the hall, set about to write his 2000 word essay on *How the Egyptian Government of the First Dynasty Directly Affects the Nazi Movement in the U. S. Today*.



Laboriously did he scribble.

And so it is at this time that we find Bob in the gloomy study hall, his arm nearly broken from writing steadily for three hours. So intently does he write that he does not observe the opening of the door nor does he see the disdainful figure of the malefactor, Miss Kylestone, superciliously glide in just as a snake, having cornered a hated enemy, silently glides up to it, its head held high in arrogance.

Her mordant voice broke the tomb-like silence with exasperating calm as she employed her voice with these words, "Hello, Mister Dureau," Her face cracked in many places due to this facial contraction which was without doubt the first smile it had formed for forty years. A mumbled affirmative was the only reply.

Again her oily voice rent the air, "My gracious, I left my keys in the office, Bob. Would you just as soon run down to get them for me?"

Bob looked at the clock. 4:35. "Yes," he thought, "in ten minutes, I'll be more than through, and revenge will be mine."

Without a word, he arose and went to execute her bidding. The time he was out of the room was perhaps not more than two minutes, but upon returning he saw with horror that *his essay was gone!* "What have you done with my essay?" he bellowed into the face of the hated pedagogue.

The startled instructor stood aghast. "Why. . . er. . . I haven't touched it," she stammered. After you went down stairs, I stepped into Miss MacFee's room a moment but—"

(Please turn to page thirty)

In Defense of Gum-Chewing

by Frances Whitney

AMONG the many habits which are considered ill-bred and vulgar, chewing gum is one of the most common. Many people think of cows chewing their cud whenever they see a person chewing gum. Teachers especially are opposed to the idea. To them it is an unpardonable sin. Most teachers delight in catching a pupil just after he has replenished his motor with a fresh supply. At least one package of perfectly good gum is wasted in every class. If employers were as strict as teachers, they would soon run out of stenographers.

I get a great deal of pleasure out of chewing gum. Like other chewers who have mastered the art, I have acquired a perfect rhythm that is soothing to weary nerves and an overtaxed brain. The rubbery resistance of the gum is an added pleasure. I am truly sorry for those who do not chew gum, for they cannot realize what they are missing.

Gum-chewing is an old art. Our ancestors did not get their gum, however, from factories and stores, but from nature. In the spring, sap comes out of the spruce trees and forms a soft substance which is considered excellent gum. The inner bark of the slippery elm is, as the name implies, a very satisfactory substance for prolonged mastication. Nothing could make our gum-chewing ancestors any happier than to sit around an open fire, chewing a piece of slippery elm and forgetting the troubles of the day.

Expert gum-chewers are seldom seen chewing. They have perfected the art to such a degree that they can chew unobserved. The gum is held in a certain spot where it cannot be seen and will not interfere with the chewer's speech. This method does not attract attention, and for this reason it gives the chewer a certain satisfaction in fooling the teacher.

When earth's last picture is painted, I suppose gum-chewers will dwell in an Elysian field of their own and chew a divine sort of lotus to the music of celestial lyres.

Bridegrooms are Gay

by George Robinson

George Robinson, the brilliant blond senior who gave you those swell stories last year, takes time out from writing his movie column and returns with another hit. We know that you'll like its candid style and swift surprising ending.

FRANNY Dexter, a New Yorker born in Duluth, was fleeing from the sophisticated, paralytic boredom of the big town to the naive, insipid boredom of cousin Peggy's in Bayton.

She gazed idly at the fields which rushed past her train. When she contemplated her trip to Peggy's—dull, ingenious, fatuous Peggy's—it seemed like running from one plague to another. Her terribly tiresome routine of posing hour after hour under hot, flaring lights, and then dancing with some bald-headed advertiser who trod on her pumps had stripped New York of all its psuedo-romance. Yet, the only difference between the small-talk of New York and the chatter of Bayton would be in their various phases of monotony.

Franny knew what she wanted—a man. She knew plenty of men in New York, but they were all effeminate businessmen, about as interesting as a tubeless radio.

When Franny turned her eyes away from the train window, she caught sight of big game striding down the aisle toward her—big game with broad shoulders and a dazzling necktie. Impulsively, she pushed her valise into the unsuspecting man's path. He stopped with gallant gesture and scooped up the dainty bag. His stormy gray eyes flashed her a where-have-you-been-all-my-life look, and he put the valise beside her on the seat.

"Oh, thank you," she cooed. "It was careless of me to leave my bag in the aisle."

"Careless? I'd say it was darn considerate. I almost missed seeing a very lovely girl."

Franny wished she had not forgotten how to blush. Blushes are very appropriate, at times.

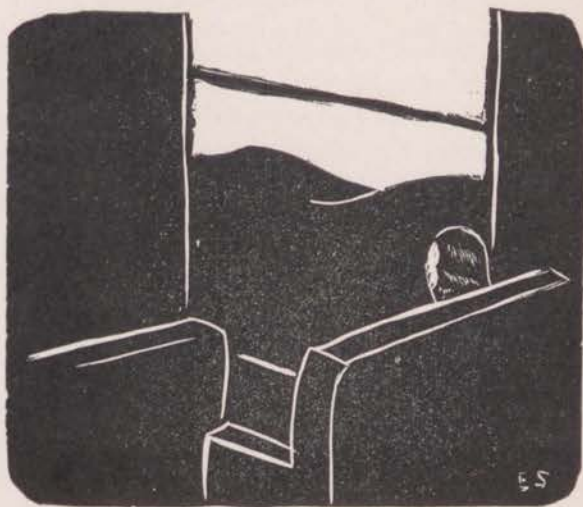
He seated himself across from her, then said, "May I sit here? We really should keep each other company, you know. Trains are apt to be lonely."

"I've always found them rather fun," maintained Franny.

He shrugged. "Maybe you're right, but we must kill time. The conventional way would be for you to tell me your name. Or don't you obey conventions?"

"I'm nothing if not obedient. Call me Frances. Frances Dexter."

"I'm Larry MacPhail, dealer in art, furniture, and other assorted rubbish," he alleged. "I've never been



She gazed idly at the fields.

to war, to jail, or to church. My father was a preacher and my mother an atheist. I am definitely not a self-made man; in fact, I have never made anything worthwhile except some delicious chocolate fudge. Most of my life has been consumed by fearful debaucheries. But, wait a second! It's your turn for some autobiography."

She attempted to emulate his volatile manner. "About all my waking moments are spent in making money," she confessed. "My hours are filled with abominable, ankle-conscious photographers and ankle-conscious executives."

"Then all your radiance has been utilized only in the commercial world. What a pity!"

"It's not so bad, really," she protested. "I work hard every day except the Sabbath, and I sleep well every night. My pay is adequate, and I enjoy a bit of freedom."

"But haven't you thought of what you'll do when this glitter of modeling is over?"

Franny winced. She hadn't thought of much else for months. Even now, the lines under her languid eyes resembled miniature rivers.

Larry chattered amiably as though his heart were floating through untainted silver clouds. He was a
(Please turn to page thirty)

Skiing

by Richard Fellows

EQUIPMENT is necessary in any sport and skiing is no exception. In skiing the choice of equipment determines the amount of pleasure and safety that the Skier will enjoy as well as his actual ability to control his skis. There are four absolutely essential parts to a skier's equipment which I will explain for those who wish to ski.

I. Skis.

Hickory skis are preferable although ash and maple are often used. The length of the skis is about right when one can comfortably reach the tip of the ski with the palm of his hand. The width of the skis varies from 2½ inches to 3 inches depending upon the weight and size of the individual. It is well to keep in mind that skis which are too long are difficult to turn, and skis that are too short wobble on the hard snow of ski trails.

There are several models of skis of which downhill, downhill-slalom, and touring are best suited for trail and open slope skiing. For trail skiing the skis should be equipped with steel edges because without this reinforcement, the wooden edges soon become worn, making it very difficult to grip on hard-packed snow and ice.

II. Binding

A suitable ski binding must have a steel or iron toe piece that will hold the foot so that there will be absolutely no lateral motion. A skier chooses his binding according to the kind of skiing he wishes to do. There are two kinds of bindings for general skiing, and I will mention both.

(1). The Touring Binding

This binding consists of a leather strap which fastens to the toe piece and goes around the heel of the ski boot. There is a clamp on the part of the strap that is in contact with the outside edge of the boot heel when the binding is properly worn. When this clamp is opened, it loosens the binding so that one may take the skis off his feet. When the binding clamp is closed, the foot is held firmly in the toe piece and can be moved only in a vertical direction. The touring binding is a good choice for the beginner because it may be used for any kind of skiing.

(2). The Racing Binding

The racing binding consists of a steel toe piece and a steel cable that fastens in front of the toe piece and then passes under the foot on the side of the ski and

around the heel of the boot. The clamp may be in front of the boot or in the same place as on the touring binding.



The advantage of the racing binding over the touring binding is that the racing binding holds the heel tightly to the ski and gives better ski control. The tension of this binding is adjustable and the skier may have a little vertical motion of the heel or none at all, just as he pleases. This binding is preferred by downhill skiers and racers.

III. Boots

Ski boots must have a very thick sole to prevent the boot from buckling under the strain of the binding; frequently the sole is reinforced by means of a steel shank. Another requirement is box toes, which keep the feet warm and prevent toe injuries. All ski boots have a groove in the back of the heel to prevent the binding from slipping off, for this would cause a lot of trouble. Some boots have straps across the instep for extra support; incidentally, the American Olympic Ski Team uses this model.

IV. Poles

Last, but by no means least, are the ski poles. The latest poles are made of aluminum, which is strong and light. Tonkin Cane is the best wood for poles but is not so good as aluminum because it sometimes cracks

(Please turn to page twenty)

Alumni



THE illustrious John P. Webster, Jr., late of the Class of '39 of Bangor High School, is in politics again! He was recently elected to the office of Vice-President by the Class of 1943 of the University of Maine. He is also a varsity debater, having recently participated in a Maine-Bates debate.

After lots 'n lots of snooping around, we have discovered that George Munce, '37, after graduating from M. C. I. and having given the University of Maine a fair trial, has finally decided to honor Colby College, in Waterville, with his presence. . . to say nothing of his athletic ability. He was an outstanding athlete at B. H. S., and we know that we're going to be hearing more about him.

Higgins Classical Institute has claimed Priscilla Jones, '39, and her accordion. Will you ever forget her perfectly marvelous playing?

Peggy Ambrose, '39, is a freshman in the teachers' training course at the Lesley School in Cambridge, Massachusetts. She was a member of the Lesley School Glee Club which joined with the M. I. T. glee club to give a concert on November 17 at Lesley School.

Among those seniors at the University of Maine who were recently elected to Phi Kappa Phi honorary fraternity, were three Bangor High School alumni. They are Myer Alpert, '36; Helma K. Ebbeson, '36; and Elnora Savage, '36. All are high ranking seniors.

Guess what? Barbara Hill, '39, was the Maid of Honor in the annual Freshman-Junior class wedding at Simmons College. . . and Mr. Webster isn't the only successful "politician" in the Class of '39, 'cause Barbara is also Vice-President of her class at Simmons.

Lillian Libby, '39, has been pledged to a sorority at Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Michigan, where she is also a member of the college orchestra.

