

ORACLE



VICTORY CORPS INSIGNIA

LAND SERVICE DIVISION

Vol. 52

FEBRUARY, 1943

No. 3

Pay

By

Check

Save

Precious

Minutes

This war has brought home to all of us the importance of TIME. Don't waste it paying bills with cash, walking from place to place, standing endlessly in line. Your check, sent by mail, goes right to the head of the line while you are left free to do more important things.



Open a checking account to-day
or purchase our Register checks

Eastern Trust and Banking Company

2 State Street — Bangor, Maine

Branches at

OLD TOWN

MACHIAS

The Oracle's Classified Business Directory

The forgotten man of tomorrow is the man who failed to advertise today.

	Phone No.		Phone No.
Auto Electric Service		Grocers cont.	
ARVID L. EBBESON.....	3870	O. E. MILLS & SON	8534
600 Main St.		168 Center St.	
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Beauty Salons		SPANGLER'S Q NOT Q FOOD SHOP	8268
DORIS E. DUTCH.....	4013	8 Broad St.	
151 West Broadway		<hr/>	
VINNEE BEAUTY SALON.....	6413	Paint	
78 Central St.		R. H. KAVANAUGH.....	9892
<hr/>		39 Park St.	
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Beverages		Pianos & Musical Instruments	
BANGOR BOTTLING.....	2-0668	MELVIN'S	2-1082
6 Spring St.		88 Central St.	
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Fruits & Produce		Printers	
C. H. SAVAGE CO.....	5661	CONNERS PRINTING CO.....	3319
62 Pickering Sq.		179 Exchange St.	
<hr/>		H. P. SNOWMAN.....	3841
<hr/>		40 Central St.	
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Funeral Directors		Radios & Pianos	
WHITE & HAYES.....	2-0294	RICE & TYLER.....	3351
46 Center St.		98 Central St.	
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Grocers		Shoe Repairing	
C. E. LEACH & SONS.....	6183	PALMER SHOE MFG. & REPAIRING CO.	5479
266 Hammond St.		35 Central St.	
<hr/>		<hr/>	

BANGOR COKE

IS MADE IN BANGOR

By Bangor Labor

BANGOR GAS CO.

1 CENTRAL STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

TELEPHONE 6481

BUY YOUR BONDS AT SEARS

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

Our salespeople are equipped to sell you bonds and stamps! NOW more than ever before, SHOP AT SEARS and SAVE!



WELL, FOLKS . . .

We're in it up to our necks . . . you and me and the next door neighbor. The war belongs to us, to fight, to finance, to finish.

So let's step into the picture so hard, so fast, so furiously that we won't have to play extra innings. Let's give every dollar we can.

BUY WAR BONDS
WAR STAMPS

THAT DIME IN YOUR POCKET...

can be a plane, a tank, a gun, a battleship. It can avenge Pearl Harbor, rebuild the Oklahoma, retake Guam, feed a soldier. It can buy a stamp that buys a bond that buys victory . . . that dime in your pocket.

BUY WAR BONDS
WAR STAMPS

SAVE MONEY ON 100,000 ITEMS IN SEARS CATALOG, USE OUR CATALOG ORDER SERVICE

40-54 Post Office Sq.
Bangor, Maine
Tel. 8271

SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.

STORE HOURS
Daily, 9 to 5:30 P. M.
Sat., 9 to 9:30 P. M.

Clark = Mitchell

Funeral Home

Bangor — Brewer

Bucksport — Hampden

Compliments of

Boyd & Noyes Inc.

Jewelers and Diamond Merchants

Dial 2-0183

25 Hammond Street

Bangor, Maine

THE RITZ-FOLEY

Restaurant - - Hotel

"Famous for Fine Foods"

18-20 STATE STREET

Recreation Center

Bowling Academy

Cor. French & York Street
STUDENTS WELCOME

Blake, Barrows & Brown

Incorporated



INSURANCE

SURETY BONDS



51 Hammond St.

Tel. 8296

"The Best Place to Eat and Drink"

For Service, Cleanliness, and Comfort, make

Jonason's
RESTAURANT

Your Shopping and Dining Place

11 Main Street

Bangor, Me.

The

Smartest

Clothes

for school and casual wear



The System Co.
Bangor, Maine

HEAT HEADQUARTERS

STICKNEY & BABCOCK
COAL CO.

Always at your Service

Hard and Soft Coal

New England Coke

All Grades of Fuel and Range Oil

Telephone 5664 -- 5665 -- 2-0623

17 Hammond Street

Bangor, Maine

THE DEL RIO
(Ellie)

BEAUTY SALON



The Mexican shop — features expert hair styling by experienced operators using only the finest in modern equipment and materials.



16 P. O. Square

Tel. 4128

BANGOR MAINE
SCHOOL OF COMMERCE



An Institution of
Character and Distinction

Free Catalog

C. H. Husson, Prin.

The Oracle

February, 1943

Published five times a year by the
students of Bangor High School, Bangor,
Maine.



VOL. LII

NO. 3

CONTENTS

Cover—cut by Joseph Petterson

FICTION:

Deux Lettres	Page 7
by Sandra Ginsberg	
Nouveau Printemps	Page 8
by Richard Sprague	
Six Years Old	Page 12
by Lucille Power	

FEATURES:

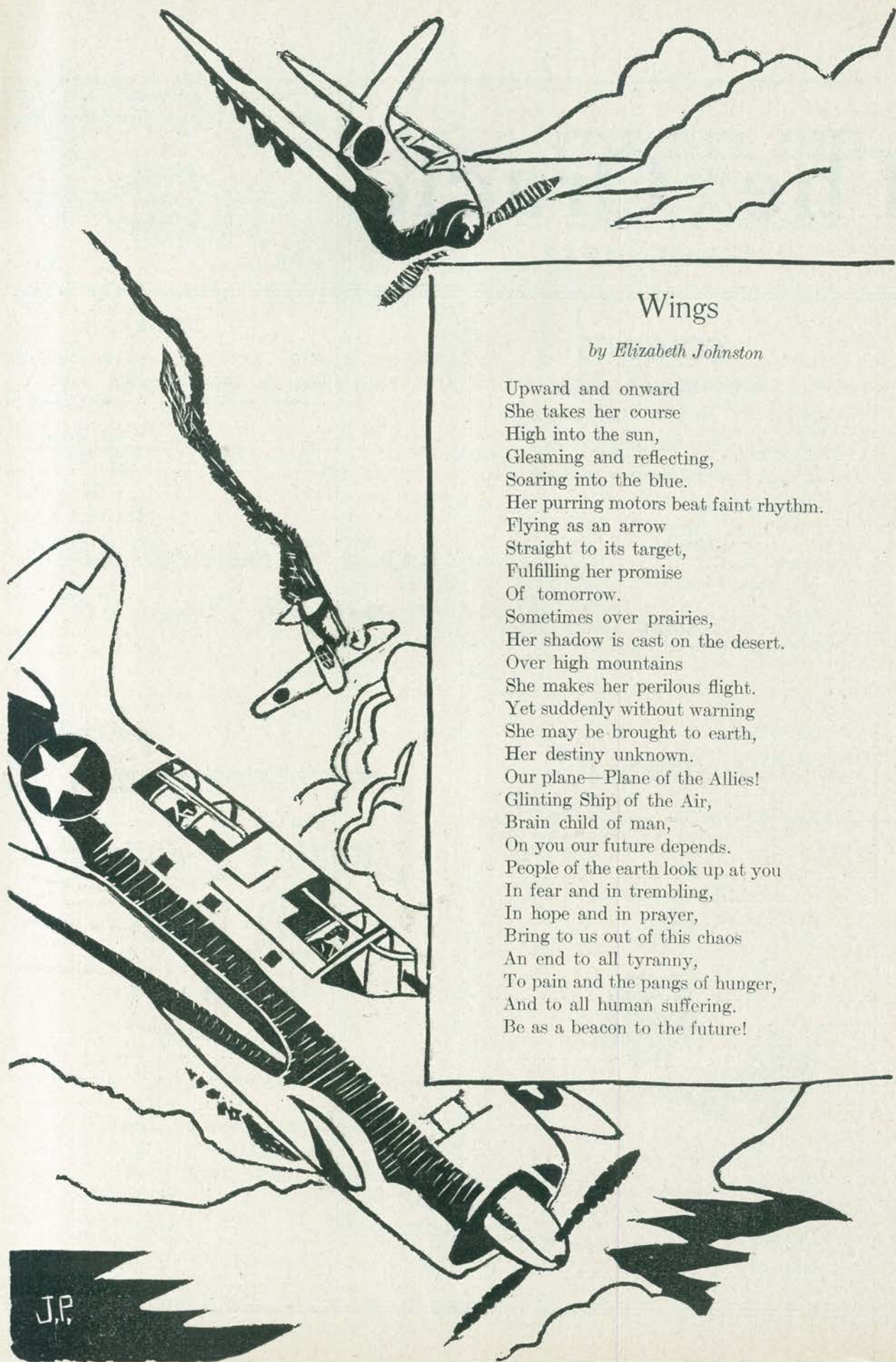
Opportunity to Serve	Page 10
Hoop-la	Page 25
by Flanagan	
Ah, Eggzersize!	Page 27
by Mills	
Cartoons	
by Shapleigh	

POEM:

Wings	Page 6
by Elizabeth Johnston	
Shad Nelson Sez:	Page 13
First Person Plural	Page 14
Files On Parade	Page 15
Alumni	Page 16
Passing-in-Review	Page 17
On the Beam	Page 18
Hokum	Page 19
February Fashions	Page 20
Spinning Reel	Page 21
Outside the Classroom	Page 22
Boys' Athletics	Page 24
Girls' Athletics	Page 26

STAFF

Editor	Marydel Coolidge
Business Manager	John Ballou
Literary Editors	{ Anita Broder Edith Strout Richard Sprague
Activities	{ Joyce Marsh Barbara Andrews Jack Nickerson
Fashion Editor	Barbara Mills
Ass't Fashion Ed.	Carol Chadeayne
Alumni	Hope Redman
Hokum	{ Sonya Cohen Gardner Moulton
Passing-in-Review	{ Betty Higgins Robby Speirs
Book Reviews	Roland Mann
Radio	Robert Berry
Movies	Shirley Castner
Boys' Athletics	Robert Saltzman
Girls' Athletics	Connie Coleman
Staff Photographer	Tommy Flanagan
Artists	{ Robert Cardin Joseph Petterson James Power
Business Staff	{ Richard Giles Prudy Speirs John Chapman Fay Jones Alfred Frawley Carro Davies
Circulation	William Drisko



Wings

by Elizabeth Johnston

Upward and onward
She takes her course
High into the sun,
Gleaming and reflecting,
Soaring into the blue.
Her purring motors beat faint rhythm.
Flying as an arrow
Straight to its target,
Fulfilling her promise
Of tomorrow.
Sometimes over prairies,
Her shadow is cast on the desert.
Over high mountains
She makes her perilous flight.
Yet suddenly without warning
She may be brought to earth,
Her destiny unknown.
Our plane—Plane of the Allies!
Glinting Ship of the Air,
Brain child of man,
On you our future depends.
People of the earth look up at you
In fear and in trembling,
In hope and in prayer,
Bring to us out of this chaos
An end to all tyranny,
To pain and the pangs of hunger,
And to all human suffering.
Be as a beacon to the future!

IN the North African desert the temperature sometimes mounts to above 120°. It gets so hot that one begins to see and taste and smell the heat. The lieutenant wiped the perspiration from his forehead and resumed his writing. The sun glared unmercifully across the sand, and . . . but suddenly an alert signal was given and he hastily stuffed the paper into his pocket and started to his post.

The hand that held the paper trembled uncontrollably.

Dear Butch,

It's hotter than heck here. What I wouldn't give for a coke! How are Mom and Dad and Sis?

Look, kid. . . I want to tell you something. It's one of those things you can't talk about—you have to write it. You'll be getting your draft papers soon, Butch. I don't want it to hurt too much. . . I want you to have an idea of what will happen to you during *that night*.

One of these days you'll come home and find a letter on the hall table saying that you have been "inducted into the Army of the United States." Something inside you will swell up and choke you. You'll struggle through supper and Dad will probably talk about "in the first war."

Later you'll be alone in your room. A great wave of fear and loneliness will pound through your veins—you won't be able to stand it, so you'll grab your coat and run down the back stairs and outdoors.

Outside it will be clear and cold and dark. You'll begin to run faster and faster until you're tired. . . then you'll stumble up on the hill. The hill was always

DEUX LETTRES

by Sandra Ginsberg

your refuge—remember? Now it will be white and soft with snow. You'll stand there and look down into the sleeping town below—the few blinking lights will look as if the sky were reflected in a mirror. You'll stand there, cold and afraid, your hands clenched, and you'll remember—just snatches of things here and there.

