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Entered as second class matter, June 14, 1914, at the post-office at Bangor, Maine, under the act of March 3, 1879.



VOL. XLIX

NO. 3

The Oracle

February, 1940

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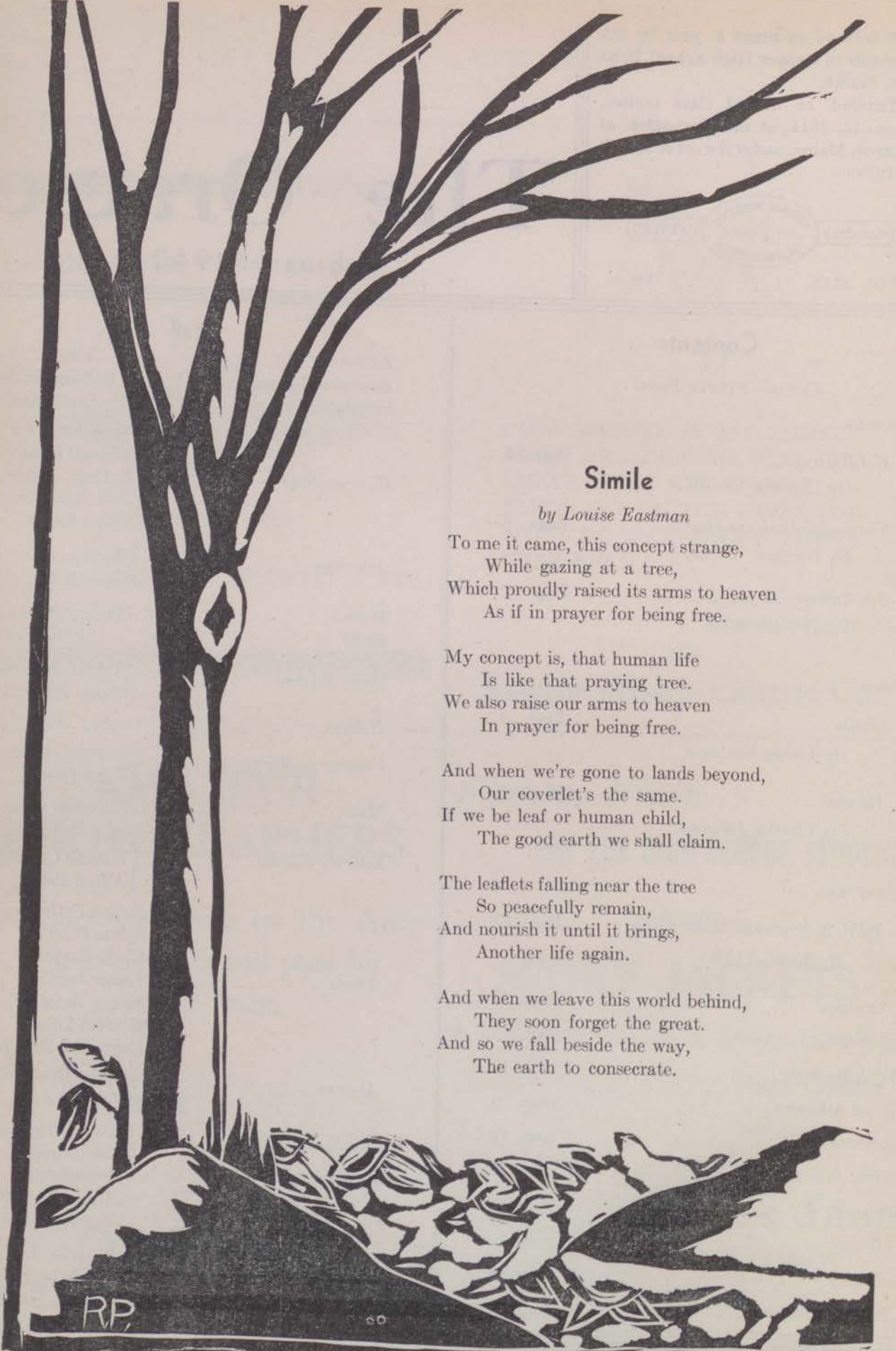
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Simile

by Louise Eastman

To me it came, this concept strange,
While gazing at a tree,
Which proudly raised its arms to heaven
As if in prayer for being free.

My concept is, that human life
Is like that praying tree.
We also raise our arms to heaven
In prayer for being free.

And when we're gone to lands beyond,
Our coverlet's the same.
If we be leaf or human child,
The good earth we shall claim.

The leaflets falling near the tree
So peacefully remain,
And nourish it until it brings,
Another life again.

And when we leave this world behind,
They soon forget the great.
And so we fall beside the way,
The earth to consecrate.

His Heritage

DOROTHY MORRILL

SENIOR



First place as well as first prize in our literary contest is awarded to Dorothy Morrill, senior, for this story of a Finnish boy orphaned by the war. We recommend it to you as a tender, moving story of the tragedy now being enacted today in this war-torn world.

TO Jean Sibelius Osterman, as he sat among the aristocracy of Helsinki that November evening, there was nothing in the world save the wonderful music which so fired his brain. It mattered very little to him that he was dressed only in his simple peasant garb and that everyone was staring at him, for he was so carried away by the Sibelius Symphony to which he listened, that he hadn't even noticed the people around him.

When Lotta Osterman named her youngest son after Finland's greatest composer and musician, Jean Sibelius, it was not without foresight. For somewhere along the line of peasant ancestors, music, in the real sense of the word, had been bred in Lotta Osterman's very soul. She had passed this heritage on to her son by giving him the name of a great musician.

The concert was over. As Jean trudged homeward there was only one burning desire in his brain—to compose music such as he had heard that night.

It had taken every cent of money he had been able to save for months to go to the concert. To his practical-minded father it had seemed foolish to spend so much money in one evening; but the persistent arguments of his mother had finally won out.

Jean was a Finnish boy of sixteen, and handsome in the true Nordic fashion with his blond hair and blue eyes. He was already nearly six feet tall and very broad-shouldered. He lived with his father, mother, four brothers, and sister, in a modest little cottage in Toolo, suburb of Helsinki. He and his four brothers worked during the long winters in the great forests of Finland, as did most of the peasants of the district.

But as Jean hurried home that brisk winter night, he wasn't thinking about his work or his family. His mind was filled as always, waking and sleeping, with music, music, music.

When he was ten years old, his grandfather had made him a violin and had taught him to play the Finnish folk songs so that he might play for the dances at the country fairs. Every spare moment Jean played on this violin. It was a very crude affair, but Jean had long ago learned to play *Finlandia* like a master.

Like every boy, Jean had an idol. Instead of an



He lived in a modest little cottage.

aviator or a great military man, however, Jean's hero was the man for whom he was named, Jean Sibelius.

When he reached home from the concert that night, his mother was waiting up for him. For more than an hour he told her the story; how all in one evening the wonderful music had raised him to the heights, dropped him into the depth of despair, had made him gloriously happy, and had made him cry real tears.

His mother, music-lover that she was, understood and was happy for her son. As they prepared for bed that night, little did they dream of the grim tragedy that was to overtake them before another day.

The next morning before dawn the household was aroused by a pounding on the door. When Frans, Jean's father, hastily dressed and appeared at the door rather sleepily, his eyes fairly popped open—for there stood a man in uniform.

"Frans Osterman?" the officer inquired brusquely.

"Yes-yes, sir!" was the troubled answer.

"Report at once to army headquarters in Helsinki with your four sons Aarne, Aimo, Ernst, and Hugo. They are all at least eighteen years of age, I believe?"

"Yes sir—Yes sir," Frans replied dazedly, as the officer saluted and hurried down the path.

As the bewildered family crowded around, Frans hastily regained his composure. "Lotta, get breakfast at once. Hugo, Ernst, Aarne, and Aimo, get your heaviest clothing on and be prepared to leave in half an hour," he commanded.

"And me, Father? and me?" Jean eagerly inquired.

"You Jean, are not of age to join the army, and someone must look after your mother and sister. You are now the man of the family, and I am trusting you to take care of them."

Pleased with the responsibility of his position, Jean silently watched the preparation and sad leave-taking of his beloved father and four brothers.

When he later joined his neighbors and fellow-workmen, he learned to his horror that Russia had attacked Finland! The peasant class of people had had no idea of the seriousness of the situation between Russia and Finland and were amazed and bewildered at the turn of affairs.

The cold winter days passed much the same as before for Jean, except that the sole income of the little family now was his meager earnings. For his father and four brothers had left Helsinki the day after they were drafted.

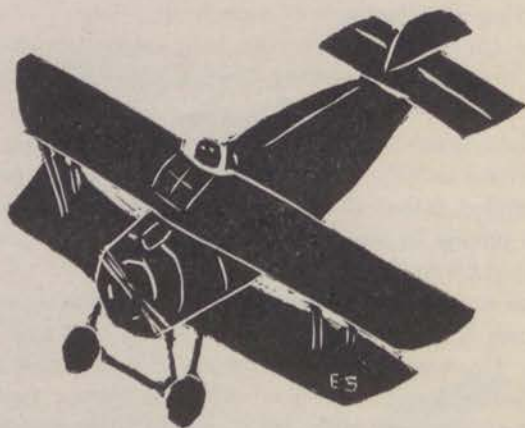
Then one day it happened. Airplanes came roaring out of the sky dropping their deadly burdens—leaving death in their wake.

The first day this occurred, Jean refused to be outwardly perturbed; for why should the Russians want to bomb an unimportant little suburb like Toolo? In his heart he knew his mother and sister were in terrible danger. He hated to leave them each day to go to the forests to work, but to live they must eat, and their eating depended on his earnings. So every morning before dawn he left for the forests, wondering if he would see his mother's face again.

One day while at work he saw the airplanes zooming closer and closer till it seemed they were almost over

his head. He could see the bombs dropping, and the deafening explosions filled his ears. He buckled on his skis in record-breaking time and skied as he never had before in the direction of Toolo. As he came in sight of the town, his heart was beating as though it would burst, partly from exertion and partly from the fear that was gripping his heart, as to what he would see when he reached home. Finally shaking off his skis, because he could not go fast enough, he raced madly up the street. People were running hither and thither in the sort of panic that runs through a flock of chickens when a hawk is swooping down on them. He tried to stop some of them to see if they knew if his mother and sister were safe, but they were deaf to his pleas. At last he was there. He stopped dead in his tracks—for there was the place where his home had stood. It had been blown to bits by a direct hit from a Russian bomb. All that kept him from running into the still-smouldering embers was the only sane thought in his mind—that one spark of hope, that maybe, by the grace of God, his mother and sister hadn't been in the house when the bombing occurred.

Cradling this hope in his heart, he walked calmly into Helsinki, trying to stop the hurrying passers-by to ask questions of them. The one and only thought in the minds of the panic-stricken people was to get away—away to the country where the cold air was not shattered by the deafening explosion of bombs, and their loved ones were not snatched before their very



Airplanes came raining death.

eyes by an enemy which they could not touch, one who came roaring out of the heavens in the darkness of the night and rained death from the skies.

Finally he came upon Kyosti Cajander, a close friend of his father's, sitting on a pile of debris, staring straight

ahead of him with unseeing eyes.

"Kyosti, do you know where my mother and sister are?" Jean asked, praying with all his heart that Kyosti would answer.

"They were in the house when the bomb hit it," said Kyosti, not looking at him. "They are both dead," he went on deliberately, "as well as all my family."

For two days and nights Jean wandered the streets of Helsinki, being pushed into a shelter when the bombers came again, not caring himself, if he lived or died.

Over and over he said aloud, "I've failed you, my father—I've failed you—I didn't take care of them."

He wandered into a crowd in front of a newspaper office and found that the first casualty lists were out. Automatically he scanned them, not daring to look, yet afraid not to. O-Os-Osterman—Aarne, Aimo, Ernst, Frans, and Hugo—*Dead! All Dead!*

Not knowing or caring what he was going to do, Jean tried to collect his thoughts. He just couldn't wander around Helsinki for the rest of his life. He hadn't eaten in two days.

Suddenly he decided he would join the army. He could lie about his age easily, and he might as well die for Finland, as his father and brothers had. At least while he was alive he would get three meals a day.

So with very little reasoning Jean joined the line of men in front of the recruiting office. As was natural, the line of talk among the men concerned only the recent bombings and those killed by them.

"I hear that Sibelius was killed," said one.

Roused out of his brooding by the name of the one person that now mattered to him, Jean roughly seized by his tunic the startled young man who had just uttered those words.

"Tell me! Tell me; is it true?" he shouted.

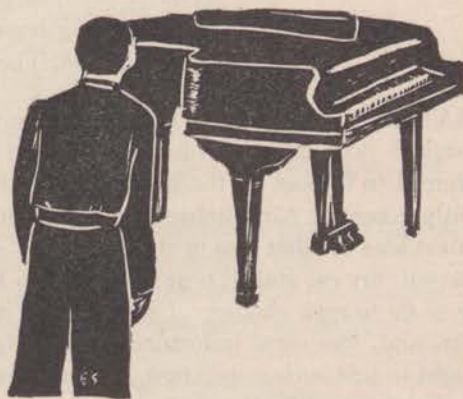
"That is only what I heard," said the frightened young man. "But I—"

Without waiting for him to finish, Jean hurried towards the outskirts of the city. He would find out—didn't he know the Sibelius house on the wooded road from Helsinki? Hadn't he passed there many times and wished he dared go in? And they said there was a *God*—He had allowed this thing to come upon Finland, let it kill his dear ones and now—now—he refused to even think about it. He would know everything soon.

When the butler opened the door of the house of Jean Sibelius, that night, he was confronted with a tall, blond, ragged, boy who looked as though he might faint any moment.

"Is he dead? Is he dead?" he fairly shouted, and then darkness descended upon him, and he pitched forward into the arms of the astonished butler.

