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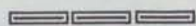
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December, 1940

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Christmas Fantasy

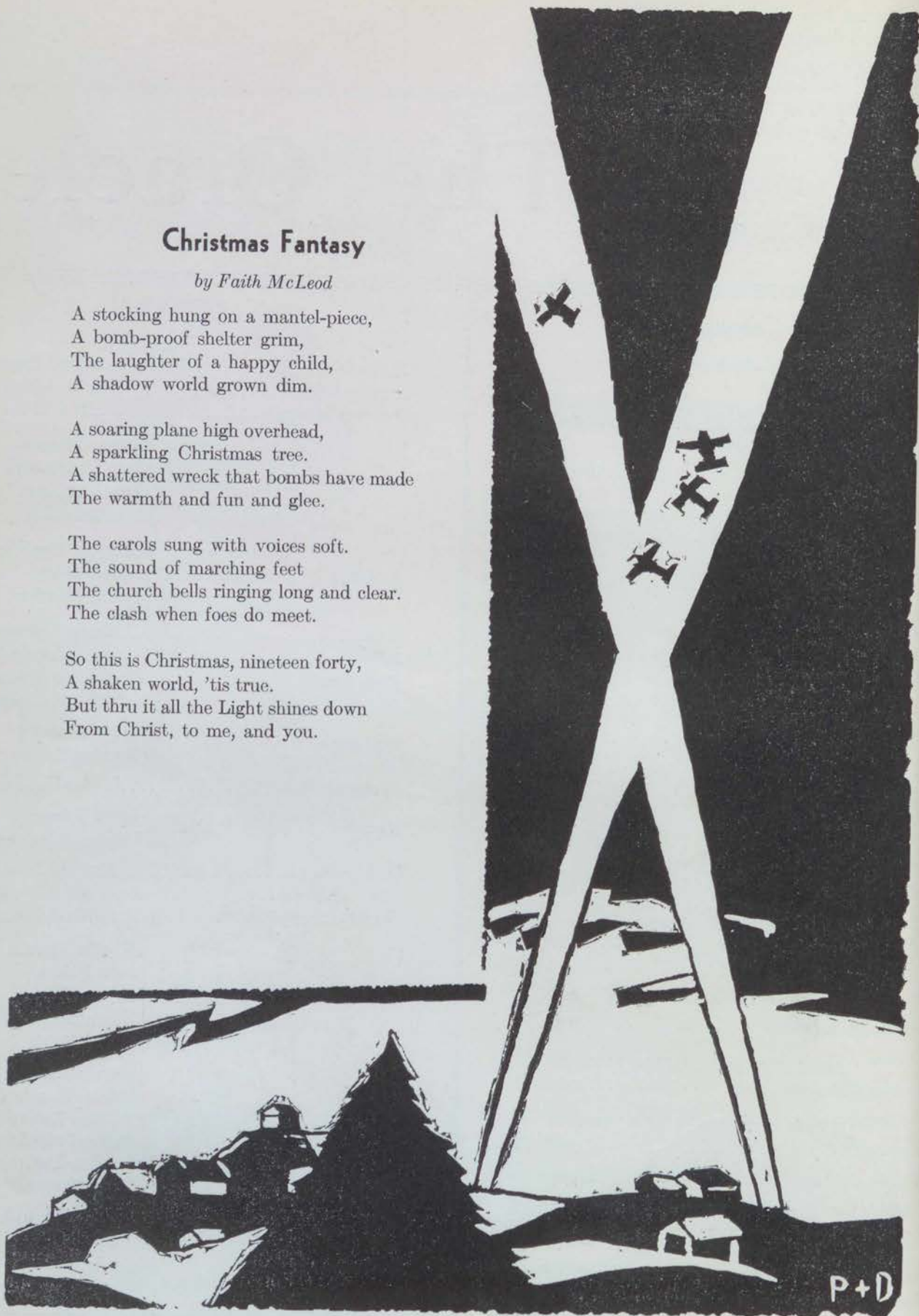
by Faith McLeod

A stocking hung on a mantel-piece,
A bomb-proof shelter grim,
The laughter of a happy child,
A shadow world grown dim.

A soaring plane high overhead,
A sparkling Christmas tree.
A shattered wreck that bombs have made
The warmth and fun and glee.

The carols sung with voices soft.
The sound of marching feet
The church bells ringing long and clear.
The clash when foes do meet.

So this is Christmas, nineteen forty,
A shaken world, 'tis true.
But thru it all the Light shines down
From Christ, to me, and you.



The Prodigal Father

DOROTHY LEACH

JUNIOR



After you have read Dot's first contribution to the Oracle, we know you will want her back again very soon. It's a thrilling mystery with lovin' and everything. Incidentally, where does this little junior get her inside information on college life?

WHEN the Misses Marie and Toni Worthing walked into Brentwood University, no one thought to ask them the routine questions of how old, where from, parents in the blue book, etc. Why? Well, because their coming wasn't the routine coming.

The parlor of the girls' dormitory at Brentwood was thoroughly noted for its social gatherings. If one were willing either to tell a juicy bit of gossip or listen to someone spread it, then she was welcome any evening of the school term.

The girls were making themselves comfortable on this memorable evening. The lounges, hearth-rug, and easy chairs all contained girls in bright-colored lounging robes.

"I really do believe Pat Langtry is married to you-never-could-guess who." Day Farnsworth paused in order to quicken the interest of her audience.

"No, we can't guess," came sarcastically from a red polka-dot lounging coat.

"Neal Conley."

She looked around triumphantly for appreciation, but attention was diverted to the doorway. Marie sailed in dragging her counterpart by the arm.

"Toni and I have come to roost. May we join this hen-party?"

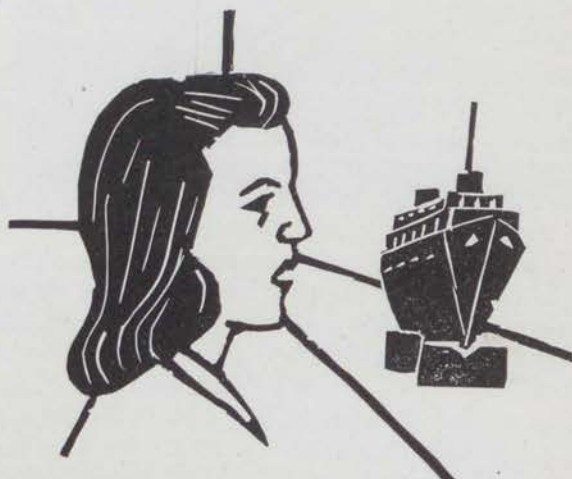
Taking her answer for granted, she plopped down on the fleecy rug before the fire and pulled shy Toni after her.

That's how Marie and Toni Worthing "got in" at Brentwood.

Two days of muddled excitement followed in getting settled in their room and classes.

Toni bounded down the basement stairs in search of the janitor. She had just five minutes before the next class. Why did janitors have to be someplace else

when one needed them? Those trunks couldn't possibly remain in their room a minute longer; so she supposed she'd have to hunt until she found the pesky man, wherever he was. He wasn't in the furnace-room; now where could he be? Down the corridor was a door ajar; she flew to it and impatiently gave it a resounding smack. The door swung farther open so that she was able to see into the room. It wasn't the drab low-ceilinged room that made her stop and stare. It was the old wooden ship models that adorned every table and chair, nook and cranny. Modeling was her hobby, and she had never seen such beautiful and well-proportioned specimens. Forgetting completely her errand and former cause for hurry, she stumbled into the room and began examining the models carefully.



An especially beautiful specimen caught her eye.

As she entered, a figure, unnoticed, arose from his sprawling position before the improvised fire-place. His gaunt figure unfolded endlessly until there seemed no

limit to his height. The low ceiling fairly lowered in proportion. From force of habit of stooping, his back was slightly arched. One forgot entirely his height when one looked at his face. It wore a kind, patient look, and his eyes had in them a vague light of expectancy. It was as though he had lost something valuable to him, but always had the hope of its returning. His graying hair and tell-tale lines marked him as nearing the half-century line.

At his greeting, Toni turned and was amazed at her feeling of having known him all her life; yet his friendly smile showed no sign of recognition.

"What wonderful carvings! Modeling is my hobby. But you must be the janitor! Will you carry our trunks to the basement, please? Our room is 340 on the second floor. I'd like to stay to look at your models, but I have a class in about two minutes."

Toni lunged toward the door.

"Oh! Look here!" She gasped as an especially beautiful carving caught her eye. "An Ocean liner with all the details! Why, it's perfect!"

The man obligingly spent a half hour in explaining each model, while Toni's class remained neglected.

Later, walking across the campus, she thought of her new friend. What made Tuck seem so familiar? Tuck was his name—a rather nice one, at that. She wondered why he hadn't given her his last name. He said he had worked as janitor at Brentwood for thirteen years. But, she thought, his background didn't make any difference to her, because she had at last found someone who was interested in wood carving. Marie had always scoffed at its dullness.

"Well, don't you speak to a mere relative?" Marie confronted Toni impertinently.

She had by the arm a tall boy child. For no other word but child fitted his cherubic features and complexion and his mass of blond ringlets.

Toni frowned questioningly at her. She might have spoken the question, for the blond child had eyes for no one but Marie.

"Darling, I want you to meet Norman Walsh,—Nordie to us. I found the poor lamb lost in the crowd," Marie explained with a pitying purse of her scarlet lips and a sly wink at Nordie.

Toni's frown grew deeper as Marie continued, "Don't expect me back until ten tonight, darling; Nordie and I are going skylarking in his Ford V8. We'll be good and come in early, honey."

With a roguish glance backwards, Marie and her companion moved on. Toni continued her walk more deeply engrossed in disturbing thoughts.

She kept saying to herself over and over, Marie can't do that to him. He's the kind that will take her seriously.

* * * * *

Three months went by. Toni and Tuck worked together on their hobby every spare minute. They had soon become very good friends. Toni had not yet recalled what made Tuck seem so familiar. She finally came to the conclusion that she had never seen Tuck, but there was someone of whom he reminded her.

Marie climbed the social ladder, and Toni stood unconsciously with her in the lime light. Toni had a few very good friends among the students, but she didn't sacrifice her time for studying to become popular. After all, what had she come to school for? While Toni was headed for the valedictory, Marie, who became the most popular girl, just barely slid by in her studies.

It was a typical December evening with moon and stars glittering on the snow and shining tantalizingly in at the window of room 340 in the girl's dormitory. Toni was seated at the desk with her brows knit over a problem in trigonometry. Marie was lying on the bed with her feet propped upon the headboard, doing her exercise for reducing calves and hips, while she dismally droned German vocabulary words.

Suddenly, Marie sprang from the bed, rushed to Toni's chair, and thrust her third finger, left hand, under Toni's nose.

"Look, sweets, I nearly forgot to show the ring Nordie gave me. It was his high school ring, and I'm the only girl that has ever worn it. I guess he was always too shy, the lamb. Isn't it just too marvelously gorgeous for words? Why do you frown so, darling? Now really, deep down, don't you think Nordie's rather nice?" Marie said coaxingly.

"That's just it, Marie, he's too nice for you. Can't you see he's serious?" Toni asked earnestly.

Marie threw herself on the bed as she answered poutingly, "Oh, I know what you're going to say. Act my age, remember my past, and be good, the same things you've said for the last five years. I don't care, I'm not ashamed of my past. There's nothing there to be ashamed of, and I've been planning to go to college for a long time. What's more, I intend to have a good time. I'll never go to college again; so I'm going to make the best of four years."

"Have a good time. But do you have to exert your charms on Nordie? Why not pick on Bill Waring? He's so girl crazy that he recovers from a love affair as soon as the girl is out of his sight," Toni put forth hopefully.

"Bill Waring!" Marie made a sour face. "He gives me a pain. How can a girl fall for a fellow who's in love with all the girls? And I like Nordie. Something tells me, as I get to know him better, that he isn't as vulnerable as he seems. He'll get over me, darling.

(Please turn to page thirty-five)

The Realized Dream

by Arleen Doherty

Arleen Doherty, commercial junior, offers this short-story success of a girl and a great violinist. Not only you music lovers, but all readers as well, will enjoy this story, which proves that dreams sometimes come true.

JANE awoke slowly to the morning, opened her eyes, and then shut them tightly. There was nothing to see but gray fog in the early dawn. There had been fog every day she had been here, and she was tired of awakening to see it staring in her window. She wished her mother had let her stay in town, instead of making her visit her aunt on this pokey, old-fashioned island. "Another thing!" she thought indignantly, "I've missed Robert Enman's recital at City Hall. Robert Enman, the greatest violinist in the world, so accomplished and distinguished." Oh! how she wished that some day she might be introduced to him; she would tell him how much she admired his playing.—But while she was wishing she got up and began to dress.

Brr! It was as cold as December even if the calendar did say October! She slipped on an angora sweater over her dress and went down to breakfast.

Downstairs, the kitchen was cheery with the warmth of the shiny, black stove. After thawing out, Jane felt better. Presently, the housekeeper called her to breakfast. While she was drinking her fruit juice, she looked with suppressed amusement at the woman. She wore a severely cut, high-collared dress, with an expression to match, and her hair was done in a neat pug—she was the typical Yankee spinster.

Just then the door opened, and in came Aunt Nell.

"Good morning, Jane!" she said. "How do you like our mornings?"

"They're cold," complained Jane. "My room is at about the same temperature as a refrigerator car. Nothing like a good old steam-heated apartment!"

"No, the house isn't very warm in the mornings, but you'll get used to that.

"Now, what are you going to do to-day?" her aunt inquired.

"Oh, I don't know," Jane listlessly replied.

"Well, why don't you go for a walk? You've never explored the shore and the woods. The country around here is very pretty, especially in autumn."

Jane, brightening at the prospect, hurriedly ate her second puffy muffin. Whatever the housekeeper's disposition, she certainly could cook, Jane decided.

Presently, attired in her warm tweed coat, she went

out the kitchen door and followed the path that led to the shore.

Through the silvery mist, Jane could see the outlines of trees and rocks. By the time she had arrived at the shore, the fog had lifted, leaving behind a whole new world. She turned around and saw that what was once dim shadows were now rocky meadows of Kilarney green.

Before her was the sea, so bright and blue that it dazzled her eyes. The water was capped with lacy snow, and gently lapped against the shore.

Overhead, the sea-gulls flashed like silver daggers in the sun. A gentle wind brushed Jane's cheeks, and she could taste the saltiness in the air.



