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Vol. 53²

APRIL, 1944

No. 2

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

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The Oracle

April, 1944

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Maine



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As Spring Approaches

by Richard Sprague

Slowly,
silently,
bud the trees
as newborn spring
returns to spread
the earth with gladness.

Soon
the noon
is filled with
sounds of growing
things, all green and bright.

Fast
the last
snow disappears;
washed clean is earth
and gone is sadness.

Late,
too late,
are winter joys,
for spring is here
anew; the world is right.

JANEY AND SPRING

by Olive Coffin

This senior member of the Oracle literary staff presents a story about a bewildered girl named Janey. You'll recognize her, for there's one like her in every high school.

JIMMY grinned as he walked down the tree-lined street. He was thinking of Janey, funny little 16-year old Janey who imagined that she was in love with him. "It must be the uniform," thought Jimmy. He considered not making his weekly calls on the Thayers any more, but they had been so good to him since he had been at the camp just four miles from town, that they would miss his visits.

The only trouble was Janey. Ever since Mr. and Mrs. Thayer had taken Jimmy in, so to speak, she had pictured herself quite grown up and very much in love with him. The fact that he was twenty-four years old didn't bother her at all. It only made him seem more romantic. And she carefully inspected herself in the mirror every night to see how much she had aged during the day.

Jimmy felt better when he remembered his plan for getting Janey back with the high school crowd. She felt so much older now that she looked upon them as mere adolescents, and this was what worried Jimmy. He knew that it wasn't right for her to feel that way, and, since it was his fault, he was going to do something about it. He had it all figured out, and he knew it would work if he could just get some cooperation from Ted Arnold. Jimmy had told Janey's parents and they had said it was all right, Mrs. Thayer adding that she thought it would be good for Janey if it worked.

Jimmy knew that Janey was going to a movie this afternoon; so he went into Bud's, the after-school hang-out for all the high school crowd.

The girls scattered around the booths obviously appreciated Jimmy's tall, blonde, good-looks as he crossed the room to the soda fountain. Here he found Ted, his legs wrapped around the stool, despondently chewing the straw in his chocolate malted. Jimmy tapped him on the shoulder, but nothing happened. He did it again, and finally Ted turned languidly around. When he saw who it was, he scowled and said,

"Well, well! My favorite G I! What do you want?"

"I want to talk with you."

Ted paused a moment, then turned gloomily back to his malted and said,

"OK. So you're taking Janey to the First-of-May

dance. Don't expect me to be surprised, please. It would strain me."

"Now wait a minute. Don't put words in my mouth. That isn't what I was going to say."

Ted fished in his pocket and paid for his malted as he said,

"Well, it can't be any worse than that; go ahead."

Jimmy waited until they were outside before he spoke.

"Ted, you've got some funny ideas. You think I am in love with Janey or something crazy like that, don't you?"

Ted stopped abruptly in the middle of the sidewalk.

"I don't see what is so crazy about that."

"OK, OK. It isn't crazy. But I started to ask you about something. You like Janey a lot, don't you?"

Ted's head bobbed a couple of times as he shuffled along.

"Well, I've got an idea. If you'll be my partner for a while, you'll have Janey back without her ever knowing we did it on purpose. Are you with me?"

By this time Ted was looking a little more interested.

"You mean you don't want Janey yourself?"

"Gosh, no. Whatever gave you that idea? Besides, I've got a girl of my own. And that is just the point. She is coming to town tonight."

"I don't see where that ties in."

"You will. Now look, suppose you stopped phoning Janey and just spoke to her as a casual acquaintance in school and on the street. What would she think?"

"She wouldn't care. She doesn't know I am around anyway."

Jimmy couldn't help laughing.

"That is what you think! If she thought you weren't around, she would start out in a hurry to find out what had happened to you."

"Do you think so?—But what has that got to do with your girl?"

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do. . . ."

The next day Ted stopped Janey in the corridor at school.

(continued on page twenty-eight)

IT HAPPENS IN THE BEST OF FAMILIES

by Lucille Power

EARLY spring sunlight streamed through the many windows of the dining room that looked out a lawn freshly green and a typical April landscape. And inside the whole Trent family was gathered at breakfast on the first morning of Easter vacation, which was rather unusual to say the least. During vacation everyone got up at different hours, any time between seven-thirty and noon, and he went about doing whatever they had planned for the day. However it was a rigid rule that every member of the family be present at dinner, and no one broke this rule if they could help it. The results were disastrous.

Mr. Trent was deep in his morning paper, Mrs. Trent was busy making toast and guiding the conversation into safe channels, and seventeen year old Sue and her big sister Rosalie were watching Jerry. This youngest member of the family was eating toast and jam with the boundless energy with which he did everything and trying to talk to his mother at the same time. Obviously, something weighing heavily on his mind for he stammered, mumbled, and screwed up his face with the effort to say something. His mother busied herself buttering toast to make it easier for him and hoped it wasn't another little boy minus a tooth. The baseball season was now in full swing and to date Jerry was responsible for an unlimited number of casualties and broken windows.

But it was something entirely different that was bothering Jerry, and Mrs. Trent tried hard not to laugh as she realized the cause of his consternation. It concerned a formal dance his dancing school class was having that evening. Until now Jerry had shown only the greatest contempt for Friday night dancing class, and nearly frightened the little girls out of their wits with the ferocious scowl on his round, freckled face. All winter he had attended the school as if it were some terrible ordeal, and a struggle involving every member of the family was the only thing that sent him out the front door at seven o'clock with a pained, martyr-like expression on his scrubbed face. But suddenly it had become terribly important that his hair was slicked down so that it lay reasonably flat, and that the press in his pants was perfection itself. The reason for all this was a little blonde with a lisp and an entrancing way of smiling that revealed all her dimples. Jerry was quite overwhelmed. He had asked this charming creature to be his partner for the dance and it was very important that she have a corsage that would go well with a blue dress. With much squirming, wiggling, and stut-

tering he made his mother understand that he wanted to have sent to Barbara's house, a corsage just like the ones that came for his own sisters.

Mrs. Trent listened attentively and appeared to give much thought to what would look best with a blue dress. It was an important occasion when Jerry started showing interest in the fairer sex. After much consideration they decided on pink roses, and a much relieved Jerry finished his breakfast in comfort. Sue and Rosalie exchanged smiles over his head, but a glance from their mother silenced any teasing they were about to start. A few minutes later Jerry was going out the drive, catcher's mitt swinging from the bat over his shoulder, and whistling. Soon after, Mr. Trent made his preoccupied exit and the three women of the family were left alone at the breakfast table.



Even at this early hour, young Sue had carefully applied lipstick with a lavish hand. Her blonde mop of hair swung on her shoulders in a page-boy; there was a sprinkling of freckles across her short, straight nose; and her smile brought just as many dimples into play as did Jerry's grammar school girl-friend's. She was continually shaking her head to get straggling bangs out of her eyes. Those bangs were slowly but surely making Sue cross-eyed, but they were supposed to be quite the thing so she wore them. She had acquired the sun-tan and wore the jangling silver bracelets and the dark lipstick for the same reason. At seventeen one would rather die than be different, and Sue and all her gang were exact copies of those pert, young creatures seen in all magazines labeled "sub-deb."

(continued on page 24)

THE DOG THAT DIDN'T BITE PEOPLE

by Richard Sprague

WHEN I was a small boy we had a Scottie dog. He had come into our family before I did and always looked down upon me as disdainfully as did my older brother Bill. No doubt McGonigle, as we called him, resented my childish actions, for he was a very august canine. He considered himself somehow superior to other dogs. I haven't the slightest hesitation in saying that he was terribly conscious of his economical ancestors. Indeed, his frugal forebears would have been proud of him. He always accompanied my Aunt Molly to market; when he sensed that she was buying something that wasn't absolutely essential he would growl his disapproval.

But that was as far as he would go, for McGonigle simply didn't bite people, much less my Aunt Molly. To him it wasn't ethical, although ever so many other dogs did. As I have said, McGonigle was a very superior animal.

He especially prided himself in his ability to arouse a sleeping cat and stalk boldly up to within a few dangerous feet. Then, with the atmosphere charged with suspense, he would glower coldly down his long black nose and triumphantly walk away. All of which left the feline with a dreadful inferiority complex.

Our family had always wanted a watchdog, and, when father purchased McGonigle, our hopes were renewed. We got our watchdog, but how unorthodox he was!

One dark night a burglar entered through an open window. Our house had been planned by a draftsman who was principally occupied in designing pullman trains and coaches, so all our windows naturally were incapable of being raised, that is, except for this one. Ironically, it went *down* very easily, but there had to be a short length of stick inserted to hold it open.

McGonigle, being averse to biting the burglar, nevertheless proved his mettle. He knew about the deplorable condition of the windows, that all doors were locked, and that the burglar's means of escape were cut off; therefore, quick as a flash of lightning, McGonigle sprang to the window and nudged the supporting length of stick. Down came the window! The resultant noise awakened all of us and we were not a little surprised to find the intruder held fast in a corner by our faithful dog's unrelenting gaze. Baffled by McGonigle's tactics, the burglar submitted willingly to my father. For weeks McGonigle refused to associate with the rest of the neighborhood animals.

During all the dog's life I was under considerable strain, for I had to be on my guard lest I signify through action or glance that I would not consider it improper if he should bite someone, even though it be but once, and then gently; however, knowing his utter disgust of canines who indulged in such hydrophobic habits, I let him do as he pleased.

