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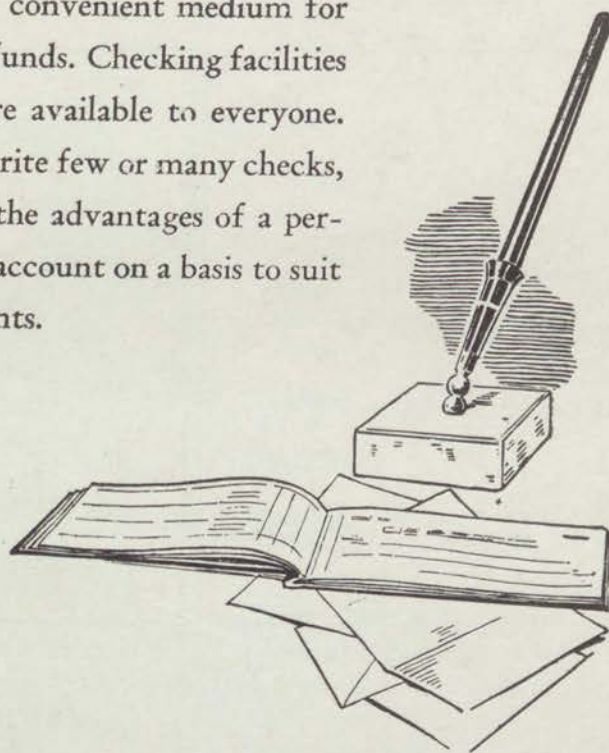
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Musings

By Marydel Coolidge

There is nothing petty in a tree, even when it stands
Alone—a rigid, knuckled shape, a social outcast
From the "Four Hundred" of the forest. Yet sometimes
It seems to stretch its long, slim lines in slanting,
Nervous silhouette across a sheet of starched white snow.
If then you were to whisper of blight and fire, would not
That same self-centered tree shrug a strange, expressive
Shrug and, unmoved, cling with wooden perseverance
To its icy winter personality?

But if Man, who has no stiff exclusiveness, were to
Shrug aside his brother's sorry fate, the whole world
Would be an empty shell—a home not lived in—its
Very purpose fruitless. Man must not absorb the
Inspiration of that solitary tree so that he
Conceives himself, like it, unconcerned by strife and sorrow.....
For Man has something more—a thing elusive as eternity—
His soul.

Tale In E Minor

FAITH McLEOD

JUNIOR



Here's that girl again! By that girl, we mean Faith McLeod, one of our prize poetry writers. If her poetry is anything to judge by, this story ought to be swell, and it is. Read it, and see if we're not right.

BROWNING'S wife lay dangerously ill. He had just sacrificed some of his blood that they might attempt to save her life by a transfusion. He stood now, white and strained, listening to the doctor, while he prepared to leave the hospital for the concert hall.

"I can't tell you anything I don't know myself. Her chance of living is slim, but she has that chance. It will not help, for you to remain here; this I do know, that even if she. . . can't live, she won't. . . go for many hours."

The young man turned his head away.

"Oh, God!" he muttered hoarsely. "You can't—can't let her die. Not now. Not when I need her and want her so."

And that seemed to be all he could say, and he left the hospital silently, with closed lips and unseeing eyes, walking blindly up the brilliantly lighted street, numbed to all sense.

* * * * *

The white room of the hospital was quiet, with the hovering spectre of death, an invisible, overpowering presence. The figure on the bed opened deep eyes, and a weak voice spoke to the nurse seated beside her.

"Martin—has he gone?"

"Yes; now rest quietly, and sleep."

"Martin—his concert's tonight. The one he's worked so hard for." A faint smile touched the thin face. "He's going to play the Concerto—his own—I wish he wouldn't."

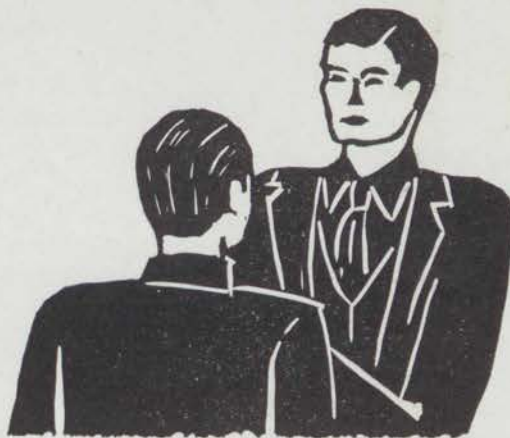
"Please—you must be quiet, my dear. Now rest. He'll be back, and you can talk with him about it."

The weak voice persisted.

"I was going to be in the front row, so he could smile at me. It means so much to him, this concert. But he will make good. He never was one to fail."

The nurse rubbed the white forehead soothingly, and the woman closed her eyes with a sigh. Her lids were dark against the transparent whiteness of her skin, and the nurse gasped at the ethereal look about her patient.

"It's funny, but I'm so tired, and I've been lying here forever. Oh, Martin, I want to go home." Her whisper died away, leaving its echo in the room.



Browning seized his lapel. "You lie!"

"It will be such fun to hear *the* Martin Browning tonight, don't you think, Mother? They've been raving about him in Europe for a long time, but this is his first concert, here. He must be quite wonderful to be introduced by the Philharmonic here." Millicent Bradley toyed with a black curl and rubbed her scarlet lips together.

"Yes, I imagine it will be a grand concert. He's playing his own piano concerto in E minor, you know—the one he wrote when his mother died—he adored her, and she died just as he started his career in Europe; this is its first public performance."

"Now the war has come, I'll bet it means a lot to him to make good here in the United States, don't you?"

"Undoubtedly. Now hurry, Milly, or we'll be late for the opening."

The concert hall was crowded. Everyone was busy finding his seat, inspecting the crowd, and greeting friends. A full house was waiting to hear the soloist of the evening.

Backstage, a young, tight-lipped man paced the floor, snapping answers at everyone who spoke to him. His manager had tried to make him cancel the concert, when he saw that Browning was in no condition to play.

"Have you never heard," Browning replied mockingly, "that the show must go on? Be sure and call in time for me to hear any news when I am through. I must know." He glanced nervously at the clock, then turned to his friend.

"I'm ready," he said in a strained voice.

The audience broke into a tumult of applause as a tall figure came onto the stage. Browning bowed stiffly, acknowledging it, then stalked to the piano and seated himself.

"Isn't he funny, Mother? He has no stage presence at all." Milly whispered to Mrs. Bradley.

The artist rested his hands a moment; then raised them and started to play. He played woodenly, with scarcely any feeling. His technique was perfect, his expression faultless, but the performance of two of Chopin's Mazurkas lacked fire and spirit, lacked personality. The audience was stunned at the coldness of this artist's playing, at his stoical face, the way he almost ran offstage at the end of his performance. They commented about it at intermission.

"He'll never be a success in this country."

"Not anything much; I wonder how he happened to have the name of a good pianist."

"Most wooden playing I've ever heard, I must say."

* * * * *

Browning was just nerving himself to go on the stage for the performance of his own concerto. He was waiting for his manager's report; the fellow came up slowly, fastening his watch-strap.

"How—how is she?"

"All right." The man's voice was choked. Browning seized his lapel.

"You lie!"

The two men glared at each other for seconds. Then the other man turned away.

"She died—a few minutes ago."

The stillness was frightening. The orchestra in the hall was just finishing the Liebestod.

As the applause died away, Browning threw back his head, and walked onto the stage. He stood there, bowing and smiling at the audience, then quickly seated

himself at the piano. He ran his fingers through his thick black hair, turned, and smiled at the conductor, who raised his baton, and the first few opening bars were played.

The audience was alive to the change in Browning, and listened and watched eagerly. The haunting melody of the opening theme was breathtaking. The notes from the piano and strings sang the song of heartache.

And then suddenly, crashing chromatic chords rose powerfully one upon the other in a blazing crescendo, and a soul, maddened with agony, was appeased in unparalleled artistry.



In Training

By Marydel Coolidge

"All aboard!" The trainman thunders threat, and thrill
On thrill enthalls the traveller, fluttering impatient
farewells, until

Sir Engine heaves one energetic sigh,

Curtly ignores the last good-bye

And cautiously accelerates 'round yonder hill.

The journeyer, still ill at ease, sits primly, tense,
And conscientiously observes each speeding shrub.
Immense

Showers of smoke impertinently befog

The visionary view. A jog

Jars the jovial; formality relents.

"Where you a-headin'?" A face inquires with a smile
That conversationally attempts to bridge the aisle.

"Any number of places—home for one—

Back to the nest now the holidays have begun.

Tell me." . . The chat continued of a while

A young-'un whimpers, greeted by chuckles as of one
accord

From bushy-browed businessman, chattering co-ed, all
on board.

The throaty newsboy broadcasts various

And sundry wares; then just

As huskily, the conductor chortles the next station—a
mumbled word.

Fleeting friendships drawn over a trail of silver track. . .
Sifting cinders, weird whistles. . . There is no lack
Of picturesque noise

In this impervious man-made monster. Joys

And jostling. . . Will it be like this on the way back?

Sister Grows Up

by Elinor Griffin

Elinor Griffin, cheerful senior writer, seems as full of plots as a radical meeting. Her latest concerns love and young brother. She seems to have all the answers to these lively sister-brother combinations.

SPRING, spring, beautiful spring. . . "Good Heavens, are you at it again? Mother, will you come up here and tell this—this person in the next room that I might like to get some sleep, if it isn't asking to much?"

"Lee, darling, don't you think it is about time you settled down for the night?" asked Mrs. Chester, coming upstairs in answer to her son's plea.

"Ah, Mother, let me spend just a short half hour more at my casement; it is too beautiful a night to spend in sleep, and furthermore, Roland may come to sing beneath my window."



"A short half hour more at my casement . . ."

A disgusted sound issued forth from the next room as Steve buried himself under all the covers he could find.

"Of all the love sick cats."

"All right, Stephen, that's enough. I'll close your door so you can sleep. Goodnight, dear."

Mrs. Chester smiled to herself as she returned to the library. As she entered, her husband, a very distinguished looking gentleman, came forward.

"Lee has changed in these last few weeks; what has come over her, Louise?"

"She's in love."

"Oh, is that all. Well, I thought for a time she was ill. When I gave her that perfume I brought home to her,—the kind she generally is very fond of,—she very

dramatically replied, 'Ah dear father, I am so sorry you went to such an expense, and more so that you should consider your eldest frivolous enough to wear it, but, nevertheless, I will accept it and put it carefully away.'"

"Really, Jim, I am beginning to worry about her. It was all right at first, but now she quotes poetry, and lives in a daze all the time. She doesn't wear any make-up because Roland disapproves of it."

"Who is he, anyway? I don't seem to recall him in the crowd around here. I thought boys didn't, in this day and age, disapprove of make-up as much as their mothers dislike taking it off their shirts at times."

"He is a rather odd boy. Steve and his gang will have nothing to do with him. He has just recently moved here from Canada, where he attended a very strict school for boys. As for Lee's liking him, I can't understand it; I really don't think I could put up with him for half an hour."

"Oh well, my dear, everything will straighten out in time. Has nothing else happened in this town except the arrival of Roland Chancey since I left?"

The next morning being Sunday, the family gathered late for breakfast, except Lee, who came in on her family as they were just sitting down.

"Why, Lee, darling, have you been somewhere this morning?"

"Yes, my dear mother; I have been forth to enjoy the beauties of nature. I can not bring myself to waste any more time in bed than is absolutely necessary."

"And I suppose dear Roland made your walk even more charming by his presence. Boy, how you can put up with that sissy is more than I'll ever know," came from brother Stephen in mocking sarcasm.

"Lee, I have to go over to Aunt Jane's this afternoon, and I wonder if you wouldn't like to come," said Mr. Chester, foreseeing trouble ahead.

"Thank you, dear father, but Roland is going to read poetry to me this afternoon; so I am sure you will forgive my not accompanying you."