Before her was the sea.

Even missing Robert Enman didn't seem so hard to bear out here. There would be another time for him, but only one time to see the beauty of this scene. Standing there, she had the feeling that she was alone in the world, far away from everything and everyone!

Slowly, Jane began walking down the sandy beach, being careful to keep out of the way of the waves.

Soon the woods loomed up before her, as riotously colored as a Turner painting. Quickening her footsteps, she started for them.

Five hours later, Jane dropped down upon a lichen-spotted boulder to eat her lunch.

Resting there in the quiet woods, she thought of all she had seen that morning. Memories came flashing back again—the gloriously colored carpets of rustling leaves, smelling like earth and air mixed together; the flame of the maples against the sky; the clean, riotous air of autumn—

Suddenly, the brooding notes of a violin softly whisped through the air to rest on Jane's appreciative ear.

"Why, it's a violin!" she exclaimed aloud. "But who could be playing so beautifully, here in this wilderness?"

Compellingly, the music forced her to follow the rough path that led to the maker of the music. As she neared its source, it grew louder, and presently she stood before a log cabin.

Curiously, Jane softly stole across the small clearing and peered through the window.

There was her musician! She could plainly see him. Then she gasped; it couldn't be, but there he was! Standing in a shaft of sunlight was a tall, cultured-looking man of about fifty, a gray lock of hair falling down over his forehead; Robert Enman absorbed in his playing!

Entranced, Jane watched him for a few moments. Then, as if aware of someone watching, the violinist turned around and spied her gazing at him through the bay window.

For a moment he was startled, but he quickly recovered, and opened the door. There stood Jane, her face as red as a poppy.

"Well," he began.

"I'm so sorry, sir!" Jane said. "I was going through the woods out there, and heard your playing. I'm sorry about looking through the window, but the music was so beautiful I . . ." she halted lamely.

"I won't scold you for that, but I will scold you for not coming in, instead of standing out here in this shivering weather," he smilingly replied. "Come in!"

Jane gladly followed her host over the threshold, and found herself in a book-lined room, the drabness of which was offset by a huge log-fire and golden-brown curtains.

"Sit here in this chair by the fire," he said.

Jane sat down, and gratefully basked in its warmth.

Presently the violinist spoke, "I ought to introduce myself. I'm Robert Enman."

"I know," Jane shyly replied. "It's so strange that it's hard to believe it's true! This very morning, I was bewailing the fact that I was going to miss your first recital at City Hall, and now, here I am, just six hours later, actually talking to you!"

"So you know who I am." A note of interest crept
(Please turn to page thirty-eight)

John and Jane Student—Meet Edith

By Joan Kirkpatrick

The very impersonal file card said:

Name: Bettelheim, Edith

Age: 14 yrs.

Place of birth: VIENNA, AUSTRIA

That's all it said, but there's more to say, a lot more.

In the first place, Edith is one of the countless thousands of refugees who fled Europe for the safe haven of America. An only child, she was born in Vienna on September 3rd, a day which, thirteen years later, marked the declaration of war against Austria by Germany.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about her is her delightfully accented English. Although she has been among people who speak English constantly for little short of two years, one of which was spent in England, she has learned to speak, read, and write fluently, which is quite a record for a non-English speaking person under the circumstances which prevailed in the country at the time.

At the time of the departure from Vienna, Edith was, originally, to leave with her parents, go to Hamburg, and embark for Havana. However, with the cost of the passage boosted, there was just enough money for her father, and he, assured only by the fact that his wife and child would follow on the next boat, was induced to go.

Then, Edith was sent to England, where her mother was to meet her on the boat at South Hampton. Unfortunately, Mrs. Bettelheim was in Vienna when war broke out and consequently, was prevented from leaving the country.

Meanwhile, Edith stayed with a kind and well-to-do family in a London suburb. During this stay, she experienced an air-raid alarm, which turned out to be false, a short time after word had come through that Great Britain had declared war on Germany.

On March 27th of this year, with her passage paid by her father and the Refugee Committee, she made the ten day crossing on the R. M. S. Scythia; only then no one knew it was the Scythia because of the great secrecy maintained in regard to the sailing.

The trip was uneventful, punctuated only by a lifeboat drill and two or three testing bursts of the anti-aircraft gun. Edith had a pleasant surprise in that she met an old school chum who was on her way to Chicago.

When the boat docked in Halifax, no one, with the exception of the few sailors who returned to Canada, was allowed to leave the boats. (Incidentally, the
(Please turn to page twelve)

When Autumn Comes

by Barbara Carr

This stirring tale of a young couple caught in the talons of war, was written by Junior Barbara Carr. This is Barbara's first contribution to the Oracle, and we sincerely hope that it will not be her last.

THE sun was shining very brightly. Surely, thought Mary, this was a good omen for the beginning of today. She stood in the middle of a small, airy room, breathing in the glory of the early morning. She knew this room well, better than anyone, for it was her room, hers and John's. At the thought of John, erect and courageous as he had looked when he had marched away, she smiled and touched her hand unconsciously to her head. That fearful day John had said, "It won't be for long, Mary, and you know I'll come back; I've got to live for you and Baby John. Mary, promise me you'll take the best of care of Baby John, because you know you've got to be a soldier, too. Your duty is even greater and harder than mine."

Dear John! Then he had saluted her and had said "As one soldier to another, I'll see you at rollcall."

That winding road was where they had gone a full year ago. John would be coming back in a month, and how she would surprise him! She would have the whole house painted and papered, too. At this thought she grabbed her apron and ran out the back door.

Hilda Anderson, her neighbor, saw her coming and guessed what she wanted. Nevertheless, she ran to the door, good neighbor that she was, and, shooing the chickens out of the way with her portly arms, ran through the field to meet Mary.

"Mary, child, whatever is ailin' ye now; it can't be Baby John, can it?"

"Oh, Hilda, the paper and paint came today, and they sent exactly what I wanted. Hilda, we can start today. Won't he be glad and I'll be so happy! Oh, Hilda, when autumn comes, this horrible war will be over and we'll be able to live again—really live."

Just for an instant a shadow clouded her face, then flickered away. Sharp-eyed, kindly Hilda saw it, and vowed to keep her happy if she could possibly find a way. All the way to Mary's house, she talked of the beauty of the summer day and deftly planned a picnic for the next week. Picnics, she had decided long ago, were as good for the mind as they were for the body. Although Hilda was rather aged now, both she and her husband adored their young neighbors and continually planned for them as if it were their own future they spoke of.

All that week, the women painted and papered, but the next Sunday they put up their lunch and went away across the fields. Hilda got Jim to carry the lunch, and she took Baby John while Mary ran through the fields and threw her worrying to the four winds.

Finally, they reached a cozy little grove and opened their basket.

"Hilda! You extravagant person! Just look at those huge custard pies and cream fills! Oh, Hilda, what made you work so?"

Hilda indignantly placed her hands on her hips, "Ye know full well what made me, child. Now I'm supposin' ye ain't rememberin' that we're a-celebrating?"

"Why, yes, I suppose we could call it a celebration, couldn't we? We have three rooms all papered and painted and just his favorite way, too. Hilda—when autumn comes—oh Hilda, everything will be so perfect then, and nothing must spoil it; nothing will, will it, Hilda?"



She reeled and grabbed Hilda

Mary's upturned face expressed anxiety and Hilda tried to assure her that everything would be all right, but even she felt a queer fright which she couldn't understand.

After two weeks of hard work, Mary felt satisfied; that is, as far as she could, for she had run out of paint and planned to walk into town that very day with Hilda.

Right after dinner, she took Baby John over for Jim to look after and she and Hilda started out for town walking along the old dusty road, the same one that John had traveled. Mary said that day, "I've finished John's workroom today, Hilda."

"Oh, ye have? Did ye make up yer mind as to what color ye wanted it?"

"Yes, I varnished it because that's the way John always wanted it. By the way, Hilda, you're to come to dinner the day John comes home, you and Jim."

"Thank ye, child. We will." They walked in silence until they could see the town settled down in the hollow just where the road broadened and then grew narrow again.

After they had bought their paint and talked, as is the habit of all country people, with the clerk, they walked over to the common and looked at the bulletin there. It read:

Killed on Duty

Mary gasped and felt a terrible thrill in the pit of her stomach; then she read on.

Kenneth Adams

W. Artemer

John Black

John Barker

The last name hurled itself at her, and she knew what she had feared had happened. She reeled and grabbed Hilda.

She just whispered, although she wanted to scream, to throw herself down and never get up; she whispered over and over, "It isn't true! Oh, John! Oh, Hilda, tell me it isn't true."

Finally, Hilda got her home and into bed. She moved Jim and Baby John over to Mary's house, for she intended to stay until Mary got well.

For a week, Mary stayed there in bed. She wouldn't eat and she couldn't sleep. Poor Hilda didn't know what to do.

Late one night Hilda awoke with a start—what was that slight noise? She hurried to Mary's room and found her crying. A great surge of relief swept over her and she cradled Mary's head on her shoulder until the sun came up. All day, deep, soul-wracking sobs came from Mary's room. Finally night came and she slept her first real sleep for a week. It was a deep, untroubled sleep, as a little child sleeps, but to which only an entirely exhausted adult gains the right.

The next morning Mary woke to the sound of dripping rain and a cool, fresh breeze blowing through the open window. Her first sensation was equal to Rip Van Winkle's; but suddenly she remembered, and a dry, empty feeling took hold of her. Hilda, glancing through the door-way, saw the change come over her face and

quickly thrust Baby John, gurgling and laughing, into the room. Mary saw him and reached for him with a strangled cry. With Baby John covering her face with kisses, Mary looked at Hilda and such a slow, comprehending smile was on her lips that Hilda's heart sang out for joy.

JOHN AND JANE STUDENT—MEET EDITH

(continued from page ten)

Scythia was the last refugee ship to leave London, that is Liverpool, since the tightening of the coastal defenses.)

There is still a great deal left unsaid because of complications which might arise, but one knows full well that these last two years, which have not been particularly comforting to anyone but the axis powers, were even more terrible for the Bettelheim family and the numerous others like them.

Now we come to something which ought to relieve all of the supposedly "poor", and "hardworking", students of B. H. S.. Edith has made a comparison of European and American school studies and the like.

* * * * *

COMPARISON OF SCHOOLS

By Edith Bettelheim

I think that the schools in Vienna differ very much from the schools in America. First, I shall begin with my early school days. Until the age of six, any girl or boy can go to kindergarten, but he does not need to. We painted, made drawings, played with dolls, embroidered, and learned many other useful things. When I was six years old, I went to grammar school. There I learned to read, write, do arithmetic, needlework, drawing, the Austrian history, and geography. Altogether, we had eleven subjects. For four years, I had the same teachers for all the subjects, and we never changed rooms, except for gym.

After my four years in grammar school, I decided to go to high school. Not everybody goes to high school—only people who want to study. Others, who want to learn a trade or get a job or cannot afford it, go to public citizens schools for four years and then are ready to work and earn money. The pupils who want to go to high school have to have more A's than B's when they graduate from grammar schools. You must not have any C's.

There are different types of high schools, which are called in German: gymnasium, realgymnasium, lyceum, realschule. A gymnasium was a public high school, with public teachers. You had to take Latin and French the first year, Greek the third year, and English the fifth year. After eight years, you gradu-

(Please turn to page fourteen)

Resourceful Mary

by Edith Bettelheim

For a girl who learned to read and write with a dictionary and a story-book, we think Edith does all right in this very unusual story of a "mayoress."

MARY was the Mayoress of L., a little town in the North of England. Her mother was away on a trip to New Zealand, and as she wasn't going to be back for quite a while, Mary, who was only fourteen years old, had to take her place. Mayor Collins was a very busy man and had no time to look after Mary, so she and her pal, Johnny, had a lot of fun together. Councillor Brigg, nick-named Priggy, didn't like Mary, and he thought she was much too young and cheeky to be a Mayoress.



Johnny bumped right into him.

Well, one nice winter afternoon, Mary and Johnny were sliding in the street. They had a lot of fun. Just as Johnny had another slide down the hill, Priggy came around the corner and Johnny, who couldn't stop, bumped right into him, and of course, both fell down. Priggy, who was a very fussy man, called our policeman and said: "Now, these two cheeky children were sliding in the street, although I forbade it only the other day. I want them to be punished."

"I shall put them where they belong," answered P. C. Dobson. "But as soon as they were out of Priggy's sight, he said, 'Now run along you two, and don't let Priggy catch you again. Next time be more careful.'"

They both thanked him and started on their way home. "Isn't he a nice cop? I wonder why he isn't a sergeant yet? He is old enough; don't you think so, Mary?"

"You are right; tomorrow I shall inspect the police station and ask the Inspector." The two parted, each going his own way and thinking about P. C. Dobson and why he wasn't a sergeant.

Next day, Mary went to the police station. When she asked the Inspector about P. C. Dobson, he burst out in such a laugh, that the whole building shook as if there were an earthquake. "Yea, ha, ha! He a sergeant! Ha, ha! He didn't catch a criminal for the last ten years. Once he did, but he felt so sorry for the man's mother, who would be lonesome if he was in jail, that he let him go again. He is too good hearted. If he only would catch one criminal or do something to help the force, I would be glad to make him a sergeant."

Soon after that, Mary left, and she afterwards told Johnny what the Inspector had told her. They both went to the park skating, and thought they might get an idea of how to help P. C. Dobson. But at first their brains refused to work.

Just as they were going home, Johnny had an idea. He told it to Mary, who thought it was very good. "Don't you think it will do if he will find the stolen staff?" asked Johnny.

"Yes, I am sure it will."

Late in the evening they both waited for Priggy to come home. They made a slide. It started to get foggy and the time passed very slowly for the waiting children. Finally Priggy's figure appeared. "Now," whispered Mary. Johnny started to slide and right into Priggy and they both fell. As they struggled to get up, Johnny snatched the Councillor's golden watch, and he and Mary ran away as fast as they could.

"Help! help!" shouted Priggy "somebody robbed me. Help!" But by the time somebody came, the two had disappeared into the fog and darkness of the night. Next day they went to see P. C. Dobson and told him their plan.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, they both put the watch on the ground on the main street, and then they hid. P. C. Dobson was coming along, and he was supposed to find the watch. But just then, a man picked it up, and when P. C. Dobson shouted, "Stop!" he started to run. But Mary and Johnny were quicker than he, and they soon caught the thief. Priggy, who just happened to be walking by was very glad to have

his golden watch back. He thanked Mary and Johnny and said: "Mary, I think I was greatly mistaken to think you young and cheeky. I want to apologize. Name a wish and it shall be granted."