When McGonigle finally died, carrying his superior air with him to his dying day, I breathed a sigh both of remorse and relief. Believe me, our next dog was a ferocious English bull. It almost gave me pleasure to see him coming home with a telltale, jagged piece of blue serge, tweed, or gabardine clutched possessively in his massive jaws!

The Path of Nature

by Elizabeth Lewis

He wound along the narrow path
Beneath the stately trees
Which seemed to shelter the smaller life
That dwelled beneath their leaves.

He noted the beautiful flowers
That seemed not as he passed,
And here he recognized eternity
The peace that forever would last.

The flutelike notes of the many birds,
Following in the angel's course
Rose on the air and faded away
As if returning to their source.

But soon the dusk became the night
And slumber descended upon the wood,
Upon that for which many a man has dreamed,
For which immortality has stood.

As the filtered rays of the moonlight
Shone like a spray through the trees, said he;
What mortal God upon this earth
Can create such as these.

THE EDITORIAL WE

AT the present time, with our troops awaiting the final command to assault the fortress Europe, it is inevitable that something be said of the military situation. A certain speculation upon our future seems necessary.

The events of the next few months will reflect what degree of preparation has been attained in this, the greatest democratic crusade against oppressive rule in the world's history. Spectacular production miracles have been wrought in the factories of this nation. A most complex military organization has been put into efficient, smooth operation. The home front has been mobilized so that in a sense the civilian is placed beside the man at the fighting front. No resources have been spared to insure our eventual victory. We are confident, now, of that victory. We are going to win this war.

Our belief in regard to the outcome has assumed a grim, tight-lipped countenance. There will be no easy victory. Tarawa and Salerno have driven that fact home. There is no romantic glow about the fortunes of war for the American family, whose father or son or husband or brother has given his life that the democratic ideal may be realized.

Turning back to the pages of the *Oracle* for March, 1918, we found the editorial for that issue concerned with another "war to end all wars." America was in circumstances parallel to the present state of affairs, as evidenced by the opening lines of the 1918 editorial.

"Now, at last, during the fourth year of the great World War, the greatest of all the combatants in potential strength has met the enemy face to face. . . a new phase of the war begins."

As asserted before, the belligerent forces have amassed their total resources and are at the peak of their potential. They are on the verge of meeting face to face. Truly a new, and it is hoped, final phase of the European war commences.

Fortunately, in World War I there was a land front opposing the German border. Today that border is the English Channel. No little amount of blood will be shed there on the salty surf before our armies secure a bridgehead on the continent. We and our Allies will sustain losses much in excess of those experienced thus far. This observation obviously does not originate with us. But we believe it bears repetition—again and again.

We believe it bears repetition because we are concerned not so much with the loss of lives to come as with the consequence of those lost lives.

For we of youth are not afraid to die for our country if by doing so we leave our world with a little more good than when we entered, or leave making it possible that the world shall someday see an increase in goodness.

The 1918 editorial further stated,

"America has certainly reinforced her Allies in time of adversity. She entered into the actual fighting zone at a great crisis of the war, with Russia gone from the battlefield."

(continued on page twenty-nine)

WILFRED A. HENNESSY

Editor-Oracle 1895-1896

The literary ability that Wilfred Hennessy showed while at school ripened through the years until he was accepted as foremost publicity man for his city and all its causes.

His loyal devotion to Bangor and her people, and his wide-spread activities throughout the adjacent territory, made his life-work for the Chamber of Commerce an outstanding example of ability, integrity, and absolute sincerity in the service of others.

After graduation from high school, Mr. Hennessy attended Holy Cross College and then began his newspaper work on the Bangor Commercial, leaving to accept a position with the Catholic World.

Returning to Bangor, he helped form the new Chamber of Commerce out of the old Board of Trade. He was the first, and, until now, the only secretary of that organization. At the time of the great fire, he was chosen by the Relief Committee to distribute funds and supplies to the unfortunate fire victims. He was responsible for the idea and management of the Bangor meeting of the 4-H Club.

He attended to the housing of conventions of teachers, Grange, American Legion, Y. M. C. A., elder boys' conferences, and many others, doing it all with infinite tact. Bangor got all the praise, and Wilfred always in the background, seldom took the bow.

Of late years he was City Editor of the "Bangor Daily News," giving long hours of service to his double duties.

The whole city mourned his death, and as a spontaneous sign of their appreciation, our people paid the unprecedented tribute of closing all stores, offices, and banks during the hour of his funeral.

MALICE IN WONDERLAND

Sandra Ginsberg

Here's an intriguing bit of imaginative writing by Sandra Ginsberg. Yet when you read it, you'll find there's more truth than fiction in those creatures called Lickysniffs!

IF you've never seen them, it's because you've never looked. When you do, you'll find hundreds of them everywhere. The gentlemen ones have long shiny white tusks instead of noses and pink shells where their ears should be. They wear short red cloaks fastened at the throat with a large fish-eye, and on two feet they wear curled-up red shoes, on the third, a soft green felt slipper. Yellow cornucopias are perched jauntily on their bald heads. The ladies have sparkling purple eyes on two sides of their heads, but the other two sides are covered with sheaves of yellow wood-shavings. Delicate fangs spring daintily from each cheek. They wear wispy white capes and long red ruffled skirts that touch the floor.



These creatures are called Lickysniffs. And if you think they don't exist, that they are mere mental creations of a four-year old child. . .

Who do you think tugs and pulls the seam of your stocking into a wavy line? Who do you think makes your pin-curls uncurl in the middle of the morning? Who is it that smudges your lipstick and chips your nail polish? Who do you think gently tips the perfume bottle just enough to send its contents dancing gaily down the front of your new dress? *Lickysniffs!* And if you don't believe it, look next time, and you'll see a Lickysniff hopping up and down and chuckling happily to himself.

When the ball rolls and wavers on the rim of the basket, who do you think gives it a sly nudge off the

rim, onto the floor? Who do you think it is that tells you that you have plenty—oh, plenty of time, and then perches on your ear in detention room and tee-hees into it? What tells you to put baking powder in a cake twice, making it rise almost to the top of the oven? Who guides your pencil into writing the wrong answers in geometry? Who urges you to order a double chocolate soda, and then giggles while you search frantically for the wallet you left in your locker? *Lickysniffs!* They have plans for everything and everybody!

They hold council every night and decide what must be done. The chief rides up on his special white rat, doffs his yellow cornucopia to the cheering masses of Lickysniffs, and takes his place on his glass mushroom. After a very loud fanfare has been played on the royal horn, he motions the clerk to read the list of names and the "plans" that are had for each. Sometimes your name isn't there, but more often it is. If you got out of step in drill, it is because these cryptic words appeared after your name on the Lickysniffs' list: *R. O. T. C.—hold foot.* If you play a wrong note in the recital, it is because a Lickysniff pushes your finger onto the wrong valve. If you fall into the lap of a prim elderly lady when a crowded street car jerks to a start, it is because a solemn little Lickysniff tenderly slides your feet from under you. And if you have ever skidded gracefully down your front stairs on a slippery winter day, it was because it was "in the plans." If you lose your mittens in the movies and have to spend the better part of your time prowling around on the floor as unobtrusively as possible, it is because a conscientious Lickysniff flicked them off your lap. If a huge blot of ink splashes in the middle of the last page of your theme, it is because a Lickysniff sucks the ink out of your pen waits until you are practically finished, and then lets go.

You have been eating and breathing Lickysniffs for years. They live with you, on you, around you—you can't get away from them if you try. And the worst of it is, they're always, always laughing at *you!* Get up and brush yourself off and show him who's going to laugh at whom—challenge him to some good old-fashioned commando tactics! You can't see him? If you can't see him, it's because you don't believe in him, and, if you don't believe in him, you're missing a lot of fun.

Spring Styles



What the best dressed clothes are now wearing—tricky trivia. . . spirit raisers. . . bright notes on any favorite spring suit or dress.

For instance just take a peek at the lovely pin Jane Hinkley has on! So charmingly designed, its golden leaves form a perfect background for the small life-like flower. Its center is of gleaming synthetic topaz, encircled by a tiny row of sparkling rhinestones.

Mathemagically speaking, this bijou, like many others found at Pratt's, adds to your style. . . and divides its usefulness by being appropriate for a multiple of occasions.

You'll love them for themselves as well as the many other newest creations in earrings and novelty bracelets found always at Pratt's Jewelry Store, 18 Hammond Street, Bangor.

Pratt's

She's dressed up—she's smart—especially in a suit that goes everywhere and does everything!

For proof, just take a look at lovely Norma Lee Lambert in a wool suit distinguished by the superb character of its texture and the unique warmth of its color. Here's a "look-at-me" red that will dazzle your eyes and that is smarter and more spirited than you ever thought this shade of red could be.

Note, too, the saddle stitched lapels and the smooth way the jacket fits. Either worn casually to school or else dressed up for dates, it will please you every time you put it on.

At the Besse System, 98 Main Street, Bangor, you will find scores of new spring suits, designed just for you.

Besse System



Vernal Vogue

Suits me!—Bewitching, too, are maid and suit. The latter a highly favored Lanz Style in creamy-white wool. The two piece suit is set off to perfection by a gaily embroidered design in red and green, and the tiny silver buttons lend a charm and sparkle all of their own. Notice, too, how smooth and flattering the lines are. . . how “eye-catching” its tailoring. . . how different its style. You’ll love, too, its quaint print lining—characteristic of all Lanz suits. It’s perfect for spring.

Our model, Jean Chisholm, is extremely partial to the casual topper that completes any suit. Especially different is its small coat of arms!