"Smoke Gets In Your Eyes"—Spencer Tracy in "Captain Courageous"—the time your dog was run over—when you were caught smoking behind the garage—the "homer" you hit through the window. . .

"Oh, Johnnie"—Al Landon running for President—the clarinet recital where you struck four wrong notes in succession—your white mice that escaped from their hiding place—

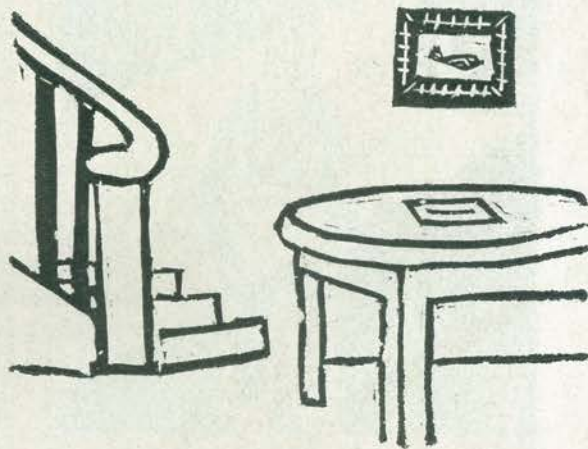
"The Big Apple"—the Duke of Windsor—your first pair of long pants—fishing trips in the hot July sun—

"Begin the Beguine"—"Amapola"—the coach's voice saying, "Okay, you in 24," your first big game, you were in!—"Elmer's Tune"—the two lines you said in a play—Bach and Harry James, Kipling and Superman—Dec. 7. . .

"He Wears a Pair of Silver Wings"—the gardenia you sent her lying against her dark hair—the day you got your driver's license—

Kid, you'll remember until it hurts like fire—then you'll run down the hill, upstairs, and into your darkened room. You'll fling yourself face down on the bed and you'll cry—long, hard, rasping sobs, Gee, feller, I wish I could be there to tell you—to tell you that you have a right to cry. A right, because after all, hasn't a boy the right to cry just once for all the boyish things he's leaving behind—all the cokes and dates and hours in the locker room and exams never passed? Hasn't he the right to remember, and in the black loneliness of night know that when he stops crying he can't touch those memories again; that the minute he stops crying, he has become a man?

Butch, you'll know then that it's a man's world, that men have to fight for it so that our sons won't have to grow up, as you had to grow up, overnight. So that our sons can be young and drink sodas and play baseball on the corner lots for a few more years than you could.



You have to grow up in one bleak dark night so that our sons can be spared its frightening pain and its terrible loneliness.

I hope I haven't sounded like a sob-sister. We here. . .

The hand that held the blood-stained letter clenched it until it was a crumpled wad, and a curly black head sank down upon it. Through the head, like a merry-go-round, swirled the words: "These were found in his possession at the time of his death. . . these were. . ."

Then the head lifted, slowly, proudly, and fearlessly. Its eyes rested on an envelope on the hall table.

THE bright sunlight of early summer shone through a skylight and made a checkered pattern on the museum floor. An entrance door opened, closed, and a young man strode up the steps into the main room, stood blinking a moment in the golden shaft, then disappeared into one of the halls leading to the exhibition gallery.

* * * * *

Anton Miller, nineteen, who had just been graduated from high school, sought a quiet place where he might think. The boarding-house where he stayed was the scene of continual confusion. Responsibility had been thrust upon Anton's shoulders early in life; both his father and mother had died while he was in school. He thought and acted with the despair of the struggling and uncertain.

Anton stopped before a Renoir sketch. This he easily identified because he worked after school in a book and art supplies shop, spending what little spare time he had with the great works of art and literature. He was wondering about the future. His small salary would not enable him to attend college, at least, not at the present.



As he passed a large, well-lighted room he saw a group of students standing at easels, sketching statues. The idea of being included in such a group fascinated him, for he had always wanted to paint. Before he left the museum he had decided to join an art study group.

For a few weeks he attended a popular class conducted by a somewhat distinguished lady artist. This cost him little, except his materials; but he soon found that the conversation of the group revolved around social activities instead of sincere study. Knowing that in such atmosphere he could not progress, he joined

the museum class he had seen so many times intent upon its work. The feeling there was entirely different; each student appreciated his opportunity.

Anton continued to divide his time between the book-seller's shop and his avocation. One night there was a new student, a girl, at the easel nearest him; and, seeing that she was somewhat hesitant, as he himself had been on first enrolling, he ventured to make her welcome.

"This is your first time here, isn't it?" he asked genially.

"Yes," she answered. She wanted to go on, but unfamiliarity with the surroundings got the better of her.

Noticing her reticence, he said, "Please don't be afraid to talk to me or any of the others here. I'm Anton Miller and haven't been here long myself. The sooner you know us, the better it will be for your study and work."

"Thank you, thank you very much," she replied. "My name is Emily Barnes." Just then the instructor interrupted and Anton returned to the sketch before him.

Glancing towards her several times during the evening, Anton saw that she was small, quite dark, and attractive. Her expression reflected her satisfaction. During that evening Anton came to know the love which binds a young man and girl together.

NOUVEAU PRINTEMPS

by Richard Sprague

At work in the shop he found himself thinking of Emily. He looked forward to the evenings when he might sit beside her, listening to lectures on the technique of watercolor, or stand near her at an easel, expressing his fondness in each deft stroke of the brush. Her former shyness had disappeared, and from time to time she would turn to him, her mobile mouth and brown eyes smiling. So vivid an image of her had he in his mind that in the boarding-house room he began a portrait that was to exceed his greatest expectations. With Emily's love Anton succeeded in overcoming the former despondency which had crept up on him at graduation. They went many places together, and Anton recorded the moods in which he was able to see her in a composite on the canvas in his room.

One day after completing the portrait he showed it to Emily and his instructor. Emily's love for him was boundless. Since his financial status had been improved, he felt that at long last he could ask her to marry him!

The instructor was pleased with his student, and, as a result, the painting, which Anton entitled "Girl in Love," much to Emily's delight, was selected for a museum exhibition.

Emily accompanied Anton to the gallery and stood nearby as critics congratulated the new artist. It grew late, and Anton was still deep in discussion with a select group of painters.

Emily pressed his hand and whispered, "Stay here and talk, Anton. You must be so happy tonight. You needn't walk home with me. I'll see you tomorrow."

He smiled and gazed adoringly at her as she left the gallery, then he plunged into the discussion once more.

The next morning he read the enthusiastic reviews in the newspapers. Some critics referred to him as "the most promising young artist of today." Others praised his technique and use of color. Every review was favorable.

Following the columns down the page, he nearly missed one significant item:

YOUNG GIRL DIES FOLLOWING ACCIDENT ON MACY STREET

Miss Emily Barnes, nineteen, of 44 Norton Street, was fatally injured last night when hit by a runaway horse near the museum. The girl was taken to City Hospital, but was pronounced dead upon arrival there.

What tricks Fate plays upon us all! The unbelievable happening stunned him. Remorse filled his heart, engulfed him as a fog, and for weeks he seemed to be in a trance, wandering in a labyrinth of memories, never finding the exit which would set him free. In desperation he sold the portrait, but merely putting material things from his sight was of no avail. He changed art classes, and in his sorrow painted beautiful landscapes, equalling his work of pleasanter days. He was acclaimed far and wide, but in his heart he was not the same. He seemed destined to walk forever in that cold, gray labyrinth whose door is so difficult to find.

The portrait found its way from the art dealer's window, where it had lain since Emily's tragic death, to the home of an unhappy family. Each member of

this family was one of those who cannot find happiness in people, nor in little but great things. Each had gone through life trying to buy that spirit. Had each but spent a bit of love, a bit of kindness, his desire might have come true.

The portrait was owned next by a fine old lady who had bought it because it reminded her of a daughter who had died at the age of nineteen. When the proud old lady passed away, she willed the painting to the same museum where Anton had first found his inspiration in Emily. The portrait's journey had covered fifty years. The cycle was completed.

And what of Anton during all these long, sorrowful years? Although he knew that he could never paint anything to surpass "Girl in Love," he continued his art in seclusion, earning barely enough to keep himself comfortable. If only he were to see Emily again, for he had never wanted to forget her! Indeed, he could not. But even trace of her portrait had been lost, had it not?

Anton decided to walk to the museum to try to recapture some fleeting image of Emily. He was seventy now, and his stride was shortened as he went up the steps into the main room, stood for a moment in a shaft of sunlight, and went down the long corridor past familiar sketching halls into the exhibition gallery.

In the corner was a Bellows prize fight scene, across the tiled floor a showing of the French Impressionists. All these he had seen before, but there in the spot reserved for recently acquired canvases was—yes! The portrait of Emily, his Emily, "Girl in Love," the girl he loved!

Anton hobbled over to the painting, his eyes shining with excitement. There it was! At last he had found the door! The door opened and he stepped from the labyrinth into the sun, for it was spring, and it was wonderful to be alive! After a while he left, passing by the sketching halls where young people sought knowledge and art.

"This youth must be taught," he thought, "and I, who have been idle these many years, why shouldn't I be the one to teach them? Yes, I was one of you once. I had the same hopes and fears. You need to be taught, and I, too." Then, almost aloud, "Come, let us learn together."

SENIORS ATTENTION

Thursday, March 18, 1943, is the deadline for all glossies to be turned in for the June issue.

Because of wartime conditions, this date is FINAL.

OPPORTUNITY TO SERVE

AS soon as the Victory Corps gathers momentum at Bangor High School, it will be apropos to comment, "They also serve who only stand and wait." For whether "they" are standing by their studies or are waiting for their call to the colors, the students will have the opportunity to serve voluntarily in this nation-wide organization.



Community Service Division

The establishment of the Victory Corps has proceeded gradually at Bangor High since President Roosevelt announced, late in September, 1942, the plans endorsed by the Army, Navy, War Manpower Commission, and U. S. Office of Education, for mobilizing senior high school students. The purpose is to encourage effective preparation for and participation in wartime service. The Victory Corps is the answer to our enemies' challenge that we stand up and fight; it will enable boys and girls to serve more usefully after graduation, both in the war effort directly and indirectly in other related pursuits.

The winning of this war requires tremendous manpower—men behind materials. The high schools are a potential source of trained manpower for the armed forces, for war production, and for essential community service. This youthpower of the United States must be trained along the lines most beneficial to the war effort.

When a student body has been organized into a Victory Corps, the general membership is then sub-

divided as follows: Air Service, Land Service, Sea Service, Production Service, and Community Service Divisions. In all five divisions mathematics, science, and physical fitness are stressed.

School Superintendent Arthur E. Pierce in his annual report to the Bangor School Committee made mention of the many phases of the Victory Corps already under way. In regard to the military drill aspect of the Corps program, Bangor High School is unusually fortunate. Our R. O. T. C. is one of the few such units left in the nation. In it the boys are thoroughly grounded, beyond military drill, in Military Science and Tactics. A preflight aeronautics course was inaugurated last September. Changes have been effected in the mathematics and sciences taught at Bangor High School to correlate them more closely to the exigencies of the hour and of the armed forces. A concentrated effort is being made in social studies and other branches "to bring about a thorough understanding of and a dynamic loyalty to our American way of life."



Sea Service Division

A strenuous program of physical fitness has been extended and intensified by Durwood Heal. It includes rigorous mass calisthenics and long gym periods which aim to condition both boys and girls; muscular coordination and endurance are key notes. Through shop work, boys are being prepared and have been prepared for defense industries. Since mid-year exams,

a course in electricity has been started with Mr. Robert Haskell, vice-president of the Bangor Hydro Electric Company, as instructor. Courses in the fundamentals of radio and of machines are desirable and will probably be instituted in the near future. Weekly campaigns boost the sale of war stamps and bonds through competition between the homerooms.

Thus it may be easily seen that, although Bangor High has not yet been mobilized into a Victory Corps, it has not been unaware of its responsibilities as a pre-induction training center and as a training center for the non-military phases of the war work; neither has it been idle. All that remains to be done is to fit the various student war organizations into the national Victory Corps framework.



Air Service Division

Certain objectives will be fostered and promoted by this high school wartime program:

1. Guidance into critical services and occupations—to encourage all pupils to choose wisely some phase of the nation's war effort to which they can give of themselves immediately and in which they can prepare themselves for entrance into service and occupations in which there exist critical manpower needs.

2. Wartime citizenship—to train youth for citizenship in a democracy and to insure a better understanding of the war, its significance, progress, and problems. Special emphasis is placed on English and social studies.

3. Physical fitness—to make the greatest possible number of pupils physically fit to function as members of the armed forces or as efficient workers.