"Poetry! Oh, what next!" shouted Steve, as he slumped into a mock faint.

Miss Lee now tripped dreamily up the stairs while her family watched her go.

"Why, Louise, she doesn't act any more like my daughter than anything. I can't understand it."

"You haven't seen anything yet, Dad. Wait until friend Roland arrives!"

Promptly at three P. M., Roland Chancey arrived. He was a tall boy, fair in complexion, wearing horn rimmed spectacles that immediately drew your attention to his eyes, which, behind his glasses, didn't look as if they were half bad. His attire was very neat, and gave the appearance of one trying to look English and succeeding just in places.

Mr. Chester went to the door and opened it.

"Ah, I see I am to have the pleasure at last of meeting my dear Leota's father."

"Leota?"

"Yes; Lee is such an unsounding name, and Leota is so much more practical. Really, my dear Mr. Chester, parents of today seem not able to adorn their beautiful daughters with names to fit them."



"Poetry! Oh, what next!"

"Perhaps they can't, Mr. Chancey. Won't you come in? I believe my daughter is expecting you."

A few minutes later, Mr. Chester joined his son in the kitchen.

"Hi, Dad! Well, how do you like our flowery friend?"

"Steve, of course we must accept him for Lee's sake, but as one ordinary guy to another, I would give him one well placed kick out the door, poetry and all.

That evening, Lee joined her family for a quiet time. Finally Mrs. Chester asked the question that had been upmost in her mind.

"Will you want a new dress for the Senior Ball, dear? I heard Stephen say Tuck Cornors asked you."

"I'm not going, mother; you know Roland disapproves of these school dances. Oh, but I did see the most beautiful red silk jersey evening gown in a shop window yesterday. But Roland thinks red is very unladylike; so you see, Mother, and please do not ask

me about it again. I think I'll walk down to the drug store and get some ink. I'll be back shortly."

"All right, dear, good bye. Well, Jim, I guess there is a little hope. She can't resist evening gowns, and I do so want her to go to the Ball. She is only young once, and this foolish notion she has about Roland Chancey really worries me."

"She's all right, Louise; just wait awhile. I have a notion Steve has seen just about enough of this fellow."

The next afternoon, Steve's gang overran the house. They all sat around in the library while Stephen dramatically read "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" to them. As Lee came down the stairs, she stopped in surprise, and then went towards the library.

As she came to the door, Steve looked up and said, "Please don't bother us, dear Sister, this organization is The Reading Club of Silly Saps, and we are now enjoying the wonders of Mr. Scott. If you care to join us, you may, just for this afternoon." Lee, too taken back to say anything, meekly sat down in the nearest chair.

"Now, before we continue our reading, let us suggest some things to improve our minds and culture. Mr. Cornors, what have you to say?"

"I think we should not allow any dancing in the schools. It tends to lower us."

"Thank you, and Mr. Jones, what have you to-day?"

"I think we should stop all lying abed in the morning and arise every morning to go for a nature walk."

"Thank you, and let's have one more suggestion; you, Mr. Carlisle."

"I think we should ignore girls that wear red; it is very vulgar on their part to wear it."

"Thank you. Now will someone put it to vote that we shall carry all these things out?"

"Mr. President, I move we carry out to the letter these three suggestions made by our members."

"Do I hear the motion seconded?"

"Oh, Steve, do you really mean to do all this? With the Senior Ball coming up, and winter mornings so cold, and red so becoming to so many girls?"

"As for you, my dear sister, please, if you have nothing important to say, keep quiet. As for the Senior Ball, you aren't going, or are you?"

"Well, I don't know; what business is it of yours? I have been asked, and I haven't refused."

"No kidding, Lee; do you mean you are really going with Tuck? If so, meeting adjourned! The motion was never seconded, anyway. Ice Box, here we come. Miss Chester, my arm."

Later that afternoon, Steve heard his sister telling someone, of course he didn't know who, but some one anyway, that she was going shopping for an evening gown, and she didn't have time to listen to any poetry.

Luck and Pluck

by Faith Hughes

For her first contribution of fiction to the Oracle, senior Faith Hughes brings us the story of a high school girl with a passion for a sport.

MRS. DRUMMOND dropped the curtain back into its customary position and turned worried eyes on her husband's face. "Marc," she said.

Marc Drummond reluctantly lowered his paper and looked questioningly at his wife. "Well," he said, "I know it's time she was home, but don't worry, Mildred; she probably stopped somewhere to talk."

"I know," said Mrs. Drummond, "but it isn't like Jeannie—she promised to come right home. In fact, we were going shopping at four o'clock."



Jeannie hobbled along on one leg.

The girl in question was Jeannie, or rather Jeannette, Drummond, seventeen years old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marc Drummond and a senior at Bragdon High School. Jeannie was a sport loving girl, and she could put her five feet and two inches through one of the neatest dives ever executed at her summer camp. In fact, she had twice won the award. Right now she was in the midst of basketball, and this particular afternoon she had stayed for basketball practice and had not yet returned to her home.

It seemed that Mildred Drummond's fears were well founded when the car of Dr. Matton drew up before the house. The two parents rushed to the door just as the doctor came up the walk, helping the unhappy Jeannie, who hobbled along on one leg.

Marc picked Jeannie up and carried her into the house, while Mrs. Drummond remained behind to talk with the kind old doctor. It seemed that Jeannie, running home, had slipped on a patch of ice and fallen, spraining her ankle rather seriously.

As Mrs. Drummond entered the house and closed the door behind her, she had one thought in her mind. The doctor, an old friend of the family, had wormed something out of Jeannie which he had passed on to Mrs. Drummond. "It's not the condition of her ankle that I'm worrying about," he had said, "but rather the condition of her mind. Perhaps, Mildred, you don't know how much it means to Jeannie to play basketball in the coming series. She says no ankle is going to stop her, but I'm telling you she must be kept off that ankle or there will be more trouble later."

If the doctor only knew how Jeannie loved her sports! Since the season had begun, she had lived and breathed basketball. She had even requested a new basketball for Christmas, and practiced diligently with it. Basketball was one of the things which really meant something to her, and with that taken away, she would be left at a loss, but if her ankle and the proper use of it later depended upon her giving up this sport, Mrs. Drummond made up her mind that at all costs it must be done.

She was aroused from her thought by Jeannie's voice saying, "Mother, will you come to me a minute?" Mrs. Drummond tried to muster a pleasant look and entered the room where Jeannie sat, a typewritten sheet of paper in her hand.

"Mother, Dr. Matton says it will be at least six weeks before I can use my foot; he said something about a splintered bone. Oh, Mother, it wouldn't be so bad if—if—"

"If what, Jeannie?"

"That's the whole reason why it happened, spraining my ankle I mean, I was rushing home to tell you the news when I fell. Oh, if I hadn't been so excited, I—"

Here Mrs. Drummond broke in, "Excited about what, Jeannie? Tell me, dear, what news?"

"Here, Mother, on this paper. I've been chosen captain of the team, and I'm on the list to play in the first game, and, now Mother, just think, I won't be able to. But, Mother, I won't let it stop me!"

"Jeannie, don't, dear; you must look at this reasonably. What possible good could it do to offset the harm and trouble which would result from it?"

"I don't care," sobbed Jeannie; "I don't care if I never walk again afterwards, as long as I can play."

"Jeanette!" This was no sympathizing tone which came from her mother. It was in a severe, stern voice her mother spoke to her this time. "Jeanette, don't be foolish; if you won't think of yourself, think of the team. What good could you be to them with an injured ankle? You'd only be a hindrance, and besides, you well know that Miss Dorr wouldn't even think of letting you play." With this Mrs. Drummond left the room, and Jeannie, sitting by the window, staring at her foot, seemed not to notice the clatter of dishes, so deep was she in thought.

It wasn't long before Jeannie had mastered the art of getting around on the clumsy crutch, and the next day when Mrs. Drummond swept through the shed door in search of something, she came upon Jeannie, standing by the window, idly tossing the basketball up and down. Upon hearing her mother, she dropped the ball into its box and turned her eyes on Mrs. Drummond. "I was only looking at it, Mother, wondering how it would feel to be practicing with it again." With that she hobbled into the kitchen and from there to the study, where she sat down heavily in her father's big arm chair.

Marc Drummond looked up from his desk, and seeing the troubled look on her face, got up and went over to where she sat. "Well, daughter," he said, and chucked her under the chin as he spoke, "what's bothering my girl now? Something your old dad can do for you?"

"Yes, Dad," said Jeannie, "I think perhaps there is. Look, I've just got to get well in time for that game—my ankle, I mean. Do you suppose there could be something Dr. Matton could do? There must be something that would hurry the healing of it. Will you take me to see him Dad, please. It means so much to me."

Mr. Drummond said nothing for a minute, and then he smiled and took her hand, pulling her up. He handed her the crutch, and said, "That seems to me little enough to do. Come on. We're off to the doctor's."

And there was something that could be done. Plenty. First, every day there were treatments to be taken with an ultra-violet ray. Then there was a serious promise that Jeannie would keep off the foot altogether, and next, that she would stop worrying and find something else to occupy her mind.

At the end of two weeks there was a great improvement; the first game came at the end of three weeks. Perhaps Jeannie was too anxious; at any rate, she told

Dr. Matton about the game to be played now in less than a week. As the doctor slowly shook his head, Jeannie's dreams crumbled at her feet. "No, Jean, I'm sorry," he said; "no, you'll be up and around by that time, and able to attend the game, but not to take part in it. I'm sorry, child; maybe with a supporter you'll be able to be in the next game."

Jeannie went to that game and enjoyed every minute of it, and a week later, with the aid of an ankle support, she was practicing in the gym. She knew she was out of practice; she was certainly going to make up for it, and she did. She did so well that when the second game was played, Jeannie was in it! She played with every happening of the last four weeks behind her, urging her on. She was good. She was good at shooting, and she was good on the floor. That wasn't the only game she played in, either. She played in them all.



When the game was played, Jeannie was in it!

Mrs. Drummond went to the window, and as she raised the curtain to look out, she said to her husband, who was reading the evening paper, "Marc, shouldn't Jeannie be home from that banquet by now?" Even as she spoke she saw that familiar, blue jacketed figure come running down the street.

As Jeannie burst through the door, Mrs. Drummond began, "Jean, you shouldn't—"

Jeannie interrupted her mother by saying, "Oh, Mother, isn't it wonderful? Oh, Mother, I can't believe it!"

"Believe what, Jeannie?" her mother broke in.

Jeannie opened her coat, and hanging around her neck was a gold pendant. Mrs. Drummond turned it over, and read these words which were inscribed on the back:

To Jeannette Drummond
for
Faithful and Outstanding Playing
1941

To Bee or Not to Bee

by Marydel Coolidge

Though her taste seems to lean slightly toward music, Marydel's talent as a writer is not neglected, as she so aptly proves in this breezy little episode of "Boy meets Girl."

BARBARA CARVER, gallant in a glorious garb—green ensemble, green from tall feather to shoe-lacing, elbowed her way through a clamoring crowd to the panting train which eventually would lumber into home territory. Once back among familiar arms and noses, she could lower her shield of independence and gad about like her usual teen-age self. But right now, "Bee" was bringing her one track mind into play—track 16—17—Ah! there was a squeezed second remaining for her to prove her "last step, last car, last minute" worth. And she plunged past the gaping galeman to the jangle of the train's final toot.

"Full house, miss!" The conductor muffled his observation so among his unaccustomed pearl-white uppers that Bee continued her plunge into the crammed coach. Slightly flustered, and glowing with health and hurry, she brought more than one admiring glance to bay. Then with her own searching gaze, she spotted a sole seat, and, aided by the first lurch of the engine, dropped demurely yet definitely into it.

