

# ORACLE



*Vol. 52*

**DECEMBER, 1942**

*No. 2*

Published by the Students of Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine



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**and**

**A Joyous New Year**



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*The Oracle Staff*



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students of Bangor High School, Bang-  
gor, Maine.



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NO. 2

# The Oracle

December, 1942

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## She Had Three Sons

by Lucille Power

**C**HRISTMAS EVE! The flame of the match she had struck to light the candles was reflected in Ellen Brent's eyes as she bent over the three tall red candles in the window. She smiled a little as she lit the first one. This was for Cary, her oldest son. Cary, the image of his father, big, quiet, shy, so thoughtful and sensitive to others' feelings. Cary, the home-loving one. The one who loved his books and his dogs and a fire in the evening. Girls and dances bored him, but he could lose himself for hours in a good book. Cary with his fine dark eyes and strong jaw, tall and lanky with his clothes always seeming to hang from his big frame, his long, slender hands. The hands of an artist that could make a piano come suddenly to life at his touch. Hands that could draw a picture full of life and expression or tinker with a motor with equal skill. And Cary was in far off Australia this Christmas Eve.

Her hand trembled as she lit the second candle. This one was for Jimmy. Gay, happy-go-lucky Jimmy with a heart of gold. He was so young, only twenty. Reckless, some people called him. He raced through life at top speed, getting as much out of it as he could. He was never still. Always rushing off somewhere to dance, to have a game of tennis, to laugh and to have fun, to make people forget everything unpleasant with his devilish grin, his endless energy always being put to use. He was in the R. A. F. now, using his energy against Hitler. Fighting now with the same spirit with which he had played not so long ago. Grinning his devil-may-care grin and going up in his plane cheerfully, not knowing whether he would ever return. But then, you couldn't expect Jimmy to do anything that wouldn't call for courage and provide plenty of excitement. Jimmy had a girl, too. Anne had been his girl ever since they had gone to grammar school together. Anne had always tried to keep up with Jimmy in everything. That was why she was wearing the uniform of the WAAC's now, smiling eagerly and saying, "I can't

let Jimmy get ahead of me, can I? Especially not in the most important thing in our lives."

"Of course not," Ellen had answered her, smiling into the girl's confident shining eyes. She had realized then that brave young people like Jimmy and Anne were the hope of this war-torn world. They would fight for freedom because they loved it so.

There were tears in Ellen's eyes as she lit the third candle. This one was for Mac. Mac, just out of high school and in the Marines. "I'm eighteen, Mom. I can enlist now, can't I?" His eyes had pleaded with her, and she couldn't refuse him. She had to smile and say, "Okay, Mac." He wanted to be in there fighting with his brothers. Who was she to stop him from fighting for his country? But eighteen seemed so young. There was something about the expression around his mouth that was still so childish even if the expression in his eyes was a man's look of determination. A year ago at this time he had been bursting with pride over his new tux and running around in his rattling old Ford that was always nearly breaking down under a load of long-legged high school kids. He had saved part of his allowance for weeks to buy an orchid for the little girl down the street when he took her to the Christmas Formal. Now Ellen didn't know where he was, but she knew he had more important things on his mind than orchids and dance programs. And somehow she wished he hadn't.

The mother stood for a few moments after she had lighted the candles, looking out of the window at the glistening snow. The lights from the house made bright patterns and dark shadows on the gleaming white expanse. Up and down the street she could see the gayly lighted Christmas trees in her neighbors' windows. Everything seemed so peaceful, and secure, and safe. She had three sons and they were all away from home this Christmas Eve, fighting so that they and their fellow Americans could be safe at home for all the other Christmas Eves to come.





# TAGGING THE SALE

by Those Who Were

ONE nippy November morning—a Saturday morning, some ninety volunteer sales girls reported to the Maine School of Commerce from where they marched out to their various assigned cold corners. Each was armed with a bunch of fifty tiny black tags and an empty but nevertheless desirable milk bottle into which were to go the contributions of Bangor and Brewer to the Lions' Club Penny Milk Drive. Every dime which clinked inside the glass milk bottles meant that some needy school child would have his noon milk for thirty days, or, inversely, that thirty children would benefit by one day's milk at school.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Good morning, would you like to buy a tag for the Milk Fund?"

"You bet!"

And the first dime plinked happily into the quart bottle to lay the foundation to what each salesgirl was determined to be a fortune.

"Have you put in your dime yet?"

"No, but here it is! Say—is that your sales line? You're not limiting contributions to ten cents, are you?"

"I should say not."

"Well then—you'd better change it to 'Will you contribute?' Or 'Have you your tag yet?' Then they won't stop at a dime."

"Thanks. That's sounds worth trying!"

"Good luck!"

"Frigid? Yes. . . but fun!"

"You need your red flannels today!"

"Have you been tagged yet?"

"Sorry. I'm strapped until noon. Pay day, you know."

"Hey, you under that car! Have you put your contribution into a milk bottle this morning? . . . Sure it's early, but the early bird, you know . . ."

"Would I like to contribute my share to the milk fund? How much? . . . As much as I want? Well—I've seven kids to feed, but a quarter certainly won't make me any poorer!"

"Ah! a red light!" And the undeniable milk bottle was thrust through the window beside an unsuspecting driver and prevented him from shifting gears until he had paid his toll.

This time the salesgirl resumed her stand by the other entrance of the store where she was stationed. She reckoned aloud, "People must be catching on: everyone who says, 'Not today,' and goes in to shop comes out by the other door. Ah, strategy! I'll fool 'em. I'll catch 'em on the outcome and hope they won't have the heart to refuse again. Ha!"

"Will you contribute? How much? Oh, whatever you feel it's worth. . . ten cents provides milk for thirty school children, remember. . . No, I can't make any change."

"Well—you'll just have to wait until I make my purchases. Be back. . ."

"Thanks. Be sure to be back, though. . ."

"You make the sixth one who has held me up. I said no to the first five, but I'll have to make it yes to you if I ever hope to get to work on time! Now—since I've satisfied you by buying a tag, how about tying it into my lapel?"

"Have they got you yet?"

"Nope. And they're not going to!"

Instructions had been given to include men in uniform. She beamed at one who was rapidly approaching. He only grinned in return, "Too bad. Your sister on the corner back there got ahead of you."

"Nice going. Just as long as she got you . . ."

"Not on my life. I know you. . . you get half of it!"

"What!"

"I have ten tags now, but I'll buy another if it will do so much for the children. What I wouldn't do for my own children. . ."

"Buy a tag?"

"No money; see me tonight and I'll have some!"

"Have you put in yet?"

"Now I have. . . But let me tell you something; for a year now I've been buying a daily quart for a family who otherwise would have no milk at all. Still, that doesn't stop me from adding my bit to your milk fund."

"You certainly are doing your part, sir, and more!"

"Hello again. Yes, I know I've contributed once before. But it wasn't much, so here's more. . ."

The salesgirl then glanced down at her tightly clenched mitten which had held such a number of tags. Not one remained. Swinging and jingling the bottle, already growing heavy, she sped up the hill to the Maine School and her second bunch of fifty tags. Her legs tingling with cold, she was so happy and eager to get back on the job, that she practiced the little running leaps she had learned in interpretive dancing.

"Why, why is it that some of the people who appear so perfectly able to pause and make a right sizeable contribution shake out two coins and choose the dime rather than the quarter; then, some of the people whom you hesitate even to ask come up cheerfully of themselves and give their all?"



# BEHIND THE BELL

*Tuesdays and Fridays at 10 A. M. by Prudy Speirs*

**D**O you realize that we are at war? Soon every girl and woman who is not now employed in a war job will be drafted, or at least called upon to volunteer for some service.

Already women are replacing men in vital industries. They are classed today not only as housewives, but as draftsmen, factory workers, welders, farmers, lumberjacks, laboratory scientists, doctors, mechanics, truck drivers, taxi drivers, mail carriers, chemists, and factory managers. This means longer hours, harder work, added cares and duties, less time for recreation, and less time for unessentials. But how can these women keep on unless they are physically fit? They can't and they realize it. Classes in physical training are being organized and conducted all over the country to condition and prepare the women and girls to take over these necessary positions.

Physical fitness by also relieving mental strain and nervous tension, is a large factor in keeping up morale.

Even now, girls from our own school are being called on to replace elevator boys, messenger boys, clerks, ushers, and are filling countless other positions. Nurses and nurses' aides are badly needed. The N. Y. A. is sponsoring a new program in Bangor that includes clerical training, radio instruction, and a class in wood-working. All of these phases of war work are definitely essential, but all who participate in them must be physically fit to take on the extra work involved.

The Bangor High School program that has recently been added for senior girls is for this purpose. There are mass drills, all types of exercises, posture correction, folk dancing, relay races, competitive games, and similar activities accompanied by music. Intramural and interclass basketball also play an important part in the new setup. All girls are eligible, and those faithful to practice are given equal chances to play on teams.

Senior members of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council are acting as squad leaders and teachers, as well as coaches for the basketball teams.