When he waked, he looked straight into the kindest eyes he had ever seen. The owner of those eyes was spooning hot soup into him. As he looked around, Jean tried to recall the horrible nightmare in which he had been living the last few days. Suddenly his heart



Jean walked toward the piano.

gave a leap, for the man before him was his own Jean Sibelius—he knew it.

"Don't try to talk my boy; I'll be back in a minute," and the great composer left the room.

Jean gazed about him in awe. He was in a mansion such as he had never dreamed of. The first thing that caught his eye was a magnificent grand piano. Rising on unsteady feet, Jean went straight to it. But when he reached it the piano lost its fascination, for there on the top of it was a violin whose beauty took his breath away. Patting it with loving fingers, Jean didn't notice the musician's return.

Watching from the doorway, the composer hesitated. He could have sworn the boy was honest; yet here he was about to walk off with his priceless violin. Before the composer could utter a sound, Jean tucked the violin under his chin and drew the bow across the strings in the opening strains of Sibelius's own composition—*Finlandia!*

When the song was ended Sibelius crossed the room in a stride.

"Who are you? Where did you learn to play the violin like that?"

It was growing dark outside when Jean finished his tragic story. Tears of which he was not ashamed glistened in the composer's eyes, and Jean was glad, for he knew that he too was respected and honored by the man whom he respected and honored more than anyone else in the world.

Vengeance From The Grave

by Bernard A. Wilbur, Jr.

Capturing second place in the Oracle's literary contest is this supernatural tale of death from the dead by Bernard Wilbur. Though this is Bernard's first contribution to the Oracle, we look forward expectantly to a prolific procession of future Wilbur works. And incidentally, this seems to continue the currently popular cycle of morbid masterpieces of tomb-terror set in motion by the forthcoming production, The Road to the Tomb.

THAT bleak stormy night last July when my car stalled deep in the Adirondacks, and I was forced to impose on the hospitality of the kind but slightly eccentric Mr. Richardson, I had not even the slightest idea of what was in store for me. As luck would have it, my car stalled near his house, so I didn't have far to go to seek shelter. I stepped out into the downpour, and, like most unfortunate ones who have been caught in just such a situation, I wasn't prepared; hence, I was thoroughly drenched.

A flash of lightening streaked across the sky, and in that brief flash, I got a fairly good view of the Richardson mansion. It looked like a ghostly spectre standing there—silent, forbidding. I made a running dash for the front door, ran up the porch steps, and pounded vigorously on the door. I winced as a clap of thunder nearly split my ear drums. From within, I caught the distinct sound of heavy footsteps approaching the door. Someone fumbled with the latch and the door opened. The man facing me was a heavy set fellow of about forty years, who, I presumed, was the butler. With his head held high, he displayed excellent poise. When he spoke, his voice had that unmistakable English accent.

"What is it, sir?" he asked quietly.

"I don't like to impose," I apologized, "but my car stalled just in front of this house, and I was wondering if you could put me up for the night? I'll be glad to pay you if you would."

"Step in, sir," he offered, politely.

I did step in and found myself in a spacious hall. After excusing himself, he left the hall, returning in a moment accompanied by an elderly gentlemen. Upon seeing me, the latter said to the butler, "All right, Andrews, you may go."

He then approached me and asked, "What can I do for you, sir?" His manner was courteous and kind, and the way in which he spoke assured me that he was well bred and well educated.

I told him my predicament and asked for a night's lodging. For a moment, he did not speak. His eyes

seemed to bore right through me. Then he asked, "Are you sure you want to spend the night here?"

This question astounded me. I couldn't for the life of me conceive any reason for my not wishing to stay. "Yes, sir. Why not?" I asked, puzzled.

He shrugged and replied, "But, of course, you wouldn't know."

"If you don't mind my saying so, sir," I stated, puzzled now more than ever, "I don't quite comprehend what this is all about."



"This dagger fascinates me, sir."

For a moment he looked at me silently; then he said, a note of mystery in his voice, "Come into my library with me." I followed him into the spacious room. A fire was burning briskly in a large fireplace. Four overstuffed chairs, a desk, a large bookcase with glass front, comprised the furniture, and on the floor lay a thick, soft Persian rug, which I concluded must have cost a pretty penny. Suddenly something caught my eye. On the mantelpiece over the fireplace lay a peculiar looking dagger. I was overwhelmed with curiosity.

"May I look at that dagger, Mr. ———?" I asked hesitatingly, as I didn't know his name.

"Richardson," he replied. "Nathaniel C. Richard-

son. And, sir, I don't believe I've had the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"Excuse me for being so heedless." I apologized. "My name is Walter Chase. I work for a large concern in New York, and I was just returning home from a business trip, when my car went dead."

"I see," he said understandingly. "Now, what were you saying?"

"That dagger on the mantle fascinates me. May I look at it?"

"Yes, go right ahead."

I picked it up and examined it carefully. It had a narrow, long blade with a very keen edge, and a solid ivory handle around which was entwined a carved snake.

"That knife," Mr. Richardson explained, "has everything to do with what happened here."

"What do you mean?" I asked, looking at him puzzled.

"Sit down," he offered, "and I'll explain." I sat down, but before he had a chance to tell his story, three other men joined us. My host introduced them as Phillip Jordan, his nephew, and Lester Conway and Fred Holway, two cousins. "They have been visiting here for a few days," he explained, as I shook hands with them. They seated themselves, and Mr. Richardson explained to them that he was about to tell me the story about the dagger.

"Isn't that the one June's murderer used, Uncle?" Jordan asked.

"It is," replied his uncle.

"Murder!" I exclaimed astounded.

"Yes," replied Mr. Richardson. "You see, Mr. Chase, it all happened ten years ago. June Grant was my neice, and in the prime of young beauty and health, when she was brutally murdered in this house. She had just inherited the tidy sum of \$1,000,000,000.

"Whew!" I breathed. "That's motive enough for a murder."

"Precisely! And that's just what happened. Besides her and me, there were many others present that night, including Phillip, Lester, and Fred. There were about thirty to be exact. I remember it all so well. It was just such a night as this. A bad storm was raging outside making driving perilous, so I invited my guests to spend the night here. It was about midnight when we heard a terrified scream."

"I'll never forget that night as long as I live," Conway spoke up; "I was the first to reach her room. She was lying face down with that dagger in her back. It—it was horrible!"

"Who did it?" I asked.

"It looks like the perfect crime," Richardson went on. "No one has ever been able to find out. Some
(Please turn to page thirty-nine)

Hamlet

The Story of a Pig and His Pals

by Charles Jellison

Now Hamlet was the hero of the hog-pen.
The smartest pig in all the land was he,
For Hamlet was the prince of all the porkers,
And he was just as brave as he could be.

Piggy Foo, Piggy Foo,
Oh, he was just as brave
as he could be,
But his uncle, Claudiam, oh,
boy was he a ham.
For he was a very wicked pig, you see.

Now Hamlet had a sweetheart named Virginia,
A little cutie pig with eyes so red;
But sadness was in store for poor dear Hamlet
For they all said he was nutty in the head.

Piggy Foo, Piggy Foo
Oh, he was just as brave as he could be
But that happiness of his, in which
this pork had lived,
Is due to take a jolt, you wait and see.

Now Hamlet had a cousin, Francis Bacon,
He was the meanest pig in all the land;
But he began to fight with all the porkers,
And now Friend Francis Bacon is minced ham.

One day while he was playing round the barn yard,
Hamlet saw a great big happy butterfly;
Hamlet made a lunge at this poor insect,
And caused the sweet dear butterfly to die.

Piggy Foo, Piggy Foo
He caused this sweet dear butterfly to die;
And our Hamlet, he was sad, because he'd
been so bad,
In killing that poor little butterfly.

Now Hamlet sat himself upon a toad-stool,
Poor dear Hamlet, his little heart was aching;
He grieved and grieved, and grieved right down to
nothing;
And now he's in a package marked "fresh bacon."

Piggy Foo, Piggy Foo
A chicken hearted pig he was, you see;
For when he killed a butterfly,
He just up and went to die,
Because he couldn't bear to hurt a flee.

B. H. S. Students Make Movie

THE ROAD TO THE TOMB HORROR FILM!

THE PLAYERS: Balfour Golden, Ruth Carlisle, Paul Ford, Margaret Carlisle, Robert Blake, John Woodcock, John Webster. Screen adaptation and direction by Paul Ford. Produced by John Alden Woodcock. Photography by Preston B. Rand. Art work by Lois Vincent. Running time: 40 minutes.

Horror! As heartless a monster as ever stole candy from the mouths of babes is Count Xavier Von Kreiskler II (Balfour Golden—who is a natural for the part). Yet as it must to all men, death comes in the first reel to Count X. V. Kreiskler II. Too good to last, however, is this happy state for that hate-inspiring specimen. For, revived by a morbid scientist, Herr Doctor Kristan Von Klaagenhauser, IV, M. D., (Paul G. Ford), the accursed Count for seven years more robs from widows and orphans, makes miserable the lives of the beautiful Carlisle sisters, Ruth and Margaret (Faith Von Kreiskler, Therese LaVeille), gains showers of hisses from an enraged preview audience.

At last as it rarely does to any man, death comes for the second time to revived Villain Von Kreiskler. Reluctant to leave life and eager to continue his gathering of ill-gained gold, the Count pleads for time to set his affairs in order, stalls until Death (Paul Ford again) refuses to wait longer, waltzes the cringing count down *The Road To The Tomb*. From then on, the story is eerie in the extreme.

Balfour Golden seems destined to make a has-been of Orson Welles. His facial expressions in this production are so good that farmers near the cemetery where the most horrible scenes were taken threatened to sue the company, stating that their cows, scared skinny by the sight, couldn't be milked for a week.

John Woodcock, seasoned veteran of *West Lynne* and *Wings of the Morning*, cast as Von Klaagenhauser's assistant (Dr. F. F. Kenyon), vies in villainy with Golden and Ford, while Bob Blake and John Webster are both good, the former as satellite of Von Klaagenhauser and the latter as a mad count (Ludwig Von Marvian IX), with designs on Peggy Carlisle.

Glamor! Those cute Carlisle kids show that there is glamor even in the ghastly nowadays; the very *Road to the Tomb* isn't so bad with the "local Lane sisters" to ease the eyes along the way.

The personal appearance of our old friend, Therma K. Kylestone, is funny as all get-out. But with the exception of this one bit of slapstick, this is indeed a story to make strong men weep and angels drown in their tears. No heart-wringing melodrama ever pre-

sented villains more monstrous, heroes more manly, fair ladies more lovely than this super-colossal product of the collective imagination of the three Monsterteers of Bangor High School (Woodcock, Ford, and Golden), known on the screen as Coffin, Graves, and Stone, respectively.

Premier performance of this super spectacle of the century will take place at the forthcoming Debate Club dance on the twenty-first. At that time, unless we are much mistaken, this, the first motion picture ever made and played by Bangor High School students, will be seen by a huge and enthusiastically horrified audience.

Owing to the nature of the content of the picture, anyone having a weak heart is advised not to attend, as the only physician in attendance at the gruesome success will be Herr Doctor Von Klaagenhauser IV, M. D. whose treatment would by no means aid the victim, but would only serve to hasten him on *The Road to the Tomb*!

And a last word: do not mistake this production for another widely heralded picture; for that will be *Gone With The Wind*, but the *Road to the Tomb* will live forever.

Movies

"It", "Oomph", and Everything

FROM "It" to "Oomph," that is the career of Clara Bow, famed star of the silents. Miss Bow will stage a comeback in *The Oomph Girl* and *The Cowboy*. Her co-star is bashful Gene Autry, manly and virtuous songsmith of the saddle. Autry has certainly taken his niche as top-ranking movie buckaroo of this chaotic era. Although Gene plays to the cheaper theaters, he packs them in, even topping the great Tom Mix.

The public fancy of the United States is a strange and complicated enigma. No one can explain it. No one can understand it.

When the crash heard round the world shot out from Wall Street, another crash was heard—the crash of cymbals which initiated mad swing. Young America jumped into a period of fanatical jitterbugging.

Now, as we enter the unsettled forties, "sweet" love ballads are waging a successful battle against the swingers. Even some swing band leaders (such as Artie Shaw) sneer at the slap-happy jitterbugs, calling them morons, idiots, and imbeciles. Perhaps they are right, for what one of us is not slightly idiotic in this febrile world of today?

The one comfort to be derived from all these transitory fads is simply that we are always marching irresistibly onward.

PREVIEWS AND REVIEWS

Although *Earl of Chicago* is probably not destined to become a smash hit, it certainly rates space here because it has the unusual distinction of using no female characters. Perhaps this show is a retaliation for *The Women*, the recent movie without men. To be strictly honest, it must be said that there is one thimbleful of feminine interest. One gets a glance at some very shapely calves owned by Gladys Blake.

Little Old New York offers an opportunity which Alice Faye has deserved for some time. In this production Alice goes to town as an innkeeper, barmaid, and female bouncer.

The pretty face of Richard Greene and the homely countenance of Fred MacMurray assist Alice in her best show to date.

A gentleman in *Raffles*, as portrayed by David Niven. The master criminal is brought back to the screen in all his suave charm. If you think crime doesn't pay, see *Raffles*. As additional bait Sam Goldwyn has included in the cast Olivia De Havilland; despite Olivia's beauty, it is Mr. Niven who carries off the acting honors. He is superb.

Now we shall present a preview of a motion picture which may prove to be one of the top ten of 1940. Daphne Du Maurier's book, *Rebecca*, has finally found its place before the cameras. *Rebecca* is another, and, we think, a better *Wuthering Heights*. Lawrence Olivier, star of the latter production, will take the male lead opposite pretty Joan Fontaine, sister of Olivia De Havilland.