Charlotte Roberts, '39, has been elected President of Beta Phi sorority of Beal Business College. Other Bangor High School alumnae who have been elected to offices in this sorority are Mary Jones, '39, who is the Vice-President; Norma Kimball, '39, who has been elected Secretary; Ruth Stetson, '39, who is Treasurer; and Evelyn Walls, '39, who is Warder.

James F. Cox, '32, is attending Columbia Law School,

and Andrew Cox, '34, is attending Harvard Law School. Both are Bowdoin graduates, and are members of Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

Laurence "Ike" Downes, '38, and John Burke, '38, former Bangor High School athletic stars, are now prospective varsity candidates for the University of Maine basketball teams. So, during the next three seasons at least, Maine is practically sure to have fine teams in basketball.

Attention all doctors!! Joyce Higgins, '39, is studying to become a medical secretary at Westbrook Junior College.

Mary Nelson, '38, and Mary Carlisle, '38, are continuing their studies at Stoneleigh at Rye Beach, New Hampshire. Marion Tracy, '39, is keeping them company.

Frannie Bullard, '39, is going in training at the Eastern Maine General Hospital very soon.

Frederick Johnston, '36, is a member of the varsity basketball squad at the University of Maine.

Elizabeth Schiro, '32, was married recently to Robert Baker of New York City.

W. Merritt Emerson, Jr., '39, has been pledged to the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity at the University of Vermont.

Curtis Jones, '39, is a member of Alpha Delta Phi fraternity at Bowdoin College; Bill Martin, '39, is a member of Alpha Tau Omega; and Paul Kruse, '39, is a member of Beta Theta Pi. Paul is freshman alternate for the freshman-sophomore debate.

Also attending Bowdoin this year are Ernest Andrews, '36; Franklin Eaton, Charles Redman, and Lewis Vafiades, all '38; and Vernon Segal, '39. Ernest is president of the student forum and active in speaking and debating; Franklin and Charlie are both members of the band; and Lewie is active in debating, having been a member of the team that defeated Dartmouth last year, and is a member of the football squad.

Rita Goodell, '39, is attending Gilman Commercial School, as is Mac Jameson, also '39.

John Howard and Dick Jones, both '39, are studying at Parks Air College in Indiana.

"Washing on the Siegfried Line"

by George Robinson

IT was October 1939. A strange silence enshrouded France. Reports of skirmishes came from all sources. But in a certain sector behind the line drawn up between the Moselle and the Saar, the French Poilus could not believe that another war had begun.

Sergeant Louis Renard leaned against his tent and listened to a group of soldiers singing gay French ditties. Renard's tired old body ached from long service in the Army of the French Republic. He had served in that gallant force under General Joffre—the heroic band which had repulsed the German hordes at the very gates of Paris. The old soldier's blood had run at the Marne, and his now-tired legs once carried him into Germany with the Army of Occupation. Those had been glorious days when the British lion growled at the side of the French infantry-man and the khaki-clad hosts from across the sea marched into Paris to save the day for the Allies.

This war was different. Renard had not even caught a glimpse of the enemy. The men of the state called it a "war of nerves," but the soldiers in the line called it something altogether different.



Home to Susanne.

Renard was tired of war, anyway. He wanted to go home—home to Susanne and his little grandchildren. His two sons were already in the Maginot line. Their duty lay with France; his with his wife. He was too old to fight. Even three days of bivouacing in French mud had brought back his rheumatism in all its vigor. War is a young man's horror, and the old are weights tied around an army's neck.

Tomorrow, Renard's regiment would move up to its position on the front. From then on, only God could predict. Renard knew that HE was with Franch and that HE would guide her destiny.

But Renard wanted to go home. It was not that he was afraid. A man who had fought under Foeche and Joffre—a man who had spit in the face of an enemy's bayonet—a man who feared God and loved France—knew no terror.

Sergeant Renard finished the inspection of his section and went to bed. All night he could not sleep. A certain rumor had it that an order of demobilization had been issued. According to the rumor, this order would send all men of "an age too old for service" back to the factories and fields.

The next day it came—the order Renard had been awaiting! A young officer brought it.

"Sergeant Renard," he commanded, "you are to read this order to your section."

Renard grasped the message. "*Mon Capitaine*, does this mean—does this mean that I can go home now? That all of us old men can go home?"

The officer scowled at Renard's unmilitary conduct. He was young; he had not marched in 1914.

He coolly remarked, "War cannot bother with sentiments of old men such as yourself."

"But—" cried Renard, "do I go home?"

The officer said, "This order states that all private soldiers of advanced age are dismissed from the service of this Army. Non-commissioned officers of the grade of sergeant are excepted from this order. They are vital to the training of our troops."

With this, the officer left.

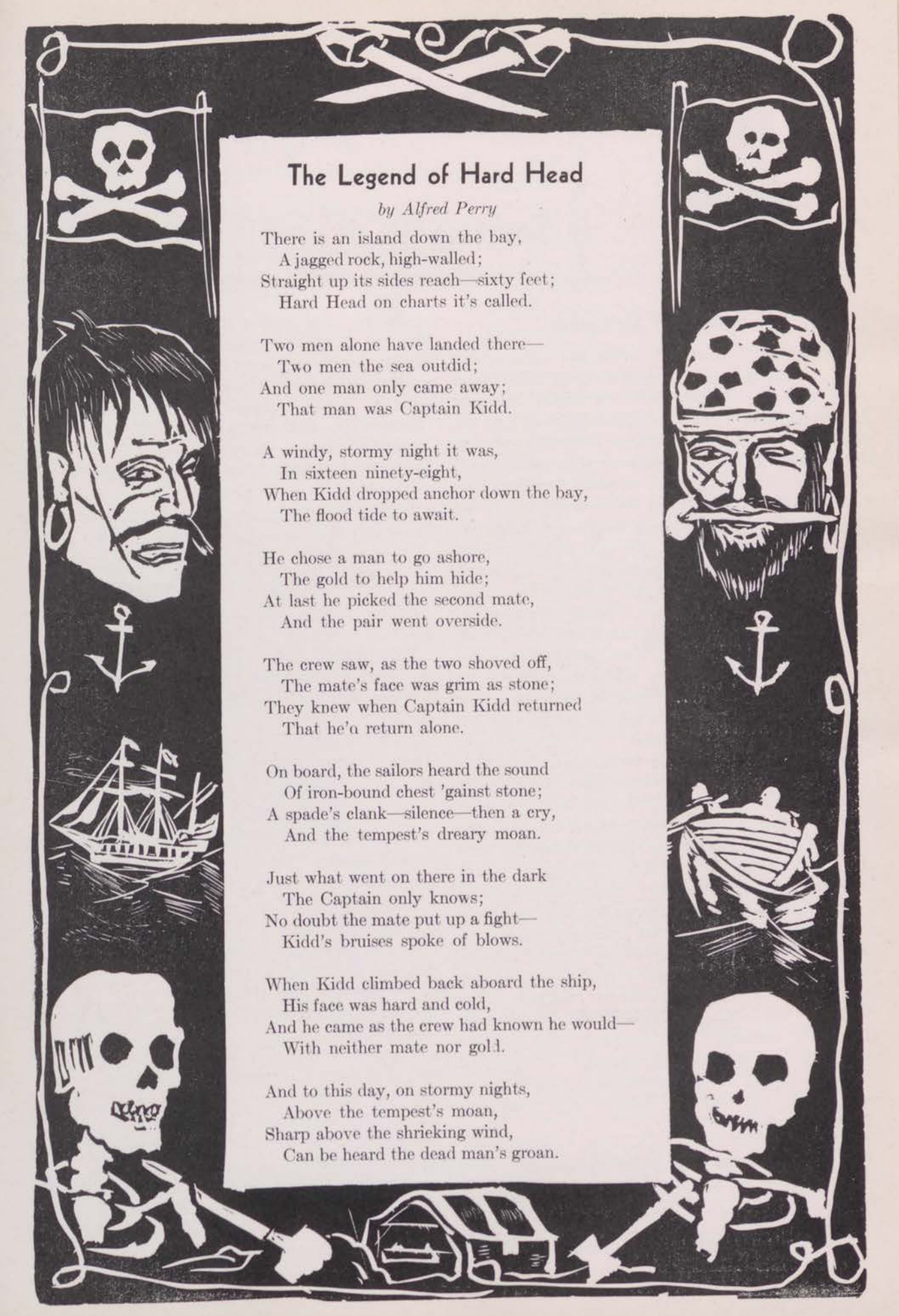
"Sergeants excepted." These words beat themselves into Renard's consciousness. They meant that he could not go back to Susanne and the little grandchildren.

Renard went to his tent flap and pushed it back. From a nearby bivouac of an English regiment he could hear a rousing, military air being sung by lusty voices. He could not understand the words; and yet, somehow, he sensed the meaning.

As he listened to the brave song, he seemed to gain courage. His tired shoulders straightened without effort.

The French Poilus listened to the British Tommies as the youths from across the Channel sung, "*We'll hang our washing on the Siegfried Line and we'll march to Berlin in time to dine!*"

World War No. 2 had begun.



The Legend of Hard Head

by Alfred Perry

There is an island down the bay,
A jagged rock, high-walled;
Straight up its sides reach—sixty feet;
Hard Head on charts it's called.

Two men alone have landed there—
Two men the sea outdid;
And one man only came away;
That man was Captain Kidd.

A windy, stormy night it was,
In sixteen ninety-eight,
When Kidd dropped anchor down the bay,
The flood tide to await.

He chose a man to go ashore,
The gold to help him hide;
At last he picked the second mate,
And the pair went overside.

The crew saw, as the two shoved off,
The mate's face was grim as stone;
They knew when Captain Kidd returned
That he'd return alone.

On board, the sailors heard the sound
Of iron-bound chest 'gainst stone;
A spade's clank—silence—then a cry,
And the tempest's dreary moan.

Just what went on there in the dark
The Captain only knows;
No doubt the mate put up a fight—
Kidd's bruises spoke of blows.

When Kidd climbed back aboard the ship,
His face was hard and cold,
And he came as the crew had known he would—
With neither mate nor gold.

And to this day, on stormy nights,
Above the tempest's moan,
Sharp above the shrieking wind,
Can be heard the dead man's groan.



Spinning Reel

Tribute and Criticism

TRUMPETS blare and drums roll. A commentator's crisp voice describes another Hollywood triumph "filmed with all the mighty resources of the most stupendous entertainment industry in the world, and bringing to the screen those stars of that unforgettable hit which delighted world audiences." Such is the most exaggerated, imbecilic, grandiose balleyhoo of all time. But we, the movie fans, love it! We sit with rapt attention through the most silly preview of some highly-touted film! We then rush home and tell our neighbors of "the wonderful picture coming to the Strand next week." The movie is apt to be a flop.

All this is the moving picture industry which has become an integral part of every American's life. Make no mistake; not only the foolish are lured into our cinema houses. Everyone, from ditch-digger to school-teacher, is at some time captivated by the movies. For all their failures and blunders, motion pictures are still the entertainment of the masses.