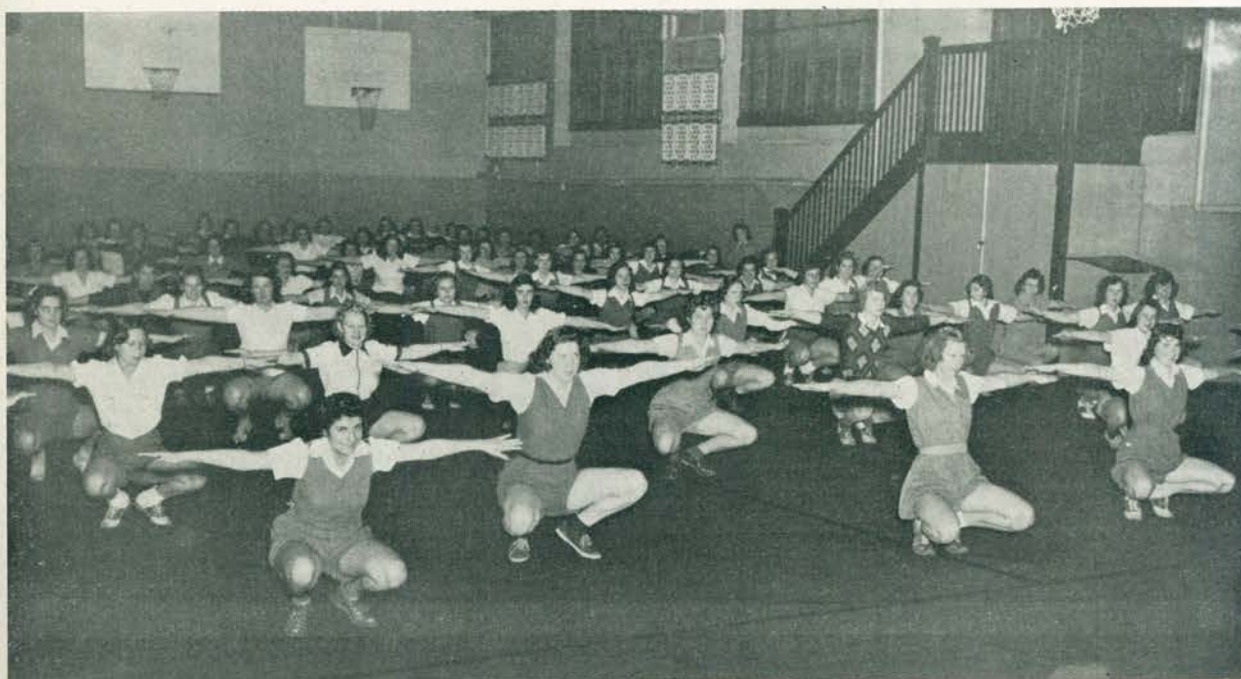
Because the two twenty-minute periods a week do not allow sufficient time for the suggested work-outs, practice outside of school is being encouraged along with other muscular conditioning courses such as the dancing classes held after school.

Many girls are asking, "Why do I need to take gym? I get plenty of exercise without it."

Perhaps some do, but there are many girls who don't because of other activities.

Others say, "How can I help in the war effort?" "What can I do?"

You can help. You can help by keeping in first class physical condition, not only with plenty of exercise, but also with the proper amounts of sleep and nutritious foods. Then and only then will you be able to offer your best efforts when called upon to act.







## 'Twas The Night Before Xmas

by Edith Strout

EMMY was in love! Emmy was sixteen; that's the right age to be in love; but he didn't love Emmy, or so she thought. Emmy wasn't love-silly. She didn't do all the silly things sixteen year olds usually do about love. She didn't sit in her room with the door locked listening to his favorite records; she never lost her appetite; the very mention of his name didn't make her blush; she didn't change her hair style because it was too juvenile. Oh no! Emmy did none of these things.

"What's the sense?" she asked herself. "If I go goony over him and try silly little conceits to get him, what fun'll I have after he notices me? I'll have to live up to those things that just aren't me." So Emmy kept on in her own natural way having a snazzy time with everyone and everything.

One day when Emmy was walking down the street, she heard the sound of pounding behind her. Naturally she turned around. And there he was, all red-faced and panting, running to catch up with her!

"Hi! Emmy," he said, "mind if I walk home with you?"

"Course not, I'd love it," she said. "I guess I haven't minded it for almost fifteen years, have I?"

At this they laughed and began to chat over old times and the fun they'd had with the crowd.

When they reached her front gate, there was a sort of pause in the conversation. It was almost dusk; the children over next door were raking leaves; dogs were having late afternoon siestas, and there was a rosy autumnal tint about everything.

"Gee," he said, "Emmy, I'd like to come over to see you sometime. Do you think it'd be okay?"

"Why sure," she said, "I'd love it. Drop around anytime." And before she thought, she said, "Isn't it fun to be sixteen and in love?"

"Emmy! What did you say?"

"Oh! Migosh! Nothing, nothing at all; I was just thinking. Well, goodbye. See you sometime."

"Bye, Emmy."

"Gee," she thought, "I've done it. Letting kittens out of bags all over the place. Darn! The jig's up for good. I guess I'll never have anymore fun. What a crack to make. Gosh!" With a very heavy heart, Emmy went in to dinner.

On the other hand, he, like a dope, thought she must be in love with some tall, dark, and handsome letter man on the football team. "Just my luck," he thought. "I begin to like a natural number like Emmy, and bingo! No sale." With hesitant steps he slowly made his way homeward.

Suprisingly, both Emmy and he recovered. When they passed on the street, they were very chummy. Both said, "Hi," and accompanied it with just a little forced gay "ha-ha" type smile.

Christmas was coming. Everyone was gay and filled with the good old Christmas spirit. Emmy's house looked festive and cozy. She was kept so busy, she hardly had time to think. Finally, Christmas Eve came. Emmy and all her family were seated before the fireplace, listening to Dad read, "'Twas the Night Before Christmas," and a lot of other old favorites, when suddenly the door bell gave a long peal. Emmy jumped up to answer it. When she opened the door, there he was with a cute little package under his arm.

"Oh!" said Emmy, "Oh!" But before she had time to utter another word, he, noticing the mistletoe over her head, noticing the family seated before the fireplace, and, most of all, noticing Emmy, picked her up and, right there—right there, before the whole family, even Grandpop and Grandma, kissed her!

Cries of, "Hooray! Bravo! Nice work!" issued from the living room. Emmy, knowing now that everything was okay, said to him, "Merry Christmas, because it really is merry now."



## Twerp

by L. Shapleigh

Twerp, it was unanimously agreed, was a strikingly handsome fellow. Unfortunately, however, poor Twerp was a victim of that rare and often misspelled disease—ANTIFEMALEMANIA, or it is known to the profession, PEDISFRIDIGA. This distressing condition had developed when Twerp's mother dropped him on his head during childhood, and from such a humble and commonplace incident there grew in his great mind a distinct dislike or something for those (to quote Vachel Lindsay) who wore:

"Knee-skirts trimmed with the jassamine sweet,  
And bells on their ankles and little black-feet."

As previously stated, this malady first appeared in the form of distrust. In successive stages it manifested itself as jealousy, fear, superiority, indifference, and finally as pure, inborn hate! And so young Twerp passed into manhood totally oblivious of the life about him (lucky devil!).

On the rare occasions that Twerp went out into public, he inevitably walked on the sidewalk opposite his ultimate objective. That is, were he approaching a house that stood on his right, he would choose the left-hand sidewalk. Please do not call him eccentric, for his motives were good. "It is imperative," reasoned he, "to have a place to which I can retreat without undue commotion. Thus, should a woman approach me, I will merely cross to the other sidewalk and thereby avert her unwarranted glance, besides being in a position to continue upon my way unmolested." Since the idea had been proven practical many times before, Twerp hardly felt faint as he discerned two young schoolgirls approximately fifty-six seconds away. Automatically his mind began to work. At the end of fifty seconds he would cross nonchalantly to the opposite sidewalk. Silently he gazed at his stop watch and, at the termination of the fifty seconds, changed his course 60° and marched out onto the cobblestones, radiant with his recently achieved success. His joy was short lived, however, for on his new haven he suddenly spotted three more of his antagonizers coming towards him. The sudden change from complete bliss to impending disaster left his reflexives momentarily paralyzed, and before he could decide on a logical plan of action, an army jeep roared into view as army jeeps do. Twerp timed himself as being in the air 4 1-5 seconds—almost a world's record. Almost, but not quite.

His gravestone bore this epitaph:

"Here lies Herb Twerp, a true woman-hater  
Who got in the way of a jeep's radiator."

## Advice To The Love Bugs

by Aunt Jit

Dear Aunt Jit,

*Why don't you tip off those yokels as to what they ought to get the girl friends for Christmas? Besides, I need suggestions. Remind 'em to be sure to get a gal before the Christmas rush starts. I may be old and withered, but I still know my stuff.*

Santy

WELL, Santy, I'm gonna take your advice and give off with the info. Boys, first you gotta get the gal. Take her to the Gas Man's Frolic or somethin' just for a starter. Then she'll begin to think you're quite the nertz (if all goes well, we hope!). And, remember you wolves in Rams' clothing (yes, I know you've heard that before, too) that there's still a war on and you may be going. Won't it be colossal to have some little sugarpuss waiting under the apple tree for you? So nab that niftie for the duration. You know, pals, that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach; well, the way to a woman's heart is through his pocketbook.

