

O
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E

50th
Anniversary

February, 1942

VOL. 51 NO. 3

February, 1942

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		Laundries	
ARVID L. EBBESON.....	3870	NEW FRANKLIN LAUNDRY.....	3303
600 Main St.		75 So. Main St., Brewer	
Beauty Salons		Paint	
DORIS E. DUTCH.....	4013	R. H. KAVANAUGH.....	9892
151 West Broadway		39 Park St.	
VINNEE BEAUTY SALON	6413	Printers	
78 Central St.		CONNERS PRINTING CO.....	3319
Fruits & Produce		179 Exchange St.	
C. H. SAVAGE CO.....	5661	H. P. SNOWMAN.....	3841
62 Pickering Sq.		40 Central St.	
Funeral Directors		Radios & Pianos	
WHITE & HAYES.....	2-0294	RICE & TYLER.....	3351
46 Center St.		98 Central St.	
Grocers		Shoe Repairing	
C. E. LEACH & SONS.....	6183	PALMER SHOE MFG. & REPAIRING CO.	5479
266 Hammond St.		35 Central St.	
O. E. MILLS & SON	8534	Super Service Station	
168 Center St.		CRONIN'S SERVICE STATION	9244
SPANGLER'S Q NOT Q FOOD SHOP	8268	Corner Otis & State Sts.	
8 Broad St.			

Bangor Nursery Flower Shop



Upper State Street

9 Hammond Street—Tel. 3410

Bangor

Maine

Telephone 6144

John Bergholt

Charles R. Gordon, Inc.

REAL ESTATE SERVICE

INSURANCE SERVICE

39 Hammond St.

Bangor, Me.

Bryant's

JEWELERS
OF BANGOR
46 Main St.

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

MELVIN'S MUSIC STORE

*Federal Recording Radio
Phonograph Records*

NEW and USED PIANOS

Orders solicited for band and orchestra instruments

88 Central Street

Phone 2-1082

Louis KIRSTEIN & Sons

Realtors

REAL ESTATE - INSURANCE SERVICE

44 Central Street

Kirstein Bldg.

ESTABLISHED 1894

TIMBERLANDS

and

SURVEYING

Prentiss & Carlisle Co., Inc.

Merrill Trust Building

Bangor, Maine

L. H. THOMPSON

SCHOOL PRINTING

THURSTON THOMPSON, Rep.

Agents for Shaw-Walker line of
Office Furniture

BREWER

MAINE



Photo Finishing of Quality

FOWLER DRUG CO.

CLEANING & DYEING

"There's a difference"

MODERN
CLEANSERS AND DYERS

171 PARK STREET

PRESSING - - ALTERATIONS

BANGOR, ME.

EXPERT REPAIRING

ALL MAKES OF CARS

BODY AND FENDER WORK

Storage—Washing—Greasing

The S. L. Crosby Co.

50 York St.

Bangor, Me.

Dunham-Hanson Co.

HARDWARE

Kyanize - Paints - Enamels

Corbin Hardware

Bird & Son's Roofing

Delta Electric Woodworking Tools

Stanley Carpenters Tools

U. S. G. Insulating Materials

31-39 Mercantile Sq.

Bangor

DEPENDABLE SERVICE SINCE 1917

•
COLE'S EXPRESS
•

Not an experiment but the result of

24 years' Experience

The Oracle points with pride to these loyal Bangor business institutions that advertise in this issue as they did in our first issue, December, 1892.

EST. 1859

LYFORD-WOODWARD CO.

**Maine's Oldest
and Largest Furriers**

"Everything in Furs"

1891—1942

As a Photographer one year
before Oracle started

Good Work
at reasonable prices

Chalmer's Studio

23 Hammond Street

NOTE: This is a reproduction of the advertisement we had in the very first Oracle, December, 1892.

OUR NEW PERFUMES:

American Beauty "East Side"
bouquet.

Tooth Brushes = Hand and
Nail Brushes.

The "East Side" Pharmacy.

Kend. Bridge, Corner Harlow St.

Glycerine, Jell of Alder Flowers.

Superior Sachet Powders.
Toilet Soaps.

Buffalo Horn Combs.
Dupont Hair Brushes.

Congratulations!

Fiftieth Anniversary

Records and Phonographs

Complete Musical Stock

Andrews' Music House

118 Main Street, Bangor

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



VOL. LI

NO. 3

The Oracle

February, 1942

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Staff

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	Leon Higgins
<i>Assistant Editor</i>	Marydel Coolidge
<i>Business Manager</i>	Thomas Hilton
<i>Literary Editors</i>	{ Janice Minott Faith McLeod Barbara Carr
<i>Activities</i>	{ Philip Murdock Judith Banton Louise Homstead
<i>Movies</i>	Joanne Springer
<i>Radio</i>	John Downing
<i>Book Reviews</i>	Edith Fairley
<i>Hokum</i>	Mary Farrar
<i>Passing in Review</i>	{ Doris Ayer Whitney Jennison
<i>Fashions Editor</i>	Margaret Knowlton
<i>Assistant Fashions Editor</i>	Elizabeth Burns
<i>Alumni</i>	Margaret Carlisle
<i>Girls' Athletics</i>	Marion Connors
<i>Boys' Athletics</i>	Harlan Goodwin
<i>Staff Photographer</i>	Mary Spangler
<i>Business Staff</i>	{ Lillian Howland John Ballou Hayden Bayer John Clement Betty West Richard Giles
<i>Artists</i>	{ Esther Smith Sidney Bamford William Drisko James Powers



"Honest Abe"

by Barbara Carr

Within a name so plain what could there be
To gain the pride and love of such as we?

In times like these when all things seem in vain
New life is in each letter of his name.

The "H" is not just h, so plain and bare,
But help and hope for home and heart are there.

And then the "o", invincible and bold,
Means one, and "one" we are when all is told.

We're one in courage, in deed, and thought, and
word,
And one for all we'll stand, 'til time unheard!

And "n" stands for the nation that he saved;
The "e" for all the effort that he made,

Which now is "sealed" within the hearts of all
Whose love is deep, for "thirteen" states so small.

"A" is for advocate of our freedom
Which now, since he was so "brave," excludes none.

And "e" sums up everything that he has done.
We claim him for our own, our "Homespun Hero",
Whose lesson was, "For 'US' stand firm—UNO!"



Voices From The Past

LEON HIGGINS

SENIOR



THIS year marks the fiftieth anniversary of the *Oracle*—an event which is memorable in itself. Perhaps we can enjoy it more if we have some idea of the journalistic efforts in the years prior to the publication of the first *Oracle* in 1892.

As far as we know now, at least seven different papers were published by the students of Bangor High School before the *Oracle* appeared. Most of them were made up as newspapers until 1858 when the "Mustard Seed" discarded the old style and came out in manuscript form. This change appeared to do no lasting good, for the "Mustard Seed" soon went out of existence. The next paper, the "Reveille" was published under very unusual circumstances. It seems that issuance was requested in cooperation with a fair sponsored by the United States Sanitary Commission in the old City Hall. The challenge was accepted and the paper was issued each day for three successive days. After this, nothing more was heard about it. These three papers consisted of one sheet and were printed at the office of the "Daily Whig and Courier" (now Bangor Daily News) which was then located on the Kenduskeag bridge, the present sight of the Eastern Trust and Banking Company. Its contents included literary articles, poetry, special features and advertising much different from that which we see today. Then, if an advertiser wished to call special attention to his product, he would place exclamation points after the key words. This practice, as well as that of ending titles and headlines with periods, gave such advertising a queer appearance. One of the articles entitled "The Earliest Record of Bangor Plantation" contained the following bits of information.:

"March 27th, 1787. Officers chosen for the town."

"Voted that a meeting house, 40 x 36 feet large, shall be Built at Condeskge."

"Mr. Budge and Mr. Smart agree to gave one acor of Land to the town to Set the meating house on."

"Sunbury, March the 3, 1788."

"Voted that hogs is to run att Large Being well yoked."

"May 21, 1788. Capt. Abraham tourbellot and Siles harthorn Passonly appeared Before me and gave solemn oath as fish Committee and Church Warden."

The three issues of the "Reveille" were on sale at the fair and at book-stores and we may reasonably suppose that many copies were sold, for the gate receipts were \$2000 the first day in spite of a snow storm.

The next Paper was called the "Pyramid" and was published in 1875. It was the work of the second class which probably corresponds to our sophomores. The terms of subscriptions were "Good attention; to be paid regularly on the day of publication." On the back page appeared the following advertisement which is interesting for its humor if not its accuracy, "The large and well managed Steamer (Never Get Along) 200,000 tons, will run between Bangor and Brewer on and after May 1st. Fares .02. Little ones for one cent. No half-price tickets. Persons over 500 pounds double fare. For information enquire at No. 18 State Street."

In 1876, the "Centennial Bell" made a brief bow and then disappeared.

This was followed by the "High School Index" in 1884, the "Students Record" in 1886 and the "High School Times" in 1891. The "Times" gained more fame than its predecessors through its publication every month for an entire school year, at that time an almost unheard of length of life of a school paper. In one of the winter numbers mention is made of the "goodly number of hills on which to coast," with the preference going to State Street Hill, which could be used after 10 o'clock at night; Hitchborn Hill, just beyond the Eastern Maine General Hospital; Veazie Hill, (Fountain St.) and Cedar St. Another entry indicates that college football was not so far advanced over the high school brand as at present. A report of a game played between Bangor High and Maine State College Juniors (University of

Maine) states "The college team played a good game, but needed more practice as was shown by the fact that we won by a score of 14-0. There was not much 'slugging' although at the beginning of the last half the M. S. C. boys tried to 'kill' Fairbanks, our best man, but did not succeed."

With such a background the first "*Oracle*" came into being in December 1892. Bravely it made this declaration:

"School history tells of many a paper that has appeared, had its short life then died and been forgotten. Notwithstanding this we start again to make a good paper, one that shall be kept up by class after class and shall be a help and honor to the school."

Over fifty long years this initial spark of inspiration has persisted so that we can now look back on an unbroken record of accomplishment in which many have shared.

The first "*Oracle*" contained sixteen pages, three of which were given over to an essay, a poem, and anecdotes from the life of Alfred Tennyson whose death occurred in October of that same year. Then came an historical sketch of the school followed by other material grouped by departments somewhat similar but not as extensive as in our present magazine. Among other things a plea was raised for a new high school building; Saturday morning classes were condemned; and comment was made about the beginning of military drill and the forming of the athletic association. The first editor was the late Harry W. Libbey and first business manager was Mr. Richard H. Palmer, who is living in Bangor today. The principal of the school was Henry K. White.

After the first issue, the *Oracle* grew and prospered until in 1895 it became considerably larger and, for the first time, cuts were introduced for the headings of columns. The cover then came in for attention and was greatly improved in form by 1899 when the table of contents was shown on it. It was not until 1909 that the cover was given over entirely to illustrative subjects. Further improvements in size, cuts, and cover designs continued until the graduation number in 1917 when pictures of the seniors were first shown. In 1931 cuts were used to illustrate stories. Further progress followed until in 1937 the "*Oracle*" attained the highest award available to school magazines—All American Honor Rating, given by the National Scholastic Press Association.

In commenting on the award, appreciation was expressed to all individuals who had contributed time and effort toward the betterment of the magazine. Three in particular were given special praise: Miss Mary C. Robinson, who guided the *Oracle* thru its first thirty-

seven years, Miss M. Catherine Mullen, and Mr. David Barker, the "*Oracle's*" successive faculty advisers from 1892-1937. To these names we now gratefully add the name of Mrs. Charlotte Meinecke 1937-38 and our present faculty adviser, Miss Jessie L. Fraser, who have ably continued the excellent work of their predecessors.

What the future holds for the "*Oracle*" we do not know, but it is our confident hope that its accomplishments in the future will be in keeping with the rich heritage of its past.

List of Editors, 1892-1942

1892-	Harry Libby
1893-	Edward Pierce
1893-94	Edward Hutchings
1894-95	Fred H. Clifford
1895-96	Wilfred A. Hennessy
1896-97	Murray S. Danforth
1897-98	George B. Fernald
1898-99	John A. Harlow
1899-1900	Theo W. Cunningham
1900-01	Robert R. Drummond
1901-02	David R. Porter
1902-03	Miss Blanche P. Wheeler
1903-04	Charles O. Libbey
1904-05	Max Pearson Cushing
1905-06	Harry Morgan Woods
1906-07	Joseph Curtis White
1907-08	Eugene F. Bradford
1908-09	Everett Glass
1909-10	Fred W. Benner
1910-11	Joseph C. MacDonald
1911-12	Frank W. Lorimer
1912-13	William West
1914-15	Robert Patterson
1915-16	Robert F. Morse
1916-17	Harry Nelson
1917-18	James E. Mitchell
1918-19	J. Wilson Hathorn
1919-20	Carl W. Meinecke
1920-21	Theodore H. Butler
1921-22	H. F. Nutter
1922-23	Kenneth S. Field
1923-24	Donald R. Taylor
1924-25	Philip F. Whitman
1925-26	Guy V. Campbell
1926-27	John L. Cutler
1927-28	C. Stewart Mead
1928-29	Nelson K. Ordway
1929-30	M. Chandler Redman

(Please turn to page thirty-four)

Looking Back

by Toni Torrey

Mrs. Toni Torrey graduated from Bangor High in 1918. Her book, "Wisdom for Widows," has been received with wide acclaim among all women. It is now being translated for readers in South America.

THE years have passed so quickly for me that it seems only a short time ago that I was a student in Bangor High School, changing classes at the sound of the funny gong. I recall watching the hands of the clock hop around—just as you probably do today. Does it seem that their speed retards near the end of the period? It always did to me. Would I get called on again? Would someone be able to keep the teacher explaining a little longer?

Of course, now I know that such explanations were worth more to me than any answer I might have made. I shall always be grateful for the help I received from a half dozen or more of the understanding teachers whose wisdom and patience guided my learning. They knew that we were shy and that to cover it the girls giggled and the boys showed off. They imparted much more than their subjects—they showed us how life should be lived. You'll probably accuse me of sentimentalizing or writing this just for effect. But you're wrong. Only one or two of the men and women I refer to are with you now, and the others already know how I feel.

I know how "Old Grads" look to you. They did just the same to me in student days. But try, if you can, to overlook our gray hair, bald heads, and inflated waistlines and try to visualize us just as young, gay, and sparkling as you are now. We were just as eager to detect a teacher's mistake or a student's slip of the tongue as you are. We were just as excited over getting a smile from the right person as you are. And like you, we resented the comment of our elders that the years in school were the happiest ones. We thought they must be crazy. What problems could life hold that were more complicated than conjugations and theorems? It didn't take us very long to find out.

I suppose the reason it is so much fun looking back upon school days is that the actual combat is over and we can focus our attention on the pleasures. Our work has been transferred to other quarters but the training is still invaluable. Getting work in on a specified day may seem an exaggerated nuisance. In later life it may mean a matter of eating.