Now that the movies have captured America, it is high time that more attention be paid to the stories which are the backbone of the industry. Once in awhile, we read that a certain company has paid seventy or eighty thousand dollars for the rights to a best-seller novel. From this we jump to the conclusion that movie producers pay a fortune for their stories. This is not so. The high-priced stories we hear about are rare birds. Much of our screen entertainment is a rehash of some second-rate periodical's yarn. Hollywood has tried to offset this lack of good plots by adding such tinsel as technicolor and elaborate settings. One instance of the failure of this plan is demonstrated by *Hollywood Cavalcade*. This production had first-rate players and lavish sets photographed in beautiful technicolor. But this movie was not top-ranking entertainment. Give us less glamour—and more real enjoyment.

Englishmen are Still Working

When World War No. 2 started, all movie fans interested in British stars were dismayed. They believed that their favorites would be shipped to the front im-

mediately. For many reasons, chief of which was the difficulty of transportation, this wholesale farewell to English actors has been indefinitely postponed. As proof, note the Englishmen still working before the grinding cameras: David Niven in *Raffles*, Cary Grant in *His Girl Friday*, Raymond Massey in *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, Charles Laughton in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. There are also many others, including Errol Flynn, Brian Aherne, and Richard Greene.

It is rather sad, however, to realize that some of these actors may be making their last film.

Now Before the Camera is--

Shirley Temple, hard at work on her newest—*The Bluebird*.

John Garfield of *Four Daughters* fame. Young Garfield will star in a remake of 20,000 *Years in Sing Sing*. The new version of Warden Lewis E. Lawes' smash hit is *Years Without Days*.

Pinnocchio, Walt Disney's new full-length feature. This one may even top *Snow White*, but we doubt it.

These Are Good

We will attempt to jot down a number of the better current shows. First will come a group of dramatic films which seem worth noticing.

Here they are:

Four Wives starring Jeffrey Lynn, Priscilla, Rosemary, and Lola Lane; with Gale Page, Claude Rains, and May Robson. H'wood has a habit of keeping at a good thing until that thing is exhausted. *Four Wives* is a sequel to *Four Daughters*. After this one, we hope they will stop.

Tower of London with Basil Rathbone, Ian Hunter, and Nan Grey. Another movie trading in on the color of England's turbulent history. Basil Rathbone's performance as Richard is workmanlike. This production, although not in the same class as *Elizabeth and Essex*, is exciting.

Untamed—Patricia Morison tries to reach the heights of stardom with her portrayal of a frontier woman, but something is lacking. Ray Milland plays ably and looks handsome.

Enough of the serious. Now for a bit of hilarity with—*Another Thin Man*, featuring popular Bill Powell and piquant Myrna Loy. This is an event of note. Myrna and Bill are reunited in one of the best comedies of the season.

The Housekeeper's Daughter—Joan Bennett, still wearing her dark wig, is pursued by five gentlemen(count 'em)—Adolphe Menjou, John Hubbard (another good-looking newcomer), William Gargan, George Stone, and Victor Mature. Hal Roach concocted this minor masterpiece. It is the tonic America needs.

Who's Who Among The Teachers



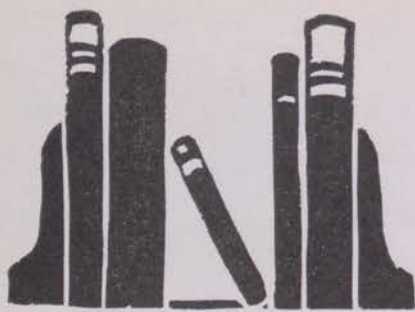
Mr. George V. Cuozzo

ALTHOUGH this is Mr. Cuozzo's first year as a regular teacher at Bangor High, the school is nevertheless familiar to him, as he went to school here, having graduated in 1924, and has taught here as a substitute. He graduated from the University of Maine in 1931, and while there he was a member of the track team three years, having been high-jumper on a championship team. He was also a member of the Intra-Mural Athletic Association, of the M Club, and of Kappa Sigma Fraternity. Since 1931 he has been an engineer superintending construction jobs, and is a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. He has substituted at various times in Bangor and Brewer High Schools, and comes to us to teach mechanical drawing to the afternoon students. Mr. Cuozzo tells us that mineralogy is his hobby.

The Oracle's Twenty Questions

1. A recent attempt was made on the life of (a) Josef Stalin, (b) Adolf Hitler, (c) King Boris.
2. Demands on Finland are being made by (a) Soviet Russia, (b) Germany, (c) Switzerland.
3. Thanksgiving in Maine, 1939, came on (a) November 23, (b) November 30, (c) July 4.
4. Old age pension plans recently (a) suffered a major set-back, (b) gained a great victory, (c) asked for federal help.
5. Sumner Welles is the (a) Secretary of the Treasury, (b) Under-Secretary of State, (c) Chairman of Foreign Relations Committee.
6. The commander-in-chief of the U. S. Army is (a) General Pershing, (b) Admiral Byrd, (c) President Roosevelt.
7. Penguin I's trip from Chicago to Boston was (a) made in record time, (b) uneventful, (c) subjected to numerous delays.
8. King Boris is the ruler of (a) Albania, (b) Yugoslavia, (c) Bulgaria, (d) Greece.
9. President Roosevelt has been called upon to appoint (a) 3, (b) 11, (c) 5, members to Supreme Court.
10. The next President of the United States will be inaugurated in (a) 1940, (b) 1944, (c) 1941.
11. Germany's lifeline at present is (a) the Trans-Siberian Railroad, (b) Baltic Sea, (c) Danube River, (d) Rhine River.
12. Paul McNutt first acquired national recognition as (a) Governor General of Philippines, (b) National Commander of American Legion, (c) Democratic candidate for president.
13. U. S. Army or Navy fliers cannot go aloft without (a) goggles, (b) parachutes, (c) life insurance.
14. The length of the Panama Canal is (a) 18.37 miles, (b) 40.27 miles, (c) 17.0 miles.
15. The 1940 Olympics, recently called off, were to be held in (a) Finland, (b) Greece, (c) Sweden.
16. Lately English hospitals, fearing an air attack, have been burying (a) gold, (b) ether, (c) radium, (d) oxygen tents.
17. The strong man of the Dominican Republic is (a) Trujillo, (b) Simon Bolivar, (c) Ferdinando el Bullo.
18. The great German line of fortifications is known as the (a) Hindenburg line, (b) Maginot line, (c) Westwall, (d) Siegfried line.
19. Two U. S. ships which have recently made headlines are the (a) Bremen, (b) City of Flint, (c) President Roosevelt, (d) Iroquois.
20. The President of Russia is (a) Stalin, (b) Kalinin, (c) Litvinoff.

(Answers on page thirty-two)



Undercover Reports

OUR better half fully stated the policy of this department in the October issue. Although we realize that we shall shock many readers with our reports, we, nevertheless, are going to state our honest opinion of the books which we review.

Java Head

Urged by our English teacher, we plunged with great interest into Joseph Hergesheimer's novel, *Java Head*. This tale takes place at Salem in the days of the sailing ship. There are many particularly good character studies, including those of an old sea captain, a young girl, and even a Manchuan lady. Humor, pathos, and evil are intermingled in its pages. The characterization seemed better than the plot to us. Try it.

Adventure

Most of us remember that dramatic picture *Captain Blood*, but few know the writer of the book—Rafael Sabatini. We honestly declare that he is a master of the historical novel. His masterful adventure plots have won from him the title, "the Alexander Dumas of Modern Fiction." His direct, easy, flowing style makes his books very enjoyable; moreover, he describes his characters and situations in such a realistic manner that one almost imagines himself in the book. Most of his plots are laid in those dark, dreary, mediaeval days when men fought with rapier and sword. For your benefit we describe some of them briefly.

If you recall the movies of a few years ago, you will remember, we are sure, that spectacular picture, *Scaramouche*, starring Ramon Navarro as Andre', otherwise called Scaramouche. The story is laid in France during the stirring times of the French Revolution. Andre', a student of man, whose wit is as keen as his sword, dashing fights his way through those perilous years. Incensed by the murder of a friend, he searches far and wide for the murderer only to find out at the end that this murderer is his father. The reader will never forget this man of men who often proves that wit is mightier than the sword.

The Sea-Hawk, now being produced as a picture, is an inspiring story of a man unjustly accused of murder who is kidnapped and brought to the Barbary Coast.

Through skill and cleverness he becomes the leader of the Corsairs, acquiring the name Sea-Hawk for his similarity to a hawk sweeping down upon its prey.

The name of *Captain Blood* is quite in keeping with the hot, quick temper and cold nerves of that remarkable gentleman. The story deals with an English doctor caught by unusual circumstances which result in his turning pirate. *Bellarion*, quite similar to *Captain Blood* in plot, is laid during the days when the great duchy of Milan flourished. By clever strategy a poor boy becomes a great commander.

An interesting book for American history is *The Carolinian*, dealing with the much neglected Southern part in the Revolutionary War. Thrilling adventures and daring exploits make the book a down-right humdinger told in the way only Sabatini can tell it. This book is unusual in many ways, principally in the character of Harry Latimer, a man whose sanguine temperament gets him out of plenty of trouble.

Vive l'Empereur!

Lately the works of Emil Ludwig who is surely the "foremost biographer of his time" have been widely discussed. His life of Hitler has been printed in newspapers on account of the vivid description and realistic detail of the individual's life. *The Nile*, life-story of a river, brings together for the first time a vast amount of material accumulated through the ages about life on the banks of this river. Never were amusing anecdotes, terrible fights, conquerors, and life in general described so thrillingly as in this book.

Ludwig's flowing peculiar style, similar to no one's (except Carlyle's), makes his books enjoyable and easy to read.

However, of all his books we know of none which has so great a similarity to this modern world as *Napoleon*. We were astonished by the unusual likeness of Napoleon to Hitler. Even their thoughts are amazingly alike. The biased judgments of Napoleon which we previously held were forgotten, and he appeared in his true light, a scholar, and a genius in both government and war. His innermost thoughts and moves are revealed in this stirring book. Read it. It's unusually good.

Editorial Comment



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THE ORACLE

DECEMBER, 1939

Vocational Guidance

VOCATIONAL guidance has come more and more into prominence throughout the United States lately. Although we do not pretend to be acquainted with all the causes and the entire development of the idea, we believe that the machine age and the depression—that is, changes in our economic life—have been two of the more important reasons for its growth.

In the first place, the machine age has speeded up the nation, has made the operation of its industries—and with its industries all branches of the nation's activities—more complicated and more technical. Consequently the need for specialized knowledge has arisen, and hence the need for vocational guidance, the purpose of which is to guide the neophyte along one definite path as he goes out into the world.

Secondly, the depression has brought the realization to every high school and college student that while he is still in school he must have some definite occupational desire in mind to meet the keen competition of after-school life. To help him find this occupation is the purpose of vocational guidance.

Now to get down to cases, there are, we believe, two phases in this broad field with which Bangor High school should be concerned—if it is to adopt any plan of vocational guidance, as we certainly say it should.

