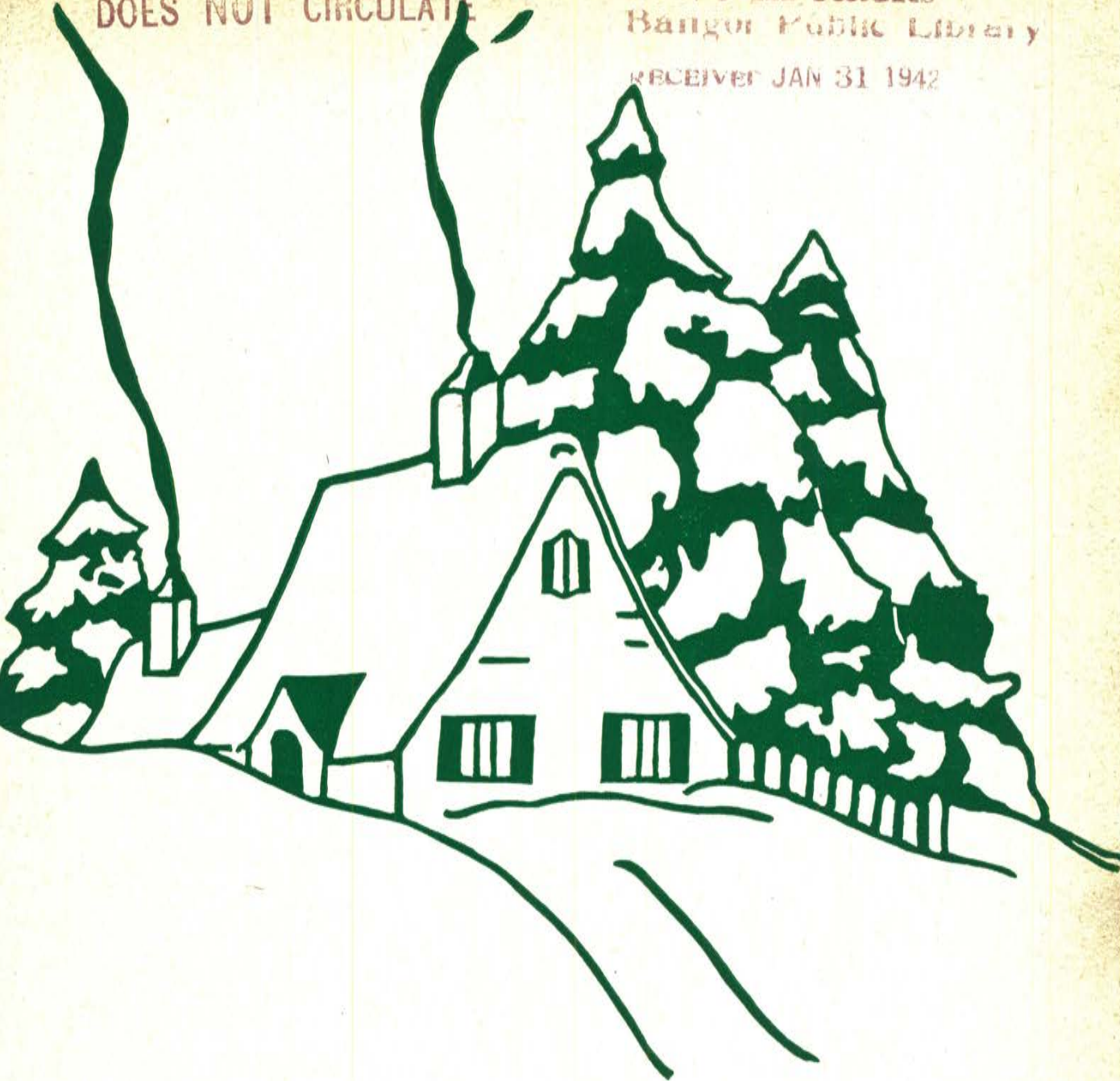


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Published by the Students of Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine

Vol. 51

December, 1941

No. 2

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# The Oracle

VOL. LI

NO. 2

December, 1941

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## Circles

*by Marydel Coolidge*

Circles;

closed curves upon a plane,  
every point of which, from one within,  
remains the same.

Circles that move—

wheels keeping myriad machines in motion;

Rings that link two lives

together in devotion;

Circles

winding 'round a cherub finger—baby curls;  
a ballerina's ruff of twirling tulle,  
encircling as she whirls;

Rings that too full glasses make

atop a table;  
rings that hold a bullock fast  
within his stable;

Spheres which bring Man to his senses,

belittle his existence;  
drums that beat a call to arms,  
repeating with insistence;  
ripples running, crowding after one another,  
When a pebble takes the water by surprise;  
the dark orbs, deep and all-observing, through which  
the soul looks out the eyes;

Circles, warm with friends,

before a yule log Christmastide;  
haloes 'round a babe, the promise,  
God to Man,  
that peace and love abide.



MUCH ADO ABOUT MURDER  
OR  
THE BLONDE BOMBER OF BROOKLYN



PUNCH AND JUDY

*Here's one for you "armchair detectives." Punch and Judy have collaborated on a plot which ought to shiver your timbers! This pen team has plenty of something—maybe it's "punch." See if you can solve the murder.*

Part I—by Punch.

"THIS," said Josh dramatically, "would be a good night for a murder." He grinned impishly at the girl by his side. Then in more serious vein he added, "Sometimes I think murder is justifiable; don't you, Callie?"

"No," said the girl quickly, "no, I don't. Life isn't given by Man, and Man shouldn't willfully take it." She lifted her chin defiantly.

Josh smiled tolerantly at his young companion. He felt vastly superior to Callie, who was only seventeen and still in high school. Josh knew so much more than she; after all, he was a sophomore in college.

About fifteen minutes later, they arrived at their destination, Josh's house. His mother was giving an informal dance for the benefit of the underprivileged children of the city.

Josh and Callie liked to dance together. It was fun, Josh thought, knowing someone who liked to do what you did. As for Callie, she would have jumped over the moon had Josh demanded it of her; she had adored him since she was in rompers.

Josh kept telling her about various guests whom she did not know. "Old Mr. Winters—hasn't missed one of Mom's charity affairs in years, he hasn't! And there's Gilbert Ryan—he's the one I was thinking about when I said murder was justifiable. I'd certainly like to have a try at his throat!"

Callie was shocked. "Oh Josh, what an awful thing to say. Why. . . why do you feel that way?"

Josh's face grew hard. "Why? He ruined my sister's life. You met her once. She went abroad a few years ago. We—we haven't heard from her since the war began. That broke Dad all up, and Mom, too. And then if Gil didn't start on Mom's niece! He's a mess." Then he smiled. "But this is hardly what I

want to be talking about to you."

At intermission the long dining room was crowded, and several couples left the dance. No one, it seemed, was in the ballroom. Afterwards, Callie remembered seeing Gilbert Ryan filling two glasses of punch and carrying one to a pretty little blonde who sat meekly in the corner, waiting for him. "Hardly his type," she thought, but then she only knew of him through Josh.

Josh and Callie went out during the last part of the intermission.



*Josh's pretty, gray haired mother met them.*



"Where shall we go?" asked Josh, slipping the gear into high.

"Muggsy's," she said promptly. They both laughed. "Muggsy's" was a two-by-four hamburger stand where Josh had always taken Callie for a bite to eat since she had worn long, very long pigtails.

"Callie," Josh said, "I don't know, when I think about it, why I like you so much, but when I'm with you and don't think about it, I know all the answers."

Callie laughed, but in the glare of the on-coming headlights, one could have seen a wistful look in her eyes.

It was way past intermission when the two young people drew up in front of the brightly lighted house, ran hand in hand up the stairs, and burst jubilantly into the front hall.

Josh's pretty, gray-haired mother met them, her gray chiffon dress mussed, her slender blue-veined hand pressing a lace handkerchief against her mouth.

"Oh Josh, something terrible has happened!" she spoke with a wee bit of a sob. "Gilbert Ryan has been murdered!" And then quietly, "Mrs. Joshua Madison fainted."

\* \* \* \* \*

Josh was soon in the thick of things, and Callie stuck beside him. Gilbert Ryan, it seemed, had been found by one of the members of the orchestra, during intermission. His body was lying face up, and a rather neat bullet hole perforated his forehead. He was smiling grotesquely, and one arm was cramped under him.

The police inspector had neatly laid the contents of Ryan's pockets on a small table. They included his wallet, which contained exactly five hundred dollars in cash, in addition to a bit of small change, and his driving license; a loose picture of the blonde with whom he had come to the party was there, and a little black notebook which held the names and phone numbers of several prominent businessmen.

It seemed to Josh and Callie that no one knew much about the blonde. Inspector Howland hadn't started his questions yet; the police, photographer, and fingerprint expert had just begun their work, and the rather belligerent inspector was loathe to leave them alone with their unpleasant, though routine duties.

Callie was quite pale; she had only glanced at Ryan, his head in a halo of blood, and then she had turned away, sickened at the sight. Josh soon felt a tug at his elbow, and realizing what a shock the young girl had had, he quickly took her to one side.

The inspector was busy shoosing the morbid spectators out, and Josh was glad to go before he was ordered to do so.

"Who," wondered Callie, as they sat together in the breakfast nook, "did it?"

"You mean," said Josh with a touch of dry humor, "who done it! I wish I knew." His pleasant face looked slightly sick. But then, brightening, he added, "I say Callie, let's beat the inspector to it and find out for ourselves!"

Callie smiled wanly at this suggestion, looking at Josh and marveling how he could meet tragedy with such a light air. And as she looked, her glance passed him, through the kitchen door, to a corner of the dining room where she saw the blonde whom she had noticed with Gilbert Ryan that evening. The girl was sitting alone, laughing silently and uncontrollably to herself, her face ludicrously twisted with her mirth.

(To be concluded)

## Christmas Readiness

by Barbara Walters

The leaves are snuggled in their beds,  
Of Nature's snowy white.  
And all the world's awaiting now  
The glorious Christmas night.

The children gayly do their tasks;  
The reason why is told,  
That only those who have been good  
Shall enter Santa's fold.

And brother's cut the Christmas tree;  
It must be six feet tall.  
It's branches spread on every side  
It seems to fill the hall.

The children have been put to bed,  
The Christmas tree adorned;  
And soon the bright day will break through  
On which Christ-child was born.

## Time Out for Rhyme

by Robert Berry

Oh, for an inspiration!  
Just anything with rhyme.  
I've oft made this exclamation  
At composition time.

I'm told every man's a poet  
For in his soul there's rhyme;  
But I surely wouldn't know it,  
At composition time.



## New Year's Resolution

by Dorothy Leach

*Dotty Leach, the senior who can give us stories as well as poems. Here is a story that is as short lasting as a New Year's resolution.*

"COME in, darling. Take off your coat. All the kids are here, that is almost all. Janie and Sara Marie aren't here yet," Marilyn greeted a fluffy polo-coat.

This polo-coat turned out to be a pink sweater and Marilyn ushered her into a room full of girls. Each girl was decked in party finery and draped about the richly furnished living-room.

After numerous heart-felt greetings, the pink sweater seated herself.

"Guess what, girls!" she fluttered breathlessly.

"What?" breathed the bevy in chorus.

"Well, Janie has made a New Year's resolution and so early, too. But, really you'll be shocked when I tell you. She told me only this morning." Here the pink sweater stopped and enjoyed immensely the attention she was commanding.

Smiling sweetly she continued, "Janie has resolved not to gossip once all the whole year of 1942. Can you imagine it?"

"Well, of all things," a white silk blouse trilled ironically. She continued, "Janie will die if she can't spill the news she picks up. That girl is like a cat after milk, the way she laps up the newsy bits."

"I guess we've lost one of our chief informers concerning the scandalous world. What a pity!" exclaimed a princess dress with an hysterical giggle. The rest joined in.

Marilyn interrupted, "Do you know, girls, that I invited Sarah Marie from the S. D. D. sorority to the party tonight. I've heard bids a-flying about fast and furious; so, I thought I'd drop a hint by inviting her.

"Oh, girls, my only ambition in the world is to get into that club," sighed the princess dress.

"Yes, they say the club is exclusively for socialites and gossips," ironically spoke a husky voice from the doorway.