But she still won't get hep unless you give her something smooth, something no other guy ever dreamed up. How about adding to her record collection? Maybe she'd go goony over a cute li'l animal. Every time she looks at him she'll think of you. Some girls collect things. No, I don't mean heads, but things like little dogs, or cats, or dolls, or charms, or scads and scads of other things. You don't have to throw the roll on her. The main thing is get something different, something those other cheesefaces never thought of. Just because you've got priorities on her, it's best to soft pedal the jewelry and personals. Some droops find that it's wise to ask Mom or kid sis for advice on the "What'll I get her?" question; but maybe you don't want them, especially that "Spitfire from Satan," little sister, to know. The salesgirls can be mighty helpful, too.

Just think how happy she'll be when she bangs downstairs Christmas morning, takes a gander under the spreading Christmas tree, and sees that neat little package waiting for her that you tied up. Prob'ly she'll sit right down and say, "Praise the Lord and Pass the Christmas presents!"

J. Barrymore B.—(to Mr. Al Kent) That, sir, is a cow eating grass.

Mr. Kent—But where is the grass?

John B. Ballou—Why, the cow has eaten it.

Mr. Kent—But, where is the cow?

J. B. B.—Do you think that he'd be stupid enough to stay there after all the grass was gone?





# Light Of The World

by Julia



## Roads

going nowhere  
go everywhere,  
saddle-stitched  
with long loose shafts  
of headlights  
seaming the blue serge night;  
alive  
with the hum and hurry of use  
and impatient honking;  
alone  
in solitary idleness,  
rutted, lined with great ditches  
and sordid fields.

## Roads

going nowhere  
go everywhere,  
run parallel  
resisting each other,  
intersect,  
merging into one thoroughfare,  
a streetlight always burning at the corner.

## Lives

leading nowhere  
lead somewhere,  
threaded with intermittent joys;  
brave,  
busy and boastful,  
racing for immortality;  
lonely,  
furrowed with cares,  
bleak and uninspired.

## Lives

leading nowhere  
lead somewhere,  
course in the same direction,  
depending on each other,  
unknown to one another,  
interweave,  
mingling in one highway,  
everlasting faith lending courage to uncertainty.  
God, never let that street light fail.



# ONE MOMENT OF GLORY

by Barbara Andrews

“**W**OULD we like to have you entertain Dr. Mary Ellen Chase? Why, Granny, are you kidding? When is she coming? Why, how did you happen to be asked to entertain her?”

“Girls, girls, please calma yourselves and when you have changed for dinner I will explain everything, but mind you, not until then,” said Granny.

Calmed temporarily by these cool words, Dot and Barbara did an abrupt about-face and headed for the stairs, for as they had learned from past experience, teasing Granny is useless. Once the door was closed behind them, however, the chatter commenced again.

“Dot, do you realize what a great personage Dr. Chase is? Why, she’s one of the most noted writers of this generation, and her fame has spread all over the globe!”

“Don’t worry, Barb, I’m perfectly aware of her reputation. She is, without a doubt, one of Maine’s most beloved daughters. I just happened to think, her books are on our book-list at school. We should have some fun giving book reports next fall. Gee, do you suppose that she’ll really come here—that is, right to this house, talk to us and eat just as we do?”

“Why, you silly girl, of course. At least, I think she will. What I can’t understand is why some of the town’s “four hundred” haven’t been asked to entertain her. After all, Grandad is only a country dentist.”

“Well, frankly, if you ever want to know the answer, you’d better start changing for dinner. Oh, dear, I never could understand why your grandmother wouldn’t let us come to dinner in dungarees. Personally, I like mine better than anything else I own. Well, if you’re ready, let’s go.” Dot was off with a whistle.

Granny, in her gratitude for the girls’ changed attire, over looked the fact that their faces were still of doubtful shades, and proceeded with the news.

“You see, girls, Reverend Wilson has invited Dr. Chase to speak here in church on Sunday. He feels that as Henry is a deacon and we own a large home, we are the logical ones to entertain her. I haven’t definitely decided yet whether I can swing it or not. You see, I’m not as young as I used to be, and this will certainly be a great responsibility. We *do* want Dr. Chase to think well of our little town.”

The results of these last statements were twofold. Dorothy’s face visably fell. Barbara, however, knowing her grandmother as she did, realized that she was twice as excited as either of the girls. Goodness! What fun she would have when the bridge club met next week.

As Barbara had suspected, the issue was decided in favor of entertaining Dr. Chase, and immense preparations were soon underway.

The Doctor secured the very best foods the town had to offer, polished his car for the occasion, and, unknown to Granny, took one of Dr. Chase’s books to the office with him and reread it, that he might talk intelligently with her when she came. (Unknown to him, Granny also brushed up on some reading.)

Barbara and Dot spent hours polishing silver and glasses, picking bouquets, and dashing wildly here and there on errands.

Granny simply outdid in beautifying her home, preparing the meal, and supervising everything in general.

Finally all was in readiness for the great event. Grandad had at last been prevailed upon to wear his best blue suit, and the crowning glory of Granny’s attire was a stunning new hat.

The great day dawned at last.

“Do you suppose she’ll seem human? I wonder if she’d give me any pointers on writing? What do you suppose she will lecture on?” Thus ran the conversation enroute to church.

As they entered, the first thing they noticed was Rev. Wilson standing by their pew with a worried gleam in his eye. Finally he spied them and sighed with relief. He then approached them. He was not alone. With him was one of the most beautiful and dignified ladies they have ever seen. She had lovely white hair and dark sparkling eyes. She carried herself with such grace that her doctor’s gown of black and scarlet was hardly noticeable.

Rev. Wilson introduced them, and after the usual formalities, Dr. Chase left, and ascended the steps to the pulpit.

The lecture the girls heard that day probably made more of an impression than any other before or since. It was on the beauty of simple, everyday living in a democracy. It was truly a marvelous sermon and certainly gave them something to think about. In fact, so powerful had the words of the speaker been, that the entire congregation left in somewhat of a daze.

Later as Barbara and Dot stood talking with some of the congregation, there suddenly came to them the realization that they were the envy of the entire town, and with that realization came one short moment of glory.

(Please turn to page fifteen)



# THE EDITORIAL WE

**COURT RUMORS:** From unofficial sources in Homeroom 208 comes the echo of a heated debate on a student court at Bangor High. This discussion evolved from a suggestion session for the Student Council. Snatches of said echoes reverberated thus:

"Is a student-operated court feasible?"

"Is there a real need for it?"

"What cases would be within the jurisdiction of this court?"

"Would it be like a district court? If so, who or what would comprise the supreme court?"

"Would the court officers be elected or appointed? For how long a term?"

"Has it worked elsewhere? Would it work here?"

"Could its duties be incorporated in those of our present Student Council?"

Any topic which arouses such searching questions should receive the consideration of the students since it is they who are primarily concerned. If any homeroom is in dire need of program subjects, we urge that it contact 208 and hold a discussion along these lines. We'd appreciate reports from the homerooms on the matter.

Of course, opinions and conclusions can hardly be formed until more information is available. Before instituting anything new, we can generally trace its gradual development through three stages: (1) a period of debate upon its possibilities, advantages, and disadvantages; (2) a test flight, faltering because full support is lacking; (3) the beginning of the realization of its possibilities, gaining in confidence and supporters, following only when the trial run is promising. The Student Council has undergone the first two formative periods and is just now entering upon its final stage and its fourth year. Possibly the suggestion of a student court bears considering by the Student Council. Could our high school, like our city, be directed in policy by a council, and its laws and order enforced by a court?

To quote Raymond Gram Swing: "The beginning of action is thinking; the beginning of thinking is intelligent definition." We've made you the proposal of a student court. What's your verdict? The sooner you think about and clearly define what you want and what you mean by it, the sooner we can take action. So keep it in mind, mull it over, take it up, talk it up! Send the Bangor High Student Court into its first stage of development by defining it, thinking about it, acting upon it.

**WHAT PRICE PEACE:** Was there a note of irony in the preparation for the parade on Armistice Day, November 11, 1942? What were we celebrating—a day that marked the winning of a war or of a peace? No, November 11, 1918, was only the time-out between halves, and the very principles which were at stake less than a quarter of a century ago are hanging in the balance today. The sons of the American doughboys who made the first A. E. F. are now on battle fronts flung far beyond those of World War I. Ironical: like father, like son! And why? What is this war about? God's war. . . . Can we be Christian and win as we must? Is it the old question of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth against turning the other cheek? Do war and Christianity mix? It is possible to have Christian objectives, but as to securing them . . .