In my student days, if anyone had asked me what I expected to be doing in January 1942 I might have had some flossy, flimsy answer, but I should never have hit on anything as fantastic as the truth. Writing a story

for the *Oracle*? Absurd! Writing a foreword of goodwill for a Portuguese edition of my book? Preposterous! Yet the two requests came within a few hours of each other, and here I sit trying to comply with both of them.

I doubt if I ever aspired to be an author then. Just living day by day seemed almost too important to include a career. We studied the glories of Rome, the courage of the Spartans, the Culture of the Greeks. We even reluctantly allowed Caesar to fight his Gallic Wars, but actual trouble was brewing in Europe; it held our attention and our interest. We soon saw it boil over. A World War was in progress. We didn't talk defense—it was "preparedness" then. What could we do?



"3d Liberty Loan Parade", April 6, 1918.

The boys had their military training which was important. It made us girls feel out of the picture. We wanted to be of service too. In a short time we organized the girl cadets. It was not a government unit but tended to improve the morale of the community. We drilled afternoons and early evenings. We did "squad right" and "squad left." We marched in various formations. We wore khaki skirts, shirts, and overseas hats. We soon found ourselves a busy group. We marched in Liberty Loan parades, we accompanied the soldiers to the trains, we ushered, and we gave exhibitions.

I think we were the first class to have four whole years in the new high school building. In back, the cut was more severe than it is now. A house has been moved and a retaining wall built, thereby, destroying a popular attraction. In winter the steep embankment was covered with a glaze of ice and snow, in spring with the gooiest of mud. It was always a great temptation to ambitious climbers of all ages—high school pupils included! It was also a great diversion for the inmates of the study halls and a distraction for those who kept order.

Of course, there were debates, musicals, Junior speaking, plays, physical training exhibitions, entertainments, and dances. They were an important part of our programs but they were amazing like those of the present day. I think the great contrast was in football procedure. The games were held at Maplewood Park (now Bass). The field was crude and unpredictable. There were no bleachers and grandstands. We stood! Underfoot was either the deepest mud or the roughest ground I have ever encountered. The heavy rope which outlined the field was our main support. We gripped it firmly but were pushed and pulled like puppets by the crowd. Occasionally, for the Portland games (they were the highlights) we hired hayracks or horse drawn trucks which we decorated lavishly for the event. Although there were automobiles in use at the time, busses were still in their infancy. Sometimes we girls went decked out in bright red crepe paper muffs and ruffs. Unexpected rain upon them could make us look like painted warriors.

In this glimpse into the past what have I found that has been of value to me in my career? A part of all of it; Pleasure, Patience, Tolerance, Inspiration, Human Relations! I've needed them all. I think that you may need them too. And if you do, I hope that you may find some of them within the same walls that I did.

The Road To Somewhere!

by John P. Webster, '39

Our schools are filled with students who are like the tramp who was offered a ride by a passing motorist. To the question, "Want a lift, mister?" The tramp replied, "Nope, I'm not going anywhere special so I might as well be walking here as somewhere else." This tramp was walking the road to nowhere; he was making no progress because he had no goal in mind. He was content to be busy walking, but was indifferent to where his walking would take him. Our educational institutions are filled with students who are walking the road to nowhere.

Let me hasten to say at this point that I have no intention of calling anyone a tramp. My point is that many of us are wasting a lot of time as we go aimlessly through school. We have only a half interest in our classes and other activities because we have picked no goal which they are helping us to reach. We are getting an education in general, but haven't given much honest thought to the use to which we will put that education. We haven't considered too seriously how we will invest our lives.

It has been very interesting to me to note the pick-up in the interest and in the scholastic achievement of students as they come to a decision which, although it may be changed a dozen times, gives a new sense of purpose to school activities. Of course, choosing a career is one of the most important choices one makes in life, and shouldn't be a snap judgment.

It was said of Christopher Columbus that when he set out on his voyage, he didn't know where he was going; when he got to the New World, he didn't know where he was; and when he came home, he didn't know where he had been. Although these statements are true, an important part of the picture has been omitted. Christopher Columbus was motivated by a deep-rooted sense of purpose. He would never have reached the Western Hemisphere had he not been seeking a definite goal, a new passage to the Indies. Even after four voyages to the New World, Columbus died believing that the land he had reached was the Western Indies, the coast of Asia reached by sailing west. He set out to reach the riches of the Indies by a new route. This was his goal. Actually he discovered a new land whose riches were soon to sink the wealth of the Indies into oblivion. His deep-rooted sense of purpose had led him to a goal far greater than the one he had envisaged, and yet without the goal he had in mind Columbus never would have said, "Sail On" when all his crew was on the verge of mutiny.

The goals we set for ourselves now, may be a far cry from the goals we will reach, and yet our lives will be the better for having picked a goal toward which we bend our efforts. We may change our goals from time to time, and yet we will experience new joy and new satisfaction in our work knowing that our efforts are directed along the road to somewhere.

In Memoriam

Private First Class Willard Carleton Orr, '39

Killed in Action at

Hickam Field, Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941

~ MY SISTER AND I ~

Hilda McLeod Jacob—sister and predecessor of "Scottie" as ambassador of poetry from the McLeod clan, graduated from B. H. S. in 1930. "Hillie" writes: "I am now Secretary of the Maine State Library, and have occupied this position since 1933. I live in South China and raise flowers. I have no message for American Youth. I like opera. I do not like propaganda, even domestic. I have not dyed my hair, and I shall be furious if I am not allowed to wear nylons the rest of my life."

Both Faith and Hillie know and love Onawa, for which reason we are especially eager to contrast their talents in treating this singular subject.

Onawa

by Hilda McLeod Jacob

A nite of sharply slanting stars,
A point of velvet mountain laid on pearl,
A moaning loon . . .
Beyond a softened pine's lone spar,
Mysteriously the pennant clouds uncurl.
A secret moon,
Bizarre above the silent dark,
A scuttering bat across its molten wake. . .
A residue
Of afterglow reflects a spark
Of star. Upon the esoteric lake,
A still canoe . . .

Fairy Puddles

by Hilda McLeod Jacob

Puddles in the road today—
. . . You say it's only sun?
Makes me want to run away—
. . . I must have my fun?

Can't you see them glinting bright—
Bits of fairy gold,
Poised and shining, whisking light?
I think you're getting old!

Shadow

by Hilda McLeod Jacob

The saddest thing
I ever saw
Was Time whispering
In the smile
Of one who was not
Young enough.

Faith A. McLeod—alias "Scottie", senior and Oracle Literary Editor, is successor to the title of meter maker. Her penchant for poems has established Faith as an ever ready source of experience where occasion demands.

Scottie, like her sister, numbers nylons and opera among her passions. But to quote her—"You simply haven't lived until you've tasted Debussy, hot breads, 'Portrait of Jennie,' The Wataugan, J. Dorsey, Miss Mullen's English course, and Onawa!"

To Onawa

by Faith McLeod

Oh Onawa, at nite I see your stars
Above the murky waters of the lake,
And moving slowly in a silver wake
A loon, escaping wide his captive bars,
And crying out in madness at old Mars,
Arouses in my heart an old, old ache,
To see you once again, for beauty's sake,
And in my heart forget the vagrant wars.
To see you once again would mean to me
To live again within the scope of love;
To see the promise of eternity,
To realize that He who reigns above
Is wise. Oh Onawa, forever be
A wild and rugged country, ever free!

A Valentine

by Faith McLeod

"A valentine!" her heart leaped up
And caught, a trembling, laughing bird,
A-winging up to heav'n; a year
Had passed; the mem'ry of him so dear
Had sharpened; she had remained true
To him she loved, and now she thought
That word from him had come, this day
Of days, by Saint Valentine blessed.

She raised her eyes to heav'n above;
The blue of sky met gold of sun,
And melted into white expanse
Of snow; "I thank Thee God; You've kept
Him safe, the one I love." And then
She ripped resisting envelope,
And slowly read the message it enclosed:
"Dear Madam:—
We regret to inform you of your husband's
death. Killed in action, February 10, 1942,"

Page That Jestor

by Marydel Coolidge

HERE'S to hallucinations of humor!
 "Haw, haw! Have you heard this one?"
 "What corn!"
 "This'll slay you!"

Humortem: They died laughing.

Despite the curbing influence of censors and other such crossword puzzles, the *ORACLE* has come through fifty years with laughs spreading from page to page. That's the real S. A. (Smile Appeal). And some of its first ha-hearted issues abound in more amusement for us today than was intended originally.

Under the guise of *Personals*, *Locals*, *The Tattler*, and *Clippings*, we find choice morsels well worth repeating. Some of them have, no doubt, tickled the liver of the ages. If C. J. Caesar should return to earth the only thing he'd recognize would be our jokes. The barbs of twentieth century barbarians! And true to form, we'd accuse him of having a lot of Gaul—as if he didn't know.

As always we find those who didn't have a grain of humor, others whose fields of corn remained green, and a third category who, after popping their own corn, plagiarized the kernals left by some past master. They held everyone at the point of a pun and didn't care who came next!

Here and there are little touches of irony:

Only five cents for the ORACLE. (The Gay Nineties! !)

Wanted: Two hundred regular subscribers to the Oracle.

Personals—I danced last Saturday night all the afternoon. (Gay Nineties Again!)

And from an article on the future of the automobile. . .

The mission of the auto is to relieve the horse of its routine.

Also a far cry from the days when juniors kept midnight Virgils:

Juniors surely ought to have good lessons, having been provided with Harper's edition of Virgil.

A self-explanatory excerpt from the October 1893 issue:

The cadets present a fine appearance in their new uniforms. They are becoming and all boys should wear them.

Did you ever hear a football?

Let's get onto a pleasanter plane! One well-populated classification of jest-so stories is that of ludicrous Latin nonsense. Your Latin may be nil, but like most wary beginners you can ride through these at a rapid trot:

Wireibus fencibus
Barbibus tu;
Srcatchibus legibus
While going through.

You have the idea now? Here's another:

Boyibus kissibus
Sweet girliorum;
Girlibus likibus,
Wanti sumorum.

Try watching Mrs. Cumming's expression on the next super-silly-us selection. . . a spot passage if there ever was one:

"What a unique town," said the bright student.

"Unique?"

"Yes, from the Latin unus, meaning one, and equus, meaning horse."

Pained, shocked, grieved, and surprised? Her expression, we mean? We never could forget that counterfeited she passed us. . . the one about the Roman coin dated 63 B. C. We'll never be rich!

Among the pitiful pioneering puns we find this pale specimen, 1893 variety:

The soda is a fizzical necessity. Well, it still is.

And so the *ORACLE* grew by leaps and laughs. Sometimes we have to marvel at the laxness of the censorship; sometimes we speculate on the price at which the censors must have been bought, and sometimes we conclude that they didn't exist at all.

Dizzy Lorimer '28 evidently ran into the trials of censorship so familiar to us in 1942. We herewith give proof:

Dizzy Lorimer's Jokes After Censorship

The . . . and when he. . . but. . . besides. . . .
. . . said if. . . so . . . and. . . and the . . . after
. . . he was . . .

Poor Dizzy! We know exactly how it feels to have one's masterpieces mutilated.

Oh, for the days when a Gibson Girl plus the chafing dish could keep a checkered vest happy of a Saturday night! What glamor was attributed to the rat, the red flannel shirtwaist and the braided wheel skirts!

What manliness revealed itself in pointed slippers, middle parts, stick pins and automobile coats! Old-fashioned now, but pretty hep then. School yells were going through the "Bumpity, bumpity, boom!" age, and local dentists enhanced their ads with the inviting "Open Sundays."

What rare genius revised "Hiawatha" we do not know. It has been credited to one A. Nony Muss as well as to the remarkable *Exchange*. To quote at random:

*In the Prophylactic forest
On the shores of Coca-Cola,
Dwelt the Moxies in their wigwam.
From the height of the Texacos
Came a young Chief, Instant Postum,
He who shot the great Sears-Roebuck,
Shot him with his swift Pierce-Arrow.
On him gazed the Moxie Maidens,
Nujol poured her glowing glances,
But for Musterole yearned Postum.
Through the Shredded Wheat they wandered
By the rippling Cuticura.
There beneath Palm Olive shadows,
There he woo'd her, there he won her.
Small Post Toasties came to bless them,
Little Beechnut, Wrigley's Spearmint,
These and other little Toasties
Filled the Wigwam with their laughter.*

That suits us to a Tepee!

The following ought to strike a familiar note for the Jr. Shakespeare:

Mrs. C.—*Tell the class the story of Macbeth.*

No one in particular—I've forgotten the plot but I can whistle the theme song.

Could be "Blues in the Night" or maybe "Lady Be Good"? Except that it couldn't have been either on account of the date.

Future careerists had an answer for everything. *Why not be a surgeone? Too much inside work.*

Among the world's great letters were the epistles of Brother Chumski and U. No Who,—while the Lonely Hearts Column of the Kenney Sisters boasted supporters from Alaska. Original origins made featuresome features like this on the slide rule:

The slide rule is a wonderful instrument which originated way back in 1814 when Napoleon was learning to make pretzels. . . This was only crude apparatus, yet Shakespeare, as we have said above, soon became one of the most accomplished taxi-drivers known to history. The slide rule is a cross between a bowlegged adding machine and a worn-out safety razor, obtained in handy pocket sizes from six feet up. Etc.

Helpful Hints to Students solved problems from seeing a basketball game to opening lockers. From the former: *Bet cop at gate ten bucks that he'll see you sneak in. Let him hold the stakes. Walk in.* From the latter: *Drop dollar bill into locker. Tell locker you need bill to buy ORACLE with. Locker will show school spirit and open itself.*

N. B. *This is a very good method if you have the dollar.*

Perhaps you've seen *Pete Roleum's Column* consisting of oil, gas, and hot air. Or may-hap these extracts from *Poor Richard Up-to-Date* have beat upon your eardrums ere this:

*Fill your tank in time and save shoe leather.
Early to bed and early to rise,
And you'll never meet any regular guys.*

Two more of long-laughing caliber:

(1) *Figures that have attracted men:*

*Venus de Milo
Helen
Cleopatra*

Figures that have attracted women:

\$1.98

(2) *A bird on the plate is worth two on the bonnet.*

As always in the course of wry humor we need add a wee drop of Scotch. . .

Did you hear about the Scotchman who went down to the Black Sea to fill his fountain pen?

A tip from the Scotch—Stay home. Let your mind wander.

These samples are not the worst in our supplies—not by a long short. However they do ably illustrate what can result from a dip for a quip.

Tres apropos for our grand fun-alley we give you this. . .

Editor—"My dear sir, we can't publish stuff like this. Why, it's not verse at all, it's an escape of gas."

Spring poet—"Ah, I see—something wrong with the meter?"

It's all in a day's work. . . and it's all in the ORACLE!

To future followers of funtasmagoria and fuming humorists we sincerely wish many happy returns of the joke. And we leave while the goings on!