"Why, Janie, I didn't hear you come in," Marilyn exclaimed, hopping up and taking Janie's coat.

Janie possessed long dark hair which waved softly around a heart face. Her features were well formed. Perhaps her figure was a little too wide and stocky for her peace of mind; but, in all, her appearance was rather breath taking.

"Oh, Janie," giggled the white blouse, "we've just

been told that you've made a New Year's resolution. And how perfectly sweet of you to give up gossiping."

"And where are we going to acquire all our scandalous news?" asked Marilyn.

"Oh, you girls don't need me to tell you everything. You have noses of your own. Sara Marie and Bob P., passed me as I was coming here"—

"What, Bob P., honestly, are you sure?" chorused the bevy.

Janie sank into a chair and stretched herself limply as though she were in a wretched state.

"What have I done to my resolution on the very day of its birth?" she cried miserably. Then she began to murmur to herself, "Thou shalt not gossip: Thou shalt not gossip: Thou shalt not—"

Marilyn flew from her seat to answer the door-bell. She ushered in a rather plain girl who was definitely marked with the elite S. D. D. sorority in the eyes of all those present in the room. But to an outsider she looked like a very charming girl.

For the remainder of that evening the beautiful girls vied with one another in telling the most scandalous tales. Janie kept meekly out of the conversation and felt entirely lonesome. She looked unhappily about the room and vowed in her heart of hearts that she would break her resolution next week. It seemed she couldn't bear to listen to the news. There were so many things she could fill in to make the stories even more scandalous. The temptation was unbearable. Janie looked at Sara Marie to see whom the latter might be contemplating for a bid. Janie was surprised to notice that Sara Marie seemed entirely disinterested.

If it's gossips she wants, here's a whole room full, thought Janie. And she surely hasn't heard the things they are talking about. Why, that is all red hot news.

Later Sara Marie rose from her seat and advancing to the door she turned and said, "I must be going. I'll leave this bid on the hall table when I go out. (She held up a plain white envelope.) I'm sorry I can't leave more than one. But you see we newer sorority members want to change the club from a so-called socialite and gossip society to something worthwhile. Perhaps we all should make New Year's resolutions."

And surely enough, the bid was addressed to Janie.



## A Yank In Squadron 88

by Kenneth Quinn

*Be sure not to miss Junior Kenneth Quinn's story—about the "skate from the states." The adventures of Punkinshed Plunkett in the R. A. F.—are truly hilarious.*

**F**LYING Officer Joshua (Punkinshed) Plunkett, looked gloomily over the edge of the cockpit of his Spitfire. This was his first time over the channel, so everything was new to him. He was frightened and his mind kept running back to the events of the preceding day. If only he had been careful, this might not have happened.

Back home in Connecticut, Punkinshed had a reputation for being a personage with a mean sense of humor; and he had already begun operations on the English side of the pond, as the commander had found out much to his sorrow.

The previous day, Punkinshed had alighted from a motor lorry on the drome of the 88th Pursuit Squadron, R. A. F. With a bottle of bonded Champagne under his wing, he bravely stalked to the door of the commander's office and walked in.

As the door opened the C. O. (Commanding Officer) looked up from his work and barked, "Who are you?" in his frostiest.

"I'm the skate from the States," replied the cocky Punkinshed, handing his papers to the staring captain.



*"I'm the skate from the states"*

"You're who?" croaked the officer.

"Flying Officer Joshua Plunkett," replied the unabashed gentleman, "Punkinshed for short."

"Well, look here, Plunkett," said the C. O., in a beligerent tone, "I don't know who you were in the States, but you're only a lieutenant here, understand?" He

was about to elaborate further on the subject, when he saw the bottle Punkinshed was carrying, and continued in a kindlier tone. "But to show that I have no hard feelings, old chap, I won't report you, and we'll celebrate your entrance into the R. A. F." Without any apologies, he reached over and swiped Punkinshed's parcel.

"Hey," shouted the alarmed Punkinshed, "You can't drink that; I brought that for the guys in the squadron."

"That makes no difference," said the Captain, as he anticipated how pleasing the liquid would taste. "What's good for the men, is good for me."

He poured himself a generous sample, and in one stupendous gulp, he emptied the liquid down his throat. Immediately things began to happen. The commander's face turned purple, he grasped his throat in agony, and rushed to the water-cooler, in a futile effort to cool his burning palate.

As soon as he could speak, he roared at the trembling Punkinshed. "What in tarnation was in that bottle?"

"Spirits of Ammonia," replied Punkinshed meekly.

"You," thundered the enraged Captain, "for that you can go on the first patrol tomorrow morning."

"But, Capt'n," said Punkinshed in a quavering voice, "I haven't ever shot a machine gun before. That's murder."

"You catch on quick, old chap," answered the C. O. in a tone as cold as ice.

Consequently, Punkinshed had risen early and there he was over the channel, biting his fingernails.

Punkinshed's reminiscence was cut short, however, by a steady chunking sound from behind him. He glanced in the rearview mirror and was petrified by the sight of the Messerschmitt throwing lead at him.

When confronted with such a deadly menace as one of Hitler's Luftwaffe, he promptly forgot all that his painstaking instructors had taught him. Hurriedly he searched his pockets and pulled out a small volume. "Golly," he said to himself, "I forgot my battle tactics book. However, I should kick, I've this book on the 'Fine Art of Riding the Horse' by Madame Pinkinham, and this buggy sure feels like one, a horse I mean. I'll try it anyway." Thus he opened the volume to page one, paragraph one, and said in a loud voice "Gid-

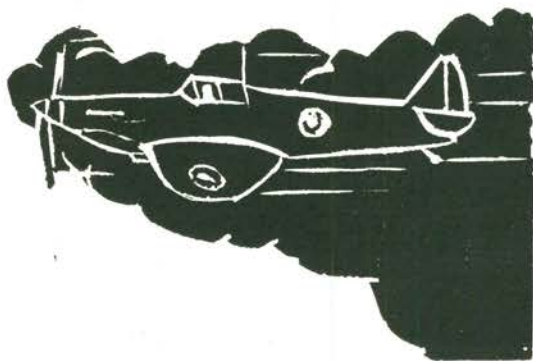


dap" and shook the stick back and forth like a pair of reins.

Under this rough treatment, the battered Spitfire took a series of giant rabbit hops over the heads of his squadron mates.

"Boy," thought Punkinhead, "can this tin can *Canter!*"

Page IV paragraph III took up the subject of hurdling. Dutifully obeying instructions, Punkinhead crouched low and pulled back on the stick and let the plane take the hurdle with a free rein. Up, up the plane struggled for 2,000 feet, only to come face to face with a bullet spewing Stuka.



*up and up the plane struggled.*

Luck was with Punkinhead, however, for his book was open at the place labeled, "How to Surmount the Obstacle", and this certainly was an obstacle.

The book read as follows:

"Do not let your horse jump until approximately three feet from the obstacle, then take up the slack in the reins."

The two planes raced toward each other at a combined speed of over 700 miles per hour. "Three feet pull, three feet pull," Punkinhead kept repeating over and over to himself.

In the opposing plane, sat the German Ace, Von Grubitch. He was grinning to himself with confidence, and saying, "Ha, the Britisher iss very brave; here ve haff about der six hundred yarts only, unt he hass nod zoomed. Himmel! ve iss goink to crash." The terrified ace put his hand over his face, when the gray undersides of the Spitfire rolled over the glass top of his plane with only a fraction of an inch to spare, as Punkinhead "surmounted his obstacle."

The German Ace, thanking his lucky stars that he had survived Punkinhead's first onslaught, and determ-

ined not to be in such danger again, snatched up his microphone and yelled to his *Jagstaffel*. "Ach, ve cannod fight ze madmen, idt iss der murder, assemple at vunce."

In accordance with the harassed German commander's orders, the enemy streaked for home.

When the Flight returned to its base, the Flight Leader jumped from his ship and ran towards Punkinhead, who was just about to go into the office to make his report. "Hey, Plunkett," he shouted, that was a jolly well beautiful piece of pursuit flying. Say, old boy, who was your instructor?"

"Madame Pinkinham," replied Punkinhead, without even cracking a smile. "Here, take a few lessons yourself," and he passed to the amazed Flight Leader the volume on the *Fine Art of Riding the Horse*, by Madame Pinkinham.

When Punkinhead stood before the door of the squadron office to report, he did something that he seldom ever did; he knocked on the door, before he entered. It was evident that he was dubious as to the frame of mind his C. O. would be in, considering what had happened at their last meeting.

"Ah, come right in, Plunkett, the men here have been telling about your miraculous flight today. Here, have a cigar."

"Gee, thanks Capt'n. I thought that you were mad at me," said the astonished Punkinhead. At that instant, an explosion shattered the air. On the floor, Punkinhead, wagged his head back and forth, like a sick calf.

"Oh, no, Plunkett," said the Commander in a dangerous tone, "I'm not mad at you, not *now* anyway."



One of the guests on the "Can You Top This?" program told of an American friend who met a newcomer to this country. The American asked if the other man liked America.

"Whoooo! Sure! Wheeee!" said the other.

"How long have you been here?" asked the American.

"Whoooo! Three months. Wheeee!" replied the man.

The American was puzzled. "Where did you learn English?" he asked.

"Whoooo!" said the other man. "Short-wave radio Wheeee!"

—*Boston Globe*

Brenda: "Sometimes the worm turns — "

Cobina: "What for? It's the same at both ends, isn't it?"

—*Scholastic*



## A Painful Experience

by Winifred Glenk

**W**ARNING: All names of, and allusions to people, and places, in this article are quite real and intentional, and are based on facts. This story is all too true.

After years of longing and hoping, Irene at last prevailed upon her father to give her a riding horse.

The day he, the horse, arrived he found Irene quite unprepared for her first lesson in riding. In place of the accepted riding clothes, she wore a pair of her last year's slacks, a cast-off shirt belonging to her father—the slight difference of about two hundred pounds in their weight assuring her of ample room—and a pair of rubber boots. Her saddle was a fearful and wonderful creation, made up of parts of four old ones of various styles held together with sundry pieces gleaned from the usual accumulation of straps and harness found on a farm. It was really enough to make any horse laugh.

In spite of never having ridden before, Irene had a vast amount of confidence—a virtue shared to a great degree with the horse. The only trouble was that the confidence of each was in himself, not in the other.

With some not so gentle help from her father (remember those old slacks had shrunk) she finally gained enough altitude to get astride Tony, as we shall call the horse, mainly because that is his name. She sat for a moment gathering her reins and her shattered dignity. She then said, "Nice horsie, whoa boy." Tony mistook these words for something like "Hi-yo Silver," for away he went, and Irene went too, minus all dignity or poise, elbows waving, shirt billowing in the breeze, feet hanging on the horse's sides, and much daylight showing between those slacks and the saddle.

For a few minutes it appeared that horse and rider stood a remote chance of getting together on the ups and downs. Then Tony must have remembered a few nibblings of grain left at home, for he reversed his mind, his course, and himself without having notified his companion of his change in plans.

The result is to be imagined rather than described. Tony went home, head up, and feet beating along the road.

Behind him, his erstwhile rider sat up, clawed the dirt from her hair, eyes, mouth, and ears, viewed the surrounding country with a disgusted eye—the other being temporarily out of order—then rose and struck off down the road in Tony's wake—but with far less speed.

The horse was definitely the winner that day, though the girl also won; for along with bumps, bruises, and injured dignity she gained experience (an excellent

teacher), humility (necessary to learn), and a healthy respect for the horse.

As stated in the beginning—all references to person are very far from fiction. Facts are exactly as stated. I should know. I was learning to ride.

## Plight Before Christmas

by Marydel Coolidge

'Twas right before Christmas, when all through the room

Not a creature was stirring for lack of a spoon;

The Nylons were hung by the chimney with ease,  
And labeled—"Dear Santa, don't make runs in these!"

"The squeaklets are snuggled all hay in their nest,  
With visions of cheese-burgers hard to digest;

And Minnie in whiskers and I in my tail,  
Ask you this favor to do without fail."

Thus spoke M. Mouse in such tremulous plea  
That Santa Claus promised the favor to he.

"My children," said Mickey Mouse, after a pause,  
"Are doubtful that there is a real Santa Claus."