"Let us kids slide again in the street," answered Mary promptly.

"Yes, I will." And so they parted.

The next day, the two youngsters went to see P. C. Dobson, who was now a Sergeant. "You two did a real good job and now I want to tell you a secret. That crook you caught was Jack Wason and there was a reward of \$250 for the one that caught him. That will be given to you this afternoon."

"Gee, isn't that grand," said Johnny. "I don't think everything would have come out so well, if Priggy knew the truth."

"Yes, if he knew!" answered Mary, "but thank heaven he doesn't." Both went chuckling home.

JOHN AND JANE STUDENT—MEET EDITH

(continued from page twelve)

ate and then go to the University to study anything you want.

A realgymnasium is also a public school with public teachers. A lyceum is a private school with private teachers, but at exams, public teachers come to examine you and it is much easier to get a job when you come from state-gymnasium or realgymnasium than from a lyceum. A realschule is more a technical or scientific high school.

After you graduate from grammar school, you must take an examination, and if you fail, you must wait one year until you can take the exam all over again. There were only three girls' realgymnasiums in the whole city of Vienna, but many lyceums. You have to pay money to go to high school and to go to a lyceum is very expensive, as the pupils have to pay the money to keep the teachers, while at the public high school, the state pays for the teachers. You learn more and the expenses are not so great. If you are a very good pupil, and your parents are very poor, you don't need to pay, but that is not very often.

I went to a state realgymnasium, but it was very difficult, as three hundred girls took the exam, and only sixty girls out of one hundred and fifty who passed the examination were taken into the school. The others had to go to a lyceum. Only those with the best exams were taken to a public high school.

In September I started to go to that school and the first year I had the following subjects: religion, German, French, Austrian history, and geography, biology, arithmetic, geometry, drawing, penmanship, need-

lework, singing and gym.

The second year, I took religion, German, French, ancient history, world geography, biology, arithmetic, geometry, drawing, penmanship, needlework, singing, gym. I only went two years to that school, as Hitler came and I could not go any more. I had to continue in a public school.

If I had continued in the realgymnasium, I would have taken in my third year all the subjects I took before, and added algebra, Latin, and science.

I don't think there were more than thirteen subjects a year. After eight years of high school, you graduate. Even if you passed through all the years with high ranks you *could fail* to graduate, as you have to take a graduation exam to pass. Now that finishes high school, but there are many other things which differ from the American high school. For instance, you also go on Saturdays to school. Every February and July you get your report cards. There are no quarter exams, but you have every month a test. That goes for languages and arithmetic. For history, geography, biology, etc., you were called out to the Award and asked a few questions and that was ranked. There were four ranks; 1, or very good; 2, or good; 3, or passing; 4, or failure.

MODERN MADONNA

by Louise E. Eastman

The candle long since had shed its light.

The room was moonlit filled.

Its rays canvassed a silent figure,

So beautiful, so stilled.

An hour before the candle had burned,

Her husband had knelt by its light,

And had told her how great the child would be,

Their child to be born that night;

How they would give him everything,

To make his life more bright;

How they would teach him all his life,

To do the just, the right.

Nor would he straggle from the path,

But stay steadfast to his goal,

Which was to give his life to save

Mankind and its soul.

Oh, proud thoughts had they that night,

Thoughts shrouded in love.

But the best of plans laid down by men

Give way to plans above.

Oh, Johnny!

by Marydel Coolidge

Marydel has sprouted again, with another humorous number. This sophomore will doubtless end up writing cracks for radio comedians. Read the story, and you'll know what we mean.

JOHNNY was new in our neighborhood, and at first he was about as welcome as rain at a football game. Our gang was pretty well matched up, and Johnny just didn't fit. We liked his sense of humor and all that went with it, but never once did we go out of our way to make him feel that he belonged. All this came, however, before that eventful night, that horrible hour of unforgettable length.

It was the week that Frannie and I no longer required conversation with each other. Fran was a donkey for stubbornness, while I could roll off hot words and ten minutes later wonder why people glared at me in such irritated tones of voice. My faithless friend had asked me most insistently, "Who shall I take to the 'Junior Jive'? You know this is leap year." Her forehead wrinkled up with concern.



Andy ushered me to his Model T.

"Of course, you know Johnny well enough now to overwhelm him with an invitation!" My suggestion did not jell, for although Fran had countless conquests to her credit, she did not number Johnny among them. The fact remained that this certain little lad mystified the most perfected techniques.

"Connie, I wouldn't think of asking that. that—(she paused to bring up reinforcements for squelching my stinging insinuation)—that grinning gigolo! You throw him at me because all you can get is the undisputed Andy and his theory, 'Glasses do not Make the

Sissy'. . . And you wish you could fall heir to a few "one and only" heartbeats around school!"

The truth left my ears frostbitten. Every word made my system simmer. The combination overcame me.

"Call him what you like, he still hasn't joined your line of telephoniacs. I'll stick by Andy and you can puzzle out yourself which Beau Brummel to honor. . . Say, by the way, could you catch that new cheer at the rally?"

Quite absent-mindedly I switched the conversation to a siding. Frannie, however, turned on her heel with resolution in her eye, and distracted a study hall by her belated entrance. It was plain that this meant fireworks long before the 4th of July.

Andy and I spent Saturday evening in a dark discussion of safe driving, and, to prove his point, amiable Andy ushered me to his one door, tin Model T, Tilly the Third. He dutifully introduced me to every traffic commandment, slowed down to a rattle-bang stop on a green light, and chugged in reverse through our honorable neighborhood.

The horn blatted forth a tuneful 'Swing High, Swing Low', while I tried to rise above the din and shout an invitation to the "Junior Jive." My mouth dropped into an "O" of shocked surprise as he gently bellowed the news that Fran had asked him several days ago in study period. A biting reply was vibrating on my vocal chords, when clearly a continuous scream cut that strained second. Andy swerved to avoid a streamlined, out-of-state sedan which zoomed from a nearby driveway; then his foot jammed down on the brake. We both scrambled out and raced around Tilly, only to collide with each other over a crushed fur mass.

"This is serious!" Andy actually sounded worried through the darkness. "Connie, can you realize that we've just run over a dog?" His voice trailed on—"It must have been very sudden. . . and fatal. . . Oh, what can we do? Nobody heard that cry and maybe—maybe—come on, let's scram!"

Andy arose after speedily brushing the victim with a trembling hand, and together we bolted in Tilly. Any other time I might have protested, but my thoughts were definitely out of step with the fast-moving tragedy.

Until far too late we plotted and planned and pleaded

with each other and finally postponed our course of action for a brighter hour.

Johnny's jovial appearance appealed to me after two days of frowns from Andy and Fran's icy aloofness. So on Monday morning, when he stopped me in the corridor, I naturally expected to hear the latest laugh. "Connie, will you get me a couple of tickets for the Argument Club lecture?" The request made me feel quite friendly.

Johnny snapped his fingers at a sudden thought. "If you have time, Connie, I'd like to tell you about the chase I had Saturday."

"Spill it, Johnny!" I couldn't help admiring his laughing eyes and curly hair.

"Well, first of all, I spent most of Mom's time a-huntin' for her moth-eaten fur muff which she had been siring on the line. And then that night I had to stay in to 'guard' my bouncing brother Brud. (Here I grinned appreciably) To top it, a beauty of 1941 Super X purred into the drive just to back around. You know how crazy I am about the newest models. . . so you can see why I gaped at the window until trouble echoed through the house from upstairs—a nightmare and Brud sort of conspired to shake up my dream—and I had to two-step to calm him with a school song."

"Go on!" I still waited to laugh, but so far nothing tickled me. "The whole scene didn't sink in until I toyed with time and poked among the shadows for the run-away muff. When I tried to remember how the shaggy bundle had looked; then it clicked! There was a familiar bushy bulk dangling from the bumper of that sedan which wire-photoed across my mind. Brud tuned up a lively tattoo for his nurse-maid again and I lost the chance for a check-up on my hunch."

For a second time I looked like a blank and failed to glue the clues together. "So you went out the next morning and found your mother's muff cooling its heels in the middle of the road?" I confidently finished the pretty story. . . but what was Johnny holding out to me?

"You hit it, but not right on the head. Is this your pocket hanky? It was found on the scene of the crime." Johnny didn't heed my stammered embarrassment, and he gallantly flourished my handkerchief.

"Johnny, you won't understand this, but if 'dogs is dogs', here's an exception to the rule. . . dead dogs isn't dead dogs!" I scuttled my hanky into my pocket and thoughtlessly left Johnny jilted by the lunchroom door.

And it wasn't so much of a surprise when Johnny swung along by my side on the way home. The sky was clear again. I was relieved; Andy would be relieved; Fran didn't count; I smiled.

Says he, "Connie, do you remember that I asked for

two tickets for that lecture?"

Says I, quite naturally, "Oh yes, Johnny!" and then just "Oh!"

The Perfect Crime

A short, short, short story complete

by Whitman

"Yes," said Butch to himself, "It's the perfect crime." He had been planning this robbery for months. He would leave no fingerprints or other clues. He planned to squeeze between the bars of one of the windows in back of the 33½ National Bank of New York. How was he going to get between the bars? Easy! He had been known as the living skeleton in Darnum and Dailey's Circus. After gaining admittance, he would blow the door off the vault and take the money, over \$100,000,000,000,000. The night of the great event came at last. Everything went off perfectly. In the safety of his hideout he looked back to see if he had forgotten anything. No witnesses—or were there? He had seen himself do it. Could he trust himself? What if he should squeal? He burned the money, buried the ashes, and then taking a gun from a dust laden desk, he shot himself. Thus he realized his ambition; it was the perfect crime, no witnesses, no evidence.

Methinks It Was Jellison

by Alfred Perry

Methinks "methinks" of yore was muchly used By numerous writers,—mad, or wine-infused,— Who employed such words, no doubt, to give an air Of cosmopolitanism. Methinks more care They might have taken, had they only known That when the knowledge of their works had grown And penetrated to such nooks as this, Where such as I foul verses turn in bliss, Their priceless art, the heritage of the race, Would be snatched down and in this humble place Be mimicked and defiled.

Who was the perpetrator of this deed? Not I, methinks, who, low enough, have need To keep myself from falling any lower. It was a cad, a card, a trumpet-blower, A pianist, orator, lover, man of parts,— A card I said? nay, more, the Knave of Hearts,— Who so hath mimicked and defiled this word, And speaks it, parrot-like, or like a bird Whose tongue is split. But were he to repent, Renounce the word, and pray with firm intent, He might, methinks, be saved.

Alumni



ATTENTION, *Oracle* readers! Just to prove that the *Oracle* gives authentic rumors, as often as possible, refer to the February issue of last year, s'il vous plaît. It announced the possibility of wedding bells for Pauline Jellison, '36, and Artemus Weatherbee, '35, n'est-ce pas? Well... the bells have rung and another "femme fatale" has said "I do."

While we're on the subject of blushing brides, we hereby inform you that Alice MacLeod, '35, and Wini-fred Brown, '30, both announced their engagements at a joint tea. And take it from us, Alice and Winnie can surely whip up a tasty dish or three. Winnie is the one with the nose for news. We envy the lucky men!

Polly Goodwin has also fallen into the sea of matrimony, taking Phil Christie along with her. Although Phil is not an alumnus, he is known to a great many readers of this column. Ah yes... she has said those fatal (?) words; times just never seem to change!

And then there's Hazelle Gillen; of course you remember her! She graduated from Duke University in '38, and on Tuesday, September tenth, 1940, she tied that beautiful knot by middle-aisling it with John Nettleton. To all the above go our most enthusiastic congratulations.

Bruz West, not of that notorious West family, is now the head cheer-leader at the University of Maine. He didn't do so badly while in these venerable halls either, if we remember correctly.

"Chink" Weinstein, '38, is now burning up the basketball floor at the U. of M. We hear his mind is at Beal Business College, though. Tut, tut, "Chink"!

You all probably saw the game between Bangor and Higgins—did you notice that tall, familiar-looking end? Yes sir, that was Bob Emerson, '40; how did it seem to play against the alma mater, Bob?

The Maine Masque had in its cast for "Cabbages and Kings" many of Bangor High's former greats. Such talented actresses as Rita Johnston, Betty Reid, Jean Mack, Barbara "Pepsy" Savage, Hilda Rowe, and Winona Cole were included.

How's this for a record? From B. H. S. to Park's Air College, to soda-jerking in the Post Office Pharmacy, to the U. of M. in two years. John Howard is

proud of it, too, aren't you, John? (At least, that's what a certain Brewer lassie told us.)

Still at the U. of M.—Virginia Moulton, president of the Panhellenic Council, composed of the presidents and representatives of all the sororities on the campus, has announced that "Pepsy" Savage and Betty Barker are pledges to Alpha Omicron Pi.

These talented dancers! It seems that at least two B. H. S. grads are making a profession of dancing. Jeanne St. Germain, '39, and Barb Libby, '38, are teaching now... Barb on her own at the Garland St. Jr. High School; and Jeanne assisting Polly Lynch Thomas. And did you see the car that Barb used to drive around town?

Ellen Hathorn, '37, is now secretary to Dr. Craig at the E. M. G. H. Besides her work, she is the leader of a Girl Scout troop interested in dramatics. Dramatics of any sort, coaching, acting, or managing, ought to be right up her alley, though. Remember her in "Growing Pains," in 1937? My goodness, "Happy", what do you do with *all* your spare time?

By the way, we'd like a little "info" on "Pressy Rand", and there's no better place to find out than from our faithful readers, n'est-ce pas?

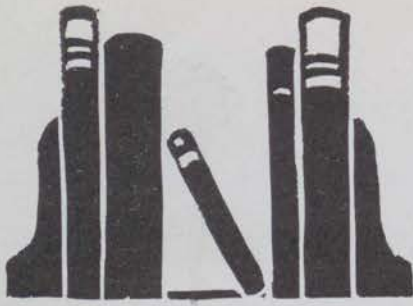
Phyllis Morris, ex-'39, and Geraldine Dennison are at Nasson College in Springvale, Maine. And Shume White, '39, tells us that "Jerry" is on the frosh hockey team there. Merci, merci, Monsieur White.

Bea Gleason, '38, and Betty Vose, '38, are still faithful Sigma Phi Tau's at Washington State Normal School, in Machias, Me.

