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No. 4

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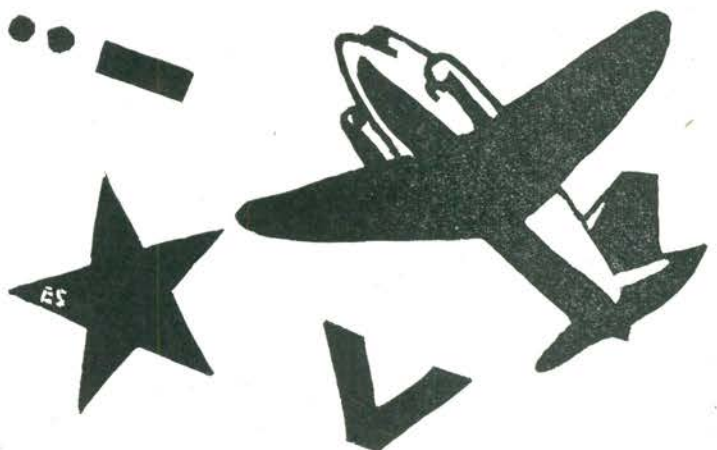
America! America!

Barbara Carr

It is a land of high ideals and aims,
Of mountains steep, and long and level plains.
'Tis young, 'tis clean, 'tis free!
It is a land of faith, of hope and homes,
Of spired steeples high, and rounded domes.
GOD SHED HIS GRACE ON THEE!

And too, it is the land of ice-cream cones,
Of circuses and fairs and jangling phones.
Forever may it be.
'Tis full of spring, of love and laughter gay,
Of soundly sleeping nights and light of day.
GOD SHED HIS GRACE ON THEE!

It is the land of challenge and of dare,
Of cities crowded and of meadows fair.
To fame it is the key.
It is the land of fear, of hate and pride,
Where rich and poor are standing side by side.
GOD SHED HIS GRACE ON THEE!



DESTINATION: LONDON

Edith Bettelheim, junior in an American high school—our high school, has an intriguing accent. This, her musical Austrian inflection, is the only mark of identification by which we can distinguish her from the rest of us high schoolers. The story below, in her own words, is as fascinating as her accent. Her destination, as you have seen, was Democracy as well as London.

AS the hands of the large station clock pointed towards 11 o'clock, the train slowly left the West station in Vienna. Just as we were leaving the large hall, which shelters the station, I saw my mother again. I had to say good-bye to her in one of the waiting-rooms, as the parents or relatives of the one hundred and twenty-eight children, who left at the same time as I did, were not allowed to go on the platform. But somehow, my mother had managed to slip by the station guards, and there I saw her on the platform waving her white handkerchief until the train made a sudden bend, thus making it impossible for me to see her any more.

I settled back comfortably on the wooden bank, which was going to be my table, chair, and bed for the next thirty-six hours. There were seven other girls from five to sixteen years old in the same compartment with me. We were quiet for quite some time, each thinking of our dear ones we had left behind. My father had left for Cuba just the day before; so, I had left only my mother behind.

Soon, however, a conversation began, which made the night pass faster. We slept a little, but the knocks and jerks of the train really kept us more awake than asleep. About six o'clock in the morning, one of the overseers awoke me from a cramped position, for I had fallen asleep with my head on my knees.

"Breakfast will be here soon," she said in German.

It wasn't until then, that I realized that I was very hungry. This "soon" however, turned out to be three-fourths of an hour. The breakfast itself consisted of one cup of strong, but very bitter tea (sugar was rationed; therefore, we had to get along without it) and one tiny roll, which was as hard as a stone. Luckily all of our mothers, having guessed that our breakfast would not be edible, had provided us with a better one. Breakfast was the only meal that was given to us; the rest of the meals we had to bring from home. We were really glad about that, for one can easily get rid of a cup of tea and roll, but getting rid of an indigestible dinner would probably have been impossible.

The time passed very slowly, and the conversation finally stopped. It was then, for the first time, that I

really felt lonely. I stared out of the window, hardly noticing the country we passed, thinking of my future home in England. How long would it be until I should see my parents again?

Hunger for lunch brought me back to the present. But I had eaten much too quickly, and I found myself staring into emptiness again. Sleep overtook me shortly, and this time my head found a more comfortable position, namely the shoulder of my neighbor.

When I awoke, it was about three o'clock. Outside we were passing the beautiful valley of the Rhine. It really took one's breath away to see such a lovely view—one picturesque ruin of a castle next to another and a perfect blue sky in the background. The sun itself was reflecting its golden rays on the water. Oh, how sorry we all felt that we were not allowed to take a camera with us. Looking at this lovely scenery made the time pass faster, and we soon found ourselves on the German-Dutch border. Passport checking, inspection of our luggage, and hanging some cards with numbers on them, added to some more cards, which were already hanging around our necks, were ordeals that we gladly passed. (Those cards, such as you may already have seen around the necks of refugee children, are for identification purposes.)

Once we had a narrow escape. Another girl in my compartment, who had wanted to keep her breakfast roll as an ornament, decided to give it to the Germans as a parting present, and just as the train began to move, she threw it out of the window, unintentionally hitting a German officer right on the back of the neck. Luckily the train could not be stopped, and soon we were across the border. Nothing could stop me now from leaving Germany! I took a long deep breath, inhaling the cool evening air. For the first time in over a year I felt free again.

Dusk was already falling when we reached the first Dutch village. We had the friendliest welcome you can imagine. White buttered rolls, cheese cake, hot orangeade, plenty of candy, and fruit were served to us. Quite a number of people were in the station talking to us in broken German, their friendly faces smiling at us. Our hearts swelled with gratitude towards those kind

Dutch people. Just as the train was leaving the station, we all shouted in one voice; "We thank all the Dutch people! . . . We thank all Dutch people . . ." It felt so nice to have people smile on you again after all that ordering around by the German border patrol a few minutes before.

Eating fruit was the greatest feast, for most of us hadn't seen a piece of fruit for weeks.

It was about 9 o'clock in the evening when we reached Rotterdam. We had to leave all our luggage behind, and, getting down from the train, I found myself in front of what seemed a huge boat! To each of us was given a card on which was the cabin number and bed number. I was lucky, and, with three of my train companions, I soon found myself in a second class cabin. I was soon on my bunk trying my best to fall asleep before the boat started across the channel, for I was very much afraid that I would become seasick. It never occurred to me (as a matter of fact, it didn't occur to anyone) to open a drawer which was in the underpart of my bunk and take out an extra blanket; therefore, when I awoke during the night I was freezing. The boat was rocking violently and if there hadn't been a piece of wood to keep me from rolling off the bed, I would have ended my sleep on the floor. I was too scared to get up and put on my coat to keep me warm, for I would have surely fallen over or become seasick. Soon, however, I had fallen asleep again, and the next thing I knew I was awakened by the stewardess who shouted in a mixture of English, German and Dutch: "Everybody up; we are in Harwich, England." England! I never had dressed so fast. Entering the dining room I found a plentiful breakfast, ending with a cup of tea, of course!

Then after having my visa rechecked and a few more cards with numbers hung around my neck, I found myself for the first time in my life on British soil. We had had a very stormy crossing, but here I was safe and sound only a few hours from my destination. They led us to a large hall, where we found our luggage; that is, the small peices only, for the large trunks went directly to London. Just then when I had found my two small suitcases, a man came and took them away. It was then that I had my first try at the English language, and I wasn't a success. Not knowing what to do, I went to one of the men, who seemed to be connected with the transport. Now what was the word for "man"? Well, here goes!

"Please. . . This Mister. . . er. Sir (it never occurred to me that the English word for man was "Man" or "gentleman") . . . My objects. . . "Look" (I pointed, yet the man could not understand me) "That Sir took my objects" (Finally I had finished that masterpeice, after having consulted my dictionary to find out what the English word for "take" was.)

"You mean your trunk?" I looked in my dictionary to see what "trunk" meant and then nodded. "Oh, that's all right," said the man nodding his head vigorously. I understood and was satisfied.

Soon a train came and we went on it. There I found my two suitcases again. We got candy and fruits, which we devoured happily. Three hours later we reached London, where we were received by the Committee.

This really ends my first long trip, which I had taken alone. I was at my destination.

Career Day

When the first announcement came to us concerning the trial of a Career Day Conference, our thoughts immediately jumped into the channel of "Hurrah, no studying for Friday!" But there was a fork in that channel because, when we all gathered in a general assembly to hear Mr. Dana Cotton, the state director of occupational information and guidance, we realized that this special day meant more than a few hours free from classes. Those who were seniors began to look ahead to the near future when they must decide what line of further study they should choose or what field of real work they could enter. The underclassmen saw that they could now plan their studies so that they would be prepared to enter a chosen occupation when high school was over.

Following Mr. Cotton's address on "Your Responsibility at This Conference," we all went to the particular groups in which we were interested. The largest attendance seemed to follow aviation service, beautician work, stenography and typewriting, office work, newspaper work, nursing, teaching, and civil service.

We would like to express our appreciation to the thirty-eight business and professional men and women who made the day possible, and we certainly hope that the school continues this program another year.

The Homerooms on the Spring Street side have been enjoying unusual and opportune programs on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Recently Jack Moran, sports writer gave a hilarious and info-packed talk on the sidelights of sports reporting. Miss Doris Tebbetts spoke on her newly initiated art course and her outline for next year's art projects. She illustrated her talk with very original and well-executed posters done by her classes. During another noon hour in 308 a musical mad-session was free to any room for the price of two volunteer numbers presented by homeroom talent. 308 held a full and loudly enthusiastic audience.



Encore

F. ALLISON McLEOD

SENIOR

Scotti herewith does an "Encore" herself and pens a story with a new touch—human interest.. And that's because she's taken her plot from that very real thing called the truth.

Note to readers:

This story is not entirely fictitious. The plot is based on truth, but I have elaborated and expanded the facts, and completely changed the final outcome. All names are fictitious, however.

* * * * *

SHE was a very thin, gangling kid, tall for her seven years. And tonight she was very excited. Dancing exhibition time had come again, with all the tense, thrilling fear; she hoped that everything would go all right and was terribly afraid that it wouldn't.

The teacher, a young, pre-maturely gray-haired woman, was busy pinning angels' wings, tying on a sun-bonnet, wrapping misty veils, and bolstering the morale of her flock.

Dibbie was fifth on the program. Eagerly she waited through the first four numbers. This was not her first exhibition. . . she had been studying tap dancing since she was a toddler. But this year her family had moved, and this was the first time she had performed in Goldsboro. Her black eyes snapped with anticipation as she heard the applause that followed after No. 4, entitled on the program "Miss 1936."

Dibbie, clad in a miniature man's suit, complete with top hat, white tie and tails, went through her intricate routine with no slip-up. Against the background, formed by a chorus of bashful maidens, she portrayed the gay man-about-town. And she was good.

The crowd knew she was. They applauded again and again. The exhibition was supposed to be minus any encores, but Miss Fairchild finally decided that it would be better for the youngster to go back and satisfy the audience.

"Dibbie," she said, smiling, "I guess you'll just have

to go back and go through it again for them."

The child, who had always performed under the impression that when she was through, she was through, looked up from untying her shoes with eyes which did not comprehend. But obediently she followed her teacher, and tapped onto the stage to go through the dance routine once again. No one noticed that, whereas before she had danced correctly with gaiety, she now danced perfectly, with tight lips and a white face. Her steps were faster; her feet flew through their paces, and when the curtains drew, the crowd was as enthusiastic as before.

But Dibbie lay on the stage, a crumpled little figure, pathetic in its inertness.

It didn't take long to get Dibbie home, and from there to summon the doctor. It didn't take long for him to examine her.

"Breakdown—complete," he pronounced his verdict. "Rest—sunshine — rest — good food — rest," was the prescription. The Marlowes left Goldsboro for a country residence. Months in bed, months, lying in the sun. Dibbie was a long time getting well. Years, in fact.

The doctor was puzzled about it. There was no explanation for the child's collapse. Had she been working too hard at anything—school work?

Her mother shook her head. No, Dibbie was just an ordinary child—she played hard, didn't like school too much, did like her dancing.

"Tell me," the doctor had asked, "this exhibition—did she work too hard for it? Get all worn out?"

Mrs. Marlowe shook her head.

"I think I can honestly say, no, she didn't work too hard for it. She had been dancing four years—she was used to exhibitions—loved her dancing. I always took care that she didn't overdo her practicing. But she

was just a natural dancer from the time she could walk. It was just as much a treat to her to dance as to see a movie show on Saturday afternoon is to most young fry."

The doctor shook his head.

"Well, Mrs. Marlowe, I've done all I can. But frankly, Dibbie should be getting back her interest in life now—it's been almost three years. "I wish", the good man said, "I wish I knew. . ."

Mrs. Marlowe, her husband, and Dibbie's big brother Jim, tried to get the little girl interested in something to take up her time, now that she was stronger. But at any mention of dancing, the youngster's eyes would fill, and once, when Jim pursued the subject, she had quite a fit of sobbing. The doctor said there was to be no more of that; so for a long while the subject was not mentioned.