For that different and yet so popular look, it’s Burdell’s, the Shop of Smart Feminine Fashions, 91 Main Street, Bangor.

Burdell’s



This frill date-dress is destined to be this spring’s top thrill! It’s in wonderful rayon-crepe—soft, beguiling, and lovable. You’ll swish its black skirt at parties or teas, flirt its ruffles on important dates!

This Junior Miss dress is modeled perfectly by that well-known senior, Theresa Byron. We ‘specially love the touch of white ruffles at the neck and sleeves to set off that glamorous color—jet black.

For all you girls who like that “young” look, with a touch of sophistication, Rines at 43 Main Street, Bangor, now is featuring an entirely new lot of dresses just for you!

Rines Company

OUTSIDE THE CLASSROOM

B. H. S. Wins District Drama Cup; In New England Finals

After careful deliberation the judges proclaimed Bangor High School to be first place winner when, on Saturday, April 8, the school auditorium was the scene of the annual state one-act play contest, embracing schools from northeastern Maine. Winners of preliminary contests in this section of the state who participated in this day of drama were Stearns High of Millinocket, Winslow High, Corinna Union Academy, Bucksport High, and Bangor High School. Each of the five presented a play, two being in the afternoon and three at night. Both performances were well attended and reflected the hard work of pupils and coaches alike.

The Bangor High School Dramatic Club entered in competition "The Valiant," which was directed by Miss Evelyn Haney. Much of the credit for the fine performance should go to her, for under her sensitive direction the student actors were able to create an atmosphere of tension and drama seldom found in high school productions.

Special committees of the Dramatic Club made the colorful gathering an efficient, successful affair. That our school maintains and furthers such entertaining, cultural activities is a fact of which not only the student body but the city can be proud.

Annual Barn Dance Honors Departing Teacher

The Annual Barn Dance sponsored by the B. H. S. B-Club took place on March 31 in a fittingly-decorated school auditorium. Several carriages, corn stocks, and bright spotlights enlivened our old assembly hall, and the floor resounded to the clapping hands and stamping feet as old-fashioned country dances were performed. The music of Tozier's band provided a bucolic atmosphere and dancers went enthusiastically rustic for an evening.

Prizes for the best costume were awarded to Ruth Gedney and Frederick Lewis; winners of the spotlight waltz were Gloria Nickerson and Everett Hatch and of the prize waltz, Norma Lee Lambert and Stanley Eddy.

The popular event was in honor of Frederick Pinkham, teacher in the commercial department and basketball coach during the past season, who leaves shortly for the service. Chaperoning the affair were Principal and Mrs. Joseph B. Chaplin, Dean Rachel Connor, Moses Nanigian, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Legere, Donald E. Lewis, Edward Trowell, Miss Jessie L. Fraser, and Lieut. and Mrs. Chester Corse.

Public Affairs Hears Speakers

The Public Affairs Club in its meetings of January and February has had two discussions of much interest to the students. Miss Patch, head of the French Department at Mt. Holyoke College, spoke on the subject "My Experiences with Refugees at Mt. Holyoke." Miss Patch, a graduate of B. H. S. was most illuminating in her discussion of these refugees who find in her college a place of peace and security.

In February, Benjamin Dorsky, President of Maine Chapter of American Federation of Labor, spoke on the Little Steel Formula. He showed how the Formula does not meet the cost of living to-day adequately. The question period was most instructive, and Mr. Dorsky was concise and convincing in his replies.

Debate Club Takes Second In Bates League Tourney

Under the capable leadership of Miss Evelyn Haney the debaters of Bangor High School have this season established one of the best records in many years. They have participated in three practice tournaments and the Bates League.

At Waterville Bangor High School, which was represented by Joseph Oppenheim, Malcolm Flash, Mary Muir, Mary Bracy, Howard Gotlieb, Malcolm Stevenson, George Broutas, Robert Francis and Paul McGouldrick, won first place. Later in the season this same group was victorious at a tournament held at Bangor High School. After considerable work on the part of both debaters and many helping faculty members, the varsity team, consisting of M. Flash and J.

(continued on page twenty-five)

THE WORM'S TURN

Listen my children and you shall hear,
My account of the talk of the year.
If you want to hear all about all,
Here it is at your beck and call.

WELL, my fine fickle friends, we shall try this time to keep up to date with your love affairs. Believe you me it is no easy job! You're as mercurial as the Maine weather! ! (Get your dictionaries out unless you've had Miss Mullen's English!)

Now to get down to business. Before we had a chance to send our get-well cards to Theresa, she was well on the road to recovery. Easter Formal, here we come! Speaking of the Easter Formal, if you girls are looking for invites, see Ferne Carson. She seems to get around as far as the Quoddy men are concerned. For further information, Seabee. . . loops. . . we mean, see Ferne! Also see Shorty! My, how study periods fly—when one has something interesting to do, that is. Such as writing to Quoddy. . . that place again?

What is so interesting in the back room of R. N. Grant & Co. store? Enlighten us on the subject please, boys. Don't tell us it's the slot machines! Now for the other establishment of the same party and ooooh these parties! Could the latter be the cause of Julie's loss and Kay's gain?

Tishie, what took you so long? We missed you the first three days after vacation, but that's nothing to what you'll be missing the following weeks before the next one. Ooooh you lucky gal! How about taking us the next time, angel? Other people also seem to have had fun during vacation. Ask the Misses Connelly, Nickerson, and Fleming why they call themselves the "S. A. P. S." and you'll see what we mean. And as for the "open door" policy of B. Jones, ask Hymie what attraction there can possibly be in the attic!

With the new tax bill passed, it seems to us that Jean Carson's Dexter friend will be running into quite an expense if he keeps sending her those special delivery letters.

Speaking of the tax on postage, what's the cost of a box of brownies, Janie? By the way, were they good or isn't he living to tell? We're only kidding!

As we said before, we are making an attempt to keep on the track of the flighty young ones of B. H. S., but the flight of one is so speedy and has so many detours that we are giving up before we start. In case you're in the dark, and we don't think you are, it's No. 10 of our basketball five.

Farnsworth versus Glencross! One of them stole Lois' heart. Who's the guilty party? What will be the verdict? Time will tell! There's another casualty, and this is of the opposite sex. Klyne versus Trenholm! It's Bapst again. But wait, there's a third interest! Peggy, why make poor Johnny's dilemma worse? Worse did we say? It can't be any more so, for Christine is in the battle too. May the best woman win!



Have we a second Casanova Jennison among us? Or is the affair between Lucille and him the real thing? If so, how does Gould Academy fit into the picture? Maybe he just goes along as chaperone to P. Bradshaw! Maybe not! !

Harrison, better known as "Lefty," is already preparing for his senior year. No studies for him! Is he going to be another one of the wild and wooly, free and easy, type, or will Jean prevent that? We're rooting for the latter, not for the sake of our successor, but for the senior girls to be.

Jim, we're ashamed of you for smiling at our Stearns opponents, let alone going out with one of them. Were you properly introduced or was the same old line sufficient?

It seems there was a play at the Methodist Church during vacation, and that was the cause of it all. Here's a problem for you. Put two and two together, Zelma and Jean times Mark and Pat equals—. Now, figure it out. Jean is still in stitches and we don't mean she's laughing! Warning, Mark! Burr is looming on the horizon.

Well, we know we shouldn't refer you to the beginning, but one of our reporters just gave us the news. Jones "open door" again, now it's *Bernie* and Kay! Weren't you invited, Al?

Who is your "bottle neck," Paul? We must hand it to "Moose." A month in advance too! Make the

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IN RETROSPECT

Oh, for the gay days,
Those glorious hey-days,
With skirts to the ankle, and jive yet unborn!
These class rooms were merry,
These old halls reechoed
The carefree young laughter of Marys and Johns.

They earned their diplomas
And turned to their futures,
Still down through the years, their laughter lives
on;
For these halls now resound with
The gay youthful voices
Of newer editions of Marys and Johns.

LET'S borrow a few moments from a world which revolves with bewildering speed, to turn back the clock to a day when another generation held in Bangor High School, the mothers and fathers of the graduates of 1944.

Since our recent basketball tournament we are particularly basketball-conscious; let me remind you of a few of the boys who ruled the courts of B. H. S. a quarter of a century ago. Many will remember Mr. Charles Rich, a graduate of the class of 1918, who may be identified with his daughter Cynthia of the senior class of 1944. Another of our past hoop stars is Mr. Ralph French, who graduated in 1924, and who, in addition to his tireless work on the team was a promising student of the general course. His daughter, Filene, is listed among this year's seniors.

To continue in the field of a sports, let's remember one of the football stars of days gone by, namely, Mr. Clyde Cobb. No doubt he can tell of many an existing grid battle in which he carried the pigskin for Bangor. His successor at B. H. S. is his daughter, Elaine.

Upholding our record on the baseball diamond was Mr. Paul Savage of the class of 1909, whose daughter, Priscilla, this year returns the name of Savage to our roll. And not to be forgotten is Mr. Alfred Frawley, who, in addition to batting out the home runs for his school, sustained the cornet section of the band, with the class of 1916. It seems that his son, Alfred, Jr., is following closely in his father's footsteps with the band of '44. A successor of these two stars was Mr. Malcolm J. Wilkes who played baseball in 1917, and whose daughter, Norma, is a senior this year.