Seeing some of the teachers at the football games this fall reminded us that many B. H. S. graduates are seen regularly in the venerable halls of our school. They include Dean Connor, Miss Beaupre, Mrs. Carroll, Miss Crosby, Mr. Cuzzo, Mr. Downing, Miss Dunning, Miss Estes, Miss Files, Miss Fraser, Mr. Geagan, Miss Haney, Mr. Legere, Miss McSkimmon, Miss Mullen, Miss Thomas, Mr. Trowell, Mr. Ulmer, our librarian, Miss Dunn, and Miss Brown of the office.

"Hurrah for the Navy" is Bob Blake's theme song now; he joined the Navy this fall.

(Please turn to page thirty-five)



On The Bookshelf

HURRAH, vacation's here!! Two long weeks (or should I say short ones) to do what we've wanted to do for ages. Now's your chance to catch up on your reading. We are just bubbling over with suggestions, so here goes.

"Information Please" Guest

You all listen to *Information Please*. Several weeks ago, along with the old timers, Oscar Levant and John Kieran, the Canada-Dry people had Mrs. Jan Struthers as their guest. Do you remember her? She was exceedingly bright and clever. What we were leading up to is just this: This same Jan Struthers has written a book, called *Mrs. Miniver*, which contains the same wit and interest which she exhibited that night over the radio. It is a collection of sketches of common, ordinary, everyday happenings, written in a humorous and interesting manner. So if you liked Jan Struthers, be sure to read *Mrs. Miniver*.

The Wonders of the Deep

Our learned editor (!) suggested that we add more classical literature to our column, such as Greek plays, etc. Tom Hilton heartily agreed by suggesting the translation of the *Illiad*. But don't get alarmed, friends, although we agree that it's all right to read that sort of thing if you like it, we have found something much more fascinating—*Ten Thousand Leagues Under The Sea*, by Jules Verne. Imagination is the key word of this story. Suspense and mystery are woven into this book unlike any other. The adventures and discoveries of a prisoner on a journey of ten thousand leagues under the surface of the ocean are very well told.

Stars On The Sea

In his most recent book, *Stars On The Sea*, Van Wych Mason throws a new light on the American Revolution. If you feel that all the vice was on one side and all the virtue on the other, then this book will disillusion you. It's a gripping drama, bringing to life historical characters that you won't soon forget. The vividness and realism of that struggle for our independence, as revealed by the pen of Mason, fills you with wonder. It's a powerful story, and is one of America's best sellers. Be sure to read it during this vacation.

If you like *Stars On The Sea*, you'll probably enjoy *Three Harbours*, by the same author.

Pleasure Hall

Have you seen the new books in our school library? No, probably not, for the majority of us feel that the school library is just "a place where we can look up stuff." That's not true, readers. Our school library has just "bushels" of fascinating and interesting books. Why, right now a whole cart load of books is on its way to our library doors, and next term they will be there on the shelves, waiting for us to investigate their hidden treasures. Visit the library more after the vacation, won't you? Get better acquainted with our school library as a "Pleasure Hall."

Good news!! What would you call it when the latest *Sue Barton* book will be among those waiting for us next term? Here's another that we know everyone will like—*Don Weston Starts His Band* (and a swing band at that), by George Simon. The author was one of the charter members of Glenn Miller's orchestra, and is a close friend of Tommy Dorsey and Benny Goodman. No wonder we fell for it, uh?

A Little Bit of Everything

These books might well be nick-named, "highly recommended."

1. *Stars Still Shine*, by Lida Larrimore Turner. It's a new version of *Cinderella* (Wait, don't stop yet). *Cinderella's* name is Kathleen and she works in her father's florist shop and doesn't marry the prince, but a humbler man. It really is an interesting book.

2. Like to take pictures? We know some that like to take embarrassing pictures (not to mention any names). Read the *Fun of Photography*, by Scacheri, and get a lot of new ideas.

3. *Sold To The Ladies*, by D. A. Bennett. Three young women attend an auction, and before they know what is happening, a forty ton welding barge is "sold to the ladies." What would you do, girls, with a forty ton barge? Interesting is no word for this book; it's really tops.

Incidentally, any of these books would make excellent Christmas gifts, in case you're like us, and don't know what to buy for presents yet.

Oh, by the way, if you read any good books over the vacation, be sure and tell us about them, so we can spread the news. Merry Christmas and best wishes for . . . good reading.

Spinning Reel



HERE we are again for bits of news about some thrilling forth-coming movies. I know we'll all want to see at least one of them.

A grand film, for everybody's enjoyment, but possibly even more so for boys, is "The Westerner." The co-stars, heading a super cast, are Walter Brennan and Gary Cooper. Brennan, whom we've all seen in loads of western pictures, is the leading character, whose name is Judge Roy Bean. Quite a bit different from the judges of today, he sells liquor and maintains law and order in a long ago "wild and woolly" western town. A good friend of his is Gary Cooper, the typical western "wandering saddle-bum." This film has many exciting moments and some love interest. The highlights of the movie are the scenes where Cooper is unjustly accused of horse-stealing, but is later cleared of all guilt. In the end, the Judge is shot by Cooper, because of cruelty, and Bean dies in the presence of his idol, a famous actress. It's really different from most Western movies and is exceptionally good.

And here's a perfect film for all those lucky people who dote on the spectacular. Its title is "The Thief of Bagdad," which you've all probably read. This movie is really something to see. The whole picture is in technicolor, and Sabu, that boy from India, has the leading part. The King of Bagdad is forced to give up his throne by criminals, but after many magic tricks and wishes granted by Sabu's genie, Sabu manages to get back for the King, his throne and his sweetheart, so it ends happily. The technicolor of this picture is simply gorgeous, and if you like beautiful movies, and if you liked the stories of "The Arabian Nights," then you *really* ought to see it.

Now, for one that might interest more serious-minded people, there is "The Long Voyage Home," with Thomas Mitchell, John Wayne, and John Qualen. The screen story was taken from four one-act plays about the sea, by Eugene O'Neill. It's all about a tramp steamer, full of munitions, bound for Britain, with an Irishman (Thomas Mitchell), a Swede (John Wayne), and a timid friend of theirs (John Qualen) aboard. The story has many exciting incidents, as a storm at sea, a spree in India, and a trip through a war zone.

"Hit Parade of 1941" ought to be the top-notch

musical-comedy of the year. Kenny Baker, Frances Langford, Hugh Herbert, Mary Boland, Ann Miller, Patsy Kelley, and Franklin Pangborn are included in its wonderful cast. The story is mostly about Hugh Herbert, an absent-minded antique dealer, who trades his business for a radio station, which turns out to be worthless but is later made successful. Baker and Langford are the singers, and Miller is the tap-dancer.

Girls, here's one for all you Robert Taylor fans! Single line, please! The name is "Flight Command"! It's a film about aviation and was mostly shot at the San Diego Navy Air Station. Robert Taylor takes the leading part as a flight cadet who joins a fighting squadron in place of a member who was killed in action. Walter Pidgeon is the commander of the squadron and Ruth Hussey is his wife. The "eternal triangle" is straightened out after Taylor saves Pidgeon's life. Dick Purcell and Nat Pendleton are two other members of the cast.

For those who like hilarious comedy, there's "Comrade X," co-starring that capturer of *women's* hearts, Clark Gable, and that capturer of *men's* hearts, Hedy Lamaar, a truly great team! You remember these two together in "Boom Town" and how grand they were, so now here they are again! In this film, Gable is an American newspaper reporter in Russia, who uses a scheme to send worthless stories to his paper but who is really "Comrade X," and is smuggling out stories most embarrassing to the government. Hedy Lamaar's father finds out about this and blackmails Gable into trying to get his daughter out of Russia. She refuses to leave at first, but when she sees her friends being thrown into jail, she gladly goes. They escape and the two stars fall in love.

"The World In Flames" is another good documentary film, very historical, for all those who liked "The Ramparts We Watch." It is about the second World War and reviews the political and diplomatic events of the years 1920:1940, according to old newspaper clippings. It shows the drift toward war during the '30's by skipping from country to country every year, contrasting the wealth of the earlier with the poverty of the later years, and the privileges of the democracies with the miseries of the dictatorships. The movie will make

us remember that destruction is all that war can give us. Italy is outstanding in the movie as a typical power-hungry, untrustworthy, European nation. There are also a lot of pictures on the war in Asia.

Watch for this one, everybody! "South of Suez" will undoubtedly be one of the most entertaining movies of the year. George Brent, Brenda Marshall, George Tobias, James Stephenson, and Lee Patrick head the cast. The story is laid in the African diamond country. In the movie, Mr. Tobias is a cruel mine-owner. His wife is Lee Patrick, who hates him and just married him for his money. Miss Patrick falls in love with George Brent, the foreman, who does not love her; so he leaves and secures a job working for another Englishman, who discovered a huge diamond. This Englishman is murdered by someone trying to gain possession of this stone. Mr. Brent is accused of the crime, so he flees to England, where he falls in love with Brenda Marshall, the Englishman's daughter. Mr. Brent is caught, but is later proved free of guilt.

Remember Ellery Queen, that not-to-be-fooled detective, on the radio? Well, his adventures are being made into a movie starring Ralph Bellamy.

And "Dr. Kildare," (Lew Ayres), is coming in another picture, called "Should Dr. Kildare Tell?" with Lionel Barrymore, Robert Young, and Lorraine Day as the supporting cast. It promises to be even better than all the other grand "Dr. Kildare" films.

Goodbye, now! We'll see you at the movies!

SHORT CINEMA SCOOPS

FLASH... a new camera has been initiated into Hollywood! It started last week on its first big assignment.

Three 20th Century Fox technicians, Charles Miller, Robert Stevens, and Grover Laube, first started working to improve their cameras six years ago, and after two years, they had completed their first working model with the following improvements: simpler and speedier to operate; light enough to be carried by one man; contains a

(Please turn to page forty-four)

Oracle's Inquisition

1. The minister of Labor and National Service of England is (a) Sir Stafford Cripps (b) Major Clement Attlee (c) Ernie Bevin (d) Herbert Morrison.
2. The Duke of Windsor is governor of (a) Trinidad (b) Puerto Rico (c) Galapagos (d) Nassau.
3. The first number drawn under the Selective Service Act was (a) 278 (b) 158 (c) 796 (d) 534.
4. General John J. Pershing declined the ambassadorship of (a) France (b) Canada (c) Turkey (d) Mexico.

5. Why did John L. Lewis resign from the C. I. O.? (a) refusal of a salary increase (b) keeping his promise (c) on doctor's advice.
6. What are the terms on which China will make peace with Japan? (a) give China part of Japan's possessions (b) withdrawal of Japanese troops from China (c) signing of a trade pact.
7. Why did Cornell concede the football game to Dartmouth? (a) due to darkness (b) showing of a moving picture (c) sack of paying customers.
8. Why does the Communist Party wish to withdraw from the Communist Internationals (a) receive more new members (b) elect their own officers (c) to remove the party from terms of the Voorhis Act.
9. The British merchant cruiser Jervis Bay wrote Naval history by (a) crossing the Atlantic in record time (b) daring action against a German surface raider (c) transporting refugees to Canada.
10. Secretary Harold J. Ickes recently declared (a) "There is no free press." (b) "We should have national unity." (c) "We should increase our naval strength."
11. Greece is ruled by a (a) king (b) dictator (c) president.
12. Birmingham, England, is called the "Pittsburg of Britain" because (a) founded by a man named Pittsburg (b) contains steel and munitions works.
13. How could the repeal of Johnson Act help England? (a) allow England to enlist U. S. citizens (b) allow England to borrow money (c) allow English goods to come in duty free.
14. It's not news in Germany for man to bite dog because of (a) legalized dog meat for human food (b) acts of a madman (c) a new game.
15. How would the battle of A. S. C. A. vs. B. M. I. affect the radio listeners? (a) deprive them of their favorite songs (b) charge them for listening (c) cut out broadcasts.
16. England has reopened (a) air service to Canada (b) the Super Highway to Scotland (c) Burma Road (d) London theatres.
17. Tacoma headlined the news by (a) its war on crime (b) making Sunday football legal (c) the collapse of its \$6,400,000 bridge.
18. Roosevelt defeated Wilkie by (a) 7,000,000 (b) 5,000,000 (c) 3,000,000 votes.
19. Germany welcomed into the axis (a) Rumania (b) Turkey (c) Russia (d) Greece.
20. Death claimed Nevada's Senator (a) Cabot Lodge (b) Key Pittman (c) Walter Logan (d) Sam Rayburn.

(Answers on page forty-four)

Dots and Dashes



HERE'S good news for some of you "go-to-bed-early" scholars. "Information Please" has moved to Friday night on behalf of a new sponsor, but with the same names. Previous arrangements prevent "Information Please" from being heard over WLBZ until after the first of the year; however, this program may be heard over WJZ or WCSH at 8:30 Friday evening.

If any of you wish to become doctors, don't miss this one. "Doctor's at Work" is a new, authentic series under the auspices of the American Medical Association. It presents in popular dramatic fashion, phases of modern medical practice. This program is a successor to last season's impressive "Medicine in the News." This rather unique new program can be heard at 10:30 on Wednesdays over WJZ.

Have you ever heard of Waymond Wadewiff? He wisps. Waymond, salesman Blurp, and the west of the boys pway aound evwy Fwiday night at 7:30 on WABI with Al Pierce and his gang. Welax and wisten to Wadewiff.

Nino Martini, whose sensational tenor voice has been missed on the air for the past year or two, has returned as a regular star, taking turns with three other singers on a new commercial show titled "Antonini Concert Series." If someone besides our editor is interested, the formula is WLBZ, 8:30, on Tuesdays.

Bing Crosby, who spent most of his vacation thinking up innovations for "Kraft Music Hall," returned to his singing Nov. 14. He brought with him popular Connie Boswell as a steady teammate. She replaces Dorothy Lamour, who was signed to appear only during Bing's absence. Bing also inaugurated a new policy of "More music, less palaver." Be sure to tune in next Thursday night at 9:00 on WEAf if you want to hear a fine program. Here's one for some of you nighthawks. "Meet Edward Weeks", a lively literary program conducted by editor Weeks of the *Atlantic Monthly*, has returned to the air and may be heard Tuesday nights over WBZ. Seriously, this is a great program. Some night when all the rest of the gang is out, tune in on this program at 10:30.