Diamonds are Dangerous, with George Brent and Isa Miranda. A lukewarm adventure of pretty boys, and girls, and (would you believe it!) diamonds.

Northwest Passage, co-starring Spencer Tracy and Robert Young. Here's another for all you "men with bark on." Come on, all you Kenneth Roberts' fans!

Road To Singapore, starring Bing Crosby, is a typical Crosby film. Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour go through their usual banal love-making.

SENIORS!

All glossy prints for the June Oracle
must be turned in not later than
April 5. This applies also
to group glossies.

Oracle's Inquisition

1. Ismet Inonu is (a) Indian political leader, (b) German for "Man," (c) President of Turkey.
2. The "ham-and-eggs" proposal advocates (a) a pension plan, (b) censorship of comedians, (c) a Finnish relief fund.
3. Java is owned by (a) Finland, (b) The Netherlands, (c) The Dutch East India Company.
4. The man named by Hitler as his successor is (a) Goering, (b) Gamelin, (c) Benes.
5. Our football team won (a) 6 games, (b) 8 games, (c) a beauty contest.
6. The Irish Free State is having trouble with (a) a plague of rats, (b) Irish Republican Army, (c) Germany.
7. The world's largest diamond is (a) white, (b) black, (c) slowly melting.
8. Nihilism is another name for (a) the new Japanese government, (b) anarchism, (c) the brain of a senior.
9. The District of Columbia is governed by (a) 3 commissioners, (b) a legislature, (c) President Roosevelt.
10. Charles Edison is (a) America's foremost inventor, (b) Secretary of Navy, (c) member of the Oracle board.
11. The U. S. government obtains most of its money from (a) the income tax, (b) luxury taxes, (c) customs.
12. Corsica is a possession of (a) France, (b) Italy, (c) La Guardia.
13. The Post Office Department has released some new stamps commemorating (a) The raising of the *Squalus*, (b) Great American Authors, (c) Joe Miller.
14. "Third Class World" was written by (a) an unknown aviator, (b) Marion J. Bradshaw, (c) Raymond Gram Swing.
15. When asked about a third term President Roosevelt (a) evades the question, (b) shouts "Hi-yo Silver!" (c) looks worried.
16. The running expenses of the Oracle for one year average about (a) \$100, (b) \$500, (c) \$1800.
17. John W. Studebaker is (a) Commissioner of Education, (b) manufacturer of the new "Blitz-tank", (c) The Green Hornet.
18. Sulfanilimide is a cure for (a) the "Icy Jitters," (b) meningitis, (c) halitosis.
19. The world's largest producer of oil is (a) U. S. (b) G. O. P. (c) Russia.
20. "The Road to the Tomb" is (a) Harlow Street, (b) a movie produced by B. H. S. students, (c) the Lincoln highway.

(Answers on page thirty-nine)

Spy Justice

by Neal E. Brennan, Jr.

Receiving honorable mention in the Oracle's contest is this epic of high adventure in high places by Junior Neal Brennan. Complete with spies, mysteries, and heroes, we give you this swift-moving story for fifteen minutes of absorbing reading.

A light fall of snow was covering the hard brown earth with a blanket of white, when out of the darkness, "B" Flight of the 69th Pursuit Squadron roared over the tiny hidden airdrome somewhere behind the lines on the Allied front. Seven Spads, back from a mission as night bomber escorts over Germany, glided in to land.

When the seven ships rolled to a stop, seven men climbed out of the cockpits and turned the planes over to the mechanics. Flight leader Captain Harvey St. John, leaving the other pilots, stormed into the Commanding Officer's office to make his report.

The other six men walked into the barn-like French farmhouse that served as their quarters. As they walked into the mess hall for a cup of coffee, Dan Parker, a big, stony faced member of the American Expeditionary Forces, drew aside his wing-mate, a short stocky lad from Iowa, and said in an undertone, "Frank did it ever occur to you that this is our third night mission over Germany with the bombers, and that each time the Germans were ready and waiting for us?"

Frank Stockholm's face was a study of anger and amazement as the meaning of Dan's words dawned on him, and he said in an angry voice, "You mean some-

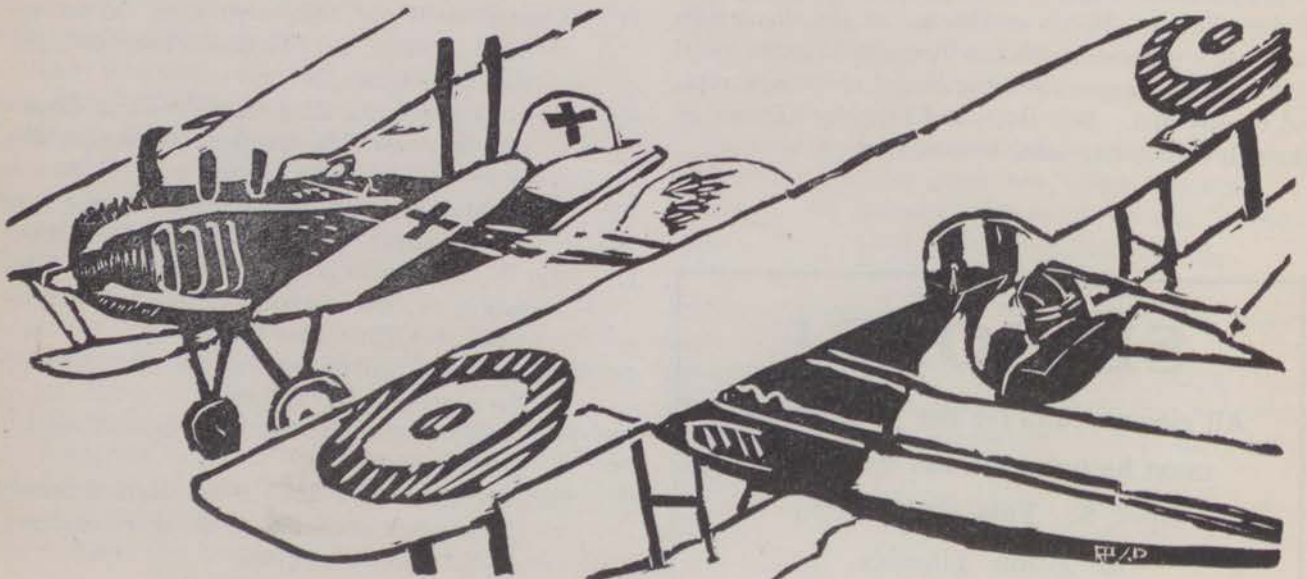
body's tipping the Germans off?"

In another part of the field two other men were talking about the same thing.

"I tell you, sir," raved Harvey St. John's voice, "this is the third night running that the Germans knew where we were going before we crossed the lines. Someone is selling information to them."

The next afternoon "B" Flight took off to escort an observation flight over the lines. As they were flying along toward the front lines, Dan Parker, riding high above to watch for enemy planes, was still thinking about the Germans' being ready to intercept their bombers.

As "B" Flight neared the lines, they climbed to avoid anti-aircraft fire. Suddenly, Dan, looking off to his right, saw a flight of Pfalz D-13's diving to attack. He cleared his guns and climbed to attack. He picked out the first Pfalz, and as it shot by, guns blazing, he kicked his ship over and dived after it. As the German wheeled up on one wing to get away from the withering fire of Dan's guns, the side of his ship flashed into Dan's sights, and Dan pressed the trigger, sending lead death at him from two machine guns. The bullets hem-stitched their way up the fuselage and plunked into the



cockpit. The plane caught fire and veered wildly toward the earth.

When Dan spun his plane over, he saw a Pfalz slamming down, the two machine-guns on the nose flaming death at him. Rolling his plane out of line of fire, he saw Frank Stockholm dive in, the 220 h. p. Hisso engine in the nose of his plane screaming like a demon, his usually friendly face twisted into a snarl of rage. The machine guns on his cowlings blazed, and the German squirmed as the bullets hit him. The nose of the plane tipped down and dived crazily toward the earth, a dead man at the stick.

Dan and Frank flew back to where the rest of the flight were battling the Germans. When they saw the other two Spads returning, they turned tail and headed for home.

By this time the observation planes had taken all the pictures they wanted, so all flew home.

When they arrived at the airport and landed, Dan walked over to Stockholm. "Thanks for taking that fellow off my hands," he said.

Frank looked at him and grinned. "Shucks," he said, "you could have taken him yourself. The one you got today makes seven doesn't it?"

"Nine," replied Dan.

Together they walked into the mess hall to see if anyone had been hurt in the battle. One flier had a bullet wound in his arm, and a bullet had ruined his instrument board, and the flying glass had cut his face, but not badly.

That afternoon, "A" Flight went out with the bombers, and at dusk three planes staggered back and told the tale that three flights of Fokker D-7's had been hidden in the clouds and had pounced on them as they flew into Germany, shooting down three Allied planes and forcing another to land.

When Dan heard this, he decided to act. That night when all the men were in the mess hall talking and playing cards, Dan slunk out and was creeping along in the darkness toward the men's quarters when suddenly the C. O. burst from his office yelling for "B" and "C" Flights to get their planes in the air.

Dan ran over to where mechanics were pushing planes onto the runway. He twisted the prop, and after warming his engine, taxied down the runway to wait for his own flight. Flight "C" went out, and right behind it Flight "B". Dan gunned his engine, shot down the runway, horsed back on the stick, and went into the air like a bullet.

While winging his way through the bright moonlight night to intercept the bombers which had already crossed the line, Dan cursed silently, for he had been after the information which would have caught the spy who had already caused the death of three fliers. As

he glanced down to his air-speed indicator, he saw that the needle was close to 150 miles per hour. He realized that they would soon be upon the slow flying Gothas.

Soon he saw the bombers and an escort of fast Fokker D-8's, and he kicked his plane into a dive. The engine howled as he shoved the throttle home and nailed the first climbing German. He hauled out of the dive with such speed that his wings and his head grew dizzy under the strain, but that feeling passed in a second,

(Please turn to page thirty-four)

Heartbreak

by Charles A. Jellison

BILL and Ted were in love, madly in love; oh, it was gruesome. They had been that way as far back as they could remember, and they would never stop loving each other as long as they lived.

Ted was a pretty young girl. (Her real name was Edna; she had very pretty red hair and was very much inclined to be a tomboy.) Everywhere Bill went, Ted went too, tagging along behind. In fact they were seen together at all the important social events, for they were the ideal pair—just the right age. (Bill was a year older than Ted.) Bill was envied by every boy in town for having such a pretty girl, and he was idolized by the young ladies, for he himself was terribly handsome.

Well, the crisis came last week at Jim Smith's party (Jim was secretly in love with Ted but was Bill's best friend). Bill and Ted were having the time of their young lives at Jim's party until it happened. Oh, my, it was horrible! Jim could stand it no longer; so he walked boldly up to Ted, who was with Bill, and had the unbridled audacity to ask Ted to go to the movies with him. Such nerve! Bill's best friend, asking his girl, Bill's steady girl! Bill was petrified with anger. But that wasn't the worst of it—Ted accepted! Oh! I couldn't bear to look at Bill. What a shock! This would ruin his life. He was practically engaged to Ted; why, he was going to marry her soon, and now to have this happen. It was very pitiful. Bill was too shocked to be angry, and he left the party in a sort of daze.

I didn't see Bill again until yesterday, and I learned to my great joy and surprise that Bill and Ted were back together again, and that Jim had been forgiven for his audacious act. I was very happy to learn this, for I knew that Bill could not live without Ted. Ah, well, they're young yet; they'll get over it. Bill is six, and Ted is five years old.



Alumni

IT'S basketball season again, and, as it might be expected, there are a number of Bangor High School alumni displaying their basketball ability at prep schools and colleges. "Wallie" Sawyer and Fred Giddings are giving their all for old Hebron, where they are on the first string. It is rumored that that great athlete of all times, "Duke" Elliot, will honor the U. of M. with his presence in the fall of 1940; whereas "Ike" Downes, '38, and John Burke are already going great guns up there. Also, from somebody we heard that the class wit of the class of 1939, Andy Freese, is strutting his stuff on the gymnasium floor of Phillips Andover. Ray Flynn, '37, is doing all right at Colby. "Sukey" Maxfield, '39, attends the Museum of Fine Arts School this year and is doing all right because she came home this Christmas vacation, proudly displaying an English Boy Scout pin. Speaking of the Maxfields, Margaret, '37, is attending Mount Holyoke.

The two "Marys" of Stoneleigh, Mary Nelson and Mary Carlisle, were home for the month of January doing their projects. They went everywhere, saw everyone, and missed nothing! The same applies to Marion Tracy, who takes the merchandizing course at Stoneleigh and is working at Cortell Segal's for her project. Jingles, Barbara Hill, nicknamed "Penny" at Simmons, simply raves about her wonderful times in Boston. Asked if she were homesick at first, she said she didn't have time to be with so much doing, and she didn't mean *work*. She's even got "Dottie" convinced about the place, now.

Bette Ayer, '35, and Charlotte Clement, '35, are now hard-working girls in Boston. Bette is a graduate of Katherine Gibbs, and Charlotte a graduate of Edge-wood Park. They both stay at the same boarding house together with Bernice Braidy, a graduate of Radcliffe, who also works in Boston.

The engagement of Pauly Jellison, '36, and Artemus Weatherbee, '35, was announced during the Christmas holidays. Also the engagement of Judith Robinson, '35, to John McNeil was recently announced.

Ellen Hathorn, '37, lieutenant-colonel and all in her days at Bangor High School, and Louise McCarthy, '37, both have jobs as medical secretaries in the new wing of the Eastern Maine General Hospital. Jeepers, I'd

give the world to see those two beauteous creatures working hard.

George Bell, '36, the boy who was president of his class every year, and Violette Jordan, the girl with the charming voice, were recently married.