4. Military drill for prospective members of the armed forces.

5. Basic training in mathematics and science—to augment the number of students studying these courses, to improve the quality of scholarship in them, and to find present and real application of their principles.

6. Preflight training in aeronautics—to provide preliminary instruction for prospective aviation cadets and ground crew maintenance men.

7. Preinduction training for critical occupations—to insure an adequate number of pre-trained young people to meet manpower shortages wherever they exist.

8. Community service—to equip selected young people for essential aspects of civilian life such as civilian defense, and home nursing.

Under preinduction training come the two vital divisions, the armed forces and war production. Relating specifically to the first of these is the paragraph from the Victory Corps pamphlet which states:

"A good general education is an advantage to a young man entering the armed forces. Especially valuable is a knowledge of mathematics and science, as well as sound training in English and the social studies; while physical fitness is of the utmost importance to the soldier or sailor. If in addition, youth have had the opportunity to pursue studies which are more definitely geared to the specialties of modern mechanized warfare so much the better." This is worth remembering.



Production Service Division

Girls and women are the major factor under the topic of war production. Thousands will be called, and those thousands must be prepared. Particular skills must be developed now—the skills which are the requisites for initial employment.

The Victory Corps is the opportunity to serve; it means that youthpower has answered the challenge.

JUDITH ANN PAIGE was six years old, and she thought that six was the nicest age that anyone could be. Especially in the summer time. Judy loved the summer when every day was full of bright sunshine that shone hotly on her blonde head, bright blue skies overhead with fluffy, white clouds, lots of velvety green lawn and clean white sand underfoot. The tree outside her window with its fresh green leaves and singing birds was a source of great delight for her. Whether it was morning when the sun shining through the leaves made bright patterns on the polished bedroom floor and the blue walls, or whether it was evening when the branches brushing against the screen lulled her to sleep. Judy's most prized possessions were her cocker spaniel, her brother Bob who was in uniform, and her war bond. She wasn't quite sure what the bond was or what it stood for, but she knew it was a nice thing to have because her father told her it was. So she treasured it and told everyone proudly that she had a bond.

It was a Friday morning, the last of July, that Judy bounced into the dining room feeling on top of the world and anxious for the day to begin. She helped set the table, very grown-up as she carefully placed a knife, a fork, and a spoon at each one's place. Mrs. Paige smiled at the grave, intent little figure in her red

grossed in his morning paper, and Judy went down the back steps in search of her spaniel with a slightly let-down feeling. Something, she didn't know what, was happening to mar the serenity of her sunny six-year-old life; and she wasn't sure that she was going to like it.

But at six one soon forgets little things, and as Judy sped over the lawn towards her swing, Skipper barking joyfully at her heels, all unpleasantness was forgotten. She swung higher and higher until she felt as if she had only to reach up her hands to touch the sky. The wind whipped about her, and happiness filled her, leaving no room for anything else. She "let the old cat die," scuffing her feet in the powdery dust under the swing and gazing dreamily at the house which gleamed white in the sun, and at her mother's blooming gardens in a mass of color at the edge of the yard. It made her feel a little dizzy to swing so soon after breakfast; so she sat still a moment counting the mosquito bites on her sun-browned legs. There were ten. Exactly ten. Judy had just that number of freckles across the bridge of her pert little nose. She wondered what it would be like to be ten years old and all grown up. Probably not very nice, she decided.

At six one can't be quiet very long at a time and Judy wandered around the house, down the flagged walk to the gate and stood there looking up and down the street with great interest in her round, blue eyes. The grocery man stopped his truck with a skidding of tires in front of Mrs. Raymond's house and strode up the driveway, his box of groceries under his arm and a bottle of milk swinging in his other hand. The street looked to be miles long to Judy, and she often wondered what it



and white striped sun suit, with her pig-tails freshly braided and sticking out importantly with their white ribbons. Breakfast was something to be gotten over as quickly as possible for Judy, who took big mouthfuls of shredded wheat while her mother and father discussed some far-away place called the Solomons. The sun put golden lights in her mother's curly brown hair, but her eyes were grave, and she didn't turn to smile frequently at Judy as she usually did. Daddy didn't pull her pig-tails as she skipped past his chair, he was so en-

SIX YEARS OLD

by Lucille Power

would be like to walk to the very end of it all by herself. She thought that it would take her all day. Opening the gate, she stepped out on to the cement sidewalk; it was hot under her bare feet, and she jumped back quickly with a little squeal. She squinted up at the sun, and when she looked away everything was black. She had never known that before. When you're six years old you can discover something wonderful and new every day. Maybe that's why Judy thought six was the nicest age to be. It's fun to discover things.

Judy swung on the gate and whistled through the gap in her front teeth. Skipper put his paws up on the gate and watched Judy, looking in whatever direction she did. The grocery man grinned and waved when he went down the street again, and Judy decided that she liked him. She liked people who had big mouths and big smiles. It made them look friendly, as if they liked little girls and dogs and summertime.

Leaning over the gate to look down the street she saw Carol Allen coming from the store. She looked crisp and cool as iceberg lettuce, Judy reflected, and her eyes and mouth both went up at the corners, and her short, dark hair curled upwards, too. Everything about her looked alive. She smiled and waved when she saw Judy, and when she got to the gate she put her package down and talked to her. They talked about dogs and the weather, dolls and things that little girls like to talk about. Then Carol asked if they had heard from Bob. Judy shook her head and was surprised to see that the lights went out of Carol's eyes just as they went out of her mother's when no letter came from Bob. Judy looked grave, and then Carol smiled again and picked a big white flower from the bush behind the fence and put it in her hair. Then she picked another one and put it behind Judy's ear and told her that she looked like a *senorita*.

"Except, of course, *senoritas* don't have blonde pig-tails," she said, her eyes sparkling again.

Judy didn't know what a *senorita* was, but she was sure it was something nice. So she laughed and told Carol that she looked like one, too. Carol went on down the street and her green and white dress swished coolly about her knees, and the little girl by the gate looked after her and fervently hoped that she would look just like that when she grew up.

A boy was coming down the street on a bicycle and he had on some kind of a uniform with red stripes down the sides of his trousers, and a funny little hat. There was a yellow envelope in his hand. Judy was surprised when he turned in their driveway. Stopping his bicycle with a flourish, he went right past her and rang the doorbell importantly. The boy turned around and grinned, and Judy noticed that he had a big mouth and lots of wild, red hair. His ears were very, very large. Judy turned around and started swinging on the gate again and making a hissing sound through the place where she didn't have a tooth. When the boy came through the gate again, he didn't grin but patted her on the head and said, "Poor kid!" He swallowed with difficulty. He didn't like delivering messages from the War Department that began, "We regret to inform you. . . ." Judy wondered why he didn't say anything when she told him that she had a war bond and a brother that wore a uniform and that her father thought he was in the Solomons.

The sun continued to shine down brightly on the child's blonde head, and death was something vague and far away; the Solomons was just a place out in the ocean that her father often spoke of. Her brother had given his life there so that his little sister could keep on swinging on the gate and being proud that she had a cocker spaniel and a war bond.

Shad Nelson Sez:

Tonight is story night, boys and girls, so put down that sledge hammer, Junior, and I'll tell you the story of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Now this story takes place once upon a time
Where Mason and Dixon drew a line.
It's the story of a southern gent,
Whose hair was white, and whose back was bent.
And about a man, as mean as could be,
Whose name struck terror. . . 'twas Simon Legree!
And the air was filled with a dire threat
About the money he couldn't get.

"If by Monday no money you show,
No delaying, out you go!"

But Uncle Tom in a quavery tone,
Said from his bed with a quavery moan,
"Go ahead and lash your best,
Remember, he who lashes last, lashes best."
But Little Eva had a plan.

She wrote a letter to her Congressman,
And got permission. . . do you get the point?

She was going to open a hamburger joint.

"We'll have stands from here to Wisconsin;

Why Uncle, you'll be a real Howard Johnson."

And so they opened a drive-in stand

And money came rolling, fist over hand.

Now when Simon Legree heard of this wealth

He decided to get some of it for himself.

So all night long he sat and thought

And hatched himself up a disastrous plot.

Then with his whip tucked under his arm, he went

Straight to the stand. . . he followed the onion scent.

And he drove Little Eva and Uncle Tom

Out of the stand and into the storm.

And with a grin on his fiendish face

Set himself up instead in their place.

Ah, but fate stepped in — in her usual fashion,

And the next day gasoline was rationed.

Well, business got bad as it could be

Till Simon was forced into bankruptcy.

And the moral of this tale you've heard

Is, "it's the worm that always gets the bird."

Do you like this column? Do you enjoy the witty sayings of *Shad Nelson*, the wise prophecies, the humorous tidbits? If so, drop a postcard to *Shad Nelson Sez*, Bangor High School Oracle and tell *Shad* so. The life of this column is in your hands, readers. Don't fail *Shad*.

Disciples of Hokum: isn't it fun to think about your Hokum editors rushing to meet the deadline in a *blackout*!

FIRST PERSON PLURAL

ORDINARILY the following article would be found under the heading of Alumni, but it holds information that deserves special attention from the student body of Bangor High as well as from Alumni readers.

The accompanying cut first appeared under the title "Freshmen Scholarships and Freshmen Scholars," featured in the *Bowdoin Alumnus*, November, 1942. Recognizing several familiar faces in the group, namely Lewis Vafiades, Curtis Jones, Kendall Cole, and Alfred Perry, Jr., we took the opportunity to indulge further. Now we divulge to our *Oracle* readers what we found therein. We thank the editor of the *Bowdoin Alumnus* for his permission to quote at will from the article.

The State of Maine Scholarships at Bowdoin were established about twelve years ago; by them grants were given to a small number of Maine boys in Maine schools. These awards are definitely competitive. They are unique at Bowdoin since up to this time financial aid or scholarships were only for those who proved by one semester's college work that they were entitled to the award. These scholarships, granting from four hundred to six hundred dollars before entrance, mark a major change in Bowdoin College policy.

The State of Maine Scholarships were initiated to attract to the college the best scholars in our state. The

competition, valuable advertising in itself, ranges over four districts at present. The awards are based on exams in English, math or Latin, and general information, and on the academic and extra-curricular school record of the candidates.

Professor Athearn Daggett, commenting on the record of the recipients, states that the awards have served the purpose of their founders; their greatest contribution has been to the scholarship of the college, but they have more than held their own in other fields as well. Statistically a State of Maine scholar has four times the chance of the average undergraduate of coming within the top tenth of his class; at least as good a chance of winning his letter; and a somewhat better chance of making a significant place for himself in at least one of the leading extra-curricular activities.

More and better qualified candidates are the big need. Although an augmented number of applicants would mean a lessened chance for each to win an award, the larger the number the better the college can locate properly qualified recipients.

Because of the coincidence that the four Bangor-Bowdoin State of Maine scholars pictured were all in their time connected with the *Oracle*, it is appropriate that we include up-to-date bulletins on them:

(Please turn to page twenty-eight)

First row, left to right:

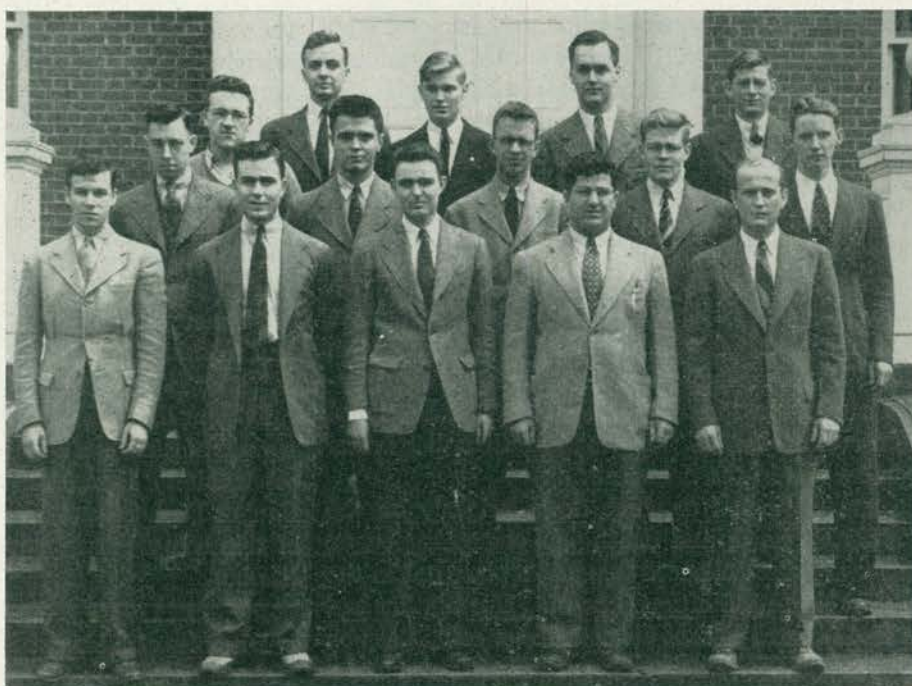
S. B. Cressey '44
A. L. Gammon '43
S. E. Hayes '44
L. V. Vafiades '42
J. E. Woodworth '43

Second row, left to right:

S. M. Giveen '42
R. F. Gardner '42
H. O. Curtis '45
C. F. Jones '43
J. F. Jaques '43

Third row, left to right:

G. W. Craigie '44
B. C. Maxim '45
A. M. Perry '45
K. M. Cole '44
R. M. Cross '45



FILES ON PARADE

SUEZ TO SINGAPORE

by Cecil Brown

WHEN Cecil Brown returned to the United States some months ago, he had witnessed one of the greatest dramas of the war: the fall of Singapore and the crack-up of the British colonial empire. What made the American people take notice of him was his luck in having been on the spot when the British battleship *Prince of Wales* and the cruiser *Repulse* were sent to the bottom by Jap torpedo bombers. But this was only the climax of a long and brilliant career as a war correspondent, which began in Europe before the start of the war and ended when he landed on the docks in San Francisco a few months ago.