Glennie still tops the list of good orchestra leaders in most people's estimation. Don't slip back to the "gay"

90's" by missing this ideal program of modern swing heard every Tuesday evening over WABI at 10:00.

"He hunts the biggest of all game, public enemies that even the G-men cannot reach." Three guesses, and it isn't the Lone Ranger. That's absolutely correct, Slug, that dynamic, super-colossal, (words fail me) sleuth, good guy, and lady-killer, "The Green Hornet." You can find this most anywhere on Tuesday nights at 9:00.

What's in the air: Evening programs.

Class A—good, don't miss:

"Information Please" with all the experts—Fridays, 8:30, WJZ

"Take it or Leave it" with Bob Hawk—Sundays, 10:00, WABC

"Grand Central Station", a dramatic program—Tuesdays, 9:00, WJZ

"Kate Smith Hour", a musical program—Fridays, 8:00 WABI

Okay, but don't let them break up your evening:

"Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street—" Mondays, 9:30 WJZ

"Raymond Gram Swing" and short news service—" 10:00, WLBZ

"Show Boat", entirely a musical—Mondays, 9:30, WEAf

"The Lone Ranger," "Mary Marlin," "George Burns and Gracie Allen," "The Blue Beetle," "Rudy Vallee."

Note the following changes: "Information Please" from Tuesday to Friday evening; "Grand Central Station" has moved to Tuesday; "Uncle Jim's Question Bee" switches from Wednesday to Tuesday to fill the niche left vacant by "Information Please."



Mrs. Cumming: What do you consider the greatest accomplishment of the ancient Romans?

George Vardamis: Speaking Latin!

I'll teach you to make love to my daughter, young man!

I wish you would, sir, I'm not making much headway.



New Bible

PERHAPS few of you have noticed that Bangor High's large Bible is no longer in use. After seeing hard service for several years, it has at last gone the way of all flesh. Because it was a memorial Bible, Mr. Chaplin retired it for fear it would fall completely apart.

We are now using one of the small Bibles like those used in home rooms. This is an unsatisfactory arrangement, for several reasons.

In the first place, a large Bible always seems more appropriate for such a purpose as use before a large gathering. As we look back over our experience with large gatherings where the Bible was read, we recall that in most cases a large volume was used.

Perhaps this is not only because of custom, but because of the fact that a large Bible is so much easier to read than a small one. A large volume makes it possible to have much larger print. Anyone who has had the occasion to read the Bible selection in Assembly, will realize the advantage of large type. It enables the reader to hold his head higher, because he can see better; thus he not only makes a better appearance, but also is more easily heard throughout the entire hall.

The importance of this problem is further indicated by the fact that there has been not a little interest in it among those of the faculty and student body who have been in a position to know that the problem existed.

Therefore, we are suggesting that some club might undertake, as an activity or service project, to get Bangor High School a new, large Bible.

Hail the Champions!

WITHIN the pages of this *Oracle* and the last, can be found one of the most impressive records in recent Bangor High School grid history. This year's football team, said by sports writers to be perhaps the best high school team Maine has seen in ten years, has rolled up a record of which the students of this school must certainly be very, very proud.

It must be understood, however, that such success does not come by luck, or because of one or two talented stars. A superb backfield is helpless without a strong line. Bangor has both, and more. They are the result of excellent material, the best of coaching, and, most important of all, long hours of endless practice and routine and an unflinching devotion to a purpose.

When this magazine reaches you, many of the boys will have played their last football game for Bangor High, and the championship squad of 1940, as a team, will have passed into the pages of history. It is not too late, however, to extend our sincere congratulations to Coach Nanigian, to Mr. Kent, and to every one of the boys. We're proud of you!

"Let's have Bangor the long way. And make it loud!"

The American Way

During the last few months, a great change has taken place in our nation and in our school. Our national anthem has found a new place in American hearts. Irving Berlin's "God Bless America" has come into its own. Our flag is being regarded in America with greater respect, and, what is far more important, with greater thoughtfulness. Never, in our experience, have the people of America shown such intense patriotism.

What is behind this outward exhibition of patriotism? What do these external signs indicate?

They indicate, first, that the American people, startled out of their complacency by the war, have been looking abroad at Nazism and Facism, and examining our American way of living in the light of other doctrines; that, as a result of this scrutiny, they have come to cherish their democracy as never before; that they have become keenly aware of its blessings and advantages—economic, social, moral, religious; that they have ceased to take that democracy for granted, as before they were perhaps prone to do; and, finally, that they have come to realize that hand in hand with democ-

(Please turn to page thirty-five)

PASSING IN REVIEW

Marie Duffy. I know what a friend of mine calls her, (Hi, Marie (?)); I know what you kids call her, (Hi, Duffy), but I call her Miss Personality Plus. If you ever get bored or tired of living, simply find Marie. There's always something doing where she is; I guess she's just the (un)tiring type.

Marie goes in for sports in a big way. As for hobbies, dancing is enough to keep her busy or dizzy, as the case may be. When asked if she'd ever done anything unusual, the clever gal replied, "Everything I do is unusual." Does anyone doubt that statement?

Phillip Murdock. Here we have the perfect example of brains on brawn, junior Moose Murdock. Although Moose goes in for football, basketball, skiing, swimming, hunting, dancing, and tennis, his greatest love is (don't swoon) fiddle playing!!!! When asked if he didn't even prefer football to this fiddling, he replied, "Nope, I only play football for recreation." (Whatta man). Moose also derives great enjoyment from driving his car, Annabelle, wildly about the city, frightening pedestrians. (Some Fun!)

Moose doesn't know where he's headed after graduating, but offhand we'd say *West*.

Virginia Darling. We have in Virginia the darling of the junior class. ("That's a pun," says Jennison) This gal is president of the Questionnaire Club. Any questions, youse guys? She votes for Robert Taylor, French, and Italian sandwiches; she votes against Clark Gable, much studying, and pea soup.

Gina goes in for all kinds of sports, especially swimming, basketball, and skating, and has soap for a hobby. Hmm! she still claims that the car broke down. Who knows? As for dancing, she certainly heads the list! This darling (another pun) wants to be a nurse, and who wouldn't want her for a nurse?

Garland Strang. This rugged gentleman is none other than senior Guy Strang, captain of the Bangor High football team. (State champions of 1940). Along with football, Guy also enjoys hunting, fishing, hiking, swimming, and dancing! (How do you like that?) Proof of Guy's hiking ability is the fact that he averaged 20 miles a day all last winter coming and going from school.

Guy claims he got those big arm muscles from carrying school books, but other sources say they are the result of working on a farm.

Guy is headed for M. C. I. next year.



Lewis Magee. Introducing that perfect little athlete and swell kid, modest Fibber Magee of the sophomores. What this boy can't do on the football field, basketball floor, and baseball diamond, you can put in your eye. Fib also enjoys skiing and swimming. (He informed me that he takes a swim around Pushaw Pond every morning before breakfast in the summer.)

Fib claims that he always falls asleep at the movies and that he will eat anything, anywhere, anytime, with sports as the main dish.

The U. of M. may get a break when Fibber graduates.



Anne Woodman. Who knows, maybe some day this piano plunkin' gal will be a second Beethoven, or sumpin', anyway. This soph., with her glamour girl hair cut, certainly is an asset to her class. Anne says, "Studying! Why I like Latin so well that I'm taking it over."

When it comes to driving, I move that we give her a medal for the lives that she's spared. As for football, she's not only an ardent fan, but she actually runs competition herself for the player(s). Bouve is Annie's goal, and I'm sure that with her personality and ability in sports, she'll reach that goal.



Whitney Jennison. Here we have the flash of the cross-country track team, Whit Jennison of the juniors. Whit gets all his vitality from chocolate cake and more chocolate cake, while Dotty Lamour, geometry, Jack Benny, and lemon pie help make the world brighter.

In the summer, Whit hangs out at Sullivan, and does right well with the mermaids along the coast. (He only regrets that he can't bring them home.)

Whit has the high sign on all his studies, which is rather fortunate, because he plans to enter M. I. T. upon graduating.



Phyllis Lipsky. Well, if it isn't, but it is!!! I've heard it rumored that we have here one of the cutest and wittiest (especially wittiest) seniors in this hyar school. Either Phyl has great talent as an actress or maybe she really lives her parts.

When it comes to records, this gal certainly has a list. (Vic records, I mean; don't let your minds wander.) She haunts Tanglewood and the Lincolnville woods during the summer. We'll grant you that she's a Latin star (?), but how about algy?

With Wellesley as a guiding star, I'm sure Phyllis (M.) will be doing the starring.



Winter Fashions



By Besse-System Company

Cut a cute figure on the rink this winter in this dashing skating outfit designed to dazzle your public. It is modeled by a very charming junior, Elizabeth Burns. This is a "Zelan" jacket, made of poplin, and lined with lambswool lining. It sports a jaunty hood, trimmed with "Bison-lamb" fur, and fitted with a drawstring to allow it to fit snugly about the face on these bitter Jack-Frost days. The lined sleeve has a wrist guard, a piece of material set in and gathered by elastic in such a way as not to allow one snowflake to get up your sleeve. The belt is a tie about fashion with tiny balls of fur at each end, which dangle delightfully at your side as you skate. The skirt is knee-cap length with the hip line stitched down to give you that pencil fitting. Then, as you skate, it flares at the bottom and reveals its hidden pleating. It fastens at the side by a zipper.

Why not drop in to see this truly perfect skating outfit at the Besse System, 98 Main Street, Bangor.

O. K. it's a date! And it's off for a heavy date, a tea, or an informal in this charming little aqua dress, worn by our lovely model, Prudy Speirs.

This is truly an adorable frock, with its dainty front shirring and its four frog pockets. The front is closed by a zipper, cleverly concealed by a fly-closing. An intricate metal belt buckle is the adornment for this belted waistline. The youthful Peter Pan collar is set off by a charming basket-n-flower pin which harmonizes beautifully with the dress. The dress is fashioned in a soft crepe material.

For this, and many other truly up to the minute frocks, visit the Rines Company, 43 Main Street, in Bangor.



By The Rines Company



By Wight's Sporting Goods

Our very handsome model is Frank Wood, who models for us a ski outfit from Wight's, 60 State Street, Bangor.

The cap is gabardine; the gloves are of the finest buckskin with gabardine wrists. You will not mind the wind or snow if you are wearing a pair of these instructor type, virgin wool ski pants and a windproof poplin jacket. This "Profile" jacket is double-breasted, with a full length zipper and the new, sealed, visored hood.

The skis are a Groswald, Friedl Pfeifer model, made of the finest ridge top hickory. They have increased flexibility, and the binding is set far back for greater control.

The ski poles are a new molybdenum special steel. They have a heat treated shaft, a soft molded rubber grip, and a steel ring and point. The finish is satin chrome.

The boots are a Hannes Schneider model. They are made of the finest, full-grain, domestic juchten upper leather, and have a white, corrugated rubber outsole. The wrap around strap is of heavy Indian Tan leather. There is extra padding on the ankle and tongue and a double groove in the heel for greater downpull.

Our charming model is Lucy Leavitt, a senior. Isn't she adorable in this evening gown of faille taffeta? The color is champagne, a shade that lends charm to Lucy's lovely locks.

The wide neck line and the petite sleeves are studded with glittering sequins and beads. This frock, as new as tomorrow, has a divinely tapered waist, the full, sweeping skirt falling from gathers at the hip-line. It zips at the side, and the zipper is cleverly concealed by a fly-closing. This is the perfect dress to wear to those many Christmas and holiday season dances. Whether it is held at the country club or at the school, you may be sure of looking your best in this dress of whispering moonbeam taffeta, recently advertised in "Mademoiselle Magazine."

Many other lovely evening gowns and wraps are also shown in Miriam Wardwell's exclusive women's apparel shop, 12 Central Street, Bangor.



By Miriam Wardwell



Outside The Classroom

Assemblies

ASSEMBLY—NOVEMBER 8, 1940

WITH the state championship at stake, it was small wonder that the students of Bangor High School welcomed this rally to tune up their cheers for the Armistice Day scrap with the Brewer Witches.

Senior president and Ram, Nicky Vafiades, introduced the five surprising speakers, for with each one the applause rolled off our finger-tips, lasting longer and louder. Nicky Brontas, Debate Club president, urged all Richard Halliburton fans to take this opportunity to hear Burton Holmes, foremost world traveler and lecturer. Captain Garland Strang spoke with confidence about victory on Monday. Mose Nanigian, in typical Knute Rockne style, made us feel that on November 11 we "birds" could be nowhere but on the Bangor bleachers, boosting our boys. Al Kent enrolled our enthusiasm to whitewash the Witches, and was very witty in his inside tales of our football heroes.

Hailed as a super-super guest speaker was Phil Hussey, who held us in helpless laughter with his sly stories concerning our own Mose Nanigian and other grid-iron characters. The friendly fashion in which he strung out yarn after yarn well deserved the cheer and clamor which whooped wildly from our throats when he had filled out his ten-minute time limit.

Capering cheerleaders added color to the jolly jubilee, and June Trembley's twirling corps cleverly propelled batons to the beat of the band.

The school song echoed through the Assembly Hall, and then the National Anthem and the showing of the colors topped this unforgettable rally.

ASSEMBLY OCTOBER 18, 1940

"Young America" marched into the Assembly hall October 18, to the rhythm of "God Bless America." As this was just two days after draft registration, the theme of national defense fitted into the general mood. Major Perry C. Ragan, U. S. A., opened the program by introducing Superintendent Pierce, who stressed the valuable aid that schools and colleges may give by recognizing their liberties and taking the right attitude toward adequate national defense.

Captain Ulmer of the Maine National Guard pointed out how necessary was the R. O. T. C., from which a great many of the officers in his unit were drawn. He made very plain the place held by the national guard in the present system for preparedness.

The high school band gave us a musical outlook on this military assembly with its lively patrol, "Soldiers On Parade", which featured drum and piccolo solos.

City Manager Wallace outlined the history of the Bangor airport which "read like a book." Particularly to the point was the remark that the many officers to be placed at the future class four airport would make "fair game for the young ladies."

The bone labor and quality of training which goes into the modern recruit was spoken of by Major Ragan. The desire was expressed that this preparation for protection might never have to be put into use to defend our democracy.

Wholeheartedly, the students pledged their allegiance to that emblem of freedom, our flag, and sang the National Anthem, knowing far more for what it stands than they had an hour before.