Typographical

by Marydel Coolidge

Men fight and write. Their battles plow the fields;
Their graves are furrows whence the seeds
Of future conflicts sprout. Their blood's still warm
And falls upon the soil like rain.

The seeds take root and bear the fruit of pain.

The sword is the historian's pen and he
Divides his work in sanguinary staves.

A bloody text all writ in gore becomes
A lesson oft reviewed but never learned.

Why can't they see that history's pages reek
With ink so black that it could come from none
Save veins whose hearts beat blackest hopes?

I would that history in the making could
Be read like galley proofs instead

Of coming off the press—the trial of war—
Its glaring errors brave in boldest type!

MUCH ADO ABOUT MURDER
OR
THE BLONDE BOMBER OF BROOKLYN
by Punch and Judy

Part II—by Judy (*continued from December issue*)

JOSH MADISON, a college soph with all the gusto of a "Bring 'em Back Alive" adventurer, and Callie, his seventeen-year-old gal pal, meet murder at the dance given by Mrs. Joshua Madison, Sr. . . . murder in the form of a neat bullet hole through the forehead of Gilbert Ryan, the one guest about whom Josh had chanced to remark earlier in the evening that murder is sometimes justifiable.

With Ryan was a pretty and petite blonde whom Callie thought was "hardly Gilbert's type." This girl was also Mrs. Madison's niece.

Josh and Callie have resolved to solve the mystery before Inspector Howland swings into action. Callie has glanced past Josh, as he sits with her in the breakfast nook, and is startled to see in a far corner of the dining room Ryan's blonde partner laughing silently yet hysterically.

* * * * *

Callie quickly squelched the urge to shout out and make Josh turn around. She searched his face, hoping that he had not felt her stiffen. Instinctively she reached across the table for his hand.

"Don't look now, darling, but the plot is thickening." She gave a significant nod toward the dining room.

Josh turned in the direction she had indicated.

"I think this is where you come in," he commented, then added anxiously, "Will you take over the feminine angle while I hound a few hunches of my own? That little black book with the phone numbers . . ."

"Josh, you don't think—?" Callie didn't wait to finish, but rose excitedly and headed for the door.

"Go easy there; remember she's from Brooklyn!" he called after her.

But now at least, thought Josh, Callie had something to take her mind from the repulsive memory of the dead Ryan in all his gruesome glory. Josh shuddered. He tried to fit together the provokingly few pieces of the puzzle.

What were the possibilities? The blonde? She had seemed so reticent, despite her obvious charm. . . .so ill-cast for the lead in this tragedy, . . .so dependent upon Ryan or, for that matter, upon anybody, to build up her part. Could she have been the bait in the trap? What trap? What power had any clutch on Ryan except his own egotism? Josh could recall little of good that had been Ryan's. Then again, the only evidence of the dead man's heinous character had been in connection with Josh's own family . . .his sister. . . and now, Mom's niece, from Brooklyn. He'd better stop

thinking along those lines. . . Allah be praised that Callie had never met Ryan whose anathema on the Madison family had outlived him. Almost as if he willed on their household the largest white elephant in his possession. . .his life. Possessions. . .willed. . . wonder what who would have gained in burying the hatchet by burying Ryan? His lawyer. . . the address must be in that little black book.

Josh fumbled with the idea a moment. He started for the dining room, but neither Callie nor the blonde was there. He sauntered toward the table where Ryan's pocket articles had been laid out. No need to make the inspector think he was overly perturbed. Strange. . . nobody here. As he casually picked up the notebook he thought there was a familiar faint perfume in the air. Imagination! Bickman. . . Gray Building. . . Ryan's broker. Gundelberg. . .tailor, probably. Seth Lansdorff. . .Alcatraz Annex. . . some business associate. George Pfeifer. . .Forbes Block. Say, that's the famous lawyers' hive. Josh copied the number into his own notebook and returned the black one to its place. He scanned the exhibit. What was missing? Something. . .the license? No. He unfolded it and mused over the contents, a bare description of the departed. Five feet eleven. . .one hundred seventy pounds. . .white (yellow would have been more like it, he thought). . .forty-three years. . . gray eyes. . . graying hair. A thousand men could have answered to these same adjectives; yet there was but one Gilbert Ryan, suave in his grayness, smooth, steeled, yes, his gray was polished, sophisticated, metallic, as cold as death and as precise, but fascinating and magnetic like a loaded pistol.

Josh shook the vivid memory out of his mind, but as he shrugged, could not loosen the grip which held his arm from behind. Prickling with the shock of this realization, he swung around. . .into the waiting arms of Callie.

"Boo!" she laughed. "Why, I thought your nerves were as strong as your muscle here." And with that she pinched his biceps.

"And has Miss Sherley Holmes come to her big brother Sherlock for a clue or two?"

"Not I, Brother Holmes, I'm here to serve the solution on a silver platter. Do you prefer it rare, medium or verrrrrry well done?"

"If you have the real meat, I'll say well done. . . dish it up, mah lil layer cake!" Josh wondered what the blonde could have told Callie.

(*Please turn to page thirty-four*)

Sweet and Swing

by Barbara Carr

*What hasn't been said about Barbara Carr's stories?
They've all been grand, and this one certainly keeps her
reputation as a tale spinner par excellence 'way 'way up.*

FROM down in the playroom, the notes slid out, smooth and sweet. They glided from Davy's trombone and mingled with Jamie's plaintive clarinet to seep under the doors and into all the rooms of the house. Sue's mother said, "Those two are wonderful! Some day I'll be saying I knew them when . . ." This was directed at her daughter Sue Burnam and Sue's best friend, Jeanie Johnston. The two girls were seniors at Tackville High, and so were the two aspiring musicians, Jamie Javanah and Davy Lane. Just as all the younger crowd they danced, they sang, they ate mid-nite snacks at Nick's, but most important, Jamie and Davy were super on their choice instruments. Every Monday and Thursday the four gathered for a regular swing session in Sue's basement playroom. This was what was going on now while Sue and Jeanie prepared something on which the boys could build up their strength.

"I know, mommy," Sue replied, "and when the time comes I want to be there."

"Where?" Her mother asked, puzzled.

"Right up on the stage in a long shimmery dress, giving out the 'blues' for Jamie's orchestra while Jeanie waves the magic wand."

Jeanie's magic wand had originated when the boys, learning of her hidden desire to be an orchestra leader, had asked her to try her hand on them. Finally she had given in, and in no time, found herself indispensable to the others. The rhythm in her swayed to her fingertips, and her graceful motions of the "stick" had lured the boys' band to real ability, sweet or swing.

They played on until around ten; then they ended their session with a rendition of their own version of *Sweet Sue*.

"Tomorrow afternoon we're getting together for a final check-up of our song—at this word Jamie paused for the tingle it always gave them—*Someone, Someday*. Then we're all going to draw lots, and the winner gets to show it to Mike McMann when we go to Boston this week-end to find out about our audition."

All four began talking at once, for this was the biggest moment of their lives up to date. For months they had been working on their song, the words of which Jamie had written and for which they had all furnished the notes. They felt sure that if they could get the

audition, it would make a hit, and this week-end, they would know whether or not they were to have an audition. The boys in the band were leaving Friday night after school for Boston, and Saturday morning they would know if they were to be among the lucky ones for the band audition. As soon as they found out, they promised to wire the answer—Yes, or No.

All week they drove their families crazy. Sue's mother said that everything she touched was bursting with notes, and Sue claimed that when she combed her hair, notes came tumbling out! Then it was Friday. Sue, Jeanie, and practically all of Tackville went down to the station to see the band off. The very air was tingling with excitement, and people were shouting good luck to the boys until the train carrying its hopeful burden was far out of sight. The further the boys got from home, the less hopeful they were, but not so at home, for the longer they were gone, the more sure everyone was that they were being successful. Finally the telegram arrived. Sue tore the envelope open, and one word stood alone on the page—the one word—NO! A shocked silence hung over the group that had gathered to await the news. Then, Sue said sensibly, "Whatever the reason was we don't know, but, before we make any wild guesses, let's wait until the boys are back and can tell us exactly what happened."

Monday the boys returned, and, surrounded by sympathetic listeners, told simple but woeful story in short, jerky sentences. Davy began as Jamie had asked him to on the way back, for Jamie wasn't quite sure of his voice yet.

"Well," Davy wearily began, "we went down to McMann's office the moment it opened Saturday morning. He was sure we would be accepted. Then he asked us for our sponsor's name which, since we haven't any, we couldn't give. It seems that that is one rule of the audition. Each band has to have a sponsor. He was very sorry, but he couldn't enter us until we did have a sponsor; so here we are."

"And that shows how much of a chance we have minus a sponsor," Jamie added bitterly. "Now just who in Tackville has the money to waste sponsoring a kids' band?"

Everyone tried reassuring him, but it was no use until Sue became angry and called him a jelly fish for not

having backbone enough to snap out of one small disappointment. She asked him how he ever expected to amount to something if he weren't man enough to accept defeat once as a means of making the future victory more sweet.

This struck home, and Jamie once more settled down to practising with his band, and being content to play for the dances held every Saturday night at the Town Hall. Sue kept on singing, and Jeanie still led, and just as the rest of the band, they both put more into it than they ever had before. All through the days and most of the nights however, their brains were being wracked for the means of obtaining a sponsor until they finally decided that, not a sponsor, but a new idea was needed to pep them up and maybe give them their chance.



Sue kept on singing—

Being seniors was bad enough, but having a band, and a very good band, to look out for and worry over, made life seem overflowing with responsibility. However, since the end of the year was near, the assignments were becoming less difficult and fewer, so they had more time to think. Evidently Jamie had used this time profitably, for at 11:30 one Monday night Sue's phone rang. Wonderingly, she lifted the receiver and had no sooner said "Hello" than Jamie's voice, hoarse with excitement, said, "Sue, I've got it! You know, the idea we've been needing. Is it okay if I come right over?"

Sue assented, and, two minutes after she had replaced the receiver, Jamie was there. He told her his mysterious idea, and Sue hopefully agreed that it might

Then the seniors' big night came—the night that they received their diplomas giving them the right to

work. All the next week, Jamie importantly strutted around, dropping hints of how, at last, the band was going to have its chance.

(Please turn to page thirty-eight)

The Match

by Paul Smith, '39

A scratch—the flame leapt up
And bit the dark.
The flick'ring arrowhead
The blackness pierced
To lurid light, so life,
Now bright, erst but a spark,
In one quick scratch may are
Ahead to higher planes.

And man, just like a match,
In briefest glory,
May blaze across the stage
To make his mark,
Then fade—the flames approach
The farther end,
To sputter for a spark,
And die at last.

Major Christie McCormick Announces Appointments

Cadet Lieutenant Colonel—Harold F. Burr.

Cadet Major—Paul W. Coleman.

Cadet Captains—Gordon D. Watson, Bernard A. Jacobs, Robert T. Lancaster, Coleman Williams, Jr.

Cadet First Lieutenants—William C. Rogan, Roger W. Hannemann, Robert H. Eddy, Harlan F. Goodwin, John A. Hussey.

Cadet Second Lieutenants—Donald M. Gallupe, Eugene Sementilli, Richard E. Dillon, Harold A. Beal, Lloyd P. Shapleigh, Hayden J. Bayer, Paul T. Hart, Frederick C. Dill, E. Louis Cunningham, Arthur R. Tilley, John P. Downing, Jr., Clayton J. Golightly.

Cadet Master Sergeant—Robert E. Buck.

Cadet First or Technical Sergeants—Roscoe L. Arnold, Frederick N. Bean, Harold T. Carr, John W. Brookings, Jr.

Cadet Staff Sergeants—Alvin R. Dyer, Emery L. King, Harry W. Allen, John D. Monohon, Ernest A. Burke, Charles E. Dempsey, Freeland Jones, Harold F. Glencross, Donald M. Libby, Lewis B. Arsenault, Robert G. Runnells.

She Was My Girl

by Edith Strout

After finishing Edith's story, you'll want to read another one very soon. It's a snappy tale about high school students, written in that modern dialect called slang.

THE night of the fabulous Junior Prom was fast approaching. Sandy had this in mind as he caught up with his new pal, Carol.

"Uh, hello, Carol, you know about the Prom coming up, don't you?" asked Sandy.

"Uhuh, Sandy. It ought to be lots of fun. They're having a hot bunch of hep cats. Think you'll truck along down?"

"Well, ah Carol, that's what I want to tell you about. Gee, I want you to swing along with me, but I can't even ask you."

"You what, Sandy?"

"I can't even ask you, Carol, because—well, I've gotta drip along with another skirt. She's Lois Keene, the kid sister of my best pal, and ever since we kicked and fought in jive school, I've had to drag her to jam sessions."

"Well, if that doesn't kill Hitler!" What am I going to do? What sucker'll ask me, now that it's so late?"

"Gee, Carol, I feel like a dill, but I guess you know how it is."

"Yes, I see, Sandy. Okay, no hard feelings. I'll see ya after the Prom."

As Sandy entered the French class, he was thinking of how he could straighten out that crazy mess. When he started to translate, he kept thinking of how swell Carol was to feel as she did.

"She was my gal, and I done her wrong," translated Sandy.

"Well, Monsieur Sandy, just what were you doing before you came into class?" asked Mademoiselle.

"Uh, nothing, Mademoiselle," he said and sat down amid the roars and guffaws of his fellow pals.

After school he dragged reluctantly homeward and heaving a great sigh, drooped into a chair.

Suddenly, in a burst of fresh anger, he shouted, "I'll do it; I'm going now."

Soon Sandy was plunging up the stairs of Lois' house. After a fierce jab at the doorbell, a charming, fat, freckle-faced girl of some indescribable teen-age came heavily to the door.

"Look, Lois, you're not doing anything on Prom night, are you? Okay, I'll be around about eight and

you'd better be ready," heaved Sandy with no commas, periods, or questions marks.



—jab at the doorbell

"Oh, but-ah, Sandy, I hate to disappoint you, but, uh, well, Sandy I'm going with "Snakes" Bell. He asked me a week ago."

"Yippee Whoo! Hoo! Oh, excuse it; I mean, he did? Oh, mama! Well, that's too bad for me. Hah, hah. I'll see ya later."

Lois was left standing on the steps with her round eyes sticking out of her face, and her mouth opened wide while Sandy, jumping over the railing and plunging through the bushes, dashed wildly down the street, hollering like a mad man.

When he reached Carol's house, he gave the doorbell a jab and opened the door yelling, "Carol, Carol! Where in thunder are you?"

"For goodness' sake Sandy Macpherson who's been killing you?" asked Carol running down the steps.

"Carol, you're not dated for Prom Night are you?"

"Well, what if I were, Sandy?" she asked.

"Carol, gee. I can take you. I don't have to take Lois. She's got a drizzle, and, aw heck, will ya go?"

"Hallelujah! honest Sandy? Isn't that super? I may be a sucker, but I'm your frill for Prom Night."