His book is chiefly about the fall of Singapore and the conditions there before the Japanese invasion, especially the complacent and narrow-minded attitude of the British authorities. His loud and persistent criticism of the British in broadcasts from Singapore, and his constant quarrels with the censors finally led him to be transferred from Singapore to Australia, but not until he had had opportunity to accomplish one of the finest reporting jobs of the war.

The British made serious mistakes in dealing with the Asiatics, and they show no inclination to take to heart the lesson learned at Singapore. It is against this quality in them that Brown levels his indictment. That is what makes "Suez to Singapore" not only exciting, but of major importance so far as the war is concerned.

QUEEN OF THE FLAT-TOPS

by Stanley Johnston

"Queen of the Flat-Tops" is the story of the aircraft carrier *Lexington* during the naval battles in the Solomons. This great ship was claimed by her designers to be practically unsinkable, and so she proved herself to be. She could not be sunk by ten Jap torpedoes; U. S. destroyers finally had to do the job. Many readers will be surprised that some of the most tremendous American victories in the Solomons, which are told of in this book, never appeared in the papers. This seems to be just some more of the mysterious variety of war censorship that has exasperated so many of the war correspondents; at any rate the whole story is told here, and it is almost unbelievable, especially that the author could have stayed with the ship so long and still have escaped with his life and preserved all his notes. He has managed to keep his account from being sensational and has refrained from playing up his own part in the adventure.

AN OLD CAPTIVITY

by Nevil Shute

The great success of the "Pied Piper" both as a book and as a movie, makes one wonder why so little attention has been paid to Mr. Shute's earlier books. "An Old Captivity," written three years ago, seems a much more complete and satisfying story than his novel of Occupied France, probably because there have been so many war novels of the same type.

The story is about an English pilot who undertakes to make a photographic survey of the remains of a Viking colony in Greenland for an Oxford expedition, on which he is accompanied by a professor and his extremely disagreeable daughter. It is not exactly a surprise when the daughter is discovered to have a human side, and she and the pilot forget rather completely their mutual animosities; but it makes entertaining reading. The only difficulty in the book for those who haven't great imaginations is that the pilot and the girl get mixed up in some kind of Eskimo mumbo-jumbo which carries them back to a previous incarnation as medieval Norwegians. The whole business is connected with some sleeping tablets the pilot has been taking, and the archeological remains discovered.

SAPPHIRA AND THE SLAVE GIRL

by Willa Cather

This recent novel by the author of "My Antonia" and "Death Comes for the Archbishop" has as its setting Frederic County in Virginia, shortly before the outbreak of the Civil War. It concerns the wealthy wife of Henry Colbert, a prosperous miller, and her cruel treatment of one of her slaves.

Nancy, a beautiful mulatto girl, has innocently aroused the jealousy of her crippled mistress, who devotes all her energy and ingenuity to bring about the ruin of the girl. Disaster is only averted by the intervention of Sapphira's daughter.

The book is primarily a character study without the generous sprinkling of philosophy usually found in novels of that kind. Although the feelings of the author are quite clear, not every one will sympathize with them, for the story is told in such a way as to let the reader form his own conclusions about the characters. But it is not a puzzle by any means; the plot is interesting, and the dull spots are not very frequent. It is probably the most readable and exciting of Mrs. Cather's books. The parts which describe the negro slaves are especially well done, and it is quite as interesting from an historical as from a literary standpoint.

ALUMNI:

Along The Assembly Line

Many of our alumni are now in the service of Uncle Sam, either in the air, on the sea, or on the land.

First and foremost in the minds of many is *Major Frank P. Bostrom*, '25. Major Bostrom flew the plane which carried General Douglas MacArthur to Australia. Major Bostrom wears a Distinguished Flying Cross, which he received for this deed, a Distinguished Service Cross, and Purple Heart. He is now an instructor at Texas Rattlesnake Base with his comrades of the nineteenth Bombardment Group.

Bill Hunt, '42, a Navy man, is at the pharmacist school in Virginia.

Corporal Richard Wallace, '39, and *Virginia Darling Wallace*, '42, now have a little daughter. Corporal Wallace is attending Officers' Training School at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Also at the Officers' Training School at Fort Sill is *Sergeant William Morin*, '39.

Ableseaman Robert Ayer, '41, is stationed at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Robert McDonald, '39, is attending the Infantry Officers' Training School at Fort Benning, Georgia. Robert is a former center on the B. H. S. football team and was also a basketball captain.

Lieutenant Anthony Meucci, '39 is with 399th Armored Forces at Fort Knox, Kentucky.

Lieutenant William F. Cox, Jr., '39, is stationed at Fort Breckenridge, Kentucky.

Lieutenant Philip Doherty, '41, is with the armored forces.

Second Lieutenant Austin Keith, '37, has won his wings as a pilot and has been selected as a flying instructor at Mather Field, California. Lieutenant Keith was editor of his class book when he was a cadet.

Colonel Donald N. Yates, '27, was recently presented with the Distinguished Service Medal for his work as a special meteorological representative of the Air Forces to a co-belligerent government last fall.

Sergeant Robert Wood, *Corporal Paul Ford*, '40, *Corporal Robert Clark*, '40, and *Sergeant Harris Southard* '37, are with the 203rd Field Artillery Band stationed at Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

Fred Woodman, ex-'42 is with the United States Marines stationed in Maryland.

A recent draft call took *John Woodman*, '41, *Clif Reynolds*, '41, *Charles Jellison*, '41, and *Charlie Guild*, '42.

The appointments for Annapolis and West Point were recently made public. For Annapolis is *Paul Coleman*, '42, with *John Gillen*, '40, as an alternate. For

West Point is *Lawrence Cahill*, '42, with *Johnnie Brookings*, '42, *Hayden Bayer*, '42, and *Robert Berry*, who is a senior, as alternates.

Earl Gross, '42, has recently been accepted for service with the United States Marine Corps. His brother, *Private First Class Francis Gross*, also with the Marines, is now stationed in the Southwest Pacific.

Cadet Kenneth Brown is taking the second phase of his pre-flight training for pilot at Maxwell Field, Alabama. Cadet Brown started his preflight training at Nashville Army Air Center but was transferred to Maxwell Field.

Robert Wade was recently graduated from the Army Administration Officers' Candidate School on the University of Florida campus at Gainesville, Florida, and was commissioned second Lieutenant.

Dick Fellows, '40, has been accepted by the U. S. Army Ski Troops and is now at Camp Devens, from where he expects to be sent soon to Colorado for training.

Edmund Hooper, '39, is with the Merchant Marines somewhere in the Pacific.

Here are just a few who are in the regular army: *Harold Grant*, '41, *Arthur "Mike" Tilley*, '42, *Carleton Ranks*, '39, and *Stan Rudman*, '39.

Donald McKinnon, '39, is with the Marines on overseas duty.

One of the youngest master sergeants in the U. S. Army is twenty-year-old *C. Bryant Babcock*, '40, who is at present stationed at the Cut Bank Army Air-drome, Montana.

A graduate of the "Pearl Harbor" class of aerial observers at Brooks Field, Texas, as well as an alumnus of Bangor High, *Lieut. Joseph Aucoin*, '30, has received his wings. Lieut. Aucoin served previously in the U. S. Marines and the Royal Canadian Air Force. Before entering the Brooks Field School, he was an instructor of jui-jitsu and hand-to-hand combat at Miami, Florida.

According to a report issued during the Christmas holidays, *Infantry Lieut. Fred Gillen*, graduate of Bangor High, '28, and of Boston University Law School, was wounded in action in the South Pacific Area.

Warrant Officer Calvin F. Knaide, 3rd, '32, is following in his family's footsteps: he is attached to military police service, having graduated as a first sergeant in the guard squadron from M. P. school at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. His latest assignment has been to the U. S. Army Air Base at Dyersburg, Tennessee.

PASSING IN REVIEW

Richard Nelson: Speaking of three-letter men, we wouldn't want to leave out Shad. He likes all types of sports, and for the last two years has played on every one of our varsity teams. Although he won't admit it, we hear that Shad is as fast in "rapid cal" as he is on the basketball court.

Shad spends most of his spare time reading "Down Beat" and keeping up with the musical world. His only regrets are that fried chickens don't grow all cooked, and that there aren't six aces in a deck of cards.

Barbara Buck: Baton twirling, basketball, cooking, and just about everything are what Barbara does when she isn't busy wrapping up packages or making out her salesbook. You see, she is a working girl now.

During the summer we find that she spends her vacation at Surry, where she swims and sails to her heart's content.

She thinks Ronald Reagan and butterscotch sundaes are the last word as far as movies and eating are concerned.

Next fall Barbara is going to study laboratory technique at Wilson's School in Boston. She has already been accepted, so what has she to worry about?

Charles Carlisle: Here we have one of the most popular members of the sophomore class which wandered down here last fall to make its home at Bangor High for the next three years.

Chick likes the salt water and spends much of his time, during the summer, swimming and boating at the seashore. He also enjoys pool, ping pong, skiing, and basketball.

When it comes to food, Chick certainly can pack it away, but he says that the lunchroom food is . . .

Chick plans to go to Maine when he graduates.

Shirley Wilson: Here is the vivacious senior who is everywhere at the same time, Shirley Wilson, or better still, Shad.

She says her favorite pastime is going to the Park Theater, because she can see two whole movies for the price of one. There's a thrifty girl for you, boys.

This gal can play any sport, but basketball, hockey, and tennis are her special favorites.

And here is a tip for you wolves; bring along a pint of ice cream or a bottle of olives.

She tells us that she would like to go to business school or Bouve next year.

Arthur Jacobs: Three-letter men are rather rare around B. H. S., but here is one we all know. As well as liking football, baseball, and basketball, Jake finds time for hockey, tennis, and swimming. Since Jake is lucky and a shark at poker, he doesn't have to worry about money for cherry milkshakes and jelly beans.

Jake doesn't care much for social life, but you'll always find him having fun. Jake does right well in the wood-working shop and can turn out almost anything. Since his A-1 workmanship will soon be 1-A in the draft, he plans to join the Marines.

Sandra Ginsberg: The wizard of the sophomore class—you guessed it—Sandra Ginsberg!

Sandra hails from the Garland Street School and is proud of it.

She tells us that whether or not studying at B. H. S. is hard depends on how you look at it. She certainly must look on the bright side, considering the results she gets.

Anything from writing stories, swimming, archery, to playing the drums, keeps her leisure time packed full of something to do.

Sandra has made no definite plans as to what she is going to be but hopes to go to college.



ON THE BEAM

HISTORY is a great educator, but many of the American people have failed to learn one of the most important lessons it has tried to teach. With the many changes made necessary by the war's demanding a great deal of attention and keeping everyone preoccupied, the peace of the future seems very distant and, by comparison, very unimportant to many. Failure to realize that the world is no longer made up of a group of nations acting independently of each other can plunge American into another struggle even worse, if possible, than the present conflict.

It isn't necessary to be a diplomat nor politician to realize that, in the postwar world, barriers that have stood between America and the rest of the world will be greatly diminished and the opportunity will be given again to erase them completely. History has recorded once the failure to bring security from war to the world; the new page which is to be filled in must not repeat this same story.

Radio Speaks:

A major contribution of radio toward building a spirit of cooperation and neighborliness among the Americas is being presented in the National Broadcasting Company's "Inter-American University of the Air." "Lands of the Free," 10:30 P. M. Monday, brings exciting stories from the history of the Americas. Adventures and conquerors live again as their story is reenacted, displaying their cunning and ruthlessness in the rivalry for control of the rich New World. The sympathy of the listener goes out to those people who have suffered so many wrongs, and a clearer picture of our neighbors to the south is formed from the description of their land and their customs.