Not to be overlooked among our memoirs are those

fellows who first established the high standards of our military system. There was Mr. Charles MacAloon, a lieutenant in the R. O. T. C. in 1920, who further distinguished himself as the treasurer of his Junior class. His representative in the class of '44 is his daughter, Barbara. Mr. Paul Springer, whose daughter, "Jackie" is a senior this year, was a sergeant in the R. O. T. C. in the Class of 1919. Among the more adventurous of our military students is Lieut.-Col. Osgood A. Nickerson, who left Bangor High School in 1916 to become a student at Annapolis. Lieut.-Col. Nickerson, whose daughter Helen will graduate this year, is now stationed on New Guinea.

In the class of 1915 is Lt. Commander Harold Nickerson of the U. S. Navy, whose son Jack is numbered among our military-minded seniors. Another adventurer is Mr. James Mutty who, at the half of his senior year, abandoned Bangor High School to his classmates and joined the ranks of the R. A. F. He is known to many of you students through his daughter, Joan.

Further search among the records unearthed the name of only one among the fathers of the current senior class who frequented the well-worn paths of our track course; and that one was Mr. Donald Chase, a scientific student of the class of 1918. If his son Leroy is a "chip off the old brain," we marvel at the father's.

But forgive us! We are ignoring the all-important mothers. In the class of 1920 was Mrs. Paul Springer, nee Marita Pickard, whose husband and daughter were mentioned previously in this narrative. Mrs. Springer was active in the extra-curricular program, taking a part in the French play and being a member of the orchestra. Also in the class of 1920 was Mrs. Freda Fleming, a classical student, mother of Jean Fleming, and Mrs. Dorothy Chadeayne, who is represented this year by her daughter Carol. Mrs. Ruth Hainer, nee Ruth Colman, whom many of you will recognize in connection with her son Howard, graduated in 1921. Numbered among the members of the class of 1918 are Mrs. Mark Ginn, whose son is a familiar figure at B. H. S., and her sister, Mrs. Harriet Peters, mother of "Kitty" Peters.

The year 1920 finds among the graduates Mrs. F. H. Lewis, then Agnes Lamson, whose daughter Elizabeth is a newcomer at B. H. S. this year. Mrs. Ida May Littlefield, nee Ida May Williams, graduated in 1914. Her son Everett is a member of the graduating class of 1944.

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PASSING IN REVIEW

Robert Graffam. Bob is the type of athlete that a school very seldom turns out. He is a football, basketball, and track star and also runs cross country and pitches baseball. Bob has other interests though. He says very emphatically that women are *all right*. His favorite food is ham with pepsi-cola. Is that what does it? Maybe it's worth the try. In the summer, Bob hangs around and takes advantage of his vacation. He doesn't care for any studies and, when he graduates, plans to. . . Am I kidding?

Florence Gunn. Step right up and meet "Flo," a jolly junior who really does justice to the title.

Active is her middle name. She only sits still long enough to eat—apple sauce and jelly—and to see John Payne and Sonja Heinie in the movies. She plays tennis, basket-ball, and hockey—golly, can she play hockey! She's a regular one man team.

She loves to waltz to "Close to You," sung by Frank Sinatra—minus the screams.

"Do you like to study?" "Oh, I love it!" (Did I detect a slight note of sarcasm?)

Well, boys and gals, you've met "Flo," so take it from there.

John Godsoe—Here's our hot trumpet player from the sophomore class, of which he is class president. His favorite pastime is music, but he finds time to spend with B. H. S.'s female pulchritude. (It's not the writer but the students that have the one track mind). When Johnny hasn't got his mouth on a trumpet he's busy eating pie and drinking chocolate milk shakes. In the summer he works, but let's not get on that gruesome subject. His favorite study is Latin—imagine that—and he doesn't dislike any subject. If the war isn't over when he graduates he will enlist in the Merchant Marine.



Suzanne Welch. "Sue" is an all-out, all-around girl of B. H. S. She's the secretary of the senior class, a member of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council, the Honorary Lt. Col. of the R. O. T. C. and she plays basket-ball and hockey—just to mention a few of her activities. Whew, I don't know how she does it, but she does it.

She likes to go skating when it's (with) "Cole" and "Galen," and her favorite song is "I Love You Truly"—ah love!

As for movie stars, she loves the "crazy ones," Martha Raye and Mickey Rooney heading her list, and for eats serve her tuna fish and hot dogs.

When "Sue" graduates, she's thinking of going to La Salle, (and she is the gal who can think of better things to do than study.)

Roger Tefft—Ah! ! ! The ladies' man of B. H. S. Don't get me wrong; Roger is an all right guy. Can he help it if the ladies run after him, or vice-versa? When I interviewed him, he wanted to answer women to every question. His favorite dish is graham cracker pie which he eats with milk. His hobby is—you guessed it—Women. He says in the summer he swims. In answer to the question, "Where?" he says, "Anyplace, usually water." As for studies, he says they're all right. He doesn't want to hurt any teacher's feelings. His favorite sports are swimming and here it is again—women.

Mary Ellen Herlihy—Sophomore: Mary Ellen is the rosy-cheeked, happy-go-lucky treasurer of the sophomore class.

Whistling is her pet peeve, but she could spend hours listening to Dinah Shore sing "My Man" (hmmm, which man, Mary Ellen?) She isn't one of Frankie's swoon gals—she likes Bing. She says boys are "all right." Tsk, tsch, there are so few around, too.

As for studying, she hates it with a capital "H" (and we don't think she's lonely) but la mademoiselle likes French.

Anytime you can't find her, summer or winter, she'll be swimming or skating, respectively.

All kinds of blue are "okay" with her, but if you catch her feeling that way it just isn't the Mary Ellen we know.

HOOP HIGHLIGHTS

With Coach Frederick Pinkham taking over the varsity reins this season, Bangor High was well represented by the basket ball team. The Rams, against some of the best competition that Eastern Maine could furnish, had a very successful season with thirteen victories and only four defeats to their credit. A total of 619 points were amassed by the Bangor team as against 523 for their opponents. This season's hoop record follows:

Bangor	39	Foxcroft	25
"	42 at	Presque Isle	22
"	32 at	Stearns	47
"	38	Waterville	61
"	19 at	Brewer	21
"	18	John Bapst	16
"	45 at	Winslow	38
"	64	Ellsworth	25
"	37 at	Old Town	32
"	39	Presque Isle	20
"	33	Brewer	25
"	40	Stearns	32
"	23 at	Waterville	45
"	27	John Bapst	24
"	49	Winslow	31
"	37	Old Town	31
"	37	Guilford	25

During the first of the season, Coach Pinkham did a lot of adjusting to find a winning combination. He finally found what he was looking for in a quintet comprising Farnsworth, Ginn, Cole, Graffam, and O'Connell. The chief scoring threat was speedy Bob Graffam who collected the grand sum of 226 points. In Charlie Farnsworth, the team had a smooth working guard with a good eye, and in Hymie Ginn, the other guard who has a specialty in getting rebounds. Huss Cole, at the pivot spot made a practice of feeding the ball, and Jimmy O'Connell, who completed the quintet, was an exceptionally good passer. As this combination was really getting hot, the ineligibility list took its toll in the forms of Chuck Farnsworth and Jim O'Connell.

Again Mr. Pinkham had to build a new quintet. In the place of O'Connell a sophomore, Eddie Clark, who is probably the best ball handler on the team, did a masterful job. Porky Burr, a fighter and a rebounder gained the fifth position. This combination improved greatly as the season progressed and was a credit to our school.

BANGOR IN TOURNAMENT

Bangor High was one of the top teams selected by the Maine Principals Association to participate in the annual tournament. Before the first round was played the injury jinx hit the Rams but hard when Hymie Ginn, ace guard, was laid up with an infection. The first team the Rams met was the scrappy Bucksport High quintet; and, although Bangor was pre-game favorites, without Ginn the Crimson cause looked low. During the first three quarters it was a nip and tuck battle, but Bucksport went ahead by five points in the fourth period. It was at this point that Ginn, although he wasn't fully recovered, went in. He immediately sunk a long shot which raised to a peak the morale of the home camp. The Rams were the team of old and in short order tied the score. Huss Cole pushed in a follow-up shot just before the final fun to give Bangor a 31-29 victory.

The other games of the first round came out petty much as expected with highly favored Waterville trouncing Guilford and John Bapst and Stearns doing practically the same to Cony and Lawrence respectively.

In the semi-finals, the Rams held Stearns at bay for two periods, but they couldn't keep up with the fast pace set by the Minutemen in the second half. The boys from the Magic City were really hot in the final frame and made two-pointers from all angles. This 45-29 victory for Stearns put them into the finals against the Waterville Panthers, who were too much for Bapst.

As the pre-tournament predictions indicated, Waterville walked off with the Eastern Maine Championship and went on to Portland to take the State title.

Although the Rams didn't do much in this tournament, they did have a very good season despite the fact that they had some tough breaks. Mr. Frederick Pinkham, who was new this year as the varsity mentor, deserves loads of credit from the school. Recently, he left this realm and entered the armed services. The varsity players all wish him the best of luck wherever he may be.

BRIEF HIGHLIGHTS OF THE GAMES

Foxcroft (25) at Bangor (29): In this first game of the season the Rams got a good start in their victory.

Bangor (42) at Presque Isle (22): Both Farnsworth and Graffam were hot, and with Hymie Ginn doing a swell job in the back court, Presque Isle was licked.

