



VOL. 7

1938

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the dream of the mad March hare



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# The Oracle

MARCH 25, 1938

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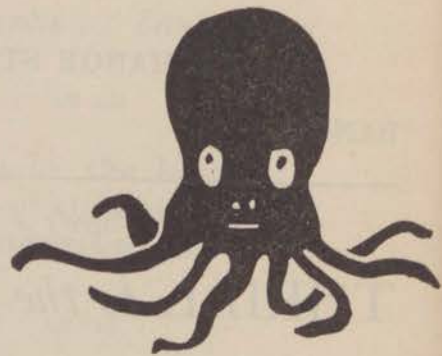
OIL



## Mad March Moods

"The time has come," the walrus said,  
 "To talk of many things,  
 Of shoes and ships and sealing-wax,  
 And cabbages and kings."  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 "To ponder over devious deeds  
 And politics, and such,  
 And if five cats lived fifty years,  
 Then that would make how much!  
 The fourth dimension," said the wal-  
 rus, "never will succeed."  
 "That's gospel truth," the oysters cried,  
 "As sure as chickens' feed."  
 "My friends," inquired an austere clam,  
 "Hast seen a cracker box?"  
 A lobster sneered, "ignore the cad,  
 It's plain the creature mocks!"  
 An oyster queried, "What's the hour?  
 I fear it's getting late."  
 The walrus shuddered. "Yes," he said,  
 "My watch has just struck eight."  
 "But no," insists a stubborn snail,  
 "It's morning by the moon,  
 And if it's eight, why then I hold  
 It is not late but soon."  
 "The remedy," the walrus said,  
 "For such a puzzling case,  
 Is travel backwards, gaining time,  
 And walk before your face."  
 "Extremely lucid," growled a crab,  
 "But there's a better way  
 Which is not quite so strenuous  
 And yet saves half a day,  
 Just put a clock behind yourself  
 And watch it in a glass.  
 You'll see twelve hours in back of you  
 Which yet remain to pass,  
 And yet," a doubting lobster said,  
 "If all you say is true,  
 Then next year's calendars are past,  
 And yesterday is new."  
 "My sentiments exactly," said  
 The much-bewildered mol-  
 lusk, but a boorish jelly-fish  
 Said, "Tush! such fol-de-rol.  
 You speak of backside to, and yet  
 You do not comprehend  
 That meanwhile you've been upside down."  
 (That's all there is—the end).

by Curtis Jones





# Army Fights

AUSTIN KEITH

P. G.

Austin is the post-graduate who writes his stories with one hand, illustrates 'em with the other, and trills with his nose.

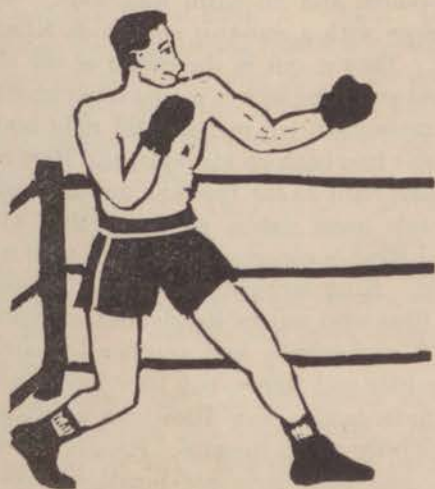
**H**AYES rolled over, tried to get to his knees, then sank helplessly back to the canvas and was counted out. West Point was preparing to send its boxing team to Annapolis for the annual boxing tournament with the Midshipmen. There had been elimination bouts to choose the Cadets that would represent West Point in the different weights and divisions. Ed King, in the heavyweight division, had just knocked out Larry Hayes in the second round, thus assuring himself of a place on the team that was to invade the Naval Academy in three weeks. It was the last elimination bout, and a large group of Cadets standing around the gym cheered lustily as the victor left the ring. Another cheer went up in a sportsman-like way for the defeated Hayes as he jumped down to the floor a few moments later.

For the next three weeks, Army had a boxing team with one point in view. They trained like demons. The Army had to beat the Navy this year. Three years ago, West Point had been three up on Annapolis in the number of tournaments won, but Navy, with a superb

group of boxers in every division, had trounced the Army and won all three tournaments. With the Cadets and Midshipmen even as to past tournaments, one of them would forge ahead this year. Army's prospects were just fair, except for one or two excellent boxers. Navy was bound to have a good team with several of last year's best boxers still undergraduates. Each bout counted points for the winner's team. Some divisions counted more than others, but the heavyweight bout counted five points for the winner, which was more than any other division. It would be the last bout, and would carry the most interest. Ed King realized that his winning in this division would be a long way towards defeating Navy. Interest over the whole tournament was so high throughout the country, that it was to be broadcast over a nation-wide hookup through the courtesy of a sporting goods company. One battalion of West Point Cadets, who were up in their studies, were allowed the privilege of accompanying the boxing team to Annapolis. They left Thursday morning, February twelfth. The tournament would take place the following afternoon from four o'clock to six, and again that night from seven o'clock to nine. There would only be three bouts during the evening, and the rest of the time till nine o'clock would be used for the awarding of medals to the individuals winners and the huge gold trophy to the winning academy. At ten o'clock the Cadets would leave by special train for West Point.

Upon arrival at the Naval Academy, the West Pointers were greeted heartily, and a welcome was given that showed the great respect the sailors held for the visiting soldiers.

The next afternoon, at three forty-five, Ed King sat on a stool by the ringside, watching the crowd as it swarmed in from the four great doors to the gym. The whole Naval Academy had turned out to witness what promised to be the best tournament in the history of the two academies. Ed watched the first bout from



*Ed King had just knocked out Larry Hayes*



the ringside, and saw a navy man win the decision. This brought a bedlam of noise from the Midshipmen. King's room-mate, John Ramsey, was in the next bout, and King acted as second to him. Ramsey left his corner at the bell, and, in twenty-three seconds of the first round, he had knocked out his opponent. The Cadets came to their feet shouting approval and acclaimed the winner in a royal manner. After congratulating Ramsey, Ed wandered down to the locker room of the gym. Seeing a cot in one corner, he went over to it, and a very few seconds after he had stretched his muscular body out on it, he was sleeping soundly.

The sound of a bugle roused him. It was dark outside, and the cheering in the gym overhead had ceased. He took the stairs two at a time, and pulled up at the top. The Cadets and Midshipmen were filing out for supper. After eating very lightly, Ed made his way back to the gym to prepare for his bout. He was to fight six rounds with last year's heavyweight champion of the two academies, whose name was Bill Rice, and whose massive shoulders and large forearms would seem to guarantee his victory over almost any fighter of his experience.

In the light heavyweight division, just before the heavies, Rod Kelley of Army was boxing a young, inexperienced Middie who hadn't been on Navy's team the previous year. On his way to the ring Kelley passed King, and slapping him on the back, he said, "Well, Ed, Navy is ahead on points, so I guess it's up to you and me. I'll be seeing you after this bout." Kelley came back a few minutes later. His right eye was puffed up so that he could hardly see, but his face was wreathed in smiles. He had knocked the young sailor out in the second round. "That helps," he said to King, his breath still coming fast, "but those sailors are still ahead by two points. Get in there, kid, and good luck."