ASSEMBLY, NOVEMBER 22

"Prince Charming" was the orchestra's way of introducing a romantic air to this long awaited assembly. The Dramatic Club Work Shop well might have patted itself on the back following its playful presentation, "Grandma Pulls the String." The cast produced several new and able actors, among whom was Joan Mutty, as the roughish and romantic Hildegard of twelve. Pat Wing enacted Julia, the petite and charming heroine on the point of a proposal, who was much perturbed by her well intentioned family. Simon O'Leary adapted himself with the greatest of ease to the role of Bill Thornton, who found that "if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing right." Mrs. Cummings, the sympathetic mother who tries to conceal her concern, was portrayed by Janice Minott, and the sophisticated young bride of two years, whose efforts merely disillusion Hildegard, was played by Audrey Burke. To top this talented troupe was the provoking, lovable character, Grandma Blessington, who captured scenes and strung yarn with surprising skill.

The Work Shop expressed its appreciation for its

fun by a gift of red roses to Miss Haney.

The orchestra carried out the theme with the selection, "Romance in F," and ended the loudly applauded assembly by playing the national anthem.

Latin Club

The November meeting of the Latin Club was ably handled by those capable seniors.

With Consul Jones presiding with due dignity and decorum, and Quaestor Kirkpatrick reporting all dues paid, and Praetor Collins giving some snappy minutes of the October meeting, the program got off to a good start.

After a somewhat heated discussion, it was voted that in this year of stress and strain and long days and extra duties, the club would bring out only one issue of the S. P. Q. R., and that at the time of the annual June banquet.

The topic of the day's program was "Scenes from the Classics." In narrative, pantomime, and dialogue, the seniors presented bright bits from classical history and mythology. Several hitherto unknown, budding geniuses were unearthed at this time, who will appear *non dubitandum*—in days to come, on stage and screen.

George Vadarmis modernized the story of the judgment of Paris in a marvellous manner, showing the modern movie-star counterparts of the ancient goddesses. Ida Goldman portrayed Circe and the swine. Nick Brontas and Charles Jellison presented a scene from a Latin class-room, A. D. 1940, *horrible dictu*—Joan Kirkpatrick and Raymond Jones depicted an impassioned love-scene between Medea and Jason, as well the less tragic story of Atalanta's race. Don Fowler gave Marc Anthony's funeral oration, in moving tones, with a sweet smile upon his countenance. Alfred Perry gave a long Latin dissertation, including striking utterances from the lips of Cicero, ending with his last words, after which he parted with his head in a most realistic fashion, and emerged from all his troubles still smiling broadly.

Raymond Jones enacted "The Midas Touch." Jean Devoe, Dorothy Havey, and Joan Kirkpatrick were three very nonchalant-looking fates.

Members of the junior class acted as judges and awarded prizes for the cleverest and most original performance to Joan Kirkpatrick and Charles Jellison.

The juniors have the December meeting. The Saturnalia will be celebrated with great pomp and ceremony a. d. XII Kal. Jan.

At the December meeting some twenty-five studious sophomores will be admitted "with all the rights and privileges appertaining there to" to this, the ancient and honorable *Societas Latina*.

Debate Club

Major event of the fall Debate Club Season was the presentation, on November 14, of Burton Holmes, world-famous traveler and lecturer, and his colorful travelogue, "The Royal Road of Richard Halliburton." The lecture was managed by Alfred Keith, assisted by Arthur Norwood. Those on the main lecture committee were: Raymond Jones, Thorborn Jones, Judith Banton, Donald Fowler, Betty Higgins, Molly Mudgett, Fay Jones, Prudy Speirs, Marydel Coolidge, Joan Mutty, Frances Johnson, Janice Minott, Rosaline McAloon, Patricia Connelly, and Gertrude Homans. A sub-committee, consisting of Ann Connors, Mary O'Connor, Anne Woodman, Louise Homestead, and Anita Broder, was appointed to assist in ticket sales.

The contest which preceded the lecture was won by Fay Jones, with Marydel Coolidge second, Judith Banton third, and Betty Higgins fourth. Louise Homestead took first place among the sub-committee members.

At the regular meeting of the club on October 24th, Nicholas Brontas and Charles Jellison, outstanding members of last year's varsity team, were announced as Bangor's representatives at the Bowdoin League Forum on December 16.

Bates League activity started Saturday, November 16, when the club sent representatives to the Ellsworth Clinic. Those making the trip were Sally Pearson, Judith Banton, Charles Jellison, John Lapoint, Jack Campbell, and Fred Bean. Events of the Clinic were an extemporaneous speaking contest, in which Charles Jellison ably represented Bangor, and a Maine-Bates debate on the Bates subject "Resolved: that the power of the Federal Government should be increased."

Rifle Club

At its regular meeting on Wednesday, November 6, the Rifle Club elected the following officers:

President.....Edgar Pearson, Jr.
Manager.....Philip Doherty
Secretary-Treasurer.....Leon Higgins
Captain.....Leon Tuck, Jr.

It was decided to have four intra-mural medals this year. One medal will be awarded to a new member and three to the old members. The club meets every Wednesday evening and Saturday morning. Perhaps it's too early to predict, but it certainly looks like another banner year for the Rifle Club.

(Please turn to page twenty-nine)



Hokum

GREETINGS, all you guys and gals. Here's hopin' you're all hep-hep and happy. Tsk, tsks, how that meanie old dead-line does creep up on we-uns in a most terrifical manner. It just ain't right—especially the way most of you li'l darlin's have been behaving yourselves. Seriéusement, we're pleading a solemn plea for some newsy li'l items of this 'n that for our so-called colyum. Become an informer—and maybe they'll make a movie about you! ! !

According to the reports of several and sundry agents—secret and otherwise—this here edition pears to be a sports-writer's dream. In other words chillen, it's the football heroes who look to be making the news. F'r instance, Ellen Lougee's "dream-backfield" would consist of Herky Dauphinee—mais certainement!—and our off-hand guess would be that Herky isn't offering any too, too strenuous objections—mais non! Then, too, Ginna Thorpe and Bud Mullins are still right friendly in spite of outside interference now and again. No jivin', (apologies to mon ami, Susie-Honey), 'twould be an infamous crime to leave football without mentioning, among other nefarious narrations, that Rusty Wallace zooms around in a daze and all on account of Dougie Harrington.

If we remember keereet (sez li'l Abner) when we-uns were sophomores, we had bee-yoo-ti-ful dreams of the days to come. But these modern young 'uns—they don't wait for things to happen to them, they go out after excitement! In this case the excitement seems to be the super scrumptious football team. And do those sweet and innocent sopbs go after 'em! Why, 'tis avowed that the poor boys had nary a chance, what with Joyce Marsh, Joan Mutty, Marydel Coolidge, Winnie Paulin, Nancy Ragan, Mary McGlew, in hot pursuit.

With apologies to any decent punsters who may yet remain untainted by the vile humor of C. Albert "Bertie" Jellison, we wish hereby to announce that all by our lonesome we have discovered that Paul Coleman is the center (clever, what?) of a hot and heavy battle. It seems that Billie Lovejoy and Marie Duffy simply CAN'T decide who shall have him. Maybe he could help 'em out, 'cause 'tis hinted that he HAS a prefer-

ence. But from the looks of thisa and thata, Duffy wouldn't be too unhappy about grabbing off Fred Woodman (if only he wanted to be available—) who is having his own troubles these days what with Joe Chaplin cutting in on his territory. But to get back to football: There's a tall blond linesman on the U. of M. team who seems to have Faith McLeod in a dither. 'Twould be most mortifying to desist sans mention of Jane Jellison and her Brewer (a-ha, a tr-r-rr-aitor in our midst!) football boy.

Warning: Jewel Cook is on the war-path! ! . . . And all on account of our most bodacious competitor, Editor MacFarland of that salacious scandal sheet, the Daily Blatt. Oh yeah, if any of you capitalists have any spare cash hanging around, just send it to the A. W. Jonason Foundation for the Benefit of A. W. Jonason, Room 211. . . a very worthy charity. (adv.)

Nicky "Prexy" Vafiades seems to think that Brewer has a little bit of all right these days in the person of a certain "Dottie"—said to be blonde—et tres jolie. Do you s'pose that it could be the beauteous campus that makes Jean Devoe mad about Maine? ? Gertrude Homans sorta goes for Maine aussi. . . or was it the summer heat that had her "Cumming(s)" and going????

Believe it or leave it (uh huh, again!): 'Tis avowed by an unimpeachable source that the one and only Cliff Reynolds is losin' his grip! ! ! C'est vrai. . . he actually forgot to get that smoothie Maine coed's name and telephone number—! ! ! Speaking of phones, Naomi Pomeroy insists she's still in the book with the rest of the worms.

Agent SUB (-merged) reports that when Marion Connors and her one and only parted at the beginning of the school year, the scene was indeed tender. When he took his leave after their last date, he gazed at her longingly and said, "Gee, Marion, I just haven't the check to kiss you." "Golly, don't feel bad," sez Marion, sympathetic like, "you can use mine!"

Li'l Moose Murdock has what MIGHT be termed by some lost soul a cute-like sense of humor—or maybe it's the practical joker in 'im. Anyhoo, whatever the reason, he obviously goes 'round thinking up ways to put other people out of their misery. The favorite Murdock murder device is to cause Annabelle to LEAP

most disconcertingly just as some poor unsuspecting soul attempts to alight. Gawsh, Betty West, can't you do something to stop this homicidal hopping? or maybe you're the cause of it all. . . . ! ! !

"The prophet is a merry elf

He heartily enjoys hisself—

He brags if what he sez comes true;

If not, He prophesies anew!!!"

And we're not proud, so-o-o-o in view of the clamor he's been causing in not a few feminine hearts hereabouts, we just bet that the successor to the "glamor-boy" throne, vacated by graduation, will be none other than Frank Wood—and does he get around! ! (well, does he???) And who's the Seminary Don Juan who accompanies Janice Ames from church each Sunday soir??? Eben isn't going to like him!!!

Cheer up, Finley, old man. Such humble adoration cannot go indefinitely unrewarded, and even snorky Katie Taylor can't resist forever. Speaking of tragedies. . . have y' all lamped Campbell's so-called car? Especially after Hayden Bayer—Michaelangelo in disguise—appointed himself First Vice-Prexy in charge of Decoration.

Tie Contest Winner!

Our hearts are with the red, white, and blue these days, so honors go to Mr. Downing, for his very nicely tailored red, white, and blue tie, and to Ross St. Germain, for his blue tie with "Roosevelt" written in red and white on it.

The tie committee who decided on the best looking tie was: Priscilla Gray, Dorothy Burns, Ruth Blake, Mary Farrar, Nancy Ragan, and your fashion editor, Louise Eastman. The committee had a hard job on its hands to pick the winner.

There were many handsome ties worn; some were conservative, some decidedly not. The winner was finally chosen. A handsome green and rust tie worn by Robert MacFarland. Honorable mention also goes to Hayden Bayer, Johnny Mincher, Roland Babcock, Ernest Monroe, and Alfred Perry.

Your Fashion editor cannot help mentioning an especially handsome outfit worn by a certain senior boy. The jacket was that new finger-tip length, done in natural color. It fastened with three buttons and had two large patch pockets. The pants were a brown tweed. To set off the jacket he chose a very nice looking green, red, and tan plaid tie.



ACTIVITIES

(continued from page twenty-seven)

Officers' Club

The Officer's Club was as busy as usual in November.

At its meeting on November 7, plans were discussed for the annual Blue and Gold Dance to be held on November 22. Donald Fowler was appointed chairman of the dance committee. Officers elected:

President Nicholas V. Vafiades

Vice President Leon Tuck, Jr.

Secretary-Treasurer Leslie Kneidl

The dancing classes, which were originated last year, are being continued for those less fortunate officers who have not yet learned to dance. Several girls have very willingly offered their services. These classes are in charge of Major Ragan.

The Officers' Club's annual Blue and Gold Dance was held on November 22. Sammy Saliba's orchestra furnished the music. Although this orchestra was only recently organized, it proved highly successful, with some very good talent among the musicians. The decorations were beautiful, emphasizing the theme of the dance, blue and gold. A very large number were present. The committee for this dance ought to be congratulated for its fine work.

Commercial Club

At a recent meeting of the Commercial Club, plans were made for several functions to be sponsored by the organization this fall and early winter.

For the first public function this season, it was decided to have Alice and Jimmy Moore's "Ravelings from a Mexican Zarape," a travelogue in Technicolor. The film showed, in full color, the locals of most interest in Mexico and in and around the Aztec ruins and sacrificial altars. Another very recent feature of the travelogue was the showing of the Bloody Mexican Revolution of 1940, in full color. The film was presented by Alice and Jimmy Moore, under the auspices of the Commercial Club, November 18, at 2:30, in the Assembly Hall.

A play was also selected from several, to be staged at the Club's annual Christmas party. The title of this play is "Diogenes Hunts for a Secretary." The players have not yet been named.

Public Affairs Club

If anybody thought he heard a minor earthquake at 11:15 o'clock, on October 11, he was mistaken. It was just one hundred and eighty students going to Room 307 for the first meeting of the Public Affairs Club. The large gathering was well handled, however, under the capable direction of Miss Cousins and Miss Dunning. After four closely contested battles, the following officers were elected: Francis Pearson, president; Lewis Magee, vice president; Anne Woodman, secretary; Bernard Jacobs, treasurer. After a short speech by each of the officers, plans were discussed for the coming year.

The Public Affairs Club opened its social season with its annual tea dance on November 1. Skits were put on for those who didn't dance; so everybody left well pleased.

Nov. 15 saw the first regular meeting of the Public Affairs Club held in the assembly hall. Francis Pearson, president, presided at the meeting. Routine business was taken up. The secretary, Anne Woodman, read the proceedings of the organization meeting held in October. The report of the Tea Dance was read by the treasurer, Arthur Jacobs, and accepted.

The first speaker was Nicholas Vafiades, who spoke on the People's Mandate, and stressed that national defense and national expense would be the outstanding problems of our foreign policy. Speaking of domestic problems, he emphasized labor, welfare, agriculture, and business. Pauline Holden made a plea for national unity, emphasizing that Mr. Roosevelt is president of all the American people to-day, regardless of the recent campaign.

By means of a blackboard talk, Joseph Chaplin, Jr. illustrated the different ways suggested in the convention of 1787 for the election of a president. He stressed the criticism of the electoral college to-day, and suggested as a solution that the president might be elected by popular vote, or the electoral vote of the state might be proportioned to the popular vote of the state, for the various candidates.