Armistice Day, 1918: whistles shrill, bells clang, people go mad with happiness, forgetful of everything but their happiness, hoarse with cheering, wild with the thought that at last the world is safe for democracy, that war can be no more. And a few thinking men and women pause to wonder, "Shouldn't we go first to the church to pray before we go out into the streets to cheer?"

Armistice Day, 1942: wind of Rommel's reverses in North Africa swells our victory effort. But this time when hope of approaching success is justified, we will go first to our churches to pray not for a swift surcease to struggling, but for wisdom and courage to perpetuate peace, a peace binding the victors as well as the vanquished. What is this war about? Louis Fischer, seriously analyzing world situations in a recent address, voiced his conviction that we must become during the war what we would be after the war. On the eve of death, he said, men think deeply and simply—what is it all for? Chamberlain was an appeaser, out to preserve the old England of privilege, class, and money. Churchill says we can fight and win the war and still have old England.

But do we want to restore old England, old America—the pre-war America? By restoring conditions as they were before the war, we would be recreating conditions as they were at the outbreak of the war. We can win this war by winning the peace, and while we are giving lives and money and making sacrifices, we can go one better; we can create the new world we all want to live in!

There is no ceiling on peace; we can well afford to pay for immediate *and* lasting peace measures. Let's not go one mile for ourselves, but two miles for posterity and a permanent peace.



# ON THE BEAM

**I**N our war effort the part played by radio is one of the most important factors. Radio's jobs are many and varied, but two of the most important concern every one of us directly.

The first is to keep the public well-informed. No other method of communication is so far-reaching or brings better results than radio. No one person could keep up with the rapidly changing conditions of national and world affairs without the regular reports and the excellent analyses which are presented to the radio audiences.

In their desire to keep the American people the best informed people in the world, the networks give us a great selection of clear-thinking men to arrange the facts and give us their various interpretations of the news, from which, we may shape our own thoughts. This right to think for ourselves is one which we should treasure and protect. No one can tell us what we must think; no one can tell us what we must accept. The task of the radio commentator is to gather and present the facts; it is the privilege of the listener to form his own opinions.

## Aces:

Every radio fan has his favorite commentators. Here are the times and stations where a few of the most popular can be found:

"Kaltenborn Edits The News" daily at 7:45 P. M. via WLBZ.

Lowell Thomas is heard Mon. thru Fri. at 6:45 over N. B. C.

Upton Close reviews activity on the production front, Sat. evening at 5:45 on WLBZ, while Sun. at 3:15 P. M. he gives a general roundup of world news.

Two other informative programs not to be missed are "The Army Hour", 3:30 P. M., and "Report To The Nation" at 10:30 P. M., both on N. B. C., Sunday.



## Soothing:

Chances to relax now are few and hard to find, but again radio comes to the rescue. C. B. S. presents the "Pause That Refreshes On The Air," featuring Andre Kostelanetz, Sunday at 4:30; at 10:30, on WLBZ the same evening, Phil Spitalny and his all-girl orchestra ease jagged nerves with the "Hour Of Charm."

The "Saturday Night Serenade" also is a good opportunity to relax with Jessica Dragonette, Bill Perry, and the Serenaders. The time is 9:45 P. M.

## Warning:

If the radio is turned on, and the temperature starts rising noticeably, chances are it's Tuesday. If so, the listener is a victim of fate—victim of a steady stream of fates to be most specific, starting with "Duffy's Tavern," starring Ed Gardner, at 8:30 P. M., N. B. C. and followed by the quackiest show on the air, Burns and Allen, at 9:00, C. B. S.

The routine is carried on when the closet door opens, and out come "Fibber McGee and Molly", and many other strange articles, such as Uncle Dennis, in spirit (s) only; the King's Men, and Billy Mills' orchestra, to pass away the time between 9:30 and 10:00 P. M. for N. B. C.

If all thermometers haven't boiled dry yet, Bob Hope will rid the audience of the pesky things forever, for after it has recovered from his hilarious half-hour, 10:00-10:30, thermometers can be contributed along with the rest of the scrap, to the salvage drive. Frances Langford and Vera Vague are the glamour-gals for this show,—believe it or not.

At 10:30, if anyone is still living and listening, he'll be sorry! But remember whatever happens, WE didn't dood it.

## Educating:

No matter what the need is, the answer can usually be found some place around the dial.

For all Juniors who have word-trouble, here are two suggestions: (1) a dictionary—the hard way to do it, or (2) "Noah Webster Says", with Haven MacQuarrie and Professor Lindsley—the easy way. Haven spells them, the Prof. defines them. Interested? The time for this dainty tid bit is 7:00 P. M. Saturday.

## In the Army:

"An airplane without a radio has been called a dead pidgeon; a tank with defective communications, a blind horse. The man responsible for the condition of the radio which makes it possible for a bomber to reach Berlin is contributing as much to winning the war as the bombardier who drops the bombs."



# OUTSIDE THE CLASSROOM

## Band Drafts Brass For Winter Work

Former band members who have been busy with other activities will soon be available, and it is hoped that they will come in for the winter rehearsals and put the band membership up to the mark in keeping with a school of this size. Some instruments are available for any pupil who has had musical training, and would like to play in the band. An elementary knowledge of piano would be sufficient for a start in Bass, and one who has studied music at all can soon qualify as a beginner, at least, on a horn, and have a seat in the band. Mr. Irving Devoe will be glad to talk with anybody who is interested.

The band has kept up a fine standard as a playing unit and has made its appearance at the games and the annual Armistice Day Parade.

Despite the loss of several key men and the breaking in of inexperienced members, rehearsal attendance has been good and the spirit of co-operation has enabled the new members to progress rapidly.

Col. McCormick has called the band out for several drills, thereby insuring a better understanding of the work to be done at the May Inspection. His interest in behalf of the band in securing needed equipment has been of inestimable value. The funds for this equipment have been furnished by the *Oracle* Staff.

## Music Clubs May Broadcast

The Glee Clubs and Orchestra, under the baton of Miss Dorothea Hopkins, are developing repertoires suitable for possible broadcasts over one of the local stations. The orchestra is also planning to have several recordings made, so they may hear themselves as others hear them. Both groups have been undergoing a season of profitable practice. New comers are gradually adjusting themselves to rehearsal schedules and routine.

Returns from "Ye Staggo Barne Dance," staged in the Assembly Hall October 23 by the musical Big Three, were very gratifying; however, no decision has been reached as to their expenditure. The Girls' Glee Club hopes to raise enough funds, to add to its share of the proceeds from the dance, to purchase uniform sweaters for each member.

The orchestra provided the musical aspect of the Dramatic Club production, "Heroes Limited," December 4.

## Homec Club Outlines Projects

The Homec Club has planned a varied program for this year. At present the members are working on personal projects and doing welfare work. They are planning to buy a picture for the club room, and a committee of six girls is making curtains for the room.

The club is also completing plans for a Xmas party.

On October twenty-seventh, a Halloween Party was held with most of the members present. Games were enjoyed, after which refreshments were served.

At the meeting of November thirteenth, Mr. Walter Bird, a gunner in the United States Navy, spoke to the Club on the Navy. His talk was greatly enjoyed by all.

The club has many interesting speakers scheduled, and many more good times planned, and is very confident of this year's success.

## Public Affairs Club Debates

By means of a panel discussion and an original skit, the subject "Compulsory Conscription of Civilian Labor as Well as of Military Strength" was taken up by the Public Affairs Club in its November meeting.

The president, Richard Giles, presented a panel of three to discuss the above subject. Marilyn Chaves gave the background of the problem, emphasizing the great needs and the various plans of Paul V. McNutt. The High School Victory Corps, shortly to be introduced into Bangor High School, was stressed among his plans. The next speaker, Richard Giles, gave the affirmative position, stressing that there has been waste, confusion, and inefficiency in connection with the war effort, that there is a need of action of some nature, that race and sex discriminations hamper the effect and that laissez-faire is an archaic policy. In reply, Joseph Oppenheim advanced his arguments in an interesting way. These were that the voluntary system has not been adequately organized and administered, that some evils are existant, but they can be met without resorting to the fetish of federal control, that the plan is not related to such problems as race and sex, and that the plan of compulsory conscription is one step nearer totalitarianism.

The floor at the close presented several questions, centering the discussion around the problems of race discrimination. It was advocated that this was the time to eliminate these race prejudices and to gain tolerance and unity in support of the war effort.



## Debate Club Enters Active Season

Richard Giles and Joseph Oppenheim have been chosen to represent Bangor High School at the Bowdoin Interscholastic Debate Tournament at Brunswick on December 12th. It would be grand if these boys could obtain a decision for Bangor High School at Brunswick.

The Bates League question for this year is, "Resolved: That a Federal World Government Should Be Established." This will also be the question for the Inter-Club Tournament which is to take place either directly before or after the Christmas vacation. It looks as if twenty-five people will take part in the tournaments. There is some excellent material among the sophomores.

On November 20th, at 2:30 P. M. in Room 307 the University of Maine met Bates College in an exhibition debate on the proposition: "Resolved: That a Federal World Government Should Be Established." The following high schools, who are members of the Bates League, were guests: Orono, Old Town, Newport, and Brewer.