The outstanding barrier between the people of North and South America is the difference in the language spoken. The NBC Symphony Orchestra directed by Dr. Frank Black is endeavoring to overcome this breach by presenting a series of programs, entitled "New World Music," each Thursday night at 11:30. In music are reflected the culture and customs of the people in such a way that they are plain to everyone. The thoughts and sentiments expressed show that human beings think and feel very much alike even though they speak differently.

Merry Mix-ups:

Out of the frying pan into the fire doesn't seem to apply in the case of Henry Aldrich as he checks in with the rest of "The Aldrich Family" every Thursday at

8:30 over WLBZ. Henry seldom gets out of the fire. Ably assisted by Homer Brown, he manages to concoct any number of schemes that bewilder the other members of the family and usually lead to disaster; out of the chaos thus created, Henry sometimes emerges victorious and basks in the light of his achievements only to be plunged into more complications almost at once.

Literature lovers have long listened to the fascinating short stories broadcast Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday at 11:15 P. M. over station WLBZ by Nelson Olmstead. His story dramas are not just for those who like to read the classics, but for anyone who enjoys a good story well told. His narrative style and interpretation injects into the broadcast an atmosphere that brings his characters to life. His choice for broadcasting is excellent, and the selections vary from tragedies, or stories of the freaks of nature, to tales that make even the most sober person smile.

They Also Serve:

Each night, Monday through Friday, there are three programs which give everyone in the family something of interest: "Superman"—5:15-5:30; "Just Plain Bill"—5:30-5:45; "Front Page Farrell"—5:45-6:00.

"Superman" should interest particularly the younger members of the family, but the others will also find the exploits of this young marvel amusing. Superman's chief concern lies in protecting the American Way of life; the danger from foreign agents and other sources is effectively accentuated.

A very efficient method of explaining pertinent problems is being used in the family favorite, "Just Plain Bill." This story tells of ordinary people running up against the problems which confront everybody now; and the explanation of these difficulties serves to clear up the questions that exist in the minds of many.



THE WORM'S TURN

DESPITE the fact that we are not reviewed in *Bob Berry's Radio Column*, despite the fact that we are not in *Who's Who in the News World*, we continue our struggle, day by day, doing the small tasks that enable us to bring you the human side of the news in the most inhuman method yet conceived. The news that makes strong men weep and weak men weaker; that makes even *J. Waldo Ballou* cower in his chair and plead for mercy. Yes, we bring to you, the people, the News!

Basketball Floor, City Hall: A major distraction to the carefully planned offensive of the Bangor Rams appeared in the form of one *Theresa Byron*, who sabotaged the efforts of *Fibber Magee*, causing his eyesight to go A. W. O. L.

In the Lo-o-onesome Country: Previous to gas rationing and following the play at Bangor High School, four boys and *Ferne Carson* jumped into a car. . . time elapses. . . and drove home. Said *Billy Drisko*, who enjoyed the ride with a clock on his lap, "There is a time and a place for everything."

Special to the Oracle: Saving the day by serving as reinforcements for a certain lad, *Richard Southard* appeared on the streets of our fair city convoying *Betty Higgins* around. Although some sources maintained that sabotage had been the underlying cause for this maneuver, most parties believe that it is only a further step in the good-neighbor policy.

Bangor House: Special communiques from Egypt, New York, and all points west, have found their way to the dispatch case of *Barby Chapman*. However, *Jack*, the situation still remains well in hand for the home front as most of the communiques are from unidentified sources. You can still *Lord* it over the rest, pal.

Somewhere in the U. S. A.: The war has taken its toll. Now that *Don Gallupe* has left, upon the request of Uncle Sam, who will console *Pat L.*? And however will *Shirley Castner* do her French without the able assistance of *Carl Dahlberg*? It seems the Home Room was a major front of operations as far as that was concerned.

Communications Office, Telephone Division: Latest reports off the wires state that *Norma Lambert* has been doing reconnaissance duty on line 2-0178. The identity of the number is a military secret, but for those of you who can't read and get lost in the phone book, we'll hint that it just could be *Ray Rideout*.

University of Maine Campus: After extensive research work on the subject, *Dotty Bruns* has decided that *Ray* (not the afore mentioned one) just couldn't be right. Everyone knows that the fraternities don't have etchings on display.

Orono Bus, returning from a U. of M. game: The regulations of the bus company, many and varied, include the extinguishing of all lights in the vehicle when it reaches the railroad tracks. Rumors have it, for who are we to be in a blackout bus, that military work of the most secret sort goes on at this time. Although the nature of this work is not revealed, it is generally supposed that it deals with research into the manuel of arms, but then, you'd really have to ask *Bob Catell* and *Cyntha Rich*.

Brewer, m m m m: Flash! *Betty Dole*! For further information see *Teddy Jennison* and *Bob Berry*. *Dick Sprague* would be in a very informed position also. And all the quiet type, too!

Boy's Locker Room: To show the outstanding morale of Bangor High School, we bring you a snatch of conversation typifying the optimistic outlook of the youth of today.

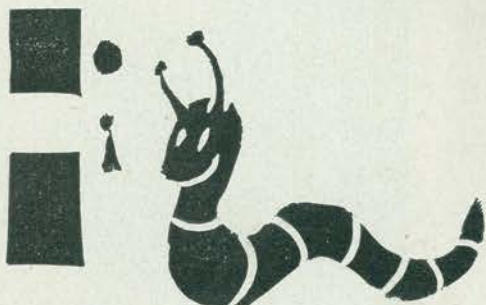
Morris Pilot: "Well, Ballou, gotta go now. Have to pick up someone on the corner of Harlow and State at nine o'clock."

J. Barrymore Ballou: "Who?"

Pilot: "How do I know who's gonna be on the corner of Harlow and State at nine o'clock?"

Hillman's Farm: Again we take you to *Hillman's* farm, scene of those famous blackout parties, to bring you the latest developments on the fast-moving romance of Commando *Peter LaCasse*. Having sighted what

(Please turn to page thirty-three)



FASHIONS

FE BR UA RY

Seven years is a long time to be uncomfortable, but oysters take it and like it—and that is the way cultured pearls are born! A conscientious bivalve will work that long to cover an irritating bead with layer after layer of nacre, with the result that pretty young ladies, like our spritely model, Joan Mutty, can wear necklaces of classic pearls, resembling the real thing in almost everything—except the price tag!

And don't miss Joan's eye-catching bijou of a bracelet. It's really worth adding to that ever-increasing collection. This diet would certainly perk up a plain woolen dress or a sweater, and mmmm!

It is from W. C. Bryant and Son, 46 Main Street, Bangor.

W. C. Bryant—



Tally-ho, all you gals and boys! With gas rationing and everything, you can afford to take a tip from Ferne Carson: get a horse!

Doesn't she look stunning in that all wool riding coat cut along professional lines? And did you notice the jodhpurs of cavalry twill with their leather knee patches—pretty smart, what say?

Ferne completes the outfit with leather-lined jodhpur shoes and a derby-style hat.

For further information just canter down to Dakins Sporting Goods Company, located at 25 Central Street, Bangor.

For a promise that spring is just around the corner, just take a look at lovely Jackie Doherty, who models this prize Lantz suit in a spicy shade of Kelly green, which is especially attractive on this blonde junior.

You will love to wear it everywhere, for it is one of those glorious things that are correct for many occasions.

Note the quaint print linings, silvery buttons, wee novelty embroideries, and a super fit that always typify these different suits which can be found exclusively at Burdell's, the shop of smart feminine fashions, 91 Main Street, in Bangor.



—Dakins



Burdell's—



SPINNING REEL

WHERE there's Judy Garland, there's music and dancing; "Lily Mars" is no exception. Judy really gives a top-notch performance with the help of Bob Crosby's band and twelve lovely yet talented American dancers.

Lily Mars (that's Judy) is a teen-age stage-struck girl who gets into all kinds of hilarious situations trying to make her dream of stardom come true. Of course there are some dramatic moments, too. Lily conveniently falls in love with a famous theatrical producer and persuades him to fall in love with her. The story is adapted from one of the most widely read novels of renowned Booth Tarkington; so it promises exciting entertainment with high humor.

Richard Carlson who was such a success in "White Cargo" plays opposite Judy.

Salute to the Marines:

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer salutes the United States Marine Corps and its heroic defense of the Philippines against Japanese invasion hordes in this exciting new picture.

Wallace Beery makes film history as the hard-bitten Sergeant Major William Bailey, veteran of thirty years' service, whose life-long ambition is to win a hero's medal. Although he has never seen action, he has the reputation of being the toughest non-com in the Marine Corps.

Against his will he is ordered to the Zubig province in the Philippines to train Filipino recruits. His battalion is leaving for China, and he can't go.

Then December 7, 1941, dawns, and with it come Japanese bombers. How Bailey proves his mettle and saves the day makes this stirring vivid story a real tribute to those brave men who died in defense of their country.

Du Barry Was a Lady:

With Red Skelton and Lucille Ball as co-stars, this picture is a bombshell of laughs, and a barrage of beautiful girls.

"Du Barry Was a Lady" is Red's first musical extravaganza since "Ship Ahoy." Lucille Ball, who has earned highest critical kudos for her singing and dancing on Broadway, proves her worth as a capable actress on the screen. As Du Barry, she wears many novel gowns and costumes designed by the incomparable Irene.

Backing up Red and Lucille in merrymaking and melody are such top-flight comics and entertainers as Gene Kelly, Zero Mostel, Rags Ragland, Virginia

O'Brien, Tommy Dorsey and his band plus six dancing beauties, and twelve gorgeous showgirls.

The action gets under way when Red drinks one of his own mixed "mickies"; he passes into oblivion and dreams that he is Louis XV, King of France, with Du Barry (Lucille Ball) as his mistress. The only trouble is that Madame Du Barry is not Beatrice Fairfax's idea of a perfect wife. In fact, poor Louis has quite a hard time of it all.

Such lively songs as "Do I Love You," "The Esquire Girl," and "Madame, I Like Your Crepes Suzettes," add zip and zest to this refreshing musical comedy.

Ice Capades Review:

For an evening full of fun and entertainment Republic offers a new Winter Wonder show. Richard Denning, who played opposite Dorothy Lamour as a handsome jungle boy in "Beyond the Blue Horizon," has the male lead. As Jeff Stewart he is a Broadway manager of a successful ice show. Ellen Drew portrays Ann Porter, a country girl, who inherits a rival not-so-successful ice show. Jerry Colonna is Theophilus Twitchell who's going to back Ann's show on his future winnings from a radio jackpot program.

The story is dazzling with sensational new ice routines by the entire cast of the Ice Capades company who have been touring the country so successfully. Among their stars are Vera Hruba, who is the champion ice skater in the Czechoslovakia that was, and Megan Taylor, the English girl champion. There are also many excellent song hits from the top of the hit parade to add to the gaiety.

Quick Glances:

When the critics and the public saw "This Gun for Hire," there was only one thing that they talked about . . . Alan Ladd! They liked him because he was so different, so unlike any other star. So Paramount studio executives gave him a starring picture all his own where he plays the part of a racket boss who gets tangled up with a spy ring. He will appear soon in "Lucky Jordan."

Another Hollywood hit produced by Charles R. Rogers is "The Powers Girl." It features the world's most beautiful girls, Benny Goodman and his band, the singing star Dennis Day, and also Anne Shirley, and George Murphy.

Deanna Durbin comes back to play a real dramatic role in "Forever Yours," while Paulette Goddard acts in her usual style as a girl from Texas who ropes her man in New York in "The Crystal Ball."

OUTSIDE THE CLASSROOM

Debaters Hear Mrs. Roosevelt At Bowdoin

The Debate Club is well along into the debating season. Since the last issue of the *Oracle* but one regular meeting has taken place. At that time, December 3rd, movies were shown. Club members were entertained by a Bob Hope comedy, "Go'ng Spanish," a Grantland Rice Sportlight, and a musical entitled "A Night at the Trocadero."

On Dec. 12th, Richard Giles and Joseph Oppenheim, accompanied by Mr. Ransford Smith, journeyed to Bowdoin College, Brunswick, to represent Bangor High School in the annual Bowdoin Interscholastic League Tournament. The proposition for discussion was the drafting of manpower.

When the smoke of battle cleared away, it was found that Bangor was in fourth place with 445 points. Portland High was in first place with 495 points out of a possible 600 points. Both Giles and Oppenheim turned in splendid performances. Oppenheim was especially commended for his work in this tournament in letters recently received by Principal Chaplin and Mr. Ransford Smith from Professor Athearn Daggett, director of the tournament. The letter stated that Oppenheim was outstanding in his grasp of the question, logic, reasoning, and argumentative sense. "As soon as he acquires the polished delivery that comes with experience, he should prove an excellent debater," said Professor Daggett.