"Ho, ho!" boomed St. Nick as he wiggled his toes;  
Then "Oh!"—which he emphasized, blowing his nose.

"Yes," agreed Mickey, replacing his hat;  
"I hated to ask you. . . I feel like a rat."

"Don't worry," said Santa, wrinkling his brow;  
And yet, for the life of him, didn't see how

He'd prove to the squeaklets he really existed.  
And he sighed a regret that he hadn't enlisted.

For how could he wriggle through mouse hole so narrow  
It wouldn't admit even Scarlett O'Hara?

He fussed and he fretted and faded a-weight  
Until he resembled a thin straw of hay.

He used to be plump—"a right jolly old elf"—  
Today he's a shadow of his former self;

On Christmas Eve he appeared at the hole,  
And the squeaklets mistook him to be the North Pole.

So Santa was able to bear it no more  
And resigned from his post in the department store;

He now runs a stable, still cries in his sleep  
"On, Donner and Blitzen—good horses, rent cheap!"



## Wasn't That Enough

by Patricia St. John

*Patricia St. John is the first of that famous Sophomore class to publish something in the Oracle. After reading her story, we're sure you'll want to hear more from these ingenious sophs.*

AT last she had met him! She had first seen him while she was waiting for a street car to take her home. He had driven up to wait for the green light and, of course, she had looked only once or twice, but who could fail to look at such a handsome man and such a streamlined car?

But now Jim had introduced them, and he (his name was Lewis Alliston) insisted upon taking her home.

She was panic stricken for a minute. She wanted him to take her home, but she didn't want him to know where she lived—at least not until they had moved into a better section of the city. But they simply couldn't move until they had the bills from her father's funeral paid.

She was looking for work, but no one seemed to have a position for an eighteen year old blonde.

As she was getting into his car, she had a bright inspiration. "I'll tell him I live on Birch Avenue," she thought. "Then, when he lets me off there, I'll stand on the sidewalk and wave until he goes. I hope. Then I'll take a bus home. Oh, I hope he likes me."

A worried frown crossed her forehead, but it was soon erased as her plan progressed. At least it progressed until she stood in front of a fine, old house on Birch Avenue and waved. But he didn't go.

"Aren't you going in?" he asked.

"Oh—yes. In just a minute. I seemed to have misplaced my key. I'll have to go in the back way."

She didn't notice the twinkle in Lewis's eyes.

"This didn't work out right," she murmured to herself. "Well, I can stop by the back door and wait until he goes."

But he could see the back door from where he sat in the car; so she had to go up and knock.

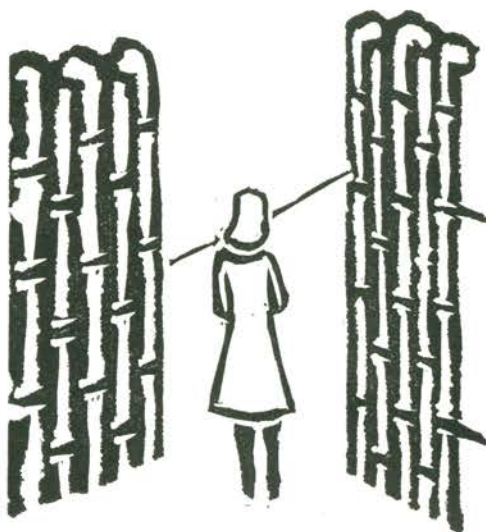
She looked back and nodded, and he nodded but stayed right there.

A maid in a neat dark blue uniform answered the door.

"Oh!" exclaimed the maid. "I suppose you are answering the ad. Come right in. They generally call up first. We've turned away at least twelve of them. That is, the old lady has turned them away. She's fussy. Her son doesn't mind as long as they're blonde or red headed and have trim ankles."

"Oh but—!"

"Oh, you are all right. Your ankles," answered the maid before she had time to explain. "Now if you'll just take off your hat and coat and smooth your hair down we'll go in. The pay is good and the work is easy."



*She stood in front of a fine, old house.*

"But you don't understand—"

"I think I do," said the maid, giving her a knowing wink. "By the way, the son is young and very handsome."

While this trade of friendly gossip was going on, the maid had helped her take off her coat and hat.

"My—what lovely hair you've got," sighed the maid, who was a hopelessly unattractive red head. "I'd give anything to have blonde hair."

Meanwhile, the girl had been thinking.

Why not take the position? It pays well, the maid had said, and I can't find any other work. Mom and sis have to eat. As she came to this silent conclusion, the maid led her through a hallway into a more elaborate hall and from there into a beautiful parlor, where a sweet faced lady in her late sixties sat talking to a stern faced woman in her forties.



"Ma'am, here is another applicant for the position," announced the maid.

"Hrumn! What's the name?" the younger woman inquired.

"Betty Wilkins."

"Age and occupation?"

"I'm eighteen, unoccupied, and graduated from high school last year."

"I like your looks! You have the job!" and the younger woman turned abruptly back to her conversation with the older one.

There was something familiar about the face and as Betty went out the door, she heard the older woman say—

"But what about Lewis, my dear?"

"Oh, Mother Alliston—"

And that was all Betty heard. Wasn't that enough?

## Check-up

"Hi ya, Bud! How ya doin'?"

"Doin' all right, brother; yessuh, I'm doin' all right!"

"Well, all right!"

So you've heard the likes of these lines before? You've used them yourself perhaps. Just passing remarks, that's what you call them. So what? So they're *just passing*. And you are *just passing*, too. But you're pretty cock sure of yourself on top of that. Hop off your perch, Cock Robin. It's time to crow up!

Why did you turn thumbs down on Brother Bill, the college Casanova? You know he didn't deliberately plan that date on your night to use the car. His girl insisted. And you were too jammed with exam cramming to take the family flivver for an airing, anyway. Bill needed a lift; it was you who could have held out a helping hand, and you failed to make the grade. How soon will the chance come again? The day you're lighting off to college, Bill's the glad lad who can set you straight. Your isolation policy won't get you over the international date line, but Bill can. The question is—will he? He knows the ropes. He can either show you how to climb them or let you hang. What he decides depends on you. Or perhaps that is too much in the future for you near-sighted ones. Right now Bill might pull you out of the rut in oh-but-tough trig homework. He went through all that in his day. He has plowed the ground. Follow through and reap the harvest. . . and keep Bill on your side of the fence.

And what about the tiff you held a p. m. ago with your brat of a twix-and-teen age sister? Yes, we know. She only wanted you to hunt up a stack of funny pap-

ers so she could cut them out for her scrapbook, and most likely she'd do it right plumb in the middle of the den, and then when you brought the gang in for a session of rug-cutting, you'd have to deal with paper cuttings instead. Sing woe—for a game of pick-up!

But recall, if you will, the apt phrase—"She Stoops to Conquer." You might try stooping once in a dog's age, and conk her, too. It's not such a stoop-ed plan at that! For instance, when Christmas time comes a wrap, wrap, wrapping at your chamber door, remember

"Quoth the raven, 'Never more.'"

"Never more" is your byword, after your nerves, balls of paper ribbon, have been worn to a frazzle. Sis has a knack with scissors and paper. Take Sis into confidence and you'll have packed up your troubles in neat red, blue, and green tissue. And she didn't find a chance to slip in a word edgewise. You have the edge on her for once. You're doing better!

Slugging on the home front will quiet down noticeably. Sis might even tell you, in a confidential whisper, why people appear in dark glasses when you step forth. (Your checkerboard jacket would cause even a hunter to lower his gun-barrel.) In the same confidential whisper, you might convince Sis that she has the glimmer, if not the glamour, of the makings of a Lamour. Mayhap, she'll take you up on the permanent (long may it wave) which the family has been begging her to get.

And when she wangles you an introduction to the wowsome sister of her best gal pal. . . well, you're doing all right!

## Hey, Riddle, Riddle

by Robby Speirs

I have four edges and two sides,  
I'm very thin and not so wide.  
I have a face, a heart, and back,  
Two arms and legs are all I lack.  
I travel round inside a pack,  
And not a suitcase or a sack.  
I'm often thrown and tossed around,  
But never do I make a sound.  
And people also deal with me,  
Just for a chance to make a fee.  
But when engaged in such a plight,  
I often cause a row or fight.

What am I?

Answer on page thirty-two



## In The Usual Way

by Marydel Coolidge

To be very prosaic . . . Christmas is here!

It's the season of holly and jolly greetings, the end of the year for which the first was made. We slid through the holidays a year ago on inflated spirits and deflated pocketbooks, and we're quite as eager as ever to do it all over again. Sing ho for the mistletoe!

To be very prosaic. . . What season has such a colorful personality as the gay Noel? Everywhere hang wreaths of greens and wreaths of smiles. Tantalizing odors play tricks with our noses, and tease our appetites. There's mystery behind locked doors and whispering tissue paper. The whole world is grinning in hearty welcome, and laughing, laughing, until a million homes are filled with the clamor. Hand shakes bind up the cut of cross words now forgotten; candles wink code messages into the night; Christmas lights beam from windows and, like prisms, cast a rainbow upon the snow. It isn't the material things which recharge our spirits. It's the silent shout of "Hail fellow, well met!" that rings in the air; it's the familiar whack on the back and the no less invigorating sting of snowballs down your neck! What do you care?

To be very prosaic. . . Why not let the same spirit carry you through the three hundred and sixty-five days which are coming your way? Stevenson said,

"The world is so full of a number of things,  
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

And there seem to be such a myriad number of good and pleasant things for the asking that no one can afford to miss them. We may never be as happy as kings, but here in America we think we're a lot happier. We wouldn't set foot in a pair of royal shoes, not in these days when monarchs cry, "My kingdom for a gas mask!" Keep your sight trained on the best in people; don't waste ammunition on their faults. People are more than likely to see in you the same traits you find in them. Put harmony in your daily doings and you will find the lost cord that ties up friendly relations. When there's no sour note inside you, then Christmas carols come twice as sweetly.

When we were little scamps, worshipping Santa as god of everything nice, our lists grew longer as the day

before THE DAY loomed closer, Orders that included our every whim broke the family budget and were the despair of even St. Nick himself. But that was in the good old days when Santa was as near to us as the department store. As young 'uns we kept faith in the inexhaustible good will of Mr. Claus. That faith has not been broken. It has merely shifted to the family next door, to the man on the street, to anyone you care to name. We don't have to speculate on the element in all of us that finds a common happiness in Christmas.

## A Friend

by Barbara Carr

There are so many things I'd like to own—  
A measure of music, a scale of lingering tone,  
The night wind whispering through the tall pine trees;  
The dreams that live within a summer breeze,  
The sweetness of a mother's dear caress,  
The joys which habit the minds of the more blest;  
The feel of health that sun-kissed winds bestow;  
And the diamonds that crown a blanket of snow.  
The light that bursts in with the dawn of day;  
The stars that twinkle beside the Milky Way—

Ah! to my greed this moral I heard Him send,  
"They all are found in one dear thing—a friend!"

## Christmas Chimes

by Jane Rollins

Listen to the Christmas Chimes,  
Echoing o'er land and sea,  
Taking the message, yours and mine,  
For a wish they too were free.

Listen to the Christmas chimes,  
Their song of cheer uniting,  
To those in homes and battle lines,  
To men both free and fighting.

Listen to the Christmas chimes!  
A gift to all they send,  
That spirit given to all mankind,  
Peace on earth, good will toward men.





## Editorial Comment

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THE ORACLE

DECEMBER, 1941

### Christmas

Christmas has always been one of the happiest holidays for Americans. By older people it has long been observed as the birthday of Christ, while the younger folk have prized it as a day of gifts and joy. This year, with a large part of the world struggling for survival, there are few Christian countries left outside our own in a position to observe the festival. Indifference might lead us to celebrate this year as usual. But there are many who see a special significance in Christmas, 1941. They see the freedom of many peoples endangered. They see the struggle drawing closer to our own shores. They see Christianity itself hanging in the balance as the world battle goes on. These are sobering thoughts and only the unquestioning faith of those who share them can support the hope that some day order will again come out of chaos, right will prevail and a new and better world will be seen.

### Gratitude

As a general rule, high school students do not fully appreciate the ability of their teachers. They are apt to be quite critical and sometimes have little patience with modern methods of education. The system of ranking is always a subject for heated discussion wherever students gather. The amount of outside work and the disregard of teachers for the requirements of other courses runs a close second.