King grinned and assured Kelley that he'd bring home the well-known bacon, but he wasn't at all sure that he could carry out his word. His hands were wet and sticky under the protective tape bound around them. Johnny Ramsey slipped a coat around Ed's shoulders, and, after watching Kelley move away, Ed took a deep breath, pulled his tights up further around his waist and strode off up the stairs to the gym. As he came in sight, the Cadets let out a roar of approval. Rice was already in the ring, and was listening to the words of advice his coach was giving him. Ed made his way to the ringside and jumped lightly up on the edge. He climbed through the ropes and crossed the ring to a stool in the corner opposite Rice. The radio announcer was talking excitedly into his microphone and the newspaper men were still writing up the knock-out of the bout previous. The box of crushed resin

was put in front of King. He shuffled his feet in it carelessly. He stole a glance at the opposite corner and caught Rice looking at him. He wondered what Rice was thinking in those few minutes before the bout would start.

The referee was leaning against the ropes in a neutral corner. Someone slipped boxing gloves on Ed's taped hands. A naval officer stepped to the center of the ring to announce the bout. Through all the noise Ed heard his name mentioned, and getting to his feet he took a couple of steps around and sat down again. The referee motioned the boxers to the center of the ring. Ed King stood within arm's reach of Bill Rice while the referee told them to break from the clinches and to fight a clean fight all the way. The boxers turned and moved away. The stools were removed from the ring; the coat was slipped from Ed's shoulders. As Ed limbered his muscles in the brief moment before the bell rang, he saw Ramsey and Kelley flash encouraging smiles at him. He saw the strained faces of the Cadets near the ring. He saw the news hawks eyeing him critically. He saw the radio commentator talking mouthily into the "mike."

At the sound of the bell, Ed turned and stepped out to meet Rice. The gym became tensely silent. This bout meant win or lose to both academies. The radio announcer bent forward eagerly in order to give an accurate blow by blow description. He barked hastily into the microphone:

"Rice and King both move out to the center of the ring. They're moving slowly, looking for an opening. King steps in quickly and catches Rice off balance with a left high on the side of the head and tries to follow up with his right, but Rice ducks under it and comes up inside of King's guard and gets over a hard right to King's midsection and the boys fall into a clinch. They break and Rice tries a right to the face but King rolled with the punch and no harm was done. Now Rice steps in close with a one-two and sends King against the ropes. They're out in the center of the ring sparring around and King moves in and tries rights and lefts to Rice's midsection but meets a stiff right hook to the jaw that sets him back on his heels, and Rice is in close with another right to the face and another right and a left and two more rights, all connecting with great effect, and King is covering up as Rice tries more lefts and rights. King straightens up and swings a wild right at Rice who moves lightly out of reach. Rice tries a left and misses, and another left and misses. King tries lefts and rights, but Rice moves away, and none of them land. Now Rice tries a left and King takes it cleverly on his forearm. King is bleeding from the nose, and both boys are breathing hard. King

(Please turn to page 34)



## "Good Night, Wilda"

by Kay Faulkingham

Kay says she got her inspiration from experience. (Remember the Erskine?)

THE stillness of the early summer evening was shattered by the loud "put-put" of an engine, and "Wild Wilda," the most ancient vehicle in Providence, came to a halting stop before the Robert James residence.

"Well, s'long, gang, and wish me luck!" Barbara James climbed over the side door (which had long since refused to open) and leaped boyishly toward the house, bathing-suit dangling from her arm. "Red" Murray, poised behind the wheel, one leg hanging over the side, shouted after the departing figure, "Hey, Billie! Don't forget to call me first thing in the morning, if it works out all right. Good luck!"

"Nope!" Billie poked her head around the massive door-frame. "And listen, Red! Don't sell 'till you hear from me—and the price is still fifteen dollars, including the license plates."

With that, she disappeared into the house.



"Wild Wilda" came to a halting stop

"She's a corker," Red flung at "Chuck" Rice, who had extricated his lanky person from the crowded quarters in the back seat, and was busy with the task of cranking. "And I hope she softens the old man up. Heck, I'd even give her the crate, if he'd only get that dumb idea out of his head. Huh! Yeah, once more, Chuck, and we've got it. Thar she be!" With a nerve-racking roar, "Wild Wilda," which might be described as several pieces of scrap-iron which had hic-coughed themselves together (and were still hic-coughing) was off down the street, wet bathing suits billowing from her gayly painted sides.

Billie, after changing from her slacks to a bright Chinese print, entered the dining room. Mr. James looked up from his soup, and surveyed his daughter with grave dissatisfaction.

"You're late, Barbara," he murmured, and turned his gaze upon his wife, who said nothing.

Billie cursed herself for being late tonight, of all nights. It seemed harder now than it had when she was talking it over with the kids. Anyway, she'd start off as she had rehearsed it and await results.

"Dad, Red's moving to Wisconsin Saturday." Mr. James seemed mildly surprised.

"That's too bad," he reflected aloud. "Red's a nice boy. Guess we'll all miss him around here."

Billie gulped. It wasn't working out very well, and she couldn't wait any longer, or it might not work at all.

"Dad! I'm going to buy 'Wild Wilda!'"

Mr. James choked. The spoonful of soup he had half-swallowed came rushing up again. Mrs. James was hardly moved, for nothing Billie did surprised her anymore. Mr. James, now truly upset, started to blow his nose (a usual procedure) on his napkin, saw his mistake, wiped his mouth, and stood up. Billie's heart fell like the setting sun, and she forced back tears at the stubborn refusal which followed.

"Barbara!" Mr. James was set. "You're not buying that 'Wild—' well, whatever you call that piece of junk. You know you're only sixteen, too young to be driving a car, especially a car like that. Why, you wouldn't get five miles without a mishap. Half of the accidents today are caused by young kids like you, who don't know the first thing about driving a car. What do you sup—"

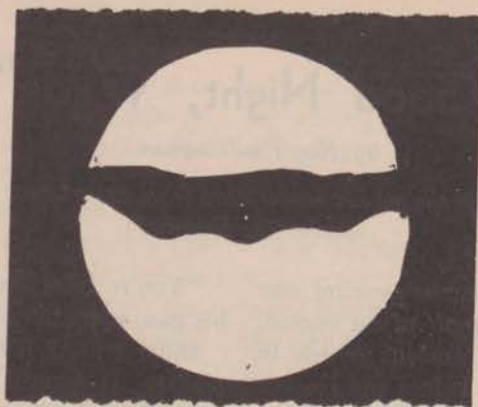
Billie knew the rest. She'd heard it thousands of times, and she couldn't bear it any longer. Tears stinging her eyes, she rushed from the room, and, making for the telephone, dialed Red's number. At the sound of his voice, she calmed down, and poured forth her disappointment into the little black mouth-piece before her.

Red was plainly disgusted, "Say! Isn't that the luck, Billie," he muttered. "If only we could get rid of that blooming prejudice he has against girl drivers. Say! By gosh, I've got an idea. You're dad goes over to Millbridge every Friday evening to the committee meeting, doesn't he? Well, here's my plan. You just do as I say, and we'll soon have—"

The next night at the late hour of 9:30, Billie James was "put-putting" nonchalantly along the main road about seven miles from Providence and five or six miles

(Please turn to page 34)





## On Such a Night

*By Jane Bradshaw*

On such a night I see the Hudson  
 The moon a swath  
 Of light—a shining path  
 O'er its black waters.  
 I drink my fill.  
 I hold but memory.  
 Yet the moon shines still.

On such a night I see the waves  
 Soothe, lull, caress,  
 Then pound the earth to stress  
 The wonder of their being.  
 I drink my fill.  
 I hold but memory.  
 Yet the sea roars still.