The engagement of Anna Flagg, ex-'37, has recently been announced too. Anna goes to Westbrook Junior College. Dorothy Epstein, ex-'37, is attending Miss Wheelock's School in Boston.

Jane Bradshaw, '39, and "Al" Reynolds, '39, are rapidly becoming shining lights in the theatrical world. They're both members of the Little Theatre movement and these former stars of the Dramatic Club added much to the recent production, *Seen But Not Heard*.

Local girl makes good! Harriet Flagg, ex-28, is a private secretary of David Selznick, producer of *Gone With The Wind*. She recently had her picture taken with Mr. Selznick, in *Life*, the December 8 issue to be exact.

Carolyn Flagg is attending the Tobe-Coburn School for Fashion Careers, in New York City.

Betty Homans, '35, is teaching the golden rule at Hodgden, Maine.

"Bruz" West, '39, has carried his ability at cheer-leading right up to the University of Maine, as you see him now and then doing his stuff at the basketball games.

"Dick" Jones, '39, thinks Parks Air College in Indiana is super-super.

Gosh, has anyone heard from Jere Bill Goessling, 'way down South?

Well, anyway, Jean Sanborn, '35, is a student dietitian at E. M. G. H. and Jeanette, also '35, is teaching school up in Hodgden, along with Betty Homans.

Joan Cox, '35, is back in town attending Gilman's Secretarial School. Speaking of Gilman's, it is said that Jane Bradshaw, '39, is supposedly going to take typewriting and so forth there while waiting for the fall of 1940 to roll around when she will begin her studies at Vassar as a freshman.

Barbara Cox, '37, is attending her third year at Manhattanville, while Sally Woodcock is going to Katherine Gibbs in Boston and having a wonderful time. Boston must certainly have something.

Dots and Dashes



MARY Livingstone, Jack Benny's wife-comedienne, deserves the credit for discovering Dennis Day, new tenor sensation. She happened to hear him on the air one evening last summer when she was in New York, took the trouble to inquire about him, and obtained a record of his voice. This she took personally to Jack, who was then in Chicago, and Jack returned to New York to hear Dennis. The new tenor discovery has one of the best vocal spots in radio now. Incidentally, he is one of the youngest singers ever to hold so important a radio job. Just out of college, Dennis celebrated his twenty-second birthday on May 21. You can hear him each Sunday evening over WLBZ through NBC'S red network at seven p. m. when *The Jell-O Show* is aired.

Miller Succeeds Whiteman

Glenn Miller and his band have replaced Paul Whiteman on the CBS ciggie show. Miller is now in the heart of many jitterbugs, some even considering him better than the great Artie Shaw. The Andrew Sisters are on the new Miller show also. We think that Glenn's sponsor must be quite an optimist though, for he selected Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays at 10 p. m. for Glenn and the Andrew Sisters to swing out. If you're familiar with radio schedules, you'll know that this means Miller will be competing with Bob Hope, Kay Kyser, and Bing Crosby. Could the competition be any tougher? But competition or no competition, the program will ride the CBS airwaves on the schedule stated above.

Radio News Notes

Sammy Kaye and his famous "Swing and Sway" music have replaced Larry Clinton's orchestra on the Monday night, *Sensations in Swing* program. Sweet music rather than swing rules on the refreshing half-hour show which is heard Mondays at 7.30 p. m. over NBC. Your local station is WLBZ.

The NBC Educational Forum is one of the many fine NBC educational programs which are interesting and entertaining. This Saturday noon feature offers forum discussions on important and interesting timely subjects and originates in various colleges and schools.

It can be heard each Saturday at twelve o'clock noon over WLBZ.

Following the NBC Educational Forum, each Saturday at 1.30, WLBZ presents the local feature, *People and Places*, or Who's Where When. Mr. and Mrs. Local News get the play on this program which brings you newsy bits about folks you know. Incidentally, listeners are invited to contribute news for this program. So if you're planning a trip or entertaining out-of-town friends, send the information on a card or letter to Station WLBZ, Bangor, care of the *People and Places* program.

Bonnie Swings Johnny

While we're on the subject matter of local programs, we'd like to pay tribute and take our hats off to wee Bonnie Baker and Orrin Tucker's band, who did such a grand job on their recording of *Oh Johnny, Oh!* which you hear so much on local transcribed revues. Nobody can do *Oh Johnny* as Bonnie Baker does, and local stations get no end of requests for that transcription. It has probably been played a thousand times during the past month and a half, and we hope that it isn't worn out yet, for there are many who would like to hear it a thousand times more before its popularity dies.

More News

Dramatizations of historic events that went into the making of America can be heard on the *Cavalcade of America* programs at 9.00 p. m. each Tuesday over WLBZ. This program should be heard by all history students and everyone who takes a special interest in history. And we think that the latter includes almost everyone.

1940 ushered in a new and greater radio year and a year that promises to make big forward steps in television. History is being made daily in the news, and you can keep abreast of the latest by keeping your radio tuned to either local station, both of which give extraordinary news coverage through network and local broadcasts.



On The Bookshelf

WITH us, it is a matter of extreme doubt whether this column does anyone any good, assuming of course that there exists somewhere a hardy soul who actually reads all the way through it; but, if it does cause some one to open Marion Bradshaw's *Third Class World*, we will feel justified in writing it. It's about the best travel book that ever happened: one hundred and twenty magnificent full page photographs plus two hundred and sixty-six pages of delightfully witty "reflections of a roving philosopher!" We're sure that after one look at it you will want to read every page of it. We did. Besides being worth its weight in gold for its entertainment value, it gives the reader a true account of what does go on in Russia, China, Japan, and India. Professor Bradshaw mingled with the underdogs of all the countries he visited and got their views on foreign exploitation, religion, and life. We advise everyone to beg, borrow, or buy a copy of *Third Class World*.

THE WAR OF NERVES

Everyone is interested in the war in Europe, but we'll wager that very few can give a fairly accurate account of how it all started. This is all taken care of quite painlessly in Raymond Gram Swing's new book, *How War Came*. Mr. Swing, you know, is the Mutual Broadcasting System's ace commentator, and has been outstanding in commenting on the late crisis. The book, a selection of his radio broadcasts between March 9 and September 3, 1939, gives the reader the inside story of European politics and throws light on the motives and character of the leading figures of the day. Mr. Swing's predictions have proved to be the most accurate in the country. No current events student should fail to read *How War Came*.

HARDY'S MASTERPIECE

To those who are unacquainted with *The Return of the Native* by Thomas Hardy, let us say that it is a good, nay more, an excellent book, as long as you do not have to try to extract a significance from it. It's about what happened when an educated man, on returning to his home in the hinterlands of England, tried to do a little soul uplifting for his countrymen,

but instead fell in love. The plot is quite complicated, but after you get into it, you will probably enjoy it.

GONE WITH THE WIND

By the time this is printed many of you will have seen the new movie *Gone With the Wind*, but don't let that stop you from reading the book, if you have the time. It would be well worth it, for its pages are rich in Southern atmosphere and human nature. You are all familiar with the principal characters, and their morals, or rather, lack of morals, but you can't realize what a lifelike book it is until you read it. Some parts of it are more like life than life itself. Many people have read the first thirty-five or forty pages of it and pushed it away in disgust. This was a silly thing to do, because you can't judge *Gone With the Wind* until you have read at least a hundred pages of it, and we wholeheartedly advise you to read its entire 1037 pages. You'll enjoy it.

GLOOM DISPELLERS

There comes a time in everyone's life when he would like to read something really funny. If such a desire should ever possess you, transfer yourself at once to the Public Library and secure either or both of the following books; (a) *Sun Hunting* by Kenneth Roberts or, (b) *How to Lose Friends and Alienate People* by Irving D. Tressler.

Sun Hunting is a book of humorous essays on the people who inhabit Florida in the winter. There are, for instance the "Time Killers" of Palm Beach who try to kill time by smothering it with money, the "Tin Can Tourists," and the natives who print headlines such as this in their newspapers; "Nine killed in California blizzard!" There is a laugh on every page, as Kenneth Roberts makes anything and everything seem funny.

As you might suspect, *How to Lose Friends and Alienate People* is a take-off on *How to Win Friends and Influence People*. Everything is just the opposite and it will keep you in stitches. There are many suggestions on how to get rid of relatives who drop in for "a few days" and other pests. These suggestions might be very helpful if one dared try them. It's nice to have a book like this around to use up that extra fifteen minutes.

Editorial Comment



VOL. XLIX NO. 3

THE ORACLE

FEBRUARY, 1940

Hall of Fame

IN this month of February we celebrate the birthdays of two most famed Americans who ever lived—Washington and Lincoln. The question of which one of the two, Washington or Lincoln, did more for the nation has been for a good many years the subject of heated debate. Yet we feel that this abundance of dispute and controversy has been useless, unprofitable, and unnecessary. Since both men lived in different times and different circumstances, and faced vastly different problems, any comparison of the two must of necessity be somewhat far fetched. Both were great men. After all arguments on both sides of the question have been thoroughly discussed and discarded,



we have left the only comparison and conclusion that we believe possible—and it is by no means an original one: Washington established the Union; Lincoln preserved it.

Yet, be this as it may, the homely character of Lincoln somehow appeals to us more strongly as a subject of discussion and study than does that of Washington. And apparently we are not alone in that thought, for the recently completed four volume life of Lincoln by famed American poet and lecturer Carl Sandburg was one of the sensations of literature in 1939. Incident-

ally two of these four volumes, *The Prairie Years*, are now in the school library.

We are prone to think of Lincoln as a great statesman and to forget the other sides of his career. Of course it must be admitted that had he not been become a great public figure we would never have heard anything of his other accomplishments, but as it has been written, there are few men whose lives are worthy of being subjects for biography, but those few deserve complete and thorough consideration. And Lincoln certainly is one of those few.

Nor is it a dull task to which we recommend you when we advise you, as our history teacher first advised us, to read at least some part of Sandburg's *Lincoln*. For, in his facile and readable style, Sandburg has brought out the many sided character of Lincoln. The ideal of Lincoln as captured somewhat by the current motion picture, *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, are expressed in the biography, and though we realize that we are perhaps stealing the thunder of the book column; nevertheless, we are so enthusiastic on the subject that we wholeheartedly advise you to read some part of Sandburg's *Lincoln: The Prairie Years; The War Years*.

Nor should we neglect to pay homage to Washington at this time. And the words of Washington should bear a special significance to us now, for we too easily forget that he, also, lived in troubled times. His problems were great, and the manner in which he met them was greater.

We may draw a most interesting and applicable (so far as any comparison is applicable) parallel of his problems in guiding the course of the nation through the stormy seas of foreign wars and civil discontent, with those of today. Especially may we take guidance from the words of his Farewell Address, which though supposedly known to every school boy and girl in the nation, is not, strangely and sadly enough.

For in it, Washington laid down the fundamental precepts that have guided our nation to the position of being the greatest and most prosperous nation on earth, and these precepts may well be followed today, when we are facing the same situation in world-relations that Washington faced so well in his day.



The Musicolumn

KULLMAN SINGS IN CITY HALL

CONSIDERED by many Bangor music lovers the most successful concert presented by the Community Concert Association was the January 29th recital of Charles Kullman, leading tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Association and star of screen and radio.

At the first, Mr. Kullman's naturalness won the hearts of his audience. Had his singing that night been only mediocre, the concert would still have been a success. Far from mediocre, however, was Mr. Kullman's performance. So good it was that much over-used and meaningless superlatives are unnecessary in describing it. It was, in short, the performance that one would expect from the top-ranking artist that Mr. Kullman is.

Particularly good was Mr. Kullman's rendition of the German lieder group consisting of songs by Schubert and Strauss. Here was brought out the full lyric beauty of his voice, and his tones fell sweetly on the ear. When we heard this group, we thought we liked his lieder singing best of all, but later when he presented Italian and French songs (particularly the lovely *Plaisir d'Amour*) we thought we liked them better. Finally we just decided that we liked anything he sang. So did the audience.

Sharing the laurels of the evening was accompanist Stuart Ross, whose brilliant work at the piano, especially in the Strauss waltz encore, won the enthusiastic approval of the audience.

THE BANGOR MUSIC FESTIVAL

Though all of Bangor's musical institutions always held a high degree of excellence, for years one organization, the Music Festival, outshadowed all others. The name of one man—William Rogers Chapman—is indelibly associated with the Music Festival; for William Rogers Chapman *was* the Music Festival. It was William Rogers Chapman who founded the Festival in 1897, saw it through its first struggle for existence, and raised its standards to the point where it became famed throughout the nation.

(Fritz Kreisler, hearing a Festival Concert in 1916, said: "We have no chorus in Europe that can compare with your magnificent assembly of native singers.")

In the hey-day of Bangor's musical history, the Festival lasted three days, featured a seventy-man orchestra, a chorus of two thousand, and presented the brightest luminaries of the musical world, among them: Amelita Calli-Curci, John McCormack, Geraldine Farrar, Madame Shumann-Heink, Lawrence Tibbett.

Following the resignation of Mr. Chapman in 1926 because of ill health, and the subsequent decline felt by music everywhere, the Festivals threatened to go out of existence; however, of late they have taken on a new lease of life. Especially did the success of this year's presentation, featuring the duet team of Lansing Hatfield and Hope Manning, indicate that, under the capable direction of Professor Adelbert W. Sprague, the Bangor Music Festivals still hold a very definite and important place in the life of the community.

SWING SECTION

The swing world certainly lost a great master of syncopation when Artie Shaw, tired of it all, left to rest up from his tedious occupation, choosing Mexico as his realm of repose. Although his departure left a gap in the group of best bands, followers of the smooth rhythmers soon became consoled by the smart song styling of Glenn Miller, whose ever increasing popularity in the past few months has been due to his versions of such numbers as *Little Brown Jug* and *In the Mood*, to say nothing of his tri-weekly program sponsored by Chesterfield.