Bee distractedly fuddled with her glove, green of course, and earnestly tackled the newspaper, until now frantically clutched under one arm. A chill draft joined with a swinging door announced the ticket-collector, and Bee dived into the green interior of her purse to rescue her shy ticket, lost among a circus of bobby pins, lipstick, mirror, loose coins, and many other socially prominent accessories.

It was then that she first included in her surroundings an extraneous object—if you insist—a man. Here was a horse of a different color! Jaunty hat, well-cut overcoat, unassuming black leather bag—he certainly was no questionable character.

A sidelong glance informed Bee that her companion was displaying in his lap a collection of roller-skating rink stickers, without a doubt, purely for his own amusement—Or was it? Bee had enough experience to know that there were countless ways of attracting attention. She felt strangely uncomfortable to think that he had foreseen her curiosity.

"Would you like to read the latest?" She unfolded the business section of her paper.

"Why, sure!" The creature seemed agreeable.

Silence held the spotlight. Bee became absorbed by

the antics of Popeye and company. The other personage studied an article on "Care of Cats" like so much homework. But the strained seconds were short.

"Plain choc'lat, an' almond an' choc'lat!" yodeled the candy vendor, who tunelessly reeled off his wares as if time had run down.

"What'll you have?" The young clean-cut countenance with steel-gray eyes beside her was smiling a question.

Bee started. This was so sudden! Quite low, she said, "Make mine almond. . .but you really ought not to—"

"What? You don't want any? That's a laugh! Which will it be, straight or crunchy?"



Plunged past the gaping galeman . . .

This was exasperating. Bee tried again with metal in her tone. "It doesn't matter, really. But I would prefer almond."

"Oh, come now, there's nothing like chocolate to give you oomph early in the morning. Just name it!" He bent a little closer to catch her answer.

This time all shyness left Bee. Her school girl voice dropped every trace of huskiness. Heatedly and somewhat haughtily, she enunciated, "I said, 'I'll take almond!' Thank you!"

(Please turn to page thirty-two)

The Fun of Skiing or How to Take Bumps Gracefully

By Mary Frances Spangler

SWISH! Bump! Bump! Crash! There goes one of those silly ski bugs again, and another black and blue spot goes on record. That's just another day in the life of a skier. But seriously, skiing really isn't half so bad as it sounds. Just in case you think skiing is one great big bump, and that once you start to go, you can never stop, I'll try to change your mind.

Before you can ski, naturally you must have some skis. For your first pair of skis, you *don't* need the best and most expensive kind. Skis made of hickory are supposed to be the best, but maple is quite satisfactory for a beginner's needs. A good test for the length of the skis is to stand beside them and extend your right arm upward. The tip of the ski ought to come a little above the wrist.

For boots, you should have regular ski boots. They should be sturdy and made of good leather. The sole should be from one-half to three quarters of an inch thick and there should be a groove in the heel to protect the sole of the boot against wear from the binding. A piece of metal, called a "toe protector," may be purchased and fastened to the boot.

Next comes the question of bindings. Most skiers would consider the bindings the most important item of ski equipment. If the bindings are not firm and strong, the skis will turn, and you will not have control over them. The best binding may be purchased for about six dollars. These have the front hitch to hold the cable, which goes around the back of your boot securely in place. In case you feel a bit financially embarrassed when you purchase your equipment, a very good, secure binding may be had for about three dollars. Some are even less expensive than this. An all metal binding will wear much better than a leather one because the leather, as it gets old, will rot and break.

The last item of equipment is ski poles. A very good inexpensive kind is the "tonkin cane pole." They look something like bamboo, but are much stronger. The metal class of poles is more expensive. If you decide on metal poles, remember that the most flashy, shiny steel might not always be the best pole.

Skiing is a strenuous sport (if you don't stand on the top of the hill and look down all day). Don't wear too much heavy clothing. A pair of good warm red flannels, several pairs of wool socks, several sweaters, a wind proof parka, and ski pants ought to be sufficient on an ordinary winter day.

Now that you're all outfitted for skiing, you must go somewhere and try your skill. The Penobscot Valley Country Club slopes are excellent for novice skiers. Paradise Park, in Hampden, is also good. Two excellent intermediate slopes are to be found at Kings Mountain and at Garland. Some trails for intermediate to expert are located at Bald Mountain in Dedham.

Skiing is a *real* sport. The swooping at breath taking speeds down the trails, the stiff competition, the joys of racing around turns in perfect control and guiding yourself in runs will certainly keep you very well occupied during the winter months. Get your skis out of cold storage now, and try skiing.

Storm At Sea

by Faith McLeod

The mountain peaks of crested waves,
The grey-washed, sullen sky,
A white gull screaming overhead,
A headache in his cry;

The jagged rocks with wicked heads,
The spray flung far and wide;
A twisted fir tree marked with age,
And battered by the tide.

The wind is master of the sea,
And beats her 'till she roars.
He whips her to a fury, then,
And breaks her on the shores.

She does not care; she tosses back
Her waves, and runs with glee;
Her charm is that of nothing else;
That of a storm at sea.

A, B, C, of Love

by Barbara Carr

A soft shimmer of the water,
A gentle glimmer of the moon,
A quiet whisper of the latter;
And two hearts are set in tune.

Before we know it, it has happened.
Before we guess, the world is bright,
Bright with blue; and at the end—
Bangled by stars of the night.

Called by sighs, soft and low;
Calmed by songs from above,
Coldest hearts are aglow—
Caused by dreams; enchanting Love!

The Stolen Car

By Edith Bettelheim

The "Dictionary Girl" has done it again! For those of you who enjoyed her unusual story of the "mayoress," here's a new one you'll surely want to read.

June 15th 1939

Dear Harry,

I am awfully sorry about last week. . .

"Oh gosh! This is terrible. I can't write him," sighed pretty Rosemary White, and she tore up the letter she had just started to write to Harry Smith, her boyfriend. The week before they had quarreled, and now Rosemary found out she was wrong and decided to make up with him.

"I'll call him up," she said to herself.

She picked up the phone receiver and dialed a number. The line was busy, and, although she tried quite often, she was without luck. She wanted to make up with him tonight because she would like to have him take her to the dance the next day. What should she do? To-day was Thursday. Harry always went to his club at nine-thirty P. M., sharp. She decided to surprise him. She had a plan. Would it work?



She hid in the rear and waited.

It did, but quite differently from the way in which Rosemary thought. At nine o'clock she took a bus to Central Park. She turned into 89th Street. Oh, there was Harry's car in front of his house. She opened the door and hid in the rear and waited. As soon as Harry was on his way, she would come out of her hiding place and make everything good. She had it all figured out.

Then she heard footsteps. Somebody got into the car and started it. That somebody was a stranger, and not Harry. Rosemary nearly screamed, but she stopped herself just in time. What should she do? That stranger was a car thief and might carry firearms. No, she mustn't show herself. She decided to stay hidden and see where the gangster would take the car.

Rosemary was twenty years old and very romantic, and she liked to dream. Right now, she imagined herself a heroine recovering her lover's car. All the newspapers would be writing long articles about her courage, and Harry would forgive her. That mattered most, of course. It would be wonderful.

In the meantime, the car sped on. It was now ten o'clock. How much farther were they going, she asked herself. They must be about forty-five miles from New York.

"I wonder," she asked herself over and over again, "how the stranger could start the car so easily. But I guess Harry was careless and left the key in the lock." She answered her question herself.

Oh! At last they had stopped. They were out in the country, and there was a house not far from the road. So that was the hide-out. Rosemary did not know what to do next.

But luck was with her. The stranger left the car and also left the key. As soon as he was out of sight, Rosemary climbed into the driver's seat, and off she went, back the way she had come. She was happy. But not for long. She suddenly noticed she was running low on gasoline and could only drive a few more miles. There was fortunately a filling station near, but Rosemary noticed that, in her hurry to get to Harry, she had left her purse at home. What now? Would the man trust her? Hardly. But she had to get back. She must! "Well, here goes," she said to herself. She stopped.

"Yes ma'am?"

"I would like five gallons of gas, but I am afraid I lost my pocketbook. Would you trust me?"

"I am afraid I couldn't do that. You see, I don't own the station, so I couldn't do any such thing. I am sorry."

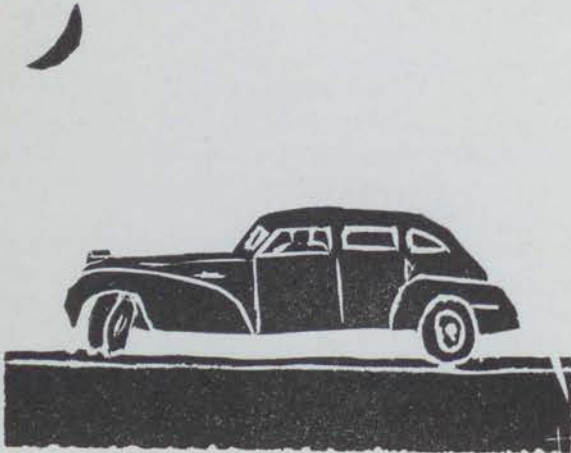
"Wait a minute," pleaded Rosemary. She was desperate. "Look, if I leave you my wrist-watch until

I can come back and pay you, would you do it then? You see, I must get to New York to-night. The watch is worth more than I will owe you. Please do."

The man hesitated. Finally: "I guess so." She had gas put in the tank and was on her way again.

Just before reaching New York, she had another accident. There was a curb she had noticed too late, and in turning too abruptly, she got a flat tire. Oh, everything had to happen to-night!

She knew that about three miles away was another garage. It was about eleven o'clock by then, she guessed. No cars came by any more, and so Rosemary had to start a dangerous ride with a flat tire, which by the time she reached the garage, was perfectly ruined.



... she got a flat tire.

"Good evening, Miss," said the workman. "You want me to put your spare tire on?"

"Yes please, but I can't pay you for your work, until to-morrow I'm afraid. You see, I lost my pocket book." After some reassuring, the man finally fixed her tire. It was quarter of twelve; she noticed on a clock in the garage. She reached New York without any further delay, and drove straight to 89th Street. Won't Harry be surprised that she brought him back his car. He will forgive her.

Oh, here she was. She rang the bell of Harry's flat. Why! that boy was asleep. How could he sleep, when his car was stolen. He must have missed it when he wanted to go to his club.

"He wasn't serious enough," she thought; "most probably he hasn't even bothered to notify the police." She rang again. After five minutes, she heard Harry's sleepy voice ask, "Who is that?"

"It's Rosi. Open up; hurry!"

"All right. Just a minute." Soon after that she told Harry the whole story, and she wouldn't let him

interrupt her. No sir! He tried a few times, but had to give up. Oh! now she was finished. Everything was told from A to Z. Now he must forgive her.

He was amused. "But darling," he finally had time to say, "this car is not stolen. I sold it to that man. I wanted to surprise you."

"I guess you did! Now, I got the car here; you get it back!"

That Man Is Here Again

by Julia

Saint Valentine was absolutely up-to-date,

He sent his sentiments in no common crate—

No lack of service could his friends bewail—

Ah, no! they came deluxe via airmail.

And to no ordinary plane would he entrust his words of love. . .

■ No courier could fill the bill half so well as his flighty dove.

Alas, today we oft forget this modern-minded martyr

And the hearty custom of which he was the starter.

We dedicate a dime or two to suffice for the time;

We shower helpless victims with ridiculous or sublime.

But ne'er a thought is superscribed to saintly man of yore;

Should he appear on his own eve, he'd probably rate no more.

'T is a shame that men remember just so long,

Yet it can hardly be credited as wrong

If some vivacious vixen throws a smile

And neatly ropes the lad who suits her style.

Men simply do not occupy the minds of men. . .

Think on this, Saint Valentine, and don't feel snubbed again.

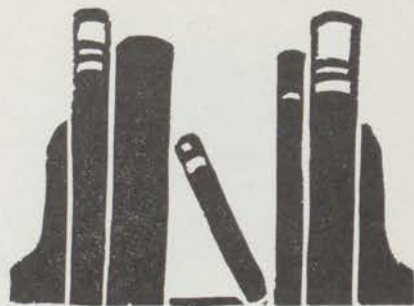
SENIORS!