Gradually Dibbie started school again, made friends, played marbles. She was even allowed to study summers and by careful tutoring throughout the years, managed to catch up on her school work. The doctor had become one of her pet friends, and one day, when she was thirteen, she met him as she was on her way home from high school.

"Hi, Doc!"

"Hi, Dibbie! How goes it? Coming my way?"

She nodded. "Yup!"

"How's school going? Okay, I bet. Say, Dib, I was surprised not to see you at the Country Club last week. How come you and Joe weren't there?"

Dibbie looked straight ahead. "I never want to dance again."

And suddenly the doctor began to see a light, and he groped toward it. He had been at that exhibition in '36. He had been amazed at the talent of this youngster—delighted, in fact.

"Why, Dibbie?"

She shook her head. "I don't know." And then suddenly her words tumbled out. "You remember that exhibition? I thought I danced all right, but when I was all through, Miss Fairchild said I had to do it again. If I was that bad, I never want to dance again. . . . I never could, because I did my best and it wasn't as good as any of the other kids."

The doctor stopped right where they were, and placed his hands on Dibbie's shoulders.

"My dear girl, oh my dear girl, what fools we all were!"

Dibbie shook her head, her black hair tumbling about, her eyes questioning. "What is it, Doc? What's wrong?"

"Dibbie," he felt for his words carefully, "Dibbie, Miss Fairchild asked you to repeat your dance because you were so good! The audience wanted to see you do

your dance again. That's what we call an encore. . . can it be possible that you haven't learned what an honor a repeat performance can be?"

"Of course!" Dibbie's eyes shone. "I've learned what an encore is, but I never thought that that was what Miss Fairchild meant. Oh Doc . . . if that's true. . ."

"Of course it is. Miss Fairchild herself will tell you." And Miss Fairchild did. That lady was overwhelmed when she learned what havoc her seemingly innocent words had wrought.

When everything was cleared up, Dibbie and the doctor walked together to the Marlowe's, where the exciting news was broken.

"Will you take up your dancing again, Dibbie?" her brother, home from college for a brief holiday, asked her.



—She portrayed the gay man-about town. And she was good.

She shook her head. "I wanted to become a great dancer," she said soberly, "ever after Mom took me to see that dancer in New York when I was six. Not just a small-town-tap teacher. I gave up that idea, and it's too late for me to start learning now. I've forgotten, and it would take too long to learn. . . too long, so that I'd never be a really professional ace." She looked solemnly at her size 4's, and then grinned at her brother.

"But, gee Jim, will you teach me to . . . to jitterbug n' stuff, so I can go to dances with Joe? Will you, Jim?"

And Jim, with the brusqueness typical when anything moved him, said, "Sure, kid! Want to start now?"

And hand in hand, the pair left the room.

Once you have started buying War Savings Stamps, stick to it!

What! Is This Younger Generation Coming Too?

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us

To see oursel's as others see us!

It wad frae monie a blunder free us,

And foolish notion.

—To a Louse.

ELIAS K. Jones, Esq. trailed the principal of Harlow High into the assembly hall. Somewhat ponderously and out of breath he mounted the steps leading up on the stage. Odd, he contemplated, how you broadened in outlook, in importance, and in girth as Time lay a telling finger on you. Mr. Jones, prominent citizen and businessman of Harlow Hollow, had been requested to address the student body—that babbling sea of faces below him now. Talk on anything you like, the principal had urged, probably something vocational. The So-You-Want-To-Be sort of subject, you know. Mr. Jones had nodded and shaken hands with the principal. That had been a month ago. Well, here he was. Mr. Jones took a seat beside a lank boy with an engaging grin and a smattering of freckles. In a quick appraising glance Mr. Jones observed that his young companion had distributed his long limbs rather ungracefully about the chair and that upon being introduced to THE speaker (Mr. Jones assumed that much importance to himself) the boy had collected his various members sufficiently to pull himself to his feet and to grasp Mr. Jones' hand.

The speaker's thoughts wandered back through a hall of memories to a door marked "Class of '09." There they stopped, for Jonesey himself had been a book-toter, skidding along these very corridors. He looked a little shamefacedly up the corridor to see if anyone was about to catch him sentimentalizing. He could chuckle now over Miss Fussington's expostulations on classroom etiquette. He could almost hear her now, demanding, "You, Jones, you tell us what good behavior is." And he sheepishly remembered his whispered aside to Slab Fuller across the aisle—a whisper that had rasped louder than any plain talk—"Yeah. What good is it?" He knew the answer to that question now. And he thought what a happy existence the boys and girls before him enjoyed. All he had met seemed so naturally quick to do and say the polite thing. No call to admonish these young people behind classroom doors. Great youngsters, these. So poised. Some improvement on his generation.

As Mr. Jones' thoughts strayed, so did his eyes. At one side of the assembly hall a chain of belated, shoving, shrilling boys and girls were battling for admittance. A chain? More aptly, a chain gang, for all the

clatter and chatter of their entrance. Mr. Jones started forward in surprise as he watched a teacher who had forsaken her post by the door. She had been attempting to marshal her brood into some semblance of an orderly line. Yes, forsaken her post and resorted to the comparative safety of pressing flat against the wall. It was all too apparent to E. K. Jones that, as a teacher, that damsel in distress made an excellent door frame, at least in the eyes of the passing parade. What was the rush? Where was the fire? He knew that he himself was hardly that much of an attraction. But he excused their high-pitched prattle and jostling. He recalled what an occasion an assembly had been in his day. He waited for a hush to fall over the hall—the hush of expectancy that meant he had his audience's attention. To the contrary, the hive-like drone which he had noticed at first rose to an impossible pitch. The din was deafening. Mr. Jones tried to rethink the outline of his talk and found his memory a startling facsimile of Mother Hubbard's cupboard. To reassure himself he patted the hastily scribbled notes he had tucked into his pocket. Lucky thing—his having chanced to write them out.

Jones noticed several teachers scurrying hither and thither distractedly trying to silence the most vociferous offenders with an ineffective tap on the shoulder. Somehow it reminded him vaguely of the era of the Tithing man. Finally the boy beside him, at a nod from the principal, picked up his lank frame and read the Scriptures. Mr. Jones' mind wandered over the bobbing faces in front of him. Yes, their heads were bobbing like bits of floating cork on a choppy ocean. Must be slightly disconcerting, mused Jones, glancing at the boy who was bent intent on the big Bible. Either that boy was deaf, perfectly poised, or a marvel of concentration, to ignore the undercurrent of voices from the mass out beyond him. Mr. Jones discarded the first two possibilities as absurd, for the boy never once glanced out at his audience to arrest their attention by a pause. Mr. Jones' apprehension rose like a popover as he heard the boy near the end of the reading:—"These three. And the greatest of these is charity. We'll repeat the Lord's Prayer. Our Father . . ."

Jones bowed his head and fervently prayed that upon lifting his eyes again, he'd find a polite, attentive,

and poised assembly.

The prayer ended.—“for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever. Amen. We’ll rise and salute the flag. I pledge allegiance . . .” Jones stood rigid, patriotism shining in his eye and in his posture. But his wayward gaze fell on the front row of students, some standing on one foot, some on the other, some saluting with outstretched arm, others with their palms out and their hand by their forehead. Jones wondered if their patriotism was as divided as their expression of it.

A rustle like autumn leaves filled the hall. Someone’s seat slammed. Another guffawed. Two or three were gesticulating wildly and patting their pates. Mr. Jones became acutely conscious of his highly polished dome.

The boy leader shifted to a more awkward stance. “We are very pleased to have as our speaker today Mr. Elias K. Jones, an outstanding member of our community and one with whom you are all familiar.” Here his glibness faltered, he sighed and inflated his lungs, and plunged on. “I am very happy to present Mr. Jones who will speak to us on . . . well, you take it from there, Mr. Jones.”

A patter of applause rained. In a far corner the clapping took on a regularity which sounded suspiciously like “Deep in the Heart of Texas.” Whether this applause was to reward the efforts of the boy who had preceded him or to welcome the speaker, Elias K. could not decide. But he had made up his mind on one thing. Deliberately he drew out the notes he had prepared and tore them up in plain sight of everybody. . . The pupils were visibly amazed; the faces before him developed a sudden case of gaposis. Again deliberately, he produced from his pocket a package of chewing gum which he unwrapped. One stick he popped into his mouth; the wrapper he carefully rolled into a tight wad and tossed over his shoulder. Then, assuming the angularity of his predecessor, E. K. Jones began his speech. “Students,” his exordium and his mouth opened simultaneously, “Students, take a long look. You see here before you a man suffering from a compound fracture of the illusions. You see before you a single reflection—as if in a mirror. Stop, Look, Listen. And reflect. See yourselves as others see you. Isn’t it about time you took a powder?” He paused to clomp down on the Juicy Fruit. And he felt a laugh stealing over him like a sneeze. To think he had come to this. If only Miss Fussington could see him now. . .

N. B. Any resemblance to actual persons, alive and kicking, is intentionally coincidental. The moral to this tale is left to you and you and especially YOU! And how does it end? Do they live happily ever after? Who knows? Do you?

—Sylvia, W. I. S.

Sugar Blues Or Sweet Nothings

by Cleo Patter

They’re shutting down on sugar,
They’re rationing our gas,
Which means a heap o’hoofing
And sour apple sass.

Roses are red, violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet. . .
(Oh, go ahead and put another spoonful in—
There’s oodles in the closet by the flour bin!)

They’re running out of rubber,
They’re wary ’bout the weather,
Which grows a trifle tiresome
And tireless together.

Roses are red, violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet. . .
And we each have our little lump—a dulcet
domino—
And everywhere we go to tea, the lump is sure
to go.

But oh! a second sugar lump
Is sweet, as sweet as sin;
And so we’re “no-it-all” who try
To like, not lump, this rationing.

Roses are red, violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet. . .
But we who dote on dietetics and munch a
lemon for a sour tooth
Have hope of future sweet synthetics to take
the edge from off the bitter truth!

Snoop: I was just walking by the hoosgow and I heard
Homer in there crooning.

Droop: What would he be in there for?

Snoop: He got caught hoarding sugar.

Droop: But you couldn’t see him from outside. How
did you know it was Homer?

Snoop: He was singing “The Blues My Naughty
Sweetie Gives to Me”!

Corner Drug

by Sonny Cohen

Sonny scuttles her jabberwocky long enough to produce this bit of blarney. A new plot—a new style: it's news! Like it?

HEY, Charlie, make mine a sas'parilla. . . with a little speed, huh? . . . Honest, the service here ain't what it used to be. I can remember when it was just like the big city—no waiting, nothing. Of course, you're just small-town, Charlie. Yep, it's like I say, some folks is born to the big city, some ain't. Reminds me of a story. . .

You all know Mike! He's the big red-headed Irish cop on the corner, the one that takes the little kids across the street from school and the one that helps old ladies over the ice in winter. A fine figure he is, too, in his policeman's blue that just matches his Irish eyes. And even if his hair is flecked with gray, why his eyes just twinkle twice as brightly. Yep, Mike's the sort of guy that the movies like to picture as the cop who spots the bank robbers, and usually gets killed in the end, but everyone cries because he's a fine old man who's led a fine honest life.

Well. . . Mike has lived a fine honest life too, but Mike ain't never seen no bank robbers. Mike wouldn't know one if he stepped on one. Not that he's dumb, you understand, not Mike! But he just can't believe there's bad in anyone. Well. . . like I says, Mike's lived a good life and spent all fifty-two years of it in Elm City. Why, the most exciting thing in his life was the station's getting a new patrol wagon. And then it happens! Out of a clear sky the Elm City Order of Sacred Elephants elects Mike as its delegate to their national convention. And in New York, no less! Imagine, a fine trip, free eats, free room, all dumped into his lap, just like that! Me . . . I never even won a bingo game. Not that I ain't satisfied with life. If I ain't on the books for a break like that, O. K., you don't see me kickin' . . . but it just shows you the luck of some guys . . .

Well. . . to get back to Mike, at first he's so flabbergasted that it throws him into a daze, but finally his enthusiasm mounts and he starts gettin' ready for the event. Even rents a tux! In fact, the whole city's in a flurry. The day comes at last, and the town gets Mike to the station and onto the train with only a few minor accidents. Mike is fussing around and his red face is beaming like a kid's. The train pulls out, and Mike is on his way.

I don't have to tell you about New York. If you

ain't been there, you've read about it. But to Mike it's like another world. Well, the train pulls in and Mike gets off, but it takes him a good hour to come out of Grand Central. He makes it, however, and there he is in New York. Now, as I said, maybe you ain't been in New York, but if you have or you ain't, let me tell you that the worse thing to do is to ask a New Yorker how to get anywhere. New Yorkers are the most unsympathetic, cold-blooded bunch you can run into. But poor Mike don't know this. He's just a small-town guy who's a sorta babe in the woods, you might say, now that he's in the big city. So the first thing he does is to innocently stop a gob who's in an awful hurry to get nowhere, seeing as he's walking in circles; and Mike asks him how to get to the Randolph Hotel. The guy just keeps on walking, so Mike tries again. After ten minutes he gives it up as a bad job and turns to look at the rest of New York's pedestrians.