THE FIRST NEED

First there is the question of the type of training to be offered the student while he is still in high school, and this is a place wherein we fail most miserably. Let me illustrate: During the last month of eighth-grade, each student is given an elective blank to fill out for his freshman year in high school. With the sketchy information provided in the high school catalogue as his guide, he proceeds to elect his course. Unless his parents elect for him, the average pupil picks the one that looks easiest or that does not require some subject which his wisacre high school friends have convinced him is a holy terror. All goes well until, having taken for two

or three years a course which no college worthy of the name would accept for entrance, he suddenly decides in his junior or senior year that he wants to go to college! So he changes his course and spends two or three years making up for an unwise decision that two or three minutes of good counseling might have prevented. We do not mean this as a reflection upon any course—for every course offered in this high school has a definite and useful purpose—but as an example of what can and often *does* happen without competent counseling to students entering the school. That lack is nothing less than inexcusable in this enlightened day and age; and, although we do not know where the fault lies, we do know that *someone* should do *something* about it. We believe that there will be a splendid opportunity to remedy this deplorable situation next year with the advent of the two new junior high schools. If that opportunity is neglected, it will be a sad error indeed.

THE SECOND NEED

The second aspect of vocational guidance with which the school is concerned is the problem of helping the student to find the vocation for which he is best suited. The greatest service which the school could do in this line would be to give to each student during his junior or senior year, a *thorough* standardized vocational aptitude test, and we mean *thorough*. If we were to attempt any haphazard hit-or-miss type of guidance based purely upon personal speculation, we would be better off with no vocational guidance whatever.

The object of these tests, which are the result of years of research and experimentation, is not to tell each student what he should be, but to discover in what fields he would be most likely to attain success. They are now used successfully by the leading colleges and universities of the country.

Although vocational guidance is a comparatively new feature of American education, it now definitely is a feature of it, and its necessity and value are universally admitted. It certainly would be valuable here at Bangor where even now, we venture to say, one-half of the members of the senior class have no definite idea of what they intend or would like to do after graduation.



Dots and Dashes

Mrs. Farmer Goes to Town

REMEMBER the farmer's wife of a generation ago? Symbol of drudgery among women, she washed with tub and board, had two or three dresses, and said nothing because she had nothing to say.

Then look at Mrs. Farmer today—a smartly dressed woman who talks literature, politics, business, who uses modern equipment to give her leisure. How did the change come to her? Radio has been her fairy godmother!

The automobile and the movies helped—but radio gave her the vision of a broader world and nagged her into doing something about it. From the air she picked bits of advice and practical information, out of which she reconstructed her home and personality.

Not so many years ago, the farm was a fastness with walls around it. The world could not enter. But no walls, no insulation, are immune from the catapults and battering-rams of the million-and-one radio programs that have been spun into the ether since broadcasting captured the country.

We are told that the number of radio sets on farms is today seven million, or seven times as many as 1926. In Maine a check revealed that ninety-two per cent of the farmers hear broadcasts every day. Of paramount interest to these listeners, of course, is the broadcast of farm market reports. Second in interest is weather news—which often saves the farmers many dollars. All other types of programs appeal to farm listeners, too.

In farm homes, usually miles from contact with other homes, the radio is the source of information. It is the world. Next time you drive by a farmhouse and hear the radio blaring, make up your mind that the sound is the roar of civilization in the process of taking over a new wilderness.

RADIO'S BIRTHDAY

November 5, radio celebrated its 19th birthday anniversary with a special one hour NBC program originating in the studios of KDKA, Pittsburgh, which was America's first broadcasting station. In 1920 the radio industry began when station KDKA broadcast the

returns of the Harding-Cox presidential election as the first program. Today there are some 750 stations in the United States.

JACK BENNY SHOW

"Jello everybody. This is Jack 'Buck' Benny speaking." Yes, friends, Jack 'Buck' Benny has ridden back into his 7.00 p. m. Sunday night spot on NBC's red network after a summer in which he traveled about 9,000 miles, climaxing his activities with a master-of-ceremonies job at the American Legion Convention in Chicago. Don Wilson, who reduced below the 200-pound mark during the summer, is back, too. So also is Andy Devine, who did not reduce from his 245 pounds. Rochester, Mary Livingstone, and Phil Harris' band are all members of the cast. Replacing the tenor voice of Kenny Baker, the show has introduced Benny's new singing sensation, Dennis Day. More than a little credit for Dennis' success goes to his stage mother, who is Verna Felton, a favorite character actress on the west coast. In Bangor, the Jack Benny show is carried each Sunday by WLBZ.

THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE

Long a favorite of the NBC network, the famous National Barn Dance is now a feature for local listeners, because the program is presented over WLBZ each Saturday at nine p. m. Highlights of this entertaining hour are the appearances of Joe Kelley, "Uncle Ezra," Hoosier Hot Shots, Bob Hastings, Jimmie Burke, comedian (formerly "Tizzie Lish" of Al Pearce's show), and many others.

TIP TOP SHOW

Joe Penner, super duck salesman and top radio comedian in the estimation of American youngsters, has opened a new series of programs over NBC and WLBZ Thursdays at 8.30 p. m. which he calls the *Tip Top Show*. A large cast, including Jacques Reynard, orchestra leader; Dick Ryan, Gay Seabrook, Russ Brown, and Kenny Stevens support the youthful comedian.

(Please turn to page thirty-six)

The Musicolumn



EVER since 1859, when the Bangor Band was first organized, Bangor has been the leading musical city of the state of Maine. How many of you realize that Bangor has not only the largest but also the most talented musical organization in the state, and that it is held in high esteem in musical circles throughout the U. S.? The Symphony Orchestra has long been bringing to us the best music available, and in cooperation with the Bangor Band, has made the establishment of the Symphony House possible. A student may take prescribed courses at the Northern Conservatory of Music and obtain credits which will later help him in college. The Community Concerts, also, bring us the personal appearances of the greatest artists in the world. Moreover, the Bangor High School Band is commonly regarded as a criterion of achievement by the big schools of New England. We have here in the high school one of the most efficient musical departments in the state; proof of this is demonstrated each spring at the Eastern Maine Music Festival. Consequently we feel that it is not at all out of place to present in the *Oracle* a column concerned with music and especially with the musical history and activity of Bangor. This first edition of the Music column will be devoted to a brief outline of the various musical organizations of Bangor.

COMMUNITY CONCERTS

Newest and most popular of Bangor's musical organizations is the Community Concert Association, local branch of Columbia Concerts Corporation. Founded and headed by Clarence C. Stetson, the concert series opened for one season in 1931-32, and went out when the depression stepped in. Reestablished in 1936 in a burst of glory, the association has grown by leaps and bounds, is now Bangor's most prosperous musical activity.

Financial security of the association is guaranteed by its policy of running its membership drive before planning concerts, refusing to sell tickets to single programs. Because of its nation-wide affiliation—parent company of Columbia Concerts (a coalition of concert bureaus caused by the depression) is Columbia Broadcasting—the association has been able to present such

top-notch artists as Carola Goya, Richard Bonelli, Bruna Castagna, Mischa Elman, Rosemarie Brancato. Current series: Jose Iturbi, Platoff Don Cossacks, Charles Kullman, Helen Jepson. A special attraction for its some one thousand members is the privilege of being able to attend, without further cost, community concerts in any city in the country, such as New York, Boston, Philadelphia; closer at home, Portland, Augusta, Lewiston, Waterville.

BANGOR SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Since its founding in 1896 by Horace W. Pullen, the Bangor Symphony has been providing the citizens of Bangor with the best of great classical music. The public should appreciate the fact that it is a rare privilege to hear an orchestra of the caliber of ours. The Bangor Symphony Orchestra is one of the oldest symphonies in the U. S., excluding the big three, and it is a proud city, sometimes five times the size of ours, that can boast a symphony orchestra at all—to say nothing of its ability. The symphony has for years been connected with the Music Festival and in this way has brought to Bangor the best the world has to offer. The orchestra has always been made up of local citizens and directed by local men, Professor Adelbert W. Sprague being the present conductor. Since its founding, the orchestra has made appearances with the foremost stars of opera as soloists both at the Festival and at its own concerts. Many a member has left Bangor to become a prominent leader or player in the music centers of the country today. The Symphony, though having the faculty of the Northern Conservatory as a nucleus, also adds student talent from time to time when the program exigencies demand. Jeanette Veroneau, contralto, was the soloist at the symphony's opening concert of the season on December 4.

BANGOR BAND

Perhaps the most active of our musical organizations is the Bangor band. This band was organized in 1859 and since then has served the city faithfully, having offered its services in circumstances varying from concerts to volunteer war duty. The fall and spring concerts, held each year in the municipal parks under the

direction of Prof. Adelbert W. Sprague, are always well attended by an appreciative audience. The Bangor band presents a promising opportunity for advancement to any young musician who is willing to sacrifice a little to repay for a lot.

To appreciate all the fine things in music one should have at least a slight acquaintance with the great masterpieces, and certainly the Bangor band offers this opportunity to each and everyone of us.

MUSIC IN THE AIR

The Opera broadcasts of the Metropolitan Opera Company, heard each Saturday over WLBZ are again with us, the radio season having started on December second with the broadcast of Wagner's great comic opera, *Die Meistersinger*. Since few of us have the privilege of attending performances of opera in person, these broadcasts are our only opportunity of hearing great operatic music; consequently, the return of this series is a source of pleasure to us all. Other programs of interest to lovers of classical music are the *Ford Sunday Evening Hour*, 9:00 P. M. WABI; the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, 3:00 P. M., Sunday, WABI; and the NBC Symphony Orchestra, 10:00 P. M., Saturday, WLBZ.

RECORDINGS

Some one of the following list of outstanding recent records is certain to suit your taste, whether you be the most joyous of jitterbugs or the most ardent of classicists:

CLASSICAL

Rediscovered Music of Johann Strauss—Three twelve-inch records by Howard Barlow and Columbia Symphony Orchestra—Columbia, \$5.00. *None but the Lonely Heart, Pilgrim's Song*—(Tchaikowsky)—ten-inch record by Nelson Eddy—Columbia, \$1.00. *Four Indian Love Lyrics*—(Woodforde-Finden)—two-ten-inch (Tchaikowsky) records by Nelson Eddy—Columbia, \$2.50. *None but the Lovely Heart, The Blind Plowman*—(Hall-Clark)—ten-inch record by Igor Gorin-Victor, \$1.00.

POPULAR

To get back to a subject which is familiar to all of us, let's talk about swing. There's not much new in this line, with the old favorites still holding on.

South of the Border and *My Prayer* are fairly smooth, they have the same old theme time and time again and will die with all the rest. As for *Oh Johnny Oh* and *Scatterbrain*, they have tricky melodies and modulation which appeal to almost everyone. *Scatterbrain* was first written as scale exercise by Frankie Masters, but when a few words, were added, well—

you can see what happened. The new arrangement of *Ciribiribin* with Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters has regained its popularity as a hit. *Moon Love*, adapted from Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony, will probably become semi-classical as *Star Dust* now is. However, don't be downcast, you jitterbugs, for if you've heard the swing arrangement of the *Poet and Peasant* overtures you know why, and if you haven't, keep your ears open, for you've missed something. There'll be plenty of new tunes coming up per usual, but watch for *A Lover is Blue*, an especially good one.

For all you skeptical students who think all good bands are anywhere but in Bangor, listen to WLBZ any Thursday evening, and hear a good band with an exceptionally good vocalist under the leadership of Paul Monaghan.

SKIING

(continued from page ten)

with changes of temperature. The length of the poles is disputed, but a good length is from the floor to the armpits or from the floor to the shoulders.

WHERE TO SKI

For the beginner, there are numerous small hills near Bangor.