All glossy prints for the June Oracle
must be turned in not later than

FRIDAY, APRIL 4

This applies also to group glossies

On The Bookshelf



HOWDY folks;—we're so excited. We've been browsing through the eighty-odd new books just added to our library. Golly, it's fun!—So many fascinating and different ones. Of course, we couldn't review the whole eighty, but here are a few that seemed outstanding.

Oliver Wiswell

That's right, *Oliver Wiswell* is the name of Kenneth Roberts' latest book that every one is talking about, and no wonder, because it's really tops. Even though it describes the other side of the struggle for our independence—the American Revolution as seen through the eyes of a Tory—we can't help enjoying it. As usual, Roberts has created unforgettable characters. Buel, who was tarred and feathered by the rebels and saved by Oliver, is an extremely clever person—clever in an almost indiscribable way.

You may sputter under your breath at Oliver for some of the things he says about the rebels, but you'll admire him, too. If you're looking for something exciting, colorful, adventurous, different, read *Oliver Wiswell*.

Skiing

Hark ye, ski fans! We know you aren't spending your time these bright sunny days (or rainy ones either!) curled up in an easy chair reading, but here are a couple of books that might interest you.

1. *60 Centuries of Skiing*, by Charles M. Dudley. Would you believe it, prehistoric man had skis! Many other such surprising facts pop up in this little book which has just "scads" of illustrations.

2. This is for us beginners. All equipment is fully and clearly explained, as well as the care of the skis, ski boots, and so forth. Best of all, it tells us how to fall! You may think you know how (we did), but read *Learn How to Ski*, by Herman Bautzmann, and see how it should be done!

3. For those advanced enthusiasts, *Skiing from A to Z*, by Walter Amstutz, thoroughly explains the technical side of skiing.

Wanda Gag

Surprise,! why, who ever heard of an authentic diary making interesting reading? Well, *Growing Pains*, by

Wanda Gag, does, and what's more, it's amusing and exhilarating. Wanda Gag, who is not Chinese, as we guessed, but rather of Bohemian origin, is one of America's outstanding artists. She has the quaintest manner of expressing herself, so entirely different from anything we've ever read. Guess that's why we fell for it. Oh yes, the sketchings and drawings that are scattered through the diary depict not only her increasing ability as an artist, but also add a great deal of humor. We're not exaggerating when we say it's the best biography we've ever read.

Personality-Plus

Popular!—We'll say! Why, they're never at home, and always going places. No, we're not talking about Bangor High's glamor girls, but about the new career books in our library. Being so popular, they don't need any explanation.

1. *Judy Grant: Editor*, by Vera Connolly (Magazine Editing)
2. *Bob Wakefield: Naval Aviation*, by Plaine and Dupont Miller
3. *Frills and Thrills*, by Louise B. Gallagher (Fashion Designing)
4. *Press Box*, by Robert F. Keller (Sports News Writing)
5. *Marian Martha*, by Lucille F. Fargo (Librarian)
6. *Red Iron*, by Courtney P. Brown (Civil Engineering)

All of these should keep you busy until next time!

I know a man so lazy that he crosses sword grass with ordinary grass, and when the wind blows the grass on his lawn cuts itself. —*Reader's Digest*.

Then there was the clever cat that ate cheese and breathed down the rat hole with baited breath.

—*Reader's Digest*.

Campbell: So you don't go with her any more? I thought you said she doted on you.

Jellison: Her father proved to be an antidote.



Alumni

DEAR you - who - have - not - yet - graduated - but - are - still - hopefully - trying:

We have begun another writing on those-who-have-graduated-but-wish-they-were-back.

Charley Ross, at M. S. C., is giving a lot of productions the help of his remarkable Thespian talents.

Robert Petterson is struggling through his first semester at the U. of M.

Don Graffam, '39, is playing that trumpet of his in the Maine Band while, incidentally, taking sophomore subjects there.

One of his colleagues in the art of music-making who also takes sophomore subjects is "Pressy" Rand.

Phyllis Morris, '39, is at Nasson College, in Springvale, Maine.

Mel Brown, '37, is now in Canada, studying for dentistry, the art of tooth-pulling.

Another alumna who came back to B. H. S. is Charlene Ryer, '40, Room 311.

Sara Braveman and Olga Tokio,—at least they used to have those names,—are two former B. H. S. lassies who have fallen into that well-known sea of matrimony. May they sail forever.

Helen Gruber, '40, is working in the Superintendent's office, inside the walls of B. H. S.

Ray Flynn, '37, is doing his bit and doing it well in basketball at Colby.

Sid Chason, '40, is a guard on Bowdoin's freshmen five.

Reggie Clark, '39, is down in North Carolina, as the result of his athletic scholarship.

Leon White and Milt Gross are a big help to Maine's frosh team.

Dick McKeen is on the varsity at an out-of-state university.

We don't know whether more Bangor grads go to Maine than the other "institutions for higher education" in Maine, or whether our spy system is better there. Anyway, we get more information from the U. of M. How about more data on the more distant schools?

Marie Zoidis, '40, is in a Bangor law office.

And in answer to our wonderings how and why B. H. S. alumni get along so well, comes the information that

Gus Connors, Carr McGinnis, Shank McClay, and Touchy Short are policemen here.

Wonder if the driving, or lack of it, of Louis Segal, '39, should be mentioned so close to the last paragraph.

George Munce, '37, has been drafted; into a uniform he goes.

Willie Tabor, '39, is in Panama, or was when this was written. He has been a soldier for over two months now; he has been at Fort Sloakum and at a base in Brooklyn. Why join the Navy to see the world? Willie is getting around. And in his letters home he shows his liking for it.

However, Eben Leavitt, '39, who likes the sea, is in a school down in Maryland, getting ready for Annapolis.

Dana Kennedy is at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, and has completed four years of service in the Navy.

Pvt. Paul Stinchfield, U. S. A., is stationed at Fort William Davis, Panama Canal zone, in the 14th United States Infantry.

Ernie Vafiades, '39, is heading for Florida for his aeronautical training, while Jimmy White has gone to California to absorb, like sunshine, the things he needs for that line of work.

Bill Morin, '40, is attending Coyne's Technical School, Chicago, Ill., where he is studying radio and aviation.

We've heard that the easiest way to get any information on Walter Dyer, '40, is to ask Rose Hogan. . . but we already know, so we won't trouble you this time, Rose. His twin brothers tell us that he is an expert book-binder now employed at Dillingham's here in Bangor.

Say—the England family certainly has a monopoly of the different professions—including marriage! Elcanor, '39, has changed her name to Billings, and Alice, to Bowen. Everett is a plumber, Maurice, a fireman, Marguerite and Hazel were both nurses before their marriages, and Walter is the proprietor of a filling station here in Bangor! And their brother, a junior here in B. H. S., said that there are more of them but these were all he could think of!!!

Vera Fenlason, '32, is an R. N. at the Eastern Maine General Hospital, and her sister Esther is married and lives in Madison.

Editorial Comment



VOL. I

NO. 3

THE ORACLE

FEBRUARY, 1941

Bangor A Culture Center

THE American mind, today, seems primarily concerned with the war in Europe and with America's position in respect to it. In thinking of the war, however, we are prone to see only its dangers, the imminent possibility of an axis victory, the threat to our Western Hemisphere. What we are inclined to overlook, unfortunately, is the almost unlimited opportunities in certain directions that the war affords America and Americans. Not least important among these, perhaps, indeed, most important, is the definite cultural advantage. With scientists like Einstein and Freud, novelists like Thomas Mann, and very many other writers, scientists, artists, and musicians, with the cream of Europe's learned men and women fleeing here to be able to continue their work unhindered, and adding their numbers to our own, America is fast becoming the cultural center of the world. Indeed, with truth and culture virtually outlawed abroad, America is the last stronghold of learning.

In view of this migration of learning, in view of the consequences which such a movement must have, and which are already becoming manifest, it is fitting for us in Bangor,—particularly the young people, since we are more inclined, perhaps, than our elders, to forget such things,—to take count of the numerous cultural advantages that our city has to offer.

Musically, Bangor is fortunate in having its own conservatory, enabling many more young people to take music lessons and theoretical courses, and of more adequate teachers, than would otherwise be possible. We can also boast several fine musical organizations. Our symphony orchestra, giving regular concerts, is exceptional for a city of this size. The Bangor Band also gives numerous concerts in addition to its regular weekly concerts in the summer. The fact that these organizations do not exclude young people of sufficient skill, is encouragement to them. The Community Concert Association, moreover, brings to Bangor some of the finest artists in the field of music.

Another feature that is a distinct advantage to any city is a library. We in Bangor have every reason to be proud of ours. Rated as the best library north of

Boston, it is also regarded as perhaps the finest in the United States for a city of this size. A rich endowment makes it possible for the library to have an extremely wide selection of books.

We are further fortunate in our theaters. On the screen, we have a high class of pictures, in our major theaters, and we get them early. On the stage, we have several organizations,—the Little Theater, Quipus Club, Shakespeare Club, and the Maine Masque,—all of which give public performances, enabling us, in the course of the season, to see enacted the best plays, both of the established works and the current popular plays. Lakewood, too, and other summer theaters within motoring distance, increase our opportunities to see plays on the stage.

Also, as well as having prominent artists resident here, Bangor has an active Art Society, which sponsors exhibitions of paintings, prints, engravings, and other works.

Bangor's position as a city of culture is further enhanced by having the Bangor Theological Seminary in the city, and the University of Maine near at hand. The Seminary, in its Convocation Week, brings as lecturers, some of the leading religious thinkers of the country. The University of Maine brings to its lecture platform scholars not only from this country but also from abroad. Many of these lectures are open to the public.

There are, without doubt, many other cultural agencies in Bangor that we have forgotten to mention. Those that we have enumerated are alone enough to make any city of thirty thousand people very proud of itself, and, in truth, a little ashamed if it has not availed itself of its opportunities.

If we realize, then, the truly unusual cultural advantages that this city has, it becomes, in these times, a responsibility, as well as a privilege, to use and develop to their fullest extent Bangor's exceptional resources, to make Bangor, even more than it is at present, one of the leading cultural centers of New England. This year, we are particularly proud of Bangor for its championship football team. Let us be proud of it also as a center of learning. And let us not only be proud of our advantages,—let's use them!



Dots and Dashes

We hope, for the sake of us "swing-lovers," that by the time this is printed, the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers will have got together with the radio magnates. We are sure that we all miss some or all (shall we say) of our favorite pieces. By this time (no discredit to the pieces themselves) we all know the words to such pieces as "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair," "Swanee River," and many cowboy songs etc., etc., etc.

We don't know, but if any of the reports that we have been hearing are at all truthful, those vics that many of us received for Christmas are seeing a lot of service these days. Must be good for the record business anyway.

Minerva Pious and Charlie Cantor, who rank as two of the best comedy stooges in radio, have joined the cast of the "Kate Smith Hour," taking the place of Rae and Davis. Both accomplished dialecticians, Miss Pious and Cantor have figured prominently in the burlesques of the Mighty Allen Art Players. This very entertaining program may be heard every Friday over WABI at 8:00 P. M.

With the coming of the New Year, a few important changes were made in WLBZ's schedule. Two of the most important are "Information Please" and "Gang Busters." "Information Please" is back on WLBZ with Clifton Fadiman presiding over experts John Kieran, F. P. Adams, plus guests. Remember the formula, WLBZ, 8:30 P. M., on Fridays. "Gang Busters," off WLBZ for over a year, has returned with its thrilling tales of actual occurrences in the life of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Tune in on WLBZ next Friday evening at 9:00. We guarantee a thrill to even the soberest of you sophomores.