Regardless of the merit of any such argument, perhaps we should take time to see how these abused students get along in college. There the program is so much heavier, and the requirements so much greater that high school is said to look like a snap in comparison. Time is too valuable to waste in "crabbing." After a semester or two of such college work, the average student will see his high school preparation in a new light. He is grateful for the splendid foundation which many high school teachers have given him for his college courses. Sometimes, to his surprise, he finds that

his preparation in certain subjects is better than that of other students who have come from larger and more prominent schools. At last he recognizes the ability of his high school teachers and fully appreciates the help they gave him.

Graduates of Bangor High have passed through such experience and these comments are based on thoughts which they have expressed.

All honor to the teachers of Bangor High!

### War Is Declared

Sunday, December 7, 1941. Today the United States was struck below the belt by a foe who offered us a hand gloved in good will, and who hit us with the brass knuckles of treachery. . . by a foe whose overture of peace became a prelude to war.

Without warning, Japanese air hawks screamed over Manila, Guam, and Oahu, pelting them with death eggs. America had been blinded by the Rising Sun.

Monday, December 8, 1941. The United States went into the line-up, the formidable line-up for the big game of the season in the World Bowl. There will be no referee to penalize foul play. There are no rules, no time-outs, no pause that refreshes. This fight to the finish is no spectator sport, and the score is calculated by the death count.

We are everlastingly reminded of a similar scrap back in 1917. The players were raw; the game was new, the plays still experimental. And yet it all was so very old. Men had fallen so many times before, championing the same ideals, dying without realizing these ideals.

America is like an impetuous college boy, wholehearted, quick to sympathize, even quicker to give the unlucky fellow a lift. But America has come of age. It has been dealt a blow in distinct malevolence, provocative not of a swift smile and a return slap-on-the-back, but of a deliberate and decisive comeback. We're not pulling punches and we're not withdrawing.

*(Please turn to page nineteen)*



## PASSING IN REVIEW

**Lillian Howland.** We bring to you the busiest girl on the *Oracle* Board, the super-brilliant typist of the senior class.

When asked her favorite hobby Lillian very quickly replied, "It's sitting in a comfy chair, munching a juicy MacIntosh, and reading thriller-killer-diller murder stories (she *can* have 'em) with the radio *full* blast!" (How that gal does concentrate, she must be a wizardess, n'est-ce pas?)

Four straight A's spanned this senior's report card. Gosh, she's positively a *good* scholar.

Lillian aims to have a secretarial career and she says it's either Maine, or Bryant and Stratton School in Boston. But one thing is sure, Lillian will fulfill her ambition.

**Guy Ryan.** This junior really has the football fever bad! After holding down the center position all season in grand style, he proudly announces he wants to be a coach!

The mere mention of lemon pie, chocolate cake, Economics, or Lana Turner will fetch him on the run, but English and asparagus just don't agree with him!

He says, "football's the only real sport but basketball and tennis will do in the off season!"

Guy spends the good old summer time bell hopping at Grindstone Inn in Winter Harbor (bet he's cute in a uniform, eh Billie?)

His goal after graduation is Springfield college in Mass., where he'll learn the fundamentals of the coaching art. So if on some distant date you find he's head coach at Flatbush U. don't say I didn't warn you!

**Joan Pendleton.** Take a peek this way, my boys, at a little bit of all right, n'est-ce pas? What's her phone number?—Sorry we're requested not to give out that information!

In the summer she turns mermaid and swims off to Islesboro where she may be found any day of the week gnawing a lobster, her favorite dish!

Joannie goes simply dizzy over John Payne, but as for History, Carmen Miranda (can you imagine that?) and turnips, she says "thumbs down!"

This sophomore isn't exactly sure where she is going after graduation, but it may be Wellesley!



**Paul Coleman.** At last, we can present the Class of '42's most outstanding "regular." Paul likes most everything from "dates" ("purty" smooth) to chemistry and physics (he ain't "half bad" in these either.)

Seriously though, Paul is a leader! He is president of this class, of the "B" Club, of the Officers' Club, of the Student Council and—well definitely eulogistical (doatcha tnink?)

Although this one-hundred sixty pounds of dynamo etc., couldn't play football this last season because of an injury, he was our Co-Captain, and a very valuable leader.

In basketball, "Rock" is the manager. In baseball, he'll probably be second baseman.

Dancing, sipping cider, and being a "right smart" usher ease up the few spare moments Paul has.

Truly now, could one say more about such a popular guy?

**Constance Coleman.** "She's got what it takes" that's why Connie's called just one "perfectly perfect" gal!

From dawn till midnight (well, curfew time at least) she keeps us a howlin' cause she can crack 'em! Witty sure is the word! !

She's a class of '43'er and by all means an honor student. Her extra-curriculars are the G.A.H.C., Public Affairs Club; and, in sports it's hockey and basketball.

This gal says the future is undecided right now but those summers in Ed-dington do "take the cake!"

"Whether it's fishing in the noon-day sun, swinging country contras, or batting the friendly (?) mosquitoes, Connie says she always has "the grandest old time!"

**Robert Taylor.** Bobby says, "Any resemblance between me and the original is purely coincidental," but don't let that fool you, girls!

This sophomore really is in the movies but only as an usher at the Bijou! He says that's the closest he could come to the screen, although its rumored that he's quite an actor!

His pet pastime is to guzzle vanilla milk shakes and to devour apple pie (but is must have ice cream on it!)

In the line of sports he craves football and basketball! (Coaches, take notice!)

If the guy who invented Latin is still around, he better watch his step, for Bob says, "If I ever lay my hands on him, I'll—" (This part is censored, use your imagination! !)





## Hokum

**H**OWDY again, mes amis! Oh golly—here it is presque Christmas—who knows what events will transpire in the next few weeks? So much has happened around school, and otherwise, lately, too!—For you senior Latin students—I am beginning this column “*manu fortu sed quo animo?*”—Now French—also begin “*en ami*” but heaven knows how I’ll end!

Speaking of beginnings is it just coincidence that that “uniform” likes to visit your father, Ruthie Blake?

Which reminds me—gee, Mary Ellen, he was absolutely *smoothie*! He hasn’t got a brother by any chance?

You weren’t cold at the last formal were you, Billie L.? Or was it because you were only there a small percentage of the time that you had your coat on whenever we saw you?

Joan Ambrose’s theme song is “Billy Boy” nowadays! Hotcha!

Speaking of the *Oracle* reminds us that our esteemed editor just *Wood* cut anything out that we should say about him—so-o—whatsa use? Hi, Leon! Say—did you know that the *first* show at the movie houses isn’t over until way long towards midnight? Ask Margie Knowlton (alias Sandy) for details.

Have you seen our Rummage Sale pal around lately, Fay Jones?

Good news! If you boys want ice-cream, and we mean actually, then the person to see is Priscilla White. She gave a soiree not too long ago, and Eleanor Jellison fed Soph Roger J. two dishes with a spoon—while out in the kitchen sat the pig, Don Parsons, eating a gallon carton of the stuff!

Note to editor: Please rush this telegram for us—Dear Senior Minott:

Please stop take it easy stop poor Johnnie Carson will never learn his part if you persist stop or is it that he is bashful stop

Sincerely,

Elaine

And speaking of the play, Simon O’Leary’s sinister laugh as Merlin comes a bit too naturally we think! Dost any of youse Juniors darest tell what for?

Does the “Cole” bother you these winter mornings, Suzanne Welch?

We hear that the Dyer—Hogan affair runs in the family, how about it Alvin? Wasn’t that Rose’s sister, or wasn’t it?

There are a lot of Goodwin families in Brewer, c’est vrai! Hymie must feel right at home, n’est-ce pas?

Bunky Garland fairl (e) y dominates all the social meetings of B. H. S. clubs, nowadays ’tis said.

Say, Connie Stone, how did you like New York?—and were his people nice? Zowie!

Howard Hawes does a fine job in his little Ford V-8—need more be said?

Eastport and Robbie Spiers are practically synonymous these days!

Say, Soph Pinkham, have you heard all about Natarswi from Sue Wadell?

Is there a feud? Shall it be swords or pistols?—and, all over a fair lass with black hair and blue eyes! Charlie, ma fran, yea verily, is someone trifling with the affections of Fran Johnson? Here’s hoping it all straightens out soon.—and—in the meantime—this is your Hokum editor saying Merry Christmas!

## Confessions of a Student

One study period I entered the room as usual, and seated myself in my customary seat, only to discover myself at a complete loss as to how to conduct myself during the ensuing sixty minutes. On the following Monday our quarterly exams took place, and our teachers were considerate enough not to assign the usual assiduous, insipid, and putrid lessons. So, as is my peculiar custom, I amused my tolerantly polite self with telling stories, until I grew so bored that I actually yawned right out as plain as could be. Naturally, I wouldn’t stand for such inexcusable conduct, and immediately took my repentant self in hand and proceeded to discover the cause for utter and complete boredom. My cross examination disclosed that my stories, although all at one time had been considered excellent, had been heard by myself over the radio by such comedians as Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, Ben Bernie, and even Fanny Brice and Gracie Allen, with a few antiquated ones from Phil Baker’s stock.



Therefore, as I had no reason to blame myself for that seemingly atrocious behavior, I proceeded to occupy my delicate self with the art of doodling. This is a very intricate mechanism of the subconscious mind which is located in the cranium, which, if not secretly lamenting the rank received in Latin, can produce marvelous phenomena, which in turn may be reproduced with pencil (a pen will do) on paper. It is a queer trick of nature, but this phenomenon reaches its best height when the other end of the telephone wire is occupied by some boring person, who is boring only because he talks when you wish him to listen. Someday I shall make a law prohibiting boring persons from using the telephone.

Well, after seeing the queer caricatures that my subconscious mind drew of various teachers and acquaintances, I was prompted by something inside to look around for some mischief to accomplish in the remaining twenty-five minutes. Slowly my fingers, entirely out of my control, tore up a note which someone had slipped to me quite by mistake, and dropped it into the inkwell which reposes in a secluded corner of the desk. Next I carved my initials on the desk, but I did not consider this a misdemeanor as there are so many others there. But mischief was dull, although the teacher was by this time eyeing me with apparent distrust; so I opened the door to my conscious mind, for sometimes it had quite fertile ideas. The lock was rusted, and the hinges squeaked, but it finally opened. The air was so stuffy inside from the effects of Latin and French, plus algebra and English, mixed and blended well, that I closed it again with a bang, which made the teacher walk down by my desk in a rather deliberate and threatening manner.

I relaxed into my subconscious mind and started dreaming. I thought of the time when our gang had taken our tin lizzie and parked it in the garage of the ritziest dowager in town. I thought of the time the sheep dog had walked down the aisle in church, and how he had climbed into an empty pew and sat there, listening to the sermon with a more intelligent look than many of the people. I thought of the ghost of Pochahontas, which was really me, who for a whole summer had haunted our camp in a most distracting manner. By accident, I don't know how it happened, I thought of the time I hadn't done any studying, and we had tests in all our subjects. I quickly dismissed that, though, for the time when, at the tender age of eight, I put a snake in the teacher's desk, and how, after shrieking in the customary manner, she marched over to Johnnie Fowler and glaring at him said, "You can't fool me, you young whipper-snapper. If any one but you put that snake in there, then I'm a snake myself."

And Johnnie had replied, "You'd better take that back while you can," while I giggled outright, and the

teacher grew red, and marched down the aisle and never said anything more about it. But never mind, the gong's rung, and that study period is over for all time and forever more, Amen.

*Just a Student.*

## War Is Declared

*(continued from page sixteen)*

There are no subs on our team; we're all first string. Democracy means teamwork to us; team work is freedom of cooperation and cooperation for freedom. We neither flaunt our successes nor falter when a pass is incomplected.

In a contest where no precepts exist, we set our own code of conduct and need not lower it to match the unscrupulous creed of our adversaries. We do not squander time in reproaching a fumble, but use the blunder as groundwork for perfection.

December 11, 1941. The unsurprising has followed. Germany and Italy made clear their policy toward the United States. Two rugged tackles joined the enemy line-up.