Paradise Park is about three miles from Bangor in Hampden. This slope is moderate and provides a "run-off" where one may not have any fears of not being able to stop. The ground is smooth and the snow coverage necessary is only a few inches.

The Penobscot Valley Country Club provides a slope similar to Paradise Park. This hill provides a longer "run-off" and offers better chances for cross-country skiing because it is a golf course and the grounds are large and free from obstructions.

After one has learned to control his skis he may ski on Bald Mountain, located in Dedham directly opposite the Lucerne Country Club. Bald Mountain has two ski trails and a third will probably be completed by the middle of December. These trails are very good and rate as follows:

BALD MT. TRAIL NO. 1

Length: $\frac{1}{2}$ mile	Descent: 720 feet
Width: 10 to 25 feet	Maximum grade: 25 degrees
Rating: expert at top and intermediate at bottom.	

BALD MT. TRAIL NO. 2

Length: $\frac{1}{4}$ mile	Descent: 480 feet
Width: 10 to 20 feet	Maximum grade: 26 degrees
Rating: intermediate.	

Outside The Classroom



Assemblies

SEVERAL of the outstanding Friday morning assembly programs are scheduled to be broadcast over station WABI beginning at 8.15 a. m. The assemblies which will go on the air the remainder of the year are the following:

- Dec. 15—The Cathedral Hour, Mrs. Huey, Glee Clubs and Orchestra.
- Jan. 5—Origin of the Cartoon—Talk, Mr. Chaplin, Rev. Mr. Meek.
- H.R.S.P.P.—(Home-Room Student Participation Program)
- Jan. 19—H.R.S.P.P. Room 110, Mrs. Carroll; Room 114, Miss Beaupre; Room 112, Mr. Mann; Room 101, Mr. Cummings.
- Feb. 9—H.R.S.P.P. Room 102, Mr. Trowell; Room 205, Mr. O'Connor, Room 103, Mr. Trefethen; Room 207, Miss Mullen.
- Feb. 16—Lincoln and Washington, Miss Cousins. Patriotic Program.
- Feb. 23—H.R.S.P.P. Room 202, Miss Estes; Room 301, Mr. Kent; Room 309, Miss Moore; Room 201, Mr. Prescott.
- Mar. 1—H.R.S.P.P. Room 303, Mrs. Rich; Room 211, Mrs. Cumming; Room 305, Miss DuBourdieu; Room 210, Miss Dunning.
- Mar. 8—H.R.S.P.P. Room 313, Mr. Ulmer; Room 311, Miss Thomas; Room 203, Miss Cousins; Band, Mr. Devoe.
- Mar. 15—H.R.S.P.P. Room 209, Miss Bocquel; Room 302, Mr. Willis; Orchestra, Mr. Sprague.
- Apr. 26—Junior Dramatic Club, Miss Haney. One act play or plays, Miss Gustin.
- May 3—National Honor Society Initiation, Mr. Chaplin. Request Program, Band Concert, Mr. Devoe.

May 17—Orchestra with Instrumental Soloists and Specialties, Mr. Sprague.

May 31—Presidents of all clubs, Mr. Chaplin. Five minute Annual Reports of Achievement.

And there you have them. All those assembly programs will go out over the airwaves. So be sure to tell the folks at home to be listening in!

The first chance to hear our new superintendent, Arthur E. Pierce, was at the October 20 assembly, which was also the first assembly to go on the air. Also presented was the trumpet quartet, composed of George Lougee, John Johnstone, George McLean, and Waldo Libbey.

At another assembly we were privileged to hear Mr. C. C. Robinson, who spoke upon the topic of "Earning a Living in Maine." Mr. Robinson, who was secured by the Commercial Club, has only recently returned from Hawaii, and his contrasts between the advantages of securing a job here and on the island were both interesting and enlightening.

A rally was the highlight of the assembly directly preceding the Brewer game. Among the speakers at this rally who had been on the Bangor High squad in former years were Sergeant Conners, "Touchy" Short, "Mike" McGinnis, and Ben Striar.

The Public Affairs Club and Debate Club had charge of one of the assemblies. The Debate Club presented as its speakers Nicholas Brontas and Sally Pearson, with Mr. Brontas upholding the affirmative and Miss Pearson the negative in the question, Resolved: That Franklin D. Roosevelt Should Run for a Third Term as President. The speakers for the Public Affairs Club were Mary Floros, Barbara Scribner, William Fellows, and Robert Petterson.

Debate Club

Bangor's first interscholastic debate of the season found a big audience in Room 367, Friday evening, November 3, to see an exhibition cross-examination debate between the local school and Lawrence (Massachusetts) High School. Debating affirmative, for Bangor were Dorothy Braidy as the examiner, Nicholas Brontas, constructive speaker, and Kendall Cole, on

the witness stand—the question: Resolved: That President Roosevelt should be re-elected for a third term to succeed himself.

Negative were Paul Micali, Herbert Sullivan, and Harold Brodsky. Dr. Howard Runion of the University of Maine served as critic, his remarks after the debate being of equal interest to the audience with the debate itself. Previous to the forum the Bangor speakers and coach entertained the Lawrence aggregation at dinner at the Bangor House. The visiting team was one of the pleasantest that the local debaters have ever entertained.

Coached by Miss Alice Bocquel, a three-man negative team was chosen in try-outs by Mr. Prescott to debate the varsity for practice and to give exhibition debates at clubs and schools. On this team are Sally Pearson, Harvard Weatherbee, and Alfred Perry. On November 6, the two teams gave a debate before the Ellsworth High School club, about 50 students being present.

Sunday, November 5, debate club members, eleven in number, nine chosen by lot, contributed fifteen minutes to the Maine School of the Air program broadcast from the assembly hall over a four-station state network.

Answering the questions of Kendall Cole in an *ad lib* session, Barbara Scribner, Marie Hilton, John Woodcock, Howard Finley, Thomas Dodd, Charles Jellison, Eleanor Ramsdell, John LaPoint, and George Chalmers were followed by Nicholas Brontas in summary, the federal aid to education topic being used.

On the air again, Nicholas Brontas and Sally Pearson discussed the third term topic over WABI in the regular assembly exercises, Friday, November 24, in a program held in conjunction with the Public Affairs Club.

Because of the Lawrence debate, and, later, quarter examinations, no meetings were held during November. The first December meeting featured talking movies, and this afternoon's meeting is at the time of this writing scheduled as an intercollegiate debate between the Universities of Maine and Connecticut.

The biggest event of the Club's school year is scheduled for tonight with the presentation in City Hall of Sir Hubert Wilkins. It is a project which calls for the participation of every member of the organization. In charge as student manager is Junior Alfred Keith, and directly under him is a carefully selected committee of 15 who have in their hands all the details, including the selling of tickets, of the affair. This committee consists of Harvard Weatherbee, Barbara Perry, Betty Day, Phyllis Lipsky, Pauline Holden, Elsa Goodman, Raymond Peterson, Doris Ayer, Judith Banton, Gretchen Carver, Marion Connors, Marie Duffy, Leon Hig-

gins, Faith McLeod, and Elizabeth West. Available at this time are the first two weeks' reports only, which show Doris Ayer and Harvard Weatherbee, respectively, leading in ticket sales in the two opening stanzas.

Although this must be written three weeks before actual publication, if present indications are reliable, tonight will boast a capacity audience to hear and see Sir Hubert Wilkins and his colored movies. Not since the presentation two years ago of Richard Halliburton has the Club undertaken such a responsibility—and not since then has it produced so outstanding a program.

Saturday, accompanied by Mr. Prescott, varsity debaters Dorothy Braidy and Kendall Cole will go to Brunswick to participate in the Bowdoin forum.

Next month will see several teams picked in try-outs to argue the railroad question, with numerous tournament participations following shortly. The Club is now in full swing, and will go along at ever increasing tempo until its season ends in April.

Band

After a busy football season the band has settled down to hard work at the weekly rehearsals. Much credit is due our drum-major, Waldo Libby, for his untiring efforts in producing a presentable organization at the games; with the cooperation of student leader Everett Orbeton and our peerless twirler, June Tremblay, we feel that the season has been a success. Splendid interest is shown by the members through their attendance at rehearsals and willingness to put in a little extra time occasionally in order to work our necessary parts in the numbers in preparation. Soon will come the basket-ball season, and the band will be found ready if the occasion arises.

Several new pieces are being prepared for concert work, and since the band this year has its full section, we look for a far better organization than we have had for several years. With a membership of sixty-five players, it is possible to work out musical numbers which were considered inadvisable before, and with the winter ahead we hope to come out in May with the school's best band in years.

The girls are playing no small part in the success of the band, and soon we hope to resume individual rehearsals for them, and with a few additions to their numbers it will be possible to have a girls' marching band in the School Music Festival.

Several new marches and delightful concert pieces are being prepared for the coming assemblies, and we hope to make these affairs even better than ever this winter.

Commercial Club

The Commercial Club, with an enrollment of some fifty students, was off to a flying start. A musical program featured the second meeting of the year, with Norman McNaughton offering a piano solo and Constance Dubey a vocal solo. The Forum, presented by Ethelyn Bryer, outlined the objectives and endeavors of the club.

The first field trip of the year took the Commercial Club to the local telephone building.

Edgar Farnsworth, aided by Martin McDonough, served as guide and pointed out the operation of the keyboard and the teletype machine, which seemed to be the chief objects of interest to the group; the radio receiver received second honors with many members who were unaware that out-of-town broadcasts are first received at the telephone building and then sent on to the radio stations. Other points of interest were the telegraph machines, and the contrivances to be used as a panoply against storms and any other emergencies that may arise.

The assemblage was accompanied on its tour by the faculty members, Miss Grace Thomas and Miss Edith Knight.



Public Affairs Club

At the regular November meeting of the Public Affairs Club the following speakers were presented. Mary Floros discussed "Business Week" and demonstrated its suitability for economic work. Joseph Chaplin, Jr. delivered as his offering a resume of the private life and also the accomplishments of Senator A. H. Vandenburg, who may perchance be a presidential candidate at the next election. Two alumnae of Bangor High, Miss Betty Mack and Miss Lucille Epstein, described some of their experiences since leaving the school. Miss Mack left a vivid impression of her visit to France, and Miss Epstein produced just as strong a reaction with her portrayal of the Henry Street Settlement in New York City.

This club, desirous as always of being the first to introduce something new, sponsored the first tea-dance ever held at Bangor High School. The entertainment program consisted of vocal offerings by Miss Sylvia Smith, Miss Constance Dubey, and the Queen City Quartet, whose personnel includes Balfour Golden, William Fellows, John Woodcock, and Paul Ford. The music for dancing was furnished through the medium of amplified recordings. Refreshments were served, and games, under the able supervision of Mr. Charles O'Connor, were enjoyed by many.

Latin Club

One avowed purpose of the Latin Club is to bring home to us, its members, a realization that the Romans were human beings, real folks, like ourselves. At a recent meeting of the Club, the boys of the senior Latin class emphasized the fact that the Romans were actually *moderns*, faced with the same problems and at times attempting very much the same solution of those problems as have been attempted in our own country, these last few years.