—like another world.

Maybe a woman would know, thinks Mike, so he plants himself in front of a blond and pops the question, so's to speak. Maybe the girl took pity on him, 'cause I guess Mike did look kinda pathetic standing there. Anyway, she favors him with a smile and jerks her head in the general direction of California and hurries on.

Well. . .by this time Mike's Irish is up. So he grabs his suitcase and starts down the street, mumbling under his breath. Just as he reaches the corner, a guy comes rushing around from the other side, and as Mike is where the other fella ordinarily would have landed, they bump.

This is the finishing touch. Mike grabs this unfortunate by the coat and shoves a fist under his chin. The fist and chin connect and the guy goes down in a heap.

Now . . . under any other circumstances Mike would have been extended the hospitality of New York's fine jails that night, but I guess Mike was born under a lucky star. It so happens that this limp heap of humanity at his feet had been in the act of making off with the dough of the Last National Bank of New York, and as Mike prevented this, he finds himself a hero.

But instead of likin' this as anyone might, Mike is only embarrassed. While everyone is excited, he tries to slip the crowd. Of course he is noticed and the now friendly pedestrians flock after poor Mike. Well, being a stranger, Mike makes for the one spot in the city he knows. . . the station. He makes it, too, and also the first train home. Didn't even stop to collect the reward. Of course, he didn't know there was one, but if that had been me, I'd a found out pretty quick. But it's like I say. . .some guys are born to the big city, some ain't. . .

Gosh, Charlie, ain't that sas'parilla ready yet?

Let's Get Quizzical

Get out your specs, chillun! Here's the latest reading quiz!

Where would you meet these characters in literature? Can the "experts" stump you?

1. Betsy Trotwood
2. Father Chisholm
3. Alessandro
4. Amy Robsart
5. Alan Breck
6. Meg Merrilies
7. Hawkeye
8. Queequeg
9. Dr. Gotlieb
10. Mrs. Malaprop
11. Eliza Doolittle
12. Lady Teazle
13. Philip Rhayader
14. Becky Sharp
15. Becky Thatcher

Answer on page twenty-three

Know Your Air Raid Refuge Assignment

All set and ready to go for air raid drills, that's Bangor High! Everywhere may be found evidences of precautions which have been taken. The familiar banners and pictures presented by the classes have been removed from the walls which they helped to brighten. But then—we wouldn't be able to see them anyway, for windows and doorways are being blacked out with carefully fitted wood panels.

We have been left in the dark this way for obvious reasons. However, there is certain information which must be clear in the minds of all of us. This is the revised air raid plan. Because it helps you to remember a thing which you have seen in black and white, we print for you the following refuge assignments. Make a note of the rooms in which you have classes and in which you may be when the alert signal—three short rings on the fire alarm gong—is given.

Refuge Room—Gym. Shower rooms

Refuge Room—003-101-004-102-008-113-012-114-

. Gymnasium

Refuge Room—103-112-105-202-110-210-111

. Basement Corridors

Refuge Room—205-207. Assembly Hall Stage

Refuge Room—201-211-203-302-204-303-208-311-209-

314. 1st Floor Corridors

Refuge Room—301-309-304-312-305-313-306-315 - 307-

322-308. 2nd Floor Corridors

(Please turn to page thirty-four)

V for Vocabulary

"Methinks it opprobrious for seers

To deign to risk their ears

In donning their panoply for love

Of lucre and 'eulogization'* above."

"Howbeit," said the hireling, "ne'er

The twain of us shall meet to air

Our plumes, I wot, long buried in the attic

For the meed, a natty mattock,

Is anent the common weal."

"I refuse to wield my augury for pelf,"

Timidly spoke the darling little elf.

"In my ken, the yen to vaunt our zeal

For a natty mattock in the butts

Is most assuredly not the nuts

So ne'er the twain of us shall meet

To fight for lucre sweet."

Edie Mae.

*Not in the dictionary, so don't blame Webster.



Editorial Comment

VOL. LI

NO. 4

THE ORACLE

APRIL, 1942

En Garde

IT is April 1942. Spring is just around the corner. But this year the season of budding trees and flowers finds us engaged in the most destructive war which the world has ever witnessed. Before last December 7th, we in America seemed to be spectators of this world conflict, although our sympathies and material aid had been going to the Allies for some time. Then, suddenly, on that December day we found ourselves drawn into the battle through the treachery of the Japanese at Pearl Harbor. Although our losses were severe, that tragic experience united the people of this country over night as nothing else could have done. Enlistments in the armed services immediately reached a new high. Production in war materials began to expand. An awakened America rushed to take her place beside other nations fighting for the cause of free people everywhere. Our lack of preparation, as a peace loving nation, made it impossible for us to obtain spectacular victories at the start, but our war production results will soon begin to tell.

On every side, people are asking what they can do to help. Many people have volunteered in some form of civilian defense, where they can assist in the protection of their home towns and cities. The factories and shipyards are crowded with patriotic Americans, striving to speed up production. Planes, ships, and guns are being turned off the assembly lines as never before in the history of this country. Nearly every person has been or will be affected by the war. Nearly every business and vocation has been changed from its regular peace time course. Business men by the score have been drafted into the armed forces; many have been forced out of business for lack of merchandise. Taxes are already much higher. Even the housewife finds that foods are costing more and that certain staples are already being rationed.

Although the sacrifices of war are very great, Americans seem to be getting behind the victory effort wholeheartedly. All adults seem to be doing something to help, and we, as high school students, should be helping too. Just what can we do?

The most important thing for us at the present time is to take advantage of our educational opportunities. An uneducated man or woman isn't worth half as much to his or her country as the person who has at least completed high school. A well founded school career sharpens a person's intellect and makes him think more carefully and accurately. He develops initiative and learns to take responsibility. He discovers how to get along with other people. Intelligent people can always adapt themselves more easily to emergencies than unintelligent groups. One duty for us is clear. We must go to school while we can make the most of it.

There are also other things we can do. We can take such Civilian Defense Courses as are open to us and offer to perform some of the many defense jobs which need to be carried out. Many of them can be done by high school students. We can also economize, save money for the purchase of defense stamps and bonds, and put aside costly sports and hobbies till the war is over. Family cars should be used less to cut down on tire and gasoline consumption.

Health is essential too. We can and must keep in perfect physical condition. Look at German youths. Do they lie around in ease and comfort? Do they get soft? No, far from it. One of the prime purposes of sending young Germans to school is to give them physical exercises and drill. They must be in top condition for Hitler's army. He evidently believes that he must have physically robust young men in his attempt to conquer the world. Our country too, needs youths in good physical condition. We can do our part along this line by eating proper food, getting sufficient sleep, and engaging in some sport or exercise.

For those of us who do not intend to go on with our education after high school, there is an opportunity for enlistment in Uncle Sam's forces. Fighting men are needed, and there is certainly room for anyone who is capable and courageous.

Everything considered, it is a time of challenge to high school students. The extent to which we meet this challenge may have an important bearing on the final outcome.

Fifty Years Ago In The Oracle

WE are christening this column, not with a broken bottle of sham pane, but with a dab of polish for the tarnish that may have attached itself to the earliest gems which our golden publication, the *Oracle*, put forth. No doubt you've heard laughter rippling in forbidden corridors and study halls . . . so we herewith launch a few overhauled laughs. Long may they ripple! And should our Good Ship Laffaday run aground on those perilous Points of History . . . well, we'll be fit to be tied . . . high-tide, we mean.

* * * * *

Volume 1, No. 1—Dec. 1892:

Questions We Can't Answer:

What did the football team do on Thanksgiving Day?

Where did those horns go to?

This, one must deduce, is the forerunner of the modern blow-out; We know, for aye, that our teamsters were Rams—which easily solves the horn question. Gay days, indeed, when horns and Rams could be trusted to come to blows!

And Harry W. Libbey was the Editor-in-Chief. There was beaucoup to do about a new high school building. Via the Contribution Box the *Oracle* nabbed news for its *Locals* and *Personals*.

Why is the Senior Class like a dove?

Because of its two Wings and its innocence.

Cooo. . . coo. . . oops, pardon, just put that one on the bill.

Teacher: Johnny, who is the strongest man mentioned in the Bible?

Johnny: John L. Sampson.

Hey, there, let's not fight about it! After all, Sampson was a push-over. . . remember? In case you don't, John L. was a Sullivan who tussled with muscle. Of course, Sullivan of the 1942 Hollywood version was a traveller. . . he got around. . . he braved the waves of none other than that scenic attraction—Veronica Lake. Anywhich—why don't you speak for yourself, John?

Wanted—More voices in morning exercises.

Why have all the Bangor High School boys such melodies (?) voices?

Not even subtle on that point, were they? 'Twould seem A. M. harmony in '92 was like unto a mourning song. . . on the verge of a dirge. And we find among those early ad ventures a solicitous note from the agents of Shaker Tooth Polish: *Come and See Us.*

The Senior Class decided to have no graduation exercises. A composition on "Are the Indians Fairly Treated?" was supported negatively in a forcible manner. Ugh!

And so to Vol. 1, No. 2—Jan. 1893: Edward Pierce was the editor.

Military has been introduced into the High School. Be sure and wear your cap at drill. It will improve the looks of the company greatly.

Locals: Some of the Senior boys have a very peculiar habit of falling on their knees at drill. Why do they do it? There's a new coon in town.

Coon? Was that the Gay Nineties' equivalent of a wolf? Or merely a typographical slip-up on "Goon"? In either instance. . . Johnny-getcha-gun!

One day recently a teacher asked a pupil in the freshman class for the Latin word meaning leg. The reply was immediately given; lex, legis.

One wonders if they were thinking of the arm of the law . . . and simply grabbed the wrong limb. One wonders. . .

Personals: She's little, but—Oh, my!

Which just goes to prove something, if nothing.

In No. 3 was the dour dissertation on "Bones" by "A Young Contributor."

Shoot the bones to me, Jones:

Some animals have their skeletons on the outside. I am glad I aint them animals, for my skeleton, like it is on the chart, wouldn't look well on the outside.

Maybe that one belongs to the Better-Left-Buried variety.

Presenting: A pun—*Very paneful—the school windows.* Likewise, you can see right through it. But not so the windows to the classroom doors of '42. Thanks to World War II, and Air Raid Precautions, we can no longer enjoy the passing parade in the corridors. Woe to the victims of claustrophobia! For the way is barred, board, and our very sight is censored, Oh, blessed are the censors, for they shall inhibit the earth! (Courtesy of someone, we don't remember whom. . .)

Music is to be ranked. Many a scholar, who has been in the habit of listening instead of singing, is loudly bewailing his fate.

Aha. . . (memoirs of Merlin's lurid laughter) heh. . . heh. . . the solution to the mystery of the mutilated music. . . Mmmmmmmmm. . .

Lady (to milkman): Sir, I found some small fishes in the milk yesterday morning.

Milkman: What do you expect for 5c a quart? Whales? Oh, my, no! Silly gills.

June Issue, No. 7, coming up:

On a lark—its feathers.

Did someone say odoriferous . . . like fish?

A column and a half bewailed the need of a new and improved ventilation system. Hutchings was elected Editor-in-Chief for the coming year. Fred Clifford was voted for Ass't. Ed. and Business Manager. The *Oracle*, unlike its predecessors, is to prevail. . . at least through 1893!



Spring Styles



By Curran Company Boot Shop

For you who go tailored these shoes are perfect for your suit or spring outfit! There is nothing like them. Our petit little model, Jerry Erickson, says that they fit like a glove and are easy to walk in because of that cuban heel. If you can't afford to be frivolous, let us assure you that these are a wise investment. Do you ever bother to examine a shoe carefully as to the cut and workmanship? Designers take in every minute detail in order to give our feet comfort as well as style.

The other shoe features the beloved new nailheads, exciting and different! These highly polished calfskins come in that luscious new shade of brown. If you want a lower heel, especially since we'll all be walking soon, try something with a bit of smartness with that stitching that'll suit the junior's delight.

Curran Co. Boot Shop is open to your inspection of their new spring lines at any time.

Working for Uncle Sam this summer? If you are, we take off our hats to you! Robbie Speirs is shown here trying to heave a sandbag! The suit is a heavy beige cotton material, rugged enough to take quite a beating. Since the shirt and slacks are cut and tailored well, don't confine them to use for a work suit only, but for casual wear also. The black tie is usually worn with it to give a finished look.

Since so many of our students will be doing defense work in one capacity or another after graduation, we thought that it would be just the thing to show what type of outfit would be appropriate.

Many different kinds of regulation suits, one and two-piece, some requiring caps, may be purchased at Sears-Roebuck on Harlow Street.



By Sears-Roebuck



By Besse System

Doesn't Eleanor Klyne look pretty as a picture in this tailored tan coat? This sophomore chose to model this spring coat because it is simple and yet dressy enough for all needs. To find a fully lined, practical coat which doesn't cost beyond your budget, merits every girl's attention. We don't want to sound over-enthusiastic, but you ought to see the other heavenly colors in which this coat comes. They include the prettiest powder blue, and a lovely shade of aqua, and also we saw pink tweeds.