The Bangor contingent were thrilled to have the opportunity to see Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt who spoke briefly to the assembled debaters and coaches. They were also guests at a lecture given by Mrs. Roosevelt in the college chapel. She spoke most interestingly of her experiences in England and her impression of English people and places.

When school reopened after the Christmas holidays, the Club debating tournament got underway. This year ten teams took part. Those who participated were: Marilyn Chaves, Esther Broutas, Grace Carlisle, Anna St. Onge, Sandra Ginsberg, Virginia Foster, Norma Robinson, Richard Eaton, Albert Bean, Newell Horr, John Kelleher, Malcolm Flash, Leonard Minsky, Richard Giles, Joseph Oppenheim, Jerry Rudman, Robert Saltzman, Howard Gotlieb, and George Broutas.

Three rounds of elimination were held, and the two surviving teams were Howard Gotlieb and Marilyn

Chaves, Affirmative, and George Broutas and Grace Carlisle, Negative.

The final debate for the Club Championship took place Tuesday, January 19th, in Room 307 before a joint meeting of the Debate Club and the Public Affairs Club. The congressional style of debate was used; each speaker had an opportunity to heckle his opponents. After an interesting and close contest, the winning team was chosen by a vote of the audience, and it proved to be George Broutas and Grace Carlisle.

Rifle Club Elects Officers

On January 7, 1943, the Rifle Club held its organization meeting. The following officers were elected: president, William H. Drisko; secretary-treasurer, Joseph F. Petterson; manager, Robert Daigle; team captain, Guy E. Ryan.

The results of the annual Intramural Match were announced at this time, as follows:

Senior Division

First, William H. Drisko	691
Second, Roger W. Jellison	685
Third, Joseph F. Petterson	672

Novice Division

First, Donald W. Harriman	653
Second, Walter G. Shorey	640
Third, Bruce E. Parkhurst	618

The Rifle Club defeated the Penobscot Rifle Club, 862 to 839, in a shoulder to shoulder match at B. H. S., on January 21, 1943.

The next matches to be fired are the First Service Command Intercollegiate Rifle Match and the William Randolph Hearst Intercollegiate Rifle Match.

Assemblies March Along

Friday, January 8—Cadet Major Robbie Speirs introduced Col. Francis Valentine, commander of Dow Field, who was the guest speaker for the assembly. Col. Valentine opened his speech with a few witty thoughts. Then he suddenly turned serious. Strange as it seems, he told the life of a plane, a very special plane, and the part it played in this World War II. This assembly was accompanied by several selections from the band.

Honorary R. O. T. C. Officers Chosen

At the annual Mid-year Hop sponsored by the Officers' Club, Friday evening, January 29, honorary commissions were presented by Lieutenant Colonel Christie F. McCormick to Betty Higgins and Anne Woodman, honorary cadet lieutenant colonel and cadet major of the R. O. T. C., respectively. These awards were given as a result of two elections in the first of which the entire student body picked five senior girls as candidates for this honor. The five were Eleanor Prusaitis, Anne Woodman, Marydel Coolidge, Prudy Speirs, and Betty Higgins. On the final ballot Betty Higgins and Anne Woodman rated, in order, highest and second highest.

On the basis of this second election the two received handsome gold compacts with insignia engraved in the leather cover and with their names, ranks, and the date inscribed on the back. In former years, miniature sabers have been presented. Betty Higgins was escorted by Cadet Major Robinson Speirs, acting Lieutenant, and Anne Woodman was escorted by Cadet Captain Robert Berry, acting Major, in a colorful ceremony. The battalion officers formed an arch of sabers under which the honorary officers with their escorts passed to receive their awards.

In May at Broadway Park, the two girls will review the R. O. T. C. battalion at the annual federal inspection.

Dramatic Club Elects New Officers

At the meeting of the Senior Dramatic Club on Thursday, January 14, John Ballou resigned from the presidency, because of too many activities. At the same meeting the club elected to the newly opened offices: Harry Graves, President; Marydel Coolidge, Vice President. Plans were discussed for electing a program committee to have charge of the future meetings. At this meeting Jack Lord gave a report on the success of the play "Heroes Limited" and on the amount made from the production. After the business meeting Mrs. Marion Bradshaw spoke to the group on the subject "How are you getting on with your second act?" With great things in view, the Dramatic Club promises to have an eventful year.

The Band Plays On

During the late fall weeks and the pre-holiday season, many of the band members had outside jobs, but interest in rehearsals kept up and now that many have been relieved of other activities, work has begun on a more interesting program of music. Additions to the band membership are taking place and a busy program is being planned.

(Please turn to page thirty)

Left to right:

Marydel Coolidge,
Prudy Speirs,
Anne Woodman,
Betty Higgins,
Eleanor Prusaitis.



Between You and Me and the **BACK BOARDS**

THE Bangor Rams added to their list of wins the highly favored and previously undefeated Black Raiders of Winslow. The Bangor team as a whole played its best game thus far this season, and showing much speed and aggressiveness, they outplayed their rivals to emerge on top of a 49 to 42 score. Big Bill Daley got on his high horse this game and turned in a splendid performance while Fibber Magee took scoring honors with eighteen points.

Before this the Rams had three other victories to their credit. Their first win came when they defeated a classy Foxcroft team, 43 to 29. It was a few weeks later before their second victory came. This was really a happy one, for they defeated the defending Eastern Maine champions and highly rated John Bapst Crusaders. The Bangor boys trounced their inter-city rivals by a 38 to 28 score with Shad Nelson leading the way and giving a fine exhibition of ball handling.

The Brewer Witches suffered a bad defeat from our boys when they came across the river to play. During the first half the Bangor Quintet held the Witches to two points, but they eased up in the second half, and the final outcome was a Bangor victory, 35 to 9.

Between the Foxcroft and Bapst games, Bangor had three out-of-town games, and all three were fatal to the Bangor cause. Up north in Presque Isle, the Rams lost a heart-breaker to the home team, 32 to 34. The next night they played a very strong Stearns team in Millinocket. The Minutemen were too much for Bangor that night and came out on top of a 43 to 34 score.

The next week Bangor traveled to Waterville where they met and lost to a big Waterville team, 40 to 28.

All of Bangor's defeats thus far were out of town, and it must be considered that the Rams were at a disadvantage. Also Bangor has shown a great deal of improvement since then; therefore, there has been much interest for the return games with these teams on Bangor's home court, the City Hall.

In the preliminary games at the City Hall, the Bangor J. V.'s have been drawing much attention. Coached by Fred Pinkham, the Jayvee's were undefeated last year, and they seem to be repeating the process this year. Among their latest victims are Foxcroft J. V.'s, Bapst J. V.'s, and Brewer J. V.'s, and Hermon High School.

Bangor Avenges Presque Isle

The battering Bangor Rams made it five straight victories in a row by defeating Presque Isle, 32-27.

By this win they avenged a licking handed to them by the Presque Isle quintet early in the season, but they had no easy time doing it. Throughout the game both teams swapped the lead, but it was Bangor, led by aggressive Shad Nelson, who clung to it when it counted, at the final gun.

The Rams defeated the scrappy Old Town Indians, 24 to 21, for their first out-of-town win. Old Town's small court was a big hindrance for the Bangor boys who are used to the large home court. For that reason they did not look so good as previously.

Comments From The Sidelines

At first it looked as though the Bangor basketeers would be handicapped by the lack of height, but their speed, aggressiveness, and cleverness have been combined to make one forget the small statures. It really is amazing how fellows like Nelson, Magee, Jacobs, and Graffam, get so many rebounds for their size.

If you don't believe that Bangor plays a fast game, just take this in mind: Lloyd Blethen, national cross-country champ, who also plays center for the Foxcroft basketball team, was actually puffing at the last of the game to keep up with the Bangor ball team.

More than one basketball fan was cursing Hitler when it was a possibility that Bangor would not have a home court because of the fuel shortage. The team finally obtained the city hall.

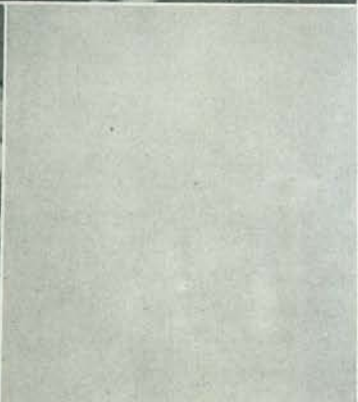
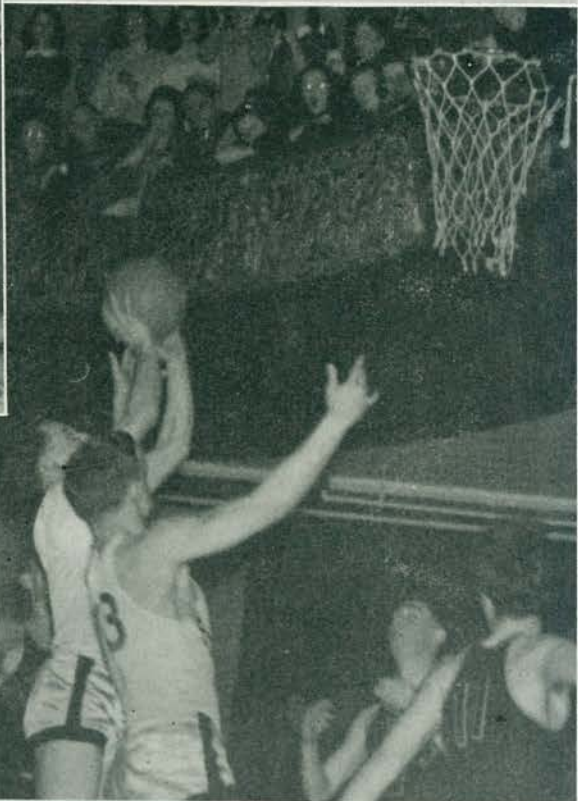
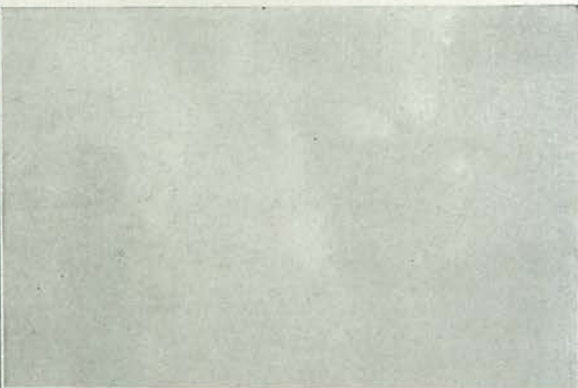
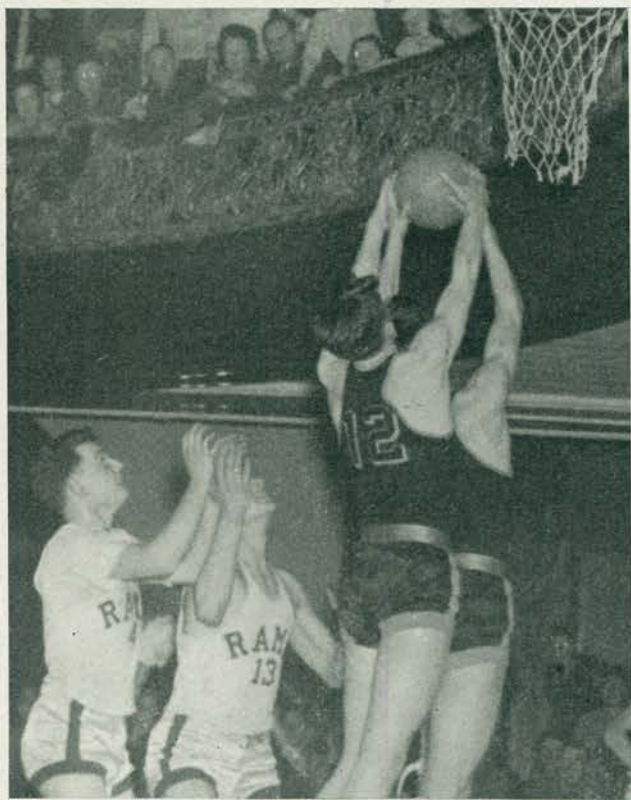
Everybody knows that Shad Nelson is a good dribbler, but Chuck Farnsworth's beautiful exhibition of dribbling came as a surprise when Bangor was stalling for time during the Bapst game.

The fans got quite a kick when Jimmy O'Connell, the J. V.'s star performer, was placed on the Varsity during the Brewer game. When he got into the game, he was rather nervous, but otherwise he did well.