Senator James K. Chamberlain, of the Maine State Senate, and Representative Ruth T. Clough, of the Maine House, spoke for five minutes each, preparatory to an interview by the members of the Club. Senator Chamberlain spoke first, stressing the *Why* in politics and every day life. He was interviewed by Miss Mary Farrar, who asked such questions as, "What is the important problem in Maine?" To this he replied, "Taxation." Other questions were about the number of senators, qualifications, and the passage of a bill.

Miss Clough spoke of her responsibilities as a representative of the people of Maine. She was interviewed

by Thomas H. Hilton, who asked specific questions about the House. Miss Clough was very clear in her answers.

In short, the Club is grateful to these outside speakers who gave the inside picture of the Maine political bodies. The meeting, on Dec. 16, dealt with the subject of the Monroe Doctrine and the Far East.

Dramatic Club

The first public appearance of the Dramatic Club this year will be the play "Little Women." Tryouts for the cast were held, and the following people were chosen as the 1st and 2nd cast:

1st	2nd
Hannah—Jenny Johnson	Marie Duffy
Meg—Janet Reid	Norma Quinn
Joe—Dorothy Cole	Elizabeth Curran
Beth—Margaret Knowlton	Gloria Redman
Amy—Mary Farrar	Ellen Lougee
Mrs. March—Dorothy Hill	Elinor Griffin
Laurie—Frank Wood	
Aunt March—Dorothy Murch	Margaret Carlisle
Brooke—Clifton Reynolds	
Rev. March—Douglas Moore	
Prof. Bhaer—Charles Butera	

As the *Oracle* went to press, Miss Haney said she expected the performances would be given Saturday afternoon, and evening, December 14.

The work shop group, which consists of juniors and sophomores, has also been working on a play. Their play, "Grandma Pulls the String," was given in assembly on November 22.

The cast was as follows:

1st	2nd
Grandma—Virginia Graham	Betty Brown
Mrs. Cummings—Janice Minott	Joan Garland
Hildegard—Joan Mutty	Betty West
Julia—Patricia Wing	Margaret Carlisle
Nona—Audrey Burke	
William—Simon O'Leary III	John Brookings

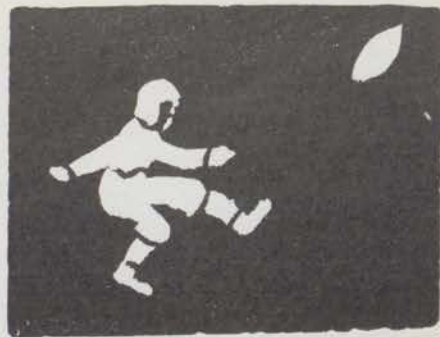
The various committees for the two plays have been appointed for costumes, properties, publicity, and scenery.

Home Economics Club

The Bangor High School Home Economics Club has entered its seventh year. At the first meeting, the following officers were elected: Charlotte Smith, president; Ruth Nelson, secretary; Gertrude Wood, treasurer; Juanita Leland, recorder; and Rita Daigle, pro-

(Please turn to page thirty-two)

Record of the Rams



BANGOR—33, JOHN BAPST—0

The Rams smashed John Bapst by a score of 33—0 for their fourth victory of the year. The Bapst team, as usual, fought to the end, but it was hopelessly outclassed. The first score came when, in the first period, on the first play that Bangor used, Work went off tackle on a reverse from the forty-five for twenty-seven yards. Herkey Dauphinee then raced off the other tackle for the score. Dauphinee also kicked the extra point. Next the Rams smashed all the way from their forty-three with Fibber Magee, Work, and Dauphinee leading the march. Work went over from the three. Magee kicked the extra point. In the second period, Dougie Harrington scored from the three yard line, and shortly after this, Windy Work ran twenty-four yards for another touchdown. Work also kicked the extra point. Using many substitutes, Bangor scored but once in the last half, with Windy Work making the touchdown from the two yard line.

BANGOR 26, WINSLOW 0

The Rams marched to their fifth straight victory over a fighting Winslow eleven. This Winslow team, incidentally, gave the most sportsmanlike performance of any of Bangor's opponents thus far. Bangor, after one desperate try by Winslow in the first quarter, dominated the play, keeping the ball in Winslow's territory nearly all the time. The first score came in the second quarter, with Dauphinee carrying over for the touchdown. Fibber Magee kicked the point after from placement. In the third quarter, the Rams marched 60 yards, led by Fibber Magee and Herkey Dauphinee, to get their second touchdown of the game. Dauphinee carried on the payoff play from the one yard line. Bangor drove to another touchdown in the fourth quarter, with Windy Work carrying it over from the thirteen yard line. The final touchdown came as the result of a thirty-five yard run by Windy Work. Work also kicked the extra point. While Bangor did outclass Winslow, they showed that they will have plenty of power in their harder games. Work and Magee were outstanding, although the whole team performed very well.

BANGOR 13, HIGGINS 12

In winning their sixth victory in as many starts this year, the Bangor Rams played rather a poor game in comparison with the rest of the season, but were alert to take advantage of the breaks. The Rams were far below par, in respect to ground gaining, getting only three first downs, of which 2 resulted from penalties on Higgins. Derosby, who was outstanding for Higgins all afternoon, opened the scoring in the first quarter. Bangor then scored two touch downs in three minutes. The first occurred when Higgins, with the ball on their 35, on two penalties was forced back to their 5-yard line. When a punt was attempted, the Bangor line was in there and blocked it. Hymie Goodwin, sub end, recovered the ball in the end zone for a touch down. Windy Work kicked the point which proved so important in the final reckoning. The Rams scored again shortly after they kicked off. The kickoff was only run back to the 12, and after a 5 yd. penalty, Higgins attempted a punt. The kicker was badly hurried by the Bangor line and the kick went only to the nineteen where Bud Mullins raced over with it for the second touchdown. In the last period, Bob Emerson, a Rams ace last year, blocked a Bangor punt and fell on it for Higgins final tally. The try for point failed.

BANGOR 26, LEWISTON 0

The Bangor Rams' seventh straight win of the season was a sparkling 26—0 win over the Lewiston Blue Streaks, 1939 State Champions and winners of 16 straight games up to this one. This was the game for which the Rams had pointed all season, and they certainly lived up to the fondest hopes of their supporters. Bangor opened the scoring in the first period and scored once in each period of the game. The first touch down came as the result of a steady fifty-one yard drive, and was scored by Windy Work. The try for point failed. In the second period, Work, Harrington, and Dauphinee led an eighty-four yard march, which ended in Work's carrying for the touchdown. Dauphinee kicked the extra point. Work scored again in the third period after a fifty five yard march, and Dauphinee again kicked the extra point. The final score came in the last period as Fibber Magee passed twenty four yards

to Capt. Strang, who went over for the score. The try for the extra point failed. The whole Bangor team played its best game of the year. The line rushed so fast that the highly publicized Lewiston attack was stopped cold. The back field, made up of Mullins, Work, Harrington, Dauphinee, and Magee, showed great all around power in reeling off sixteen first downs and two hundred sixty-four yards.

BANGOR—31, BREWER—0

Coach Nanigian and his assistant, Al Kent, witnessed one of the happiest sights that any coach will ever see. They saw the Bangor Rams finish an undefeated season as undisputed State Champions. The Brewer team, as usual, gave a spirited performance, but were hopelessly outclassed. The Rams scored in every period, when Herky Dauphinee capped an eighty yard march by going over on a twenty yard plunge through the line. The try for point failed. The next score came after a seventy yard march, led by Dauphinee, Harrington, and Work, when Windy went over. The attempt for the extra point failed. Next, Windy Work tossed a beautiful twenty-eight yard pass to Pat Upton, who ran eighteen more yards for the score. Windy Work rushed the extra point. The next score came in the third period when Fibber Magee raced around end from the eighteen. The final score was made in the last quarter by Captain Garland Strang, who caught a twenty-eight yard pass from Fibber Magee. The Rams clicked in every department. Captain Strang played the best game of his career. Windy Work led the Bangor offense playing his last game for the Rams. Of the Rams playing their last game were Adrian Miner, Nick Vafiades, Pat Upton, Bud Mullins, Leon Tuck, Dougie Harrington, and Herky Dauphinee. All in all, it was a wonderful end for a wonderful season.

Bangor	Opponents
7 Brewer.....	0
32 Waterville.....	7
27 Rumford.....	6
33 John Bapst.....	0
26 Winslow.....	0
13 Higgins.....	12
26 Lewiston.....	0
31 Brewer.....	0
—	—
195	25

When was the revival of learning?

Just before exams.

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

(continued from page thirty)

gram chairman. About fifty girls were present at this meeting.

At the November 1 meeting, it was decided to have an initiation banquet at the Bangor House, and to invite the Brewer Homec Club members as guests. The members voted at this meeting to send \$4.00 to the National Home Economics Association for student club membership. After the meeting, the girls started dresses, trousers, hospital johnnies, sweaters, and wash cloths for war refugees. The program for the club year, released at this meeting, contained such interesting activities as giving a play at the Home for Aged Women, a food sale, mothers' tea, and all day outing.

The object of this organization is to form a connecting link between the Home Economics Department and the school, to train active and efficient leaders among young women for home community life, and to furnish an opportunity for social activities, such as educational programs, social gatherings, outdoor picnics, play festivals, and service to its own school.

Any girl in senior high school who is enrolled in the home economic classes, or has previously been a member, is eligible as an active member. Miss Ruth Crosby is the club's faculty advisor.

The annual Initiation Banquet of the Homec Club was held Nov. 20, at the Bangor House. The guests of the Club were Miss Evelyn Haney, of the faculty, Dorothy Morrill and Dorothy Robinson, alumnae of the club.

An impressive initiation service was conducted by Charlotte Smith, president, with Rita Daigle representing the "Spirit of Home Economics."

"B" Club

In the activities period on November 1, the "B" Club held its first meeting. Twenty-one letter-winners turned out. Mose Nanigian is the able faculty advisor this year. The members elected the following officers:

"Asia" Miner.....President
"Billy" Work.....Vice President
"Doug" Harrington.....Secretary-Treasurer

Following the election of officers, plans were discussed to print the music of the Bangor High School Victory Song as regular sheet music to be sold in the school. Mr. Heywood Jones, very willingly gave his consent.

It was decided to meet once a month.

(Please turn to page thirty-four)

A sport for
every girl



A girl for
every sport

Girls' Athletics

HOCKEY RESULTS

Another season of girls' field hockey has ended. The seniors again have upheld the record of that class by winning four straight games. All the games were played as scheduled with the following results:

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

Captains elected for the different teams were:

Seniors—Louine Kimball.

Juniors—Elizabeth Palmer

Sophomores—Shirley Wilson

The following girls were chosen by Miss McGuire and the four hockey coaches to be on the All Bangor Hockey team:

R. W.	Gloria Redman and Phyllis Hurd
R. I.	Ellen Lougee
C.	Francina Gamble and Althea Kimball
L. I.	Roberta Curran and Florence Prusaitis
L. W.	Ruth Palmer
R. H. B.	Marjorie Gray
L. H. B.	Dorothy Havey
R. F. B.	Dorothy Hill
L. F. B.	Jenny Johnson
G.	Louine Kimball

This honor is given for outstanding playing and faithfulness to games.

Our thanks go to Miss Barbara Welch for refereeing our games.

HOCKEY BANQUET

To wind up the hockey season the girls held their annual hockey party, November 19, in the gymnasium. At this time the girls received their awards, and a cup, engraved with their class numerals, was presented to the winning senior team. The party ended with the taking in of new Honor Council members. These new members are: Ruth Blake, Margaret Carlisle, Constance Cratty, Roberta Curran, and Eleanor Prusaitis.

BASKETBALL SEASON

Some Honor Council members and outstanding basketball players are seen in the above picture talking over this year's basketball season. They predict that the season should be of the keenest interest to all those who follow girls' sports. Roberta Curran is betting her all that the class of "41" can produce another winning tournament team—something which this class has done for three years. Shirley Wilson says that the sophomores, who as freshmen were also a winning team, are going to be a threat to any sextet that the juniors or seniors can produce. Thus is the trend of the girl's basketball conversation, but whether their predictions be true or not, they, like all the other girls, hope that you will show interest in your class team.

Perhaps it might be well to explain how girls' basketball is conducted and regarded by the physical education and school authorities.

The first step is the organization of intramural teams. The number of teams is determined by the number of girls out for basketball, for every girl is given a chance to play. After the intramural teams of each class have played off, the winners take part in an interclass tournament. The winning team of this play off is the champion. If two or more class teams tie in this tournament, each team must share the honor together.

There has been a great deal of discussion in our school lately about a girls' varsity team. The first and most important objection to this is that the playing required in varsity basketball is injurious to girls in the adolescent age. There isn't any person in our school, capable of the job, who is not willing to coach a varsity team. However, any such person will tell you that he or she in attempting to produce a winning team would naturally have to play certain girls more than others. There is, as a result, a great deal of physical stress which in the long run will be detrimental to the health. Many available statistics show that the modern trend in girls' basketball is toward the intramural-interclass type of playing. School officials are prohibiting varsity basketball from the standpoint of health and for no other reason. Therefore, as intelligent young people, let us give this question our utmost consideration.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC HONOR COUNCIL

It is our belief that the majority of students have little knowledge of the founding and ideals of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council. In 1923 William A. Search organized the Girls' Athletic Honor Council. Mr. Search at the time was director of Physical Education in the Public Schools. The Council was started for the purpose of developing a better type of athletics and a higher type of girl to represent Bangor High School in athletics. The first Honor Council consisted of eleven charter members.

Before a girl can be eligible for this honor, she must have received her letter or numeral one season previous to the presentation of her name to the Council. It is important to remember that a girl is still eligible for this honor although she does not receive it at the end of the season in which she won her award. As soon as a girl's name is brought before the Council, by a Council member, it is necessary to find out if she has a fairly high rank in all her subjects. If she has this rank the merits of Respect, Leadership, Dependability, and Sportsmanship are then considered. Thus, until a girl has won her numeral or letter and achieved a good mark in her studies she can not be considered. A girl must not only have respect for others, but she must also hold the respect of her teachers and fellow students. There is more to this honor than just wearing an arm band; there is work with a great deal of responsibility. It is felt that a girl must be very dependable if she is to carry out her work in the Council well and thoroughly. Leadership is an attribute highly prized and the Honor Council offers girls an opportunity to develop this merit. The qualities required for this honor may be expressed in the terms of Council Interest and Council Value.