On such a night I see the trees  
 Stretch black arms skyward in  
 One voice. The cry, rejoice!  
 They make the heavens and the earth to ring.  
 They cry Glory! Glory! to the king!  
 I drink my fill  
 The voices fade.  
 I hold but vision,  
 Yet the trees pray still.

The air is cool.  
 The wind is in my face.  
 The stars cast  
 A bright coverlet of lace  
 Through everlasting space.  
 On such a night I know  
 The joys to come, the sorrows past.

The air is pungent now, yet sweet.  
 It speaks of evil, good, and strife.  
 It tells the story that is life.  
 I hear the tread of angel's feet  
 Throughout Eternity. I stand in reverence, awed.  
 On such a night I know  
 The glory that is God.





## Grandma's Narrative

by Ella Stratton

Ella, although a junior, is a new-comer to the *Oracle*, but we hope that from now on you will be hearing more from her.

**I**T WAS nearly eighty years later when Grandma told little Polly about her first winter in America. I shall tell it to you as Polly told it to me when she was herself a grandmother.

Grandma rolled up her knitting, folded her hands in her lap, and began, "Daniel and I (that was your grandfather's name, my dear) were married in August. It was a lovely day, and we were so happy! We loved our home, and we were contented for a couple of years, and then our life began to change.

"We were not allowed to go to the church we wished; Dan could earn no money; we had to sell our little home, and then Mary, your mother, was born. Dan became very worried, for we needed food and warmer clothing, and it was then we heard of a party of pilgrims embarking on the Mayflower. In less time than it takes to tell this story, we were embarking with them.

"Well, my dear, it was a terrible trip. Mary was sick, and everyone aboard was homesick. We would sit upon the decks for hours talking of our old homes, aye, and sometimes saying we wished we were back.

"Then came the day when we saw land. Oh, how we laughed and cried and shouted together! And as we drew nearer, we saw the tall trees which looked black and dreary, and the frozen shores certainly held no invitation to us! But we were thankful to Him who had brought us to this land.

"Then for days we, men, women, and children, helped to build the cabins. We women took turns taking care of the wee children, and the men took turns hunting for food, and, Polly, hunting was not considered sport, at that time!

"It was about a month later that our neighbors needed some food; we had barely enough for ourselves, but we shared with them, and that, Polly, was the last we saw of the Sylvesters, well and alive. A plague of small-pox descended upon us, and each person was busy helping the next. No one thought of staying away from a person because he was sick. Dan was one of the last to catch it. Ah, he was a sick man! He died on Sunday, Polly! 'Twas a sad, sad day. Our good neighbor, John Bard, came to see me, and he helped me through that first long, cold winter. It wasn't all disease that killed Dan. No, it was lack of food and the cold. I shall never forget it." (Here, a tear trickled down Grandma's cheek).

"Then came the spring, and oh, what a happy group



*Grandma rolled up her knitting.*

we were, though over three-fourths of our party were dead.

"Some very friendly Indians came to our little colony and taught the men how to plant corn, to fish, and to hunt. And I learned how, too, Polly. I was so happy when I saw the little green leaves coming into view which told me that your mother and I should not starve the next winter.

"After our first winter, the others were not so hard, for we had learned how to save food, and to fix our cabins so they would be more comfortable, and my neighbors were all so kind to me. My brother came from England and joined me the second winter, and he was a great help." Here Grandma stopped for a while and bowed her silvery head. "Ah, Polly," she breathed, "you cannot understand the joy of living in a colony where we had freedom, freedom in religion, freedom in government! Aye, Polly, we have a lot to thank God for!"

## Memory

by Margaret Maxfield

A fragile thing is memory,  
Composed of mist, it seems;—  
Yet bound with bands of oak, and hung  
With loveliness of dreams.



# WHO'S WHO AMONG THE TEACHERS

*A Partial Roll-call of Those who Manage our Interscholastic Activities*

## Athletics

### Durward Heal

Who is that man running all over the place? Why, that's Mr. Heal, director of physical education at Bangor High. Oh yes, it's he who is responsible for Bangor's smooth-working athletic department.

Mr. Durward Heal was born in Lagrange. His Grammar and High School days were spent in East Millinocket. (No wonder he felt doubly sorry because Bangor and Stearns were eliminated from the tournament). Mr. Heal should be very proficient in "book-learning," for he has attended Ricker Classical Institute, Colby, U. of M., Harvard, Northwestern, and Columbia Colleges.

Mr. Heal likes all sports, and he is, of course, very familiar with them. In his spare time, he manages these tournaments which we so enjoy attending. Mr. Heal's pet dislikes are—(well, well, well,)—tournaments! Mr. Heal's four years as Bangor High's physical director have shown the work of his skilful methods,

so if there is anything about athletics or tournaments you wish to know, just go to him!

### Mr. Ernest Legere

Mr. Ernest Legere is that tall, dark, and handsome French teacher whom we find looking about Room 114 every morning.

When we came and asked our questions, we found that he was a former student of Bangor High, class of '24. He went from there to the University of Maine where he did a clean job of knocking off a Bachelor of Arts degree in French.

From the time he graduated from the University in '28, until he came back to Bangor in '35, he taught at Beals High School, Beals, Maine. Two years after his arrival at Bangor he was given the position of Faculty Manager of Athletics, which, besides being a position of importance, is a lot of hard work.

His favorite pastimes are a good movie once in a while and managing football—Why?—because that's the least work.



FIRST ROW: Edward Trowell, Herbert Prescott, Miss Maguire, Sergeant Donchecz.

SECOND ROW: Ernest Legere, Durward Heal, Frederick Pinkham, Into Suomi.

Away when picture was taken: Mr. Ulmer, Col. Snow, Miss Hancy.



## WHO'S WHO AMONG THE TEACHERS—Continued

**Mr. Walter F. Ulmer**

Mr. Ulmer, who is well known to most of the students, is spending his sixth year teaching and coaching football here. He says that in his opinion school spirit has increased remarkably in the past couple years and he hopes next year to have a "lucky seventh" with the team.

He attended Bangor High, graduating in '21 and coming back as a post graduate. From here he went to M. C. I. for two years and thence to Bates, where, as in the other schools, he played varsity football, largely at tackle.

He graduated from Bates in '28, a Bachelor of Science, having majored in Physics. Besides, being an athlete he was active in the Varsity Club and in debating as he won the Sophomore Prize Debate. He was also president of the Bates Student Council.

His hobbies which have grown during his three-year stay at Orono High as teacher and coach, and a six-year one at Bangor, are the National Guard, where he has worked up to a First Lieutenant's rank, the giving of the play-by-play descriptions of athletic contests for the radio, his garden, and his fishing. In fact he's the sort of all-around fellow we all like to know.

Bangor football teams under Mr. Ulmer scored the first victory over Portland in eight years in 1932, the second largest score in history over Portland in 1934; they were winners of the Central Maine Conference in 1936, and Intercity champions in 1935, 1936, 1937.

**Edward Trowell**

When anyone says "Basketball" at Bangor High School, the name "Trowell" just naturally seems to go along with it. He started way back when he was an A-Number One athlete in Bangor High himself. . . . Slings in baskets right and left, racing away with plenty of honors at the track meets, and beating Portland at football. A Score of 5 to 0 with a five minute touchdown. He is a graduate of Holy Cross College, and taught at Loyola Academy in Chicago before coming to Bangor High School in 1921. Mr. Trowell, coached Baseball, Track, and Football for several years here, as well as Basketball.