It is a fact that tall, broad-shouldered Paul Doughty, Hoppy Burr, and Forrest Shumway are only sophomores. Also, Bill Daley, Bob Graffam, and Chuck Farnsworth are only juniors. Next year looms as a big one for Bangor in basketball.

LATEST:

1. Bangor, 42—Brewer, 37.
2. Bangor, 30—Stearns, 39.
3. Bangor, 56—Winslow, 44.
4. Bangor, 39—John Bapst, 46.



HOOP-LA

WITH THE SPORTINGALS

THE girls' basketball season took a definite swing upward after the Christmas holidays with bi-weekly practices to put the players into shape for the real tussles that are in store for them.

Miss Mildred McGuire has made it possible, by a new schedule, for many more girls to participate in intramural athletics. That is to say, any girl who goes out for basketball and faithfully attends the practices, makes a team, no matter what her status may be.

This year the teams will first play off within their own class, and the two combinations that are tops in each class will then be eligible to play in the interclass tournament. Those teams that have been defeated will disband and become interested onlookers for the rest of the season.

Tishie Philbrick and Jane Hilton, the junior members of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council, will time and score the games. The girls who are taking the refereeing course, offered by Miss McGuire, will act as referees and umpires during intramural struggles, but for the tournament an outside referee will officiate, while these girls will be umpiring only.

The teams that continue in the tournament will play each other twice, and the winners will be declared interclass champions. At the basketball banquet later in the season, the girls will receive large "B's" and the team a trophy. The runners-up will be presented with their class numerals.

The backbone of any team is its coach; so, to make sure that every team has a particularly stiff vertebra, the G. A. H. C. girls are coaching. Joan Ambrose, Prudy Speirs, and Betty Higgins are on the job for the seniors. Jeanne Archer, Ervie Foster, Joyce Marsh, and Connie Coleman are backing up the juniors. And that ever-ready combination of Sis Prusaitis, Shad Wilson, Kay Downes, and Barbie Watters are showing the sophomores how to get into shoot shape.

Seen between baskets:

The super-smooth combination of Woodman, Wilson, and Foster; Dottie Jenkins falling down all over the place; sharpshooter Joan Rosie swishing one in for the sophomores; June Cahoon floating about the court; no Corace Whitcomb; Mimi Hanson being extraordinarily forward; Priscilla Marsh in one of her many unguarded moments; Fay Jones, chattering unperturbed by the hue and cry of the contest; Flo Gunn sinking basket after basket; Kay Downes just fooling around; Connie Davis traveling; Faith Jones acquitting herself admirably; Pixie Connors flitting flightily from spot to shot; et al.

B. H. S. Demonstrates Wartime Physical Training

Bangor High School has one of the most complete and efficient wartime physical training programs of any school in this area of Maine. As a result of this fact, it was this school that was chosen to conduct an exhibition for physical education teachers from smaller schools in this section of the state.

A large and interested audience attended the program conducted during the morning and afternoon of February 3. The exhibition was presented so as to give the audience an idea of what can be accomplished with their gym classes during a regular gym period. No fancy equipment was used, and the exercises performed were so simple and thorough that they can be used in even the smallest schools.

During the morning the boys' leaders class demonstrated an obstacle course, and later in the day, the audience witnessed a regular mass calisthenics period led by Mr. Durwood Heal, during which the boys went through their usual routine of exercises.

The girls' classes were well represented by a group who performed some exercises which are typical of those done by the girls during the course of a gym period.

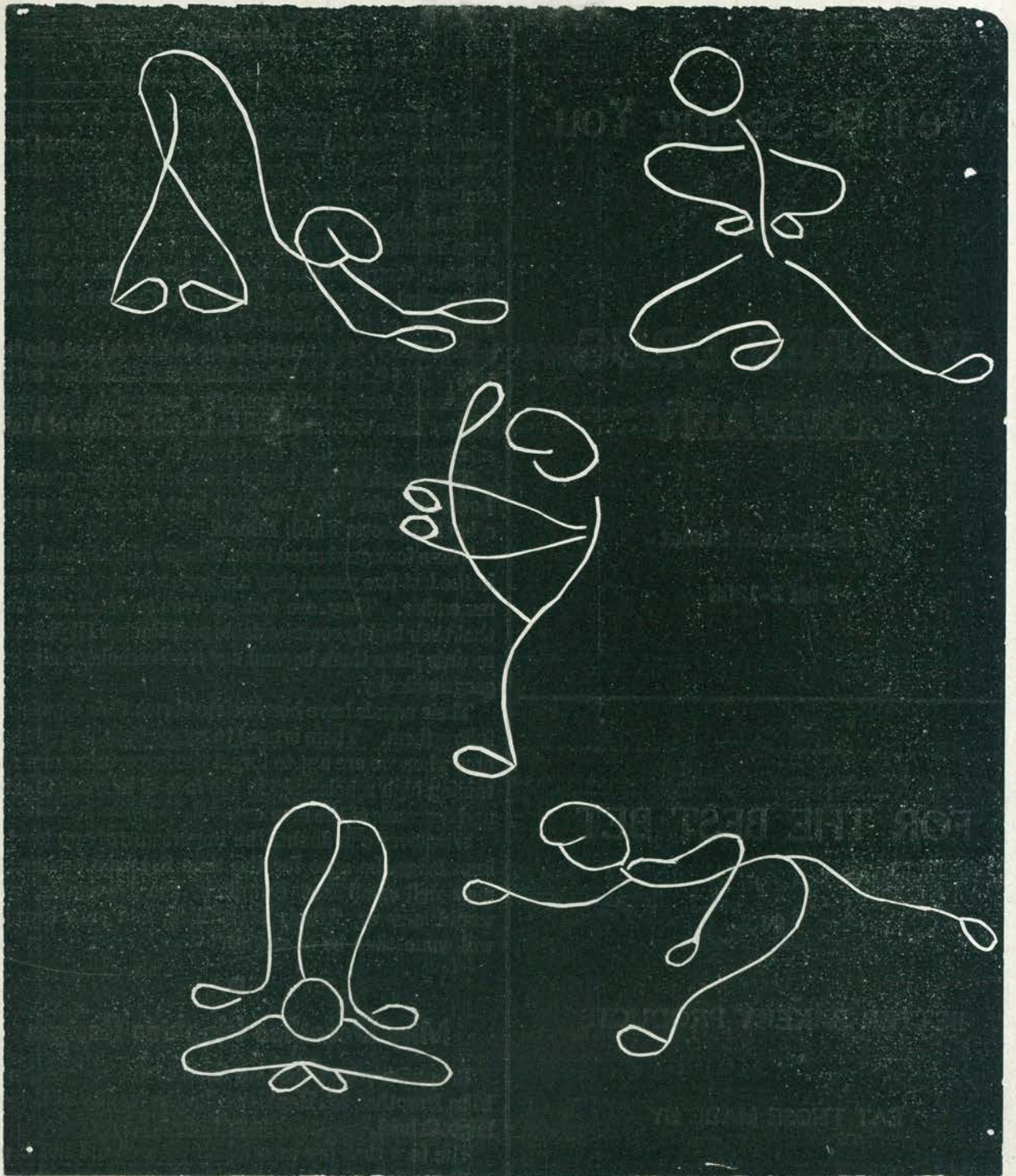
This program was very carefully planned and well presented. It showed how the athletic department of Bangor High School is meeting the needs of the war effort by preparing both boys and girls to attain the physical stamina necessary to win the war.

Honor Council Holds Assembly

At the assembly on February 5th the Girls' Athletic Honor Council formally took into membership several of the sportingals in an impressive ceremony. The new members are: Anne Woodman, Muriel Doherty, Ann Freeland, Annette Chapman, and Barbara Chapman.

The rituals given to welcome in the new girls were observed as follows: general aims, Prudy Speirs, president of the G. A. H. C.; scholarship, Jeanne Archer; leadership, Jane Hilton; athletics, Shad Wilson; dependability, Joan Ambrose; respect, Joyce Marsh; and sportsmanship, Ervie Foster.

On Career Day Miss Marion Rogers spoke to an enthusiastic audience on physical education as a career for girls.



Ah, Eggzersize !

Designed by B. Mills

Cut by R. Jones and W. Drisko

"We'll Be Seeing You"

—at the—

WARREN DRUG COMPANY

37 Hammond Street

Dial 2-1205

FOR THE BEST BET

IN

BETTER BAKERY PRODUCTS

EAT THOSE MADE BY

John J. Nissen Baking Co.

Bangor, Maine

Editorial

(continued from page fourteen)

Curt Jones, '43, graduated last September as one of sixteen accelerated seniors. He is now located at Camp Devens where he is administering intelligence tests to draftees. Curt was *Oracle* editor in 1939.

Ken Cole, '44, transferred from Bowdoin to Amherst, from Amherst to Haverford (which he found a bit too sedate), then back to Amherst where he feels he fits and is happiest. Ken was editor of the *Oracle* in 1940 and President of the Debate Club.

Bud Perry, '45, turned junior at Bowdoin at the half year. A 4-A man scholastically and waterboy on the swimming team, Bud is mainly responsible for sleuthing out these news snatches on his fellow State of Maine scholars. Bud edited the *Oracle* in 1941.

The fourth *Oracle* board member of this quartet is Louie Vafiades, '42, who now is at the Air Force radio school at Scotts Field, Illinois.

These four graduated from Bangor High School within the last five years; they are boys whom we know and remember. They are not so remote from our time that their highly commendable past Bangor High School records place them beyond our reach scholastically and geographically.

Their equals have been before them; their equals will follow them. There is need to remember this and them now when we are apt to forget the importance of maintaining high scholarship in the face of immediate crisis and demands of the moment.

Whenever one doubts the importance of any kind of knowledge, because for the time it seems useless, he may well recall Nat Bowditch, the Navigator, who would answer, "Study everything, and your learning will some time be of service."

•

Miss Dorothea Hopkins Resigns

It is with regret that we learn of the resignation of Miss Dorothea M. Hopkins from the faculty of Bangor High School.

The fact that her association with us did not begin until the fall of 1941, serves to increase our appreciation of what she has accomplished here. Since our acquaintance with Miss Hopkins has been brief, the quality and the quantity of her work are unusual.

With her arrival, the music appreciation and harmony courses were initiated at Bangor High School. As director of the glee clubs and orchestra, Miss Hopkins has led these organizations in varied, interesting programs which have been highly enjoyable. Between

Albert J. Farrington

Photographs of Distinction



**We make the better grade
of class photos, not cheap
but good.**



3 State Street

Brewer, Maine

Bryant's

JEWELERS
OF BANGOR
46 Main St.

Maine's finer store
for Diamonds,
Watches and Silver
for nearly 50 years
Budget terms arranged

UTTERBACK-GLEASON CO.

CHRYSLER and PLYMOUTH

SALES and SERVICE



15 Oak St.

Bangor, Me.

practices, the musical "Big Three," under her guidance, last spring sponsored and participated in the two performances of "Symphony, Song, and Dance," in co-operation with the dancing classes of Miss Frances Reynolds, and in a concert by the University of Maine Glee Clubs. Last fall their major production was "Ye Staggo Barne Dance."

Miss Hopkins has proved herself a thorough and sensitive musician and an active influence in making the musical organizations of Bangor High School.

Losers Weepers

Remember that sing-song childhood chant: "Finders keepers, losers weepers. . .?"

Remember spying a stray marble or bright bauble, snatching it up, and then singing out that it was yours, your very own, you found it? With childish casuistry you'd argue that it belonged to you now: someone had been so careless as to lose it, and in losing it, he had lost whatever claim he might have had to your finding. . . it was just too bad for him!

Remember discovering the institution of "Lost and Found" columns and departments across from the comic strips?—by then you were old enough to read the headings on the ad page. Perhaps you remember that at the end of each school year a big boy from the sixth grade—you were a third-grader, weren't you?—would stand impressively on one foot while your teacher went through a bottomless cardboard box of nondescript articles — lost or found — and begged you to recognize your own.

Perhaps you remember the year you yourself were appointed to the Lost and Found Committee, and you began to wonder how losers could be so indifferent to their losses. But your first concept of "Finders keepers" had changed: you were making honest efforts to locate the losers, the weepers. And there had developed a code of conduct which guided you in cases concerning *that which does not belong to you*.

Remember when you were introduced to lockers?—you stood for a lot that first year. You had one with a combination which was your despair in last-minute rushes. So you devised time-saving plans like leaving your lock already to open, or even better, not locked at all. Then came calamity: a day arrived which carried no less import than the sacking of Rome—the day your locker was found yawning open, its contents gone with the wind. What more meaning had "Finders Keepers?" It had gone beyond finding.

But experience is no greater a teacher than repetition. There were others to weep with you. "But,"

(continued on page thirty)

REDDY KILOWATT

is still working

at

pre-war wages!