Some of the outstanding wax releases of recent months are as follows:

Orrin Tucker's arrangement of *Oh, Johnny, Oh*, with Bonnie Baker vocal, still tops in record sales.

Bing Crosby's crooning of *El Rancho Grande* with Spanish chorus is definitely in the class of better discs.

Although not particularly popular, *A Lover is Blue* as recorded by Tommy Dorsey, is a harmoniously blended arrangement, featuring the brass section of

(Please turn to page twenty-five)

PASSING IN REVIEW

John Brookings. At last, by popular request we have managed to tear the all-around sport of the sophomore class away from his Latin. John plays on the J. V. basketball team and the football squad. In spite of his length he handles himself "pretty nifty" on the dance floor and no assault and battery cases have been brought up against him as yet. Though there is some doubt about his love of classical music although he plays in the band, there is no doubt about his charging corsages to his father (ask him). He hasn't made any definite plans for the future as yet, but he should succeed at almost anything.

Carolyn Fernald. In this corner we have Kay Fernald, who just delights in musical comedies, James Stewart, and Sonja Henie. Swimming and diving keep this senior busy in the summer, and skating takes up her spare afternoons in the winter with the exception of basketball, of course. Kay tells me that shorthand and typing are her meat, and she plans to go on with them in the future by going to business school and taking the normal course.

Howard Mullins. Junior Bud Mullins, football and basketball star player, is, although it is generally known to the public, an A-1 dancer and an ardent swing fan. Swimming and baseball take up most of his summer vacation with a little manual labor on the side. Since Bud enjoys practical coaching at spring football, he'll probably follow the coaching field as a profession. He isn't sure where he will continue his education, but admits that it will probably be the U. of M.

Louine Kimball. This fair-haired junior, who hails from good old Mary Snow, likes the intellectual side of life—that is, to a certain extent. Hick radio programs like *The Alka Seltzer Barn Dance* make "Weeny" sit right up and smile all over. Welsh rarebit and chocolate sodas are the two things Louine likes best to eat, and in the line of sports, basketball is tops with her. The Gordon College of Theology holds her attention for the future as she desires to be a teacher of Religious Education.



Marion Connors. Marion is another lover of movies and one of the very few haters of murder mysteries. To sit through one of Mickey Rooney's pictures ten times wouldn't bother her a bit—in fact she'd love it. Blondie, Jack Benny, and Charlie McCarthy are the radio programs that she never misses. She thinks mountain climbing is just superb, and another thing perfectly perfect is Waukeela Camp in N. H., where she spends her summers. Marion would like to go to Vassar and, like little sister "Annie," wants to be a newspaper reporter.

Lowell Savage. One glance can tell you that this is that galloping *savage* of Little City. One of the standbys of the freshman basketball team, he promises to be a great asset to future athletic teams at Bangor High. Lowell spends most of his summers at camp, swimming, playing tennis, and taking part in other sports. Lowell hasn't made up his mind yet as to his future ambition and admits that though he is at the moment being pulled in two directions, he will probably end up in the Naval Air Corps.

Anne Connors. From what we gathered, this young freshman must like exciting things. *Beau Geste* and blueberry pie are those she finds most exciting. Annie is proud of being a graduate of Hannibal Hamlin Grammar School and after finishing high school, she wants to go to college at Sweet Briar in Virginia to study to be a newspaper reporter. I suppose that is so she'll have a chance to swim and play tennis all year round. Well, we don't blame her. . .

Irving Broder. Let's look into the private life of the senior jitterbug, Irving Broder, who keeps in training by playing a little basketball now and then, and seems to have a mania for English. Although he usually spends his summer at camp, he is definitely a working man in the fall and winter months. Ing plans to go to some college and improve his business knowledge and also play a little football on the side. We're sure he can get into any college of his choice on the condition that he never gets his hair cut short again.



Outside The Classroom

Assemblies

AT the first assembly following the holidays we were treated to an amusing and instructive lecture by the Rev. Mr. Meek on "The Origin of the Cartoon." Besides giving us the real history of the newspaper funnies, Mr. Meek told interesting occurrences that had taken place during their growth—such as an editor's refusal to print *Orphan Annie* when her originator had her adopted, the consternation of the whole nation when Sandy was lost, the origin of *Bringing Up Father* which is based upon a real family, and the fact that much of Popeye's talk was taken from the author's 3-year old daughter's lips. He also spoke of the fact that these strips do not cease when their founders die, Popeye being an excellent example of this fact. Seniors who thought they understood the full meaning of Mr. Meek's erudite oration were horrified when Miss Mullen conducted her daily Inquisition over the huge words employed in it. Their appreciation of it grew as their ignorance was mercilessly brought to light.

January 19 saw the first home-room program presented by Rooms 101, 110, 112, and 114. Room 110 started the program with a choral reading of the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians. Sarah Whitcomb then gave a sketch of Stephen Foster's life, and the chorus sang, with Florence Penney as soloist. The "Icy Jitters," under the baton of Paul Coleman, opened the program of 114. Albert Winchell introduced Catherine Crocker in a fancy tap specialty and Joanne Eddy in a vocal solo. Don Perry and Ray Leavitt, as a Maine guide and a New York hunter respectively, demonstrated the correct and incorrect handling of a gun, while Francis Higgins acted as error-by-error commentator to the radio audience. This was Room 112's offering. Room 101 contributed a musical quiz with Wayne Thurston as inquisitor and his contestants, Betty Early, Marice Duffey, Mary Farrar, Leon Higgins, John Brookings, and Whitney Jennison. The judges, Margaret Carlisle and Betty West, awarded first honors to Mary Farrar with a perfect score of 100. For the first number, Edith Fairley sang *Lilacs in the Rain*.

Featured at the February 27 assembly was the awarding of sharpshooting medals and the presentation to Officer's Club members by Major Ragan.

National Honor Society

The election of officers at the organization meeting of the Bangor High school chapter of the National Honor Society brought forth the following results: John Woodcock, president; John Johnstone, vice-president; Barbara Perry, secretary; and Kendall Cole, treasurer. Principal Joseph B. Chaplin is ex-officio faculty advisor for the group. At this meeting the advisability of preparing a combination college and vocational guidance room was discussed. Also informally discussed was the advisability of the establishment of a student council here in Bangor High.

Debate Club

As usual this time of the year, the Debate Club is so busy that in the *Oracle* it finds itself hastening to summarize past events only to get at the new things lined up for the current weeks.

Since the last printing, for instance, the Club has successfully presented Sir Hubert Wilkins in City Hall before a large general audience, scored its varsity debaters Kendall Cole and Dorothy Braidy second in the Bowdoin state tournament, had several outstanding meeting programs, including movies and an intercollegiate debate between the University of Maine and the University of Connecticut, and chosen three complete four-man teams to participate in practice tournaments.

Now attention is divided in the Club between tournament participation of the three teams and what promises to be the most sensationally successful social evening the school has had in six years—the Club's presentation of "THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 21."

As you may not know, back in the years '30 to '34 the Debate Club annually presented to high school students an outstanding dance. Teachers, or older brothers and sisters, will tell you that these dances represented the highest point in the social year of the school. Not only were the best bands in this section of the state hired, but every effort was made throughout the entire evening to give EVERYONE—dancers

and non-dancers alike—a really good time, with vaudeville, favors, refreshments, novelties, and contests as added attractions. **THOSE WERE THE DAYS!**

Or we should say **THESE** are the days, for the Club, under Manager Charles Jellison, has decided that 1940 is the year to do it all over again. With all the added attractions before associated with a Debate Club dance, the committee has two outstanding features of the evening either one of which it believes to be worth by itself the price of admission. The committee, composed of Kendall Cole, Barbara Perry, Sally Pearson, Wilfred Hansen, John Oakes, and Frederick Bean, has signed contracts for Watie Akins and his 10-piece dance band—at a price higher than ever before paid for an orchestra in the history of the school. Coupled with this will be the world premiere of the student-made horror-film "**THE ROAD TO THE TOMB**," featuring Balfour Golden, Paul Ford, Ruth Carlisle, John Webster, and a cast of less than thousands! A complete sketch of this super-epic is to be found in the feature section of the *Oracle* this month.

But we understand that the *Oracle* has regular advertising rates, and, since we have no money, we'll stake our success on the two paragraphs just finished and scurry on to a summary of things past.

The Committee of 15 under Alfred Keith has already been published as carrying most of the work of the presentation of Sir Hubert Wilkins. For the sake of the record, let's put into print the names of the four best salesmen for the \$180 profit-making venture: Harvard Weatherbee, Judith Banton, Leon Higgins, and Barbara Perry, in that order. Keith and the four leaders will receive free tickets for all debate club events for the remainder of the year.

In connection with the presentation of Sir Hubert came one of the finest compliments for the Debate Club in the school's history: an editorial in the *Bangor Daily Commercial*, under date of December 9, saying in part—it was nearly a column long—"...Of these few courageous groups, only one over a period of recent years has consistently brought to the city figures of international prominence. It is the Bangor High School Debate Club. This organization...has been offering to the local public the privilege of seeing and hearing famous persons that even adult groups would hesitate to present because of the great expense involved.... Bangor can well be grateful to the organization which is willing to shoulder such an ambitious undertaking."

Now training for practice tournament participation are three teams. Coached by Kendall Cole, Team *B* is composed of Charles Jellison and Alfred Perry, affirmative; and John LaPoint and Nicholas Brontas, negative. Team *H*, coached by Dorothy Braidy, has for its affirmative John Woodecock and Balfour Golden,

for its negative Mary Farrar and Sally Pearson. Nicholas Brontas will handle Team *S*, with Doris Ayer and Judith Banton, affirmative, and Frederick Bean and Albert Winchell, negative. All teams will debate the national debate topic for the season: Resolved, That the federal government should own and operate the railroads. One member of the above group will later be selected on the basis of his tournament record to become the fourth member of this year's Bates League varsity debate team.

Latin Club

As usual, the December Saturnalia of the Latin Club afforded as many laughs to the minute as the latest production of the Marx brothers. With Consul Barbero as interpreter between the gods and men, and Consul Jellison as chief performer for the Juniors, as well as stage manager, prompter, electrician and general overseer, excitement ran high.

The laurel wreath of the evening certainly would have gone to those old troopers, Ford and Golden, had not these two greatest comedians B. H. S. has ever produced made a sad mistake at the outset. They not only wandered into the wrong pew, but they found themselves in the wrong church. *Pro-tem*—and we trust it was only *pro tem*—they fancied themselves great tragedy actors, and the result would have made any tragedian weep, while the effect on the other club members was to produce howls of merriment. They produced a long, mournful play, entitled *The Road to the Tomb*, which just missed being gruesome, and unintentionally succeeded in being funny. We understand that they have since made of this same production a movie, no less. Rumor hath it that the Latin Club has offered twenty cents for the privilege of seeing it. However, the actor-producers are holding out for at least thirty-five.

The Juniors, on the other hand, attempted a comedy, which turned out to be a tragedy. At least the audience wept, but close observers might have thought that it was because the wanderings of Ulysses, portrayed by Charles Jellison, seemed on this occasion to take longer than the twenty years allotted to them by Homer. Phyllis Lipsky made an attractive Penelope. Raymond Jones was a slightly inebriated porter. It was a new idea to us, that Ulysses traveled by parlor-car! Several other Juniors wandered more or less aimlessly over the stage, and evidently belonged in the story somewhere. However, it was past this writer's bed time, and the pieces of the puzzle wouldn't fit. Oh, we almost forgot! The Juniors did stage a good scene from the Roman slave market; and when we say good, we mean

good.

The little Sophs, bless 'em, undertook a serious job and carried it through with that thoroughness which characterizes their class performance.

They enacted the whole of the story of the Argonauts, as Paul Hart, who played Jason, modestly remarked at the outset, "in a manner so convincing and so perfect in execution, as to make all previous performances of that much-abused tale fade into insignificance." Janice Minott certainly played Medea to perfection. The death agonies of Edith Fairley as Glauce haunt us still. The only word which fits this offering of the Sophomores, is *stupendous*!

Prizes for the best impersonation of historical and mythological characters went to Paul Ford, Nicholas Brountas, and Louine Kimball, with *very* honorable mention to Kendall Cole, for his excellent representation of Mrs. Cumming in action in the class room; and to Joe Chaplin for his spontaneous variations of the goose-step.

Latin Christmas carols, gifts, and refreshments brought to a close as bizarre an evening as we have ever spent. (For the meaning of bizarre, we refer you to English IV A. etc.)

The January meeting introduced a new topic, that rang strangely in our ears, viz. *War*. The program was in the hands of those same earnest Sophomores. The general theme, introduced by Edith Fairly, was "War, Old Style and New—A Study in Contrasts."

Edith spoke on the seeming inevitability of war, despite predictions of world-peace, dating back many thousands of years, and despite the struggle of people of all faiths for peace and harmony.

John Clement told of Caesar's statement that the less civilized nations are, the better fighters they are. "These people" said Caesar, "are the best fighters because they are the farthest removed from the civilization and refinement of Rome." In contrast to this fact, doubtless true in Caesar's day, is the striking fact that modern warfare depends upon science and therefore upon a high degree of civilization, so that the more highly civilized men are today, the more successful they are in blowing their fellow-men to bits.

Rosalie Mansfield gave an excellent character-sketch of Caesar, contrasting the great Roman Leader with generals of modern days.

Leon Higgins described the uniform, arms and equipment of Caesar's soldiers, in contrast to those of today. Caesar's artillery,—mere ten-cent toys in comparison with today's bombing planes, long-range guns and submarines,—was amusingly described by Tommy Hilton, who also contrasted the objectives of ancient and modern warfare, and pictured in detail the siege of a Gallic town in 53 B. C.