The Debate Club held its annual rummage sale at 24 Hammond Street on October 16th and 17th. In spite of the competition offered by many and various organizations, the sale was a complete success. Considerably over \$100.00 was cleared. Debate Club members showed themselves to be an alert and energetic group. The palm should certainly be awarded to our budding young sales geniuses. The only regret was that a movie camera was not on hand to record some of the scenes for posterity. The sale was under the management of Philip Hatch. Winners of the rummage contest were Dottie Beal, first place, and Robby Robbins, in second.

The post exams dance under the management of Richard Giles, was held on November 6th in the Assembly Hall. The sensational new band, Harry Thomas and the Maine Bears, was featured and was well received. The dance was a success, and every one seemed to have a good time.

The second feature was a sketch on the same theme, written by Howard Gotlieb. Here, he amusingly portrayed the home disturbed by this theme as wife and husband hold different views. Finally, the problem is settled by the husband being drafted for Lockheed.

The cast was as follows: Mrs. Jones, Carol McCormick; Mary Jones, Carolyn Foley; Ann Jones, Constance Adams; Archie Jones, David Smith; Joe Jones, Gerald Bangs.

The third feature of the program was a five minute talk by Sherwood Jones on the African Front. By means of a map he showed the developments of the last few days.

## "Heroes Limited"

The Dramatic Club under the direction of Miss Evelyn L. Haney staged a successful performance of *Heroes Limited* on Friday, December 4, 1942. This play was written by Norman Mennes and May Rose Barum, and it is a comedy-drama in three acts. The actors should receive great applause for their acting. Those faithful and hard working understudies also deserve praise. As everyone knows, a play can't be put on without a business manager and the essential committees. With the support of those who helped in every way the play was a success.

A list of the characters follows:

Morris Pilot, Jim Haywood; Ferne Carson, Elizabeth Haywood; Barbara Mills, Gwen Haywood; Edith Bettelheim, Annie Andrews; Joseph Taylor, Leroy Haywood; Jeanette Smith, Aunt Ella Wickerspoon; John W. Ballou, Uncle Billy Chapman; Evelyn Pelkey, Joan Anthony; Robert Berry, Bob Trowbridge; Robert Teylor, Bruce Shaler; Ann Knowlton, Eleanor Price; James Glencross, Speed Curtis; Dawne Moores, Betty Terry; Richard Giles, Ed Lyon.

We give praise to Miss Evelyn Haney and the Dramatic Club for a truly fine performance, and we are looking forward for the next one.

## One Moment of Glory

(continued from page eleven)

In the next few hours it was their privilege to meet personally, eat and talk with one of the sweetest, finest women they had ever known. They were *completely* assured of her humanness when she laughingly showed them a long run in her stocking, and she captured their hearts when she announced that she didn't like tripe, either, played with their kitten, and told them jokes. The thing that completely won Barbara was that Dr. Chase spent some time telling her how to become a writer, what courses to take for writing, its drawbacks and its rewards. Dorothy liked her best because she said there was no place like Maine.

When the moment of glory was finally over, and Dr. Chase had departed, they began to wonder if the whole day had not been a wonderful dream. Gradually they realized that it had not been a dream at all, but a magnificent reality, and they had a funny warm feeling deep down in their hearts, for they knew this meeting and mingling of the common and learned of the country, which could have been naught but a dream in other lands, could be, indeed, a reality to Americans, such as they.





—Burdell's

No—it's not a military secret; it is just Elaine Wardwell who is at home in a splash of a wrap-about quilted cotton house-coat with riotous big blue flowers. Its tape-reinforced seams are of identically the same blue. The deft touch of glamor is in the very swirly skirt, flap-over tie, and the general effect of casual comfort. It's just the thing to slip into at a minute's notice, while at the same time you will look as refreshing as a crisp sea breeze. Yours forever as a chill chaser or for lounging, you will find that it is not only wearable but washable as well.

The newest novelties, original evening gowns, and other interesting enticements are at Burdell's, 91 Main Street, Bangor.

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## HOLIDAY

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Her morale is up—way up, and why shouldn't it be? Not every girl has luscious blonde locks and a pair of the shiniest earrings that ever gave old Sol competition. Evelyn Pelkey models this select jewelry tidbit which comes in the shape of a golden band gently steadying a still smaller pearl. You'll love them for themselves as well as for what they do for you. And always remember that costume jewelry is on the list of wartime casualties—So keep browsing.

Be smart. Don't let Christmas sneak up before you are prepared. Just amble into the Donald Pratt Company, 18 Hammond Street, Bangor, and see the arrays of jewelry that are decidedly different. A jewelry gift is always good, but jewelry with a touch of originality is far better.



When you want to be at your best for one of those big moments, why not choose a dress that tells the world you are precision-perfect?

Barbara Chapman (as interesting a blonde sophomore as you would care to convoy) can party all winter in this wooly rater of warm MacArthur rose, expertly styled on junior lines. Flawlessness is insured by the fullness in front, the comfortable Peter Pan collar, and the waistline that you tie to suit yourself.

At the Rines Company, 43 Main Street, in Bangor, you will find scores of dateables, every one guaranteed to make you the heroine of a well-worded success story.

—*Rines Company*



## FASHIONS

If you're one of those tiny people who find that selecting a coat that really fits is an impossible job, your troubles are over. Take it from petite Connie Adams and choose a Teen Size, designed especially for just such small active people. This junior models a frisky plaid pet, which is fitted to the waist to insure the trim flare of the skirt. This double breasted number in brown and blue, with a quick dash of red, is a sure way to please Dad and his war-time budget.

Yes, it's from the Besse System, 98 Main Street, Bangor. Whether it's a Classic Boy sport model or a furtrimmed dress-up, let the System do it—and don't forget the dazzling frosty blouses that every good suit longs for.





# THE WORM'S TURN

**T**WAS the night before Christmas and deep in the city  
Your hokumists were vainly trying to be witty.

Layers of papers were strewn 'round their feet  
As an *Oracle* deadline they strove hard to beat.

The rest of the staff were all snug in their beds  
Never dreaming the hokumists were racking their heads.

A clatter arose while o'er notes we were lookin',  
And we sprang from our chairs to see what was cookin'.

Away to the window we ran pell-mell,  
And there was Saint Nick yelling "Merry Christmas."  
We poured out our tale of woe to Saint Nick,  
And asked him to think of something, but quick.

We don't care if it's serious or just plain corn,  
But it's got to be written by tomorrow morn.  
But the only idea the old gentleman had  
Was that we pay a visit to our old friend "Shad."

But it's very well known that SHAD NELSON SEZ,  
"There ain't no Santa Claus."  
So at last we decided to take a trip  
And spy on our friends with our pal, Saint Nick.

Sitting down in the back seat of the sleigh, we immediately commenced to rummage through the packages in Santa Claus's pack. Lo and behold, there was a train ticket to Millinocket for *Harry Weston*. Santa Claus is always good to those boys and girls who go to bed early; therefore we could not understand how *Harry* got in on this.

In spite of the thirty-five miles per hour speed limit, we arrived shortly at the Ballou domicile and proceeded to enter the usual way, through the chimney. And there was *J. Waldo* calmly eating the cake that his little brother had intended for *Saint Nick*. "For shame!" we cried after presenting him with his Superman Badge, and turned to go. But *John*, detained us with an explanation for his dastardly act. It seems that he had had a hectic evening removing his car from the air-port road and was, therefore, restocking his supply of vitamins.

And now . . . we were on our way again. Suddenly the blackout sirens sounded and we were compelled to make a forced landing at . . . you guessed it, *Hillman's Farm*. Upon entering the house, it was dis-

covered that another of *Chuck Hillman's* "Blackout" parties was in full swing, but not wishing to embarrass *Connie Merrill*, we departed immediately. On the way out we were utterly amazed to notice that someone had left a neon sign blinking. On closer examination, however, it was revealed to be none other than *Betty Palmer* winking furiously at *Johnny Chapman*, a hangover from French class.

Taking to the sky again, we were rounding the Milky way when suddenly, coming directly at us in a Ford, at a speed never before attained by such a model, was *Bill Maling*, driving on the left hand side of the road, as usual. Avoiding this meteor menace, we headed our vehicle toward the residence of *Elaine Cobb* and arrived just in time to see *Lewis Herman MaGee* making a wild dash for the *last bus*. It is a well known fact that this is how *Fibber* attains his *speed*.

We would have passed the previous scene by because of its familiarity; however, directly below us were a boy and a girl struggling furiously. Upon investigation we realized it to be none other than *Barbie Andrews* vainly imploring *Donnie Rose* to return her Sor. . . pin. It seems that this sweet romance has gone on the rocks for the last time, after some pretty hectic sailing.

As we were speedily traveling from one side of the city to another, we won't have time to mention that we saw a car parked by the roadway; the occupants being a girl and two boys. And, as we drew closer, we knew that one boy and the girl were in the back seat while the other boy sat disgustly in the front. A bit of investigation revealed that the girl had thrown over her date, in the front, for the affections of another, a friend of the date. This reminded us of a similar incident between *Norma Lambert*, *Neal DeWitt*, and *Bob Taylor*. *Neal* was the date.