After an interesting (we imagine) but short marriage with Lana Oh! Oh! Oh! Turner, one of America's best-known bandleaders, Artie Shaw, the king of the clarinet, has reorganized. Artie is now playing for Bob Burns and Gracie Allen. This "bracer-upper" (or "breaker-downer" if you "split a rib" laughing) program may be heard every Monday night at 7:30 over WEAf.

Ann Southern, the smart but straight chorus girl of

the "Maisie" movie series, met her greatest test when she visited dapper and devilish Charlie McCarthy on the "Chase and Sanborn Program" on Sunday, Jan. 19. On this same Sunday, Richard Hayden, well-known English comedian, joined the cast for a five-week series. If you believe in ludicrousness (look it up, we did) at all, tune in next Sunday on the "Chase and Sanborn Program," WEAf at 8:00 P. M.

Although Stephen Foster is probably "laughing and rejoicing in his grave" because the swing bands are almost compelled to play his masterpieces in place of the "hot songs," there are still a few good modern songs left. If there were not, Heaven help such band-leaders as Artie Shaw, whom we have already mentioned, Tommy Dorsey, who was recently spotlighted on the "Hit Parade," Glenn Miller, heard every Tuesday night at 10:00 P. M. over WABI, and many others who are of equal importance.

Here are a few facts about some of radio's characters. The visit of Tom Harmon, all-American halfback, to Bing Crosby's home following a guest appearance on the "Kraft Music Hall" ran into difficulty. Crosby wanted to talk football all the time, and Harmon, who is an ardent radio fan, wanted to talk radio.

Ann Thomas, comedienne on "Meet Mr. Meek," got a Sealyham for Christmas, so she's dubbing it "Lily Meek," in honor of her sponsor.

Many stars attended Jack Benny's New Year's Eve party. The press was barred. (We don't know why, but we can guess!)

As we said before, we hope that ASCAP and radio get together pretty quickly; the sooner the better. Here's hoping.

Message written by Noel Coward on a postcard showing a picture of Venus de Milo: "You see what will happen to you if you keep on biting your nails."

—Reader's Digest.

Clarence Darrow: "I have never killed a man, but I have read many obituaries with lots of pleasure."

—Reader's Digest.

Spinning Reel



Talk about *good* movies. You just ought to hear about some of the super ones that are coming! It seems as if they get better every year, and this year is no exception by any means.

I'll bet "Men of Boys' Town" is one that everybody has been waiting for. Remember the hit "Boys' Town" made when it was here a few years ago and how well you liked it? Well, this sequel is even better. Of course, Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney play the leading roles of Father Flanagan, the founder of the haven for underprivileged boys, and Whitey Marsh, the Mayor of Boys' Town. These two are planning a rousing welcome for the humble pawnbroker who first helped Father Flanagan to found his city of little men, when Father Flanagan is called away to try to help Ted Martley, a crippled boy, who is convicted of killing a brutal reform school guard. Father Flanagan brings him to Boys' Town, but he is unfriendly toward everyone because he hates the world so. Two wealthy people come to town and adopt Whitey but he is unhappy with them. When Whitey goes to do an errand for Father Flanagan, he is accused of theft and is sent to a reform school where he is cruelly treated. Father Flanagan finally rescues him and reveals the brutality of the school. Later Ted is operated on and is able to walk. Father Flanagan still hopes that Boys' Town will rise instead of reform schools.

And here's another one of those thrilling Westerns that everybody likes so well. The name of it is "Billy the Kid," with Robert Taylor, Brian Donlevy, Mary Howard, Ian Hunter, and Gene Lockhart. This is going to be a beautiful, spectacular action movie of the old Southwest, all in Technicolor, with Robert Taylor in his first Western role as a hard-riding, fast-shooting young outlaw who was the terror of old New Mexico. Taylor is a member of a gang of outlaws trying to make the ranchers pay "protection." After much shooting, fighting, and chasing, justice is finally, victorious, and Taylor is killed.

Here's another snappy love-story-comedy by the name of "Free and Easy," starring Ruth Hussey, Robert Cummings, Nigel Bruce, Reginald Owen, and C. Aubrey Smith. It is a satire of high society and impoverished aristocrats. Bruce and Cummings, his son,

are such, and are trying to keep up in society by seeking to wed wealthy women. Everybody falls in love with everybody else, according to the amount of money each has, and it's a case of tangled lives and tangled loves for a while. Then Bruce gets into more serious money troubles, but is rescued by his son. Finally, they are both married, the father to a wealthy dowager, and the son, to the girl of his dreams. For sheer entertainment, this is *the* picture.

"Adam Had Four Sons," based on the best-selling novel, "Legacy," by Charles Bonner, has among its cast Ingrid Bergman, Warner Baxter, Susan Hayward, Fay Wray, and Richard Denning. It is the story of a wealthy New York family of four boys. Then hard times come when the mother dies and the father loses most of his money. When the World War I comes all the boys enter the service and, although they come back physically unharmed, they have all changed tremendously and things are quite unhappy until a near tragedy draws them all close together again.

Another movie that I'm sure all of us will want to see is "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary." The Hardy pictures are all so wonderful, and this should be the best so far. In this sequel, Andy is about to graduate from high school, and his father has promised him a new convertible coupe if he does. Because Andy is up to his ears in work, being the head of many committees and also president and treasurer of his class, he fails an English exam and isn't able to graduate, thus losing the car. Andy determines to run away but is stopped by a friend. Later, it is arranged so that he can graduate, making everything work out all right.

"Rage In Heaven" is a perfect film for all those who like good mystery stories. It was written by James Hilton, brilliant author of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" and "Lost Horizon." Its cast includes Robert Montgomery, Ingrid Bergman, George Sanders, Lucille Watson, and Oscar Homolka. It's a very clever story of a man who thought he had committed the "perfect crime."

If you want to see a special movie with an extra-special cast, just plan to take in "Ziegfeld Girl," with Judy Garland, James Stewart, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, Tony Martin, Ian Hunter, Charles Winniger,

(Please turn to page thirty-eight)



Spring Fashions



By Besse-System

Designed especially for the jeune fille of America are these wonderful new patriotic styles which are so popular. We see Nancy Ragan, the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Ragan, modeling for us a patriotic navy blue frock, complete with six gold buttons marching down a double-breasted front. The big news about this dress is that it is fashioned with a striking red, white, and blue Chevron on the sleeve that hides a "really and truly" pocket. The soft, full, Bishop sleeves, so dear to liberty lovers, lend even more military air to this perfect "parade" dress.

The coat is beige gabardine, and makes a perfect companion for the dress. A gold chevron on the sleeve lets you know it's an army sweetheart. It has slash pockets and a reversible neckline in order that you may button it up around your neck or leave it open so people may glimpse that navy blue dress underneath. The wide wrap-around belt ties in front, and gives a very nice man-tailored effect. Here's a secret: the lush wool lining can be zipped out in a jiffy when those first spring days roll around.

The hat is a French felt Breton, trimmed with navy grograin. For this smart, up-to-the minute costume, it's the Besse-System, 98 Main St.

When your evening's tied up with a beau, your first thought usually is—how does my hair look? Does it need a new curler stuck in here or there? If I washed it, could I ever manage it into shape before HE gets here? You begin to worry, and right then and there, some of the pleasure of your evening is taken from you. If, however, you say, "Let's see, the number of that smart beauty parlor just over Rines is what? Oh-yes! The Wheeler Beauty Parlor, 7693," you will worry no more, but just let one of Mrs. Wheeler's expert beauticians devise a new hair-do for you as inspiring as the one modeled by Dorothy Hill. They have modeled Dorothy's beauteous locks into a creation of soft curls, shadow waves, and silken smoothness that would satisfy any young heart. If you have natural curl to your hair, and those who have are blessed by Venus herself, or if you have permanented tresses, you will both be benefitted by a new, personalized hair-do by the Wheeler salon.

Permanents are a specialty with this shop. Tiny oiled papers for your ends prevent them from splitting. Have a new hair-do designed for you today at the Wheeler Beauty Parlor, 47 Main Street, to bring out the best points of that new Easter chapeau.



By Wheeler Beauty Parlor



By The Rines Company

Spring—spring—bee-oo-tee-ful spring, the time when all young hearts are thinking of their new Easter outfits. Will last year's do, with a new chapeau? It won't. Well, don't worry your pretty curls over it. Just trot right down to Rines and see their wonderful selection of spring clothes.

One of the highlights this spring will be pastel suits. Ice blue, teal, baby pink, and pastorage green are the shades taking the parade this season.

The Goodwin twins, Eleanor and Carolyn, are our beautiful models. Don't they look sweet, sipping their tea and fairly radiating charm? Carolyn has on a pale blue gabardine suit. The new, longer length jacket fits snugly about the waist and is very slenderizing. It is double breasted, with a sweet Peter Pan collar. The skirt zips at the side and has a very neat appearance when worn with or without the jacket. Sister Eleanor is wearing a man tailored teal suit. Teal, you know, has just a faint tinge of green mixed with a heavenly shade of blue. It may be buttoned by a loop or a button, as you desire. The nicely tailored jacket has revers extending to the waistline. This suit was just made to show off that pretty new blouse. You may wear it with a tailored blouse and sports hat or a lace edged jabot and a flower-garden pill-box.

Remember, for these twins of perfection, the Rines Co., 43 Main St.

Tennis will soon be beginning again for another season, and you'll be running off every afternoon to play a set or two before dark. Pep up your game with a new sweater. We have one made to order for you. It is modeled by that very handsome young man, Ernest Monroe, who, incidentally, doesn't do so badly on the tennis court, himself. This two-toned, beige and maroon coat-sweater is made in that new rib-wool and elastic material, designed to give you greater arm action. It has double pockets, one pocket right inside another, and has a collarless neckline. It is the perfect companion for your polo shirt. It zips up the front, and may be worn open or zipped, according to your wishes.

We saw many other snappy styles at Sear's, too. One was a striking black and white checkered slip-over; another was a jerkin and coat-sweater set. Any boy would be proud to own these nifty sweaters, and the best part of it is that they're so moderately priced you can buy them out of your pocket money.

Remember boys, we girls will be watching from the sidelines this spring, and "clothes make the man." Speaking of this, I might add that we love to see our young Casanovas in colors. Black and white is all right for a penguin, but not for a pal. Don't be a penguin—be a peacock. Sears Roebuck & Co.



By Sears Roebuck & Company



Outside The Classroom

ASSEMBLY—DECEMBER 20, 1940

Timely enough, this pre-Christmas pageant put us in a pondering state just before the holidays. The after-effect was like that of a small, still voice reminding us of the comparative peace and prosperity in which we were to enter into Yuletide merrymakings. The combined glee clubs chorused and caroled with vim, vigor, and warmth, while the orchestra served as an instrumental background.

When the curtain was drawn open, it disclosed a striking tableau of the nativity, with Joseph (George Keeler) and Mary (Edith Fairley) and the angel (Janice Ames) surrounding a creche within the shelter of a picturesque thatched stable. Additional angels giving song and atmosphere were Lucy Leavitt, Irene Shorey, Nancy Morgan, Joan Eddy, Mildred Page, and Peggy Carlisle. The voices of Janice Ames, Lucy Leavitt, George Keeler, and Edith Fairley were outstanding in their solo selections and were supported by the angelic chorus.

"We Three Kings Of Orient Are", Frank Wood, John Carson, and Malcolm Brooks, sang their tribute to the tableau.

The white-robed chorus offered an especially beautiful arrangement of "Silent Night." On three of the season's carols the entire school joined in the singing and made itself a part of the whole inspiring effect.

The grand finale was gaily colored by singers in costumes from all around the world, each voice sounding the same song as of one accord in which there was no hatred, no conflict, no selfishness to mar the common bond of brotherhood and Christmas cheer.

ASSEMBLY OF JANUARY 3

On January 3, Mr. F. L. Wight showed to the student body two reels of vividly colored movies depicting his tour of the United States.