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THE SPINNING REEL

CRY HAVOC

Ann Sothern, Joan Blondell, and Margaret Sullivan play the leads in this war drama which has been adapted from the stage play of the same name. The plot concerns the thirteen nurses and volunteers who take part in the delaying action of Bataan, after MacArthur has left for Australia. Most of the scenes take place in a dugout where the girls eat and sleep and wisecrack when they are not on duty. Margaret Sullivan plays a lieutenant of Army nurses, secretly married to the commanding officer. Joan Blondell and Ann Sothern, as an ex-burlesque queen and former hard-boiled waitress respectively, battle it out with their wits and give the drama much appreciated laughs. Among the other stars are Fay Bainter, Marsha Hunt, and Connie Gilchrist. This great show is a mixture of both tears and laughter and makes one wonder if at home everyone is doing all he can to make it easier for those at the front.



GUADALCANAL DIARY

Here's a war picture that rings absolutely true, with never a false note. It's an honest, open account of what really happened on Guadalcanal, without any Hollywood trimmings. The story, taken from Richard Tregaskis' widely-read book, tells the preparation of our Marines on shipboard for the landing on Guadalcanal. The capture of Henderson Field, the treachery of the Japs, the final push that sends the brown-skinned apes into the sea—all are told forcefully and honestly in this most effective picture. Starring in this glowing tribute to the boys who actually fought on Guadalcanal are William Bendix, Lloyd Nolan, Preston Foster, and Anthony Quinn.

THE NORTH STAR

The very breath of life and hate and horror has been breathed into this magnificent story of a magnificent people. As very few war pictures have, this one reaches the heart of the human soul.

The story tells of the walking vacation to Kiev of five young people of the North Star village; Anne Baxter, Farley Granger, an amateur whose work rivals professionals, Jane Withers, Dana Andrews, and Eric Roberts. The vacation which is interrupted by the sudden bombing invasion by the Germans continues with the efforts of the little group, aided by Walter Brennan, to get back to the fighting men of the village the supply of guns needed by them.

Every performer is outstanding and this movie is truly a bomb-shell of torn emotions.

THE IRON MAJOR

This is the film biography of the late Frank Cavanaugh, one time dynamic football coach of Dartmouth, Boston College, and Fordham. Pat O'Brien plays the famous coach and turns in another one of his inimitable performances. The story starts with Cavanaugh at the age of ten, and carries him through his college and coaching years, his enlistment in World War 1 and the great fight he put up overseas; it continues thru the latter years of his life, when wounded and partly blinded he returns to coaching and turns out one winning team after another. Cavanaugh had three great interests in life; love of God, love of country, and love of family. Ruth Warrick portrays his youthful sweetheart, who later marries him. This is the story of a real American, which every American should see!

SENIORS!

The Oracle staff wishes to thank the Senior members of the student body for their fine response in co-operating with the staff by meeting the dead line of April 3, when glossies for the graduation edition of the Oracle were due. Your action will help make possible the issuing of a bigger and better edition than ever. So watch for the June Oracle!



Ivory Canty



Barbara Fletcher

"Look Here, Mr. Striker"

A Cutting from
"One Sunday Afternoon"

A Cutting from
"The Moon Is Down"

A Cutting from
"The Mortal Storm"



Malcolm Flash



Marion Keith

"The Strange Death of Charles Umberstein"



Roger Tefft

SPEAKERS

JUNIOR

A Cutting from
"Our Town"

"Dear Adolph"



Barbara Chapman



Gerald Rudman

MEDALS



Phyllis Rudman



Wayne Plummer

HONORABLE MENTION

An Adaptation from
"Mr. Lincoln's Wife"

"Rendezvous With Destiny"



Lois Ann Hopkins

A Cutting from "Our Hearts Were Young & Gay"

CLASS OF 1945

EXHIBITION

ON THE BEAM

Radio also Fights for Freedom. . . .

On the battlefield, as on the home front, radio plays an important part in our fight against tyranny and oppression. In wartime it provides the only means of communication for advanced fighting units in the jungles of the South Pacific or the mountains of Italy.

Radio does not play such a direct part on the home front, but it cannot be denied that it fulfills an important role. Doubtless, the first in its importance is the dexterity with which it brings the news literally from the battlefield to our homes.

Every Monday through Friday at 7:15 P. M. the "News of the World" with John W. Vandercook brings up-to-the-minute reports directly from Allied war theatres. On the same station, WLBZ, at 7:45 H. V. Kaltenborn gives a well informed summary and analysis of the latest developments. It is through such sources as these that the American people are always kept well informed on national and international affairs.

The Best in Music. . . .

Yes, the best music in the world is played in America by orchestras which vary from philharmonic orchestras to the well known bands.

The "Westinghouse Program" every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 on WLBZ presents John Charles Thomas, one of America's truly great singers, with Victor Young and his orchestra, and the Ken Darby Chorus. Aside from the music that is superbly played and sung, John Nesbitt, a master story teller, brings you one of his intriguing true stories.

The nation's popular songs can be heard on such programs as Fred Waring's "Victory Tune Time," Monday through Friday at 7:00 on WLBZ; Harry James and his Music Makers, WABI at 7:15, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday; and the Fitch Bandwagon presenting various well known bands of the nation and a guest singer to be heard at 7:30 Sunday night on NBC.

For a program of immortal music of composers like Victor Herbert, Rudolph Friml, Franz Lehar, and many others, "Great Moments in Music" is the program to listen to. This great music is brought to you by a distinguished company of Jan Peerce, Jean Tennyson, Robert Weede and the chorus and orchestra under George Sebastian. "Great Moments in Music" is presented on CBS, Wednesday at 10:00 P. M.

"Information Please," heard on NBC at 10:30 P. M. every Monday, brings together some of the brilliant minds of the nation. Franklin P. Adams, John Kieran,

and Clifton Fadiman as quiz master provide the regular staff. Two other distinguished guests also appear each week to help the regulars answer questions sent in by the radio audience. Beginning Monday, Apr. 3 this popular program will be heard over the same station at a new time—9:30 P. M.



What could be more appropriate than a program on which men from our Armed Forces appear? "Johnny Presents" is just such a program. Men back from war theatres are interviewed by Ginny Simms and then given the chance to make a phone call to anyone in the country. To hear a program of the greatest guests that could be assembled, listen on Tuesday to "Johnny Presents" at 8:00 P. M. on WLBZ.

The "Screen Guild Players" on Monday evening at 9:00, WABI, gives those who have missed outstanding movies an excellent opportunity to hear many motion pictures reenacted. The original cast is usually starred on this weekly half-hour program.

The men and women who devote their time to the entertainment of the American people through comedy, certainly deserve mention in any radio column. To name a few there are Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, Fibber Magee and Molly, Bob Hope, and Red Skelton who are heard on both NBC and CBS stations.

Turning now to a very different type and style of program there are programs like the Sunday symphony concerts conducted by universally known conductors. Although the music performed on these programs by the best possible assemblage of musicians is not so well known and popular, it is none the less great music. As to the orchestras which perform this music nothing much need be said. No better gathering of musicians could be assembled. Even many of our present day popular songs, possibly excluding "Maizy Doats," have

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WITH THE SPORTINGALS

Sportingals, the intramural tourney has been completed with the following results: The Ramerettes proved themselves the Senior Champs by defeating the Glamourettes in two successive games. The Ponies won the junior championship over the Bullets. Because of a lack of players on both sophomore teams, the two were combined into one team for the intramural games.

The members of the teams are: Senior Ramerettes: B. Andrews, S. Welch, A. Freeland, J. Cahoon, P. Savage, C. Burbank, M. Brookings, M. Doherty, J. Hilton, and F. Jones.

Senior Glamourettes: A. J. Philbrick, N. Hazen, P. Marsh, H. Nickerson, N. Wilks, V. Getchell, C. Adams, J. Doherty, G. Griffin, E. Comstock, and B. Palmer.

Junior Ponies: E. Grant, F. Gunn, J. Rosie, L. A. Hopkins, G. Leek, A. Harrison, E. Harper, M. Hart, and Annette Chapman.

Junior Bullets: M. Hanson, D. Mitchell, B. Curran, A. Robins, M. Redmond, J. Morse, Glenna Billings, M. Mingo, P. Arsenault and E. Wise.

The combined sophomore team: E. Caswell, L. White, G. Moores, L. Weston, L. Ladner, C. Banton, B. Robbins, M. Levesque, G. Broutas, R. La Crosse, S. Doughty and S. Brown.

Coaches of the teams are Eulalie Comstock and Sue Welch, Ponies; Jane Hilton and Muriel Doherty, Bullets; Barbara Andrews and Ann Freeland, Ramerettes; Annie-Jane Philbrick, Glamourettes; Mary Brookings and Priscilla Savage, Sophomore.

The girl's athletic department has been very fortunate in securing the services of Shad Wilson of Maine School of Commerce, and Evelyn Foster of the U. of M. as referees for the games. The council girls have assisted as umpires and scorers.

Be sure to see the June issue for the "finals" of the intramural tournament and the new "all-Bangor" girl's basketball team!

GIRLS' ATHLETIC HONOR COUNCIL

The Girls' Athletic Honor Council has had an usually active winter.

Shortly after the Christmas season, the council became proprietor of an enterprising shoe-checking establishment at the new municipal skating rink. The girls worked together on afternoon and evening shifts once or twice a week. They sold hot chocolate and refreshments, checked shoes, and even skated themselves, when business slowed up a bit. This project has been

a great financial success, and the girls have really enjoyed doing the work. They would like to take this opportunity of thanking those who made this venture possible. Money earned in this manner was instrumental in making it possible for the council to hire official referees for the tournament, and to finance a mid-winter party.