When it is agreed that any girls have at least four of these qualities, each Council Girl votes for them by placing a mark after each quality she believes they possess. The names of the girls having the highest number of votes are presented to their teachers for their approval. They are then taken into the Council if their teachers believe that they are worthy of this honor.

ACTIVITIES

(continued from page thirty-two)

Band

The band numbered forty-eight at the Rally of November 8th, and showed the sections well filled, some members having entered recently. Attendance at the games has developed strength in march playing, and we have rarely had a better playing organization at this time of the year. This seems to promise a splendid

band for next spring's work in both concert and R. O. T. C. formations. Attendance at rehearsals has been good, and we look for perfect attendance, now that the members are becoming adjusted to the new order.

Sectional rehearsals, in which the last half hour is used to coach one or more sections each week, have made a noticeable change in the playing ability of the band, and will do much to abolish the weak links which add so much to the director's problem.

The band will settle down to work on a repertoire which will include numbers of various types of standard music, one of which will be the required selection for the New England Festival Concert.



Assembly Scene

Glee Club

The Glee Club turned out to have a tuneful time of it under Mrs. Huey's ambitious leadership.

The plans for the moment center around the Christmas pageant which is to fall on December 20th. It promises to be as effective as last year's Cathedral Hour, and that means something worth waiting for.

First in an assembly, then again at four o'clock for parents and friends, it will be presented by the combined Boys' and Girls' and Sophomore Glee Clubs. In the afternoon performance, a silver collection will be taken up for British relief. In all probability, the "Lord's Prayer" will be one of the selections, and the music is to be partly religious and partly joyful.

The officers elected by the Girls' Glee Club are as follows:

President—Dorothy Murch.

Vice President—Joan Eddy.

Secretary-Treasurer—Elinor Griffin.

Assistant Secretary-Treasurer—Barbara Wood.

In addition to the already scheduled events, the Glee Club plans to take part in the Eastern Music Festival. This will be a wide-open opportunity to hear outstanding singers from all over New England.

THE AMERICAN WAY

(continued from page twenty-two)

racy go sacrifice and responsibility.

Lately, our newspapers and magazines have been filled with articles written by thinking citizens, many of them prominent authorities. Many of these articles are enlightening, and deal with such subjects as the trend of democracy and of civilization, and the sacrifices and responsibilities that must be accepted if the American way is to endure.

The purpose of this article is to urge you students of Bangor High to begin thinking about these problems, to read these articles, to consider the opinions of authorities, and to form opinions of your own. High school age is the right age to begin thinking about such things. America is approaching a crisis. Soon the solution to her problems will rest in your hands. What are you going to do about democracy and the American Way? It is time to begin thinking about the answer to that question.

ALUMNI

(continued from page seventeen)

Bill Hilton is now attending the Harvard College of Business Administration, in Cambridge, Mass. He's still a Bangor rooter, tho'; we saw him cheering as loud as the Brewer fans all together at the Armistice Day game between Bangor and Brewer.

Yes, indeed. These Maine graduates are doing a great job at getting employment after graduation. Billy West, '35, (he is a West) hopped off to Providence, R. I., the day after his graduation from Maine on June 4, to work for the Personal Finance Co.

And speaking of Billy reminds us that his little brother, Danny, '38, that *super* dancer, is now taking piano lessons. That rythm of his ought to help his swing renditions of "The Butterfly," etc.

Barbara Perry has joined sister Polly, '38, at Smith College this year. Barbara is very active in the musical clubs of that school, being a newly elected member of the Glee Club and the orchestra. Anne Perry, '36, (Maine '40) is teaching Latin, English, French, algebra, and geometry at Sullivan High School.

And whenever music is mentioned, we think of Connie Dubey, '40. Remember her celestial version of Schubert's "Ave Maria" at the B. H. S. Glee Club's Christmas assembly of 1939? It seems that she is also a very accomplished baton twirler; in fact, she even went to Boston with the American Legion Band to compete for national strutting drum-major honoree!

Still another of our more prominent songbirds of the class of '40, Sylvia Smith, is at the Julliard School of

Music.

In the dramatic line, Ruth Powers, '40, was selected to be one of the cast for a play given at Farmington State Normal School.

My, how rumors *do* get around! Although we did our best, all we could find out about Bill Ballou, '34, was that it was rumored that he was in California. People get around too! We understand that Marie Hilton, '40, is attending Bradford Junior College.

In every graduating class, one usually finds at least one boy aspiring to be a doctor, and one girl yearning to become a nurse. In the class of '35, Jimmie Clement fills the first capacity. He has attended Harvard Medical for four years and is still preparing for his chosen career. In the class of '39, Frannie Bullard fills the second capacity. She is attending the E. M. G. H., training to be a nurse.

Still slightly on the medical side, Julie Spangler, '35, was graduated from Wheaton, where she was president of her class in her junior and senior years, in 1939. Julie is now working at Cornell University, doing Biochemistry, after completing a post graduate course to earn her Master's Degree at Maine.

Horace Stewart, '37, is now attending Amherst College. Remember his eloquent debating?

Margie Moulton, ex-'38, has tried out at least three schools and colleges during her four years out of B. H. S., we hear. And yet, she has finally selected Maine as her alma mater. Good for you, "Marmee"! Her latest trip was to Puerto Rico, where she attended college, but she decided that Maine was the only college for her; so she's back again.

By the time you read this, the Bangor-Brewer game will be history, but we couldn't help thinking how lucky next year's ALUMNI writers will be while watching the game. Think of all those football players who dominated the game on Armistice Day, and figure out the number of them who, at this time next year, will be alumni. More than half! And football players always make interesting copy, too. Ah, well. Perhaps we'd better not think of next year until we've pulled through this one, *n'est-ce pas?*

Speaking of pulling through reminds us to tell you that if you have older brothers or sisters, we'd appreciate it if you'd tell us what they're doing!

THE PRODIGAL FATHER

(continued from page eight)

Don't worry your pretty head over that."

As a last resort, Toni asked desperately, "What would Father say if he knew?"

Marie answered thoughtfully, "I know he would
(continued on page thirty-six)

Merry Christmas



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THE PRODIGAL FATHER

(continued from page thirty-five)

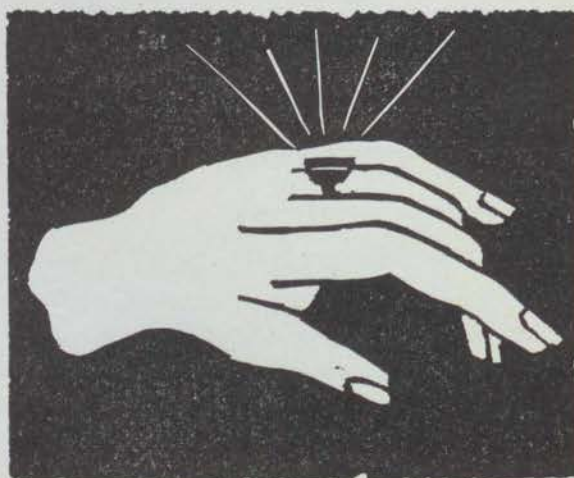
want me to have a good time."

She lay on her stomach with her head in her hands, as she continued, "It's been a long time since he went to Europe to visit his rich uncle, who was dying. I can still see him, as he boarded the ship. He was wonderful, Toni."

Toni nodded, while she stared thoughtfully into space.

"Why didn't he come back?" A tear slipped down Marie's cheek.

Toni closed her book with a snap.



"Look at the ring Nordie gave me."

It always made her feel queer inside when happy-go-lucky Marie changed infrequently to her blue mood.

Toni had to relieve the mood, so she said gayly, "But Aunt Clara and Uncle Joe have been awfully good to take us in and treat us as they have. Aunt Clara shouldn't have felt obliged to make us welcome all these years; after all, we aren't her blood relatives. And Uncle Joe and Father quarreled a lot when they were boys."

"Why!" she gasped, "That's who Tuck reminds me of, Uncle Joe!"

* * * * *

"I can hardly wait to see Aunt Clara and Uncle Joe, the darlings!" Toni exclaimed as she flew from bureau drawer to trunk and then back again.

"Leave room in that trunk for our Easter ensembles," Marie said, as she tore dresses from their hangers; "I'm going to bring mine back with me."

"Won't it be fun to get into some real stores? These around here are such dumps," mused Toni.

(Please turn to page thirty-seven)

THE PRODIGAL FATHER

(continued from page thirty-six)

"I believe I'll have a plain tailored navy blue suit and a simple hat with a peacock plume this year."

"I'll probably get the navy blue suit while you'll end up with something radical. You know your always do," Toni sighed, happily.

"I know, hon, but I don't feel radical this year."

"Oh, dear, I almost forgot to say goodbye to Tuck. Will you finish packing while I run down?" Toni asked as she dumped the armful of clothes into the trunk.

"We'll hurry and finish packing, and I'll go down with you. Your old pal has had a change of heart."

Marie's last words were drowned in a bear hug.

"I knew you'd change your mind, darling. And I promise you, he isn't a bit boring," Toni reminded her.

"We'll see," Marie smiled, thoroughly pleased with herself.

Toni skipped excitedly down the basement stairs. She had wished so long to share her friend with Marie!

Marie stopped still on the threshold and stared aghast at Tuck, bent intently over his beloved models.

"Ted Worthing," Marie screamed.

Startled, the man straightened up and struck his head on the ceiling. Marie rushed across the room and flung her arms around his neck. His face seemed to be undergoing a queer change. And then it was as though that which he had been hoping for so long came back to him in a flash. He put his arms about Marie and murmured her name over and over as she cried on his shoulder.

Watching the scene before her, Toni's face had changed from astonishment to joy. She turned and beheld Nordie coming down the corridor.

"I followed you down here to say goodbye to. . .," he stopped and stared.

"Tuck is my father, Nordie. He went away before I was born, and has been the victim of amnesia all this time." Toni hesitated, groping for words, "Now, Nordie, I want you to take this sensibly."

She stopped because she noticed that Nordie had ceased listening to her after the first sentence.

She said brutally, "Marie is my mother."

Toni thought at first he was going to cry. Instead he staggered to a chair, and sat staring into space.

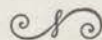
Finally, Nordie said thoughtfully, "Marie did seem more like a mother to me."

But the trio didn't hear him; they were too engrossed in one another.

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For

A Merry Christmas

THE REALIZED DREAM

(continued from page ten)

into his voice. "And do you also know what I was playing?"

"Yes sir, it was Beethoven's 'Violin Concerto'."

"To know that you must have more than a superficial interest in music. And were you greatly disappointed at not hearing me play?" he asked.

"I don't believe that anyone felt so bad as I did that night. Here I was on an island, and there you were in my city, playing, and I could not be there. It was exasperating!" Jane spoke easily now, her shyness gone.

"Would it help any if I went on with my playing?" he asked.

"It certainly would," Jane replied emphatically.

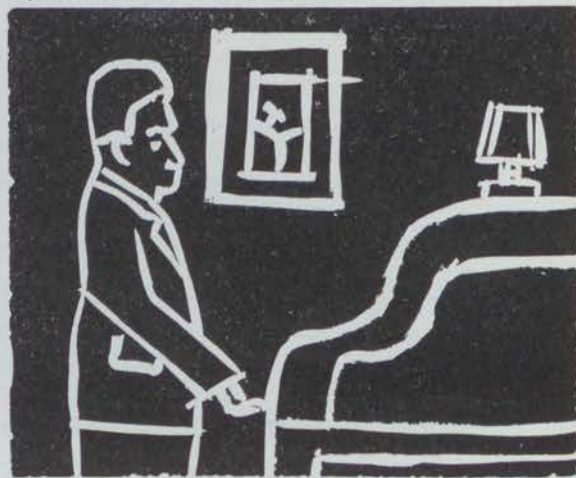
So for two hours, Jane listened breathlessly to Enman's brilliant interpretations. Beethoven, Kreisler, Paganini—all were played with equal understanding.

As the evening sun went down in a red blaze of glory, Jane reluctantly told him she would have to go.

Jane colored prettily, and said, "But I don't know very much about music. You know, things like sonatas and fugues—I couldn't tell one from the other."

"Those things are of minor importance, Jane. The power to feel is yours, and the understanding of these will come in time."

While he was speaking Enman had unlocked his desk, and had taken a card from it.



Enman unlocked his desk and took out a card.

"Here is my address. Write and tell me how you are progressing. I shall be interested to know. When I play in your city next year, you'll be my guest. Would you like that?"

Overjoyed, Jane finally found words to thank him.

"It is nothing. I've greatly enjoyed having you. Goodbye."

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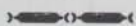
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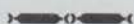
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ANSWERS TO ORACLE QUIZ

1. (c) Ernie Bevin.
2. (d) Nassau.
3. (b) 158.
4. (a) France.
5. (b) keeping his promise.
6. (b) withdrawal of Japanese troops from China.
7. (b) showing of a moving picture..
8. (c) to remove the party from the terms of the Voorhis Act.
9. (b) during action against a German surface raider.
10. (a) "There is no free press."
11. (b) dictator.
12. (b) contains steel and munitions works.
13. (b) allow England to borrow money.
14. (a) legalized dog meat as human food.
15. (a) deprive them of their favorite songs.
16. (c) Burma Road.
17. (c) the collapse of its \$6,400,000 bridge.
18. (b) 5,000,000 votes.
19. (a) Rumania.
20. (b) Key Pittman.

Movies

(continued from page twenty)

device for measuring distances; elimination of the slating process; and quieter in operation. The new camera was officially unveiled before Fox Studio executives at a dinner. Two camera crews exhibited two cameras, one the old and one the new, and tested them by having a race to see which camera could take two scenes the quicker. The new camera took just one-half the time that the old camera did. This means that the movie industry will save \$5,000,000 a year. Quite a little money-saver!

Flash. . . War closes two hundred and seventy-three British theatres, it was learned recently. One hundred of these theatres were London theatres. There are now only nine in London's theatrical district open. The British Army council will soon meet again with representatives of the British film industry to devise a plan for having mobile film units which will operate without admission charge.

Flash. . . More labor demands are made on both coasts. Meetings are being held between representatives of the New York unit of the Screen Publicist Guild and those of the major film company home offices in New York City to force a "closed shop." These meetings are to agree on definitions, working atmosphere, and to enable the companies to agree that the guild represents the majority of employees in their advertising and publicity departments in New York.

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