Certainly there is nothing new under the sun. Labor disputes, even sit-down strikes; overproduction; problems of distribution and scarcity; unemployment and relief measures; booms and panics—Rome knew them all, and Rome tried to deal with them by means of various experiments very similar to what we term the New Deal measures. In fact, as these senior boys made clear, Rome had her periods of history so strikingly like our own that it is not out of place to use modern terms in describing them. Many of the alphabetical agencies which we are inclined to regard as wholly modern—such as the P.W.A. and the A.A.A.—were set up long ago in Rome. In fact, our old friend Julius Caesar used P.W.A. work extensively, as did Augustus. Rome had her boom years with wild speculation, followed by the unevitable panic in which government spending led to ruinous taxation and inflation with soaring prices.

To continue the parallel, even as America, Rome had her long period of peace and prosperity. Yet, in spite of peace and prosperity, Rome fell; following peace and prosperity came the world war of 1914, and after a long depression, the second world war of 1939.

So Rome sends out her warning signals down the ages, which, reading from the first century, have not lost their meaning for the twentieth. Thus spoke Consul Barbero as he introduced the topic.

Various phases of the subject were presented by these boys of the Senior Latin Class. Speakers were Daniel Orr, Everett Orbeton, John Woodcock, Balfour Golden, Sidney Chason, and Kendall Cole.

The November meeting was in the hands of the Juniors. Consul Charles Jellison presided, and with appropriate Roman ceremony, received into membership the following Sophomores, who emerged triumphant from the first quarter with a rank of "B" or more in Latin: Leota Polk, Barbara Carr, Beverly Willis, Edith Fairley, Sally Pearson, Joanne Springer, Janice Minott, Thomas Hilton, Dorothy Leach, Esther Smith, Ruth Butterfield, Helen Boulter, Rosaline McAloon, Beatrice Less, Ethel Spencer, Pauline Collins, George Chalmers, J. R. Carson, Faith McLeod, Paul Hart, Paul Coleman, John Downing, Robert Treworgy, and Marion Connors.

The program dealing with "The Classics in the World of Tomorrow," as shown at the New York World's Fair was presented by Joan Kirkpatrick, Charles Jellison, Louine Kimball, and Gloria Redman. Various other members added much to the entertainment. Refreshments were served by the Juniors.

The Saturnalia, that wild December orgy of the sober and dignified Latin Club, when for one night the slaves were free and the free were slaves, brought to a close the events of the club for the year.

At that time the S. P. Q. R. made its appearance, with a well-balanced editorial board made up of the serious-minded Daniel Orr, the frivolous Paul Ford, with Everett Orbeton, Janice Ames, and Jennie Johnson as a sort of balance-wheel between the two.

Dramatic Club

At the first meeting of the Senior Dramatic Club this year the following officers were elected: Harvard Weatherbee, president; Paul Ford, vice president; Ruth Carlisle, secretary; Everett Orbeton, treasurer.

Under the excellent supervision of Miss Hancy, the Dramatic Club presented the play, *Wings of the Morning*, on December 8th in the assembly hall. The cast was composed of:

Dorothy Braid	Ernest Monroe
Ruth Carlisle	Ruth Helen Powers
Vincent Elliot	Elaine Russell
Carolyn Fernald	Barbara Scribner
Paul Ford	Sylvia Smith
Thomas Gleason	Carol Taylor
Balfour Golden	Virginia Thorpe

John Woodcock

The play was well done and was well received by the audience.

Officers' Club

The "Blue and Gold" dance presented by the B. H. S. Officers' Club was attended by a large number of students and alumni. Bob Beede's orchestra, plus a large assortment of favors and novelties and the ever-present refreshment stand helped to make the evening a very enjoyable one.

Chairman of the dance committee was Cadet Major Malcolm Hardy. The ticket committee was capably handled by Capt. Everett Orbeton, and the favors and novelties were selected by Lt. Robert Beede. Capt. Ernest Monroe handled the publicity angle.

In the year 1939-40, the Officers' Club plans to present two more dances, the Mid Year Hop and the Military Ball.

Rifle Club

The Bangor High School Rifle Club consisting of 30 members is looking forward to a successful season. Of these members, thirteen are students with at least one year's experience. Seven of the thirteen earned letters last year.

Matches have already been scheduled with high schools in Sacramento, California; Salt Lake City, Utah; and Louisville, Kentucky. Seven or eight matches will be scheduled with Military Institutes and high schools all over the country. The club will also have matches with local gun clubs during the season. The Rifle Club hopes to do well in the Corps Area and Hearst Trophy Matches this year.

The first meeting was held November first, and the following officers were elected:

Lloyd Burnett, President.
Earl Kingsbury, Manager.
Edgar Pearson, Jr., Secretary and Treasurer.
Robert Leavitt, Captain.

"B" Club

At the "B" Club meeting, November 27, plans for the Football Banquet, to be held the following Tuesday, were discussed. The committees for the tickets, the banquet, and the entertainment were selected. There were only 200 tickets for this banquet, which was held in Shrine Hall with Mrs. Allen as caterer. Roast chicken garnished with all the fixings was served.

The principal speaker was Coach Fred M. Brice of the University of Maine, who showed motion pictures of this year's Maine games. Other speakers were Mr. Ted Curtis, faculty manager of athletics at the University; Superintendent Arthur E. Pierce; Principal Joseph Chaplin; and Director of Athletics Mose Nanigian.

National Honor Society

The National Honor Society has acquired a wholly new aspect over former years. Heretofore it has been merely an honorary society, totally inactive; however, with the innovation of electing members at the end of the year from the junior class instead of the senior class, it has ceased lying dormant and has become a truly active organization. Its first business of the year was attended to during Education Week, when the members of the society acted as ushers on parents' visiting day. Two members served during each morning period, and four members assisted in the afternoon.

(Please turn to page twenty-six)

Off the Record



QUITE alarmed were Bangorians a short time ago when a dreadful earthquake shook the city. At least that's what they *thought* it was. Had they but known it was only *Robert Petter-son* practicing his dance steps under the competent instruction of one *Alice White*, they would have rested easier-or *would* they?

Mary Ellen Ellis, who doesn't believe in letting old incidents rest mouldering in their graves, thinks we don't put things in here that interest others. Still let me say, to all of you here and now, once and for all, that it is *you*, O students of this school, from whom I obtain this material, and it is a physical impossibility to write in here what is not given me or those things to which we ourselves are not witnesses, so if you don't like this, it's your fault for not giving us what you desire to see in print, for we don't see *everything*—quite. If you have any *Hokum*, shoot it along, and we'll write it! Clear? Very well, we understand each other perfectly!!!

But seriously, it is with difficulty that we write this column since it has to be written with great precision, for *Kendall* raves if he even finds a period upside down!

Marie Hilton has been sporting around town lately in a new Ford. The other day she was coming lickerty-split down Hammond Street with *Ruth Carlisle* when suddenly she bellowed forth, "My brakes aren't holding. Quick *Ruth*, open the door and drag that foot of yours along the pavement!"

Do you know what *Jeannette Littlefield's* big interest is in Brewer these days? Why, men (Wymen) of course! (Isn't that good? I thought that up all myself.) You ought to have seen *Balfour* and *Elaine Russell* one morning down here at the play rehearsal. He sat at one end of the stage and she at the other and they rolled a little red fire truck back and forth to each other for the longest time! (This is certainly going to esteem us highly with them.) Just so you'll buy another *Oracle*, I'll ask a riddle which I won't answer 'till next issue. "What's the difference between a professional boxer and an undertaker?" Have you by chance noticed the '40 La Salle, two miles long, that *Barry Wiseman* knocks around town in. The best part of it is that it's *his*.

Now that that knowledge has been made public, he, undoubtedly, in the future, will not be lacking in girl friends. Speaking of cars, *Bob Blake* has bought a car again!!! He, Scotchman that he is, couldn't resist when he learned that the clutch would be thrown in! He stopped at the toll-house on the Bucksport Bridge with that last rattletrap of his and the toll man said, "50 cents" and Bob said, "Sold!" Before I forget, *Naomi Pomeroy* you remember, took *John Webster* (of all people) to the Thanksgiving formal—not that John isn't O. K.—O my, no—but the strangest combinations do come up like for instance *Lucy Leavitt* going to that dance with *Paul Kruse*.

If death overtakes the writer of this column before his term of office expires, I can most heartily recommend *Joan Mutty*, who on the Bangor-Lewiston football train kept us posted each minute by verbal bulletins of the fight between the conductor and the candy peddler. . . Bodacious to relate. . .

Speaking of death, if *Barbara Clement* ever dies, she'll undoubtedly request that her coffin be made out of "*Burdwood*." She'll need a coffin when *Everett* finds this out!!

The other morning I observed the iron sphinx of the Senior class in a deep study over the photo of that freshman lass, *Betty Higgins*! Need I tell you that the person of whom I speak was *Richard Eaton*? No, of course not, so I won't, but I understand that the budding romance was aided by a cruise on his sailboat last summer. Take a gander at the 1940 class ring that *Barb Foley* is wearing as a pendent. It bears the initials of *C. B. B. Audrey Hogan* has enlightened us a little, however, for she, in a more confident moment said to me, "Now you must promise, just as I did, that you won't breathe this to a living soul, but. . .it seems. . .so I've been told from authentic sources, that those initials stand for *C. B. Babcock*." So you see, dear readers, I'm bound by oath not to let you know whose ring it is. I'm sorry but you'll just have to guess. We saw *Marie Hilton* at the show the other Saturday night with a "Blind Date" from Hebron. Local boys obviously aren't good enough for her. *Maurice Orbeton* found that out and therefore

he honors a Maine freshman with his presence for we . . . er that is, I mean, I see him at the show with her quite frequently!

Now we are going to be about to prove that history does repeat itself for La Salle has landed again. This La Salle, however, is not driven by the lust for gold as was the first ruthless La Salle but instead 'tis driven by that wily *John Woodcock* who is far from "*Ruth-less*", and the landing is 15 Montgomery St.! Without doubt the Alumni column of this magazine is the first to be read by *Dick Fellows* for his interests are in a former "*Jane*" of this school. The only way *Barbara Billings* exists throughout the week is by looking forward to the end of it, for 'tis then that exuberance predominates on her part because her "O. A. O." is home from school. *Milton Setnor*, however, doesn't go out of town for better girls than we have here. No, he goes out of the *United States*, for when *Mlle. Bocquel* terminated reading aloud an invigorating letter from a French girl, *Milton* pretty nearly broke his arm shaking it, and when he was recognized, he demanded her address. (The French girl's I mean.) *Charles Jellison*, who stated in class one day that silk worms grew on cranberry trees, spends his spare time in writing sonnets to *Catherine Taylor*, or by his own admission, to *Phyllis Lapsky*!

If you see a savage figure carousing about the corridors just as a cat who is about to pounce upon a canary, run, for it will be *Howard Finley* and that accursed candid camera of his, which is to be the downfall of many of us. . . er I mean of you! Before I forget, *George Lougee*, so they say—of course I wouldn't know—solicited rides with strangers one day last month all the way from Bangor to Lewiston! This he did so that he might be able to ride back with *Ruth McKenny* on the special football train which had gone over for the Bangor-Lewiston game. However, when he went to buy his train ticket, he found he could not, at that stage of the game, buy an excursion ticket and consequently had to buy a one-way ticket which cost nearly as much again as the round trip one would have. What fools these mortals be! He said afterwards it was worth it, though! *Balfour Golden*, is giving all the girls a treat by going out with a different one each week-end night. Incidentally it was he who went into the Glee Club as first bass and they changed him to short-stop when they heard him!