On February 14th the council held this mid-winter event in the form of a supper party. Members of the various committees were:—decorations Dorothy Mitchell, Florence Gunn, and Barbara Patterson; supper, Marion Hanson and Annie Jane Philbrick; Program, Sue Welch and Priscilla Savage. Immediately following the supper, the council took in four new members, Marguerite Hart, Nina Hazen, Glenna Billings, and Constance Adams. Sponsoring these new members were Ann Freeland, Barbara Andrews, Eulalie Comstock, and Sue Welch. Those giving rituals were Muriel Doherty, general; Mary Brookings, leadership; Priscilla Savage, sportsmanship; Florence Gunn, respect; Barbara Patterson, scholarship; Marion Hanson, dependability; and Annie Jane Philbrick, athletics.

Three members of the council receiving second honors were Jane Hilton, Ann Freeland, and Barbara Andrews.

Athletes who attended the affair were: Joan Rosie, Barbara Curran, Lois Ann Hopkins, Cynthia Rich, June Cahoon, Jacqueline Doherty, Barbara Fletcher, Norma Lee Lambert, Helen Nickerson, Betty Palmer, Grace Griffin, Faith Jones, Constance Adams, Priscilla Marsh, Mary Redmond, Kathleen Peters, Sylvia Doughty, Ruth La Crosse, Madeline Klech, Patricia Arsenault, Jackie Morse, Jeannette Smith, Jane Dennehy, Marion Levesque, Georgia Broutas, Leah White, Phyllis Rudman, Lorraine Ladner, Eleanor Caswell, Nina Hazen, Annabelle Robbins, Glenna Billings, Elsie Grant, Virginia Getchell, Celia Banton, and Marguerite Hart.

Members of the council attending were: Muriel Doherty, President; Jane Hilton, vice president; Annie Jane Philbrick, secretary; Ann Freeland, treasurer; Barbara Andrews, Suzanne Welch, Barbara Patterson, Eulalie Comstock, Priscilla Savage, Mary Brookings, Annette Chapman, Barbara Chapman, Dorothy Mitchell, Florence Gunn, and Marion Hanson.

Teacher guests were:—Dean Rachel Connor, and the Misses Jeanne Morneault and Barbara Welch.

FILES ON PARADE

JOURNEY AMONG WARRIORS

by Eve Curie

EVE CURIE, daughter of the renowned Madame Curie, seems now to be almost rivaling her mother's name. Strangely enough she did not follow a scientific career but became an author. Her biography of her mother has been her outstanding book, but "Journey Among Warriors" has also hit the top of the best seller's list.

Eve Curie started her journey to all the battle fronts of the world as the only woman in a transport filled with army officers and outstanding foreign correspondents. Her route took her to all the prominent front lines and scenes of military action. Her description of them are literally eye-openers.

It's a woman's view of the war, and her relating of it is graphic and realistic. She does not escape or attempt to avoid the hardships of the soldiers in order to make it truly the voice of experience in her novel. Accordingly her book is a sincere and moving tale of modern warriors.

THE ROBE

by Lloyd Douglas

"The book of the generation" one author has called it, and few people have refuted his statement. Many people believe that "The Robe" is destined to be a classic, and I agree, for it is a superb novel. It is seldom that human emotions, triumphs, failures, and ideals, are so brilliantly and dramatically given to a reader. It is as if each character were thrown on a screen for us to see and imprint on our minds as a real person. As you meet each character he is indelibly printed in your memory. Marcellus—spirited and fiery in youth, but relentless in his convictions that he so mysteriously became absorbed in the conviction for which he sacrificed his life as another had done. Diana—gay and frivolous in her beauty, but wise in the times of desperate need for wisdom.

"The Robe," for which dice were tossed at the scene of the crucifixion was as a brand on the soul of all who came in contact. Marcellus, who had taken part in the crucifixion of The Prince of men, was the first of many to be so strangely influenced by it.

Read "The Robe" carefully, a second time perhaps, then you may realize why the robe could not have ended its journey other than where it did.



BURMA SURGEON

by Lt. Col. Gordon S. Seagrave

"Burma Surgeon" is the moving story of a medical missionary in peace and war. It is a chronicle of twenty years' practice in faraway Burma. Dr. Seagrave relates in vivid style his exciting experiences in administering to the peoples there. The hardships under which he worked only affirm his inestimable value as a true missionary.

The book reveals many interesting face of the character of the native inhabitants. Dr. Seagrave tells of his difficulties in combatting the many miseries of the multitudes. His first purpose as a missionary is to relieve the disease and miserable conditions in existence there. With great patience and skill he attends the needs of the natives.

During the construction of the Burma Road Dr. Seagrave played an important part, supervising the medical attention and evacuating the severe cases. Later, when Pearl Harbor came along, Dr. Seagrave and his assistants put in arduous months of labor when Stilwell retreated before the Jap advance in Burma. He organized mobile medical units and established a new base in Assam Province, where he took care of Chinese troops.

The impression one gains from the book is the sacrifice and devotion of this medical missionary. It's an interesting story well-told. You'll like "Burma Surgeon."

(continued on page twenty-one)

BON VOYAGE TO COLONEL McCORMICK

It was certainly a hard blow to Bangor High School to lose our popular professor of military science and tactics, Lt. Col. Christie F. McCormick, who was transferred by the Army to Harvard and now is stationed at Fort Devens. Since Col. McCormick came here two and one-half years ago, our R. O. T. C. course has advanced greatly. Under his supervision, the Special Platoon was developed, and in federal inspections, the R. O. T. C. Battalion of this school has received the highest rating possible.

Because of Colonel McCormick's modesty, the students knew very little of his colorful life. He graduated from Drake University in Iowa. While attending college, he was for two years tackle on an All-Missouri Valley Conference which comprises some of the best teams in the country.

He was commissioned in the Infantry in 1917 and served with the Thirty-third Division in World War I. Although he has never said much about it, during that war he received the Distinguished Service Cross and the Croix de Guerre.

After the war in 1919, he went out of the Army, and, in 1923, he joined the reserves and has been in ever since. He was called back into active duty in January, 1941.

In civil life, Colonel McCormick was in the legal department of the Travelers' Insurance Co. in Hartford and was in charge of all claims for New England, Canada, and foreign countries.

He has always been interested in football, and, from 1920 to 1923, he coached that great American sport at his alma mater, Drake University. Since 1929, he has been a member of the Eastern Intercollegiate Football Officials' Association, and, in the capacity of football official, he is tops. Besides officiating for every college in New England, he has also been an official in many Big Ten and Southern Conference games.

Another interest which concerns him is the Boy Scouts, of which he is heartily in favor.

Before leaving us, he expressed his appreciation for the interesting work with the boys of this school and stated that it had been "a great pleasure and a lot of fun."

To Lt. Col. Christie F. McCormick, many alumni in the armed forces owe a debt of gratitude for giving them such helpful training.

LIEUTENANT CHESTER CORSE

We, the students of Bangor High School, extend a hearty greeting to the new R. O. T. C. head, Lieutenant Chester Corse.

The lieutenant comes to us directly from Harvard University where he held the position of adjutant of the Army Training School. In the two years since his graduation from Yale University, Lieutenant Corse has led an extremely busy life. He was called first to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, where he taught at the Artillery Replacement Center School. Next, he was assigned to Harvard as instructor of R. O. T. C. Three months later he was given the position of adjutant which he held until his call to Bangor.

Lieutenant Corse, we are glad to have you as one of us—may you be very happy at your new task.

P. S. He's married, girls—sorry!

THE WORM'S TURN

(continued from page thirteen)

most of it, Pat, for it isn't every gal who has a full date book!

Well, Ramsdell's on the march again. You can't keep a good man down. You put him on his feet, Ferne, and let's hope he stays there, this time!

If any one notices the "fuzz" on Alfred's chin the cause is Miss "Al's" complaint. "Ugh—that bow tie." Yellow is pretty. . . on canaries!

Commercial—Even with the war, Ivory's still floating. "Marsh" on, "Marsh" on, Ivory!

Is Norma still mourning "Trumpet Blues", or does she think Harry "James" is better?

By the way, Barb, we bet we had you scared for a while. Did we have something worth writing about?

We hate to stop now; we were just getting hep to the jive, but we can't go on forever—priorities you know!

We won't be here next year, we hope,
Although we're sad at leaving
Someone else will write the dope
And so kids, cut the grieving!

To those who will remain at B. H. S., here's a bit of advice. Follow in our footsteps and there's a chance that you may graduate! Best of luck to all who leave this year, and wherever you may go, remember we will always be thinking of you and the good times we have had at Bangor High!

It Happens In The Best Of Families

(Continued from page 6)

At the moment Sue was eyeing a luscious roll covered with gooey nuts and wondering if it would completely spoil her school-girl figure and complexion. She finally decided that it wouldn't and reached for it. She ate it slowly, gazing pensively out of the window and looking quite sad. Mrs. Trent watched her and wondered amusedly what she was leading up to. She had long since learned that her daughter was a daughter of many dramatic moods. She wouldn't satisfy her to ask what was the matter, and finally Sue came out with it. In fact she nearly exploded. She was not very diplomatic and couldn't beat around the bush. She came straight out with whatever she was thinking and usually startled everyone by saying something quite far removed from the conversation.

"Mom", she burst out suddenly, "I just can't wear my rose net dress to another dance again tomorrow night."

Mrs. Trent just smiled vaguely; so Sue came right to the point. It happened that she just couldn't live if she didn't have the black formal. And in Alaines' window there was an adorable one, a dreamy one, that was just her size.