And Sandy quietly fainted.



Editorial Comment

VOL. LI

NO. 3

THE ORACLE

FEBRUARY, 1942

1892-1942

All anniversaries are important, but the fiftieth anniversary of the *Oracle* seems to have special significance. The uncertain history of the "*Oracle's*" predecessors is set forth in another article in this issue, and the contrast in record is striking. Not one B. H. S. school paper before the *Oracle* lasted more than a school year. The *Oracle* has persisted for fifty consecutive years. This is not only unique for a school paper but is not altogether common in the professional newspaper field. A review of the past numbers of the *Oracle* plainly shows the effort which has been put forth to make it a consistently good paper. The years have witnessed changes and improvements to which we hope we have added our share. The future lies ahead and we are confident that it holds a rich promise of success for the "*Oracle*."

Our Flag

It has long been the custom of peoples to use some sort of banner to express their hopes and ideals. Our colonial ancestors had flags of their own with the pine tree and rattlesnake as most popular emblems. On June 14, 1777, the Continental Congress chose our flag through the adoption of the following resolution: "Resolved, that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field representing a new constellation." Back of this wording was the belief that this flag was to represent the birth of the first nation on earth founded on the principles of freedom, equality, and justice with personal and religious liberty for all.

Officially designated as "The Flag of the United States," it now has thirteen horizontal stripes—seven red and six white in alternating order—with forty-eight five pointed stars on a blue field arranged in six horizontal rows of eight stars each, the stars being one above another, each star with one point upward. The blue

field extends to the lower edge of the fourth stripe from the top. Today, after about a century and a half, this flag represents a mighty nation on whose possessions the sun never sets.

As true Americans with the security of our country threatened, men are again dying for their flag. As high school students we should be aware of the great sacrifices made, and show our appreciation by doing everything we possibly can to see that the flag is at all times treated with the greatest love and respect.

God grant that we may think deeply about our flag in the days to come. Never has it known, nor will it know defeat. Long may it wave as the symbol of our liberty and freedom.



Mlle. Alice Bocquel

We bid a very sincere "Bon Voyage" to Mademoiselle Alice Bocquel who is leaving us for a new port of call at Weston, Massachusetts. As reluctant as we are to lose her, we cannot help being happy that another school is to know and acclaim her talents.

In September, 1938, Miss Bocquel came to Bangor, having taught previously in Island Falls and Eastport, Maine. She is a graduate of Waterville High School and Colby College. At Middlebury College she expects to complete her M. A. degree this summer.

We know what impetus and success she has given to the pursuit of French at Bangor High School. Her friendliness and verve will accomplish the same wherever she goes. Nos meilleurs amities, Mlle Bocquel, and the best of good luck!

PASSING IN REVIEW

The Passing-In-Review column first came out in the 1932-1933 issue of the *Oracle*, but the column with the pictures appeared in the October issue of the 1935-1936 *Oracle*.

Betty Brown. Well, well, believe it . . . kids, we present the Class of '42's beautiful red-head. And look at that smile, wow! She really is a "reddy" without a temper.

If you hear a familiar "peep, peep" it's just Betty and the one and only "Josie" (her limosine, of course) as she swings into the parking lot at two minutes of eight. "Puff, puff!" Bet sighs—"thought I'd never make it."

Ask her what she likes—you'd never guess in a million years—yep, by cracky! it's good old-fashioned New England bake beans! What a gal!

In September, Betty wants to enter Farmington State Normal School. Golly, don't you wish we could be back. . . say. . . in about the fifth grade in 1946?



Jack Hussey. Here's an athlete for you. This senior has earned his letter in football, basketball, baseball, and tennis. That is going some, let me tell you!

In the summer he's a dishwasher away down in Portland where he says, "The swimming's the best and the girls are even better!"

Jack spends his spare time ushering at the Opera House and bowling, at which, incidentally, he isn't half bad.

When asked his hobby promptly replied, "Drinking milk-shakes and slinging the bull; that is if I can find anyone to believe it."

This "Jack of all sports" isn't positive where he'll be next September, but it looks like Maine, with St. Paul's prep in New York an outside possibility.

Roland Babcock. Here's one of the very promising prospects for next year's football eleven at B. H. S. When he's not tossing the pigskin, Rollie is holding down a guard berth on the jayvee basketball squad.

This junior will really come-a-running when you mention chocolate cake, lemon pie, or ice cream.

Summers, Rollie hangs out at Jacobs-Buck's pond down in Bucksport where he spends his leisure hours swimming, hunting, and fishing.

It seems Rollie goes along with the rest of us wolves (this term was suggested by H. J. Bayer) and casts his vote for Lana Turner.

In '43, Rollie may go up the river to the U. of M.



Molly Mudgett. Take a gander, everybody, 'cause just look who we have here.—Miss Melissa—"la plus Charmante" of the Junior Class, pardon the French, but "we thinks" it suits the purpose.

Melissa loves to dance those slow and dreamy tunes, mum! 'Tis kinda fun, and boy(s)! she looks simply super-dup in an evenin' gown! No foolin'!

She confesses that she just about runs wild up in them thar' hills of the Katahdin region in July and August. Yes man! you guessed it—it's good old Camp Natarswi. That's a popular place.

Molly's sorta uncertain about her future, but right now she's bound for Westbrook Junior College to be a medical secretary or— an airplane hostess!

Carol Rice. Heave ho, me lads and lassies! Here in this corner of our anniversary issue we bring to you Miss Carol Rice, the vice-president of our, shall we say, down-right swell sophomore class. Gee! why, some of these nifties "ain't half-bad"; n'es pas.

Let's explore Carol's not at all boring life. Yep! we found out she's a College Prep student; but—like us all—she definitely longs for those WONDERFUL week ends—you know. . . swell basketball games, movies, with Lana Turner and Clark Gable, dances and—such things.

Carol says that she might leave B. H. S. next fall, but let's hope and pray she doesn't, because we'd miss her like . . . everything, wouldn't we?



Albert Babcock. It seems several years ago Al had his "topknot" shaved, and to this day he's been known as "Baldy"; but he isn't as bad as the name sounds—he's really a right good fellow.

Baldy is one of those skii fiends, but, when there's not snow around, basketball and swimming will do.

Summers, Al hangs out at good old Green Lake, fishing, hiking, and swimming. He only wishes that there were fresh water mermaids!

Baldy's a drummer boy in the band; on Saturday nights he keeps the neighbors awake 'til the wee small hours beating out a hot lick on his trap set.

This sophomore isn't sure where he's going in '44; Bowdoin and Dartmouth head his list at this moment.



Hokum

WELL, well, and well! So here it is fifty years after the inception of our illustrious magazine—however—please let me caution you—although you *may* think so—this column is *not* written about the 1892 intelligentsia. Undoubtedly that class had some jolly good times, however! If we only knew!

But to get back to the present and speaking of presents, Tom Hilton, just *what* would you have done without that \$.05 present at one of our eating places not so long ago? And isn't it lucky that Uncle Sam's army boys sometimes have a nickel to spare!

Shall we all place bets on just which one—Connelly, Redman, or Mudgett—will be able to catch the eye of our new sensation, Ray Rideout, that flashy S. P. High full-back with numerous other qualifications?

Say, you never can tell whether that junior, A. C., hath o(r)n her own crew cap or that of somebuddy else! My, how changeable are those mirth-inspiring juniors.

H. Julian and Whit certainly manage to get into the spotlight at the basketball games—if you have aspirations in that direction—just join the "B" Club's ranks of ice-cream sellers! No one else would dare to stand in front of our super twirling squad—but no wonder they get away with it, when that sophomore crowd sees the ice-cream their five pennies go flying all over the place in the scramble for their favorite fruit.

When Mary Spangler decided to take a picture of the Oracle Board—Miss Fraser wished it to look natural, of course, and—golly—she moved us all around—and we'll give you just one guess as to who was put beside Hon. Lieut. Col. E. J. West—right! He did a *swell* job of pulling her hair just previous to the click of the camera shutter, too.

And say—that title for "Beulah" reminded us of the Officer's Club dance—now just *what* was the story, Marion G.? Or were you the one who wanted it kept quiet—anywho—he was cute—and ya know—when-ever he thinks of his first dance he'll think of you.

More than one gal was rescued by her escort from slipping the entire length of the newly-waxed corridors that evening! In fact, M'Liss said it offered her an awfully plausible excuse for holding on to that smoothie Bucksport boy's coat-tails all evening.

Do you junior boys know that in your midst you have a tea-drinker—? Yessir! Johnnie Ballou just couldn't resist that little brown tea-pot one night after a dance—he certainly was a sight to see!

Say—you really ought to see some of the girls inter-class basketball games—they're a howl! Aside from that, though, one really finds a surprising number of good athletes among the girls—for instance—there's that sharpshooter, Esther Smith, or that talkative forward, Eleanor Ramsdell, and numerous others. For a half hour packed with laughs—we heartily recommend that you see one of these games.

Now just who is it, Dorrie, who throws those snowballs so ruthlessly of an afternoon and plays the gentleman so charmingly in the evening! Also, we hear that you have a preference for *brown* or dark-colored cars—est-ce vrai, mademoiselle?

Speaking of dark things, just who is that *black* cloud over the horizon of the Garland—Fairley scene? ? Hi, Barb!

And did Johnnie Banton see black when a certain O. C. deserted her alma mater—and Johnnie—for Hebron Academy.

More people seem to be using up that all-important gasoline for trips out of town just now!—Harriet Travis, Margie Burnett, Coleman Williams, and Bob Catell—just to mention a few who made merry at a Castine formal not long ago. And—then there's Janice Hopkins—not being content with *that* dance—she's already planning to "wow 'em" at Fort Fairfield's Winter Carnival!

Advice-to-those-in-need-of-it Dept.:—Don't give up hope Miss V. Gunn—haven't you heard?—*England* is not yet lost—or is he?

Ask Bob Severance for particulars, but if anyone has any seating problems—he's the doctor. He certainly solves his own well—doesn't he, Barb Smith?

If anyone wishes to see a picture of Charlotte Fletcher we suggest that he might find one on Bob Daigle's mantle-piece! Of course that's strictly *inside* information. . . inside the house, we mean!

More inside info informs us that the Air-Mail branch of Uncle Sam's Postal system has been over-burdened lately with thin packets for Miss Judy Banton! !

And when will you introduce us to that "cutie" at Bapst, D. Bailey? ? Soon, we hope!

Speaking of introductions, if any of you desire to be introduced to any junior boy—we refer you to Janice Minott—who, with her interest in them, will be able to accomplish it in a queenly fashion!

We've had some grand assemblies lately—f'rinstance those U. of M. movies—of course the boys in the audience just *would* whistle at the girls in the picture and the girls in the audience "ahhh" the boys in the picture, but all in all, it was a very nice program.

Here are a few songs and the accompanying thoughts which occur to us at this time—

I Dream of Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair	Al Winchell
Is it Taboo?	Sal Pearson
I Guess I'll have to Dream the Rest	Don Parsons
Dark Eyes	Joanne Pendleton
This Love of Mine	Hal Burr
Day Dreaming	Don White
Jim	Pussy Greeley
Marie	Paul Coleman
This is No Laughing Matter	Venetia Duty
Miss You	Ruthie Fletcher
Who Calls?	Mary Ellen Ellis
Dumbo	Marion Connors
Yours	Betty Brown
Whistling in the Night	Russell Max
Worried Mind	Sid Bamford
Something New	Ray Rideout

Flanagan vs. Nanigian

by Charles Paine

- Said Mr. Nanigian to Mr. Flanagan,
 "Have you been dreaming again?"
- Said Mr. Flanagan to Mr. Nanigian,
 "What do you mean, sir, again?"
- Said Mr. Nanigian to Mr. Flanagan,
 "You have been dreaming before."
- Said Mr. Flanagan to Mr. Nanigian,
 "What do you mean sir, before?"
- Said Mr. Nanigian to Mr. Flanagan,
 "Flanagan, you are a bore."
- Said Mr. Flanagan to Mr. Nanigian,
 "What do you mean, sir, a bore?"
- Said Mr. Nanigian to Mr. Flanagan,
 "Flanagan, I'd think you'd repent."
- Said Mr. Flanagan to Mr. Nanigian,
 "What do you mean, sir, repent?"
- Said Mr. Nanigian to Mr. Flanagan,
 "If I knew, do you think I'd tell you?"
- Said Mr. Flanagan to Mr. Nanigian,
 "I don't know, sir; would you?"

Dial 0000

by Winifred Glenk

"Hello, Betty? How're you? Oh just fine thanks. I should say I am.

"Did you go to the game last night? That last quarter was surely something. What? Oh sure.

"Wel-l-l-l, I don't know. I'll have to ask my Mother first. Yes, maybe I can".

"Say; have you ever seen anything quite so funny as the way Martie goes around in English class without her shoes on? It's a wonder she doesn't drive Miss Grace Grindstone crazy.

"Did you see Lou's new suit? Isn't it sweet? I just LOVE it. Honestly she has so many new clothes."

"What? No, I don't think so. What? Oh-h-h what did he say? Honestly? You did? Well I'm glad. That is just what she needs. She is beginning to think she owns him. Oh no! I won't say anything.

"Did you see what happened to John at the game the other night? Well, Irene was sitting quite a way up in the back drinking a coke, and, when John was going around collecting empty bottles, she threw hers at him. There was still some coke in it, and it went all over his face. He looked so funny. What a drip!

"You're tired. Well, so am I. M-m-m-m, yes, but I don't think I'll go. You are? Who're you going with? Really? Oh yes! and his car is grand too. Have you seen his brother? The one who just came home from school. He's smooth. Oh! Do you think so? Well I'll go then. Sure I'll be ready.

"What're you doing? So'm I. Just finished reading "Wuthering Heights." Awfully queer book. Sort of disconnected. You know.

"Oh dear! That reminds me, I have to write a letter to Tommy tonight. You know he just joined the navy last week. I forgot all about it.

"Oh well, here comes Mother to use the 'phone anyway. G'bye."

Seniors, Attention!

Friday, April 3, 1942, is the absolute
 deadline for all glossies to be
 turned in for the June issue



Mid-Winter Fashions

This column was started in October, 1940, by Louise Eastman.



By Leadbetter Beauty Salon

Could you imagine anything cuter than our own dashing, and we do mean dashing, little sophomore, Sue Waddell? Do you think that you can "get by" with an unusually smart outfit and let the hair simply take its own sweet course? Certainly not. Hair is just like schoolwork; may we use the simile? Forgive our mentioning it, but we have to be original and work for everything we get.

When we are discouraged with those stubborn locks, that is the time to take ourselves in hand and do something about it. Snooping around the way we do, we ran across the friendliest beauty shop with experienced operators who delight in watching the results, and we, in seeing ourselves beautified or at least noticeably improved. Mrs. Leadbetter specializes in well-known permanents, and carries a complete line of cosmetics. MARY N. LEADBETTER, BEAUTY SALON, Main Street.