The first World War could not have been more international than today's conflict promises to be. The United States is combating nations which have promised wars for their unborn populations to wage. An awful heritage! Individual hard-headed masses against a mass of hard-headed individuals. . . the forces of totalitarianism versus the forces of criticism!

And "when the hurly-burly's done, when the battle's lost and won," who will remain to enjoy the —ism which prevails?

We must not be indifferent; we must not be on the fence! We cannot be indifferent, we cannot ignore circumstances which involve our happiness—body and mind! We are not indifferent; we are not passive. We think in terms of victory and act in terms of winning—winning the war, and winning the peace that follows!

Freddie crept into the house,  
The cuckoo clock struck four;  
Freddie crept close to the clock. . .  
Then cuckooed eight times more!

*—Scribe News*

Dicky: "My dad is an Elk, a Lion, a Moose, and an Eagle."

Micky: "Wot does it cost to see him?"

*—Christian Register*





## Winter Fashions



*By Dakin's*

If you have seen a red or a yellow sleeveless sweater running around the halls at school, chances are that it contains Charlie Guild. He took time between play rehearsals to have his picture taken in this dapper ski suit. The jacket is reversible with navy on one side and light blue on the other. The numerous pockets all have convenient zippers. The pants are navy blue and very tailored.

Those boots are "Sportmaster" (We suppose that means something to skiers). They are Indian red, with hooks for easy lacing. They have excellent ankle support with comfort combined.

Dakin's has a large supply of these airplane cloth ski suits, and other models of boots as practical as these we have in this picture!

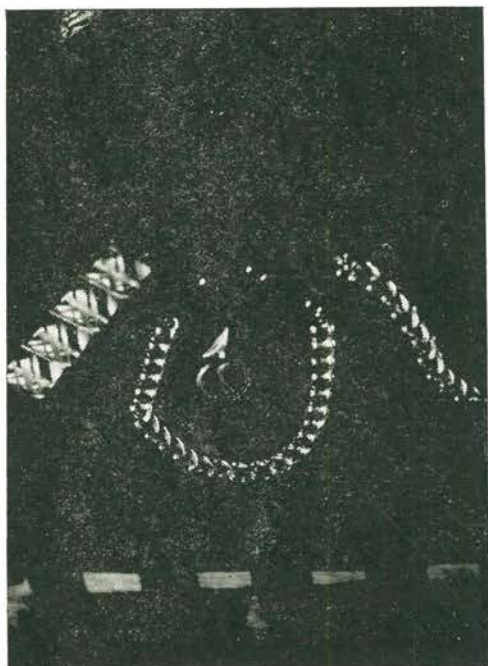
Listening to the vic, Cynthia Rich poses for this picture. Cynthia is the soph' whose bracelets you can hear jingle as she approaches. She wears the prettiest blue and brown skirt we've seen in a long time. It's pleated all 'round and has a sort of herringbone effect. The blue pull-over matches the blue stripes in the skirt. Don't you love camel's hair jackets? This one is a honey—spacious pockets, nice leather buttons, and it is *really* man-tailored.

Of course, we all know about the different, right-up-to-the-minute, young clothes that Burdell's always carries but we really must go into superlatives about their new gift sweaters and sports wear. Don't neglect going there when you're looking for these standbys.



*By Burdell's*





By Pratt's

For the fellow who "goes steady" to give his girl, or for the girl "whose heart belongs to daddy," we found these lovely pieces of jewelry. The bracelet and necklace set would be the making of a simple dress or would dress-up any sweater. The links are gold and beautifully plain; this combination is always a joy to us.

That wide bracelet is gold and would do itself proud with any kind of a dress. The clasp is very cute and tricky . . . if you're interested in it, be sure to find out how it works.

The flower pin is to brighten up your winter coat or dresses the flowers are very light and pretty.

We purposely left the ear rings till last to tell about them. They are plain gold rings which will satisfy, in a mild sort of way, your envy of the gypsies' great loops.

Now, the best point of all, is that ALL these things are priced low enough for the pocketbook of any students and you'll love other gift suggestions at Pratt's.

A prize will be given by the *Oracle* to the student who designs the most suitable and practical, spring wool dress. The dress should be one that you would like to wear to the high school informal dances, in the spring.

Rules:

1. Any student, not on the *Oracle* board, may submit drawings. The number of entries per person is not limited.
2. All submissions must have the name and the home room of the student on each entry.
3. No entries will be accepted after January 12.
4. Give designs to the fashion editors.
5. Designs will be judged on originality and suitability for school dances or other special occasions.
6. The winner will be announced in the February issue of the *Oracle*.

Judges: Miss Fraser, Miss Crosby, Fashion Editors.

Betty Higgins needs no introduction. She models this coat, which is blue with just a touch of gray. The school girl loves the princess style coat, and here is one of the first order. It has two fairly good sized pockets, and a little one for your boldest hankie. For your mother's information, the coat is fully interlined, and is nice and warm.

The hat Betty wears is matching blue with a little red on its band.

When we were in the System Co. we noticed some other beautiful and serviceable coats—some fur trimmed and others not.



By The System Co.





## Alumni

**I**S it love—or is it conscription? Wedding bells that ring out for B. H. S. grads have been kept pretty busy lately.

On Sept. 10, Linwood "Duke" Elliot married Phyllis Salley at East Corinth. Duke used to be a star football player for Bangor High.

Sylvia Striar married Donald S. Menaker of Forrest Hills, N. Y., and Mr. and Mrs. Smyth (the former Marise Reavil) were married last month. Eleanor Winchell and Peter Emery were also married last month.

Five Commercial Alumnae haven't had enough of school life yet, for they are all working as secretaries in different Bangor schools. Eileen Connors is at Hannibal Hamlin, Marie Zoidis is employed by the Garland St. Junior High, Dorothy Hart and Ruth Stetson are at Fairmount and Abraham Lincoln schools respectively. You have probably noticed Helen Gruber around school, for she is in the Superintendent of School's office.

Elnora Savage, who used to write this column in '34, is instructor of English at Norway High School in Norway, Maine, and Betty Homans has joined the teaching staff at Lewiston High, as a teacher of home economics.

Inez Lindsay and Suki Giddings are burning the midnight oil at Blackstone College in Blackstone, Virginia.

Carolyn Fernald is employed as a secretary by the Traveler's Insurance Company.

Donald Fowler is studying at Hebron. While we are on that subject, we wish to offer our apologies to another Hebron student, Alfred Keith, because of the mistake in the last issue stating that he was at Higgin's Classical Institute.

Mildred Tootill and Elizabeth Leeman are working in the main office at Freese's Dept. Store.

Betty Day, one of the class of '40's most enthusiastic athletes, is getting along fine at the Bouve School of Physical Education.

Another Pearson who has sea fever is Edgar, who is at Castine Nautical School.

Three others who will someday retire, covered with barnacles, are at Annapolis. They are Maurice Oberton, Tommy Gleason, and Eben Leavitt.

Frances Black is working in the office at Rice and Miller's.

Elsa Goodman and Margie Morris are presently located at Westbrook Jr. College, for the purpose of education and excitement (respectively).

Flo Prusaitis, one of last year's prominent cheerleaders, is working in the Penobscot Shoe Company in Old Town as a secretary, together with Glenna Kleiner. If they do as well as they did at B. H. S. they will probably be rewarded with raises one of these days.

Bruce Comins, ex-'42, is "in the army now!" he is stationed at the Bangor Air Base.

## How Is Your Pronunciation?

Americans are said to speak their own language less accurately than do any other intelligent people in the world. If one wishes to speak correctly, he must give daily attention to his own speech, and to the speech of others.

There is not much sense in having a large vocabulary if one cannot pronounce the words correctly. Even in everyday speech, what one has to say will lose its strength and efficiency through the lack of correct pronunciation.

Try to pronounce the following words, selected from "Gilmartin's Sixty Snags in Pronunciation." Then see the key at the end.

- |            |              |
|------------|--------------|
| 1. clique  | 6. delegate  |
| 2. respite | 7. zoology   |
| 3. khaki   | 8. arctic    |
| 4. coupon  | 9. maestro   |
| 5. lasso   | 10. aviation |

If you get three right, you're poor; six right, you're pretty good; more than eight right—you cheated.

- |                        |   |
|------------------------|---|
| 1. cleek               | 6. del' e git                           |
| 2. res' pit            | 7. zo ol' o gy, not<br>zoo ol' o gy     |
| 3. khoek'i             | 8. ark'tic                              |
| 4. koo'pon             | 9. mah e' stro<br>not my'stro           |
| 5. las' o, not las' oo | 10. a'' vi a' tion<br>not av'' ia' tion |



# Outside The Classroom



## A Yank In B. H. S.

Credit certainly should be given to the Dramatic Club and Miss Evelyn L. Haney, director, for the unique performance Friday, December 5, 1941.

If there were any talent scouts in the audience when the Dramatic Club presented Mark Twain's "A Connecticut Yankee In King Arthur's Court" by John G. Fuller, we know that screen tests will soon be given to:

John Carson, for his portrayal of Hank Bennett	
Anita Broder .....	Mrs. Bennett
Doris Ayer .....	Marion Bennett
William Smiley .....	King Arthur
Virginia Graham .....	Queen Guinevere.
Simon O'Leary .....	Merlin
Robert Eddy .....	Sir Sagarmour
Charles Guild .....	Clarence
Marry Farrar .....	Elaine
Richard Sprague .....	Sir Launcelot
Janice Minott .....	Morgan Le Fay
Margaret Knowlton .....	Sandy

Those faithful and hard working understudies also deserve praise. They are: Edward Sibley, Elinor Klyne, Annie Jane Philbrick, Howard Gotlieb, Richard Giles, Martin Schneider, Carol McCormick, Paul Hart, Barbara Mills, and Charlotte Fletcher.

John Carson, alias "Hank Benett", certainly made things hum in Camelot, didn't he? Imagine teaching Mary Farrar—I mean "Elaine"—how to operate a switch board!

Janice Minott played her part as Morgan Le Fay so well that, if we didn't know her, we would think that she must actually be a villainess at heart.

That laugh of Simon O'Leary's rivals even the Shadow's laugh. Didn't it give you the horrors? We had no idea that Simon was such a fiendish person!

Charlie Guild quaked so convincingly that we wonder whether it was all in the act, or whether some of it was stage fright? Anyway, he was good.

Seriously though, the whole cast did an excellent job.

Did you ever stop to think how much work there is to be done by people who never appear on the stage?

What would the Dramatic Club have done without Jack Lord as business manager and his assistant, Peter Bradshaw?

The stage and actors would have looked rather bare without the properties and costumes collected by:

*Properties committee*—Valerie Parkin, chairman, Betty Brown, William Drisko, Grace Griffin, Morris Pilot, and Prudence Speirs.

*Costume committee*—Marion Connors, chairman, Barbara Andrews, Elizabeth Burns, Margaret Carlisle, Barbara Casey, Patricia Connelly, Priscilla Greeley, Francis Johnson, Molly Mudgett, Joan Pendleton, and Gertrude Wood.

Doris Ayer, Anne Connors, Simon O'Leary, and Sally Pearson had charge of the publicity.

Stage manager, William Brennan, his assistant, Paul Hart, and William Drisko, electrician, worked very diligently.

Those on the ticket committee were Albert Babcock, Rena Bell, Edith Bethlehem, John Ballou, Marie Duffy, Betty Higgins, Frances Johnson, Elinor Klyne, Joan Mutty, Jean O'Connor, Esther Smith, Lois Veazie, Elaine Wardwell, Patricia Wing, and Anne Woodman.

The position of prompter was filled by Barbara Patterson. Miss Margarette Lutz of the home economics department and the costume committee made all the girls' costumes. The make-up artist was Mr. Ralph Mills.

On behalf of the cast, Mary Farrar presented Miss Haney with a bouquet of lovely roses.

A very large and appreciative audience enjoyed the play. Honestly, Miss Haney, we can hardly wait for another one.

## Football Rally

On Monday, November 10th, there was a rally during the last fifteen minutes of school for the game with Brewer on Armistice Day. After the band opened the rally, Paul Coleman, Billy Work, and Coach Nanigian spoke and did much to rouse the school spirit. Then the cheerleaders led the student body in the cheers. As you all know, Bangor did defeat Brewer on the following day.