Maybe you're looking for a silk dress for spring things. The Besse System Store is full of bright splashes of color: dark dresses with red jackets, flowered prints, and the dependable navy silk with white hamburg trimming, which never goes out of style. The two piece suits looked so pretty—all lined up—a pink pastel beside a pale blue.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

—Pope

Dear Oracle Readers:

We want to thank you for the swell way you have supported our column by patronizing those who have been so kind as to lend us the clothes which make the column a success. Good luck to next year's Fashion Editors.

Margy and Liz.

Robert Lancaster, better known to most of us as Lanky, is the cause of part of those "bangs" you can hear if you are in school on Saturday mornings. He has attained the rating of "expert marksman" in the junior division of a national rifle association.

This senior is wearing a coat of brown heather. It is single breasted, and is beautifully tailored, of course. It is so well cut that Lanky wouldn't even have to take it off when he is playing pool. Isn't that handy?

Maybe you had the same impression that we did—we thought that men's suits were going to be cuffless, pocketless, and collarless this spring. Don't you think that will be different? Well, Mr. Largay tells us that those "defense suits" won't be in until next fall.

There were the prettiest tan tweed sport jackets on the racks in Largay's, and if you want your girl to compliment you, buy one of these. But be careful! That girl may try to take it away from you.



By Largay's Men's Shop

MUCH ADO ABOUT MURDER OR THE BLOND BOMBER OF BROOKLYN

by Punch and Judy

(conclusion)

IS there a murder in the house? Josh Madison and Callie know there is, and with the enthusiasm of the uninitiated they are hounding the trail of the murderer. Gilbert Ryan, man of the world, is now out of this world. . .who done him wrong? Callie's sleuthing has added up to a grand total of suicide, but Josh hesitates to accept such a simple solution. A picture of Sheila Munroe, his mother's blond niece from Brooklyn and Ryan's partner of the evening, is missing from the collection of clues. Sheila has confessed that all was not Lemon Chiffon between Ryan and herself. The detective force, for the moment, suddenly isn't, and Josh and Callie are puzzled plus. Soooo. . .

* * * * *

"Callie, where is that snapshot of Sheila that was right here when the Inspector cleaned out Ryan's pockets?" Josh pointed to the table arrayed with evidence.

Callie had no ready reply. Her silence was weighted with thought. Sharply the doorbell offered relief. Josh started hastily to answer it, calling back over his shoulder as he ran, "You look plumb de-vitaminized, Callie honey, why don't you turn in. . .you're sleeping with Sheila, I think, in the guest room. . ."

Callie took the cue and reluctantly trailed upstairs with her eyes disappointed. Probably Josh didn't mean to be brusque. . .he must be tired, too.

Josh, at the front door, hoped that the bell had not been noticed by anyone else. He grasped the knob and admitted a blast of night air and a young, cold-looking Western Union messenger who held out a pale yellow envelope.

"Telegram for Mrs. Joshua Madison," the boy said, reaching for a pencil in his pocket.

"That's my mother," Josh took the paper. "Here, I'll sign for it."

The boy in uniform grinned. "Some party you've been having. . .oh, thanks, sir." He pocketed a tip. Josh opened the door for him.

The telegram burning in his hand, Josh wondered where his mother was. A telegram on top of this mess of a murder might prove the straw that broke the camel's back. He ripped the flap and read, staring hard at the riddle of words: "Hope your Christmas party is successful stop sorry to have missed it stop will plan to visit you for a few days at New Years love signed Sheila."

Sheila? But she was here. No, the telegram read Brooklyn. Josh glanced apprehensively toward the

front stairway almost as if he expected the blond to be standing there smiling a Mona Lisa. The emptiness of the hall was provoking, annoying. And Callie was upstairs going to bed with Sheila. . .or was it Sheila? He crammed the telegram into his coat just as the bell rang again. The door opened before he could reach it. The Inspector. Josh mustered a hearty, "So you're back? Glad to see you."

The Inspector was slightly taken aback, "Hello there. Anything new?"

"All the ladies are turning in. Just thought I'd slip out for a package of cigarettes. . .the foul and filthy atmosphere around a murder doesn't exactly appeal to my finer senses." The cigarettes had occurred to Josh as he was talking. Anything to take him where he could entertain his thoughts uninterrupted. . .

"You'll be back in about a half hour?" The Inspector's question was imperative.

Josh nodded and slammed the door behind him. He started toward his car, then decided that walking might lift the fog on his brain. Sheila Monroe. Josh had never seen this cousin before tonight. In fact, his mother had not seen the girl except as a toddler. And Sheila and Ryan had arrived too late that afternoon for Mrs. Madison to do more than to ask them to the Charity ball at the Madison home and to make up an extra bed in the guest room for her unexpected relative.



After dialing his home—

This child of his late father's sister was a stranger to Josh. But stranger than fiction, the truth stood out in bold print; the girl who was to spend the night in the same room as Callie was no relative of Josh. Who was she then? Josh knew her identity only as an acquaintance of Gil Ryan's. No help there. . .dead men tell no lies. . .they don't even tell. However Ryan's repu-

(Please turn to page twenty-three)

Alumni



HERE we are again with some news about our alumni. Tempus fugits, doesn't it?

First of all we all should offer our congratulations to Miss Julie Spangler '35 (a sister of our staff photographer) who has distinguished herself in the world of science. She collaborated among six scientists of three of the nation's leading cancer and medical institutions, on a report about cancer.

Did any of you see the latest Maine Masque play, "Romeo and Juliet?" If you did, you'll agree with me in the fact that Dayson DeCourey '38 and Frank Wood upheld the wonderful reputation of Bangor High School. Frank played the part of Paris, and Dayson portrayed Mercutio. Do you remember Dayson in the senior play, "China Boy"; and Frank Wood in "Little Women" as Laurie?

Looking through some old G.A.H.C. books the other day, I happened to notice some familiar names. Louine Kimball, last year's president, is at Gordon College of Religion in Boston; Frannie Bullard is in training at the Eastern Maine General Hospital; Bette Taylor is also at the E. M. G. H. working in the records department. Frannie '40 and Hilda Banks '40 are attending the Maine School of Commerce. Patricia Ramsdell is a secretary at the National Home Equipment Company.

That beautiful girl called Betsey, who looks right at you, after you turn the first page of the Bangor Daily Commercial, is Betsey Conners, a member of the ex-'36 class. She is the fashion editor of the Commercial staff.

Eddie Babcock, '40, will go down in the basketball history of Bowdoin College. Their very first point which was made during their first game of basketball was made by him.

Barb Foley, '40, of Steven's College in Missouri, has been elected to Phi Theta Kappa, a National Honor Society of junior colleges.

Roberta Curran, '40, returned this winter to the gym where she starred in basketball for four years, to referee the girls' intramural basketball games, and Barbara Libby, '39, employed by the Bangor Hydro Company, refereed our hockey games last fall.

Shume White is certainly doing all right at Maine. Did any of you see him burn up that basketball court during those games last winter? He was also nominated to be a sophomore marshall at the commencement exercises.

Frances Black and Eleanor Lord are employed by Rice and Miller and The Bangor Gas Companies respectively.

Anne Hanson, '38, who graduated from the Vesper George Art School, works in the decorating department of Filene's in Boston. By the way, Robbie Hanson, '40, didn't do a bad job for the Maine freshman basketball team this winter.

Our most enthusiastic congratulations go to Ellen Hathorn, '37, who recently tied that beautiful knot with Richard Files of East Orange, New Jersey. Dick isn't an alumnus, but he's known by the famous girls of Happy's former Girl Scout troop 5.

If you make a telephone call someday and get a wrong number, you'll know that Lucy Leavitt or Dorothy Bragdon, who are operators for the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, can't be responsible.

Easter Sunday, April 5, Mrs. Stanley Seimer hurried out the door of the Seminary Chapel and looked suspiciously and stunningly like Isabel Cumming. Her brother Robert was home from the U. of Chicago and was best man, which made the occasion a real family reunion. We had to smile to hear Isabel whisper just before the Marche Fatale began, "Remember, Pops, we start on the left foot!" And we liked watching Spanky Spangler, '42, almost make the altar herself as she rushed madly about, trying to straighten Isabel's lovely train.

The Seminary circle of Bangor High alumni is a veritable marry-go-round this year. Anne Perry, U. of M. 1940, and mistress of math at the MacDuffie School in Springfield, Mass., has planned her wedding to Edward Kenneth Brann of Plainfield, N. J. for early this spring. Jane Bradshaw has transferred from Vassar to Radcliffe which is so much closer to Harvard Medical School. June is the month when Jane and E. C. Peirce, 2nd, will go in for altaration.

Louise Newman and Barb Perry are slated for a summer at the Jackson Laboratory for cancer research, in Bar Harbor. And we know they're slated for success, too. Skoal to the future scientesses!

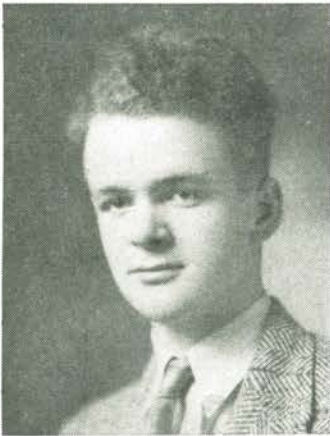
Elnora Savage, whom you've no doubt seen within the past year substituting at her old Alma Pappy—B. H. S., was married at her home to George C. Grant of Waterville. Now she's off to continue teaching English at Norway High, and he's off to Camp Devens!

(Please turn to page thirty-five)

“ “ JUNIOR EXHI

MEDALIST

HONORABLE MENTION



Simon O'Leary:

Here at last is the number one actor of the Juniors who can portray anyone from Dracula to Donald Duck.

"Slimie" as he's known to the "boys" claims he's no kin to "Simple S." of nursery rhyme fame but says that he'll eat anything that doesn't bite him first.

Simon says, "It's strictly brunettes but maybe I can make allowances for Sally Rand." Simon spends his summers at Field's Pond and his spare time as school reporter with the News.

His mind isn't made up as to '43 but let's make it Tufts or Holy Cross.

SPEAKERS

• • •



John Ballou:

Here's that rollie pollie football manager, Latin actor and businessman (on the Oracle board) John, commonly known as "Bouncer" Ballou.

It seems he's got that English-American touch—what with tea and hamburg as his favorite nourishment.

John allows me to quote him in saying, "I find myself partial to blonds especially Carol Landis."

Green Lake and its many attractions hold "Bouncer's" undivided attention from June to September

John has no plans, as yet, for college.



Willard Pierce:

Willie's the boogie woogie artist of the school who can really beat out solid music on those ivories!

Among "Boogie's" likes are football, Mose Nanigian, swimming, the "New Deal", basketball, and brunettes (nuts to blonds," he says.) His dislikes are food ('magine that) and redheads!

Getting back to the musical side, Willie's really a swell player.—You ought to hear his "Nanigian Hop," a very original piece!

Willie's one weakness in life is poker, in which, it seems, he indulges regularly with the rest of those naughty juniors.

He may go to Maine in '43.



Robert Berry:

Bob is one of the few living examples of the very rare bird, the scholar-athlete. Not only does he do a swell job on the cross-country and track teams, but he also gets 3 A's every quarter to boot. (These facts are based on evidence appearing in the office files at B. H. S. and are open for public inspection.)

Bob enjoys pie, brown eyes, math, ice cream, blonds and what have you.

He isn't sure where he's going after graduation, but with his ranks he's bound to go somewhere—probably the U. of M.



James Black:

Jim's got his future all mapped out for him. When he graduates next year, he's going into his Uncle's Navy to become the naval equivalent of a yard bird!

He'll gobble nearly anything in the food line, chocolate cake and ice cream being his special favorites.

Rifle shooting seems to be his main delight at present. He's a member of our swell rifle club and during his spare time he shoots on his own.

Jim's not very talkative, but, when you get to know him, he's a real swell fellar.

ITIONISTS—1942

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MEDALIST

HONORABLE MENTION



SPEAKERS

• • •



Ruth Fairley:

Here's one of "them-thar" Veazie gals—sure as shootin'. She's one of those Fairley prodigies whose A's and B's are just *never* blotted out. Who knows? Maybe she's a second Madame Curie in the making.

Ruthie's always munchin' potato chips and hurriedly gurglin' "coke" before it's time to ransack her "ever-ready" brains for tomorrow's assignments. Yeh! Man!

But do take us seriously now, for guess what Ruthie wants to be—a real registered navy nurse! Yumpin! won't all the fellas on the high seas be lucky, huh?

Harriet Travis:

What's her schedule, well:

In winter, it was skiing and skating but right now (just think! Spring's really here) "we bets" she yearns to take her daily strides—to (ahem) Brewer. But, maybe, we shouldn't be tellin' secrets, eh what?

In July n' August, she goes to Poland Springs. Gosh, can't you just see her swimming and diving down at Wo Ho Fo M. So Camp?