The

Bangor Hydro-Electric Co.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

\$1.00 PERSONAL \$1.00
Stationery

**200 sheets Bond paper, 6" x 7", printed
with your name and address, and 100
envelopes to match, printed on back flap.**

Print copy plainly and enclose \$1.00.

Paper will be sent by mail.

PHONE—6353

BANGOR BOX COMPANY

FACTORY: 75 So. Main St., Brewer

you'd hold forth, "if I begin diligently to keep that locker locked, it will be like locking the barn after the horse is stolen. Besides, I hate the feeling that it has to be done. In fact, it rather shatters my belief in everyone's fundamental honesty. Yes, I know an unlocked locker is deliberately tempting the devil, but what seems far more regrettable is that anyone should deliberately discover and surrender to that temptation." Nevertheless, you saw the wisdom of offering no further opportunities to this new and disappointing side of human nature.

The next year you went untouched, although wind of similar instances came to your ears occasionally. Your indignation abated somewhat: you'd shrug with the indifference which is common toward all that is sad but does not directly concern you, "It's too, too bad; but what can you do about it?"

You, however, in assuming indifference, were as responsible for the losses of the others as he who took what was not his. Condoning a violation of social conduct is the same as ignoring the growth of a cancer, until it is beyond cure. Tolerating conditions which are outlawed in any society and are within your power to correct, is condemnable as the conditions themselves.

Locking lockers is an ounce of prevention. Now when so many are carrying savings with which to purchase war bonds and stamps, it seems outrageous that such a problem must be met. But met it must be and mastered. The locker situation is acute; it must not get out of control.

Everyone must make it his personal obligation to check its continued growth whenever and wherever possible. Once overlooked it may course in unexpected and fatal channels. Honesty is still the best policy!

Band

(continued from page twenty-three)

Officers will soon be named by the Military Department, and Lt. Col. Christie McCormick plans an interesting drive for an augmented band which will give opportunity to those who have had even a small amount of band experience to become members of what will doubtlessly be the best inspection outfit the school has turned out. Though small, the organization has had more preparatory training for military ceremonies than any band in recent years, and, with the increase in membership which is being attained, the annual inspection should be an event appropriate to these times.

The band took part in the recent military assembly and has started its usual series of sessions at the basketball games, cooperating with the well-trained corps of twirlers headed by Bernice White.

Public Affairs Club Holds Debate

The Public Affairs Club, meeting on the new schedule of the third Tuesday of each month, held its first 1943 meeting, January nineteenth. The program was a debate on the question, "Should a World Federation of Nations be organized?" Marilyn Chaves and Joseph Gottlieb spoke for the affirmative, while Grace Carlisle and George Brontas spoke for the negative side. Space forbids presenting their briefs, but, to those present, the speakers were instructive. Marilyn Chaves was judged the best speaker, while the negative was given the verdict of winning the question. Much quiet merriment was afforded by the spectacle of George Brontas, trying to soothe the agitation of Grace Carlisle, as he apparently wrongly assumed; for the truth is Miss Carlisle did not lose her poise at the sallies of her opponents. It was an enjoyable hour for all present. The Public Affairs Club is appreciative of this effort by the Debate Club.

lo! Saturnalia

In spite of wars, holiday jobs, and sub-zero weather, the modern *populus Romanus* of Bangor High School made merry at the annual Saturnalia, in a manner more or less Roman. Consul Edith Strout prefaced the festivities with an account of the origin and meaning of the Saturnalia, and she bade all the Latin slaves be free and merry on this one evening.

The traditional Latin Christmas carols were sung, with Annette Chapman at the piano. An artistic contest revealed that Janie Hilton and Jacqueline Springer did not need any light to produce masterpieces.

An informal Information Please, *modo Romano*, was conducted by the dignified and august consul, Gardner Moulton, with Sandra Ginsberg, Janie Hilton, Fay Jones, and Henry Barker as the guinea pigs.

Christmas gifts from an attractive tree were distributed by two Santas, Edith Strout and Gardner Moulton. Members of the club brought money for a Christmas stocking, and the money was used to make Christmas gifts possible for a needy family.

Mrs. Lenore Cumming, club adviser, and Miss Margaret Estes were present for annual Saturnalia celebration.

Grand gros pou: "My uncle plays the piano by ear."

Petit chou: "That's nothing; my grandfather fiddles with his beard."

L. H. THOMPSON

SCHOOL PRINTING

Agents for Shaw-Walker line of
Office Furniture

BREWER

MAINE

"There's a difference"

MODERN CLEANSERS AND DYERS

The only bargain in dry cleaning

is

QUALITY

171 PARK STREET

PRESSING - - ALTERATIONS

BANGOR, ME.

People's Fish Market, Inc.

Wholesale and Retail

FISH DEALERS

Telephone 5636

120 Broad St.

Bangor, Me.

J. J. BOULTER & SON

- WELDING
- RADIATOR REPAIRING
- RECORING

Corner Curve and Harlow Street

Bangor, Me.

Phone 7019



Photo Finishing of Quality
FOWLER DRUG CO.

For your class dinner,
or any party, large or small



The
BANGOR HOUSE

Francis Leverette Vose

Photographer

SPECIAL STUDENT PRICES

DIAL 5800

EXPERT REPAIRING

ALL MAKES OF CARS

BODY AND FENDER WORK

Storage—Washing—Greasing

The S. L. Crosby Co.

50 York St.

Bangor, Me.

**SMITH'S
EXTRACTS**



BYRON H. SMITH CO.

Hokum

(continued from page nineteen)

he believed to be the object of his affections, he stood in the chilling wind for just hours to catch one glimpse of his beloved. Unfortunately, he had the wrong blond. It is believed that he mixed her up with that one in Waterville.

We interrupt this program to bring you a transcribed message from *Wiseman's Second Hand Clothing Store*.

Do your pants sag and droop? So do *Wiseman's*. Is your coat shiney and frayed? So is *Wiseman's*. But *Wiseman's* clothes have that distinctive droop that you so admired on *Barry Steele* only a few months ago. Due to conditions set up by Uncle Sam, *Barry* will not be needing these solid outfits for a while, so *Wiseman* must sell out! Don't delay, see *Wiseman* today. And remember our slogan:

*Be a droop in a Wiseman suit
Complete with mustard stains and soup.*

Editor's Note: Is it true that *Sonny Cohen* has a 'brother' at Maine, and why isn't this fact mentioned in *Hokum*?

Physics Class: The laboratory is the place for experimenting, and what could be nicer than those experimental glances and winks directed toward *Pauline LaCasse* from the person of *Chuck Perry*? Beware, *Chuck*, read your first issue of the *Oracle* and remember what happened to *Guy Ryan*.

Fashions in Lo-o-ove: Mathmeticians are still working for an answer to the *Barb Mills-Dick Sprague* combination but all the angles add up to *Bob Jones*, the senior, and so they are turning the controversey over to the eminent scientist, *Shad Nelson*, who sez, "What am I saying?"

AAOOOUUU!

by Gloria Castner

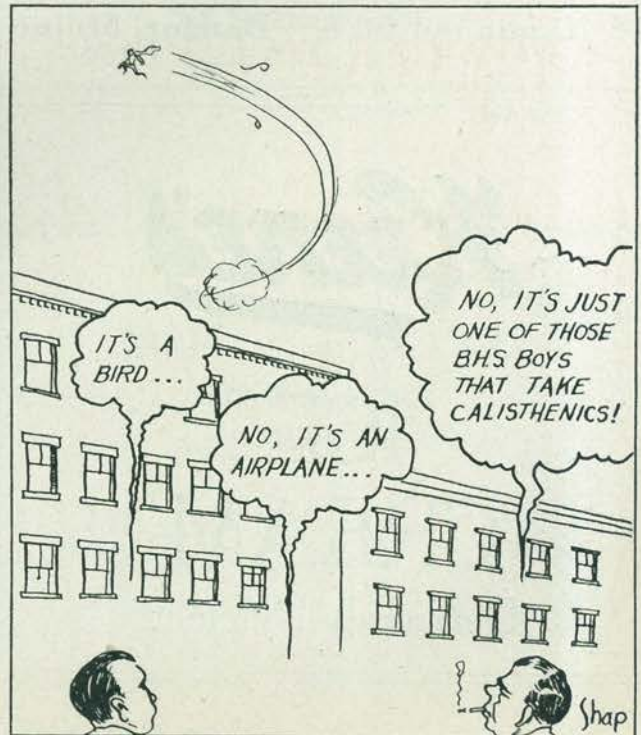
My biology book says that wolves are carnivorous,
But according to latest reports they're herbivorous;
For I have observed them pursuing for miles
Aught that resembles a tomato with smiles.

Given to prowling, especially at night,
Wolves wail at the moon with a howl of delight;
But I saw one on Main Street, last Sunday at noon. . .
And what he was howling at wasn't the moon!

A veritable drip was the woodsman who wrote,
(And from whose authoritative work I quote):
"Wolves are naturally retiring and shy."
Lately that theory has been blown sky high!

This is a confusing situation
Which certainly demands an explanation:
It seems that a wolf isn't exactly a wolf—
And yet what else* would one call him?

*Ed.'s note—One might, with all the vehemence of B. Mills, try, "Dog!"



DAVID BRAIDY

*Clothier
Outfitter*

14 Hammond St.

Bangor, Maine

Telephone Connection

UP ONE FLIGHT

"Where you Save"

DONALD PRATT CO.

+

**Diamond Merchants
and Jewelers**

+

18 Hammond St.

Bangor, Maine

Keene's

ICE

CREAM

"Deliciously Different"

The

Penobscot Exchange Hotel

For

Dinners, Luncheons and Parties

25th Anniversary of

COLE'S EXPRESS

76 Dutton St.

Bangor, Maine

Tel. 7358

•

DEPENDABLE SERVICE SINCE 1917

The Allen Drug Co.

32 State Street Corner Harlow

★

East Side Pharmacy

29 State Street Corner Exchange

Prescriptions— Diabetic Specialties

Bangor

Maine

Dunham-Hanson Co.

31-39 Mercantile Sq.

Bangor

Building Material

HARDWARE

Paints

Windows

Doors

Cutlery

Asphalt Shingles

Insulating Board

Carpenter's Tools

Office: 9 Hammond St.
Telephone 2-0043

Wharf: 146 Front St.
Telephone 2-1554

J. F. WOODMAN & CO.

Anthracite **COAL** *Bituminous*

AUTOMATIC COAL STOKERS

NEW ENGLAND COKE

Your patronage is appreciated

FOR

QUALITY SEAFOOD

Be sure to call

Jones' Seafood Market, Inc.

Bangor's Leading Seafood Market for 88 years

"Where Your Grandmother Bought Her Seafood"

Prompt Free Delivery Service

49 Pickering Sq.

Tel. 6422

Charles R. Gordon, Inc.

REAL ESTATE SERVICE

INSURANCE SERVICE

39 Hammond St.

Bangor, Me.

BOUTILIER'S Jewelry Shop

•
Specializing in

REPAIRING

•
268 Hammond Street

Dial 4753

W. I. Brookings

GALEN S. POND CO.

FUNERAL HOME

133 Center Street

Bangor



Maine

GO
TO
DAKIN'S
FOR
SPORTING
GOODS

COMPLETE FUEL SERVICE



Established 1854

COAL - COKE - WOOD - OIL

Telephone 2-0678

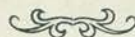
BANGOR
FURNITURE
COMPANY

Complete Home Furnishers



84 Hammond Street
Bangor, Maine

HAIRSTYLING
BY
CARL



Carl's Beauty Studio

156 Main Street

Dial 4800

Louis KIRSTEIN & Sons

Realtors

REAL ESTATE - INSURANCE SERVICE

44 Central Street

Kirstein Bldg.

ESTABLISHED 1894

COMPLIMENTS

OF

Pine Tree Restaurant, Inc.

114 Main St.

AND

Marsh's Pine Tree Lodge

58 Cedar St.

GOOD PLACES TO KNOW ABOUT

STEEL

SHEETS AND METALS

N. H. BRAGG & SONS

BANGOR, MAINE

REPLACEMENT
PARTS

AUTOMOTIVE
EQUIPMENT

TIMBERLANDS

and

SURVEYING

Prentiss & Carlisle Co., Inc.

Merrill Trust Building

Bangor, Maine

Brockway's Flower Shop

Corsages

Floral Designs

15 Central Street

Bangor, Maine



V=8

CARS - - - TRUCKS

WEBBER MOTOR CO.

499 Hammond St., Bangor, Maine

Member Federal Reserve Bank



Young men and women will always find this banking institution interested and helpful in their business progress. Responsibility is reflected by a checking account, which is also a factor in establishing credit and standing.

The Merrill Trust Company

**With twelve offices in
Eastern Maine**

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.