Ooooo. . .sooo springy is this little dress modeled by one of those vivacious juniors, Pauline Telfer. Say, before we forget, how do you like Telfer's large bow? New, what say? We adored the idea of the large navy and white silk checked taffeta trim with the fine wool crepe dress of navy. The long waist being of a dark color, is very flattering. especially because of the gathered fullness below the hips. The tiny sleeves are small and dainty, just covering the elbow. Do notice the detail of the fine tucks over the shoulders, which are then caught by the large bow; also, the neat zipper closing at the side.

Advanced styles are now being shown at MIRIAM WARDWELL'S on CENTRAL STREET.



By Miriam Wardwell



By The Rines Co.

We thought it would be fun to note the difference between the school outfit of today and that costume of the "Gay Nineties." Frances Johnson is wearing the smoothest yellow cardigan with an aqua skirt which has pink and yellow running through it. We think of everyone's desire for a pastel skirt in the spring as we write this. The doll Frannie is looking at has on a blue print dress—long skirt with the only trimming the white ruffle. But all the dresses of that day were not plain; in the afternoon and evening they had long full sleeves, very full skirts, and often ornate beading or tiers of frills. By the way, we hope you will forgive our old fashioned model's modern curls. We should have had a lace dust cap or a bonnet.

The spring skirts, sweaters and suits are coming in every day now at Rines, and we'll meet you all searching, fore-thoughted that you are, and finding your Easter outfit.

For all those who have an appetite for color, we hope you feasted on the percolating pinks, the chill blues and the rainbow enjoying a Roman holiday—all blended into "Louisiana Purchase." And could you ever forget the intrepid models who won such admiration from the audience as well as the actors? It's a thinkable thing to wonder whether fashion is just as far-fetched in 1942 as it was fifty years ago!

All the stores tell us that it is getting increasingly hard to get their stock—especially wool coats and suits. Everyone must figure closely; that is the keynote in all homes. So, we suggest that if you want a fall or winter coat look around now—don't wait until fall. The tax increases regularly on fur and fur-trimmed coats. Let's all be patient when we order and are waiting for clothes. That will be appreciated by the stores.

Carol Chadeayne won the *Oracle* designing contest. She designed this spring wool which, we thought, was the most practical and appropriate of all the fine drawings submitted. This dress is yellow trimmed with yarn flowers embroidered around the neck, bottom of sleeves, and hem of skirt. The bodice is fitted, and the skirt very full. Sleeves are loose and that pretty length—just below the elbow. There is a sash which ties in back in a pretty, but not bulky, bow.

A dress which Joan Garland designed is worthy of honorable mention. This has short sleeves, is long-waisted, and is also trimmed with flowered binding on sleeves, around neck and hips.

Our thanks go to Miss Crosby and Miss Fraser who helped us in our difficult decision. We also wish to thank those who spent *so much time preparing entries*. The response was really wonderful.



Designed by Carol Chadeayne



Alumni

The Alumni column was started in the October issue of 1909. Miss Gale Littlefield '10, was the first Alumni editor.

WHAT a small world this is! If you don't agree with me, you might try locating some of the "scattered to the four winds" alumni, who were graduated between 1892 and 1920.

However, through the kind cooperation of their classmates, who are still in this city, I was able to track down quite a few of them.

The following are some of the former editors of the *Oracle*:

The first editor-in-chief, Harry Libby, who was in the class of 1892, is not living.

The next one that I was able to locate is Fred Clifford, 1895, who now is editor of "The Anahgram."

Wilfred A. Hennessy, 1896, is secretary-manager of the Bangor Chamber of Commerce.

In 1901 Robert A. Drummond headed the staff. He is now at the head of the German department at the University of Maine.

David R. Porter, 1902, became a Rhodes Scholar after his graduation. Later he was connected with the international Y. M. C. A., and he is now president of Mount Herman in Northfield, Mass.

Harry W. Woods, editor in 1905-'06, is the proprietor of a service station in Ellsworth.

From the class of 1920 are Henry I. Bacon, associated with the Bacon Printing Co.; Harry P. Baker, owner of a grocery store; Richard Gustin, projectionist at the Bijou theatre; Edward Rosen, superintendent of the Medwed Footwear Co.; Lawrence Connor, clerk at the Eastern Trust and Banking Co.; and Philip C. Chalmers, shipping clerk at Haynes and Chalmers.

1919: Walter C. Bullock, associated with the Aetna Life Insurance Co.; Hazel E. Day is Mrs. Walter Marshall; Charles E. Downing, manager of C. H. Babb and Company; Donald J. Eames (husband of Frances Bragg '17), manager of N. H. Bragg & Sons; Wilfred D. Gillen, associated with the American Telephone Co. in Philadelphia; Geraldine Hallett is Mrs. Floyd Smiley; Dr. Wilson J. Harthorn is a dentist in Portland, Maine; Grace F. Hillman is Mrs. Clyde Kelleher; John E. Short, salesman for Dunham & Hanson Co.; Dr. Samuel S. Silsby is an orthopedic surgeon; William F. White is in the real estate business.

1918 G. Madaline Chaplain is Mrs. William Mullins; Earl J. Honey, mechanic at Maine Central Rail-

road; Mary E. McDougall is Mrs. Mary Banton; H. Eola Mayo, secretary to Mr. Felix Ranlett; and U. Simons Tyler is secretary at the Bangor Ice Co.

1917: Stanley Cayting, director at the Northern Conservatory of Music; Ralph B. Farrar, president of the Farrar Furniture Co.; Ruth Hunt is Mrs. Donald Hathorn; and Edward E. Lovejoy is a commercial traveler of Rice and Miller Co.

1916: Dr. Harry Butler is a physician; Alfred Frawley, manager of Warren Drug Co.; Natalie Glass (Barker), librarian at the Bangor Public Library; Addison Hillman is Mrs. Harold C. Chapman whose husband teaches at the Garland Street Junior High; and Raymond Torrey, president of the Farm Supplies Co.

1915: Lora Blanding is Mrs. Ralph Knott; Ralph Colburn (husband of Arlene Hillman '16), treasurer of the Bangor Furniture Co.; Lawrence B. Eddy is the Purchasing Agent for the city of Bangor; H. Edgar Seavey, proprietor of Seavey's Floral Shop; Arno Savage treasurer of C. H. Savage Co.

1914: Walter J. Creamer, professor in the college of Technology at the University of Maine; John Magee, head of the state's Federal Housing Commission; John O'Connell, editor-in-chief of the Bangor Daily News; Edward Herlihy, physician in this city; Daniel W. Brown, connected with the Adam's Furnishing Co.; David H. Cronin, proprietor of the Cronin Supply Co.; Edward J. Curran, federal judge in Washington, D. C.; Robert B. Dunning, connected with the R. B. Dunning Co.; Arthur L. Littlefield, employed by the Merrill Trust Co.; Abraham M. Rudman, one of the city's most prominent attorneys; and Edgar Pearson, clerk for the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad Co.

1913: Donald Crowell, vice-president and secretary of the Dunham and Hanson Co.; Langdon J. Freese, general manager of Freese's; the late Simon O'Leary, vice president of Louis Kirstein and Sons; Harold Milan, graduate of West Point and now in the army; Earl Mincher, local manager of the Gulf Oil Co. (married Elizabeth Chapman '13); Adah Elliot, nurse in this city; Alice Jennison, private secretary to George Eaton; Ruth Libby, connected with the Bangor hydro; Charles Mullen, engineer on the Pacific Coast; Ruth M. Jameson

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Outside The Classroom



What Goes On In Assembly

In this *Oracle*, we are commemorating the fiftieth year in its publication. How much the world has changed, how much our *Oracle*, how much our school!

Fifty years ago, or even twenty years ago, the students of Bangor High could not have enjoyed the thrill, the reverence, the seriousness, which we experienced in hearing the voice of our president declaring war against our aggressors. This program, above all others, should linger longest in our hearts.

Although Christmas may be forgotten in these first exciting days in 1942, we certainly should recall that effective program commemorating the birthday of our Savior. Through the combined efforts of the Glee Club and the Dramatic Club, the principal events in Christ's life were portrayed. Everyone on the stage was dressed in colonial choir robes; only the leader was dressed in pure white. In the background was a beautiful stained window, done by the art department which completed the effect of a church. The orchestra, making its first appearance, created the final touch with appropriate Christmas music.

The Athletic Honor Council, in its customary but effective initiation, welcomed three new girls into its organization. They were: senior, Judith Banton; junior, Kathleen Downes; sophomore, Mary Jane Philbrick.

The senior girls who had been nominated by us students for Honorary Lieutenant Colonel and Honorary Lieutenant Major were introduced during this program by Paul Coleman, senior class president. Those who received this honor are: Margaret Carlisle, Mary Duffy, Mary Farrar, Ruth Lovejoy, Betty West.

To complete this three feature program, we had our first basketball rally. Coach Trowell, despite some of our upsets said, "You have a good ball team," making us all feel very happy and proud.

Buy defense stamps and bonds from "Uncle Sam" and help "Anti-Aircraft" put a total eclipse on the "Rising Sun".

Junior Exhibition To Be Held March 27

Dr. Howard L. Runion and John Roberts, faculty members of the University of Maine, selected ten students, five boys and five girls, on January 30, to compete in the Bangor High School Junior Exhibition at the City Hall, March 27.

The following students, all of whom were coached by Miss Evelyn L. Haney, were announced as follows: Joan Ambrose, "Our Town"; John Ballou, "The Meaning of Our Flag"; Robert Berry, "We Hold These Truths"; James Black, "President Roosevelt's War Message"; Anita Broder, "Rebecca"; Ruth Fairley, "The Londonderry Air"; Barbara Mills, "A Minuet"; Simon O'Leary, "Gentlemen, The King"; Willard Pierce, "President Roosevelt's War Message"; Harriet Travis, "Jane". Alternates will be Charlotte Fletcher, "Honey" and David Smith, "Journey's End." The selections which the students presented were for try-outs only. Different readings will be given at the contest.

Gala Musical To Be Held March 13-14

The Girls' Glee Club and the Bangor High School Orchestra, under the direction of Miss Dorothea Hopkins, are rehearsing for a joint presentation with Miss Frances Reynolds and her dance groups. This program of music and dancing will be held in the Assembly Hall on the nights of March 13 and 14. Miss Hopkins' groups, the glee club and orchestra, are working to build a fund to finance a trip to the All New England Music Festival which will be held in Providence, Rhode Island, this spring.

As a specialty, Margaret Christianson will sing "Chloe" for one of the dance numbers, with the accompaniment of the orchestra.

Miss Hopkins is also training the Junior Exhibition Chorus and the orchestra to appear in the city hall on March 27 with the Junior Exhibition speakers.

Homec Club Announces Program

The members of the Homec Club are very war-minded. Every Wednesday their meeting is devoted entirely to Red Cross sewing and knitting. Recently, Miss Josephine O'Loughlin spoke to them about Civilian Defense and their part in its success.

For special meetings throughout the remainder of the year the following has been planned:

January 1—Films from the University of Maine.

February 13—Talk on Social Service Work in Bangor by Mrs. Marion Powers of the Children's Home.

March 6—Program to be announced.

April 16—Program by club members.

April 24—Maine Gems by Malcolm O. Willis.

May 15—Recent Discoveries in Medicine by Dr. Henry C. Knowlton.

The special events for the year are:

December—Christmas Party.

January—Sleigh ride and Skating Party.

February—Valentine Party.

March—Trips to Red Cross rooms, Rockels and Swifts.

April—Trip to Bangor Daily News Office.

May—Special Dance.

June—All day outing at Cape Rosier.

Dramatic Clubs Hear Maine Masque Speakers

A combined meeting of the Workshop and Dramatic Club, on Friday, January 10, was made especially interesting and instructive by talks given by Mr. Norman Mennes, Technical director of the Maine Masque at the University of Maine, and Austin Keith, a member of the Masque.

Mr. Mennes, experienced in the technical end of Hollywood movies, described the technicalities of making motion pictures.

After Austin Keith had shown the students the fundamentals which every actor should know and given them many valuable tips, he and Gwendolyn Cushing, also a member of the Masque, demonstrated with a cutting from William Soroyon's play, "Jim Dandy." The scene, which was excellently done, not only pleased the members of the Dramatic Club, but also was very helpful.

Buy a defense stamp and *lick* the other side.

Public Affairs Club Has Its Beginning

In 1925, the History Club was formed. Meeting at the close of school one day, the forty odd members were the Seniors who felt a real interest in history. One year the program was a study of Maine history. This resulted in writing a paper on the early history of Bangor. All members contributed to this effort with the result that "Seeing Bangor" is still used by the present club of 1942. Today in room 203 hangs the insignia of the club, a pen sketch of the head of Abraham Lincoln. The two-dollar mahogany frame was a most expensive one for the struggling club. The emphasis on the school trips today brings to memory the June day when this club in several cars journeyed to Sieur de Monts Spring at Bar Harbor. After inspecting the Sieur de Monts memorial, the young people were seized by the lure of the mountain. High heels were no barrier to climbing, as the chaperon found to her dismay. In short, it was just an act of Providence that all members appeared safe and sound in body at school the next morning. After functioning for some five years, the club was not resumed one fall due to pressure of many extra-curricular activities.

Some seven years ago, the Public Affairs Club appeared as a means to train young people anew in democratic procedures, in discussion and in social activities. Today, supported by some one hundred sixty young people, it has developed the forum method successfully. The programs have come from the pupils themselves and from outside speakers. Impersonations have been used to present world affairs—this has been a source of much amusement and instruction. The last program of December was on the present labor situation. Here five speakers gave the following panel:

History of Labor Unions. John Downing
The Government Solution for Strikes. . . Jane Terrio
Present Day Strikes. Richard Giles
Government Control of Unions. . . . Fred Bean
Opposition to Government Controlled Unions. . .

Albert Winchell

Questions from the floor, led by John La Point, made a lively discussion. The world situation was presented by William Brennen and Richard Giles as the engineer of the Chattanooga Choo Choo and his friend.

This program of January 30th was "Seeing Bangor, Past and Present", by the sightseeing bus filled with visitors. This trip was conducted by Hayden Bayer and at the wheel was John Brookings. The concluding portion of the hour was a series of contra dances arranged by George Chalmers and Joan Mutty. Betty West gave the background to this, by relating the success of Dr. Shaw of Colorado with his young people in this type of work.

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On The Bookshelf

This column under the heading "Reviews" was started in 1931 by Faith Holden.



"Living Treasure"

THIS is one of the most fascinating books that we have yet told you about. Perhaps you read "Caribbean Treasure" and "Animal Treasure" by this same author, Ivan T. Anderson. This is a book about the jungle life of Jamaica and Yucatan, but mainly about British Honduras. The book is filled with the amusing, intensely interesting experiences of the author and his party in their explorations of jungle haunts. In graphic detail, Mr. Anderson describes the little beasts, fish, and snakes of these tropical countries, along with their habits and the places where they are found. There are some truly beautiful passages of description such as this:

"The sky . . . was a ceiling of soft turquoise puffed irregularly with lumps of shining white clouds. . . Far below we emerged from our tents to stretch ourselves in a shimmering pale green radiance. Occasional thimblefuls of cold water dripped from the woody giants that stood around us supporting our limited heaven." Besides the author's clear, colorful accounts, there are included thirty-two of his own illustrations which make these strange creatures come to life. You will want to peruse this book again and again.