Bangor High School Basketball teams under Mr. Trowell have taken part in every Regional Tournament, winning one and losing twice by a One-Point margin; they have been state champions three times and runners-up three times; and one team took part in the National Championship Tourney in Chicago.

Many a fine afternoon will find Mr. Trowell on the golf course, and during the summer, he finds pleasure and relaxation in traveling.

**Frederick W. Pinkham**

Tennis, and all its accompanying thrills, is about to receive a firm foundation here at Bangor High, for Mr. Frederick Pinkham, teacher of penmanship and typing, has consented to coach this sport. It is Mr. Pinkham's ambition to attract a large squad of promising "racketeers", and prepare them for successful participation in interscholastic tournaments. Already an active schedule has been formulated, including the State Tennis Tournament to be held at Fort Fairfield. With such a pleasant and efficient coach, you would-be Bill Tildens can't go wrong this year when you sign up for tennis. Mr. Pinkham who incidentally swings a mean racquet himself) wants everyone eligible to make at least a try at this interesting sport.

So, good luck, tennis players and Coach Pinkham!

**Mr. Into Suomi**

Mr. Into Suomi, already well-known to us, owing to his position as coach of Junior Varsity basketball, will also coach Varsity Baseball this spring. Mr. Suomi is an athlete of much renown thruout the state. He received his "letter" in baseball, basketball, and football, which speaks for his abilities in the sporting world. He likes all sports which call for action and conscientious attention for he believes them to have a very valuable part in the student's life.

Mr. Suomi teaches bookkeeping. He is fond of outdoor life and is particularly partial to hunting and fishing. His hobby is tying flies. (For you amateurs, "tying flies" is the process of making synthetic bait for wandering fish).

Good luck, Mr. Suomi! We look forward to watching your baseball nine perform this spring.

**Miss Maguire**

Miss Maguire is an honest to goodness B. H. S. and Sargent School of Physical Education of Boston University graduate. Ever since January, 1934, she has been teaching girl's gymnasium classes here. While at Sargent, she was a member of many different clubs—The Lit Club, Dramatic Club, and the Black Mask. She was also a member of the Aquatic Corps, proving that she is an accomplished swimmer, diver, and boatman.

Before coming to Bangor High School, she coached basketball, had recreational classes, and girl's clubs. She taught swimming and tennis at the Y. M. C. A., and she was Beal's Business College basketball coach.

(Continued on next page)



## WHO'S WHO AMONG THE TEACHERS—Continued

She has been a counsellor at Camp Sorrento for two summers and taught swimming at Milo, and had life-saving classes.

With all this experience and her many accomplishments, we can easily see why she makes such a fine teacher of physical education.

## R. O. T. C. Rifle Club

### Lt. Col. Robert E. Snow

March 1st of this year marked the thirtieth anniversary of Lt. Col. Snow in the U. S. Army. The Colonel, as he is called by all the boys, informs us that he attended Chelsea High, the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Ga., and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. During the war, he served in the Infantry as Captain, Major, and Lt. Col. and saw much active duty. He participated in the Champagne-Marne offensive, the battle of St. Mihiel, the battle of Meuse-Argonne, and the Troyon defensive. He also served in the Army of Occupation in Germany and was Pro-Marshal of Nice for some time.

During the past five years, Lt. Col. Snow has done wonders with our R. O. T. C. unit here, as it has received an honor rating at every inspection. The Colonel is expecting a transfer this summer, and if he does receive one, B. H. S. will lose a most able instructor.

### Sergeant Frank D. Donchecz

The Rifle Club is the special charge of Sergeant Donchecz, and under his coaching they have gone places in a big way. They have shot matches as far south as Tampa, Florida, and as far west as Walla Walla, Washington. Among their many triumphs are Third Place, Second Place, and First Place in the National R. O. T. C. matches for New England.

The Sergeant himself has led a very colorful existence. He attended High School in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, until 1913, and since then he has led a life on post which covers more territory than most men would see in two lifetimes.

He first enlisted for service in 1913, and was stationed in Hawaii, and later on the Mexican border. During the war his regiment was broken up to instruct new recruits; after the war the Sergeant served on the Rhine in the Army of Occupation in Germany. He was transferred to the 5th Infantry, and was later de-

tached for service at the University of Maine, where he was stationed for nine years before coming to Bangor High School in 1933.

His favorite pastime is bowling, and, strange to say, he says that his shooting was only acquired from years of study and hard work. Next best he likes to watch Bangor's team "go to town" on their opponents.

## Debate

### Herbert L. Prescott

A strong Bowdoin man, Mr. Prescott was graduated from there in 1930, *cum laude*, Phi Beta Kappa, with honors in English. While at Bowdoin, he was Assistant to Professor Wilmot P. Mitchell in English and to Professor Charles Burnett in psychology.

In the season of 1925-26, immediately after his graduation from Rockland High School, Mr. Prescott taught in a country school (all grades when there were pupils for them) for one year to find out just what the teaching racket was all about. Figuring that if he could get through a year teaching twenty-two classes a day and living out a New England winter in one room with a Franklin stove and STILL like it, teaching MUST be all right, he planned to make that his career.

Mr. Prescott has written several texts, including the Objective Tests for English classics, inflicted on pupils throughout the land, including, of course, students at good old B. H. S.

This is his eighth year here, instructing in sophomore classical English, coaching championship (once in a while) debate teams, and occasionally essaying the drama, writing, and radio in his spare moments.

Prescott-coached debate teams from Bangor High School have won five state championships (two Bates league and three Bowdoin) and twice placed second in the New England tournament of the National Forensic League.

## Dramatics

### Miss Evelyn Haney

Miss Evelyn Haney has brought Bangor High School into the field of Inter-School dramatics. For the first time this year Bangor has entered the State-Wide One-Act Play Contest, in which fifty-two schools are to take part. Students from the three upper classes have parts in the Patchwork Quilt, by Rachel Lyman Field, and under the capable direction of Miss Haney they have already come out victorious in the first



round of the contest, winning over Brewer and Old Town on March 7th.

Miss Haney, herself needs no introduction to us; the "highlights" of her career were told in the October "Oracle", perhaps you may not know that she was a very active member of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council when she was in High School, playing Hockey, Baseball, and Basketball. Her favorite pastime is reading, and she is very active in the Bangor-Brewer Little Theatre.

## Evening

by Margaret Maxfield

Mist across a crimson moon;  
Bands of gleaming silver light;  
Pointed firs against the sky  
Silhouetted in the night.

## Alumni

'Lo Bettie. This is Jere. How're ya doin? That's swell. Me? Oh I'm fine, thanks. Bettie, do you ever wonder about the people who used to truck around the halls of dear ole' Bangor High?

Yes, I know it's silly but I was just wondering. Say! I read about *Art Weatherbee* in the paper the other day. Yes, he graduated in '35, he's at Maine now and is editing the *Prism*; swell, huh? He seems to be awfully busy, he belongs to Beta Theta Pi and was a varsity Debater last year—Yes, he played some leading roles in the Masque Plays. Guess what! he was voted the Sigma Mu Sigma award!

*Spencer Winsor '36?* Oh, he's at Colby. I hear he's setting a hard pace.

Did you know *Edith Stearns '37* is at Westbrook? Speaking of Westbrook, did you know *Ellen Hathorn '37* was nominated for Snow Queen?