Today's best gag,—in fact, the best of the year,—the query of the member of the class of 1940, who was searching for a suitable class-motto. He asked the teacher of senior Latin, in all seriousness, if *De mortuis nihil nisi bonum* wouldn't be a good one. We may have suspected that the class of 1940 was moribund, but we did not realize that they were entirely defunct.

Snapdragons

The freshman girls and sophomore girls taking the commercial course who are members of the Snapdragon Debate Club are looking forward to a full program this year under the direction of Miss Bocquel.

The meetings are held every other Thursday, and plans have already been made for extensive training on debating methods. Each member of the club is to take some active part in the practice debates.

The following officers have been elected:

President.....	Prudy Speirs
Vice President.....	Audrey Burke
Secretary.....	Betty Higgins

Public Affairs Club

The Public Affairs Club, striving as always to get the best, is sponsoring a series of American history films, "The Chronicles of America," to be presented to the student body as part of the course in American history. The schedule for the series is as follows:

Pilgrims, December 12; *Puritans*, January 9; *Dixie*, January 16; *Peter Stuyvesant*, January 23; *Columbus*, January 30; *Gateway to the West*, February 6; *James-town*, February 13; *Wolfe and Montcalm*, February 20; *Alexander Hamilton*, February 27; *Eve of Revolution*, March 12; *Declaration of Independence*, April 5; *York-town*, April 16; *Vincennes*, May 3; *Daniel Boone*, May 14; *Frontier Woman*, May 28;

The first film in the series was shown as a part of the regular club meeting. At that time the story of the *Pilgrims* was presented by Frances Roberts. On the regular bill was a talk by William Fellows on "Propaganda." Superintendent Arthur Pierce extended his Christmas greetings to the club.

Barbara Scribner and Edward Babcock discussed the condition of the national budget at the next meeting of the club, and Senator Taft's plan for balancing the budget was set forth by Malcolm Hardy. The dilemma of Congress provided the subject of an interesting talk by Phyllis Fletcher. William Fellows had as his topic the life of Cordell Hull, while Marise Reaviel discussed *Harper's Magazine*.

Rifle Club

As has been the custom for some eighteen years at this school, the members of the Bangor High School Rifle Club engage in intramural competition from November first to December sixteenth annually for prizes purchased from the Rifle Club Fund. These prizes are three in number for the upper-classmen and one for freshman class.

As a result of the competition, the highest scores were attained by the following individuals from a total of twenty-three competitors:

First Prize—Gold Medal—Lloyd J. Burnett.

Second Prize—Silver Medal—Walter B. Averill, Jr.

Third Prize—Bronze Medal—Leon S. Tuck, Jr.

Freshman Prize—Silver Medal—William H. Drisko.

The following report on small-bore firing by the Bangor High School Rifle Club is hereby submitted. From November first to December sixteenth, the standing of the individual firers is in the order listed:

Upper Classmen

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Lloyd J. Burnett. | 11. Vaughn D. Carey. |
| 2. Walter B. Averill, Jr. | 12. John W. Campbell, Jr. |
| 3. Leon S. Tuck, Jr. | 13. Robert T. Lancaster |
| 4. Edgar W. Pearson, Jr. | 14. W. Terence Hinckley. |
| 5. Francis E. Pearson, 3rd | 15. Frederic C. Dill. |
| 6. G. Robert Leavitt. | 16. J. Warren Daigle. |
| 7. Earl R. Kingsbury. | 17. Richard L. Graham. |
| 8. Sam W. Robinson. | 18. Philip A. Doherty. |
| 9. Leon F. Higgins. | 19. Donald A. Perry. |
| 10. Robert M. Harper. | |

Freshman Class

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. William H. Drisko | 3. Arthur F. Cunningham |
| 2. Terrence E. Hogan. | 4. Peter J. Bradshaw. |

On January tenth, the Penobscot Rifle and Pistol Club, by a narrow margin of 27 points, defeated the B. H. S. rifle team on the latter's range. It was the first shoot of the winter season for the B. H. S. rifle team. The final score was 984-867.

Following are a few of our challenges with other rifle clubs in the United States. These matches are called "postal matches" because our team and its opponent both shoot their scores on the set date, and the results are then mailed to each other.

	Date
Fishburne Military School	1/27/40
Waynesboro, Virginia.	
Louisville Male High School	1/27/40
Louisville, Kentucky.	
Roosevelt Military Academy	2/10/40
Aledo, Illinois.	
C. K. McClatchy Senior High School	2/10/40
Sacramento, Calif.	

West High School, Junior Division	3/16/40
Salt Lake City, Utah.	
Hillsborough County High School	3/29/40
Tampa, Florida.	
El Paso High School	4/3/40
El Paso, Texas.	

Band

The band has a total membership of sixty-seven at the present time. Of these, thirteen are girls. A few of the members are inexperienced, but are enthusiastic students of their instruments, and are admitted to the rehearsals which are giving them valuable experience in ensemble playing.

After a busy season playing for the football games, the band at present is appearing at the basketball games with the added attraction of the group of twirlers under the direction of June Trembly. One would have to travel far and wide to find a better exhibition of baton work, and these girls are putting the same work and enthusiasm into their act that the boys and girls of the band put into theirs.

Band rehearsals are held regularly on Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock regardless of weather conditions, and a large working unit is always on hand. Several concert numbers have been prepared this season, and the band is always ready at a moment's notice. At a recent assembly in which the band took part, the selection from *The Merry Widow* was presented, and at the next assembly Peter Buy's splendidly arranged *Childhood Days* was given. This number is not a mere medley of childhood songs, but is a selection which calls for the best efforts of each section in the band, and every instrument and group of instruments has its chance. We hope to introduce some new numbers for the remaining games, and even *Oh Johnny* will be dolled up a bit.

After the rally of the 26th, the band went to work in preparation for the May concert and festival and settled down to hard work on the numbers to be played.

New marches are being worked into the rehearsal programs, and these will be used in the field work next May when the R. O. T. C. Band takes its part in the annual inspection at Broadway Park. This year will find the military band well balanced as to sections and without doubt the best playing organization ever turned out on the field at these events.

Much credit is due the untiring work of Drum Major Waldo Libbey and Student Leader Everett Orbeton for the handling of the band at the games, and the members themselves deserve credit for the measure of orderly conduct which they have attained at all gatherings.

Exchanges

Red and Gray—Canadian Academy Kobe, Japan. Congratulations for a splendid magazine. How about a more attractive cover design?

The Tradesman—High School of Commerce, Boston, Mass. Well written stories; however, a few more cuts or prints would make it better.

The Broadcast—Calais Academy. We can't understand how you can put such a good magazine out with so few advertisements. Longer stories would add to its value.

Old Hughes—Hughes High School, Cincinnati, Ohio. A few good short stories would add much to your magazine. "The Student Speaks" is very interesting.

Meteor—Berlin High School, Berlin, N. H. Your poetry section is very good. More humorous stories would improve the literary section, however.

Dramatic Club

For its first offering of the current season, the Bangor High School Dramatic Club under the direction of Miss Evelyn Haney presented a psychological play, *Wings of the Morning*. The story dealt with the philanthropic experiment of a wealthy philosopher, Master Geoffrey, whose difficult impersonation was superbly enacted by Balfour Golden of *Road to The Tomb* fame. Master Geoffrey brings to the house a group of selected people who have various problems in their life with which they must ultimately cope. Master Geoffrey wishes to make them see the light, that is, the correct solution of their problem. For instance, there is Dr. Banning, portrayed by John Woodcock, whose performance received laudations from the critics. He, although a successful surgeon, is not satisfied with his profession. Another disturbance has provoked a young poet, Adrian Powell, (Thomas Gleason) and he, too, needs aid in finding a solution. Other problems involve in an Italian family (Vincent Elliott, Sylvia Smith, Barbara Scribner) and an elderly lady (Ruth Powers). Master Geoffrey is finally successful in his noble attempt and the lives of the various players are rescued from oncoming adversity.

Dorothy Braidly earnestly portrayed the leading role of Joyce Calvert, and is deserving of great praise for her splendid work. Others in the cast included Carolyn Fernald, Paul Ford, Virginia Thorpe, Carol Taylor, Elaine Russell, and Ernest Monroe.

The play was presented before a capacity audience in the assembly hall.

At the first meeting of the dramatic club following the financially successful presentation of *Wings of the*

Morning, the club had as its guest speaker, Mrs. Marion J. Bradshaw who, in a very interesting dissertation, gave an account of stage and cinema from their beginnings.

At this meeting Harvard Weatherbee, president of the club, tendered his resignation as active president owing to the regulations of the nine-point plan in effect in the high school. Members cast votes for a new president, and Herbert Travis was elected to that office.

T. N. T.'s

The Think 'N' Talk Club (otherwise known as the TNT's), the afternoon division of the Debate club, held an election at its first meeting. Members chosen as officers were Robinson Speirs, president; Gilbert O'Connell, vice-president; John Ballou, secretary-treasurer; and Willard Pierce, publicity manager. There seems to be quite an interest in the club this year, for it is starting the season with over thirty members. The new faculty advisor is Miss Pauline McLaughlin.

At each of its following meetings the group has held a debate. The first, a non-decision debate, was "Resolved: That there should be a law in the United States establishing compulsory voting." The affirmative team was composed of Robert Berry and Edward Sibley, and the negative of Simon O'Leary 3rd. and Sherwood Jones, with Sterling Morris as chairman.

Subject of the next debate was Resolved: That the U. S. should send aid to Finland. According to the judges, Simon O'Leary, Harry Graves, and Charles Tozier, the affirmative team consisting of Jack Lord and Norman Torrey carried off top honors. Negative team was Philip Hatch and Donald Hathorn. Sherwood Jones presided as chairman. Selected to debate at the next meeting were Melvin Ames, Robert Rudman, Sterling Morris, and Willard Pierce.

Homec Club

The Homec Club, at its first regular meeting of the year, elected on October 6, the following officers: Della Otis, president; Dorothy Robinson, secretary; Dorothy Gardiner, treasurer; Donna Estabrook, recorder; and Charlotte Smith, member-at-large. At this meeting it was decided to become affiliated with the national society of the American Home Economics association.

The club has adopted an entirely new constitution this year. The program for the season was outlined by the program committee. It is composed of, principally, the club banquet, the craftwork for the Christmas sale, a Christmas party, a Valentine baby party, (Please turn to page thirty-three)

MUSICOLUMN

(continued from page eighteen)

the band, and an excellent vocal by Jack Leonard.

For those who especially delight in strong brass sections, Charley Bennett's does its bit in a still going strong recording of *Cherokee*.

All of Glenn Miller's late releases are music to the ears, but especially excellent are his slow and sweet orchestrations of *Faithful Forever*, *Blue Rain*, *My Isle of Golden* (plug) *Dreams*, and his fast and furious offering of *Johnson Rag*.

STRAUSS AND HIS WALTZES

As Interpreted by Paul Ford

With that pronounced down beat of captivating three quarter time, there arose from the ranks a young Viennese who was to revolutionize the entire musical world. Johann Strauss was perhaps the only writer of popular music ever to place his name and works with the masters themselves. His waltzes are of such a nature that one without any sense of time whatsoever cannot help but feel the accented pulsation.

The characteristic of the waltz itself is the three measures of pronounced three quarter time introducing the *tempo di valse* which precede the melody. The chords in these pulsed measures are predominant throughout the entire selection, so that during its entirety one is unconsciously aware of this extremely pulsed time, and it is difficult for one not to feel it in his very being. It is because of this fact that the Strauss waltz swept over the world with such a wave of enthusiasm and put away forever the slow minuet with all its "stateliness."

The style of Strauss waltzes may well be compared to the links of a chain. Each link, or theme as it is technically known, is a waltz with a melody of its own, separated from the preceding "link" by two measures of dominant chords changing the key of the ensuing theme.

Usually there are four themes—sometimes five—and a coda. The conclusion of the Strauss waltz is symphonic indeed, and one is never in doubt as to when the ending is to come. There is none of that "just stopping" in Strauss' works.

The introduction itself, which precedes the introducing of the *tempo di valse* is almost always omitted in modern transcriptions, but that in itself was very popular and essential in its day. This introduction, written usually in 4/4 time was impossible to dance to, but was merely the announcement, so to speak, that a waltz was to follow. The people who intended to dance the waltz then congregated on the floor and awaited the three measures introducing the waltz time or *tempo di valse*, as we have previously referred to it. By this method every one who intended to dance was there

on the floor ready to dance the entire waltz when it started—no waiting for someone else to start nor coming in just at the finish.

Against the wishes of his father, who was a musician bearing the same name, Johann Strauss the younger left his work in a Vienna bank and wrote a number of waltzes. He drilled his orchestra upon these and made his debut at Dommayer's Casino at Hietzun, a suburb of Vienna.

So great was the crowd's enthusiasm when the last strains of this new type of waltz died, that Johann concluded then and there what course in life he would follow.

Among those few who have most clearly interpreted the works of Strauss is Harry Horlick who has made a great many recordings of them on Decca Records. To these, one may dance the Viennese waltz as did the Viennese under the baton of Strauss himself. Many recordings of his works are by symphonic orchestras which play them in an un-danceable symphonic mood, which is not in the light, rhythmic sway that the composer intended them to be.

There were no bounds to the enthusiasm displayed by the audience to whom Strauss presented them, and his works swept the world like fire through a forest dried by the heat of summer. No one before or after has excelled the immortal "waltz king."

But in the field of opera, he is not so well known, though the opera *Der Fledermaus* (the Bat) and *The Gypsy Baron* were met by great enthusiasm. However, in that field he competed with rivals. He did not imitate other operatic composers, but gave the world a different type of opera, introducing the dance element from which many of his waltzes were taken—such as *You and You*, and *Sweethearts*. In his operas he was no more able to escape from the waltz element than a Latin poet is able to escape from using military terms in his writing.