About to cross the street, we were stopped by Santa, who called our attention to a bit of Christmas good will. Our gaze came to rest upon *Phyllis Rudman* and *Shorty Veazie*, and their respective dates, giving three University boys a 'lift' back to the campus. However, a





slight mishap resulted, as *Phyllis* lost her heart to a certain *Paul Sullivan* and *Shorty*. . . well, *Shorty* was with *Chick Carlisle*; need we say more? And speaking of rides, we always did mean to ask *Jean Fleming* and *Louis Crowell* about the Waterville trip. How could they forget that the *Auto Rest* wasn't open yet? But that is neither here nor there, so away to our next port of call.

This one was at Telfer's where, to our amazement, we stumbled over a man! And from Bapst! And *Bob Scribner*! Stumbling out again, we passed a salvage depot on our way to the sleigh, and there was *Jim Adams*, balanced on the fence. We were undetermined as to whether *Jim* was attempting to get in or out, but he finally emerged with his booty, a tin phonograph.

(Please turn to page twenty-three)

## ALUMNI: *They Shall Not Pass This Way Again*

Wedding bells have been ringing for many of Bangor High School's alumni.

Lieutenant George Munce, '37, former basketball player, was married recently to Elizabeth Ann Fleming, a former John Bapst student.

Jere-Bill Goesling, '39, departed from the church under an arch of sabers with Lt. Lynn E. Lightbown.

Betsy Conners, who wrote fashions for the Bangor Daily Commercial, and Bill McKenna of Framington, Mass., were joined in the bond of holy matrimony.

Mary Rice, '39, the petite fille of that class, took vows with Richard Lindstone.

Helen Gladys Smith, '40, wedded Private Gregg Beckett. Barbara Burchell and John Bridges; Muriel Murray, '42, and Marcus Hathaway; Jimmy White, '38, and Margaret Mary Hogan, John Bapst '41, were married.

Sally Woodcock, '36, was married deep in the old South to Lieutenant Joe Pierce.

Gerry Watson, '36, said "I do" to Aviation-cadet Fran Finnegan.

Robert Carlisle and Geraldine Williams tied that beautiful old knot.

Elaine Morrison, '42, married Dougie Harrington, '41, the ace football and basketball player.

Madeline Dennett, '36, traveled 3,000 miles to promise "to obey" Lieutenant Paul Mehren of Phoenix, Arizona, now stationed in Alaska.

We could go on forever, it seems, but enough for love and weddings now.

Harold Stewart, '39, has graduated from Officers' Training School at Fort Sill, Oklahoma and is now a Lieutenant.

Joanne Pendleton, ex-'44, is now attending Dana Hall in Wellesley, Mass. Carol Rice, another ex-'44-er is at Merrymount, Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson.

Anita, ex-'44, and Norman, ex-'43, Torrey are at Gould Academy in Bethel, Maine.

Bill Turner, '42, a great track man has taken his ability to Higgins Classical Institute.

Windy Work, '41, and Garry Speirs, '41, have proved their worth as football players at the University of Maine this year.

Paul Coleman, '42, is again President of his class, this time the Freshman class at Maine. Congratulations, Paul!

Bud Duty, '38, former drum major of the R. O. T. C. band now wears a soldier's uniform. Also in uniform is Don Moores, who is now serving his country on the high seas.

Reports from a very good source tell us that Al Winchell is the president of the freshman club at Northeastern.

Miss Irene Cousins informs us that Charles Jellison, '41, is very proud of his notebook work at Maine.

Beulah Nickerson has joined the WAAC'S and is now at Fort Des Moines, Iowa.

If anyone sees many girls running to the shoe department of Freese's, don't be alarmed. It's not the probability of rationing shoes but the clerk, Tommy Graffam, '42 that attracts.

Venny Vafiades, '39, is training to be a G-Man.

John Webster, '39, is attending Bangor Theological Seminary.

Peggy Ambrose Welch, '39, is teaching in Bucksport, Maine.

Cyke Kingsbury, '36, is a salesman for Raleigh cigarettes.

Margaret Maxfield, '38, now at the Bangor Public Library, is planning to join the WAVES in February.

Venetia Duty, '42, is working behind the lunch counter in Freese's.

Oh! Please take note of these corrections: John Downing, '42, is at West Point, not Annapolis; Bud Chason is at Maine, not Bowdoin.

Simon O'Leary, ex-'43, plans to enter Tufts at mid-years.

Louise Eastman, '41, is Mademoiselle's campus correspondent from the University of Maine.

Bob Cumming, in uniform, was home on a week's leave.

Bunky Garland, '42, is in the Marines and is now stationed at Paris Island, North Carolina.

Imogene Brown, '42, is a telephone operator at the telephone company.



# FILES ON PARADE

## HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY

by Richard Llewellyn

**T**HE Welsh coal-mining districts have been the background for a good many novels, not the least of which is "How Green Was My Valley." Any one who saw the picture must have wondered about the book, and whether it really was as good as the film, but no one who took the trouble to look it up could have been disappointed, for it is, if possible, better.

The social problem is present, but not too prominent, as it often is in novels of this sort; here it serves as background for the story of the Morgans, a large family who lived in the Valley, told by Huw, one of the younger children.

The book is almost wholly narrative; there is little or no philosophizing and preaching on the part of the author, who speaks simply and directly through the lips of Huw. There is some fine character study, and the story never drags along, which is something of a feat for a narrative of over five hundred pages. Don't let this scare you away, though, because you'll really be missing something if you don't read it. It's a good story besides being what is known as Literature.

## MEN WITHOUT COUNTRY

by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall

Very little fiction had been written about the Free French up to the time that "Men Without Country" first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Now it has been published in book form, a short novel by Nordhoff and Hall, the writing team that has given us some of the best sea stories since Conrad.

This latest book is about the same type as a number of other war novels. It isn't intended to be a major work, like "Mutiny on the Bounty" or "Pitcairn's Island," but it comes at a significant moment, and besides is worth reading for the sake of the story alone.

The plot is concerned with five convicts who escaped from Cayenne, the French penal colony in Guiana. These five, inspired by loyalty to a country at whose hands they had received little but punishment and cruelty, were determined to win their own freedom and a chance to fight for a Free France.

Aboard the ship which picked them up were two French officers in sympathy with Vichy-France and the Petain government, who attempted to force the captain to surrender his ship, his crew, and the five convicts. The story of how the five overcame these men and finally reached their goal makes up the best part of the book.

## LONG ADVENTURE

by Hildegard Hawthorne

Winston Churchill has had about as brilliant and varied a career as any man in British politics today. His early life in India and Africa, his experiences in the World War, and finally his later political career in England would have made him a colorful figure even if he were not today Prime Minister in an England at war, the symbol of all we are fighting for and perhaps the greatest world figure of our time.

This biography is interesting because it does not show Churchill as we know him, the Prime Minister and leader of the United Nations, but as a man whose steadfastness and strength of character, in spite of all his failings and weaknesses, have brought him slowly but surely to the top. It shows his softer human side in amusing stories and anecdotes. Hildegard Hawthorne has written an inspiring story of the man who defined our aim in the words: "Victory at all costs, victory no matter how long and how hard the road may be; for without victory there is no survival."

## PAUL REVERE AND THE WORLD HE LIVED IN

by Esther Forbes

Esther Forbes, the writer whose historical novels of New England have been among the best in recent years, has written an extraordinary account of the Revolutionary period in Boston and of the part that the great silversmith and ardent patriot, Paul Revere, played in the conflict in which our nation was born.

This is more than a mere biographical and historical record; it is a thorough-going piece of research, written with a novelist's style and feeling. The trouble with so many historical novels is their length and dryness, which is often due to too much unnecessary material, thrown in with no consideration for the reader's time and patience. But here there is no struggling through source material or long footnotes—the book is as fascinating to an ordinary reader as it is to a student, because it is as readable as a novel, without being in any way a work of fiction. Sam Adams, patriot and revolutionary, John Hancock, wealthy merchant, John Adams and Thomas Hutchinson and many more who have become almost legendary in the course of time, are brought to life as characters in the drama of the Revolution. Paul Revere is the typical Yankee, whose skill and honesty are equalled only by his patriotism; his life makes the perfect background for a picture of the Revolution in Boston.



# PASSING IN REVIEW

**Raymond Rideout:** Here we have the perfect combination of personality, brains, and the athletic ability. Although Ray came to this school just last winter, by June he knew almost everyone in school and vice-versa.

Ray's athletic ability has already been shown. In football this fall he stepped into first string left end position and did a swell job.

His favorite pastimes are bowling, dancing, listening to the Ink Spots, sleeping, and catching flies in the ink-well.

After graduation Ray plans to go to the University of Maine.

**Christine Burbank:** Would you guess it? We have a poet in our midst. Christine can write almost anything, especially about her friends. Maybe you will be the next victim of her verse. You had better be careful, we're warning you.