"She's Off to College"

The question uppermost in most students' minds is, "Am I going to college?" It is to be hoped that the most common answer to this query will be a good firm "Yes!" It's a long step from high school to college, but it need not really be such a change, for Gulielma Fell Alsop, M. D. and Mary F. McBride have collaborated on a book which "is a preview of college and sets forth the daily life that any girl going to college will find, giving actual experiences" of the girls themselves. College is one of the greatest adventures in any boy's or girl's life. This book is a delightful combination of story and hard facts. It's a big help to those who read it. It is divided into five parts, each dealing with a special phase of college life: "Getting Started," "Social Life," and "The Life of Study and How To Manage it" are three of the topics discussed. It describes a community of college girls, going to their classes, making dates, hunting jobs, etc., told in an intimate, interesting manner. You will want to go to college more than ever when you've read this timely book.

"Gentlemen Aren't Sissies"

Oh, boys, here it comes! This is just the book that every girl wishes every boy would read and take to heart. Beware, though, boys, the girls are just lapping it up and are they finding out plenty about you! One of our staid seniors was beheld licking her literary chops over it! Here is a glimpse of what she was chuckling comfortably about: "Beware of Athlete's Head!" "She may step around as daintily as a steam roller." "No leaning tower of Pisa effects." "The Puritan girl is often known as the Cold Sister or as Ice-box Irene." Read about the poor gal that got disillusioned at a house-party. Get acquainted with Giggling Gertie. Brush up on your etiquette—it counts, you know. Before you ever delve into this "epoch," be prepared for a good hearty laugh plus a little thoughtful thinking on your part. Norton Hughes Jonathan, the author, has succeeded in writing this hilarious book filled with good common sense and sound advice. It is so cleverly modern that the book would be worth reading just for its style. We really wouldn't be surprised to see some one poring over it while bumping his or her way down the corridor!

"Go Ahead, Garrison!"

You probably know what this is. You guessed it; it is another career novel. If you want to get some thrills, a glimpse of the "inside" of radio news broadcasting, and, in general, a very good story, you will not want to miss this novel by A. A. Schechter. Most of us take radio programs for granted; but it is a revelation to realize that weeks and even months are spent planning a single broadcast and that split-second timing is required for news reporting, as well as for other programs. Pat Garrison is a young ambitious news reporter, and he certainly is a "regular fella." He crashes in an airplane on his way to a hurricane; he arranges an interview between two window-washers, one in New York, the other in San Francisco. He proves his worth by spending dull weeks helping with broadcasts. At last, he reaches Europe, there to achieve his success as a news reporter in wartime, there to hear for the first time those cherished words, "Go ahead, Garrison!" Good characterization and touches of humor make this one of the best of the career novels.

RECORD OF THE RAMS

IT was 1892 before a successful plan for regulating athletics in Bangor High was introduced by the upperclassmen of the school. Before this time, athletics amounted to very little, competition being interclass or with a few local teams. Many steps had been taken to establish Bangor athletically, but the boys in general had no great desire for sports; thus all previous plans had failed. There were a few leaders and lovers of sport who foresaw the possibility of Bangor's becoming an athletic power, for it had a large student body, and facilities for playing which included access to the Y. M. C. A. and Maple Wood Park. This group of students formed the Athletic Association, consisting of a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and the Executive Committee which had power to act on all athletic problems, set regulations, and assume all financial responsibility. All the teams of the school became known as Athletic Association Teams.

Because of the distance between the schools, the schedule was limited. In 1893 the football schedule included Coney High, Maine State College Sophomores, and Old Town High. The teams played two twenty-five minute halves.

Bowling teams were active in the school and bowled against the local business schools.

Track was very popular and field days were held frequently.

In 1893, the Athletic Association joined the Maine Interscholastic Association to participate in all round competition. The baseball team planned to go into the Maine Interscholastic Association as soon as it was better organized.

Fifty years has elapsed since that time, years of great teams, and years of poor ones, but Bangor High School holds today a strong athletic record. Our athletics are conducted by capable coaches; our equipment, which is as fine as any in the state, is supplied by an efficient athletic department.

BASKETBALL

Bangor 30;

Presque Isle 28

After the fifth straight defeat in three years of regular competition, Bangor finally grabbed a win from Presque Isle. For the last two years the Rams have defeated Presque Isle in tourney competition, but this was the first scheduled game they had won from the Wildcats for three years. Although Bangor had much more height and size than Presque Isle, the score was very close and it was anybody's ball game, until Magee came through with two baskets in the last minutes of play to win for Bangor.

Bangor

Hussey, r. f., 3 (2)
Magee, l. g., 3 (1)
Jacobs 1
Smith, (1)
Goodwin, c 3 (3)
Work, r. g., (1)
Murdock, l. g.,
England

Bangor 21;

Bangor was knocked off from the win column by a clever Stearns five in a very hectic low-scoring game. Stearns clamped a tight man for man defense on Bangor and practically bottled up the Rams for the evening. The visitors performed many effective plays, but their shooting was off. Bangor's shooting was also wild, chiefly due to their inability to work the ball into position to get a good shot.

Summary:

Bangor

Hussey, rf 3 (2)
Magee, l. f., 2 (1)
Goodwin, c
Jacobs 2 (1)
Work, r. g., 1 (1)
Murdock, l. g.,
England

Presque Isle

l. g., Tuck 2 (1)
r. g., Richards, 1 (2)
e, Dick, 3 (2)
Strong
l. f., Hardy, 2
Dempsey
r. f., Hayes, 3 (1)
Blackden

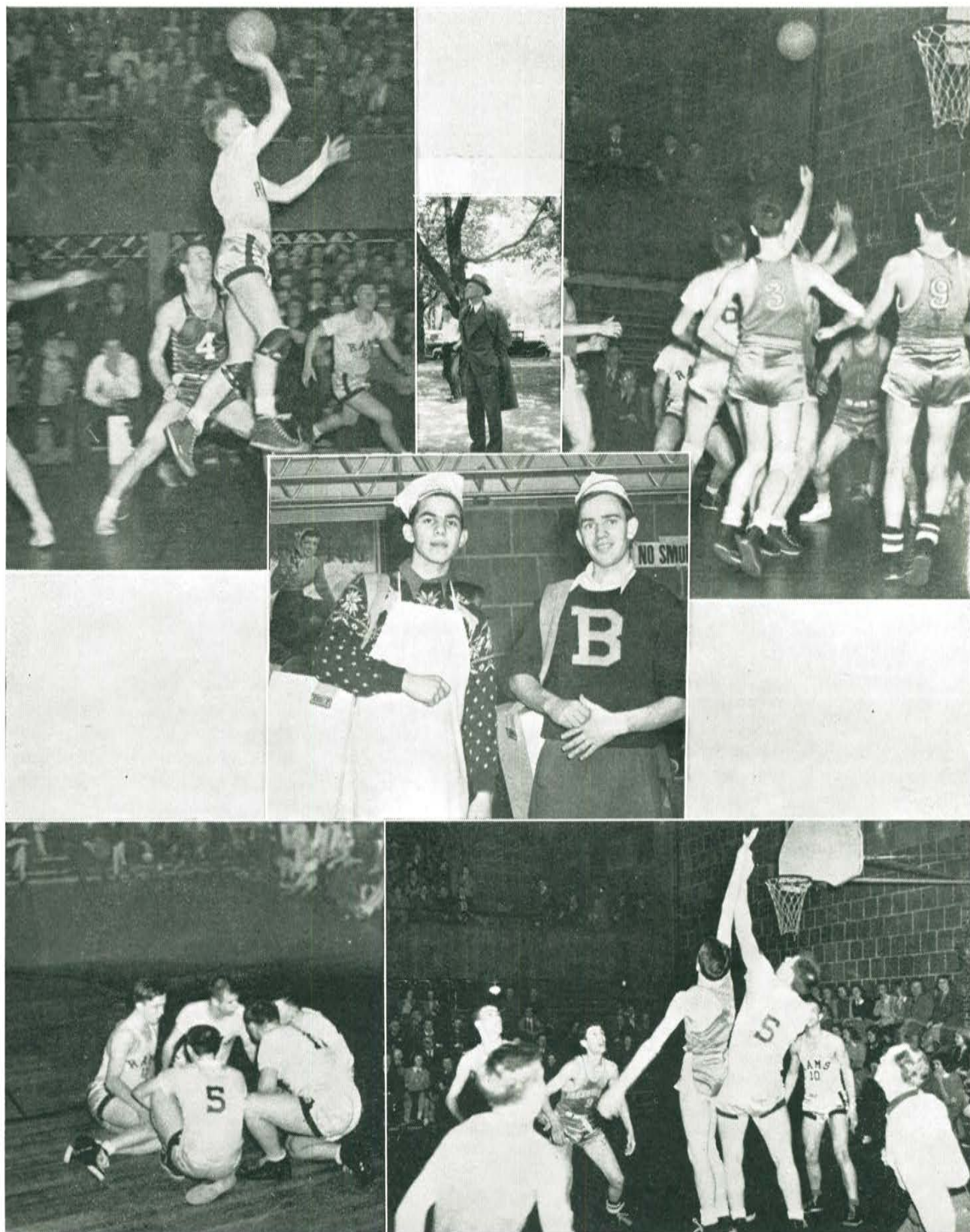
Stearns 29

Stearns

l. g., McCluskey 1
r. g., Astle (1)
Farnsworth
c, Fitzpatrick 1 (7)
l. f., Tuke 1 (1)
Teet 3
r. f., Folsom 4
Boynton

Although the record of wins is not so shining this season, Bangor has been steadily improving, and there are possibilities of getting into the Eastern Maine Tournament, for the teams in this section are fairly evenly matched and no one team has a very boastful record. The Rams are also defending the Eastern Maine Championship.

Bangor	33	Dover-Foxcroft	25
Bangor	28	Presque Isle	33
Bangor	38	Stearns	23
Bangor	41	Ellsworth	26
Bangor	30	Waterville	47
Bangor	34	John Bapst	40
Bangor	24	Brewer	25
Bangor	30	Winslow	29
Bangor	38	Old Town	36
Bangor	30	Presque Isle	28
Bangor	42	Brewer	30
Bangor	21	Stearns	29
Bangor	30	Winslow	43
Bangor	17	John Bapst	33
Bangor	46	Old Town	36



FAMILIAR SCENES AT BASKETBALL

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The first Girls' Athletics Column in the *Oracle* was in the April issue in 1928.

ALTHOUGH many times before, short notes about Girls' Athletics had been given at the end of the boys' column by a boy, 1928 was the first time it had had a separate column of its own. Pauline Brown, who was then a junior, was the first girl to write Girls' Athletics in any *Oracle*.

In at least one way the Girls' Athletics at Bangor High School were more competitive in 1902 than they are now. Forty years ago, on March first, the Bangor High School Girls' Basketball team was playing the Waterville girls in a rip-roaring game. Although the Bangor girls were beaten 13-3, they gave a good exhibition of themselves which could have been greatly improved by experience. In the same year, this Bangor team beat the Maine Freshmen 4-0.

In March 1922 our girls came out on top by defeating the Old Town High girls 20-5. But loss came again when the Castine Normal School Girls beat the Bangor girls 19-13 in a close and hard fought game.

In January, 1932, "Jackie" Johnston was the girl's capable manager, and secured the following schedule for them:

Bangor vs. M. C. I.—January 8, at M. C. I.
Bangor vs. M. C. I.—January 15, at Bangor.
Bangor vs. Bucksport—January 22, at Bucksport.
Bangor vs. Bucksport—January 25, at Bangor.
Bangor vs. Higgins—February 5, at Bangor.
Bangor vs. Brewer—February 19, at Brewer.
Bangor vs. Brewer—February 25, at Bangor.

The interclass games began this year on the first of January. Bangor beat M. C. I. both times, 31 to 29 and 32 to 24, Bucksport 41 to 35, Brewer, 27 to 14, Higgins, 27 to 12, Bucksport, 33 to 15, and Brewer, 31 to 17.

In 1932, there was also a very good Girls' Hockey team, but because of rainy weather, it played only two games.

Not only in playing outside basketball games but also in playing volley ball and soccer the girls had a more varied program than that of today. The senior girls won all but one of the volley ball games. The first soccer practice was on Thursday, May 5, 1932, at which more than forty girls reported. It was this year also that it was decided to change the playing field from Broadway Park to Linden St. Park, because the ground was too swampy at the former.

Intramural Tournament Contestants Announced

The Council's been rushing around, ushering new girls into our happy group, refereeing, scoring, and umpiring basketball games, and a little bit of everything else. On January 16, we all stood up on the stage in Assembly Hall with shaking knees and welcomed in three new and nifty girls: Judith Banton, a senior; Kethleen Downes, a junior; and Annie Jane Phillbrick, a sophomore. In equally shaky voices, Barbara Watters gave the ritual Scholarship; Gertrude Homans, athletics; Doris Ayer, Leadership; Betty Higgins, Sportsmanship; Mary Spangler, Respect; and Shirley Wilson, Dependability. Altogether, it was a very successful assembly.

Quite a few changes have been made lately in the Constitution of the Honor Council by a Constitutional Amendment Committee, headed by Louise Homestead.

On The Basketball Court

There have been some rare goings on lately down at the high school gym on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons when the hard-shooting girls of our school start slinging those basketballs around, doing their level best to win their games. For the past four weeks, it's been nip and tuck all the way through the Intramural Tournament, and these are the teams that are left to play in the Interclass Tournament:

Senior A Team—Marie Duffy, Betty Brown, Marion Conners, Ruth Blake, (Captain); Barbara Carr, Mary Farrar, Beverly Wilkes, Shirley Armstrong, Judith Banton, Gertrude Homans, Sarah Whitecomb, Mary Spangler, Mary O'Connor, Janice Minott,

Senior B Team (winner)—Ruth Lovejoy, Ethel Spencer, Doris Eaton, Esther Smith, Louise Homestead, Eleanor Ramsdell, (Captain); Priscilla Greeley, Frances Taylor, Doris Ayer, Barbara Wood, Elizabeth West, Nadine Hoyt, Elizabeth Palmer, Catherine Crocker.

Coaches—Margaret Carlisle, Doris Ayer, and Gertrude Homans.

Junior B Team—Barbara Watters, Pearl Faulkingham, Clarice Jellison, (Captain); Patricia Wing, Eleanor Prusaitis, Lorna Wilshire, Shirley Castner, Carol Davies Charlotte Fletcher, Kathleen Downes.