And so it is for his waltzes that Johann Strauss is best known, for in that, he, and he alone is *supreme*.

"Scatterbrain"

I had *An Apple for the Teacher*,
But I'm such a *Scatterbrain*,
I left it *South of the Border*
By the *Lilacs in the rain*.

El Rancho Grande will send it up;
He'll hear *My Prayer* some how
But I'll wire *Stop—It's wonderful*
For *It makes no difference now*.

—James Black, '43.



Record of the Rams

BANGOR 31; BUCKSPORT 18

THE first game of the season brought a large crowd to the Bangor Auditorium. As the floor was slippery, the game was slowed up considerably.

The Rams featured very accurate passing. Their height helped somewhat, but they really outplayed a smaller Bucksport quintet. The Trowell-men relied upon a man-to-man defense.

Dick Morse was high score man for Bangor, scoring seven baskets and one foul. Bud Carson was next with three baskets and one foul.

BANGOR 20; STEARNS 22

This game was played at Millinocket. The Minutemen had played more games than the Rams and were therefore in better condition, but Bangor nearly won the game.

Both teams played cautiously during the first half. Bangor led 13 to 8 at the end of the third quarter.

The Rams were ahead 20 to 17 with less than a minute to play. Ozzie Porter tied up the game and it went into an overtime. Dick Morse played a brilliant floor game, while Work and Chason each scored two baskets and two fouls.

BANGOR 18; PRESQUE ISLE 28

After playing a comparatively dead game the first two quarters, the Wildcats, sparked by the inspired court work of Gene Hunter, forged ahead to a 19-15 lead at the third period and picked up nine additional points in the final canto. Bangor led 12-9 at the half. Morse was the spearhead of Bangor's scoring work, ably aided by Jameson, Chason, and Work.

The last half of the battle was all Presque Isle, however, and they won the game.

BANGOR 43; OLD TOWN 47

In what was termed the wildest game in years, Old Town on its own floor edged Bangor in the final quarter to win an exciting game.

At the end of the first period Bangor was behind 4-8, but led 21 to 20 at halftime. The Rams were behind

35 to 32 at the gun ending the third stanza, playing their best in the last period and tying the score three times. Also they gained the lead twice.

Frank Dufour was the high-score man for Old Town with eight baskets and seven foul shots to his credit.

Dick Morse's follow-up shots were clicking beautifully. The Rams used a zone defense. Dick Morse was high man for Bangor with six baskets and one foul shot. Carson was second with 4 (3).

BANGOR 37; DEXTER 17

Coach Ed Trowell used all fourteen of his men in this game. Although the Dexter team was outplayed and inexperienced, they put up a good fight. Bangor had a tight defense, a lethal offense, and showed a great passing attack.

Cary, high man for Bangor, scored four baskets and one foul shot. Morse was right behind with four baskets.

The score by periods: Bangor.... 7 17 31 -37
Dexter.... 3 4 10 -17

BANGOR 58; JOHN BAPST 38

A rejuvenated Bangor High hoop machine, passing the ball like a hat and shooting with deadly accuracy, stunned a large crowd at the Auditorium with the ease in which they defeated a speedy Bapst team.

The Ram team had been termed big and slow, but after this game the author of those words had to eat them.

Unleashing an amazingly fast attack at the opening whistle, the boys of Bangor leaped to a 16 to 10 lead at the end of the first quarter, and at the half they led 33 to 17. The Bapst lads just couldn't keep pace. The majority of the Ram baskets were taken from in close. The Bapst men used a man-to-man defense, while the Rams used a shifting zone defense. Dick Morse led the Bangor squad with eight baskets and a foul, with Richard and Boyle high for Bapst.

Wendy Cary, playing center for Bangor, upset at least a dozen Bapst attempts to score.

BANGOR 32; BREWER 15

The Rams rallied in the second half when Chason sank two in a row. From then on the Rams had the

game on ice.

The Rams passed all around the men from across the stream and got most of their baskets from in close. Brewer only scored two baskets in the last half.

The score by periods: Bangor.... 6 12 21 -32
Brewer.... 5 11 11 -15

BANGOR 52; OLD TOWN 33

Before 1500 fans at the Bangor Auditorium, Wendy Cary played his best offensive game of the year and tallied 22 points before he was forced out on fouls in the fourth period.

Starting fast, the Rams really clinched the game in the first half. Dufour, the Old Town star, kept the score close during the first quarter, but the Rams were out in front 32 to 13 at the half, and the Indians were not able to overcome the lead.

The Rams passed and dribbled in superb fashion, outfought the Indians for the rebounds, and set up some very tricky plays. Windy Work was all over the hall as he broke up the Old Town plays time after time. Dick Morse collected fifteen points for his side, Carson and Chason also starring for the Rams.

BANGOR 31; PRESQUE ISLE 34

Showing great shooting skill and a strong defense, Presque Isle overcame the hard fighting Rams to win in the last period. The Rams had a strong defense, but the Wildcats just stayed outside of it and shot from the sides and in the center. Virtually all the Presque Isle field goals were scored from outside the foul line.

Bangor took the lead early and led 9 to 5 at the first quarter. Presque Isle took the lead at the half 16 to 14, but the Rams regained the lead during the third period when they lead 24 to 21.

Windy Work played an outstanding game despite an injury during the first half. Dick Morse led the Crimson scoring with eight points. Work and Carson each scored six.

Jameson pushed in a goal a minute before the end of the game, but it did not count because Bangor had six men on the floor.

BANGOR AGAIN DEFEATS BREWER

36 - 22

Taking the lead from the outset Bangor ran up a 10-3 lead in the first period, a 15-8 advantage at the half, and a 28-15 margin at the three-quarter mark.

Brewer started a rally late in the fourth period, but the Rams were already too far ahead.

The Bangor defense held the Witches to eight points in the first half. Unable to get in close, the Witches resorted to a long shooting style, but it wasn't accurate enough to keep up to the Rams.

Bud Carson carried off honors for Bangor with nine points. Morse was next with eight points, then Chason and Work with six each. Chet Dalton of Brewer sprained his ankle late in the game, and was taken out. Cosseboom and Lyford were high scorers for the Orange.

SPEAKING OF SPORTS

The Winter Sports Club has been trying to organize a hockey team. We understand that a rival high school has one.

This season seems to be a bad one for snow. There has not been enough to ski on Bald Mountain. While there was 117 inches of snow in Tuckerman's ravine on Mt. Washington at Christmas time last year, there is only 34 inches there at the time this *Oracle* is being printed.

We find that a number of underclassmen have become interested in skiing this winter. The King's Mountain and Garland ski slopes are crowded every weekend. Intramural basketball teams have been organized in all the upper classes. The members of the winning team will receive small gold basketballs.

Girls' Athletics

THE coaches this year for the girls' basketball teams are Lois Vincent, coaching the Seniors; Ruth Carlisle and Barbara Clement, coaching the Juniors; Marie Hilton and Hilda Banks, coaching the Sophomores; Francis Roberts, coaching the Commercial Sophomores; and Betty Day, Natalie Costrell, and Dorothy Braidy coaching the Freshmen. All the coaches are members of the G. A. H. C.

Practice sessions have already been held for the teams in the gym. Games will begin shortly and everyone is invited to attend.

For the last two years the class of 1941 has won the cup, and it will be interesting to see if this record will be broken. We know all the games will have plenty of action and will be well worth seeing.

Bobby Hanson was buying a suitcase the other day and the clerk said, "Should you like a steel one?" "No," answered Bob, "I can afford to buy it."

Thomas Gleason got his lunch down town one day last week. As he seated himself in the booth the waitress accosted him. "Now," she said, "I have stewed kidneys, boiled tongue, fried liver, and pig's feet."

"Don't tell me your troubles," fumed Tommy; "just bring me a cheese sandwich!"



Hokum

AMONG the pages of my little black "Hokum" book, there appears a notation concerning that popular athletic star, Dick Morse. At long last the secret of his athletic ability is out. Every day on his way home from school in the limousine of Betty Brown, he stops and runs into the store to get a quart of milk for himself! Frosh, read, and centralize your thoughts upon that, so you'll become big and handsome like Dick. (That can be taken as a threat if need be.)

Peggy Carlisle, one of the stars of *The Road To The Tomb*, has taken a great interest in rabbit hunting lately. Mr. Garry Speirs, who cuts paper dolls during church, has proved a very competent instructor. It seems that it takes all one afternoon for a single lesson! "Mirabile dictu!" (Virgil).

If anyone wants a recipe for "hole-less" waffles, Louise Eastman is the one to whom he should go. It seems she served some to Ernest Monroe one evening. The doctor thinks Ernest will be around in about six weeks.

Balfour Golden, that husky warbler and one of the stars in *The Road To The Tomb*, (hence the haircut) gave a party at his house one night. Well, I guess it was some party!! Marie Hilton went and hasn't been the same since, for she and Sukey Giddings, when at the race track in Lewiston a few days later, tried in vain to figure out why the rabbit was always *just ahead* of the dogs. O well, one thing to be thankful for is that they are not so far gone as Bob Blake who, incidentally hasn't a car now. He, it seems, sent *two dollars* worth of red roses (of all things) to a sick girl friend of his who is a freshman here in school, (admit it tho, he won't!) He likes frosh, though, for he went skating *all day long* at Holbrooks Pond with Jean Mack of Maine, Marvelous to tell! (Virgil).

Hark, everyone, and give your ears to that which I am going to relate. Giulio Barbero, that silent senior scholar, who is seen but not heard, burst forth the other day with an amazing revelation. 'Twas at *Oracle* meeting, and we guys and gals were ripping. . .er. I mean discussing people, when Giulio suddenly confessed to a startled world the news that back in sunny Italy he had

left a fair damsel two years ago!! Laughable to relate! (Ford).

Orman Twitchell, having ridden down from Maine, or the Country Club, or some place or other, with Jean Archer, now spends his time while skating, wishing that she, too, were there with him. When Betty Burns told me of this, I wondered why Orman didn't stop his dreaming of Jean and call on that young lady. I would if I were young once again, but the revolving years have left their heavy marks of toil upon my wearied frame. Lament, lament!

M. C. I's Bob Moulton, with whom many of you are undoubtedly acquainted, has been receiving perfumed letters from Francis Pearson's sister, Sally, and Bob can always tell when the letters are coming, for the air for miles about is heavy with the fragrance of the perfume. I shouldn't be making mockery of Sally's perfume tho, for it once belonged to a millionaire—F.W. Woolworth!! The pioneers of Aroostook might have had Caribou for Thanksgiving, but this Thanksgiving Caribou had Betty Day—get it? She was accompanied by a certain Mr. Chubby Chandler.

Albert Bean is getting quite "ritz" all of a sudden, for when he takes Frances Johnson riding, he has "Noonie" Ross as a chauffeur.

Severe was the reprimand I received in class the other day when I craned my neck to see what Kendall Cole had been gazing at for the last few minutes, and surprised was I to see it was none other than that beautiful Lois Vincent. Tch, tch. . .

The blood of executives must certainly be in the veins of Frances Arnold and Norman Bateman, for they hold conferences very frequently in the exhibit room of the library. Chief Justice Leon Van Aken presides, 'tis rumored.

Have you noticed Howard Finley hasn't been "quite right" lately? Oh well, as soon as another vacation comes, so that Jane Crowell will be home, Howard will be himself again.

Did you ever stop to listen to a bunch of girls here in the corridor talking just before going to a formal? The conversation goes something like this:

Ist girl: I've got a dance swapped with that handsome Warry Biseman.

2nd girl: That's nothing, I've one with that good looking Fill Bellows.

3rd girl: That's very nice but with whom are you going? (except she'd probably say "Who are you going with?")

2nd girl: Oh, I haven't his name here right now, but then, that's immaterial as long as I get there. Now this 3rd dance—"

And by the by, this is leap year, boys, and the girls are supposed to take *us* places and pay the way themselves. Now we'll sit back and see who has appreciated our attempts at giving them a good time. One girl with whom I was recently conversing said, "You boys will sit home a good many evenings before I'd take you anywhere!" Well, boys, if that's the way they feel, two can play at the same game. N'est-ce pas?

Let the eyes of the blind be opened and the ears of the deaf be unstopped so that they may marvel with me in a startling discovery. Robert Clark and Mac Hardy are twins. Have you noticed the resemblance? No, no more than have I, but they were born within just a few minutes of each other. Be careful in the future that you discriminate between the two! !

The Right Honorable H. Yelland Weatherbee, eminent president of our senior class, hands me the following *Hokum* from his Commercial classmates. Since I know not many of them myself, they thought their proud names would be undegraded, but thanks to Mr. Weatherbee, time is about to show them their error. The following from Mr. Weatherbee:—

If you would really like to hear *Oh Johnny* sung to perfection, stop and listen to the melodious hum of none other than Miss June Winchell.

Margaret Langley and Helen Sherburne came to school one Monday morning staring unconsciously into space. Rumors tell us it was the after effects of Ellery Queene's recent ghost story. They were hunting for the woman in black!

Robert Bates is trying to decide who has the snappiest eyes, Miriam Merrill or Lorraine Wylie! Ask Prof. Quizz, Bob, he'll tell you. Bob Hanson's ex-O-A-O, Florence Prusaitis, believes in Q not Q.

Mr. Thomson, you have a great education. . .before you. Haven't we all!

Wanted from the Commercial Department: Girl about 18 years of age, good looking, good dancer, and good sport. This job is strictly for a business girl only!

At a recent Christmas party sponsored by the Commercial Club, we noticed a shy and modest little blond (known to us as Miss Hurd) making goo-goo eyes at that charming personality man, Eddie Rose.

Thank you, Uncle Harvard, and now I have one thing more. That *Olds* of Eddie Babcock's sure has

maintained its fine condition, for even today it takes the Hill(s) excellently. Balfour Golden who sings in a church choir was absent one Sunday, and someone, noticing the improvement in the music, asked if the organ had been repaired!