But in '43, Harriet's bound for the training camp—(oops! fooled ya)—to become a nurse, oh boy(s)!



Joan Ambrose:

"I like everything," Joanie merrily sings (perhaps you don't know it, but she *does* have a *WUN-ER-FUL* voice). She says, says she, she even likes Latin and Geometry—minus all the unforgettable homework.

Joanie is the "bestest" G. A. H. C. gal besides being a simply swell member of the Dramatic, Latin, and Debate Clubs.

In the summer months, she goes sailing right out to Pushaw Lake. Here, she spends "super glorious" vacations. Isn't it the truth, Joanie?

She would like very much to enter the medical field; mum! this is stiff stuff. More degrees to you, honey!



Barbara Mills:

Barb confesses she likes to play the fiddle and take piano lessons; but things, like geometry, measles, and liver—"Ugh," says she "they're awful!"

Aussi, Barb just *hates* to fall down and bump her chin (a hem!) or get socked in the eye with a hockey ball. It's a mighty comfy feeling, eh kid?

In her spare moments, Barb munches *raw carrots* by the dozens. Say, these really do make damsels gorgeous, don't they?

An extraordinary gal? golly, yes! Look where Barb spends her summer times—in the fields of Aurora on her father's *blueberry ranch*!



Anita Broder:

Presenting "the lady of mystery," a gal who is undecided about her (shall we say) very exciting future, Miss Anita Broder.

Her favorite hobby—absolutely anything that has to do with music—the Blues, Boogie, Swing. La Conga, and of course a Classical Interlude now and then. She *loves* to dance too. Yeh, man!

Cette dame, with green rimmed goggles, curly red hair, and smoothy clothes, can be seen "beating it" down Carland Street to dear old B. H. S. every mornin' at 7:45 A. M.

Anita plans to go to a college away from here, but she says, "Heaven only knows where right now!"



Hokum

EH bien, mesdames et messieurs, here it is spring once more and you know the old saying about this time of year. . .concerning a young man's fancy. . .we're expecting great things in these next few months. . .and then of course. . .graduation affects a great many of these things. . .but that'll be next year's Hokum editor's worry. . .not ours.

Agent X-Q-L informs us that recently quite a number of B.H.S.'s female population has turned to the U. of M. for its inspiration. Now. . .we promised not to let a word of it slip out. . .but for details, ask Dottie Leach, Prudy Speirs, Betty Higgins, Shirley Patterson, and so forth. But don't give us away.

Speaking of inspirations. . .did you know that Bill Smiley looks to two members of ye olde senior classes for his inspiration? 'Tis the truth. . .and now it can be told. Hi, you play-cast members.

Have you been seeing red lately? If so. . .don't get worried. . .you're not sick. . .it's only Mlle. Conners (alias Dumbo) rushing around in that flashy new (?) raincoat. . . 'tis rumored that what really happened was that the contents of a bottle of red ink splattered itself very ungraciously on Marion's beige raincoat. . . and. . .with war conditions such as they are. . .what could poor Dumbo do but have that beige coat dyed red? Ingenious and in style. . .to say the least.

Seriously though. . .even Miss Cousins has decided that it must be spring. . .as she remarks to each of her history classes. . . "Now put the proofs away students and let's get on to the lesson for today. . .I always just know it's spring when I see those pictures in class."

Scenes noted at La Conga Nite Club opening (by sub-agent No. 6500):

. . . Mary McGlew and her excellent Conga. . .
. . . Brookie, Bacon, and many other fellas in their shirt sleeves. . .that Conga *did* look strenuous

. . .
. . . Every one turning around to face the camera if possible while the movies were being taken. . . nothing shy about B. H. S. students. . .

. . . Peggy White, Donnie Annis, Benny Smith, Billie Lovejoy and all the gang performing in the latest jitterbug fashion. . .

. . . Billy French wandering around as if lost. . . where was your gal, Frenchy?

. . . the boys at the various tables playing rummy and whatnot. . .

. . . Jake and New-new. . . need we say more?

. . . Dean Connor and Fibber Magee hurrying toward the safety of their chairs just when some movies were about to be taken of them. . .

. . . Miss Stewart bustling about and generally seeing to it that things went as smoothly as planned by the various committees.

And for a good idea on how *not* to act in home room period. . .ask Freddie Dill about his penny-pitching . . . which was promptly curbed by the teacher in charge. . . Freddy was the little guy with that big grin and Peggy White at the Debate Club dance.

Also. . .for any info on Franny Smith. . .ask Joanne Pendleton. . . they say that she is well qualified to give it. . .how about that, J. P.?

If you should see anyone dashing around in Anne Woodman's white sweater. . .chances are that it isn't Anne at all. . .it seems that the gals in the junior class are addicted to wearing each other's clothes.

It was generally agreed at Dramatic Club initiations that Johnny Carson was the best actor in the skit presented by the initiates. . .his skill, of course, need not be enlarged upon after that very successful one-act play performance. . .by the way. . .in case you'd like to know how good the others were. . .J. Carson was a *corpse*!

Say. . .if you want to see something comical. . .just come down to the cafeteria some day and watch Major McCormick with his little brown teapot. . .the boys with the paper bags full of sandwiches from home, to go with the dinner that they buy down there. . . New-new eating her own dinner. . .and half of everybody else's dinner also. . .

Golly. . .those boarded-up windows on the door of each classroom sure do make a difference to those of us who frequent the detention room. . .formerly we inside were able to talk with those outside by means of a very violent sort of pantomime. . .but now the only way to communicate is to sit near the door and use the Morse code. . .

And did you know that Mr. McGinley sent Alden Lewis home for an absence note one Monday. . .and Lewis just didn't return again until three days later?

Guess maybe he had a hard time getting that note. . .

Besides being an actor. . .and a student of no mean ability. . .Dick Sprague does all right for himself as a stage hand. . .nice going, Dick.

Now . . .this column may be brief this month. . .but we're being patriotic—hence. . .no more paper available right now to continue this report. . .So. . .until the wedding month. . .and the month of graduations all over the U. S. . .it's au revoir from your Hokum editor.

Lincoln's birthday—a day that should be made a national holiday, since most people consider Lincoln, the preserver of our Union, as great as Washington, the father of our Union—was observed by an inspiring talk on Lincoln's life by Dr. Hauck, President, of the University of Maine.

Six High-Test Sport Models

On Sunday, March 15, the Eastern State Board for Examination of Women Officials met at the Maine School of Commerce Gym and six girls from Bangor High School passed their written examinations with very high averages. Betty West was the only one of the six, however, who decided to try the practical, or floor test, and she passed the actual refereeing with flying colors. She is now a Junior Women's Official for the Eastern Maine Section and should be congratulated for her fine work. The following girls passed their written examinations for the board:

Kathleen Downes, Eleanor Prusaitis, Esther Smith, Barbara Watters, Betty West, Shirley Wilson.

Answers To Reading Quiz on Page 15

1. David Copperfield
2. Keys of the Kingdom
3. Ramona
4. Kenilworth
5. Kidnapped
6. Guy Mannering
7. Last of the Mohicans
8. Moby Dick
9. Arrowsmith
10. The Rivals
11. Pygmalion
12. School for Scandal
13. The Snow Goose
14. Vanity Fair
15. Tom Sawyer

Much Ado About Murder

(continued from page eighteen)

tation as a suave, ambitious, and far from honorable go-getter threw a rather uncomplimentary light on her possible character.

The light from the drug store hit Josh's thoughtful face and blinded him into reality. Here he stood. . . the only one to have an inkling of the real set-up. Suicide. . .ha. . .Ryan was never a coward. . .he fascinated women and played them for fools. How Ryan would glory in the big game which aired its costly furs at such a social stamping ground as the Madison's annual Charity Ball. He'd win them with his suavity and charming, easy conversation, and he'd hint of big money if they would only take him up. A man after their own pocketbooks. . .the pick of the pickpockets!

Josh pushed open the store door and smiled hello to the old druggist. He straddled a chair beside an excuse of a counter. "Choc'late malted, Dan, and a pack of cigs. . . you know what I like. Oh, and have you some peppermints?" Josh thought of Callie's sweet tooth.

"Aye, and here ye be, lad," Dan slid the mints across the counter and switched on the beater. The telephone jangled. Dan hastily put the malted in front of Josh and headed for the back room. The foam ran down the sides of the glass onto the black marble.

Josh doodled his straws in it dreamily. What about the missing snapshot of the blond. She herself couldn't have removed it; she'd been with Callie. That left no one eligible. . .except Mom. Yes, that was it! Dear sweet Mom. . .she had hidden the picture to prevent it from incriminating her niece. . . little did she know! That explained the familiar scent that had lingered in the air about the table. Josh guzzled the cool sweet chocolate lingeringly. Now the task remained to wring the whole story, the straight version this time, out of the blond. At the first prick of an idea, he fished out a nickel and dived into the Drug store's reasonable facsimile of a phone booth. After dialing his home, he waited, whistling. Finally Mottford the butler answered, sounding a bit winded over the wires. Josh cut him short.

"Look here, Mottford, listen closely. Don't ask questions and don't stop to think. Go tell Miss Monroe that there's a Western Union call for her. Wait. Put her on the downstairs phone. As soon as she's out of hearing, tell Miss Callie to lend an ear at the phone upstairs and to keep her eyes sharp for anything that happens after that. Got that straight. Good. Go to it." Josh heard Mottford begin to blubber, recover himself and then shuffle down the hall. "Great old

(Please turn to page thirty-two)



Spinning Reel

MOKEY DELANO

MOKEY Delano will revive memories of those heart-warming roles previously enacted by Mickey Rooney and Jackie Cooper when they were mere boys. Once again that lovable irritating American boy comes to life on the nation's screens. Bobby Blake plays this part and proves himself another youth star added to the cinema heavens. The leading feminine role is played by Donna Reed, who had formerly appeared in *The Courtship of Andy Hardy*, *The Bugle Sounds*, and *The Shadow of the Thin Man*. Dan Dailey, Jr. plays the boy's father, a traveling salesman who sees little of his son and who is alternately bewildered and pleased by the lad's activities. The picture is filled with laughter and tears and many hilarious situations as Mokey tries to become accustomed to a stepmother and her authority after running wild for years. It is the type of comedy which appeals to all ages.

A YANK ON THE BURMA ROAD

Timely as today's headlines, *A Yank on the Burma Road* is a story of the conflict waged to keep open the lifeline of a nation through the precipitous and battle-scarred passes of the famed Burma Road. It depicts the heroic struggle of the Chinese for existence. Among the most spectacular scenes are the plunge of a truck convoy over a 500 foot precipice, the battle with enemy troops, dive-bombing airplane attacks, and skidding lurches on hairpin mountain curves. Loraine Day, an outstanding screen personality of the year, plays the wife of an aviator who has been taken prisoner in the Orient. Barry Nelson, who made his film debut in *Shadow of the Thin Man* and *Dr. Kildare's Victory*, is seen as a two-fisted New York cab driver who goes to China to drive a truck convoy over the Burma Road. Hundreds of Chinese players lend authentic color to the picture. George Seitz, noted for his swift action direction of films, ably directed this movie. This picture is one of thrills from beginning to end.

HER CARDBOARD LOVER

This picture again introduces Norma Shearer in her most hilarious comedy to date. Her flare for witty, sparkling force makes her the perfect choice for the role of Consuelo, the beleaguered lady whose heart rules her head, and who hires one man who loves her to keep her from falling in love with another. Robert Taylor, who co-starred with Miss Shearer in *Escape*, has added greatly to his stature as an actor in the past year by proving himself to be one of the most versatile actors on the screen. Played against the romance of Florida's smartest resorts, *Her Cardboard Lover* will furnish lavish modernistic sets as a background for love and laughter. The supporting roles are ably portrayed by George Sanders, Frank McHough, and Elizabeth Patterson.

WE WERE DANCING

We Were Dancing is a sophisticated comedy, and one of the gayest forces of the year, which gives Norma Shearer and Melvyn Douglas full opportunity to display their bright talents for comedy. The screen play was adapted in part from Noel Coward's New York stage success, *Tonight at 8:30*, which starred Gertrude Lawrence and Coward. Miss Shearer returns to the screen in this comedy after a long absence, and the theatre-goer will remember that the star scored one of her biggest hits in another hilarious Coward comedy, *Private Lives*. Her co-star is Melvyn Douglas, whom meets and marries at first sight. There are many complicated situations introduced by Gail Patrick as Linda Lane, the other woman, and by Lee Bowman, who plays the wealthy lawyer to whom Vicki, Norma Shearer, is engaged. Marjorie Main plays one of her funniest parts as a judge at a divorce trial. The picture is filled with romance, sophistication, and comedy.

Lady Macbeth once said: But screw your courage to the sticking-place,

And we'll not fail.

We add: Buy Defense Stamps.