(Please turn to page thirty-three)

Spinning Reel

The movie column, written by the literary editors, first appeared in the *Oracle* in February, 1934.



How Green was My Valley

ONE of the most interesting movies of the past few weeks is *How Green Was My Valley*. It is the story of a Welsh mining family and depicts in a most interesting manner the home life of a Welsh family. The unselfish devotion to his profession of the minister, whose part is splendidly portrayed by Walter Pidgeon, makes it well worth one's time to attend the picture. Donald Crisp, who plays the father, and Sara Allgood, the mother, are unsurpassed in the cleverness with which they play their parts. Maureen O'Hara portrays the girl whom the minister loved so deeply that he was willing to give her up to another man, rather than have her endure poverty with him.

One of the most touching scenes occurs as the sons of the family depart for America. As the mother and father hold family prayers, the boys steal quietly away.

The youngest son is played by the child actor, Roddy McDowell, whose pathetic expressions are proof of his acting ability.

The singing of the Welsh choir is very beautiful and adds greatly to an already excellent picture.

This picture is a fine portrayal of human nature and the influence of religion on family life. It is directed by John Ford who has many other great movies to his credit.

Johnny Eager

Riding the crest of their greatest popularity, Robert Taylor and Lana Turner are teamed for the first time in *Johnny Eager*, hard-hitting, romantic drama which portrays the story of a racketeer, a beautiful girl, and love. Taylor has the most powerful note of his career. In the role of Johnny Eager, he is a distinct departure from any in which he previously has been seen on the screen.

Mervin LeRay directed it from a story cut to his favorite pattern; for with this type of fast-action drama he has made screen history.

Robert Taylor and Lana Turner are ably supported by Edward Arnold as the father of the girl, and Van Heflin as the devoted racketeer friend of Robert Taylor.

This picture has many dramatic moments, such as

the scene in which Robert Taylor leads Lizbeth (Lana Turner) into shooting (so she supposes) a gangster who is fighting Johnny (Robert Taylor).

The last scene when Johnny goes to his death in performance of the one admirable deed of his entire life, is the most dramatic.

The Bugle Sounds

The Bugle Sounds is most humorous in the scenes portrayed by Wallace Beery and Marjorie Main. The film depicts the birth of Uncle Sam's first line motorized combat battalions, with Wallace Beery seen as an old cavalry sergeant who is obliged to trade his faithful horse for a steel steed. The picture shows authentic scenes of the armored divisions at Fort Knox, Kentucky; Fort Louis, Washington; Fort Ord, California, and of the Louisiana battle maneuvers.

Other actors are Donna Ried and William Lundigan. As usual, Lewis Stone portrays an excellent role as the colonel who commands the outfit.

I Married an Angel

I Married an Angel stars Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, the screen's ideal singing sweethearts. Miss MacDonald has the greatest role of her career as the drab office girl who becomes a radiantly beautiful angel.

Mr. Eddy again plays a comedy role as the gay, irresponsible playboy, constantly surrounded by beautiful women, who falls in love only when he comes face to face with an angel—in a dream.

A costume party is a feature of the production with worldly beauties parading before the camera in lavish costumes. Some of the most sensational costumes ever designed for the screen are seen, in addition to the chic modern wardrobe worn by Miss MacDonald.

The highlight of the movie will be Miss MacDonald's singing of *Clair de Lune* accompanied by fifty harps.

As usual Mr. Eddy's singing lends charm and beauty to the picture.

The stars are supported by Edward Everett Horton, Mona Maris, Inez Cooper, and Reginald Owea.



Dots and Dashes

This column was started in December, 1935, by Pauline Jellison.

Radio and Oracle Grow Together

FIFTY years has seen nearly all important discovery in the field of radio. Before 1896 the art was marked by isolated scientific experiments rather than by commercial use. But in that year the young Italian, Marconi, applied for the first British patent for wireless telegraph circuits and apparatus. By the turn of the century, many American engineers had turned to the new art, and companies began opening up. In 1901 the first message was transmitted across the Atlantic.

Soon radio went to sea. During the years from 1903 to 1912, it was devoted to the development of marine communication, a valuable safe guard to lives and shipping at sea. The period from 1912 to 1917 was one in which the most important and far-reaching technical advances were made. These years were marked also by preparation for international radio communication and by the building of several high-power stations. From the advance of the wireless telegraph, it was a short step to transmitting the human voice over the radio wires, and by the end of 1915, largely because of the DeForest vacuum tube, speech had been broadcast across the Atlantic, across the continent, and as far as Hawaii.

Early in 1920, the Westinghouse Company decided to install a broadcasting station in East Pittsburgh. Since that year was a presidential year, it was decided to open the station election night and to broadcast the returns. On November 2, station KDKA broadcasted the returns of the Harding election which had been gathered in the Pittsburgh Post office and telephoned to East Pittsburgh. For this first broadcast, the audience had been drafted. Since only a few amateurs had sets to listen with, Westinghouse had a number of simple receiving outfits made and distributed among a few friends. After this, a daily program from 8:30 to 9:30 P. M. was instituted.

For the first few months, the programs were made up largely from phonograph records. To keep up interest in the programs, KDKA broadcasted the music of a very good employee band. Later the Little Symphony Orchestra was formed.

At first, all broadcasting had been from the room in which the transmitter was located. To take care of the larger groups, one of the East Pittsburgh auditoriums was put to use. But here there was difficulty in obtaining fidelity. And so the band's music was transmitted from an outdoor studio on the roof of one of the taller buildings of the Westinghouse plant. For protection, a tent was erected. Everything went very well, until one night a high wind blew the tent and first studio away and into history. However, a little thing like that couldn't discontinue broadcasting and so the tent was pitched indoors. From these lessons, a new studio was designed, draped with the cheapest material available, burlap.

In the last months of 1921, WBZ at Springfield, Massachusetts, WJZ at Newark, New Jersey, and KYW at Chicago, Illinois, were opened. A few more followed in the summer of 1922. It was not until quite a long time later that the great rush of stations to the air wires came. In 1926, the National Broadcasting Company System and other similar networks were formed.

In 1927, there were 681 stations broadcasting. To regulate all these, the Federal Radio Commission was formed. By 1929 there were only 608 stations. This number grew to 629 in September 1935.

In 1921, KDKA operated on 700 watts; today a great many stations use 50,000 and 500,000 watts are being used experimentally. Yes, in fifty years radio has come a long way. Who can tell what fifty more will bring?

Twenty five years ago, amateurs listened to dots and dashes; today we can not only hear words but experimentally see what is going on, thru television.

"THIS IS THE BLUE NETWORK"

Maybe you've wondered when announcers have said, "This is the Blue Network," after programs where they used to say, "This is the National Broadcasting Company." Well, this is part of the first big step taken by NBC in disposing of its Blue Network, as ordered by the Federal Communications Commission. Preliminary to selling the Network outright, NBC has transferred stock and set up a separate organization

called the Blue Network Company, Inc. In the meantime, the Federal Government has brought suit against both NBC and CBS as monopolies, while Mutual has filed a ten million dollar damage suit against NBC for alleged restraint of competition.

* * * * *

Well, the old epithets will be hurled thick and fast on Sunday nights, now, since Fred Allen moves to the spot vacated by the "Ford Sunday Evening Hour", where he is only a few hours from his arch-rival Jack Benny. Listeners will now be able to listen to Allen and Eddie Cantor both since the latter remains at his Wednesday night time. Previously they occupied the air waves at the same time.

Girls' Athletics

(continued from page thirty)

Junior C Team (winner)—Anne Woodman, (Captain); Shirley Wilson, Fay Jones, Evelyn Foster, Deleno Miner, Beulah Emerson, Joyce March, Prudence Speirs, Betty Higgins, Anita Broder.

Coaches: Junior B Team, Ruth Blake and Judith Banton.

Junior C Team, Louise Homstead and Doris Eaton

Sophomore B Team—Priscilla Ayer, Joan Pendleton, (Captain); Muriel Doherty, Theresa Byron, Carol Rice, Christine Burbank, Della Mullen, Jacquelyn Doherty, Faith Jones, Caroline Foley, Norma Wilks, Eulalie Comstock.

Sophomore C Team (winner)—Constance Adams Janet Caine, (Captain); Ann Colburn, Claire McMann, Susan Waddell, Mary Brookings, Priscilla Savage, Barbara Andrews, Cynthia Rich, Eleanor Klyne, Jane Hilton, Charlene Drew, Gloria Castner, Betty Palmer.

Coaches—Sophomore B Team, Elizabeth West and Marie Duffy.

Sophomore C Team, Marion Conners and Mary Frances Spangler.

Originally, there were two Senior teams, three Junior teams, and three Sophomore teams. By the Intramural Tournament, they have been eliminated to two teams for each class, one team being ahead in respect to winning the largest number of games. These six teams will play each other in the Interclass Tournament to determine the winning team of each class and the winning team of the school; so even though the boys may think it seems a little silly when we win by 9-7, it means something to us.

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for no price that is ever
asked for it is half the
cost of doing without it.

—H. L. MENCKEN



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List of Editors, 1892-1942

(continued from page eight)

1930-31	Howard L. Kominsky
1931-32	Thomas F. Reed
1932-33	Newell Avery
1933-34	Andrew Cox
1934-35	Artimus F. Weatherbee
1935-36	Ernest F. Andrews, Jr.
1936-37	Horace Stewart, Jr.
1937-38	Charles Redman, Jr.
1938-39	Curtis Jones
1939-40	Kendell Cole
1940-41	Alfred M. Perry, Jr.
1941-42	Leon F. Higgins

Much Ado About Murder

(continued from page fourteen)

"The great decision has been made. . .the verdict is suicide!" Callie beamed proudly.

"What? Is that straight from the shoulder?" Josh looked at her incredulously.

"It's the honest Injuncrossmyheartandhopetodie truth! and it's the one answer which never occurred to us!" She smiled brightly.

Josh held Callie by the shoulders. "I'm serious, Callie. Do you know what it'll mean if we can clear everyone of suspicion except Ryan himself?" He stared questioningly into her eyes.

"I shall match you, eye for eye and truth for truth. Listen. When I came in to work on the blonde. . . her name, by the way, is Sheila Munroe. . .she was so uncontrollable that I had to slap her face to sober her spirits. As soon as she was quiet I suggested that we go upstairs, freshen up a bit. . .just a dash of cold water and make-up, you know. She said very little but followed willingly enough, probably afraid of what I might say about her getting hysterical. So I didn't mention it. She perked up right after we washed, and launched forth with the most incongruous tale imaginable. Something about her having intrusted Ryan with five grand to play the markets; some slip-up along the line, an emergency operation for her mother, Ryan's refusing to loan the necessary funds for the hospital and later on for the funeral expenses, his threatening to blow his brains out if she harped on the subject any longer, and finally a hint that Ryan intended to expose your sister, for what I don't know, if any financial matters were mentioned to your mother. If that doesn't spell suicide I didn't win the Blue Grass County Annual Spelling Bee in 1933!"

"Sounds mighty credible to me. But first tell me

(Please turn to page thirty-six)



B. H. S. AT WORK

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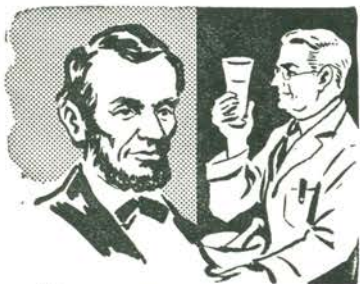
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Sweet's Drug Store

Much Ado About Murder

(continued from page thirty-four)

this: did any one come near this table while you and Miss Munroe were still downstairs?"

Callie met the question with a frown. "Why no. Only the inspector and his men were going about their jobs very methodically. I suppose most murders and suicides are like this one, whichever it is, in that someone finds himself out of this world, and someone else is an obvious suspect, and a third person lets his nerves get unstrung. Of course, in this case the murdered and the murderer are one and the same. Callie hugged him. "Aren't you glad we can eliminate us from the list of suspects any way you look at it?"

"No one is eliminated, not the way Inspector Howland figures." Gently Josh released Callie's embrace. "Question No. 1 for cross-examination: Where are those boys from the detective force? And No. 2: Where is the loose picture of the blonde which was right here with Ryan's things when we first saw them?" In a flash of memory it had come to Josh what was missing.

Callie knew no answer.

(To be concluded)

Alumni

(continued from page twenty-four)

is a private secretary to William Finnegan; Theresa Tuck (Mrs. Lawrence Thurston) in charge of music in schools of Burlington, Vermont; and Agnes Taylor (Mrs. White), is the private secretary to the city manager, Mr. Farnsworth.

1912: James M. Ambrose clerk in the Eastern Corporation; Horace W. Chapman is president-treasurer of the Bangor Motor Co.; Philip Clement, treasurer of Prentiss and Carlisle Co.; Samuel Rudman, treasurer of the Rudman Beverage Co.; and Ethel Harrigan is married to Dr. Scribner.

1911: John Rollins, corporation lawyer for the International Paper Co. in Rye, New York; Helen Danforth is Mrs. William F. West; Allan Sawyer, well-known as a marine artist, is temporarily in Bangor; F. Drummond Freese, president of Freese's; Earle Danforth, submaster at Gardner High School; Cornelius Clark, pastor of a large Congregational Church in Portland; Lewis Fleming, connected with J. F. Fleming Co.; Harold Hardy, draftsman at Crowell and Lancaster; Joseph MacDonald, pastor of a Congregational Church in Woburn, Mass.; Lewis Tolman, president of the class, is an engineer and lives in South America; Raymond Pierce a commercial engineer with the Western Instrumental Corporation in Melburn, New Jersey; Harvey Sleeper, engineer with the Public Service of New Jersey; Norman Whitney, distributor for American Oil.

1909: Forrest B. Ames, roentgenologist, connected with Eastern Maine General; Arthur G. Eaton, general agent for the State Mutual Life Insurance Co.; Thomas Lynch, druggist at the Caldwell Sweet Co.; Harold J. McGinn, dentist in Bangor; William Hinkley, connected with New England Telephone and Telegraph; Charles King, dentist; Winfield Sawyer, who has a delivery service, and Elwood W. Jennison, engineer for the Bangor Hydro Electric Co.

1907: Forrest Lancaster, proprietor of Forrest G. Lancaster Motor Co.; William Abbott, clerk at Merchants National Bank; Walter Emerson, president and treasurer of W. S. Emerson Co.; Herbert Scribner, physician; Joseph Sheehan, sales manager of Penobscot Beef and Provision Co.; and Horace S. Stewart, president of Merchant's National Bank and vice-president of the Dayson Bedding Co.

1906: Dr. Harold E. Mongovan, dentist; H. E. Johnston, secretary at Thurston and Kingsbury; Frank Rogan is an investigator; Leland Crosby lives in Springfield, Mass.; Arthur Rice, president of C. H. Rice Co.; Charles Rainsford, cook; James Herlihy, professor at Canterbury School in Connecticut; Mary Gallagher lives in Worcester, Mass.; and Carroll Weeks, secretary-treasurer of Bangor Loan and Building Association.