For the next few weeks, the Dramatic Club and Workshop will be preparing for the One-act Play Contest to be held in February.

## Music in the Ancient World

The November meeting of Latin Club always welcomes a few hardy souls from the Sophomore class, who have sailed through storms and squalls to the desired haven, who, in a word have achieved that longed-for eighty-five, which is the Open Sesame to the Club. This year the sturdy souls were as follows: *Gardner Moulton, Richard Sprague, Jacqueline Springer, Jack Nickerson, Forest Nelson, Ada Marsh, Faith Jones, Richard Eaton, Janet Caine, Annie-Jane Philbrick, Joan Pendleton, Barbara Patterson, Anne Knowlton, Filena French, Jean Chisholm, Suzanne Welch, Thelma Smith, Suzan Waddell, with Ruth Fairley from the Junior class.*

The November meeting was in the capable hands of the Seniors, assisted by some tuneful Juniors. Consul Faith McLeod presided, and introduced the topic for the day, *Music in the Ancient World*. She pointed out that the very word music comes from the Latin *musae*, and that the Muses were the patron goddesses of the liberal arts. Moreover the Latin word *cano* means to sing, but it also means to prophesy, to predict, to compose, for the prophetic utterances of oracles and seers were always in rhythmic form.

Music was an integral part of the life of the ancients, much more than it is today. Work and play, joy and grief, weddings and funerals, religious festivals, and sports; all had their appropriate music.

Dorothy Leach treated of ancient Chinese music and musical instruments.

Jewish music, ancient and modern, was described in detail by Anita Broder, who emphasized the importance of music in the every-day life of the early Hebrew. Several selections of old Jewish music were sung by Edith Fairley. Ancient psalms, in the original Hebrew and in English translations were sung by Edith Strout, Margaret Carlisle, Edith Fairley, Rena Bell, Pauline Collins, Marydel Coolidge and Marie Ruocco. Rena Bell sang a stanza of a Jewish National Anthem and another of a sacred song that is still sung in Hebrew services.

Greek and Roman music was the subject of a thoughtful talk by Faith McLeod, who showed a parchment copy of a very old piece of music, taken from the walls of a pagan temple, which later was converted into a Christian church. She contrasted the music of the Greeks with that of the Romans, and showed how important was music in all the activities of these early peoples.

Edith Fairley gave an amusing description of musical

contests at the early Olympics, of the time when Nero, by fair means or foul, won the laurel wreath, which he continued to wear on his triumphal journey home, entering all the cities on his way in the manner of the victorious general, which is to say, through a breach in the walls.

In that wonderful voice of hers, which pulls on all our heart-strings, Edith concluded this unusual program with several selections from the poet Virgil, including an early rendering of the first lines of the Aeneid, *Arma virumque cano*.

## Commercial Club Outlines Program

The 1941-42 calendar of the Bangor High School Commercial Club was outlined at the first meeting of the club held Sept. 19.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President.....	Arthur Tilley
Vice President.....	Lillian Howland
Secretary.....	Barbara Black
Treasurer.....	Louis Cunningham
Program Chairman.....	Peggy Rice
Publicity and Social Chairman	

Harriette McKinnon

Field trips to various business organizations and governmental institutions were discussed. About four trips are to be taken during the club year.

The programs for the entire year were briefly outlined. These programs are to consist of addresses, given by prominent business men of Bangor, talent furnished by the club members, contests, and forum topics on "Conduct in the Office", "What to Wear in the Office" "Personality," "Correct Use of the Telephone" and other topics of importance to secretaries, office workers and employees.

The opening social event was an outing at Oak Grove with about fifty members present. Miss Dorothy Gustin, Miss Grace Thomas, Mr. Malcolm Willis, Mr. Frederick Pinkham, and Miss Janice R. Moore, members of the faculty, also attended the outing.

Miss Janice R. Moore, faculty advisor of the club, has aided the executive board in planning the year's activities.

## Rifle Club Names Officers

The Rifle Club, under the supervision of Technical-Sergeant, Frank D. Doncheez, held its first official meeting, on Wednesday, November 5, 1941, with the appointment of the following temporary officers: Roger Hanneman, president; Carl Dahlberg Jr., secretary and treasurer.

(Please turn to page thirty-one)



# On The Bookshelf



We have lined up for you four splendid and timely books. So let's not waste words and space, but get down to business.

## "Berlin Diary"

"Berlin Diary," the new book by William L. Shirer is causing a sensation wherever books are read. Everyone is discussing it with awe, shock, rebellion, anger, and astonishment. That sounds rather like a muddle, doesn't it? But this is just how one feels upon reading this amazing book.

Shirer went to Berlin in 1934 as a news reporter. This was one of the most critical periods in the history of the world. By jotting down in his diary the things he saw from day to day, he has portrayed from the very center of the action the destruction of the European civilization that he loved. Through field glasses he watched Hitler at the Alsace-Lorraine monument on the day of the Franco-German armistice. He has talked with Hitler's editors; he has observed the German people; he has noted the little by-plays of German society; he has struggled against Nazi censors. Finally, in 1940, he returned to America to reveal the inside "dope" on Hitler, his Nazis and the German people themselves. This book awakes in its readers a realization of our own precious liberty.

## "White Coats"

"White Coats" is one of those extremely interesting career novels that are so popular right now and which we hope to feature soon. The author, Dwight B. Fishwick, M. D., went through medical school and internship recently enough to paint a vivid and exciting picture of Tom Nelson and his friends midst their trials and triumphs as future doctors. The influence of stimulating teachers, exciting subjects, and the personalities of the students themselves make for plenty of action and interest. The boy's struggles are interspersed with humorous incidents such as a box of bones falling open in an elevator! You aspiring young doctors (and also nurses to-be!) will cherish this delightfully informative book.

## "The Keys of the Kingdom"

"The Keys of the Kingdom" is another great novel by a great author, A. J. Cronin. It is his first Novel since "The Citadel," and according to advance sales, it was a best-seller even before it reached the public. With the keys of humility and kindness, Father Chrisholm unlocks the Kingdom of God which is a man's soul. Tolerance is its outward manifestation. This novel is the story of a Catholic priest, Francis Chrisholm, who spent his early life in a small, intolerant, Scottish fishing village. He had a parentless and most unhappy boyhood. From the time when he finally went to Holywell Catholic College, he roused the dislike and distrust of most of his superiors. At last he was sent off to a wretched parish in China. Here, out of a sun-scorched acre of deserted earth and a hovel which was called a Chapel, amid hatred and contempt, he built his mission and his spiritual life. These years in China—years in which he devoted himself body and soul to his people—make up the best and greatest part of "The Keys of the Kingdom." This tale of Christian goodness is made readable by a clever author.

## "Fair Adventure"

Well, girls, here is just the book you've been waiting for. "Fair Adventure" is that grand new book by Elizabeth Janet Gray, who, as you know, writes great books about large families. This one, like many of the others is about a girl in a large family. Anyone with brothers and sisters will enjoy this book immensely. The situations are so typical. It also contains plenty of humor, along with a touch of romance to add a little "spice." One nice thing about it is that Page, the heroine, doesn't hold the limelight all the time. You get a vivid picture of the whole unusual MacNeil family. Page has her troubles and disappointments along with the rest of us. She graduates from high school with only her father there to hear her give the Valedictory address. She takes the part of a ragged mountaineer girl in a play and is also the maid of honor at her sister's wedding. And then, O Seniors, she goes through the ordeal of college board exams. It's one of those books that makes you feel as though you know the characters intimately because they're all so "human."



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B. H. S.  
Cross Country  
Team  
1941

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Second Place  
Winners  
State of Maine  
Interscholastics

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Front row, left to right—E. Jennison, West, W. Jennison, Twitchell  
Back row, left to right—Tibbetts, Goode, Petterson, Pennypacker, Berry

## RECORD OF THE RAMS

### Track Team Completes Splendid Season

**C**ROSS Country Team Completes Splendid Season. In 1939 Cross Country was inaugurated at Bangor High by Mr. Charles O'Connor. Then, a new venture, it was intended to develop boys for better ability in Spring track. The next year it was taken over by Mr. William Soule and had a good season, finishing with a fifth place position at the University of Maine interscholastics.

This fall, Mr. Vincent Couzzo, who took over the track and cross country coaching position, was greeted by a small squad consisting of a few experienced runners and a handful of willing sophomores. As days passed, boys were invited to try out for the team, and the squad grew to two dozen hard working aspirants.

The first meet was with former Coach O'Connor's Winter Harbor team at Winter Harbor, the details of which have already been told in these columns. Dean Pennypacker set a grueling pace and was never headed, to win going away in thirteen minutes and five seconds.

A week later at the Mary Snow course, in a cold, driving northeast rain, the team functioning as a well balanced unit, downed Foxcroft Academy 25 to 31. Bangor can be proud of this win, as Foxcroft subsequently defeated the best prep school talent of the state to take the prep school championship.

The third meet was a combination affair at Orono, with Bangor running against Old Town, Caribou, and the Maine freshman A and B squads. Getting a second place here, in a fast field, the boys demonstrated team ability. Merle Tibbetts finished in second place for Bangor while Pennypacker came in fourth, just barely being nosed out by Sockabsson of Old Town.

On Oct. 24, Bangor journeyed to Bar Harbor and

again ran its opponents into the ground. This time the course was the grueling Breakneck Road, consisting of two and one half miles of twists and turns, level stretches and the steepest hills, such as the boys had never before run over. Tibbetts, Pennypacker, Rogan, W. Jennison, and E. Jennison gave Bangor its 19-36 score.

With the time drawing near for the State Championship at Orono, the Bangor runners tapered off their training and rested for the day of the race. Given little attention by the sports writers, they preferred to remain a dark horse while Presque Isle, Portland, and Old Town were installed as favorites.

The start of the race saw a large entry list with many well known runners in the line. Presque Isle, with its favored team, won a fine race, sparked by the superlative running of Dempsey (National High School Cross Country Champion) who finished 250 yards ahead of his team-mate Marquis.

The rest of the teams fought it out for the other places and runners from many schools complicated the issue as no one school seemed to have a strong enough placement of men to insure predicting a position. Nearly two hours after the finish of the race the results were posted. Presque Isle was in first place, and Bangor was in second place with Portland third.

The Bangor team which had been considered an outsider placed men as follows; (5) Pennypacker, (7) Tibbetts, (22) Rogan, (22) W. Jennison, (3) Berry, (38) Patterson, and (38) Twitchell.

Bangor students have a right to be proud of its team which has so magnificently improved and demonstrated its right to share its place with other Bangor Championship teams. Hats off to the boys and Coach Vin Couzzo!



## Bangor's Winning Streak Breaks

### First Wound, Bangor 0; Waterville 2

**T**HE Bangor Rams lost their first game in two years and third game in three years, and also had their unscored on record broken when the Waterville Panthers squeezed out a 2 to 0 victory.

In the first quarter the Rams started off beautifully when Black made a 45 yard run on the first play after the kickoff. A few more plays placed the ball in scoring territory, but Bangor bogged down and Waterville took the ball on downs.

Waterville's 2 points came in the second period when the Panthers booted the ball into the end zone and Bangor took it on the 20 yard line. Two more plays placed them on the 22 yard line, then Bangor was penalized 15 yards for holding. That placed the ball on the 7 yard line. Bangor's line was blocked and the ball bounded out of the end zone making a safety or 2 points for Waterville.

Bangor had a chance to score when a bad break for Waterville placed the ball in Bangor's possession on the Panther's 19 yard line. A couple plays brought it to the 14 yard line and then a Bangor pass was dropped in the end zone.

In the second half Waterville scored but it was called back because of a clipping penalty.

In the late minutes of the game, with two substitutes replacing men injured during the game, Bangor drove to the Waterville 5 yard line for a first down and in four downs could not advance the ball over the goal line. Waterville took the ball on downs and held it the remaining minutes of the game.

There were many incidents during the game when it could have been won by individuals, but Bangor can truthfully say that the game was lost by the team and not any one person on the team.

### Bangor 0; Lewiston 13

Bangor met its second defeat of the season at Lewiston. The rain and mud limited both teams strictly to their running offense.

The Rams could not get their offense started at any time during the afternoon, although they did get into scoring territory twice, but to no avail. Bangor's defense was not too powerful, either, for Lewiston scored 2 touchdowns and a point.