A certain cadet captain of this school was accosted on the street recently by a man of his acquaintance who happened to be a Major in the regular army. Said the Major, "Would you dress your company as it came into position?" And the captain, whose name I have purposely forgotten lest he lose his commission, but whose initials are E. A. O. replied sincerely, "Certainly, Sir, if there were ladies present!" And now from one of the

many anonymous letters which we receive containing choice bits for *Hokum*, we take the following. The handwriting of this letter is yet unidentified, but obviously is written by a feminine hand and by one who uses adverbs atrociously and spells worse than I. She wanted me to ask the readers of the *Oracle* what there is so attractive at Water Works Park—besides the attractive lighting—and even that's been turned off now. Well, Miss Unknown, if you go to that freshman, *Gerry Gould*, (in 302) that one of all people ought to be able to tell you, for we have seen that he frequents the place quite often.

Stanley Rudman took a great interest in our football games this fall, for he came clear from Hebron to see them. I don't suppose that that scholarly *Dot Braidy* could have been an inducement. No, I didn't think so. . . much! (Marvelous to tell!) O well, *Dot*, basketball games begin tonight and as I remember it, *Stanley* liked basketball too, sooooo. . . It seems, or rather I should say is obvious, that *Charlotte Smith* doesn't like "*Fish*" just on Friday alone but on all days of the week! Am I right. . . *Edward*? Nearly every day that *Betty Brown* brings her car to school she can be seen tinkering on it at noon before going home. It is at such times as that, that *Bud Libby* isn't around. He makes up for his scarcity, though, later on when work isn't around, so *Stuart Smythe* says; but then, I don't know how he should know, for all his time seems to be spent with *Mlle. Rieviel*!

Horrible it is to relate that *Barbara Perry* went galivanting off with *Gene Calaghan*, et al, of the Lawrence (Mass.) debate team, following the late lamented Lawrence—B. H. S. debate last November. Deserting her faithful B. H. S. followers, she gaily sported about with the visiting fireman until the wee hours of the morn. "Something ought to be done about that!" said *K. Cole*, raging with jealousy, when informed of the ghastly incident.

C'est tout—Au revoir.

ACTIVITIES

(continued from page twenty-four)

Snapdragons

The Snapdragons, the freshman girls' debating club, held their first meeting of the year on Thursday, November 23rd, at 4:45. If we may judge by numbers, we predict a very successful season for this club, for there were about sixty-five present at this initial meeting.

The election of officers resulted as follows: *Prudence Speirs*, president; and *Audrey Burke*, vice-president.

Copies of the Debate Club News were distributed at this time. The business taken up at the meeting was a discussion of the ticket sale for the lecture by *Sir Hubert Wilkins*.

PASSING IN REVIEW

ROBERT PETTERSON

Introducing the man that designs anything for anyone, Robert Pettersson. Many an Oracle cover has been his inspiration. Pat is a potential engineer and aspires to attend the U. of M. Famed he is for his inveterate propensity to state his honest and unflattering opinions on all manner of things both in class-room and in the Oracle's book column, often taking issue with his learned pedagogues as to the merits of various literary creations. By the way, if anyone has any chocolate cake that is using up space, the greatest human consumer of that product in the U. S. is pictured above.



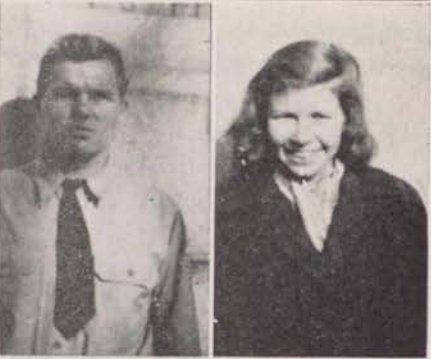
FLORENCE PRUSAITIS

Since "Flossie" saw *First Love*, she thinks Robert Stack is simply *marve-ous*! Flossie goes in for music which isn't classical. Bob Crosby, Kate Smith, the Hit Parade, etc. keep her amused when listening to the radio, and *The Lone Ranger* just bores her stiff. . . . On the eatable side—spinach pleases her, but pumpkin pie is the bane of her existence. Another Gal Scout, Flossie hangs out at Natawasi in the summer, and she's headed for a business career, aspiring to attend business school.



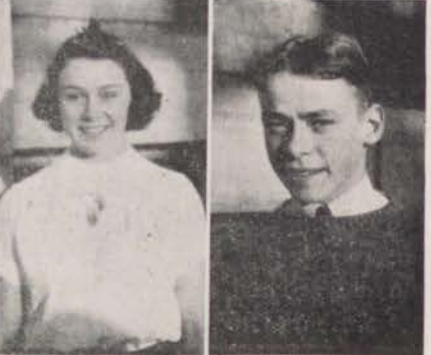
WILLIAM WORK

The rugged gridiron standby of the sophomore class; Bill Work is pictured above. Bill is an all-round athlete playing an anchored tackle on Bangor's football team this fall. As soon as the ice gets thicker, he'll dust off his skates and get to work. Although Bill doesn't dance, he always seems to be out at some party. His summer is spent playing baseball and his spare time during the winter in playing basketball.



PRUDENCE SPEIRS

Munching gingerbread keeps this gal's spirits high, and I *do* mean high. Although she likes all of her studies, Prudy informed me she doesn't like studying them. Well, that's natural. She likes to swim and skate, and summers at Natarawi. A friend of hers told me that she's a very good little Girl Scout and likes to walk home from the meetings. That's rather odd, isn't it? Movies hold a big thrill for her, and she thinks Henry Fonda is just grand. The only thing this freshman doesn't like is clam chowder.



BARBARA CLEMENT

"Give me the great outdoors," sighs Barb, "and I'll be as happy as—well, I'll be happy." She hunts, skis, swims, plays baseball, basketball, hockey, and—Oh, I could go on for an hour naming all of the things she does. Besides being an outdoor girl, she's also a musician and of course—a student. I've heard that she wields a mean golf club. (This is down at Lucerne, where she spends her summers.) College is Barb's future aim, and we're sure she'll make good at anything she chooses for a profession.

LESLIE KNEIDL

Probably you've been wondering who this busy little man is. It's Leslie Kneidl, and the reason he appears so busy is because he is circulation manager of the Oracle. Leslie came down from Washington Academy and brought his honor marks with him. If you hear any machine gunning on the top floor, don't be frightened, for it is probably only Leslie warming up on the typewriter. Headed for Maine School of Commerce, Leslie has decided to take the four year course in three years instead of wasting time.

MARY SPANGLER

Mary, the fair haired lassie with the personality-plus, a member of the sophomore class, captain of the sophomore hockey team, and loads of other things, is just nuts about Tyrone Power, and she just *never* misses one of his movies. But those are all minor details in Mary's life 'cause when it comes to photography, she can't be beaten—in fact, she even takes pictures of herself! That's going some. Mary would like to go to junior college and then to some photography school. Who knows, but maybe she'll be another Bachrach?

ROBINSON SPEIRS

Don't look now but it *Speirs* to me as another freshman is here. Robbie was the mainstay of the freshman football team this fall, playing a little professional ball on the side with the State Street Hornets. He gloats over hot swing music and has a mania for dancing. Holbrook's pond keeps Robbie busy in the summer, while in the winter he enjoys basketball and ping pong. An A1 man in the workshop, he always has a bottle of coke ready for an emergency.

Resume for the Rams



BANGOR 7; WINSLOW 0

THIS game was played at Winslow. A special train took about 200 Bangor students over; in fact, there were more Bangor students at the game than there were Winslow fans.

It had rained about all morning, and when the game started it was still drizzling, but that didn't daunt the Rams' spirits.

Since the field was muddy, both teams were handicapped, but Bangor's weight helped a lot. In the second period Windy took the ball from his own ten on a reverse and ran ninety yards up to the end zone, but he had stepped outside on about the thirty-seven yard line, and the ball was called back.

Late in the third period, after dominating the field of play most of the game, Bangor scored on a fifty yard march. Smashing and bucking by the backs brought the ball to the Winslow ten, Dick Morse going over standing up for the only score of the game.

Winslow's passing attack was hampered by the slippery ball, and Bangor's tricky running attack was slightly handicapped by the mud.

Statistics showed that the Rams got twelve first downs to the Raider's four, and gained by rushing 196 yards to Winslow's 86.

BANGOR 19; CONY 0

Bangor's first touchdown came in the first period. The Rams were on their own 48 yard line. From there Windy, Mullins and Carson hit every spot in the line and brought the ball to the Cony 20. Then Dick Morse faded and passed to Hal Littlefield, who stepped over the line. Windy kicked the extra point.

In the second, Bangor started from the Cony 45. Windy cut off 25 more yards. Dick Morse then passed to Bud Mullins on the four. Windy scored two plays later.

In the third period, Cony threatened but was stopped on the six inch line. They later made a bid to score in the third, but the Bangor line was too strong.

The fourth period saw another score chalked up for Bangor. With the ball on the Cony 45, Windy brought it to the 38 yard line for a first down; Burleigh Carson

gained three, and then Windy galloped around right end to score on a neat play. The try for point failed.

BANGOR 7; PORTLAND 7

In an exciting game at Mary Snow field, Bangor scored first in the second period. Bangor was on its own 28 when Dick Morse dropped back and whipped a pass to Windy over center. Windy then cut to the right and evaded several tacklers to race 65 yards for a touchdown. Dick Morse kicked the extra point. The half ended with Bangor in possession of the ball on the Portland five.

In the third period Portland put on a 65 yard dash that ended in a touchdown, Campbell kicking the extra point.

Portland missed scoring in the last quarter when the ball was called back from the end zone for a penalty.

Later, when Windy swept around the end for a gain, three Portland players dived on him and started to rough it up.

The game ended with a shower of passes on both sides.

BANGOR; LEWISTON

Lewiston made the first touchdown in eleven plays, getting two first downs in a row. Then Gibson passed to Delisle, who lateraled to Bailey. Bailey was downed on the Bangor 18. The next play was a first down to the Bangor 5. Eretzian sliced through tackle to score, Boisvert drop-kicking the extra point.

From the Bangor 37, Lewiston scored their second touchdown. They lined up before going into the huddle, but the ball went to Boisvert, who swept around end.

The last Lewiston touchdown came when Boisvert caught a punt in midfield and lateraled to Gibson who reversed his field and ran to the 25, tackled by Higgins. Two plays later Gibson passed to Dionne over the end zone.

In the last half the Rams dominated the field, throwing Lewiston for three successive losses. Bangor received the Lewiston punt on the Lewiston thirty, Dick Morse passed to Bud Mullins for a first down on the 17 yard stripe, and then Dick whipped another pass to

Hal Littlefield who scored.

A peculiar thing hapened during the game when Dick kicked to the five yard line. Garland Strang downed the ball, but as soon as he took his hands off the ball, a Lewiston player picked it up and ran to mid-field. The referee hadn't blown his whistle.

Lewiston only got two more first downs than Bangor. Carson and Mullins got most of the yardage.

A large number of Bangor students went over on the special train.