On The Bookshelf



"THE SNOW GOOSE"

66 **T**HE Snow Goose" is one of those little books that carries a big message deep into the hearts of all who love a good book. Paul Gallico has written an endearing and beautiful story, told simply and sincerely. Philip Rhayader was a hunchback. Because men and women were repulsed by his physical ugliness, he lived in a deserted lighthouse, stranded in the gray expanses of the Marshes of Dover. He did not hate men; he loved all mankind and animal kind: he gave to men his beautiful paintings; he gave to the fowls of the air, the sanctuary of his solitude. So it was that Fritha came bearing in her arms a beautiful snow goose. When the snow goose again sought her homeland, Fritha also disappeared. But every autumn they returned to gladden Philip's lonely heart. Philip and Fritha gloried in their companionship. Then came Dunkirk. Philip sailed away in his little boat to do his part for his country. With him went Fritha's heart and the faithful snow goose. For days Fritha watched the seas and the skies until she beheld the snow goose, alone, winging her way into the northwest never to return. There remained only a legend of a man and a graceful white bird and a girl with a sacred memory.

"STORM"

"Storm" is something unique in the world of novels. The heroine is not a beautiful woman who solves a great problem; she is not a poor Cinderella girl; she is Maria, the "Storm." Clarence E. Stuart has written a powerful phenomenon of nature, the Storm. Mr. Stuart has painted a vivid picture in his story of Maria, of men watching her birth and growth, of men watching her progress across the globe, of men fighting against her might. The drought of California is broken by a great rainstorm; the mountain-passes of the Rockies become blocked with snow and a man loses his life caught in Maria's bitter grip; farmers of the West are ruined by the loss of crops. Because of a snapped wire a girl can not speak to her mother, about to enter the operating-room, never to come out alive. The course of hundreds of people's lives is changed by the far-reaching effects of Maria's onward sweep, before she finally met her death, and man set about repairing the savages of her onslaught.

"WINDSWEPT"

Mary Ellen Chase has attained another success with her latest novel "Windswept." Everyone knows that Mary Ellen Chase, who is at her very best in "Windswept," writes beautiful prose, and that her novels are of the essay type. "Windswept" is a huge house built on a bleak promontary somewhere on the Maine coast. On a high bluff one day long years ago, Philip Marston was accidentally and fatally wounded; but, before he died, he entrusted to his son, John, the task of building the house which had already been designed. There the future generations of the Marstons lived and loved, were born and buried. "Windswept" is a way of life, with all the ruggedness of the Maine Coast, all the passion and stir of the restless ocean, all the richness of a full life, incorporated into it. This vivid drama of life is threaded into an atmosphere which only Mary Ellen Chase is capable of creating. Those who know and love the Maine Coast will enjoy this popular novel with its references to the places beloved to all "coast-conscious" people.

"SO YOU'RE GOING TO COLLEGE"

This is our last chance this year to recommend a good reference book for college-goers. Clarence E. Lovejoy discusses the all-important questions of the cost of attending college, choosing your college, and financing your further education. This isn't a book featured for its breezy style or picture of the social life of college; it is recommended solely for its informative content and its store of good common sense discussion. The special and most valuable feature of this book is the "Lovejoy Rating System."

Mr. Lovejoy gives the significant facts concerning the 303 colleges and universities which gave the accrediting label of the Association of American Universities. For example, this is the Lovejoy rating of the University of Maine: State; 1444 men, 485 women; tuition \$150; typical expenses \$688; library 136,785 volumes; 147 scholarships; 4 in 5 earn money or equivalent in board and room; co-operative cabins house 4 boys each who do own cooking and pay \$1.50 weekly room rent; Phi Beta Kappa chapter 1923; offers, C. A. A. Pilot-training; Army R. O. T. C.

By the use of these ratings one can better judge the standings of the various colleges and universities.



Dots and Dashes

Millions For Defense

THE War Department is really outdoing itself by featuring unusually good programs now.

Fred Waring will devote his "Pleasure Time" program to singing salutes to ten branches of the American and Canadian armed forces beginning March 30. (NBC—RED, 7: p. m., EWT.)

The debut of "The Army Hour" is scheduled for Sunday, April 5, at 3:30 p. m. EWT., over the NBC-RED network. This is the first time the United States War Department has written and produced a radio program to accomplish a military mission. And no secret is the fact that its author is Wyllis Cooper.

Cooper has given up all other chores to devote himself full-time to the new "Army Hour." To prepare himself he has been covering the country for the past nine months as civilian correspondent with all Army maneuvers. He rode tanks in Louisiana and lay in the Carolina mud. He tried out every vehicle on the Army's list—from jeep to bomber. Today he is generally accounted the most knowledgeable radio writer in U. S. Army matters.

"Get the importance of this," he says. "In no sense is it to be just another radio series. This one is 100% authentic; absolutely official. It will serve as a reference point to which the American people can turn each week to find out what their Army is doing both here and on far-flung battlefronts. And we're going to tell the truth—good, bad, or indifferent."

Nor will there be any inspirational stuff, Cooper promises.

"We're not," he says "out to inspire anybody. This will be a forward, factual report utilizing news, drama, and pickups from all quarters of the globe. We'll take listeners to our Army camps in the United States, in Ireland, in Australia, in Hawaii, in the Caribbean area and elsewhere. Any inspiration listeners get will come from the Army's straight story."

And Cooper promises something more: No blank verse; no lush prose. "Talk like that makes me wince," he says. "This one is going to be in language everybody can understand."

The broadcasts also are to include entertainment directed to our men abroad, and featuring popular radio stars. RCA is to beam the programs overseas.

TREASURY HOUR

The other night we had a lot of fun at WABI, hearing a record from the Treasury program. We sat down in Studio B, made ourselves comfortable, and listened for fifteen minutes to some clever jokes, songs, and a serious talk concerning defense and bonds.

The one which was played to us featured Danny Kaye with Frederic March reading a very dramatic story. This program is recorded and comes through the studios of WABI on Monday thru Wednesday nights inclusive at 7:45 P. M. and changes weekly.

By the way, while we are defense minded, do you listen to Bob Allen and Drew Pearson's predictions of things to come on their fifteen minute program Sunday evening at 6:30 p. m. over WLBZ? They write the "Washington Merry-go-round" daily for a well-known syndicate. Their arguments are excellent and most of their predictions have worked around that way. Don't miss it, for it's timely. Buy Defense Bonds to buy our freedom if we are going to keep on living in a democracy. We shall use their parting words in signing off this time. "Keep 'em Rolling, Keep 'em Flying, Keep Democracy From Dying!"

Have you ordered you defense bonds or stamps yet through the "Any Bonds Today" program at 6:15, Monday—Friday? You may call from any point in in this section of Maine to order them. Simply dial 6023, and cast your order. The best of all, we think, is that you reverse the charge of the call.

Postal to wife from vacationing husband: "Having a wonderful time. Wish you were her."

—Kreolite News

Outside The Classroom



Dramatic Club Stages Prize Performance

Members of the Bangor High School Dramatic Club, coached by Miss Evelyn L. Haney, have been very successful in the annual one-act play contests* with their presentation of Patricia Brown's one-act play, "Gloria Mundi."

In the preliminary round held at Winslow on March 13, the Bangor cast eliminated Waterville and Winslow High Schools.

Bangor then defeated Brooks, Madison, and Fairfield High Schools in the semi-final round held at Bangor on March 21. This victory entitled Bangor to compete in the 1942 State One-Act Play contest at Bowdoin College, April 10.

Those taking part in the victorious play were: John Carson, Virginia Graham, Marion Newcomb, Janice Minott, Sally Pearson, and William Smiley. William Brennan was stage manager and Barbara Wood, prompter.

Affairs Takes Latins To East Indies

At the regular meeting of The Public Affairs Club held March 6th, the club entertained the Latin Club. Thomas Hilton, President, presented a new Constitution which was adopted by the club. He then introduced Miss Bernice Dunning of the faculty who gave an extremely interesting talk on "The East Indies in the Time of Peace," illustrated by her own pictures of Java and Bali, taken while she was in the Far East four years ago.

"The Neighbors" again talk over present-day problems over their knitting. As usual, Mary Elizabeth O'Connor and Marian Connors were much enjoyed in this skit.

A panel discussion followed with "The United States on a War Time Basis" as the topic. On the platform were Virginia Graham, Elizabeth West, Marie Duffy, Gerald Bangs, George Brontas, John Chapman, Albert Babcock and John Brookings. They presented such subjects as waste, rubber, enemy aliens, newspapers, Latin-American friends, education and civilian morale. Miss Cousins led the discussion and, at its end, introduced Edith Bettelheim who told something of her experiences as an evacuee from Austria.

Latin Club Proves Farce-Worker

Who would ever think that a club which sponsors such a formal, sedate, dead language as Latin could have produced the funniest, most laughable program that this student body has seen?

With a very coquettish introduction by Anita Broder, a cast of the new members of the Latin Club, namely the sophomores, gave us the sad, pathetic, disastrous experience of a "Day Without Latin." Gardner Moulton was father, Barbara Patterson, mother; Ann Knowlton, daughter; Jack Nickerson, son; and Joanne Pendleton, the maid.

The immortal story of the assassination of Julius Caesar was portrayed by the junior members of the club in an entirely new setting—similar to that of *Our Town*. Caesar was played by Robbie Speirs, Brutus by John Ballou, Cassius by Morris Pilot, Marcus by Orman Twitchell, Casca by Richard Giles, Lucius the slave boy by Sherwood Jones, the tent poles by Prudy Speirs and Petty Higgins, and the director was Valerie Parkin.

A Latin program could not be complete without music which was one of the Romans' greatest joys. A chorus of girls sang a very appropriate tune called "Little Latin Stars." Edith Fairley and Mildred Page closed the Latin Club's excellent contribution to our assembly series by singing to us in Latin.

Track Team Goes to Interscholastic Meet

Bangor High wound up its winter track schedule with the Bowdoin Interscholastic meet at Brunswick. Since Christmas, the boys have been going to the University of Maine field house for practice. We appreciate very much the privilege of being allowed to practice there, as it is ideal. Several interclass meets were held during January and February, with the seniors always out in front. Their loss by graduation will be keenly felt.

The Bowdoin meet has always been rated a class affair and this year was no exception. The meet is for both high and prep school championships. Powerful teams from well-known schools in New England, New York, and New Jersey attend. This year Seton Hall from New Jersey won the prep school class, and Con-

cord, New Hampshire, won the high school meet.

Many records were broken in outstanding school boy performances of the East. Bangor, while not getting into the scoring column, acquitted itself favorably and each boy turned in his best performance to date.

The team looks forward to a successful spring track season, especially since it expects at least to be able to run its home meets on its own track at the Garland Street Junior High. This marks the first time the track team has had a field of its own to use.

Several meets are scheduled at Bangor and several at Orono and nearby towns.

Rifle Team Scores Again

The intrepid shooters of the Bangor High School Rifle Club brought home the bacon by winning first place in the First Corps Area match. The bull's eye blazers, who covered themselves with glory by hitting the targets for a high 3465, were as follows: Black, Burchell, Dill, Drisko, Estabrook, Hanneman, Lancaster, Petterson, Ryan, Shapleigh, and Wood. The nearest competitor was Rogers High School of Providence, Rhode Island with a score of 3431. This accomplishment entitles the Club to compete in the National Intercollegiate Shoot to be held the last of March.

The scores for each are as follows:

Bangor High School	3465
Rogers High School	3431
Gloucester High School, Team 1	3300
New Bedford High School	3295
Gloucester High School, Team 2	2948

One, Two, Three, Kick!

La Conga Night Club, the Debate Club's big spring social event, opening on Friday, March 20, proved to be an outstanding success both socially and financially. A regular floor show with Moses Garland, Ethel Spencer, Howard Ricker and Richard Johnson, added to Steve Kierstead's fine dance band, provided entertainment for patrons of the Club, who watched comfortably from tables decorated with dashing South American dancers made especially for the occasion. Movies were taken of the dancers by John Higgins, while regular Conga lines, led by Barbara Libby, proved the feature of the evening.

The hard-working committees assisting Manager Albert Winchell and assistant Richard Giles were as follows: Tickets, Fay Jones, Peter Bradshaw, chairmen,

Judith Banton, Priscilla Greeley, Fred Bean, Charles Dempsey, Frances Johnson, Gloria Carson, Geraldine McKenney, Ruth Goss, Ann Knowlton, Eleanor Klyne; Hospitality, Frances Johnson, Shirley Armstrong; program, Mary Farrar; Advertising, Philip Hatch; Refreshment, Gertrude Homans and John Banton; decorations, Joan Ambrose, Barbara Mills, Eleanor Ramsdell; cloakroom, Freeland Jones. Nearly every member of the club worked hard on the dance in some capacity. Special mention should be made of the girls who worked on the South American dancers, designed by Miss Doris Tebbetts, and of the boys who helped in moving chairs and collecting and setting up the tables as well as of those who worked at the dance.

The month in debating provided some excellent debate practice, one victory and one defeat in the preliminary Bates League Debates. Most valuable of the practice debates were those with Maine Central Institute and with the University of Maine. In the Maine debate the Bangor team had the interesting experience of debating Nicky Brountas, one of last year's varsity. Named to this year's varsity as a result of tournament records were Albert Winchell, John LaPoint, Fred Bean and Joseph Oppenheim with Richard Giles and Sonya Cohen as alternates. Junior varsity debaters were Albert Bean, George Brountas, Barbara Andrews and Shirley Armstrong.