### Bangor 18; Brewer 12

In one of the most wide open games of the season Bangor came through to win their last game of the season after two straight losses. Bangor did get its offense going fairly well all during the game, but played very loosely on defense.

### Good Season

In summing it all up, Bangor had a good season with 6 wins and 2 defeats. Bangor finished the first 5 games unbeaten, untied, and unscored on. They lost the next 2 games to Waterville and Lewiston and came back on Armistice Day to defeat their rival, Brewer. The Rams scored a total of 114 points in 8 games to their opponents 27.

### Chosen for All-Maine Team

Those who have seen Bill Work and Philip Murdock play football know that they play a great game of ball. In reward for their hard work and clean playing they have been selected for the All-Maine team. Billy Work, for the second consecutive year, is the All-Maine tackle and Phil, the All-Maine guard. Congratulations and nice going fellows!

## Next Year's Prospects

Bangor graduates seven of the first eleven gridders next June. Six of these men are linemen, including: Bernie Jacobs and Phil Murdock, guards; Bill Work and Cecil Morrissey, tackles; Jackson Hussey and Hymie Goodwin, ends. The seventh member is Harold Burr, fullback. Also graduation takes John Brookings, end; Bob Catell, guard; John Downing, tackle; Fred Brown, center; Cyril Scott, Paul England, George Chalmers, Willie Hunt, and Bill Turner, backs.

Graduation will take quite a slice off the team, but there will always be someone along to fill the vacancy. The Rams will have the same backfield of Speirs, Nelson, Black, Magee, and Jacobs. Ryan and Weston will both be back at center.

A very promising tackle for next year's eleven is Roland Babcock, a conscientious fellow who plays hard football. Other tackles are Gardiner Moulton and Fred Smith, both sophomores.

For guards there are: Willie Pierce, who should really be playing ball next year; Jack Lord, a junior; Frank Townsend and Bob Saltzman both sophomores.

Centers are George McKay, Bernie Baird, and Hymie Ginn. All are sophomores.

Ends are Gil O'Connell and Sherwood Jones, juniors; Laurence Pinkham and Cal Upton, sophomores.

Backs are Donald Buck and Zeke Golightly, juniors; Donald Rose, Dick Downing, Don Stewart, and R. Nelson, sophomores.

And then there's the boy who nick-named his girl friend "Appendix" because it cost so much to take her out.



# GIRLS' ATHLETICS

## Juniors Tie Seniors

**H**ELLO again, folks, this is your Bangor High School reporter for Girls' Athletic news, bringing you the headlines and sidelines of the physical activities of the femmes! A lot of doings have transpired since our last report, so get ready to learn a bit!

Boy, oh boy! We've done it at last! That poor old class of '42 that we were so sympathetic about last issue has finally pushed itself ahead and tied with the Juniors for the championship of the school in hockey! Isn't that sompin? Do we feel good and I'll bet the Juniors do too! We've really got some pretty snappy hockey players at Bangor High School! Frannie Taylor and Mary Elizabeth O'Connor certainly showed their worth by getting goals for us Seniors. Barbara Mills and Eleanor Prusaitis proved their loyalty to the Juniors, while Rosemary O'Connor and Priscilla Savage helped the Sophomore cause. For those of you who like statistics here's the list of the games and scores:

	Won	Lost	Tied
Seniors	3	1	0
Juniors	3	1	0
Sophomores	0	4	0
Juniors vs. Sophomores	4-0		
Seniors vs. Sophomores	1-0		
Seniors vs. Juniors	1-0		
Juniors vs. Sophomores	1-0		
Seniors vs. Sophomores	3-1		
Seniors vs. Juniors	0-1		

And here's the list of all the Seniors that made their numerals: Ruth Blake, Barbara Carr, Nadine Hoyt, Jeanette Schneider, Irene Harris, Priscilla Greeley, and Barbara Wood. Marie Duffy and Marion Conners were coaches. Elizabeth West was captain of the Senior team. (Girls who are on the All-Bangor Hockey Team receive big B's instead of numerals).

Here are the Juniors that made their numerals: Jeanne Archer, Kathleen Downes, Barbara Mills, Valerie Parkin, Eleanor Prusaitis, Pauline Telfer, Shirley Wilson, Captain Anne Woodman, Joan Ambrose, Anita Broder, Irene Burleigh, Constance Coleman, Anne Conners, Ruth Fairley, Fay Jones, Joyce Marsh, Jane Rollins, Hope Redman, Barbara Watters, Leona Wilshire, Mary Jenkins, Molly Mudgett, and Patricia Wing. Margaret Carlisle and Elizabeth West were the coaches. (Just Seniors are on the All-Bangor Hockey team).

Here are the Sophomores numeral winners: Mary Brookings, Caroline Foley, Anne Freeland, Jane Hilton,

Barbara McAloon, Jean Fleming, Rose-Mary O'Connor, Joan Pendleton, Annie-Jane Philbrick, Betty Palmer, Cynthia Rich, Priscilla Savage, Captain Marion Turner, Susan Waddell, and Mildred Gass. Louise Homstead, Doris Eaton, and Ruth Blake were their coaches.

Take a look at the Honorary All-Bangor Hockey Team.

*Left Wing*—Margaret Carlisle.

*Left Inside*—Marie Duffy and Frances Taylor.

*Center*—Ruth Lovejoy, Elizabeth West, and Elizabeth Palmer.

*Right Inside*—Doris Ayer, Mary Frances Spangler, Captain, and Mary Elizabeth O'Connor.

*Right Wing*—Leota Polk.

*Left Half-Back*—Judith Banton and Catherine Crocker.

*Center Half-Back*—Doris Eaton and Betty Brown.

*Right Half-Back*—Janice Minott and Marion Conners.

*Left Full-Back*—Vernice Clement and Gertrude Homans.

*Right Full-Back*—Eleanor Ramsdell.

*Goalie*—Mildred Allen and Louise Homstead.

## Hockey Party

On the memorable night of November 18, 1941, all numeral winners attended our gala annual hockey party! Mrs. Isabelle McKenney was also there as our guest. For a boisterous hour we played games and enjoyed ourselves, after which the awards were given. At our little ceremony four new girls were taken into the Girls' Athletic Honor Council. They were as follows: seniors, Mary Frances Spangler, Gertrude Homans, and Doris Ayer; junior, Barbara Watters. Rituals presented were: Scholarship, Doris Eaton; Athletics, Prudence Speirs; Leadership, Marie Duffy; Sportsmanship, Constance Coleman; Respect, Joan Ambrose; and Dependability, Louise Homstead. Of course, food, one of the main pleasures, was enjoyed after the honors. Marion Conners was the general chairman of the party. Prudence Speirs, Louise Homstead, and Shirley Wilson made up the food committee; decorations were done by Joan Ambrose, Doris Eaton, Margaret Carlisle, and Betty Higgins, who made the gym quite attractive with red and white crepe paper and balloons; Ruth Blake and Eleanor Prusaitis planned and carried out the game program.

(Please turn to page thirty-one)



# Spinning Reel



Come all ye faithful fans! Hear ye, our news from movie-land. Now that vacation is here, perhaps we will be able to see some of these super productions.

## "H. M. Pulham, Esquire"

**M**Y, this title seems familiar to us seniors! (it's on Miss Mullen's reading list.) Being rather lazy (quote) "We seniors would naturally see this picture regardless of its merits." (unquote).

However, this picture, depicting J. P. Marquand's great literary success of this past year, should certainly be enjoyable to anyone. *Robert Young* plays the title character of Harry Pulham. Harry is a Harvard graduate who, soon after finishing college, goes to war. When he returns, he is annoyed by the humdrum routine of Boston. Through a close friend, *Van Heflin*, he acquires a job in New York as an advertising agent. Here he meets Marvin Myles, *Hedy Lamarr*, and falls in love with her. Then his father, *Charles Coburn*, dies, and he is forced to return to Boston and take over his father's business.

If he follows family tradition he must marry Kay, *Ruth Hussey*. Harry, however, prefers Marvin, but she hates "tradition-bound" Boston, a direct contrast to the roaring activities and sparkle of New York. Which road did they choose—the one that met and brought them both together or the one that led to a separate destiny for each?

## "One Foot in Heaven"

One of the most enjoyable movies of recent weeks is "One Foot in Heaven" starring *Fredric March* and *Martha Scott*. In portraying character, the picture cannot be surpassed. From the godly and yet ambitious minister with his understanding of human nature and his desire to better his church, and from his devoted wife, whose only ambition was to serve her husband, family, and church, down to the parishioners, who sometimes lacked the best Christian virtues, the picture was clever and subtle. One of the finest characters in the story was an elderly gardener who deeply revered his church and his minister. To those who are interested in the church of today and in the study of real people, I strongly recommend this picture.

## "Woman of the Year"

This movie promises to be *The Picture of the Year*. *Spencer Tracy* and *Katherine Hepburn*, both Academy Award winners, and *Joseph Mankiewicz*, who produced the Academy Award picture, *The Philadelphia Story*, are a combination that certainly should give us an outstanding picture.

*Spencer Tracy* assumes the role of a sports' writer, *Sam Craig*, for the *New York Chronicle*. *Katherine Hepburn*, *Tess Harding*, is also associated with this paper. There they meet under strained circumstances.

Soon, however, they become friends, then lovers, then husband and wife. *Tess* continues her career, and this situation brings about complications which nearly lead to a break between them. Through the cleverness of *Tess's* aunt and the teachings of *Sam*, *Tess* learns what it means to be a real woman.

## "The Girl on the Hill"

Now, we turn to lighter things. *Shirley Temple* is back again in movies, only two years older, ten pounds heavier, and one and one-half inches taller. Again she is a neglected child, motherless, and practically fatherless, for all the attention her father, *Herbert Marshall*, gives her. By playing a trick on her nurse, *Nella Walker*, she unconsciously causes her father to take note of her. Through the pleadings of her nurse, he believes that his child is abnormal. He sends for a psychiatrist who turns out to be *Laraine Day*. Since he is engaged to *Lorraine Bennett*, *Gail Patrick*, and also realizes that he loves *Dr. Kent*, we have the ideal situation for *Shirley* to play her characteristic role of "fixer-upper."

Oh, the birds with plentiful plumage  
Are quite at home in the tree;  
But ladies with fashionable wing-spread  
Would look out of place there to me.

Oh, the birds with plentiful plumage  
Are destined to lose it ere long  
And once it is perched on a hat brim  
It cannot be had for a song!





## Dots and Dashes

### Pep Up Your Home Room

**A**RE your home room programs becoming dull? That hour and ten minute period each day from eleven-twenty till twelve-thirty offers an unusual opportunity for cooperation between the local radio stations and Bangor High School.

The possibilities provided by such cooperation are unlimited. Many home rooms already have radios and it would be easy to have all rooms included. At the present, because of the nature of the programs offered during this period, the radios are no great asset. A well-planned series of programs might be arranged for this period by a committee made up of student and faculty representatives in cooperation with the radio stations. Of course this plan could be worked out only if the radio stations could make the time available.

It should not be considered that these programs be designed merely for the amusement of the high school or that they be used to give publicity to school activities. Such a plan appeals neither to the general public nor to the radio stations. The programs must be entertaining, educational, and timely.

Two days each week could be set aside as radio days. Two distinct programs would be necessary each radio day. These programs would be thirty minutes in length.

Radio is a big business today, but few high schools have the opportunity for close observation and actual management of programs. This plan would give Bangor High students a chance to get this opportunity under the direction of experts. Students interested could take a complete course in methods of broadcasting.

Each week a poll of school opinion would keep the program committee on its job. A monthly competition for the purpose of obtaining new ideas might keep the attention of all pupils on the content of good programs. It would encourage more active listening rather than listening merely for entertainment.

Further activities in this connection include training and experience in announcing. The encouragement of many musicians is a worthwhile opportunity. Radio drama would augment the offerings of our expression department.

This plan could be of real educational value to students and offer public entertainment at the same time. To a people so independent on radio, a real study is an educational opportunity that we shouldn't neglect. Let us make ourselves conscious not only of radio and its entertainments but also of what goes on behind the scenes. What do you think?

### Radio War Over Opera Returns

Doesn't it sound good to have a big variety of new music on the ether waves again?