*Bella Rolnick '37* is at Westbrook, too.

Did I tell you? Great news! *Adelle Sawyer—ex-'38* was made a member of the Abbott Academy Honorary Basketball Team—That's not all! She won the Ski Jump and a Ski Dash at a Carnival they had—she's a swell athlete—you know, she's going to go to Bouve.

*Tommy Sawyer '36* is at Cornell, didn't you know?

*Merrill Eldridge '33* is the Business Manager of the Maine Campus. Yes, Bangor can certainly turn out some good ones, can't it?

Of course you remember *Bernice Braidy '37*—yes—the one that was so good in debating. I hear she's at Radcliff just debating everybody.

*Myer Alpert* is on the Varsity Debating team at

## Chalmers Studio

FOR many years, the name Chalmers Studio has been a symbol of the finest work obtainable in photography.

Mr. Fred Chalmers, owner and proprietor, attended Bangor High School. After leaving school, he went to work in the studio of his uncle, Charles J. Crossman, where he learned photography. Mr. Chalmers then worked for the Weston photo service, and the Marston photo service. In later years, after buying up all those studios, Mr. Chalmers set himself up in business in 1911 at his present location on 22 Hammond Street.

Mr. Chalmers' specialty is commercial photography and portrait photography with special emphasis on class and school pictures.

There are many interesting features concerning this studio. One of the most interesting is, that Mr. Chalmers advertised in the very first issue of the *Oracle* which was published in 1892, and he has been advertising ever since.

Another interesting thing is, that Chalmers Studio is one of the oldest establishments in Bangor to be run by one man over a period of years.

Still another interesting feature is, that in all these years, Mr. Chalmers has not been out of active business except for two short days during the devastating fire of 1911.

So, in Chalmers Studio we have an excellent photography business which uses only up-to-date methods, and which has years of experience and good work to rely upon, and where quality is always first.

Maine. I'd certainly hate to get in an argument with him, wouldn't you!

Listen to this! *Robert Cumming '33* won the Rhodes Scholarship. Isn't that wonderful!

*Andrew Cox '34* was a candidate for the Rhodes Scholarship. I'm sure he felt it an honor just to be a candidate; certainly we're all proud of him.

Maine's having its first Varsity Show this spring. It'll be a great hit because *Leo Lieberman '34* is writing the music for it.

—You don't say! well, medals to *Charles Pierce '36*, he must be good to make the Dean's List at Maine.

*Hugh Young '35* is at Eastern State Normal School, I wonder where he got the idea to be a teacher! *Clarice Herbert '37* is there, too—

Some one told me *Noah Edminster '35* is doing very well in Cross Country track, there.

I've about run out of news so I'd better hang up. I've got to go write the Alumni Column for the *Oracle* and I'm certainly stuck for material—

Bye—"



# Of Weather

by Curtis Jones

Curtis, the brilliant word-slinger of the Junior class, needs no introduction, but may we humbly suggest that, before you read this illuminating essay, you dig out a dictionary.

SINCE time immemorial, sages of many nations have scratched their heads and gnawed their beards in an attempt to predict future weather conditions. I don't know how accurate the various weather bureaus of early times were in foreseeing the approaching actions of the elements, but there is great reason to believe that the Mayas and the Chaldees achieved a remarkable exactitude in their predictions. Whether they had the prescience of our present scientists, however, we will never know, for never did the ancients have to work under such adverse conditions as we do today.

The time was when winter was colder than summer, but such regularity no longer exists. Whether such a deficiency is merely old Jupe Pluvius' way of showing his disapproval of the shilly-shally ways of modern youth, no one can say, but the fact remains—the weather situation is going to the dogs.

For instance, the January thaw always used to be taken for granted by our parents, and yet only last January we had, not a thaw, but the first really cold weather of the winter. Likewise, our fathers always expected a heavy snowfall in February, especially if none of any size had come before, but what have we had this February? Merely the remnants of January's cold and a series of discouraging rainstorms.

A once common belief was that March winds brought April showers and that the latter produced May flowers, but this saying has since been sadly outmoded, as last year's experience showed only too clearly. When our April showers fell in March, they caused a devastating flood, while the March winds finally found the place a page later on the calendar and triumphantly emerged in April. Evidently the winds wished to make up for lost time because they remained in May, so that the few flowers which did peep above the wind-swept sward were beheaded by the whistling tempest.

In view of this evidence, the consensus can be nothing but that something should be done. This great desideratum in the weather is endangering the lives of thousands as well as discomforting millions. Take the lover of winter swimming for instance. To chop a hole in the ice of a pond, go in for an icy plunge, and then, on the way home to contract a cold by walking in the rain would, at the least, seem very disconcerting.

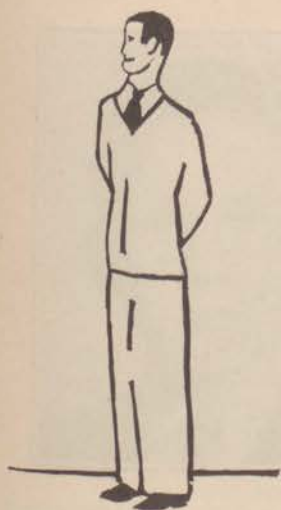
Picture the glittering eyes of the ski-addict as he watches the first snow-fall. Imagine the small boy, dashing down cellar to tie a rope to a ski in place of the strap torn off by the dog, or the amateur, trying on his new pair, or the veteran, appraising his skis with practiced eye as he applies a few more layers of wax. And yet—oh shades of Erebus—and yet all this takes place only for the tortured skiers to arise in the morning to the accompanying patter of rain on the roof.

But what can be done? There are several possibilities. Perhaps a few righteous citizens could rise up and institute a campaign. An inspiring slogan, to be chosen by the campaign committee, such as "No inundation without justification" should go down in history along with "Remember the Alamo," and "Liberty or death." Another advantage would be possible free meals or donations for campaigners from gullible rheumatics, and yet, from a standpoint of ameliorating weather conditions, the merits of the plan appear questionable.

An interesting article, which I came across some time ago, telling of the next ice-age, suggests a possible solution. Once again, down upon North America, once again blizzards will rage over the continent, and once again (perhaps) great hairy elephants and wooly rhinos will plod ponderously through post-deluvian drifts. The writer tells us our homes will be veritable incubators, and we will sally forth to a bridge party dressed in innumerable coats and sweaters. Such a situation might be the answer to our problems, for, at any rate, we could be quite sure of the month without having to look at a calendar, but there is one complication. Scientists seem to be of the opinion that the next ice-age will not arrive until some time after our departure from this worldly sphere, and, in such a case, it would do us no good.

There seems to be but one remaining possibility. That is to leave the earth and seek refuge upon another planet. But how to get there? Here again we have struck a blind alley. Until some brilliant man develops a successful rocket ship, our only conclusion can be that we must remain at the mercy of celestial domination, and, unless our salvation should somehow arrive, we must continue to set out with overshoes on our feet and rubbers in our pockets.