"White Christmas" and a coke with some pretzels are what she lives for at the present, but during the skating season Christine can be found cutting a pretty little figure at Fairmount Park.

Even though she has had a number of spills, Christine tells us there is nothing like horseback riding.

She hasn't made any definite plans for the future, but thinks she would like to be a stewardess.

**Paul Burr:** "Let me at 'em," yells Porky—CRASH—and another opponent is out of the game for good. That's how this sophomore plays football, and that's the spirit Porky has in everything he does. Whether it's basketball, baseball, or football, he plays for all he's worth, and that's plenty.

His appetite, which is even larger than he is, includes apple pie (period). He also enjoys Ronald Coleman, French, and cold showers.

Paul spends his summers climbing mountains and camping out in the Maine Woods with the rest of the wolves.

At the present he plans to go to Castine.

**Geraldine Hurd:** Here is the gal you should all know, if you don't already. Geddy has just come from the Norman Fay High of Dexter to settle down at B. H. S.

She tells us that the studying at Bangor High plus the book a week for English are enough work for two people and, maybe, a possible third.

Can you imagine this! She doesn't like to eat. She doesn't know what she's missing, does she?

In the summer Geddy practically lives in the water. Can't you see her making a smoothie back dive? And this isn't all. In the line of sports she can play just about everything as well as being a former cheerleader at Dexter.

Geddy thinks she would like to be a stenographer. Whatever she is, we know she will be tops.

**Gardner Moulton:** At last we bring you our beloved co-editor of Hokum, "Uncle Gardie." This fellow is the life of any gathering, and his sweet, soothing voice can be heard, singing the "Strip Polka," many miles from the locker room.

Somewhat musically inclined, Gardner has a singing voice which ranges from soprano (where he gets purple behind the ears) to bass. However, he considers that his greatest accomplishment was learning to play the clarinet and eat a lollypop at the same time.

Besides football and basketball, Gardiner likes skiing, English, jelly beans, girls, and silly people.

**Maxine Connelly:** There is no need to introduce her, because everyone knows Maxine, the little bit of all right of the silly sophs.

This is the gal who likes just everything, even Johnny Chapman's jitterbugging. But if you really want to please her, try a few of those slow dreamy waltzes and then see what happens! Although she loves all sports, swimming and dancing keep her the busiest.

With a deep sigh she says that Tyrone Power, with either Hedy Lamarr or Lana Turner, is simply wonderful.

When she graduates, she is planning to join the forces as a WAVE. Now there's a patriotic gal for you. That's what we really call going overboard for defense!





# Between You and Me and the GOAL POSTS

## Bangor Rams Close Season

**A**FTER losing that heart-breaking game to Portland, the Bangor Rams won a one-sided affair from a weak Higgins team by a 39 to 6 score. The whole team played a rather good game; nevertheless, they practiced hard for the Waterville game the next week.

The Rams hit their peak when they routed the highly favored Waterville Panthers the next Saturday. After a scoreless first period, Bangor really started moving in the second, when they pushed over three touchdowns. Fib Magee made the three extra points by some beautiful place-kicking.

In the third period the Panthers showed a spark of glory when they smashed for their only touchdown and made the extra point. This finished all the scoring for both teams, despite the fact that Bangor threatened a few times. The team as a whole played very well, and Nelson, Magee, and Rideout were outstanding in the 21 to 7 victory for the Rams.

It was a different story the next week, when the Lewiston Blue Streaks, led by a little fellow named Berube, shellacked the Rams 26 to 0.

The first period was a scoreless one, in which the Bangor team held their foes pretty well, but early in the second stanza Lewiston scored their first touchdown. The Rams threatened late in the period, but were short of pay dirt when the half finished.

In the second half Bangor really fell apart and turned in their worst performance of the year. Berube, Lewiston's ace half-back took matters in his own hands and running like greased lightning, he scored his second and third touchdowns in the third period. Roy kicked the extra points. In the final quarter, Lewiston intercepted a pass and ran across an open field to score the last tally of the game.

This was the worst defeat that Bangor has received since Coach Nanigian came here, and the Rams were really put to work the next week to prepare themselves for a scrappy Brewer team.

The Bangor Rams concluded their 1942 football season by defeating a surprisingly spirited Brewer team, 13 to 6.

The Rams started the game as a heavy favorite, but Brewer, determined to win this ball game, turned in their best game of the season. As a matter of fact, the Witches kept Bangor in its own territory all during the first period.

In the second period, the Bangor team got on to itself momentarily, and drove down the field until a pass from Nelson to Hawkes scored the first touchdown. Magee's kick for the extra point was wide.

At the start of the second half, Bangor was put in a dog hole when Brewer recovered a Bangor fumble deep in our own territory. From that point, featured by the hard running of Earl Swett, their quarterback, Brewer scored their only tally.

Bangor, however, came back in the fourth period and scored with Nelson carrying the leather this time. Magee kicked the extra point. When the game ended, Bangor had the ball on Brewer's one foot line and was about to tally again.

This ended the 1942 football season, which was a fairly good one, with Bangor winning five and losing two games. For some of our star players, this was their last football game with Bangor. These players, Magee, Nelson, Jacobs, Speirs, Rideout, Babcock, Pierce, Lord, Weston, and Ryan, all have played good football and also have worked hard during practices; they deserve much credit from the school.

The Bangor record is as follows:

Bangor.....	26	Brewer.....	0
Bangor.....	25	John Bapst.....	0
Bangor.....	6	Portland.....	13
Bangor.....	39	Higgins.....	6
Bangor.....	21	Waterville.....	7
Bangor.....	0	Lewiston.....	26
Bangor.....	13	Brewer.....	6
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Bangor.....	130	Opponents.....	58





## Inside The Locker Room

Gosh, here we are back inside the locker room at Mary Snow School, but we are a little early today, and we meet the cross country team.

As a general rule, the football team doesn't get along very well with these fellows. It all started with the many arguments about who has the hardest practice, but what really set the fire was the ice cold showers that the football players enjoyed after the Bangor harriers used all the hot water in their showers. Today, however, the runners are feeling pretty good, for they have won their first meet from the Maine Frosh "B" team.

The cross country team is really better than their record indicates, for they have been having tough breaks all season. Their ace, Bob Berry, has been receiving ankle injuries left and right and was not able to be in some of the meets. Another interesting fact about the harriers is that, with the exception of Berry, practically all the runners are Sophomores or Juniors. Boy, wait till next year!

Looking around in the locker room, we notice that "something new has been added." It is the "cutest" cartoon about Ray Rideout. Ta, Ta, Raymond!

The football team isn't looking too happy when they arrive for practice, and after that wicked defeat that they received from Lewiston, they have a right to look that way.

However, the arguments and conversations are still existing inside the locker room, and to give you an idea about what they are, here are some examples:

"If there is no such a thing as perpetual motion," Will Pierce would like to know, "what is blocking three dummies in succession, and then, in practically the same motion, recovering a fumble?"

Shad Nelson is still worrying about what he will say in Gard Moulton's column.

The whole team is wondering how Don Hawkes got rid of the "shiner" that he received in practice, so quickly.

"Hoppy" Burr just can't wait till we play Lewiston next year.

The top subject for conversation, however, is the coming Brewer game, and the whole team is determined that they will win this one, and they did.

## Hokum

(continued from page nineteen)

graph. Also in the scrap we spied a zoot suit, complete with *Goody Wiseman*, searching for a worn tire which might give out while. . . say. . . *Elaine Wardwell* was in the car.

But so much for the salvage. Ahem! Ambling down the street, now, came *John Norris*, just in time to receive one of *Uncle Gardie's* cigars and the latest health report on his nephew. This fortunate person was searching for the home of *Rosemary O'Conner*, although he had received the location from at least six different persons in history class.

But by now Santa's eyes were drooping from weariness, and as the first grey streaks of dawn were appearing in the sky, he decided to head for home. Too tired even to notice *Stan Eddy* and *Kayo Foley*, who were just returning from an evening spent in the usual *Eddy* fashion. . . now we know where he received the name "*Menace*" . . . or to glimpse our beloved editor bidding *Charles Perry* a fond goo' bye,

We said farewell to Santa

Who disappeared in the morning light  
Shouting over his shoulder.

"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night".

## Shad Nelson Sez:

"The best way to cure oneself of water on the knee is to wear pumps."

"In order to dkv sndnclad dkdirndkeoe ddeneklskrnd dj dmeke dawjebcmdk traveling salesman djeidhelmed dje. However, sjdiekd skdhs s1 kd13m farmer's daughter dkeoejf sklfh slsjeldk ddksoek dke. On the other hand; fhekeimd dkehe dkeoe fm dmekek dkdi dmdieidk dkee; fjeidmdaw jejeid although skeidne dmdiej dneie."

"A bachelor is a man who didn't have a convertible when he was young."

For more witty sayings uttered from the lips of this eminent scientist be sure to read the next installment of the column, Shad Nelson Sez in the forthcoming *Oracle*!

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SENIORS who are planning to have their graduation photographs in the June issue of the ORACLE are urged to secure their glossies soon. War priorities on photographic materials make early sittings imperative.