1904: Thomas F. Gallagher, attorney in Bangor; Lillian B. Buzzell (Mrs. Harry D. McNeil); Louisa M. Wood (Mrs. Dexter S. Smith); Maud D. Carlisle.

1903: Frank Bass, editor of the Commercial; Roy Coffin, retired; Charles Rice, proprietor of Rice and Tyler; and Cornelius O'Leary, attorney in Bangor.

1897: Frank Ethelbert Pressey is retired; Dr. Murray Snell Danforth, practices in Providence, Rhode Island; Roland Everett Bragg, treasurer of N. H. Bragg Co.

1896: Sylvester Judd Beach became a doctor and practiced in Portland; Miriam Drummond Dole married Mr. A. L. Freese; Arthur S. Chalmers, treasurer of Haynes and Chalmers; Wilfred A. Hennessey, secretary-manager of the Bangor Chamber of Commerce; Donald Francis Palmer, lawyer; and Rev. Timothy Howard Houlihan, who was pastor of St. Mary's Catholic Church before his death.

1894: Charles Harvey Burgess, doctor in Bangor; Haven Sawyer, president of Dole Co.; Robina Belle Waterman who lives in Bangor, and Samuel Tilden White who lives in Hampden and deals with wholesale paper.

1893: Anna B. McSkimmon, retired teacher; Gertrude Veazie works at Curran Co. Boot Shop; and Flora E. Weed, head book-keeper at Eastman Kelleher Co.

1892: Mary Teresa Mooney works at Bryant's Jewelry Store; and Oscar A. Shepard works on the News Staff.

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Sweet and Swing

(continued from page sixteen)

claim their ability to fight for a decent life as good as anyone's. After the speeches and God-speeds had been impatiently listened to, the crowds left for the Ball at Tackville's Country Club. An air of expectancy hovered over Jamie's band as they tuned up behind the scenes. Davy urged Jamie to 'fess up and let them in on his plan.

"Promise me just one thing, that you'll play like you've never played before, and I'll tell all," Jamie answered.

The band shouted one unanimous, "We promise!" Then Jamie drew out a ticket to the Graduation Ball and showed it to them. They had all seen hundreds of identical tickets so it didn't even make sense to them, but Jamie said, "In the front row of tables you'll find Mr. McMann and a friend from New York City. Remember him? He's the man who would have heard our audition if we had had a sponsor. Well, now we have a sponsor; so it's perfectly legal for him to listen and for us to make him want to listen. On this little gold and white ticket it says:

"Graduation Ball
Tackville Country Club
Fri. June 19, 1941.
Jamie Javanah's Band
Sue Burnam, Vocalist
Sponsored by
Tackville High School

So fellas and gals here's your chance! What are you going to do with it?" Jamie proudly asked.

Just what any band would try to do, they did. And every member of the band received a second diploma that night—their first contract!

Debate Club to Present La Conga Night Club

Feature event of the spring for the Debate Club as a whole will be the big dance, billed as La Conga Night Club, to be held Friday, March 20. Unique, in that it will be in night-club style, complete with tables, candy girls, and floor show, the dance will carry out the South American theme. Albert Winchell is to manage the dance with Richard Giles as assistant. Steve Kierstead's orchestra will be a featured attraction.

Highlights of Debate Club activities during December and January have been the club debate tournament, the trip to Brunswick for the Bowdoin Forum, the start of the Bates League Tournament season and plans for the social events of the spring.

All of the club's debaters, experienced and inexperi-

enced alike, had a chance to take part in the club tournament in some capacity—debating were: Eleanor Ramsdell, Judith Banton, Shirley Armstrong, Wayne Thurston, Philip Hatch, Richard Giles, Marydel Coolidge, Evelyn Foster, Rena Bell, Rosamond Flash, Joseph Oppenheim, Ralph Leach, Richard Eaton, Hope Poitrow, Barbara Andrews, Robert Saltzman, Martin Schneider, George Brountas, Albert Bean, Charles Perry.

John La Pointe, Albert Winchell, and Fred Bean acted as coaches. The question, "Resolved: that quarterly examinations be abolished," occasioned four rounds of lively discussion. The fifth was held before the club at its meeting of December 12. Marydel Coolidge and Richard Giles represented the Juniors and Albert Bean and Joseph Oppenheim, the Sophomores, with the decision going to the Sophomore team.

While the tournament was under way, the senior debaters were preparing for Bowdoin. Albert Winchell, Fred Bean, and Richard Giles travelled to Brunswick for a day that provided much debate practice and a good many interesting experiences, if few laurels.

With Christmas vacation over, all the Club debaters plunged into the Bates tournament season. At try-outs held January 6, a squad of sixteen, one of Bangor's largest in recent years was selected. Those chosen were Albert Winchell, John LaPointe, Fred Bean, Richard Giles, Marydel Coolidge, Sonya Cohen, Joseph Oppenheim, Shirley Armstrong, George Brountas, Hope Poitrow, Barbara Andrews, Richard Eaton, Martin Schneider, Robert Saltzman, Albert Bean, and Charles Perry.

The first squad trip was the Foxcroft Tournament, held January 24. Bangor had a successful as well as an enjoyable day, winning fifteen of its sixteen debates and taking thirteen first speaking places.

Next on the tournament schedule was the practice meet held at Portland on Saturday, February 7. The debaters who went to Portland were Albert Winchell, John LaPoint, Richard Giles, Fred Bean, Joseph Oppenheim, Albert Bean, Barbara Andrews, and Shirley Armstrong.

By club vote the final event of the year will be the banquet, as usual, to take place in late April or March.

•

Public Affairs Club Has Its Beginning

(continued from page twenty-six)

In conclusion, the year 1942 has seen the Public Affairs Club come to an assured position among the clubs of the school. Using the varied program, with the forum method holding the most conspicuous place, the club looks forward with assurance into the future.

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On The Firing Line

The Rifle Club opened the season with the regular try-outs, and later the Intramural Shoot. The winners of the latter were as follows: Frederick Dill, first; William Drisko, second; and third place was a tie between Roger Hannemann and Lloyd Shapleigh. Hannemann won this latter position in a shoot-off. Among the new members, Joseph Petterson took first place; James Black, second; and Austin Carter walked off with third place. A medal will be awarded each of these winners at a later date.

The club's able coach, Sgt. Frank Doncheez, feels that the schedule in previous years have been too heavy; so this year there will be less actual match shooting and more practice.

A committee headed by Frederick C. Dill was appointed to try to obtain some shoulder-to-shoulder matches, but no results have been obtained thus far.

The three most important matches this year will be the First Corps Area Match, the Hearst Trophy Match, and a shoot with Hilleboro High School, Tampa, Florida. In this last match there is a trophy at stake. In 1938 the school boards of Tampa and Bangor agreed jointly to buy a cup to be presented to the winning team each year. To date both teams have won it twice, but it has been in Florida for the last two years. The spirit of the club concerning this match is expressed in these words of acting President Roger Hannemann: "We aims ter git her back North!"

The "B" Club Buzzes

As a result of the work done by the members during the past year, the "B" Club is going to award jackets to each boy in the organization. As far as it is known, this is the first time in its history that the Club has awarded jackets to its members.

The barn dance, held in November, flocked those "city slickers" and farmers into the assembly hall for an evening's enjoyment of country atmosphere. Hymie Goodwin and committee very ably took care of the decorations and even imported two wagons from "Trapper" William's farm for the occasion. The tickets for the dance were provided for by Bernard Jacobs. Billy "Cueball" French appropriately filled the role of cider jerker while J. P. Downing Jr. guarded the blessed barrel. At "ye olde closing time" of eleven-thirty, the fiddlers packed up, the cider ceased to gurgle, the crowd drifted away, the lanterns went out, and once again the mice reigned.

The refreshment booth at the home basketball games is run by Robby Speirs and John Downing. The two stooges, Jennison and Bayer, sell ice cream in the crowd.

Io! Saturnalia! Euhoe! Bacche!

Does anyone think that the devotees of Latin are a stuffy lot, and that there is no such thing as a good time, in the Latin way? Any such sceptic should have been at the last Saturnalia. Your reporter was only one of many who laughed till they cried. What a showing of talent, undreamed of and here-to-fore unhonored!

What dignity! What utter absurdity! What a gorgeous mingling of the sublime and the ridiculous! It just can't be described. Our experience is like that of our good friend, *pius Aeneas*, who, when words fail him to describe a thrilling event, always passes the buck saying: "*Vox faucibus haesit.*"

After a semi-humorous explanation of the significance of the Saturnalia, by the Consul Faith McLeod, the group joined in the singing of Latin Christmas Carols. Rena Bell and a number of other warblers then introduced a new club song which Rena Bell had written for the occasion. We quote the second and last stanzas:

"In French we're exceptions
And many deceptions,
But Latin is solidly strong.
We're verbs and we're verbals
We're passives and plurals
Which seldom we ever get wrong.

"So follow the Latin way
You've got to learn some day
Latin's a classical "top."
Though easy it may not seem
Just keep right on the beam,
And to your goal cheerfully trot."

If poetry means literature in which "more is meant than meets ear," then surely this is poetry—especially the last line.

We're still puzzling over the meaning of a skit written, produced and acted by Richard Eaton—but unfortunately *not* explained. Richard associated with himself in the production of this gem, Ada Marsh, Richard Sprague, Filene French, and Jackie Springer, but, judging from the expression on their faces, even they didn't know what it was all about.

Faith McLeod and Edith Fairley produced the masterpiece of the evening, a modern rendering of the sentimental side of the story of Troy. Paul Hart, as the ill-starred Dido, was truly lovely, as was her negligee of satin and ermine.

Edith Fairley delighted the club with a group of songs, including *Jesu Bambino*, and *I am an American*.

Faith Jones was the author and director of a clever skit, very much in the Tarkington manner, which was ably acted by Annie-Jane Philbrick and Susan Wadell; Annie-Jane was as lovely a boy as Paul Hart, a girl.

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Thus was the world turned upside down at the time of the Saturnalia.

The last two items, a skit entitled "A Day Without Latin", and a masterpiece of tragedy, portraying the death of Ceasar will be repeated, (by popular request) in a March Assembly. So we'll not describe them here.

A group of Junior girls served refreshments; gifts were distributed; and best of all a contribution of eleven dollars was made to the Red Cross.



Latin Club Presents Pictures

B. H. S. is now the proud possessor of a delineascope or opaque projector. The club members are making a library of pictures to illustrate the classics, mounted, for showing with this machine. Many of these pictures were thrown on the screen at the January meeting, and were received with great enthusiasm. (If any of our friends have such pictures they'll be gratefully received.) It was noted that the two pictures which received the most thunderous applause were realistic representations—one of the murder of Julius Caesar and one of a Roman school-master being flogged by a group of fierce school boys.



Honorary Commissions Presented At Mid-Year Hop

Following the usual custom, a primary election was held on January 14, 1942, for the purpose of selecting five girls of the senior class for the final ballot to choose the Honorary Lieutenant Colonel and Honorary Major of the R. O. T. C. Battalion. This election resulted in the nomination of the following five girls: Margaret Carlisle, Marie Duffy, Mary Farrar, Ruth Lovejoy, and Elizabeth West. In the final election held on January 19, 1942, Elizabeth West was elected the Honorary Lieutenant Colonel of the Battalion for the and Mary Farrar receiving the second highest number of votes was elected the Honorary Major. In a short but colorful ceremony, these young ladies were presented their Honorary Commissions by Major Christie F. McCormick at the mid-winter hop given by the Officers' Club on the evening of January 23. Each was presented with a miniature Saber by the Officers' Club—Cadet Lieut. Col. Harold Burr made the presentation to Honorary Cadet Lieut. Col. Elizabeth West, and Cadet Major Paul Coleman made the presentation to Honorary Cadet Major Mary Farrar.

The third and final dance of the year for the Officers' Club will be the formal Military Ball tentatively set for May 22, 1942.

The Morbid Details Concerning The Liquidation of The Late Lippy McCoy

by Lloyd Shapleigh

Lippy McCoy's mob was the most exclusive gang of cut-throats in Newark. Lippy wasn't afraid of bullets and tear gas—it was the aftermath he thought of. He always grieved over the things that had been done but could have been prevented. That was Lippy all over; he had a good sense of values. And so everyone in Lippy's outfit had to hold a Red Cross First Aid Certificate before becoming one of the boys. Nobody thought that was funny either after they found out how Lippy worked. He was a right smart guy. The cops didn't have anything on Lippy McCoy.

One day Lippy hurried across a street which was quite icy. He slipped and broke his leg. The bone snapped very loudly. Lippy knew it was broken. He lay right where he had fallen and instructed a pedestrian to call for an ambulance. Then a crowd collected. Lippy knew that if anyone moved his broken leg an artery might be cut or other damage done. So he kept the people off with his gun after verbal attempts had failed. Soon the ambulance rolled up, but instead of white garbed internes to care for him, two cops appeared. Lippy didn't trust cops; they were all dumb. They might hurt his already injured leg.

"Stay away or I'll shoot!" he cried as the officers edged through the throng. One of the cops recognized Lippy. At last they had him with a decent charge and plenty of witnesses. They kept coming as Lippy blazed away with his ordinance. The cops blazed back, too.

Jubilation reigned supreme in City Hall and throughout the city. Mob rule had been ended. Everybody was happy. That is, everyone but Lippy McCoy. Lippy couldn't very well be happy; not where he was. Lippy was dead.

Woe

by Barbara Mills

On January twenty-second, nineteen hundred and forty-two, hundreds of Bangorians awaited their doom. The only road to this uncertain horror was through an open door, past saddened individuals, being drawn as by a magnet within. Somewhere along the dim, musty corridor to fate and disaster a bell mournfully echoed, as the condemned people entered. After a few brief moments of confusion, silence reigned. Woe.

At intervals, sighs, groans, and other dismal sounds filled the stagnated atmosphere. Faces distorted with anguish, and agony were seen everywhere. No form of joy could penetrate this evil. Necks grew sore from straining, and eyes grew red from trying to see the in-

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evitable. Time marched on. Woe.

The tenseness was broken by a brazen tolling of the bell. As if from nowhere, a black cloud descended upon the miserable band of unfortunates. So this was the end of doom. Woe.

The people, the place, and the circumstances are left purely to the imagination.

●

Catechism

by F. A. McLeod

I do not know

The terror of night. . .

The singeing of flame. . .

The sharp pain of wounds. . .

The despair of the dying.

I do not know

The bursting of bombs. . .

The cries of mothers. . .

The wails of widows. . .

The horror of war.

I only know

That birds have sung. . .

That flowers have bloomed. . .

That lakes have sparkled. . .

That moons have shone.

I only know

That men are good. . .

That there is love. . .

That there is light. . .

And spring will come again.

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- Does he take advantage of opportunities?
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- Has he a steady income?
- Is he thrifty?
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