The pictures started by showing the departure in the spring from Bangor. From there they took us to Mount Vernon with all its stately splendor. They then went west to California. Some movies were taken of an ostrich farm in that state, which proved both interesting and amusing. The trip across the United States was wonderfully illustrated by pictures of ma-

jestic canyons, beautifully colored flowers, and many other scenes. On the return route the New York World's Fair was taken in. Before returning to Bangor, the Wights took in northern Maine. The movies took us from the wilderness of the Katahdin region to the wide, rolling potato fields of Aroostook, and thence home in the fall to Bangor.

Mr. Wight not only showed the moving pictures, but also narrated them for us.

The pupils of Bangor High School give sincere thanks to Mr. Wight in appreciation of his kindness in showing these excellent pictures.

ASSEMBLY—JANUARY 17, 1941

A "three in one" program held the stage this Friday, and featured as many "must see" attractions as a side-show. The uniformed smoothness of the R. O. T. C. ceremony deserved applause, as Cadet Captain Leon Tuck presented the officers of companies C, B, and A. Cadet Lieutenant Colonel Donald Fowler made very clear the "reputation" which the officers' club maintained. Cadet Major Nicholas Vafiades campaigned for the coming mid-year hop, and presented the following candidates for the Honorary Cadet Lieutenant Colonel: Elizabeth Curran, Dorothy Hill, Lucy Leavitt, Florence Prusaitis, and Janet Reid.

Colonel Perry C. Ragan awarded medals to the "shootin'est" men in the rifle club, as determined by their score. Edgar Pearson topped the list, followed by Phil Doherty, and Jack Campbell, seniors, and Hayden Bayer, junior.

The basketball squad rallied with the cheerleaders and gave us something to shout about. The twirling corps displayed its ever-amazing skill at the will of a whistle. Then out of the pudding of entertainment came Moses Nanigian to produce the certificates and the long-awaited gold footballs—mementos of a championship—for the 1940 eleven, and certificates for the cross-country team.

The band sketched in a musical background for this colorful picture, which came to an end, as all good things must, with the saluting of the flag.

(Please turn to page thirty-six)

PASSING IN REVIEW

Marjorie Morris: "Well, so hello, Margie!" And this gorgeous senior flashes on her ready smile. Margie spends her Sundays skating near the Woods. She claims it keeps her in shape. To see this gal's absolutely fascinating finger nails, you'd never dream that her hobby was dish washing. Oh yes, I mustn't forget this dazzling brunette's ability to study—hey Marge?

You'll have to admit that she has what it takes, and 'betcha next week's allowance that this gal hits the top.

Donald White: Here we have Don Juan Don White, of the jolly juniors. Jolly is right! Get a load of that smile, chillun'. Don's thinking of all the hamburgers and clam chowder (of all things) that he can have during the year.

Donnie would rather play baseball than dance, and he also likes football, basketball, Hedy Lamarr, and Moose Murdock!!! Don is pretty smooth on the dance floor, and is also quite a crooner! (He won't admit this, though.)

After graduating, Donnie wants to attend an aviation school somewhere out west.

Jeanne Heartz: We see here the gal who simply loves to mow the lawn—whatta pastime! Imagine, a soph with her good looks wasting valuable time like that.

Jeanne can be found anywhere from Natarswi to Newport, Rhode Island, in the summer vacation. My, but she certainly must be a hard person to keep tabs on!

She says to make it "Only Forever," spinach, steak, algebra, and French. Now that's a combination what is a combination.

"Nuts to the old New England tradition," says Jeanne, "cause I hate beans."

Willard Pierce: Hot music makes this little(?) sophomore's pulse beat faster, and he just goes wild on a dance floor.

Willie himself swings a very mean piano, and is the proud owner of a large collection of fast tunes. He prides himself on not having a single waltz. For the remainder of his excitement, he turns to football (where he does all right), swimming, hiking, tennis, and skating.

Willie informs me that he plans to study law on graduating, and then tour in South America as a musician. Very clever and impractical.



John Boles: This is the guy you've all heard so much about, tall, dark, and rangy John "Call me Joe!" Boles, of the seniors.

When Joe transferred to Bangor High from Waterville, he brought his popularity and basketball ability right along, and he is now one of Coach Trowell's regulars. As well as basketball, Joe goes in for tennis, baseball, hockey, swimming, and romancing! (And does he get around, or does he??) And another thing, Boles bowls!

The University of Maine will get this neat athlete next year.



Venetia Duty—Here's 'Nitia, the gal blessed with both personality and looks. This damsel, dragged from the junior class, says that Artie Shaw is just "wunnerful," and that she's just crazy over chocolate cake and Sun Spot. Hmmm; not bad; and all in one breath, too!

This gal summers at Moosehead, and, oh yes, of course she rates Pushaw high on her list. As for a hobby, just give 'Nitia "a swell good time and sumpin' doin'".

Her goal is the top in nursing; so patients (ce), puhlease Cam-e-ron ing! !



Jack Lord: Right here we have the sophomores staunchest republican, Skipper Jack Lord. "There's nothing like sailing and the Republican party," says Jack, and can he put a sailboat through its paces! Here's one boy that knows his ropes and rigging!

Football, swimming, skating, baseball, dancing, and piano playing are just a few more of the things that Jack goes in for in a big way. Jack does right well in his studies, but his one dislike, alas, is that wonderful tongue, Latin.

This nautical minded chap is headed for the University of Maine.



Valerie Parkin: Here we present another of those glamorous sophs. This blond says, "I really love to skate, but I'm an awful drip at it." Honestly, we can't imagine her being a drip at anything.

Dancing, creepy mysteries, and cleaning out drawers all help to keep her the ordinary specimen that she claims to be.

In the summertime, "Val" keeps things astirrin' at Cold Stream!!! If this charming miss drives the way her older brother does, then you really couldn't blame anyone if they simply suggested Parkin, could you?

ACTIVITIES

(continued from page twenty-four)

ASSEMBLY—JANUARY 24, 1941

If cycles of three are lucky, then this assembly certainly had what it takes to make the purity, body, and flavor of good entertainment. Dr. Meek's address on advertising had the quality of pure American fun, the body of sound reasoning on an omni-present topic, and the flavor that only this Bangor speaker can add.

Dr. Meek set out on his talk at a lively pace by listing what were, in his mind, three impossible feats—to climb a fence leaning toward you, to kiss a girl leaning away from you, and for him to rise to the reputation which Principal Chaplin had colored so rosily in introducing him.

By the end of the hour, everyone felt that he could easily have accomplished all three of these "impossibles" with as much grace and good humor as he did the last one.

"The Art of Advertising," we were informed, is controlled skillfully by the three far-reaching factors—newspapers, magazines, and radio. This trio has learned that, logically enough, the most vulnerable point of the public is through appeal to pride, vanity, and a comically clever use of the name of "science."

The play upon pictures, which advertising artfully employs, brings much more resulting trade than any publishing of careful research. By glamorous illustrations, unreal settings, and catchword write-ups on the glowing after-effects of their products, companies boost sales. With photographic illusions, smiling socialities, and fanciful phrases, ads have long been estranged from their first innocent beginnings.

Advertisements are as plentiful as propaganda, and if you can take them with a grain of salt, you'll find that the story behind them pays big dividends in laughs for the time you invested. Or so we would gather from Dr. Meek's original report on his findings in this new field.

Glee Clubs

Here are a few timely notes on the musical ambitions of the Glee Clubs. First, their plans include the May Festival for all New England which will take them to Lewiston-Auburn. Then there is the prospect of the All-State Festival at Augusta. Closer at hand is the coming Musical Revue, a revel in 3-4 time, with the Glee Clubs featuring "Waltz Dreams"—favorites from Strauss to a Fred Waring arrangement of some modern-day number. This sounds like rushing rhythm a bit, but we know that these clubs will take it in their stride, gleefully.

Orchestra

The orchestra is working at present on a varied program, which includes a standard overture, several light classic pieces, and two symphonic numbers. Enough music is kept in the folders to give each pianist a chance to play, and this means a period in which every minute counts and enables the orchestra to prepare a repertoire fit for nearly any occasion. Frequent changes of the rehearsal programs make good readers and aid in interpretation.

Five of the members have recently been admitted on probation to the Bangor Symphony Orchestra, and there is plenty of room in that organization for players of various instruments as soon as they are able to pass the entrance tests. Faith McLeod and Elsa Goodman have been admitted on violas, and Jean Devoe, Ruth Palmer, and Carolyn Marshall, who wears the badge she captured at the Rubinoff Contest, on violins.

The smallest attendance was that of January 15, probably because of the prevalent colds, but in spite of the absence of some entire sections, much was accomplished.

The *Peter Schmoll* overture is nearly ready for a performance. This beautiful number will give every performer and practically every section a chance to demonstrate its skill—an opportunity rarely found in the average overture.

Band

After a busy fall season, the band has settled down to its midwinter schedule by working on the pieces which will be used in assemblies and by preparing a varied program for future use. Several new light marches have been added to their repertoire for use at the basketball games. The winter's work will include the working out of a new march book containing standard marches of a high grade.

The program being worked on at present includes a standard overture which is showing signs of materializing, and will be the first pretentious piece of its kind to be undertaken in the past few years. Though comparatively small in numbers, the band is unusually well balanced in regard to the playing and reading ability of its members. The rehearsal periods are always busy ones.

A duet for trumpets is nearly ready for its first performance, and the delightful "Childhood Days" will appear in a much improved version.

Dramatic Club

The monthly meeting of the Senior Dramatic Club was held in the assembly hall Thursday afternoon, January 9. During the business meeting, a report of the play "Little Women" was given, and a play reading committee for the one act play was chosen. The following people make up that committee: Janet Reid, Phyllis Lipsky, Rosalie Shapero, Gloria Redman, Elinor Griffin, Frank Wood, Clifton Reynolds, and Adrian Miner. At the close of the business meeting, Mr. Ralph Mills gave a very interesting talk on stage make-up.

The Workshop Group of the Dramatic Club met during activity period on January 10. Miss Haney, coach and faculty advisor, gave a talk on stage technique. She called for volunteers to come up from the group to act out pantomimes which she gave them. These were given very well. Miss Haney's talk was listened to with interest by every member, and all received a great deal of benefit from it.

Latin Club

Friday the thirteenth was the time for the juniors to present the program in Latin Club. A variety program was furnished under the most capable direction of Edith Fairley, Rosalie Mansfield, and Janice Minott, and despite the unlucky Ides, all went well. Joan Garland presented in lofty and dignified style some striking paragraphs of Cicero's orations, which Beatrice Less translated into the jargon of the American youth of 1940. Faith McLeod and Rosalie Mansfield directed two Latin crossword puzzles. Janice Minott conducted a Latin guessing-game. An Information Please program was arranged by Edith Fairley, in which Marie Duffy was master of ceremonies, and the experts were two members from each class. These master-minds showed themselves possessed of vast knowledge, obtained from text-books and elsewhere—mostly elsewhere.

What a Saturnalia! The old Romans never staged a screwier festival than that of the Latin Club of B. H. S., on Friday, December 20.

Consul Jones, in flowing periods, told the club all about the old Roman Saturnalia, when the slaves ("That's us," he said) were free to make merry.

A masterly presentation was given by the sophomore boys, glittering in feminine garb, and talking and acting in what they believed to be a feminine manner.

The seniors rose to heights in a mellow melodrama, without words, but abounding in gestures and with much sound and fury. With undreamed-of originality, they also presented scenes from the Latin class rooms. Query—why the carving knife?

The juniors, instigated by Sally Pearson and Mary Frances Spangler, conducted an hilarious radio-broadcast, advertising "Cumming's Crispy Crax."

The refreshments—those that weren't forgotten—were much appreciated. For these the club is indebted to Louise Homestead and her hardworking juniors.

Gifts were varied; Latin mottoes on these gifts were fearful and wonderful. The sophomores were duly unimpressed, and all expressed their willingness to come again.