BANGOR 6; BREWER 0

Windy kicked off to Brewer. The ball struck a Brewer lineman and Phil Higgins recovered. Immediately the Rams started to march. It was Mullins, Carson, Work—Mullins, Carson, and Work. The first two mentioned would slice through tackle or around end, and then Windy would crash through to Pick up a first down. The system worked three first downs in a row, and it looked as though the Rams would go on forever, but the Witches took time out, talked the thing over, and finally stopped the Rams on the five yard line.

When the second period opened, it was Bangor's ball on their own 25. Dick Morse got off a beautiful kick which carried fully sixty yards. The Brewer safety man grabbed the ball on his own five yard line, but was promptly downed by Bob Emerson. Houston kicked on the first play, and Bangor took the ball on the Brewer 27 yard line. In three plays Bangor lost three yards, but then Dick Morse decided to do something. He dropped back and tossed the ball to Windy, who cut over from the right sideline and sprinted over for the only score of the game. The attempted placement was blocked.

Though Bangor scored only once, they were always threatening and were never really threatened. The Rams got 12 first downs to Brewer's 2, and rushed 210 yards to Brewer's 28.

Bud Mullins and Burleigh Carson played the best of the season, Mullins repeatedly sweeping around right end for gains of five to twelve yards. The Rams best play was a reverse with Burleigh carrying.

LOOKING FORWARD

This ends a pretty successful season for Mose Nani-gian and the Rams. Now the basketball season gets under way. The last part of October, coach Eddie Trowell called the first practice, and since then the boys have been getting into condition. The first game, I think, will be played Dec. 15. Some of those on the team are Dick Morse, Phil Jameson, Windy Work, Bud Carson, Ed Babcock, John Woodcock, Wendy Carey, Bud Mullins, Sid Chaison, Bob Emerson, Irving Broder, J. Hussey.

But basketball isn't all that can be done in the winter. By the time this issue of the *Oracle* is printed, the Winter Sports Clubs will probably be formed. Then there is skiing. A couple of the places to ski around here are Paradise Park and Bald Mountain. At Paradise Park, there is a pretty good practice slope, and there is a small trail facing the river. At Bald Mountain a new trail has just been finished. There are now three trails to pick from, and plenty of room for everybody, so get your skis and poles, and come down some day.

Then there is the track team under the capable supervision of Charlie O'Connor. Since the first of school, the cross country team has been practicing, and about the middle of November, the track team got started. The first meet will be about the last of January. In March there is a meet at Bowdoin; then there is a big outdoor meet in May. Remember at Maine last spring, Bangor made a very good showing.

Some of the members this year are Bob Emerson, Hal Hickson, Mel Lee, Bill Cox, George Chalmers, Whitney Jennison, and John Van Dyke.

Girls' Athletics

GIRLS' basketball started with practice for the freshman, Monday night, December 4th. Many girls turned out for practice.

Basketball this year will be played the same as last year, the teams playing intramural, and the winners of the intramural games playing inter-class. The winners of the inter-class games are presented with a cup.

The Athletic Honor Council Girls will coach the basketball teams and will also be time-keepers.

It promises to be a good basketball season this year; there are many experienced players among the upper class teams and there are many new players.

Games will be played in the gym, and everyone is invited to attend. The schedule will be posted on the girls' bulletin board beside the gym office.

G. A. H. C.

At the Hockey Banquet, November 21, three new members were taken into the council. They were Hilda Banks, Dorothy Braidy, and Jennie Johnson. The girls were charged with the rituals of the council by the Council girls.

The Council gave a Thanksgiving basket to a poor family of the city, the girls contributing food and delivering the basket.

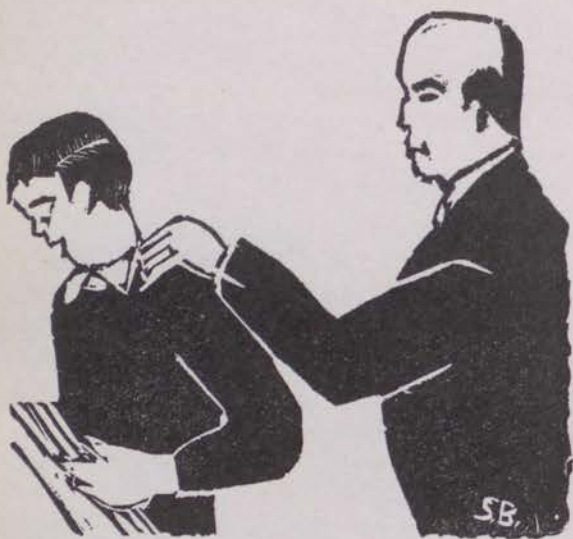
CASE OF THE MISSING MANUSCRIPT

(continued from page eight)

"You must have taken it to keep me out of the game!" thundered Bob.

"Upon what unstable basis do you place your unjust accusations?" screeched the terrified teacher who was trembling before the enraged pupil, twice her size.

"Here, here, what's all the commotion?" asked a voice, and Bob, whirling about, viewed Mr. Graham standing in the door grasping Simon Di Sonest by the arm. Mr. Graham spoke, "Here's your culprit. I stopped him from running down the corridor, and I noticed that he had in his hand a paper with your name



"Here's your culprit," said Mr. Graham.

on it. When I examined it, I discovered what it was and he, overcome by fear, confessed all to me, hoping to get off easy. Here, take it. He has been watching his chance all the afternoon to steal this, so as to keep you from the game tomorrow. It was he who stole your first one from Miss Kylestone's desk. He was to receive from Mr. Gamm Blurr a large sum for keeping you out of the game tomorrow, for Blurr, it seems, had a large bet on Middleton."

So saying, the principal yanked Di Sonest out of the room and marched him off to the office where drastic measures were to be taken.

Bob turned to Miss Kylestone. "How can I ever apologize?" he began.

"Never mind, boy," she said kindly, "I know how you must have felt when you saw your essay gone and naturally you thought that I—but, then hurry, you have only four minutes."

Two minutes later, Bob, having finished his masterpiece, passed it to her.

"I tried to call you by phone this noon," said Miss Kylestone, "to tell you that I would wait until tonight for this, for if you had done it once, I knew you could do it this afternoon. But when I arrived here, Mr. Graham told me what you were doing, so I came up to assist you if I might. You must forgive me for acting in the manner I did this morning, but I thought you were trying to use the old trick of saying you'd passed it in when you hadn't—but run along. Coach Grid Iron wants to see you in the athletic office to reinstate you. Yes, she continued, as if in answer to his surprised yet joyous countenance. I have seen to that."

"Gee," he said enthusiastically, "you've patched things up good!"

"Run along, run along," she said huskily, "before I flunk you for the incorrect use of the adverb in that sentence! With a wild cry of joy, he made a bee-line for the athletic office. She snuffed once or twice, twitching her nose, and winked her eyes as she hunted in her purse for some change to buy a ticket for the Westland-Middleton Heights football game the next day.

THE END

BRIDEGROOMS ARE GAY

(continued from page nine)

fascinating talker although he never breathed a truly serious word. He talked all the way through Pennsylvania and into Ohio.

Then the conductor appeared and announced the next stop — Bayton.

Larry had gone to the smoking car, and Franny left the train unwillingly. She'd never see him again; he would just be remembered as the man on the train. Franny almost cried. Life would continue with its perpetual round of photographers' studios, luncheons with boorish executives, and dates with those jelly-fish playboys who infest cocktail lounges. . .

Peggy was pleased to see Franny. That was the trouble with Peggy. She seemed pleased to see everybody. Her simplicity didn't keep you speculating—stupid little Peggy! Franny listened to her cousin's chatter with feigned interest, but she thought wistfully of Larry.

"Oh Franny, honey, I'm so glad you came," squealed Peggy. "I have millions and millions of things to tell you. I know you'll be pleased to hear about my part in our Little Theater play. We had a big crowd—almost two hundred!"

"That's fine, Peggy," Franny replied without enthusiasm. "I thought I'd stay in Bayton for a time."

(Please turn to page thirty-two)

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Answers to the Oracle's Twenty Questions

1. Adolf Hitler.
2. Soviet Russia.
3. November 30.
4. suffered a major setback.
5. Under-Secretary of State.
6. President Roosevelt.
7. subjected to numerous delays.
8. Bulgaria.
9. five.
10. 1941.
11. Danube River.
12. National Commander of Legion.
13. parachutes.
14. 40.27 miles.
15. Finland.
16. radium.
17. Trujillo.
18. Westwall or Siegfried line.
19. City of Flint, Iroquois.
20. Kalinin.

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BRIDEGROOMS ARE GAY

(continued from page thirty)

"You'll have a good time here. I know that," said her cousin.

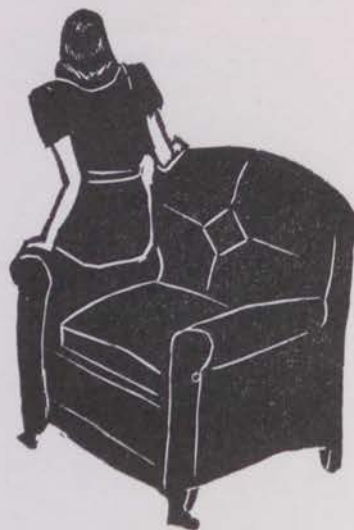
Yes, there were church socials, barn dances, and Sunday picnics. Boredom is where you find it, and Franny found it everywhere. Peggy, on the contrary, was as fresh and youthful as her pretty, flushed face and trim figure attested. Wrinkles and diets were unknown quantities to her. At the moment she seemed particularly happy.

She giggled self-consciously. "Franny, I've been saving the best for last. I mean—Oh Franny, I'm going to be married! He's coming in on the train today, now. I met him in Pittsburg when I visited Aunt Carrie. He's just a darling. He . . ."

A masculine voice boomed from the hall. "Ahoy there, sailor. Are you on deck?"

"Yes, darling, come on in," chirped Peggy.

Franny faced the door, and her eyes first caught sight of a pair of black oxfords. Her head jerked upward to the man's face. The brilliant necktie and the blond virility of him hit her like a left hook! She staggered



She staggered backward.

backwards, bracing herself on a convenient chair. Her breath came in spurts. A cold finger pressed her spine as Peggy (the little fool!) introduced the newcomer.

"Franny, I want you to meet Larry MacPhail."

Larry! No wonder his conversation had been so gay! Bridegrooms should be gay.

Franny simply said, "Yes, we met—on the train."

THE END



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RADIO NEWS NOTES

(continued from page eighteen)

November 5 at 3.30 p. m., the WLBZ feature, *Maine Schools on the Air*, broadcast over the network of the Maine Broadcasting System, originated in the assembly hall of Bangor High School. This particular program had a quiz contest conducted by Kendall Cole, and the contestants were all members of the B. H. S. Debate Club of which Mr. Cole is the president. Part of the half hour broadcast was devoted to the music of the Bangor High School Band.

Vox Pop is another entertaining weekly quiz program of the Columbia Broadcasting System. It is heard Thursdays at 7.30 p. m. over CBS and WABI. Parks Johnson and Wally Butterworth are the two information seekers.

SONGBIRD RETURNS

Kate Smith, Songbird of the South, wings into the Columbia network each Friday at 8.00 p. m. Your local station for this program is WABI. One of the few radio stars to whom listeners remain doggedly loyal year in and year out, Kate is heard this year with Abbot and Costello, comedians whom she discovered two years ago. The Broadway Group Theatre is also a part of the show.

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