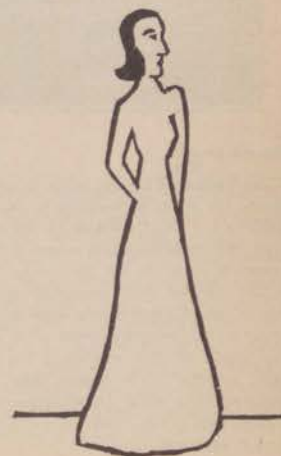




THE  
JUNIOR EXHIBITION  
SPEAKERS

PASS IN REVIEW

MARCH 25, 1938







Stanley Rudman

Stan is letting his life unwind in whatever enjoyable, nonchalant fashion it pleases—a nice speaking voice plus a dry sense of humor, and there he is. His piece is rather philosophical but don't let it stagger you 'cause it's bound to be the easy-to-take kind. A mild interest in stage and radio (!) work dating back to the dim past, an ambition to be a lawyer, but a higher one (ouch!) to be a flyer—an occasional turn at the honor roll—an advocate of the sea and Cape Cod—a pastry lover and well, what do you think, girls?

## SPEAKERS ... BOYS



John Webster

One of the contestants from the Junior Classics is that "man about school", "Johnnie" Webster. John belongs to the Debate and Latin Clubs, is a member of the *Oracle* board, and is one of the busiest boys at B. H. S. He is a well-known speaker, being one of the Varsity debaters and an active participant in assembly programs. Johnnie has chosen a speech entitled *The Unfinished World* which promises to be most interesting. Therefore, as you all know what kind of a speaker John is, we feel sure that you'll all be at the City Hall March 25 to hear his speech.



Edward Guphill

The Technical Course sends blond Edward Guphill as one of its contestants in this year's Junior Exhibition. "Ed" belongs to the popular Debate Club, and both from this source and from parts in numerous plays at the Hammond Street Church, he has received much practical experience. "Ed" tells us that his speech is a little different from the usual run of speeches heard at a contest of this kind, being entirely written in the so-called "dramatic poetry." The speech itself, entitled *Jean Desprey*, deals with the adventures of a French peasant boy in the World war and promises to be most interesting.



Vincent Elliott

Vincent Elliott is another of these able boy speakers from the Technical Course. "Vin", as he is called by everybody, is deeply interested in all sports, and, in view of the fact that he is from an athletic family, we wouldn't be a bit surprised if we should hear a lot about this boy in next year's sports. "Vin" informs us that his speech is one bearing the thought provoking name, *The Last Word*. It deals with a very interesting subject and, as "Vin" has a very fine speaking voice, promises to be one of the most interesting of this year's speeches.



Venezelos Vafiades

Speaking of speaking, here is a lad who had his start at Grammar School Graduation—Rather interested in "getting places." Venny professed the policy of not wasting time—lots of power to him.—His current pastime is quoting the best daily prices for a certain A. & P., however, no such a limiting career is in store for Ven.—After school there's a matter of getting to the Hawaiian Islands and points thereabouts that he's building up for.—His connections with his "oration" are not too personal, except he's picked a worthwhile one which in our mind spells Venny himself.



Barbara Scribner

Here's a gal who was sort of fated for this event from the beginning.—With a genuine interest in dramatics, she has already hitched her wagon to a certain star, a stage career.—There's a worthwhile content in her selection—a bit historical and one of the "to be chewed and digested" sorts (a remnant of Sophomore literature, right?).—Pet pastime?—reading!—such airy things as Sinclair Lewis—with plenty of exceptions of course—on of all places to be dumped from the Magic Carpet, she fancies France—maybe, Barbara.

## SPEAKERS ... GIRLS



Clara Hughes

The Junior Commercial's gift to the Junior Exhibition this year is none other than Clara Hughes. This girl is a very active member of the Commercial Club and is deeply interested in all other school activities. Her speech, entitled *The Maker of Dreams*, is from all reports very interesting and especially suited for Miss Hughes' voice. This speech is one of the "serious" kind, and both from the fact that Clara was most able in a speech delivered at Grammar School graduation and from our own interview, we predict that it will be enjoyed by all who attend this year's contest.



Jane Bradshaw

From the Classical Juniors comes none other than that well-known writer of Hokum, Jane Bradshaw. Jane is an active member of the Latin Club and has received much experience along speaking lines from acting in various church plays. Her speech, *Romeo and Juliet* by name, calls for not only an exceptionally fine voice but also for much dramatic talent, and we feel sure that Jane will do a fine job. Jane informs us that the speech deals with three scenes from Shakespeare's immortal play, and now we can hardly wait for that night of nights, March 25.



Jean Mack

The job of speaking in the Exhibition sort of "snuck" up on Jean, who boasts having steered clear of such things in the past and whose pet pastimes amount to fun in the great outdoors in a big way.—Possessor of oodles of tricky clothes and a gay disposition, we find she's selected a piece parallel to her personality.—Sort of mirthful and unusual.—From the more grave side of her temperament, she does confess a leaning towards dancing—and of all things!—toe dancing—but don't let her fool you, because she's a little five foot twoer, just the same.



Molly Kagan

Two parts serious to one part humor, nicely blended and we have Molly Kagan.—We think her piece will suit her very nicely.—a touch of the dramatic and a little pathos.—Molly's "stage presence" and "diaphragmic organs" have been developing in a smooth way, these last two years—to the credit of the Debate Club—and already a two year Varsity debater,—well, that sort of is something.—Debate material is dry stuff to Molly, but banging on the piano or outdoor pastimes are fun in the raw.—We have the exclusive scoop that she's going to be a lawyer—or else—and well, this speaking business can sort of carry you on and on—we hope it does.



# HOBBIES

**J**UST to be different ("variety is the spice of life," you know) how about discussing hobbies that hold the spotlight today—not special interviews, merely a general aspect.

Photography seems to hold quite a sway over hobby-minded people. The "candid camera" has become more or less of a common expression in the past year or two. Camera addicts seem to find the greatest satisfaction in catching the unwary in most unnatural positions. Then too, landscape scenes are favorites with lovers of more beautiful results. Many of these would-be-photographers are so deeply interested in the subject that they even go so far as to develop their own films. This in itself is practically a hobby, it seems to me, and having seen the actual process of developing, I can say that it is certainly a very interesting subject. If any one of you has a desire to find out the whys and wherefores of photography as a hobby, I suggest that you track down Paul Welch or that Kearney lad whom you may have seen trotting around at recent basketball games with a camera under his arm. They could probably tell you pul-lenty. Oh—and speaking of candid shots, did you notice the "Passing in Review" pictures of the last issue of the *Oracle*?

Common among the boys is the collecting of match folders, and this was even more popular a year or so ago than it is now. These collections consist easily of several hundred pieces, and a common place to keep specimens is at the base of the windshield of one's car. Perhaps I'm slightly behind the times in bringing up this hobby, as it isn't what it was. However, it is a hobby.

Cigar bands are another form of this type of collection. I, myself don't see where one can find enough different kinds of cigars to comprise a collection of any size. But of course, not being in the habit of smoking cigars, I don't realize that there are many other brands besides B. C. M. and Blackstone. If you are desirous of learning more about this hobby, kindly refer your inquiries to Sophomore Robert Hanson. I understand he has quite a collection.

About two years ago knitting was quite the thing with all us gals, and we all blossomed out in various creations of the needles. Now, after the lapse of 730 days (or thereabouts) knitting is still a top-notch in the pastime line—for girls. (I haven't heard that the boys have resorted to knitting—but in this day and age one never knows—!) If you should hear any girls running around mumbling—knit one—purl one—knit one—purl one, don't be alarmed; it's only a symptom of knitting fever.