"With sequins on the skirt and everything," she announced. She then glanced out of the corner of one gray eye to see if she was making any impression. Apparently not. She started relating all the reasons why she had just had to have this particular dress and they were numerous. Mrs. Trent reflected that she must have been dreaming them up for the past week at least. She then said that every girl in town with the exception of herself, owned at least one black dress. This was a terrific exaggeration, but no one seemed to be sufficiently interested in her monologue to correct her. They were used to extravagances in Sue's conversation anyway. To her everything was either "divinely super" or "devastatingly lousy." Boys, of course were in a class by themselves. They were either "something out of this world" or "definitely on the sad-apple side."

Sue gestured dramatically with her hands, raised her eyebrows eloquently the way she had seen Bette Davis do, and gazed pleading at her mother, but to no avail. Rosalie was watching her young sister with an expression of amused toleration on her pretty face, and seemed intensely interested in her cup of black coffee. In the silence that followed, she murmured what a lovely day it was for so early in spring. Sue felt utterly squelched that her sister could be so cruel as to resort to such banal

remarks when her own flesh and blood was suffering so greatly. She sent a meaningful glance in her sister's direction and then relaxed to think of more arguments in favor of the black dress. Discovering that she had worked up quite an appetite, she started in on another roll, and Rosalie watched her suspiciously to see if there would be another outburst.

"Black wouldn't get dirty very quickly," Sue ventured after a while. "I spilled punch all over my blue one last night."

Absolute silence from Mrs. Trent who was engrossed in a shopping list, and a little smile from Rosalie.

Sue considered throwing her cup of cocoa in her sister's face, but thought better of it. It might make her feel a lot better, but it wouldn't help her toward getting what she wanted. She fondly imagined that the silence was quite tense and dramatic as if this were a meeting of great significance and importance instead of just a mother and her two daughters eating breakfast, when nothing more serious was being considered than a new dress. She glanced at her mother, and her trained eye could see that she was weakening. She crossed her feet under the table for luck and wisely kept silent.

"Well-ll," Mrs. Trent said slowly, "I guess you can have it. You haven't had a new one for quite awhile."

Sue leaped up shrieking ecstatically and kissed her mother and sister vigorously and without partiality as she dashed past them to telephone her pal of her success. From the dining room they could see her sitting or rather lying, on the front stairs, her ridiculous satin mules contrasting oddly with her striped cotton pajamas and blue woolen robe. It was impossible not to hear her go into raptures over some tenor sax player who was a member of the orchestra and was going to play at the dance that night, and who looked more like Victore Mature than Victor did. Mrs. Trent relaxed as she heard her daughter start in next on a trumpet player who was second only to Harry James. There's safety in numbers. She and Rosalie listened shamelessly as Sue gave a long and detailed description of her date the night before. It seemed that he had been awfully cute, his father had a C book, he had a marvelous record collection, and he danced like an angel, but he was a wolf. And a wonderful one at that. She and her pal comforted each other at great length for what they had to put up with from the wolves in sheep's clothing, but they didn't sound too happy about the whole thing.

(continued on page twenty-six)

HOOP HIGHLIGHTS

(continued from page 16)

Bangor (32) at Stearns (47): Stearns was really hot this game—too hot for the Rams that night.

Waterville (61) at Bangor (38): The sharp shooting Panthers with one of the strongest teams in New England had little trouble in defeating the crimson.

Bangor (19) at Brewer (21): The Rams were at their lowest ebb of the season when the lowly Witches conquered them in Brewer's small gym.

John Bapst (16) at Bangor (18): In one of the lowest scoring and most thrilling games of the season, the Rams came out with a very hard earned victory.

Bangor (45) at Winslow (38): Huss Cole was hot this game as Bangor trounced the Black Raiders.

Ellsworth (25) at Bangor (64): Co-captains, Bob Graffam and Chuck Farnsworth led the way for an easy victory over the weak Eagles.

Bangor (37) at Old Town (32): Bobby Graffam was again hot this game and, after, leading by fourteen points, the second team was used to finish the game.

Presque Isle (20) at Bangor (39): The Rams played one of their best games of the season at this time and had little difficulty in subduing their opponent.

Brewer (25) at Bangor (33): Coming from behind in the third period, the Crimson averted a disgrace by driving ahead to defeat their age-old rivals across the river.

Stearns (32) at Bangor (40): Led by Co-captain Farnsworth in his last game, the Rams played a magnificent game against a strong Stearns team.

Bangor (27) at John Bapst (23): It was Bobby Graffam's free goals that spelled victory for the Rams over their intra-city rivals.

Bangor (23) at Waterville (45): The strong Panthers were just too much for the Bangor quintet that had lost Farnsworth and O'Connell.

Winslow (31) at Bangor (49): A weak Winslow quintet was overwhelmed by the lead of Bangor's co-captain, Bob Graffam, who collected twenty-four points.

Old Town (31) at Brewer (37): Hymie Ginn's beautiful long shots were without a doubt the highlight of this Bangor victory.

Guilford (25) at Bangor (37): In the final game of the season, the Rams used a slow brand of ball to defeat the Golden Panthers who were previously winners of nineteen straight games. Huss Cole and Eddie Clark looked especially good in this game.

RIFLE CLUB HOLDS COMPETITION

After tryouts were over and members selected, the Rifle Club, under the guidance of Master Sergeant Frank Donchez, got down to business. Officers elected were: Edwin Wilson, manager; Carleton Sprague, captain; Howard Hainer, treasurer; and Thomas Flanagan, president.

There followed a period of practice with instructions by Sergeant Donchez, principally for new members, in the use of the sling, positions, how to aim the rifle correctly, trigger squeeze, etc.

Intramurals were started the first of January. This is competition within the club. Winners were: Senior Division, First Place—Roger Jellison; Second Place—Donald Harriman; Third Place—Edwin Wilson; Junior Division, First Place—Leighton Mishou; Second Place—Donald Glidden; Third Place—Thomas Flanagan.

Immediately after the conclusion of Intramurals, the club fired the First Service Command match. As yet there has been no word on the results of this match in which all the Junior R. O. T. C. Rifle Clubs of the First Service Command, composed of the New England states, compete.

DEBATE CLUB *(continued from page 12)*

Oppenheim as affirmative speakers, and H. Gotlieb and M. Stevenson as negative journeyed to South Portland for another practice tournament. Here they defeated, among others, Portland High School, which was a feat that had not been accomplished in many years. This victory was heralded in the same manner as an athletic victory, for the competition between the schools has always been very keen.

At Bates the varsity participated with four other debating teams to determine the state championship. They carried off second honors by one vote. All the varsity members were presented with medals in recognition of their excellence in the debates.

The indoor Winter Carnival which was sponsored by the Debate Club was the scene of what we think was one of the school's most successful dances. It was highlighted by the crowning of Paul Burr and Suzanne Welch as the king and queen of the carnival a "stage show." All those present spent an evening rivaled only by a night at Coney Island. Sandra Ginsberg, supported by an able group of assistants, did a grand job which will long be remembered as the perfect dance.

IT HAPPENS IN THE BEST OF FAMILIES

(continued from page 24)

After more chatter Sue slammed the receiver back in place and dashed upstairs three at a time to dress to go out. The two still sitting downstairs could hear her singing loudly and off key under the shower and her song was punctuated with shrieks and mutterings when she slipped on the soap. Then she banged around in the bedroom she shared with Rosalie when her sister was home for vacations, and a few minutes later came dashing down the stairs again. She passed through the dining room on the way out to grab another roll and went out the door munching happily with a blissful expression on her face, and frosting on the end of her nose.

A few minutes later Mrs. Trent and Rosalie caught a glimpse of slim, tanned legs, pale blue sweater, and bright hair as Sue flew past the windows. She cleared the shrubbery in one flying leap. Almost. Rosalie nearly had hysterics as she saw Sue emerge from a prickly seat in the barberry bushes with a pair of badly scratched legs and a streak of dirt across one cheek. Undaunted, she stood up, picked up her roll, brushed it off carefully, and then, clutching it firmly, backed up for another try at the hedge. This time she made it, and, with a triumphant grin in the direction of the house, she went off down the street.

Back in the dining room, Rosalie daintily covered a yawn and shook the dark hair back from her face. A year at college had certainly changed Rosalie. She moved lazily and was apparently boneless, and even when she was playing a game of badminton she looked cool and aloof and as if her bones were made of limp macaroni. The Rosalie of a year ago who had eaten six hamburgers at a time and talked ceaselessly about everything and everyone, now dined daintily on a lettuce leaf and black coffee and made one absolutely senseless remark every half hour.

But for all her sophistication something was bothering her and she needed her mother's advice about something just as much as Jerry and Sue. And she was just as awkward as they about getting to the point. Mrs. Trent watched her as she traced patterns on the table cloth with her fork, and hoped it wasn't anything more serious than a new evening gown or a tenor-sax player. During her high school days, Rosalie had fallen in and out of love as often as she had changed her hair do, on the average of twice a week. At nineteen she still seemed the same, except for this veneer of charm and glamour which she had recently acquired.

Mrs. Trent smiled at the thought that her children were all having spring fever at the same time this year. It was attacking them all in different ways, and she wondered what form of it Rosalie had.

"Oh, Mom", Rosalie began rather abashed, "you know that tenor sax player Sue was talking about?"

Mrs. Trent nodded, still looking out of the window. "He's awfully cute," she ventured lamely. Her mother smiled a little and turned to look in her direction as if she were interested. Rosalie took heart from this encouragement.