While ASCAP (American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers) was having its war with the networks, poor Jeanie's light brown hair must have turned gray from abuse. But now that's all over and NBC is even letting orchestra leaders use their well-known old theme songs again.

The great Metropolitan Opera Company has returned to NBC this year with thrilling Saturday afternoon broadcasts direct from the stage of the famed old Metropolitan Opera House. In addition to the popular "Opera Question Forum," there is a new intermission feature, "Music in America," which presents a prominent speaker discussing the musical history of a large American city. Milton Cross is again in the announcer-narrator role.

A program really worth the listening is "Contact," a variety show presented by the soldiers stationed with the 43rd Bombardment Group at the Bangor Air Base. The soldiers reveal a wealth of talent in their regular Wednesday night get-together over WABI.

That popular sketch with so much human interest appeal, "Scattergood Baines," has returned over CBS to relate the experiences and deeds of the friendly storekeeper of the little town of Coldriver. Actor Jess Pugh, again in the title role, leads a cast of prominent players in this dramatization over radio of Clarence Buddington Kelland's famous stories.

Where to find it:

NBC WLBZ	620 K. C.	CBS WABI	910 K. C.
WBZ	1030 K. C.	WABC	880 K. C.
WJZ	770 K. C.		



## Girls' Athletics

(continued from page twenty-eight)

### U. of M. Entertains Senior G. A. H. C.

What a time we had, and how lame we were after the Sports Day up at Maine, Saturday, November 29, 1941! Every year the Maine girls majoring in Physical Education put on a similar program and invite girls from several high schools around here. The invitation to seven Bangor High School girls, was accepted by the Senior members of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council: Ruth Blake, Margaret Carlisle, Marion Conners, Marie Duffy, Doris Eaton, Louise Homstead, and Elizabeth West. We arrived about 9:30, registered, and were assigned to various color teams. Each team played Medicine Ball, Tenicourt, Slag Ball, and Dodge Ball. An hour of folk-dancing followed, and then, at 12:00, we gobbled buffet luncheons. We met many super girls from Guilford, Brewer, Orono, Foxcroft Academy, and Maine. At 1:00 there was a Song Fest, and at 2:00 we started playing some hard basketball. A talk on Rules Interpretations was given at 3:00, and at 4:00 we saw some girls' basketball movies. We all went home very happy!

### Wait Until Basketball Starts!

Wouldn't you all like to hear some news on good, old, girls' basketball? Well, we're going to play two-court basketball this winter and practices have already started! Marie Duffy, Doris Ayer, and Gertrude Homans are going to coach the Seniors, Doris Eaton, Louise Homstead, and Ruth Blake, the Juniors, and Elizabeth West, Margaret Carlisle, Mary Frances Spangler, and Marion Conners, the Sophomores.

It's time to sign off now, so tune in again, same station, two months from now, to your Bangor High School reporter on Girls' Athletic News!

## Rifle Club

(continued from page twenty-four)

Guy Ryan was elected captain of the team.

Frederick Dill was appointed chairman of a committee of three to secure shoulder to shoulder matches with local and out of town clubs. The other two members of the committee are Lloyd Shapleigh and Albert Babcock.

Members other than those above mentioned are: Hayden Bayer, Donald Burtchell, Robert Daigle, William Drisko, Donald Gallupe, Robert Lancaster, Charles Paine, Jr., John Banton, James Black, Paul Blethen, C. Austin Carter, Neal DeWitt, Philip Estabrook, Roger Jellison, Robert Lobley, James O'Connell, Joseph Petterson, Jr., Charles Robinson, Philip Sprague, and Donald Wood.

## Bait for Debate

The Debate Club devoted the month of October to completing the money-making activities necessary to meet its fall budget.

First event to be held was the Rummage Sale. Preceded by an active rummage collection contest, this sale proved to be an outstanding success. Winners of the collection contest were Fay Jones, Rena Bell, Marian Grant, and Gloria Carson. After nearly a week's hard work at the Exchange Street Store, the sale was opened on Friday, October 17. The sales girls ably handled the large crowd which attended the opening, and after two days of enthusiastic selling closed the sale with a substantial profit.

Next, the Club held its annual Candy Sale, arranged to come at the time of the State Teachers' Convention. This year's sale differed from those of previous seasons in that it was run in two sections. The main sale, under the direction of Fay Jones, handled fudge contributed by the club as a whole. The second section under the direction of Miss Gladys Bunker, assistant club adviser, and Judith Banton, made and sold a large quantity of caramels. Central committee members for the sale in addition to managers Banton and Jones were: Albert Winchell, Philip Hatch, Eleanor Ramsdell, Roberta Eastman, Hope Partrow, Joan Ambrose, Gertrude Homans, Barbara Andrews, and Marion Grant.

Top honors in selling went to Dorothy Burke and Gloria Carson, with Gertrude Homans, second, and Frances Johnson, third. Eleanor Klyne received special honorable mention as the outstanding sales girl of the afternoon.

With full budget requirements met, the Club turned its attention to actual debating. The season was opened with an extemporaneous speaking contest, held as a part of the program on the meeting of Tuesday, November 4. Contestants of the debate were Shirley Armstrong, Fred Bean, Charles Perry, Robert Sattyman, James Oppenheim, Richard Eaton, and Richard Giles. Fred Bean emerged with first honors, Shirley Armstrong was second and James Oppenheim third.

On November 14, the Debate Club acted as host to the Eastern Maine Bates League Debate Clinic, held to improve speech standards and to analyze the Bates League subject, Compulsory Military Training. Albert Winchell, club president, acted as chairman of arrangements. Simon O'Leary represented Bangor in the extemporaneous speaking exhibition. The Clinic was held in two sessions, afternoon and evening, and was attended by twelve visiting schools with nearly a hundred students, and by many Bangor High debaters and students. The evening session, an intercollegiate debate between Bates and Maine, was of particular inter-



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est to the club, since last year's President and Vice-President, Nicholas Brontas and Charles Jellison, represented Maine.

Varsity debating gets under way in December when Bangor will travel to Bowdoin to take part in the Bowdoin League Debate Forum. The less experienced club debaters will, meanwhile, be carrying on a tournament within the club to give practice in tournament debating. Subject for the tournament will be "Resolved: That quarter examinations should be abolished."

## Band On The Ball

The band this year is the smallest in numbers we have had for several years, with a membership of thirty-five boys and nine girls. In spite of the fewer numbers, the band balance is an improvement over that of recent years and rehearsals show a marked improvement in tone, pitch and results accomplished. This is partly due to an improvement in the acoustic properties of the assembly hall and also to a much needed change in lighting.

With a smaller band and consequently a smaller average to depend on for outside playing the band did not turn out a creditable unit for the games. Owing to other duties some were unable to attend and others who could have helped were lacking in proper spirit. However the few who did carry on deserve much credit, especially the band officers who form the best administrative group we have ever had.

The band has a good repertoire of marches and is working on several new ones. A standard overture and pieces suitable for concert will constitute the winter's work and, with the improved rehearsal conditions, we shall have a fine playing organization.

The band played for "The Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court."

Credit is due the boys who furnished music for the opening of the News Amateur bouts at the Auditorium. The program was handled by the boys themselves in a professional manner.

Our well-drilled and dependable team of majorettes deserve much praise for their fine work with the band and with the cooperation of the cheer-leaders made a colorful and spirited procession before and after each game.

*Answer to riddle page 14*

A face card in the suit of hearts.



## Public Affairs Club Announces Program

The Public Affairs Club presented for its October meeting The Forum type of program. It was most fortunate to have Alex Robertson, a former member of the R. A. F. of England, as speaker. He presented the plea for civilian defense and introduced Mr. Maurice Dolbier who spoke briefly on the phase of Defense by Radio. Mr. Robertson answered many questions concerning conditions in England, from first hand knowledge.

The November meeting, with a program contributed by its own members, was considered very successful. Thomas Hilton, as the first speaker, presented the subject, "Litvinoff and the Russian Situation." He nobly set forth Russia's problems, emphasizing the aid to the extent of \$1,000,000,000. A discussion followed with questions from the floor which brought out the fact that democracy is giving aid to a totalitarian state to aid democracy indirectly. The next speaker was John La Pointe who gave most clearly Kurusu's policy for his government. He also pointed out U. S. policies for the Far East. Marion Conners and Mary O'Connor really "stole the show" by presenting "Neighbors," Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith, as they discuss over their knitting The Finnish Situation and The Neutrality Bill. These two caught the true situation of affairs, which they set forth with humor and originalty. At the close, Moses Garland gave several songs. For the group singing of America The Beautiful, John Carson was the accompanist.

The program for the ensuing year 1941-42 was announced:—

Dec. 12—The Federal Regulation of Labor Unions—Fred Bean, Albert Winchell, Jane Terrio, Simon O'Leary, and John Downing.

Violin Solo—Miss Dorothea Hopkins, Music Supervisor, B. H. S.

January 30—Bangor, A Tour of Historical Scenes—Hayden Bayer; Square Dances, George Chalmers in charge.

March 6—What Kind of Peace can we expect after this War.—

Impersonation of World Affairs.

Whitney Jennison, Doris Ayer, John Carson, Betty Brown, Anne Conners, and Charles Guild.

April 10—China—Mrs. Samson.

The Soony Sisters—Impersonators.

May 15—Film—Music—Moses Garland.

In these programs which partake of the Forum, discussion is developed along these varying topics of great interest to our democracy. We may say democracy can best speak up by these methods. Thus some one hundred and sixty young people support the Public Affairs Club.

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## Homec Club To Visit State Hospital

A meeting of the Homec Club was held October 31, with seventy-one members present. The Constitution of the club was read by Sarah Whitcomb. The girls introduced themselves in turn and Miss Margaret Lutz led the discussion of plans to serve luncheons at the Maine Teachers' Association Convention. Much credit goes to the girls who prepared and served these luncheons, which were sincerely appreciated by the teachers. The club realized a profit of over fifty dollars.

The nominating committee consisting of Ruth Saindon, chairman, Bernice White, DeLena Miner, and Christine Tilley presented nominations for Club officers. Election was held November 12 and the following officers were elected:

President.....	Sarah Whitcomb
Secretary.....	Harriet Travis
Treasurer.....	Barbara Kenney
Recorder.....	Kathleen Sullivan
Member-at-Large.....	Eleanor Dolan

At the meeting of November 14, Mrs. Eloise Smith, instructor in Occupational Therapy at the Bangor State Hospital, gave a very interesting talk on her vocation and presented a most unusual display of articles made by her patients. Her invitation to visit her the following week at her work was readily accepted by the girls.

The program committee, is composed of Gertrude Wood, chairman, Ethel Spencer, and Connie Davis. Groups interested in doing craft-work, serving, knitting, or welfare work are being organized and plans are being made for the Installation Banquet.

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## Blue and Gold Dance Glitters

One of the extra-curricula activities of the Department of Military Science and Tactics of Bangor High School is the Officers Club. This club is composed of the seniors who have elected to take a third year of Military Science. The cadet officers and highest ranking non-commissioned officers for the Battalion are selected from this group.

The purpose and function of the Officers Club is to foster and promote an esprit-de-corps in the entire unit and to provide an extra-curricula outlet for the necessary training in the social graces.

It is well recognized that a certain amount of training along social lines belongs to any program of education, and the military department is not losing sight of this feature of its program.

This year it is planned to have three military dances, the Blue and Gold Dance (already held), the Mid-year Hop on January 23, and the formal Military Ball on May 22.

As is the custom each year, the Officers' Club will conduct a contest, in January, for the Honorary Cadet Colonel and the Honorary Major of the Cadet Corps.

The officers of the club this year are Paul Coleman, President; William Rogan, Vice-President; and Harlan Goodwin, Secretary-Treasurer.

One of the most enjoyable dances of the year was the Officers Clubs' Blue and Gold Dance held on November 28. The decorations, in charge of Harlan Goodwin, carried out the theme of the dance, blue and gold.

Roger Hanneman headed the music committee; Bernard Jacobs was in charge of the tickets, and Robert Lancaster, the refreshments.

The chaperones in attendance were: Colonel and Mrs. F. R. Fuller, Major and Mrs. Christie F. McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Chaplin, and Dean Rachel Conner.

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