You know, I think that eating could be placed under the heading of hobbies. At least it's what many of us do in our spare time (as well as at regular meal time). I must confess that I can't help seeking out the pantry or the "candy-hide" at our house several times during the course of an afternoon's studying. It's really a swell hobby, especially if you don't gain weight easily. Yowsah!

The Big Apple—the Suzy-Q, the Shag, Trucking, and the Little Peach (a new one, revealed to me in a recent issue of *Life* magazine) are madly indulged in by guys and gals whenever swing music wafts its way over the airwaves (which is very frequently) so I reckon we can consider these various contortions of the dance as hobbies.

But do you really want to know ("Should I tell him?") what the most widespread hobby is? It's driving! Shall we say that one quarter of the students of our high school possess licenses, and the other three quarters are waiting for the right age, the opportunity, or the fee required to get theirs? Everybody nowadays wants to be able to sit capably behind the wheel, and once he can do this, try and get him away. No pot of glue is necessary here! Far from it!

Well, me hearties, I'm running out of inspiration or what have you, so I must excuse myself and depart.

If any of you have interesting hobbies, by all means let me know; because my supply isn't exactly what you would call plentiful.

## To the March Oracle

Students of Bangor High: This is more or less a card of thanks to you for the fine support you have given the cheerleaders and your team during the past basketball season. We cheerleaders have tried our best to liven up school spirit at Bangor High, and the response of the student body has been "swell." There was a smart team representing you this year, and, even in the four games they lost, the showing they made was something to be proud of. More than once, different members of the team expressed their gratitude for the helping hand given by you students at the games. It takes a good team to win games, but sometimes the backing of the students helps to make a good team. Anyway, for "Charlie" Redman, for "Billy" Jenkins, for Dayson DeCourey, for Howard Crosby, for "Bruz-zie" West, and for myself, I offer thanks for your cooperation.

—"Ozzie" Keith, P. G.



## Editorials

by Curtis Jones



VOL. XLVII

NO. 4

THE ORACLE

MARCH 25, 1938

### March

**T**HIS is March, the month when winter leaves, when young men's fancies turn to thoughts of love, when hats are in the air, unless berets are in style, and when the members of the *Oracle* Board work their brains to the bone. This is the month of the mad March Hare, who signifies the fact that, supposedly, March is the maddest month of the year.

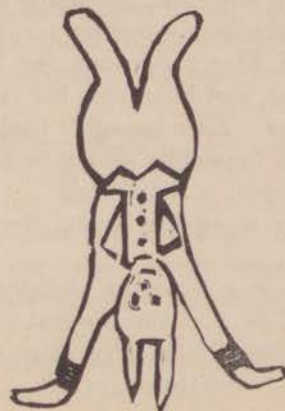


There is good reason for this last statement, especially since the *Oracle* board seems to have assimilated some of the spirit of the occasion, judging from this month's cover, at which you may well have wondered. However, March is more than mad; it is a new month. In the Roman calendar, March was the first month of the year. Today it has been demoted to third, but the reasons for its standing first are still justified. After all, January is just a continuation of winter, while in March, although King Winter enters with all his bluster, he soon dies out as quickly as he came. It is as if the old boy had expended all his energy in one last attempt to retain his supremacy over the weather, only to fall back, exhausted, before the approach of spring. In the words of the saying, "March comes in like a lion but goes out like a lamb."

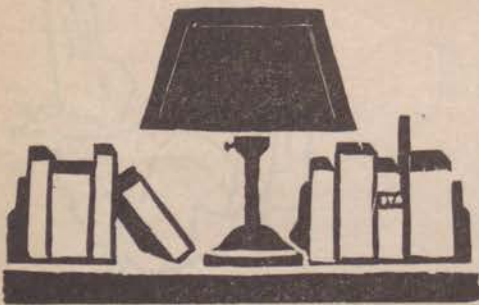
From this we see that March is the turning point of the year. This is the time when dame Nature cleans house, with the wind her vacuum-cleaner and the rain

her mop. By the end of the month ground, grass, and trees have been regreened in anticipation of another year. Millions of housewives emulate her example, and, as victims of spring cleaning can safely say, with nearly as great resultant confusion. This change, because of its quickness, may be the reason for the madness of March, since we suddenly seem to find ourselves in a different world. We try to accustom ourselves to it, we are moved to a feeling of exhilarating emptiness by it, and at last we reestablish ourselves. Just as children are stuck in a closet while their careworn mother cleans house, we are kept under cover by the end of winter. Then a new world reveals itself and, for a short time, we feel like hens on the wrong side of the fence.

That we are quick to take advantage of our opportunities, however, is aptly shown here at high school by the succession of events. A list of these might begin thus: Latin Club Party, Debate Club Party, Military Ball, Tournament Debate, Public Affairs Club meeting, Commercial Club meeting, baseball and tennis practice, One-act play rehearsals, Dramatic Club meeting, Debate Club meeting, and numerous other social and organizational affairs. This may enlighten you as to the reason why *Oracle* board reporters have such a dejected air at this time of year. As for the general nature of these March parties, ask the man who went to one. He knows, and your conviction that March is mad will be made even firmer.







## What Others Are Reading!

### Lafitte, the Pirate

*by Lyle Saxon*

**T**HIS book gives a very good picture of the patriot privateer, Jean Lafitte. It shows him as a very dashing gentleman, handsome, with an eye for playing up to the gallery, and also as a smuggler, bold, a bit cruel, hunted with a price upon his head. The story of Jean Lafitte and his brother Pierre is an exciting one. It tells how the brothers started smuggling slaves with a blacksmith shop as their headquarters. Soon they make their quarters at Barataria on the coast of Louisiana. From there they constantly preyed on British and Spanish ships. All through their life, Jean is the leader, the "Boss." This book tells how he and his pirate band evade justice many times and how they fight in the battle of New Orleans. It tells of what happened afterwards and of the settlement that was made near Galveston, Texas. This book is a very interesting one, not only for the life of Lafitte but for descriptive bits of his settlements and of New Orleans at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

### Winter in April

*by Robert Nathan*

This story concerns three people: Henry Pennifer, scholar; Ellen, his grand-daughter just going on fifteen; and Eric Von Siegenfels, the young Doctor of Philosophy from Heidelberg, secretary to Mr. Pennifer. It is the story of Ellen's devotion for Eric. Eric has a younger sister, and Ellen tries her very best to be just like that sister. Ellen has other trials, too, in her Aunt Matilda who frequently enters to have something to say about buying a short dress. . . Mr. Pennifer also has difficulty in understanding the ideas of modern youth.

This book is a charming, delightful story. In the portrait of Eric and the account of Ellen's ripening maturity, Robert Nathan has given a view of life that will long be remembered.

### We are Not Alone

*by James Hilton*

There are always many people in a small town who remember who used to live in a particular house, and what happens to them there and afterwards, as the author says in the prologue to the book. So it was with the people in the Cathedral town of Calderburg, England, when a chain-store company bought a site at the corner of Shaw gate, where Dr. Newcome had once lived. Their minds immediately went back to the time when the little doctor used to make his calls on bicycle, then his trial, and finally the hanging for the murder of his wife, although he was guiltless.

The book is a character study of the little doctor and is very interestingly done.

### Highland River

*by Neil M. Gunn*

This novel is the story of a scientist who looks back on his life as a growing boy. His home was in the small fishing village of Caithness, in the north of Scotland, where everyone's life was connected with the sea. His life is revealed from the time, when, as a small boy, he first caught a thirty pound salmon, through all the adventures and escapades of his boyhood, and so on through his young manhood, until finally his fall as a boy vanished forever from his mind.