Public Affairs Club

The December meeting of the Public Affairs Club was held in the assembly hall on Friday, December 13. In spite of the fact that the meeting was held on the unlucky Friday 13, the program was excellent.

The first speaker was Louise Eastman, who spoke about the Munroe Doctrine. John LaPoint followed with the subject, "The Munroe Doctrine in the Far East." George Chalmers then gave a talk on "Prince Konoye." The next speaker was Marise Reaviel, who spoke on "Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek."

For an outside speaker, Katrina Altes was obtained. She gave a talk on Holland.

The meeting closed with everybody singing "God Bless America."

"B" Club

A new idea was introduced into the "B" Club in January. It was decided to divide the club into two parts, an active and an inactive. The active part will be made up of those who attend all meetings. These boys will take care of all the duties of the club and have a vote in the club affairs. They will also be admitted to any "B" Club social event free. The inactive part will be composed of those boys who cannot come to every meeting or cannot help in the activities of the club because of jobs, and so forth. These members will not have a vote but can enter into any discussion that has been brought up by any active member.

This year the "B" Club is running the refreshment booth at the basketball games. The club also furnishes those handsome ushers whom you have probably seen at the games.

The new B. H. S. Victory Song, sponsored by the "B" Club, was put on sale for the first time at the Bangor-Bar Harbor game on January 3.

Remember, if you have earned your "B" in any sport, the band, or the rifle club, you are eligible to join the "B" Club.



Hokum

BON jour, mes enfants—or as the saying sometimes goes, Hi ya, keeds! ! Well—reckon we might just as well tear into it and get on with the business at hand. And did all you lil smoo-goos have a gay-like time a-celebrating??? (New Years of course, Goon-kids). Which takes us a-way far back to those gone-but-not-forgotten Christmas Holidays. Before we get fairly started, we oughta clear up a few little bothersomes, like did Ruth Fletcher and Jack Hussey go for that Old Town Moompitcher on the Night of December 26?? And WHAT did Dottie Hill do with the extra man??

And just as if there weren't enough trouble floating 'round in this vicinity, there's the added souci known locally as "The Fate of the Famous and Fabulous Footballs," or, "Mr. Nanigian Wasn't Lyin', Chicken." 'Tis a well known fact that several were promised in advance! ! F'r instance, Bernie Jacobs promised his to so many gals that he'll have to take an extra year of math plus a couple of correspondence courses to find out how to divide that little gold football into that many equal parts. Dougie Harrington did solemnly (?) vow that he would part with his hard won reward come nightfall, no, Elaine?? WE'RE betting on Mary Moran to snare one—Pat Upton's, maybe could be. And wouldn't Windy Work love to dedicate his recompense for valor (and how! !) to Glory?? (Get it?—Pun.) Or haven't you heard the latest?? (No brilliant remarks, silver plate—t'anks, Jug). At last (heh heh) the impossible has come to pass. A sweet young femme has accomplished what all the football teams in deah old Maine couldna do!! She's got Windy stopped dead in his tracks!! Eet ees miraculous, no?? Or maybe Redman has a formula.

We were all wondering whether Dauphinee was really gonna have to divide that football by two, but we didn't have to spoil our record by any undue brain exercise. Nope, we were spared the pain, 'cause Herky has finally made up his mind! ! Is everybody listenin'?? Well—THE WINNAH!! is none other than the Gorgeous Brunette from Bapst!!! One of our most secret Secret Agents turned in a pretty salty report on the Kennedy-Ryder story. He sez that Charlene is wearing a gold football, and Ed vows 'tis his. Tsk tsk.

There seems to be quite the beautiful friendship growing up between Donnie Dorr and a certain Miss Dow. Must be real serious, too, on account of because they even put it down in writing—Joyce Adams seems sorta kinda gone on the big blond man! ! And Arlene Kelley—BUB! !—'n what else need we say??

Do you reckon that handsome honey, young Al Winchell, realizes that Mary McGlew just can't live without him?? Maybe somebody oughta tell 'im—!! If Virginia Little would only make up her mind, it would save us infinite trouble. What's the latest, ma cherie, is it Bud or Garland this week??

Charles Jellison, the heart throb of the Senior Class (don't get indignant; Charlie seems to be dictating), in other words, the Lothario of the Lethargic Literati (to state the consensus of opinion of the illustrious domini), has announced the discovery of the greatest mathematical genius of the generation. He is none other than Charles Albert (Einstein) Jellison! ! It seems that Charlie has topped Boze Perry (Editor of the well-known Oracle) in three algebra exams—which ought to prove something. Charlie is convinced, anyway. When la professeure asked him to write some equations for her, he was heard to mutter, "Gee, you'd think she'd know how to do 'em herself, being the teacher—" Young Jellison is also available for public appearances.

We still don't believe that Jen Johnson goes to New Hampshire for only just the skiing—but it's a good gag! ! Speaking of skiing, Dottie Cole tells us that she and Herbie had a happy old time at the Camden Snow Bowl. They even dug a few skeletons out of the closet!!! The only trouble was that it was *our* closet—Woe is indeed unto us'uns

No jivin', we never thought Margie Morris Wood skip a Friday for any amount of Jack—but one never knows, does one??? Is't possible that Katie Downes is abandoning this happy hunting ground to grab off a basketball hero from Bapst??? Barb Wood and Gene Gamble don't seem to exactly avoid each other these days, and there's a certain Little Blond Boy who not so long ago walked two (2) (II) miles out of his way to see a certain little Red Head home—Hi, Spider—!!

Did we ever tell you about Lu Leavitt's favorite hobby??? It's collecting Maine men, and 'tis being

nosed about that Lucy's collection is growing by leaps and bounds. It sure is nice work if you can get it—but how do you get it???

The gang is attempting to keep Butch Smiley sweet, simple, AND satisfied—like in Caribou?? or maybe Home Was Never Like This—Huh, Keed??

'Tis obvious that Lieutenant Colonel Major General Fowler and Joan "The Vergilian" Kirkpatrick are quite the twosome—when they have time—!!Speaking of time, Marcus Hathaway says everything's set, but the date—

Methinks 'tis indeed strange and mysterious that Sarah Whitcomb finds so much that is interesting in 301 every day. It CAN'T be the view, n'est-ce pas?? But believe it or not, Pat Babcock sure is going to be hot for views of New York, 'cause that's where her Billy came from.

How about some pictures of dark and Hokum-ish doings here and thereabouts??? And not the kind possessed by the not too honorable Bus Pearson. Thanks for the blush, kid. Anyhoo, you sendee, we printee!!! (Maybe—n'est-ce pas??)

This month's hero definitely seems to be that Joe Boles man—at least so thinketh Mildred Allen. Take a gander at that pretty snakey and super picture in Passing in Review (plug for S. Speirs—we pity him, too) all you predatory femmes, and start concentrating!! Somebody must have the Indian sign on him already, 'cause he seems to change his mind more often than not.

Janice Minott wastes long and valuable hours corresponding with that Thurston man of M. C. I., whose nemesis is said to be the very Latin in which Minott is said to excel. Obvious question: Is it love—or Latin???

And now we come to our every so often report on the State of the Unions. Can y'all take it? ?
Holden et Woodman—More of the same. . .Ups 'n downs
Marise and Smythe. . .***even to eternity!
Lovejoy et Coleman. . .On the rocks
Reid and Welch. . .Must be the real thing

ACTIVITIES

Homec Club

On Wednesday, December 18, the Homec Club held a Christmas party. The members exchanged presents, and games; Dancing, and refreshments were enjoyed throughout the evening. On this same night, the girls also brought contributions for a Christmas basket, which was given to a needy family. Miss Lutz was the guest of the club for the evening.

Plans are now being made for a skating party or a sleigh ride to be held in the near future, and also for a skit, to be presented at the Home for Aged Women.

Rifle Club

The Rifle Club held its intramural match in December, and the results are as follows: first place, Edgar Pearson; second place, Philip Doherty; third place, tie between Jack Campbell and Robert Harper, who afterwards fired for the place, Campbell winning by a few points. Pearson held a large lead over his nearest competitor. Hayden Bayer carried off the honors for the first year men.

The annual match with Penobscot was held on January 8. In spite of good shooting by the B. H. S. Rifle Club, the Penobscot boys carried home the bacon.

Debate Club

During the month of December, the debating activities of the club really got under way. Interest was, of course, centered on the Bowdoin League Forum. This year the two forum groups, with such outstanding schools as Portland, Lewiston, and South Portland represented, met simultaneously at the Moulton Union and at Hubbard Hall, where lively discussions were carried on. The trip added another to Bangor's string of Bowdoin League victories, since Charlie Jellison received the top speaking honors. Nicky Broutas did an excellent piece of work in the Hubbard Hall forum, and Bangor placed second only to Portland in team standing.

At the first club meeting of the month, December 5, the members had the opportunity to watch two teams of college debaters in action, as Maine debated Wesleyan on the question, "Resolved: That the nations of the Western Hemisphere should form a permanent union." After a close and interesting debate conducted in cross-examination style, critic-judge K. Gordon Jones, of Brewer, awarded the decision to Wesleyan.

An event unique in the club's history kept the less experienced debaters busy during the week of December 16. A Christmas week tournament on the subject, "Resolved: That the movies are a better means of public education than the radio," gave the club's orators a chance to display their powers of debate. Participating in the first rounds were Jack Lord, Robert Rudman, Charles Paine, Newall Horr, Norman Torrey, Simon O'Leary, Robinson Speirs, Gilbert O'Connell, Joan Mutty, Marydel Coolidge, Willard Pierce, Orman Twitchell, Fred Bean, Albert Winchell, Howard Finley, and Arthur Norwood.

Charles Jellison, Nicholas Broutas, John LaPointe, Sally Pearson, and Mary Farrar acted as critic judges for the preliminaries. At the club meeting of December 19, a sophomore team consisting of Newall Horr

(Please turn to page thirty-one)



Record of the Rams

Boys' Athletics

AT the end of last year's season, many thought that the loss by graduation, of Phil Jameson, Dick Morse, Sid Chason, Bud Carson, Irving Broder, Johnny Woodcock, and others, would spoil the Rams' chances for this season. While it's easily seen that this loss was a great blow, it now seems that the Rams have a good chance to have a good season and, perhaps, to equal last year's great record. Back this year are last year's starters, Windy Work, and Wendy Cary. There are also some of last year's subs and several members up from the Jayvee and Freshman teams of last year. Added to these are Dougie Harrington, who hasn't played ball for Bangor before, and Joe Boles, a regular from Waterville who has transferred to Bangor High. Yes, it certainly seems now that the Rams will have another good season this year.

BANGOR 20—PRESQUE ISLE 23

Bangor's Rams lost their second game of the season to the Presque Isle Wildcats. That made their record one won and one lost. The contest started fairly evenly, with the teams nearly tied at the half. Then, however, Presque Isle pulled ahead and, though the Rams put on a determined spurt in the last period, they were unable to take the lead from Presque Isle. Lefty Jacobs led the Bangor offensive with six points, closely followed by Wendy Cary and Dougie Harrington, with four each. Windy and Duny Work played great defensive games, also.

BANGOR 32—ELLSWORTH 29

Bangor's Rams barely edged an inspired Ellsworth team in a ragged, hard fought tussle. They were barely able to lead Ellsworth during the first half, and in the third period Ellsworth pulled well ahead. Then, however, the Rams showed their class, and pulled up to overtake them. Wendy Cary and Windy Work, Bangor's two starting veterans, led the scoring with nine points apiece. Bud Mullins, a reserve guard last year, scored six from a forward post, and Dougie Harrington scored five.

BANGOR 20—STEARNS 16

The Rams, though not yet clicking, won their second game in three starts. They trimmed the Minutemen of Stearns in a wide open, hard fought game. The game started slowly, and was fairly even during the first half, but the Rams put on the pressure in the third quarter and drew ahead. They beat off a determined Stearns rally in the final quarter to pull through. Harrington with eight points, and Cary, with seven, led Bangor's scoring. Windy Work was the only other Ram to score from the floor; he also played a good defensive game.