In the Bates Preliminaries Bangor's affirmative, Oppenheim and LaPoint met and defeated Waterville High here. The negative, Bean and Winchell, travelled to Rockland and were defeated by the Rockland team.

Next event on the debate schedule will be the class debates. To be held in late April, these debates will have the very timely subject Resolved: that Bangor High School should adopt some form of the blanket tax. Any student except the varsity debaters may try out. Coaches for this year's debates will be Mrs. Carroll, Miss Quinn and Mr. Reed.

The Debate Club will end the year in traditional style with a yearbook and a banquet to be held the first week of May. Marydel Coolidge has been selected as editor of the yearbook with Barbara Andrews and Richard Giles as assistants. Plans are underway for class stunts, a movie and a dinner that will be bigger and better than those of other years.

Glee Club, Orchestra to go to Providence

In one of the outstanding musical events of the high school year, the students of Miss Dorothea Hopkins and Miss Frances Reynolds, Bangor dancing teacher,

were presented on March 13, and 14 in a delightful performance, "Symphony, Song, and Dance." The affair, held in the assembly hall, was attended by large and appreciative audiences both nights. Each number was well-executed and enthusiastically received by the patrons.

Both the glee club and orchestra turned in excellent performances under the skillful baton of Miss Hopkins. The orchestra, was in outstanding form, and the glee club sang several difficult numbers admirable well. The audience was completely enthralled by the fine music.

The dance groups and individual performers under the direction of Miss Reynolds showed remarkable skill and powers of interpretation. Elaborate costumes worn by the dancers were beautifully blended to add to the enchantment of the routines.

It is hard to judge which act was the most outstanding, but Miss Reynolds must be congratulated for her interpretation of "Tales From the Vienna Woods." Her grace and rhythm were exceptionally well-balanced for a dance that was received with much pleasure by the audience.

The proceeds from this affair will be used to send the glee club and orchestra to the All New England Music Festival, to be held in Providence, Rhode Island in May.

Big Doin's Afoot For R. O. T. C.

The First Annual Indoor Demonstration and Parade was held on April 17 in the assembly hall. The entire Bangor High School R. O. T. C. Battalion took part in the impressive display. The program consisted of a demonstration class in physical training, training of individual and infantry squad, platoon drill, manual or arms, company formations, battalion parade, and a rifle markmanship demonstration. About 300 guests, representing the faculty and members of the cadets families were present, and the B. H. S. Band gave a musical note to the evening. The patrons and patronesses for the affair were: Mr. and Mrs. Ernest F. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. William P. Newman, Mr. and Mrs. Karl R. Philbrick, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham M. Rudman, Mr. and Mrs. Martyn A. Vickers, Superintendent and Mrs. Arthur E. Pierce, Principal and Mrs. Joseph B. Chaplin, Dean Rachel Connor, Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. Francis E. Fuller, and Major and Mrs. Christie F. McCormick.

The Annual War Department Inspection will be held on May 21st and 22nd. Following this event, the R. O. T. C. Formal Military Ball will be held on the evening of May 22nd.

Commercial Club Reviews Activities

On December 12, an informative program on the training and duties of an Air Raid Warden, was given by Miss Josephine O'Loughlin during a talk to the Commercial Club. Miss O'Loughlin also told about the defense plans of Bangor and she gave a description of the different kinds of bombs. The speaker told about her training at Farmington Normal School last summer; her experiences and reactions on the final experimental air raid, which was given on a road near Farmington; and the preparation of a meal for the soldiers in an army kitchen. In closing, Miss O'Loughlin read her radio script that was part of the final examination for the future Air Raid Warden. Each script had to be three minutes in length.

The annual Commercial Club Christmas party was held in the High School assembly hall on the evening of December 18. A creche tableau was presented with the Madonna represented by Margaret Christenson, who sang very beautifully "Ave Maria." Charlotte Fletcher gave a reading on the birth of Christ. A quiz program was held—the teachers versus the students—of course, the teachers won. As the club's guests, we had Miss Alice Stewart, Miss Dorothy I. Gustin, Miss Grace L. Thomas, Miss Doris Tebbets, Mr. Frederick Pinkham, and Mr. Malcolm Willis, also Miss Janice R. Moore, sponsor of the club. Gifts were exchanged and everyone received a remembrance. Refreshments were served and afterward, games and dancing were enjoyed.

The most outstanding event in the history of the Commercial Club was the planning, by the Junior members, and presenting of an assembly program on February 6. The writers of the skit tried to present in an interesting and entertaining manner, the difference between an efficient secretary, Rowena Littlefield, and an inefficient secretary, ably portrayed by Elizabeth Palmer. The scene was the B. H. S. C. C. broadcasting studio. The manager of the Bangor High School Retail Cooperative Store was auditioning applicants for the position of performer on a special Friday afternoon program to advertise the store. The following people auditioned for the job, but as yet no decision has been announced.

Margaret ChristensonSoprano solo
Harriet Simpson and Kenneth Bowden...A negro comic sketch
Madeline Morrill and Pearl Heath.....Twin piano duet
Kathleen Downes and Grace Carlisle....A mother and daughter comic sketch

The program was under the supervision of Miss Janice R. Moore, the Club sponsor.



With The Sportings

WELL, readers, here's our athletic news for the last time for the 1941-42 season, sad as it may be to think of that. All we senior girls feel pretty bad to remember that the good times we've had fighting for our teams at Bangor High are gone. There's nothing we can do about it, but we can get solace in the fact that we've done our best, we've had a wonderful time doing it, and we know we are better prepared for future struggles in life by our experiences. Just remember, all you undergraduates, that health is of the utmost importance in the present crisis and that a very good way to insure your health is to exercise. A perfect place to get exercise is in school, where all the facilities for sports are available under excellent instruction. Participating in athletics is also one good way to make friends and know better the girls in your school.

To get back to the news, our super basketball season ended in the middle of March with a grand finale. The Junior C team came out on top (for members' names, please consult the 50th anniversary number of the *Oracle*) winning all their five games in the Interclass Tournament; the Senior B team placed a close second by winning four and losing one, and the Junior B team made the Juniors victory complete by placing third in winning three games and losing two.

As you probably already know, there were nine original teams, three for each class. In the Intramural Tournament six teams were eliminated, leaving the Senior A and B teams, the Junior B and C teams, and the Sophomore B and C teams eligible to compete in the Interclass Tournament. Roberta Curran, that basket-maker of '41 refereed the games with the help of students doing the umpiring, scoring, and timing. The teams were coached by the senior members of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council. The following girls assisted at both the Intramural and Interclass Tournament:

Joan Ambrose, Doris Ayer, Judith Banton, Ruth Blake, Margaret Carlisle, Constance Coleman, Marion Conners, Carro Davies, Kathleen Downes, Marie Duffy, Doris Eaton, Betty Higgins, Gertrude Homans, Louise Homestead, Dorothy Jenkins, Joyce Marsh, Winifred Paulin, Annie Jane Philbrick, Eleanor Pru-

saitis, Esther Smith, Mary Frances Spangler, Prudence Speirs, Barbara Watters, Betty West, Shirley Wilson.

Interclass numerals will be awarded to all the girls who played the necessary number of quarters in the Interclass Tournament. All-Bangor B's will be given instead to the sharpies of the Junior C team.

An important feature for some of us this year was the referee's course given by Miss McGuire. We had Official Girls' Basketball rule-books to study and took six tests, including the two finals. Passing these tests meant being able to officiate at the Intramural and Interclass Tournaments and at the Junior High School game at the Fifth Street Junior High School. The following girls took and passed all the examinations given in this course:

Doris Ayer, Marion Conners, Carro Davies, Kathleen Downes, Marie Duffy, Dorothy Jenkins, Joyce Marsh, Eleanor Prusaitis, Esther Smith, Barbara Watters, Betty West.

RITUALS PRESENTED AT BANQUET

Did we have fun at the basketball banquet! And did the Bangor House see a wild gang in their small dining-room on the eventful night of Tuesday, April 7! It was just one gay old time. The committee that was in charge of the banquet and that was responsible for its tremendous success was: Judith Banton, Kathleen Downes, Gertrude Homans, Mary Frances Spangler. The rituals were presented as follows: Sportsmanship, Ruth Blake; Scholarship, Eleanor Prusaitis; Dependability, Judith Banton; Respect, Kathleen Downes; Athletics, Annie Jane Philbrick; and Leadership, Marie Duffy. Dorrie Ayer, Louise Homestead, Peggy Carlisle, and Dorrie Eaton were the lucky girls who brought up the very lucky girls who were taken in. Guess who was the toastmistress? That flash of a dash, Marie Duffy! And to make the after-dinner speeches perfect, Captain Mary Frances Spangler gave a little oration about the All-Bangor Hockey team and Captain Shirley Wilson told of the doin's of the All-Bangor Basketball team. We think all the teachers present enjoyed the program immensely.



Symphony, Song and Dance, and Girls!!



"Songbird" Garland



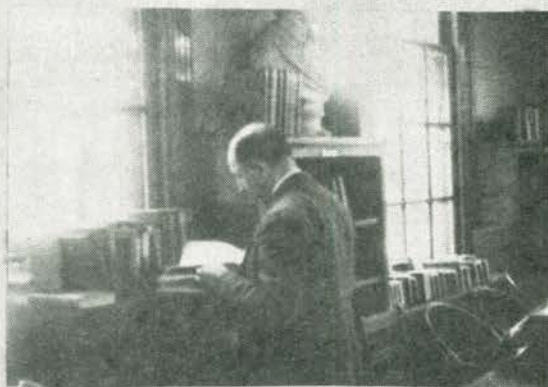
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The Conga Line



Hungry Girls



Mr. Varney's Experiment is Interesting

CANDID SHOTS AROUND SCHOOL

All In The Family

by Lloyd Shapleigh

Another short-short proceeds from the morose recesses of Lloyd Shapleigh's imagination. How truly is it said that one half knows not how the other half lives.

The American tanker J. H. Orsborne was sunk by an enemy submarine off the Virginian coast Feb. 25, at 3:06 A. M.

Only one life boat managed to clear the blazing hulk. The thirteen survivors had little water and no food aboard their frail craft; they knew that they must be rescued quickly. They did a lot of talking to pass away the time and within the space of forty-eight hours they all knew each other like brothers. Two traced their ancestry to England, one to France, two to Italy, one to Sweden, two to Scotland, three to Ireland, and two didn't know or even care from whence their forebears came.

The third mate was the first to sight the sub's periscope as it stalked them several hundred yards to the stern. All men watched the black object silently as it kept on their track. The reactions varied until the grim purpose of the pursuit dawned in each man's mind; they were serving as a decoy for any ship that might stand by to rescue them.

Captain Wardell took immediate action and at 10:52 A. M. on Feb. 28, the crew reached a unanimous decision. As if by a miracle an ax, the solitary occupant of the forward locker, appeared and was put into play.

By 11:26 A. M. all trace of the thirteen survivors and their life boat was gone.

The officers on the sub, as soon as they had comprehended what had occurred, changed their course and headed due south in search of new victims.

At 12:41 P.M., the commander of the undersea craft received the startling information from the engine room that the hydro-planes were hopelessly jammed. That meant they could neither submerge deeper nor rise to the surface; they were compelled to stay at the same level until repairs could be made. They were dangerously near the surface; aircraft could spot them with ease.

They never repaired the damage or even knew that the body of able-seaman Avery B. Long from Memphis, Tenn., and the tanker J. H. Orsborne had wedged and fouled their port hydroplane for they were blasted from the water at 1:14 P. M. by the crew of a Consolidated XPB2Y-1.

The bomber crew got their pictures in "Life" magazine the next week but they all passed the honors off modestly. To sum up the feelings of the entire crew,

Bombardier Sgt. Philip E. Long of Memphis, Tenn. said, "We've all got to work together to beat those other guys. Take the case of my own kid brother. He's out at sea some place on a tanker carrying oil so our plane can sink more submarines like we did the other day. That's cooperation."

Boy, you'll never know the half of it.

Much Ado About Murder

(continued from page twenty-three)

dog, that Mottford; he hears his masters voice. . ."

Soon through the receiver came the clack of hard high heels. Josh cleared his throat and felt thankful that this not-really-Monroe person had not been introduced to him. To her he would merely be W. U.

"Yes?" The soft voice waited.

"Telegram for Mrs. Joshua Madison. From Brooklyn, New York. Hope your Christmas party is successful stop sorry to have missed it stop will plan to visit you for a few days at New Years love signed Sheila." Here Josh paused. He had heard the girl gasp as she realized that the telegram was not for her at all. He wondered what Callie on the other phone was thinking. "Would you like to have me repeat it?" Josh thought that as a college man he made a wonderful W. U. operator. "Or would you prefer to have it sent out to you?"

"No. . .no, don't bother. I understood you perfectly." The voice was still light. She hung up after an instant's silence.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, Josh mused, inwardly simmering because she had accepted the message without calling his mother. And yet somehow he thrilled to the success of his ruse. If only Callie were as sharp as he counted on her being—

Callie, trembling with a sudden chill, crept swiftly back to bed and lay there shivering. She heard Sheila tripping lightly upstairs.