"I met him a few weeks ago. His sister is my roommate and he came down to school for the week-end." She paused then and grinned a little. "He's a swell kid, but I didn't know that Sue ever knew him, I-I guess Sue likes him pretty well.

Mrs. Trent was beginning to see the light. "But, certainly he hasn't noticed Sue, has he?" she remarked lightly. Rosalie nodded her head and said, "Yes" very weakly. "He played a song especially for her at the dance last night. Isn't that funny? And when I spoke to him he was nice, but he looked so blank. I don't think he even *remembers* me, Mom."

"Mom," she burst out suddenly again, "couldn't I have a new dress too? I'm just dying for a white net and that really does things for one. And I ought to have just as much of a chance at an eligible male as Sue has. No wonder he didn't remember me in that old pink dress," she rushed on. "Oh, please say yes!"

Mrs. Trent again tried hard not to smile at the expression on her grown-up and glamorous daughter's face as she gave her consent to the new dress. She waited until Rosalie had danced madly from the room and headed in the general direction of the telephone before she burst into laughter.

And she was still chuckling as she cleared off the table paused to listen to a robin bursting his throat with song outside the window. She decided at that moment to get the little hat in Pierre's window. The one with the flowers and the tiny veil. As Sue would say, it was "actually too devastating for words."

MAYBE TOMORROW

Lovely as a whispered promise,
Spring comes softly; joy is born.
Gently lest we break the spell,
Spring comes early with the dawn.
Only stars shall share the secret,
With our hearts that know it too.
Only those in love can feel it,
Spring is magic, shining, new.
"When is the Springtime?" is your query,
For still you do not know.
When you find springtime in your heart,
I'll find it in mine, too.

—by Lucille Power



HONORARY CADET OFFICERS IN FORMATION

RADIO

(continued from page twenty)

sprung from the works of such men as Debussy, Mozart and Haydn.

At 3:00 P. M. on Sunday the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and at 5:00 P. M. the NBC Symphony Orchestra can be heard performing music which will still be played after our popular songs are long outdated.

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Music is one of the few remaining ties between all the nations of the world. Composers from the United States, Germany, Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and many other nations have given the world music; and this music is played in this nation, as in many other nations, without any thought of prejudice as to what nationality the composer was. Considering the turmoil of the world at the present time, this fact seems quite remarkable.

ON OGGLING "OKLAHOMA!"

or Two in the Aisle

by Anne Knowlton

The Time: 8:45 of a Monday evening

The Place: St. James Theatre, New York City

The Purpose: To see the most lively, colorful, and thrilling musical on Broadway. . . "OKLAHOMA!"

The Show:

Costumes: In the period of the 1900's, just before Oklahoma was admitted to the union. Parasols, bonnets, and hoop skirts help to make up a vivid and picturesque locale.

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Comedy: And how! Celeste Holm singing "I Cain't Say No" will keep you in stitches, and Joseph Buloff fills the lively show with lusty humor.

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Janey and Spring

(continued from page five)

"Hi, gruesome! Going to the First-of-May dance?"

"Yes, I am. But I don't know what possible difference it could make to you."

"Why, Janey! You know I wouldn't like to have you sitting home alone while the rest of us were out having a good time."

As he sauntered off to his next class, a gay little whistle floated back to Janey who was just standing there with her mouth open.

But what happened that afternoon was even worse. Janey was even more surprised. As school was letting out, Janey came out the front door just in time to hear Ted's voice saying,

"Hello, gorgeous. What are we doing this afternoon?"

She turned with her nose in the air to tell him she was *very* busy, but he wasn't talking to her at all. He was climbing into a cream-colored roadster beside a beautiful girl with long black hair. They drove off laughing, and Ted didn't appear at Bud's that afternoon—Janey stayed to see.

For a whole week, Ted was with this girl all the time. He didn't phone Janey and she didn't even hear from Jimmy. She was getting pretty lonesome and worried.

On Friday night she was just coming down the stairs in her fluffy red evening dress when her mother opened the door to let Jimmy in. He looked very handsome, his brass polished and his uniform well-pressed. Janey was very proud of him. At the dance, however, her eyes kept straying to the door, watching for Ted.

Finally he came with The Girl. She was beautiful in a simple white jersey dress, a single gardenia pinned in her shiny dark hair.

As they danced by, Janey could see that Ted was obviously enjoying himself, when Jimmy said,

"How about swapping the next, Ted?"

"Sure thing, Ted. I can't be a pig, you know." His glance fell on Janey.

"Hi, kid." Janey felt absurd in her bright ruffles beside the sophisticated white jersey. Ted's behavior was "positively sickening." And the way even Jimmy was looking at That Girl!

Janey excused herself and went outside feeling extremely miserable. Behind her Jimmy took the girl from Ted saying,

"Hello, Pat darling." Then he turned over his

shoulder to say to Ted, "Two bits says you find her in your car."

Sure enough, there was a crumpled mass of red on his back seat and as he got in the front a tearful voice said, "Go away, Ted Arnold. I hate you."

"Oh," was Ted's companionable answer as he drove off.

Half an hour later the bundle of red was in the crook of his right arm as he drove back in, his left handling the wheel like an expert.

THE EDITORIAL WE

(continued from page 8)

Herein is found a departure from conditions existing today. Russia, an incompetent ally forced from the campaign in 1917, has come through as an extremely formidable foe to the German enemy in 1944. Through United Nations teamwork and common aid neither the desire nor the tendency to claim credit for deciding the course of the war has appeared.

The editorial of World War I concluded with, "The enemy has yet to feel America's spurs."

Opposed to that statement of a generation ago is the advance of our troops up the Italian peninsula, raking the underbelly of the continent. The devastating air raids of the 8th Air Force and the R. A. F. constitute a sharp gouge in the German industrial flanks. What a change from the comparatively non-existent air arm of World War I!

A perusal of the March, 1918, editorial of the *Oracle* reveals, therefore, certain parallels between then and today. We were and are about to make our supreme effort on the European continent. We had then, and have now, assembled our vast armies for the conflict. We had then, and have now, given our Allies admirable support. We were then, and are now, confident in final victory.

There remains but one thought to be concluded from the foregoing. In 1918 we were concerned only with winning the war; in 1944 and the days to come we must dedicate ourselves to the winning of both the war and the peace. That was forgotten after World War I.

Out of the post-war chaos someone must find the way again; someone must maintain and further the democratic cause. The challenge of leadership will come to youth. Youth must be ready and capable to lead

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IN RETROSPECT *(continued from page 14)*

It seems that, until recent years, the field of extra-curricular activities was not so extensive as it is today; however, the Debate Club had a head start with Mr. Addison Palmer, father of Betty Palmer, as an active member until his graduation in 1916. The year 1919 found the *Oracle* in full swing with Mr. Elwood Jennison highlighting the sports news. His son Edward is a loyal member of the present *Oracle* staff.

Those of you juniors who suffered with stage fright in anticipation of the junior exhibition will find understanding sympathizers in Mr. James R. Welch, known to you students through his daughter Sue, he having experienced the same ordeal in 1897, and Mrs. Virginia Durgain, a general student and junior speaker of the class of 1908. Her vocal talent seems to have been passed on to her daughter Joan. Another fellow orator who took part in the junior exhibition of 1919 is Mrs. June Franklin, mother of Virginia Franklin.

Graduating in 1920 were Mrs. Darrell W. Sprague, whose son Richard is the present editor of the *Oracle*, and Mrs. Francis Powell, nee Frances Sutton, whom many of you students will associate with her son, Alex. In the class of 1915 were Mr. Harold Rose and his wife, then Evelyn Shaw, whose son Donald is one of our present-day grid stars. Those who members of the class of 1919 will remember Mrs. Osgood A. Nickerson, Mrs. Pearl Chase, and Mrs. Amy Wilks, whose sons and daughters we have already mentioned.

And now, fanfare, if you please! We present our all-star families, father, mother, and children of which have all attended Bangor High School. Among these are Mr. and Mrs. Horace Chapman of the class of 1915, their son John, 1944, and their daughter Barbara, 1945. The one other all-star family is that of Mr. and Mrs. James Freeland; both graduated in 1915, and their daughter Ann, is a member of the class of 1944.

And so, with the hope that for some a few pleasant memories of forgotten high school days have been revived, comes the finale of another chapter in the history of our alumni.

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Files on Parade

(continued from page 22)

OUR WAY DOWN EAST

by Elinor Graham

Elinor Graham might have made more of a story out of her book, but even if she may lack something in the way of literature it is a pleasing little sketch. She and her husband came to Maine enthusiastic and eager. Her simple relating of her numerous faux pas and their effects on the conventional Maine country people is amusing. The sincere love she has for our own state is reflected in her book; accordingly, "Our Way Down East" has a pleasant nostalgic quality. Her descriptions of rocky coastlines and rambling farmlands have struck the very core of Maine.

A side line factor of interest is the author herself. The book is a good character study, for it is written frankly. As an out-of-state person she adopts the Pine Tree State in a manner which is almost the best reading in the book.

"Our Way Down East" is as clear as a photographic view of Maine and her people, and the book seems to be wholly inspired by them.

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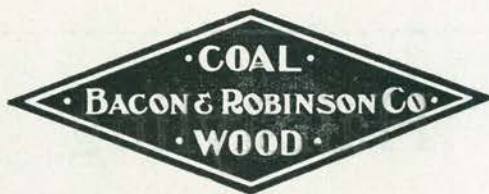
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