BANGOR 24—BAR HARBOR 22

The Rams showed great improvement in the Bar Harbor game as they edged out the Seaside in a close, wild battle. Paced by Dougie Harrington, Bangor lead all the way after the first quarter. Bar Harbor staged a great rally in the fourth period and were barely stopped from taking the game. Dougie Harrington, with ten points, and Wendy Cary, with eight, led the Rams' scoring. Joe Boles, a transfer from Waterville playing his first game for Bangor, proved a great asset, scoring six points. Windy and Duny Work, though not scoring, played great defensive games.

BANGOR 30—OLD TOWN 19

The Rams trimmed Old Town in a slam bang affair in which fouls were all too common. Old Town started fast, but just couldn't compete with Windy and Duny under the basket. Bangor's guards played a great game, nearly monopolizing rebounds. Bangor's outstanding player was Joe Boles, who led the scoring with seven baskets and a foul, for fifteen points. Windy Work, with six points, and Wendy Cary, with five, aided in the scoring.

BANGOR 37—JOHN BAPST 25

Bangor's Rams trimmed Bapst for their fifth win, in a rough, fast game. The game was very scrappy, but rather poorly played. Bangor was barely able to stay ahead of Bapst during the first half. With Wendy Cary doing most of the scoring, however, in the third

and final quarters, the Rams pulled away, as they started playing good ball and hitting the hoop. Boles and Harrington also turned in good offensive games for Bangor, while the Work brothers played their usual fine defensive game.

BANGOR 31—BREWER 15

Bangor's Rams smashed the Brewer Witches in their sixth win. Bangor outclassed Brewer from the start, largely because of the team's size. Windy and Duny Work, ably assisted by Wendy Cary were easily able to grab nearly all the rebounds, and thus control the ball. Led by Dougie Harrington, the Rams left Brewer in a cloud of dust, and the Witches didn't even begin to catch up until the last quarter, which they played against Bangor's subs. Dougie Harrington, with twelve points, was high scorer for Bangor, followed by Wendy Cary, with seven, and Windy Work and Joe Boles, with four each.

OTHER GAMES

| | |
|--------------------|----|
| Bangor | 25 |
| Presque Isle | 31 |
| <hr/> | |
| Bangor | 43 |
| Brewer | 36 |
| <hr/> | |
| Bangor | 35 |
| Stearns | 26 |
| <hr/> | |
| Bangor | 38 |
| Winslow | 43 |
| <hr/> | |
| Bangor | 28 |
| John Bapst | 25 |

Girl's Athletics

WITH preliminary work completed, the basketball games have begun. Practice sessions have been held for all classes in their preparation for this season's games. The teams of the respective classes and their coaches have been chosen. There are to be four junior, three sophomore, and two senior teams taking part this year. The coaches, senior members of the H. A. H. C., are Florence Prusaitis and Ruth Palmer, coaching the seniors; Jenny Johnson and Louine Kimball, coaching the juniors; and Roberta Curran, coaching the sophomores.

This year's basketball season brings two new important changes. The first, a result of the new school system, is that there will be no freshmen and commercial sophomore teams. Consequently this year each class is to have two teams in the interclass playoff whereas in previous years each class has been represented by only one team. The second change is of special importance to the senior girls. Many girls in former years have played four years without having the good luck to be on an inter-class team. This meant that they never won a basketball award; however, beginning this basketball season, every senior player is eligible to win an award whether her team plays in the interclass tournament or not. In such a case, a girl's only qualification is faithful attendance at practice and regular games.

There is one particular point that it seems ought to be stressed concerning interclass and intramural playing. Some have the idea that they can be irregular in their attendance for intramural games and still play in interclass games if their team is an intramural winner. As this is not true, we ask you to remember that intramural playing is necessary for interclass playing.

It is interesting to note that this year each team is to choose a name of its own. Formerly the teams were given numbers or colors in order to make a distinction among the teams.

DEBATE CLUB

(continued from page twenty-nine)

and Simon O'Leary handicapped by having to change sides on short notice, went down to defeat before the juniors, Fred Bean and Albert Winchell. The judges, Mr. William Soule, Miss Alice Bocquel, and Miss Alice Stewart, awarded first speaking honors to Albert Winchell.

The Bates League season began officially on January 6, when tryouts resulted in the selection of a tournament squad consisting of Mary Farrar, John La-Pointe, Albert Winchell, Simon O'Leary, Fred Bean, Sherwood Jones, Sonia Cohen, and Orman Twitchell, now preparing, under the capable coaching of Charles Jellison and Nick Broutas, for their first meet of the season, at Orono, February 8.

Liveliest and most controversial of the year was the business meeting held January 17, when the club's activity program was discussed. By an overwhelming vote, the members decided to continue the Debate Club's record of successful dances.

Our message to Bangor High School for 1941, then, is, watch March 14 for the dance of the year!

(Please turn to page thirty-eight)

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TO BEE OR NOT TO BEE

(continued from page thirteen)

At this assault, he drew back. "Well, all right!—Here, boy, two with nuts, please." The case was closed. The ice was cracking.

They munched methodically for a minute.

"I see you're bound for Centerville. Is that your year-round hide-out?" the fellow quizzed her.

"Nothing like pushing the conversation!" Bee guarded her thoughts. Aloud she replied, "Yes, but you don't talk with a New England twang."

"That's because I happen to hail from old Philadelphia. I'm going to unload at Brunswick."

"Oh," Bee swallowed, "do you go to college there?" She was jumping at conclusions.

"No, I'm a working man. The family thought a dose of plugging on my own would pep me up. So far it's only given me an acute attack of homesickness." His talkativeness expanded. Bee didn't object.

"As you can see, my thumb is pointing home after a crazy holiday in the Big City.

"How is Philadelphia behaving itself?" Her tongue was limbering up.

"Well, Philie's a lot like New York, only it doesn't go in for things in such a big way," he explained.

"Like New York?" Bee mused. "You mean, all soot and—and smell?"

His expression quirked up in the corners at this. "Say, if the fellas in Brunswick could hear you say that, they'd double-step to Centerville post haste!"

Bee honestly didn't see why.

The Philadelphian wagged on. "Confidentially, do you have any decent up-to-date dances in your town? Or any roller-skating rink? Every time I walk into a town hall, the old By cracky's are hay-foot, straw-footing like Lil' Abner and Daisy Mae. The Maine air certainly does something to you Mainiacs!"

Here was Bee's cue for a come-back. "There are always school dances cropping up and we make our steps as smooth or as shaggy as we like! As to skating, we have a rink that is, per usual, patronized by people, pillowed or otherwise. Speaking of Maine oxygen, have you ever flirted with the breezes at Bar Harbor?"

"Sure thing, but there aren't many dance-halls in those parts!" He clung to his pet grievance.

"Perhaps not; still, those man-sized waves can thrill you when they start pounding out a fancy jive!" Bee returned with spirit.

She wondered a bit when he said, "I should have been a sailor!"

By this time, if all the looks which these two exchanged had been threads woven by a spider, quite

(Please turn to page thirty-four)

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TO BEE OR NOT TO BEE

(continued from page thirty-two)

an intricate web would have hung suspended from the one's eyelid to the other's.

"Saaayy! What's your telephone number? Er—rather, where do you live? What do they call you?" His words were peppered with interest and question marks.

"Guess what," Bee replied, thinking of the folks at home; "I live on a street just like all the other Jones girls!"

Was that a fleck of sarcasm that he heard? A little offended, he tried again, "So you won't tell a guy? When I come up to Centerville, what will the Chamber of Commerce say if they hear how I was given the cold shoulder?"

"Colder shoulder!" Bee exclaimed. "Let me assure you that Centerville is famous for its cold climate. And you, especially, will find yourself in a chilly atmosphere, very chilly!" Her meaning weighed heavily.

Slicing the momentous moment came the conductor's hoarse, "Broooonnsweceg. . .Broonswig!" The train earthquaked to a stop.



... a tap on the window, a defiant wave

The Philadelphian collected himself and his bag, saying, "Here I go—and you'll be thinking, 'Good ride—dance'—Sorry I can't say the same."

To Bee, his parting address seemed too glib to be true. She fully expected him to rush out into the embraces of the chic matron and her two infants, waiting for someone, Bee didn't notice whom. A tap on her window pane, a defiant wave caught her attention. That was all.

She turned once more to concentrate on Popeye, and with a worldly air, ignored the amused faces of fellow passengers. Everything about her suggested, "Home, James, and don't spare the horses!" for home was never like this!

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SPINNING REEL

(continued from page twenty-one)

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A grand movie for those who like gangster films is "Roosty," starring Gene Reynolds, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold. The story is about a boy, raised among criminals and gangsters, who is torn between loyalty for a gangster father and love for the country folk he learns to adore. His grandfather's love of aviation wins the boy over from a life of crime to a life of happiness.

That's all for now. We hope to see you at the movies!

MR. CARL E. REED

Mr. Reed is the latest addition to our faculty, coming here to fill the place left vacant by Captain Walter F. Ulmer, who has leave of absence for service with the National Guard. Mr. Reed's particular field is science and mathematics. He majored in these subjects at Colby, from which he graduated in 1935. Before entering college, he had studied at Ricker Classical Institute. Since then, he has been principal three years of Somerset Academy and has also been principal of Island Falls High School.

Mr. Reed's chief hobby is reading, mostly on science and psychology. He is also very much interested in athletics, and follows all the intercollegiate and professional games.

ACTIVITIES

(continued from page thirty-one)

Officers' Club

Nominations for the annual election of the Honorary Cadet Lieutenant Colonel and Honorary Cadet Major were started on January 8, by the Officers' Club. Each student was asked to write his choice for Honorary Cadet Lieutenant Colonel on a ballot. The results of the election, held January 22, were announced at the annual mid-year hop. Out of a field including Elizabeth Curran, Dorothy Hill, Lucy Leavitt, Janet Reid, and Florence Pruisaitis, Elizabeth Curran and Dorothy Hill were chosen Honorary Cadet Lieutenant Colonel and Honorary Cadet Major, respectively.

Plans for the mid-year hop were formulated at the club's meeting of January 9. The date set for the dance was January 31, immediately after examinations, and Sammy Saliba was selected to furnish the music.

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Commercial Club

The Commercial Club's second big event of the year went over with a bang—it was the annual Christmas party on December 17. The success of the party was due to the good work of Phyllis Hurd and her committee. The program, which consisted of solos, recitations, and exchanging of gifts, was much appreciated and enjoyed by everyone. A highlight of the party was a quiz conducted by Glenna Kleiner. The four contestants, Althea Ward, Harriett McKinnon, Elizabeth Palmer, and Thomas Keenan, provided impromptu entertainment. Thanks to the cooperation of Louis Cunningham, Nadine Hoyt, Elizabeth Curran, and Katherine Cilley, those who took part in the program, the party was the second successful social event of the year. Teachers who attended the party were Miss Janice R. Moore, club advisor, Miss Grace Thomas, Miss Gladys Bunker, Miss Irene Cousins, Mr. Frederick Pinkham, and Mr. Malcolm Willis.

At the meeting on January 10, the club had as its speaker Mrs. Lena Fairpo, sister of Rev. Parkin of the Grace Methodist Church. She came from England to this country in September. Mrs. Fairpo gave a very interesting talk on general conditions in England. Some of the topics about which she talked were air raids, food supply, evacuation of children, and the morale of the people. Her talk was extremely enlightening because she presented the human side of the story with a personal touch. Members of the club gleaned additional information during the question period following.

A tour through the Post Office building was taken on January 14. About seventeen students, accompanied by Miss Moore, were taken on an inspection trip, and some valuable information was gained. Besides seeing the Post Office department, with its peculiar spy tower, the federal offices on the second and third floors were visited.

At the present time plans for a quiz program over the radio are in progress.

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