Callie was scared. No use kidding herself. She had to get the goods on this Monroe person and do it in a way so that she wouldn't end the way Gilbert Ryan had ended.

A cold sweat broke out all over her as she watched Sheila come into the room, listen carefully to Callie's breathing and then go swiftly to her bed. She withdrew a small pearl-handled revolver from a slit in the mattress. This girl, Callie thought, was a fast worker!

The girl swiftly started changing her clothes. She slipped into a dark slack suit and a polo coat and put on a soft pair of sneakers. She slipped the automatic into her large handbag along with matches, cigarettes,

keys and numerous other feminine accoutrements.

Callie, puzzling over the apparent decision of the girl to leave the hallowed halls of Madison, suddenly sat straight up in bed as she realized the girl intended to escape by way of the series of balconies at the rear of the house.

The blond turned quickly. She was sorry she had popped her automatic into her bag instead of keeping it on her person. But she was put at ease when Callie, with a little moan, exclaimed, "I just had the awfulest nightmare. Oooooooo, it was awful! All bloody gore and corpses and everything!"

The blond came over to her and sympathetically laid her cool hands on the girl's moist forehead. This made Callie shiver all the more; the girl, however, thought it was another reaction from the dream.

"You'll be all right in a minute. Would you like a drink of something?"

"Oh," moaned Callie, trying to stall for time. She was sure Josh was on his way. "I don't know. Yes. Perhaps it would help. Would you mind getting it for me?"

The girl hesitated. It was to her advantage to leave this house as quickly as possible. Gil Ryan had double crossed her; she'd found that out in time to kill him. And the police were playing dumb. But she knew cops—too well. None of them were that dumb. They were checking up. She knew the house was under surveillance. She thought she could make her get-away if she could do it before these people found out that she was not Sheila Monroe.

"Okay," she said. And then, half truthfully, "As a matter of fact, Callie, I'm going out for a walk. Can't sleep. Keep thinking of Ryan. Thought I'd go out and get some cigarettes."

Callie played innocent and nodded her head. After the girl had brought the water, Callie begged her to stay with her for a few minutes. And then, oh heaven! She heard Josh. The girl heard him, too.

"Is that a policeman—or a drunk?" she asked.

Callie mumbled an indistinct answer, the girl hastily picked up her bag and started out the door and down the hall. She was on the second floor. There were two balconies, one right above the other, with a trellis connecting them, at the rear of the house. It was toward this she made her way.

It didn't take Callie long to toss on a bathrobe and dash downstairs barefoot. She pulled on a pair of Josh's boots which were in the lower hallway. Then she quickly went outdoors, shivering as the cold struck her.

Josh was nowhere in sight. Could it be that he too had thought of the balconies? She dashed around the house, tripping on the flapping legs of her P. J.'s and

IT TAKES TIME

==to grow an oak

It takes time, too, for a store to grow a reputation for dependability that merits the complete confidence of the community. Without the proper seed from which such a reputation grows, stores spring up like weeds, and, like weeds, their bloom is brief. We planted that seed 67 years ago, and from it has grown the solid institution you patronize today.

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GOOD PLACES TO KNOW ABOUT

stumbling along in Josh's size 11's. Josh was there, pressed against the wall of the house. He pulled her toward him as she rushed along. Her gasp was smothered by his hand over her mouth.

"Quiet!" he hissed in her ear. "We're about to catch the cat!"

Ten chilly minutes later, a lithe figure appeared on the balcony which was just beside the two amateur detectives. With a quick look about her, she climbed over the railing and crouched for a moment in the soft snow. Still Josh held Callie rigidly stiff beside him. She was suffocating with fear that the girl might whip out her revolver and turn on them. But no such thing happened. When she eventually started toward the hedge at the rear of the Madison property, she limped.

"Now," Josh whispered, "when I aim for her knees with my old football tactics, you fly for her handbag, and get her revolver wherever she keeps it—you ought to know."

"It's in her bag," whispered Callie in answer.

"Go!" Josh commanded, and the two made for the girl.

It worked like a charm. The girl was down, her bag went flying. Callie seized it. She gingerly drew out the revolver. Josh took command after that and Callie followed his orders dumbly. She began seeing things clearly again just as Josh finished telling his story to the Inspector, hastily summoned from a warm bed.

"So, you see, sir, this telegram was what cinched the whole thing. And if Callie hadn't dawdled for time, even that wouldn't have helped much. But we got her. It was fun!"

Josh grinned amiably at the blond. "I'm sorry for you, kid. But with what you've got on the ball, I guess you'll be able to plead self-defense and with success. That is, of course, providing that you have an all-male jury!"

And blithely turning to Callie, cold, sleepy and shocked, he pulled a sticky bundle from his pocket, and offering it to her, gave that surprised young lady a resounding kiss.

"Do have a peppermint, Miss Callie,—on me!"

Air Raid Assignment

(continued from page thirteen)

We are oh—so proud of the preparedness of the faculty for any emergency. Our teachers have both taken and given First Aid and Air Warden Courses. And if we have observed with accuracy, they can be just as inquisitive and on edge about final examinations as we are. In fact, more than one of our honorable instructors

have accosted those of the student body who had passed such tests previously and have thoroughly cross-examined them as to the contents of the coming exams. But perhaps, as we have known our own dear teachers to do, the defense course instructors revised or smartened up their questions.

Principal Chaplin, acting as Chief Air Raid Warden, has the following group of deputies in his charge:

<i>Basement</i>	<i>1st Floor</i>	<i>2nd Floor</i>
Major McCormick	Mr. Drisco	Miss Dubourdieu
Serg. Doncheez	Mr. Cuzzo	Miss Gustin
Mr. Geagan	Mrs. Cumming	Mr. Pinkham

Mr. McGinley, First Aid Chief, captains the following deputies:

<i>Basement</i>	<i>1st Floor</i>	<i>2nd Floor</i>
Miss Lutz	Miss Quinn	Mr. Legere
Miss Crosby	Mr. Nanigian	Miss Estes

The third division of deputies is under Mr. Lovely, Fire Chief:

<i>Basement</i>	<i>1st Floor</i>	<i>2nd Floor</i>	<i>3rd Floor</i>
Mr. Starkey	Mr. Willis	Mr. Kent	Mr. Reed

The all-clear signal is one short ring on the corridor bells.

No plans can be satisfactory unless there is cooperation. The best possible means by which you can cooperate is to know what you are expected to do. Go to it!

Alumni

(continued from page nineteen)

Evelyn Rice, Hon. Lt. Maj. of the class of 1940, has announced her marriage to Lt. William P. Walsh, Jr., March 26, in Westerly, R. I. Two commissioned officers in the same family—and lots of happiness!

And in one of our proud moments we say that Curt Jones, editor of ye olde *Oracle* in 1938-39, has been named Class Odorist for the Ivy Day exercises to be held at Bowdoin College. Last year's honorable Ed. Bud Perry brought home from Bowdoin at the half-year a record with a Southern accent—you know, with a broad A (six of 'em)!

Well, if this doesn't prove that Bangor grads are up-n-coming. . .member Betsey Connors whom we mentioned early in this column? Now we add to what's been said something that has a familiar ring—a ring like a wedding with bells on: Betsey B. Connors is engaged to William McKenna, a former member of the Commercial advertising staff!

Say. Is someone playing horseshoes with rings 'n things? Two can play at that game. Besides, horseshoes mean good luck, 'tis said.

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"June Mad" Scheduled for May 15

No Senior play this spring! The Dramatic Club voted to let any class members try out for parts in their three-act production "June Mad." Of course, in case of a tie, the preference was given to the senior actor. "June Mad" by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements has a high-spirited plot suggested by the novel, "This Awful Age." You will have some idea of its amusing adolescent situations if you saw "Her First Beau"—the movie version of the play with Jane Withers.

Here's the cast—one which will make you hustle to buy a ticket for the evening of May 15:

CAST FOR "JUNE MAD"

Penny Wood.....	Eleanor Klyne
Chuck Harris.....	William Hopkins
Mrs. Wook.....	Ruth Fairley
Elmer Tuttle.....	William Brennan
Dr. Wood.....	John Ballou
Effie.....	Eleanor Ramsdell
Milly Lou.....	Elizabeth Palmer
Roger Van Vleck.....	Morris Pilot
G. Mervyn Roberts.....	Simon O'Leary
Mr. Harris.....	William Smiley
Shriley Wentworth.....	Mary E. O'Connor
Ralph.....	Raymond Rideout
Julie Harris.....	Janice Minott

Teacher: If a number of cattle is called a herd, and a number of sheep is called a flock, what would you call a number of camels?

Johnny: A carton.

—The Craftsman.

Bing: Know why moths eat holes in rugs?

Go: No. Why?

Bing: To see the floor show.

Voice over telephone: My daughter is ill today and won't be able to come to school today.

Principal: Who is speaking?

Voice: This is my father.

Smith: I'm a neighbor of yours now. I live just across the river.

Jones: Good. Drop in sometime.

Romeo: Juliet, dearest, I'm burning with love for you.

Juliet: Come now, Romeo, don't make a fuel of yourself!

Teacher: What happens when a body is immersed in water?

Smart Alec: The telephone rings.

Mrs.: Doesn't that contralto have a large repertoire?

Mr.: Yes, and that dress she's wearing makes it look a lot worse.

Black: Butch is growing a mustache on the installment plan.

Berry: How's that?

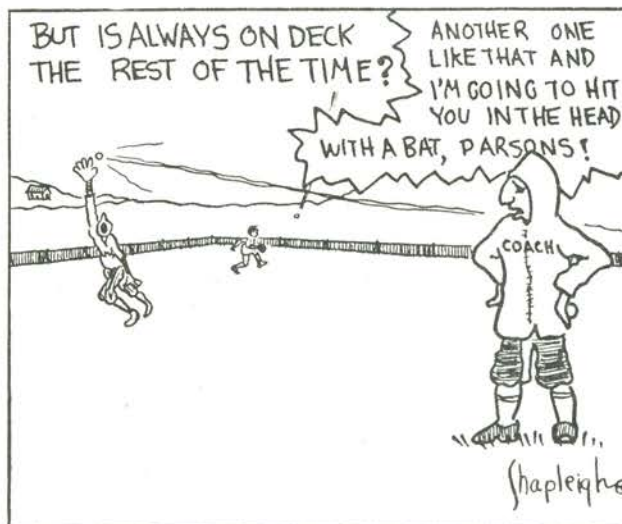
Black: A little down each month.

My mother uses powder.

My father uses lather.

My girl friend uses lipstick.

At least, that's what I gather.



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and

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Those Unconventional Seniors

Did someone say iconoclastic? That's what and here it is. A plot what am a plot, action—much action, comedy—good, and a real chance for real actors: the senior pageant. Choral reading will be something new in the line of something else new. And we expect it will be something! The pageant with its speaking chorus was decided upon by the senior class officers to take the place of the usual senior play. This gives us even more reason to anticipate the graduation ceremonies of the class of 1942. Miss Evelyn Haney is director and supervisor of the pageant, the success of which is one of those things about which we hear people say, "I knew it would be good!"

The cast is as follows:

<i>Introduction</i>	Paul Coleman
<i>Grandad</i>	William Rogan
<i>Sally</i>	Mary Farrar
<i>Peter Randall</i>	Robert Eddy
<i>Si Hartley</i>	John LaPoint
<i>Two Workmen</i>	{ Whitney Jennison Bernard Jacobs
<i>Joe</i>	Harold Chason
<i>Miss Jones</i>	Marion Newcomb
<i>Miss Wright</i>	Margaret Carlisle
<i>Doris</i>	Margaret Knowlton
<i>Mary</i>	Marie Duffy
<i>Carl</i>	Charles Guild
<i>Dave</i>	John Carson
<i>Jane</i>	Doris Ayer
<i>Betty</i>	Elizabeth West
<i>Dr. Downing</i>	Leon Higgins
<i>Speaker</i>	Albert Winchell
<i>Chroniclers</i>	{ Esther Smith Frances Johnson John Brookings Arthur Tilley
<i>Author</i>	Edith Fairley
<i>Pilot</i>	George Chalmers
<i>Builder</i>	Moses Garland
<i>Farmer</i>	Frederick Bean
<i>Wife</i>	Marion Connors

Mother: "What did your father say when you smashed
the new car?"

Son: Shall I leave out the swear words?

Mother: Of course.

Son: He didn't say a word.

—Kreolite News

Drip: It's raining cats and dogs outside.

Drizzle: Yes, I know, I just stepped into a poodle.

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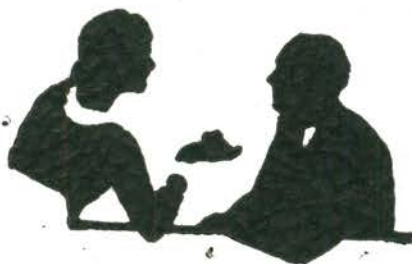
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