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# WITH THE SPORTINGAIDS

THE Intramural Field Hockey games started the athletic program for the girls as usual this year. The seniors certainly lived up to expectations by coming out on top.

	Won	Lost	Tied
Seniors .....	4	0	0
Juniors .....	1	2	1
Sophomores .....	0	3	1

Scores of the games:

Seniors vs Juniors .....	3-0
Juniors vs Sophomores .....	1-1
Seniors vs Sophomores .....	3-0
Seniors vs Juniors .....	1-0
Juniors vs Sophomores .....	3-0
Seniors vs Sophomores .....	1-0

Senior scorers were: Shad Wilson (2), Anne Woodman (2), Sis Prusaitis (2), Jeanne Heartz, and Betty Higgins.

Junior scorers were: Tish Philbrick, Marion Turner, Kayo Foley, and the Junior line.

Sophomore scorer was: Ferne Carson.

However slight the scores, these were some of the most exciting games ever seen. The senior girls certainly used their experience to a good advantage. When the games were turned in, it showed the senior team had never been scored upon! That speaks very well for their capable goalies. It takes eleven to make a team, and that's definitely what the seniors were. . . a team!

Within another year we will be able to see some real hockey because our juniors and sophomores are quite evenly matched, and with another year's experience they should prove rugged rivals.

From the winning senior team came the members of the Honorary All-Bangor Hockey Team:

Right Wing—Barb Mills, Hope Redman.

Right Inside—Prudy Speirs.

Center—Manager Shad Wilson, Anne Woodman.

Left Inside—Anne Connors, Betty Higgins.

Left Wing—Jeanne Archer, Polly Telfer.

Right Halfback—Irene Burleigh.

Center Halfback—Fay Jones, Sis Prusaitis.

Left Halfback—Captain Connie Coleman, Barbie Watters.

Right Fullback—Jane Rollins, Kay Downes.

Left Fullback—Joanie Ambrose, Joyce Marsh.

Goalie—Ruth Fairley.

These girls received extra large B's; the rest of the senior girls, and the juniors and sophomores were handed their numerals.

## Hockey Party

The annual hockey party was held November 23 in the gym. All those who had made their numerals during the season were present.

Plans for the affair were handled by: Prudy Speirs, chairman; Sis Prusaitis, Barbie Watters, Kay Downes, refreshments; Tishie Philbrick, Janie Hilton, Connie Coleman, games; and Joanie Ambrose, Betty Higgins, Joycie Marsh, Shad Wilson, decorations.

First, the girls played games and generally amused themselves until Miss Mildred McGuire presented the awards. Then the members of the G. A. H. C. formed their semicircle in preparation for taking new girls into their ranks. President Prudy Speirs stated the general aims of the Council; then Kay Downes gave the code Respect; Joanie Ambrose, Dependability; Tishie Philbrick, Athletics; Betty Higgins, Sportsmanship; Sis Prusaitis, Scholarship; and Barbie Watters, Leadership.

Guests for the party were our very able referees, Betty West and Janet Stevens, both alumnae of the G. A. H. C., and Dean Rachel Connor.

New girls taken in were: Jeanne Archer, Evelyn Foster. Miss Mildred McGuire was given honorary membership.





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# SPINNING REEL

## Clear For Action

**T**HE most exciting and spectacular sea picture since "Mutiny on the Bounty" brings together three of Hollywood's most brilliant stars, Robert Taylor, Charles Laughton, and Brian Donlevy. Filmed with the cooperation of the Navy Department, the picture will extol the daring heroic work of American warships on convoy duty. One of its most remarkable scenes is the sinking of a Japanese battleship by the Admiral's crippled flagship.

There is humor, too. The Admiral is thunderstruck to locate through his glasses a baby play pen on deck of one of the destroyers. The "Warren" has just recused a lifeboat with two old sailors, two women, and twenty babies!

A fourth outstanding member of the cast is Walter Brennan who as a veteran sailor has to dye his grey hair black to be accepted for convoy duty.

This navy thriller is directed by Robert Z. Leonard who recently gave us "Ziegfeld" Girl."

## Cairo

Music, romance, and intrigue set against the mystery of ancient Egypt serve as a background for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's latest romantic twosome. . . Jeanette MacDonald and Robert Young.

The plot concerns a young war correspondent (that's Bob) from a small town newspaper and his adventures in exposing the Nazi spy leader of the "Big Six" in Cairo, Egypt.

Besides being packed full of fast-moving action with just enough mystery to make it interesting, it has many moments of comedy. Bob suspects that a lovely American movie star, Marcia Warren (Jeanette MacDonald) is a spy. In order to keep a close watch on her he obtains a job as her butler. Meanwhile, she thinks that he, too, is a spy. This leads to hilarious situations, especially since they are really in love with one another.

Jeanette MacDonald will again thrill all music lovers as she sings "Keep the Light Burning" and "The Waltz is Over" and swings "Waiting For the Robert E. Lee."

Ethel Waters, who was such a success on Broadway, helps out on the songs.

Other supporting actors are Reginald Owen, Grant Mitchell, Larry Nunn.

## Random Harvest

In any history of Hollywood, Ronald Colman and Greer Garson would stand out among the great romantic stars of the screen. Now they are together for the first time as the hero and heroine of James Hilton's best-selling novel, "Random Harvest."

Ronald Colman plays the difficult role of an amnesia victim who escapes from his asylum on Armistice night, in 1918. He is discovered in a small tobacco shop by Greer Garson who befriends him and later marries him. Everyone is happy until Ronald is struck down by a taxicab and recovers his memory.

Susan Peters, a newly discovered young actress, plays the part of Colman's niece by marriage who is in love with him after his memory has been restored.

Miss Garson reveals new talents in the film, performing a gay and colorful Scotch song-and-dance number. Settings range from the somber grimness of an English factory town to the charming peace and quiet of the countryside.

Mervyn LeRoy, director of "Blossoms in the Dust," and Sidney Franklin, producer of "Mrs. Miniver," two of Miss Garson's outstanding successes, are the director-producer team of "Random Harvest."

This picture has a strong human-interest plot with a beautiful love story. The acting is superb. This will be one of Hollywood's best—a "must see" on your list.

## Omaha Trail

Here's a real old time romantic western which vividly depicts the trials and hardships of building the first freight in the United States.

James Craig has the leading role and very aptly portrays Patrick Candel, Irish wagon boss, who succeeds in hauling a locomotive across mountains and desert despite the efforts of Indians and rival freighters to stop him.

Pamela Blake makes her debut as the lovely heroine engaged to Pipstone Ross (Dean Jagger) but in love with Candel.

One of the highlights of the movie is the daring Indian raid and Candel's brave plan to throw the painted warriors into panic by setting the engine of the locomotive into steaming hissing motion.

The plot is based upon historical episodes and has an excellent supporting cast.





## Up-to-Date Definitions

- ALGEBRA.**—A diabolical device for proving to pupils that their brains are an unknown quantity.
- ATHLETICS.**—Something which has to be supported.
- "B"**—A term of endearment last heard in active use during the present Seniors' Sophomore year.
- BANGOR.**—A city named after our high school.
- CARD.**—A document which the students often hate to show to father.
- CHEMISTRY.**—The art and science of breaking test-tubes and producing villainous odors.
- DICTIONARY.**—A study-room book used extensively as a letter box.
- DEPORTMENT.**—When it's good, it's never very good; and, when it's bad, it's horrid.
- EXAMINATION.**—a heterogeneous conglomeration of questions given to make the student realize that he is amazed at the things he doesn't know.
- FOOTBALL.**—A mixture of mud and glory, with a brick foundation.
- JUNIORS.**—The stuff from which a Senior class has to be made.
- LUNCH.**—A speck which would be excellent for microscopic study.
- LUNCH COUNTER.**—Scene of daily every-man-for-himself battle waged for the privilege of paying for the aforementioned speck.

**TEACHER.**—A sculptor of character who carves knowledge into boneheads—sometimes.

**WORK.**—A necessary evil for which many seek a substitute but with poor results.

A quotation of a Senior the night before exams: "In time of peace, prepare for war."

## Solution for Stagnancy

(Dedicated to Aunt Jit)

The stag at eve had had his fill  
Of being a Jack without a Jill.  
The scene?—A dance at B. H. S.—  
No end of wolves and wolferess.  
But Sam, the guy without a date,  
So sadly said, "I just don't rate.  
Without a frill, my hopes are nil;  
The line's too long; no bids I'll fill!"  
A wiser Sam went home that night,  
Resolved that next time he'd be right.  
A girl he asked, the stag line taunting;  
For dances no one found him wanting.  
The moral of our tale is this:  
Sight stag line, shun same, swing your miss!





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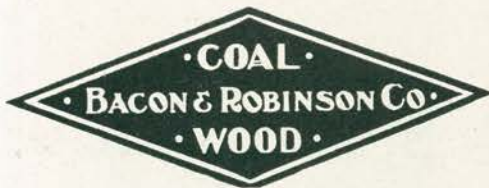
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