Gridironist Brian they say, is seeing Moorer(s) and Moorer(s) of Ruth Blake.

Dorrie Ayer, 'tis rumored, looks forward muchly to vacations, for 'tis then that Fields Pendleton III beautifies this section of the country with his presence.

Someone informs me that Webster Frost goes skating with Virginia Lake. *That* itself, isn't so funny. The funny part is that he doesn't call for her at her home, but awaits her at the rink. Then he leaves Lyndon Bond, poor boy, and goes off with Virginia.

While writing this in study hall, I look around and see over in the corner Edward Babcock and Evelyn Rice, who have been conversing intently for 20 minutes! ! This isn't the *first time*, and from the look of radiance on Ed's face, Evelyn certainly isn't condemning him for anything! ! !—*Adios*.

Morsels of Mirth for the Melancholy

Ever So Quiet.....	Joan Mutty
I've Got No Strings (Advt.).....	Prudy Speirs
Die Tanzstunde (The Dancing Lesson)	White & Petterson
I Dream of Jeanie.....	Orman Twitchell
Les Patineurs (The Skaters).....	{ Betty Higgins & Robbie Speirs
Moment Musical.....	{ Eaton & Trust in clarinet section
Sweet Marie.....	Bill Fellows
Scatterbrain.....	Marie Hilton
You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby ...	Betty Early
You've Broken My Heart.....	Ruth Blake
Nitemare.....	{ The cinema, <i>The</i> <i>Road to the Tomb</i>
Get Out of Town.....	{ Me, after this publication
Woman is Fickle.....	John Woodcock
Girl Friend of the Whirling Dervish ...	Janet Stevens
Chatterbox.....	Joe Chaplin
The Girl I Left Behind Me.....	Giulio Barbero
She Was Happy 'Till She Met You ...	Whitney Jennison
Faithful Forever (?).....	{ Barbara Billings & Waldo Robinson
Anchors Aweigh.....	Maurice Cleveland Orbeton, Jr.
Didn't Know What Time It Was.....	Garry Speirs
Die Fliedermaus (The Bat) No possible doubt whatever.....	Balfour Golden

My Heart's in the Highlands (of Bangor) Herbert Travis
There's Something About A Soldier...Charlotte Smith
The Answer to a Maiden's Prayer.. { Barry Wiseman
 { and his La Salle
You Ought to be in Pictures..... Peggy Carlisle
You're D'Lovely..... Betty Burns
Smoke Gets in Your Eyes..... George Lougee & pipe
In My Merry Oldsmobile..... Edward Babcock
Father, Put the Cow Away..... Dorothy Cole

Yet, during this time, for him there was one saving

grace; yes indeed, he used to (and still does) go up to her house every Monday night, declare our friends (spies) of the 152 F. A. Band. (Censored at request of Ruth Blake.)

For the brooding melancholy in his soul made him morbid. The thought of self-destruction entered his mind, so great did he consider the shame and ignominy of it all. Indeed, his music teacher even used to close the window of his room before Paul arrived, out of fear that the poor boy, in a fit of despondency, would plunge to an awful death on the cruel rocks below.

Such, then, was the situation as time marched on. Then at long last exasperated at the futile and apparently stupid attempts of his pupil to reach B, the teacher vociferated: "Here, give me that thing; I'll show you how to get it!" This the poor pupil did, and great was the embarrassment, if not consternation, of the perspiring pedagogue when he, too, was unable to obtain the much-desired note. "Er—er—there must be something wrong," gasped he. "You'd better take it down to the store and have them look at it," he declared as a horrible doubt of his own ability began to creep over him.

Therefore, you may imagine his relief, to say nothing of our hero's, when the music store blushingly announced that, owing to circumstances beyond their control, the middle section of our budding Benny Goodman's tooter belonged to another type of clarinet. Thus mentally emancipated, Paul has recovered his former exuberance, can now even reach high E's with ease (heh, heh!), and seems destined to follow in the footsteps of his famous relative, John, as a super stupendous director of super-stupidious cinema successes.

This epic is here presented by the editor as documentary evidence of the fallacy of the widely accredited statement that the Hokum editor may sin with impunity...Ed.

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ACTIVITIES

(continued from page twenty-four)

a tea accompanied by an exhibition of the accomplishments for the year, and an all-day picnic at Cape Rosier.

The yearly club banquet was held at the Bangor House and featured the initiation of twelve new members. Miss Mary Eddy presided over the occasion as toastmistress.

Guest speakers were Mr. Charles O'Connor and Mr. Ernest Legere, both from the faculty of Bangor High School.

B. H. S. Officers' Club

The Bangor High School Officers' Club has been especially busy this winter. Immediately after the fall Blue and Gold Dance, everyone began preparing for a stiff period of study. Regular meetings were held every two weeks, and some special training classes were held by Major Ragan.

Next presented was the annual Mid-Year dance at which the honorary Lieutenant-Colonel, Constance Dubey, and the honorary Major, Evelyn Rice, were presented to the public. This year was no exception in that the competition ran high for these coveted honors, since the affair serves annually as runner-up in popularity with the picturesque Military Ball to be held this year in May. The forthcoming Military Ball will undoubtedly be the grandest in the history of the school.

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SPY JUSTICE

(continued from page thirteen)

and he whipped his plane at the first bomber. His two machine-guns bucked and roared as the bullets bored out into the cockpit of the bomber, shooting the pilot through the chest. Dan slid his plane in under another Fokker that was on Frank Stockholm's tail, hauled back on the stick, and pressing the trigger, raked the whole length of the bottom of the ship with lead. The pilot, intent on downing one more Allied plane, never knew what hit him. The rest of the bombers dumped their bombs wherever they happened to be and headed for the lines.

Of the fourteen Allied planes that went out, ten came back. Two pilots had been killed, and the other two had made forced landings.

The next day a heavy snowstorm blew in from the north; so the war in the air was stopped for a day. Most of the fliers got leave to go to a small town about five miles away, but Dan called his friend Stockholm to him and told him of his plan to catch the spy. That afternoon they slipped unseen into a small outbuilding that was used as living quarters by one of the fliers, and started through a methodical search to prove that there was a spy at work.

The search revealed nothing until they moved the cot and trunk and saw a trap door in the floor. They both climbed into the opening and found themselves in a narrow passage which led toward the woods in back of the field. After following the passage for about five hundred yards, they came to a small room in which was a table holding complete sending and receiving telegraph outfits.

Dan gasped. "Look, Frank," said he, "we have here all the evidence that we need now to convict a spy. He must have a special connection with the German G. H. Q., so they can talk back and forth!"

Suddenly the voice of Harvey St. John behind them sneered, "Very clever, Mr. Parker, but that knowledge won't do you any good because I am going to kill you both and bury your bodies down here."

Dan remained silent, looking around for some means of escape, but the spy, seeing his eyes thus moving, waved them over against the wall with the muzzle of the Luger pistol which he held in his hand.

Suddenly Dan lunged at him, ducking the bullet which he knew would come in his direction. Both powerful hands seized the spy's wrist and twisted mightily. The gun flew to the ground. Frank Stockholm grabbed it and started shooting at the spy who had ducked Dan's right fist and was running down the passage. They both started after him, but he climbed out through the trap door and shoved his heavy trunk on top of it. He then grabbed a few things together,

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tossed them into a bag and was starting out the door when he met the C. O. coming in. The spy smashed him, knocking him down, and ran out the door.

Coming to, the C. O. pushed the trunk from the trap



"Very Clever, Mr. Parker."

door when he heard the pounding and let the two fliers out, asking, "What's the matter with St. John? He acts crazy."

"He's a spy." Stockholm yelled, as he and Dan flew out the door.

On the field were two planes which had been flown up from G. H. Q. One of them was an S. E. 5, into which St. John vaulted. As the engine was still going, he slammed the throttle home, shot across the field, and lifted his plane into the air.

Dan and Frank jumped into the other plane, a Bristol two seater, and hopped it into the air. As they set out after the S. E. which had headed towards the line, Dan, who was at the stick, shoved the throttle up against the stop, and the plane jumped ahead like a race horse.

Suddenly a flight of Fokker Tripes dived out of the clouds at the two ships now only 600 yards apart.

St. John, the spy, stood up in the cockpit to wave his arms and point to the attacking Bristol.

Of the three planes that dived at the Bristol, the first ran into a load of 50 caliber machine-gun slugs from the flexible gun which Frankie was shooting in the rear pit. Dan swung around and nailed the second with a few bullets through the prop, and the pilot made a dead stick landing.

Meanwhile the third pilot who was pumping lead through the body of the Bristol became a little careless, and one of Frank's well directed bullets hit his gas tank and splashed gas all over the plane, which started burn-

ing and soon exploded.

Meanwhile four other planes were diving towards the S. E. 5. where St. John was frantically waving his arms. The first pilot, thinking that it was some Allied flier who had cracked under the strain of the war, cut loose with his machine guns and blew St. John out of the cockpit, sending him spinning to the earth 5,000 feet below.

Dan, seeing this, whipped his plane over and headed back for home while Frank stood off the three remaining Germans until they were safely behind the lines.

A few minutes later Dan set his bullet-riddled plane down and taxied up to the C. O., who was waiting for an explanation. When Dan got out, the C. O. said, "Explain the reason for all this running around."

"Well," Dan said, "I might as well begin at the beginning. I first smelled a rat when for three nights running there were German planes waiting for us when we escorted the bombers. I figured that whoever was tipping them off had to be an officer because we pilots never knew where we were going until we got into our planes. I didn't suspect you, so it had to be St. John because he and you were the only officers who lived outside the big farmhouse.

"At first I didn't see how St. John could have been the spy because he has a record of seven enemy planes, but on thinking back, I remembered that several of those planes made dead stick landings and the pilots escaped. The reason he was never shot down was that he was a good flier and always had his flight with him.

"Then one night I got a chance to peek into his shack, and I saw him cleaning a gun, a German Luger. At first I was willing to accept this as a souvenir, but when I saw that all the other evidence pointed to him, I was convinced.

"But I couldn't prove a think until today, when we got a chance to sneak into his hut and search it. We found a trap door which opened to a passage leading to the room with all the telegraph equipment. Evidently at some time someone had used the room as a wine cellar. He caught us there and threatened to kill us, but we got his gun, and he got away.

"When we were over the lines, seven Fokkers dived at us. Frank and I downed the first three, but St. John stood up and started waving his arms, so the pilot of the fourth plane, not knowing him from an Allied pilot because of his plane and uniform, shot him down."

After Dan finished this speech he sat down, and the C. O. stood up, amazed at the story he had heard.

"Well," he said, "I guess you had enough evidence to shoot St. John ten times. By the way, Parker, "B" Flight will need a new leader, and I want a man I can trust—one who can use his brains as well as his machine-guns."

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Answers

TO THE ORACLE'S QUESTIONS

(continued from page eleven)

1. President of Turkey.
2. a pension plan.
3. The Netherlands.
4. Goering.
5. 6 games.
6. Irish Republican Army.
7. black.
8. anarchism.
9. 3 commissioners.
10. Secretary of Navy.
11. the income tax.
12. France.
13. Great American Authors.
14. Marion J. Bradshaw.
15. evades the question.
16. \$1800.
17. Commissioner of Education.
18. Meningitis.
19. U. S.
20. movie produced by B. H. S. students.

VENGEANCE FROM THE GRAVE

(continued from page nine)

one of the guests killed her, that's obvious enough, but just who is another question."

"What happened to the er—money?" I asked.

"I had been appointed her guardian," Mr. Richardson replied. "Because of that I might have been suspected of the ghastly deed, had I not been rich myself."

"I see." I replied. "But tell me, did she die instantly?"

"No," he answered, "she lived long enough to say this, 'Uncle, keep that dagger. I know who killed me, and I'm coming back to avenge my death.' We asked her who it was, but before she could answer, we heard a little sigh, and she slipped into eternity. And here is the strange part. She has fulfilled her pledge. She has returned once a year for the past nine years and has roamed through the house in her ghostly form, hunting her murderer. This is the night she is supposed to appear."

Return from the dead seeking vengeance! I couldn't believe it. "It sounds so fantastic!" I exclaimed. "Surely you don't believe in ghosts, do you, sir?"

Richardson shrugged. "June's ghost is real enough; I've seen it every year."

"And you say it is to return tonight?" I asked.

He nodded his head slowly. "At midnight."

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"But it sounds so utterly ridiculous," I said.
"Nevertheless, it's true."

Mr. Richardson's mood changed. "What do you say we indulge in pleasanter subjects, eh?" he asked cheerfully. To this suggestion we all readily agreed.

The rest of the evening was spent in a card game. We talked and laughed until about ten. During the course of the evening, I couldn't seem to get Mr. Richardson's story out of my mind. It sounded preposterous, and yet I couldn't forget it. At ten, we all retired to our rooms, Andrews, the butler, showing me to mine.

I still couldn't get Richardson's story out of my mind and lay awake a long time.

It was midnight when it happened. I must have dropped off to sleep because my senses suddenly became alert. Had I heard a scream? I had. Again the night was split with a terrified cry. With a bound I was out of bed. I rushed into the hall. For a moment I groped around in the blackness for a light switch. Suddenly the hall was ablaze; Richardson had joined me.



The dagger was in his chest.

"The scream—it sounded as though it came from the door at the end of the hall!" he exclaimed.

We wasted no time in reaching the door, and upon opening it, Richardson reached for the light switch and turned it. What I saw sent cold chills up and down my spine. On the floor, with the dagger—which he had taken to his room and had been examining—in his chest, lay Fred Holway. I glanced around at Richardson. Conway and Jordan came running toward the room.

In a flash I knew that Mr. Richardson's story had been true and that his niece, June Grant, had come back for her revenge.

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