### And Speaking of Reading!

Did you see the special edition of the *Commercial* on March 19th, edited by members of the *Oracle Board*?



## News of Interest



### French Play

THE charming one-act play "Les Facheux" was presented Friday morning, February 18th, in the assembly hall. It was directed by Mlle. Beaupré, head of the French department, and presented by the senior French classes. Appearing in the cast were Florence Perry, Ida Rolnick, Mary Stewart, Jane Mulvaney, Mary Nelson, and Betty Barker. The scene was laid in a college girl's room, and the amusing incidents of a day as she tries to study were woven into an attractive story.

John Watson, chairman for the program, gave a resume and announced the musical selections. Miss Florence Hathaway sang "Berceuse" by Jocelyn in a charming manner. A chorus composed of Dorothy McClure, Betty Jordan, Louise Twist, Louise Newman, Helen Mehann, Beatrice Norwood, and Doris Twitchell sang "La Marseillaise," the national French anthem. Miss Beverly Holbrook played the piano.

Bouquets must go to Wilfred Butterfield, stage manager, and Zilpha Nealey, in charge of properties.

All in all it was a beautifully finished piece of work; the clear enunciation, the ease and naturalness of the players in dealing with a foreign language, and the smoothness of the entire performance, showed hard work and talent on the part of the cast and clever and painstaking direction by the coach, Miss Beaupré.

### Public Affairs Club

The Public Affairs Club, under the supervision of Miss Cousins, plans to meet at least once a month to have talks and discussions on the current events of the world.

At the last meeting of the Club, Milton Winsor, as guest speaker, told about living in Hawaii. He explained the habits and customs of the people, how they dressed and lived; and about the natural geography of Hawaii itself.

The members of the club were pleased to hear his talk and learned interesting facts about that island.

### Dramatic Club

The monthly meeting of the Dramatic Club was held in the assembly hall, February 17, at 2:15. The club voted to present twenty-five dollars to the Student Community Chest. Miss Haney, club advisor, appointed various stage hands to help with the one-act play "The Patchwork Quilt," by Rachel Lyman Field. The cast is as follows:

Old Mrs. Willis.....	Dorothy Braidy
Anne Wendall, her daughter.....	Mary Nelson
Joe Wendall, Anne's husband.....	Charles Redman
Betty, their daughter.....	Shirley Epstein

#### In the Fantasy

Molly, the bride.....	Jere-Bill Goessling
Molly, later.....	Barbara Hill
William, Molly's husband.....	Dayson DeCourcy
Emily, their daughter.....	Violette Jordan

The High School has entered this play in the State one-act play contest, at Brewer, March 7th, and we wish them the best of luck. At 2:30 the club accepted the generous invitation of the Debate Club to hear Maurice Dolbier read one of his original plays.

A short melodrama now under the capable direction of Miriam Fellows will be given next meeting.

### Glee Clubs

Mrs. Evangeline Huey reports that both the glee clubs are working with all their might to make the concert in May a big success. We wish them heaps of luck.

### Band

Playing in full uniform before a huge audience, the Band made its final appearance at our basketball games this season by performing splendidly at the regional tournament.

They are now settling down to hard practice for concert work for the rest of the year.



## Debate Club

By the time this article appears, most of the Debate Club's plans for the year will have been made, and some of its most important activities over; yet at this stage of the game only a guess can be essayed as to what those activities will result in.

One or two things ARE sure, and need to be recorded. The Junior-Varsity in the Edward Little practice tournament on February 5 found Ann Bigelson, Carleton Orr, Phyllis Morris, and Curtis Jones taking three out of four, meeting South Portland, Portland, Traip, and Cony.

In the Brewer tournament, February 19, the same Junior-Varsity team scored under M. C. I. to take second place in the day's affair, while Kendall Cole, Jack Backman, Paul Kruse, and Robert Dodge, the third team, vanquished enough rivals to make it a brilliant day all around.

March 18, the varsity affirmative (Dorothy Braidy and Lewis Vafiades) met Brewer's negative in the Dorothy Memorial. A successful evening was arranged by a committee made up of Richard Coffin, Walter McMullen, Pauly Campbell, and Kendall Cole. Not only was there the debate, but dramatics and dancing as well, making a very pleasant social affair for club members and friends.

The same afternoon the Bangor negative (John Webster, Molly Kagan) debated at Orono. The team were in Bangor to join in the evening festivities at Dorothy Memorial.

The year's try-outs have seen an aggregate number of seventy-one speakers in action. This does not mean that seventy-one different speakers were heard, as, of course, there were duplicates, but it does give a reasonable index of the interest in actual debating in the Club.

A committee, composed of John Webster, Barbara Hill, and John Howard, scheduling special programs for regular Club meetings, has already presented Miss Irene Cousins, one of the faculty's most sought-after and brilliant speakers; a Hobby Lobby with Club members Harold Kearney and Kendall Cole, with Kay Faulkingham's presentation of a skit employing the artistry of John Webster, Eben Leavitt, Frederic Leonard, Harlan Small, Stanley Rudman, and Priscilla Jones; and the Reverend Frederick Meek. Several other equally entertaining events have been programmed for succeeding meetings.

Class Debates—Resolved: That most modern advertising is detrimental to the best interests of the American public—are scheduled for tryouts April 14, in room 307. Class debates are always a high spot of the season.

Seniors: Robert Dodge and David Dodge, Juniors: Ann Bigelson and Curtis Jones, Sophomores: Kendall Cole and Harlan Small, meet with two as yet unannounced freshmen in the forum-style go.

Plans for April 25, the closing date of the season, have not as yet been definitely decided upon.

Leaving next Monday, the varsity team takes an out-of-state trip for several days, meeting other schools on the unicameral legislative question.

## Snapdragons

Under the student leadership of Gloria Redman, president; Louise Kimball, vice-president; Doris Emery, Secretary-treasurer and the faculty management of Miss Fraser, the Snapdragons have been making up for lost time after a late start.

In addition to studying debate technique, they have held two practice debates. They were:

*Resolved: That girls are better students than boys, and,*

*Resolved: That Bangor's theatres remain open on Sunday.*

The teams were as follows:

### FIRST DEBATE

#### Affirmative

Frances Hogan  
Alice Warren  
Alice White

#### Negative

Charlotte Smith  
Deloris Fournier  
Phyllis Hurd

The affirmative won this debate.

### SECOND DEBATE

#### Affirmative

Rosalie Shapiro  
Ellen Lougee  
Irene Hemberg

#### Negative

Louine Kimball  
Caroline Marshall  
Kathryn Clement

The negative team won this debate, and Kathryn Clement was adjudged best speaker.

The Snapdragons are now preparing for the class debates, and are also studying the Bates League question.

## T. N. T. Club

The T. N. T.'s (Think 'N' Talk) have recently concluded their second and third debates of the year. The topics were Resolved: *That the United States of America adopt lethal gas as capital punishment, and, Resolved: That the United States of America should not enter any foreign war.*

With three debates under their belts, their preparation for the class debate will be the main issue at the next meeting and will be treated informally.



# ON RADIO ROW

## News

**O**UR first item is the announcement that *Jack Oakie's College*, an old stand-by, is leaving the air. It will be replaced by Eddie Cantor and his supporting cast, Deanna Durbin, Jacques Renard, Jimmy Wallington, the Mad Russian. Eddie and his gang begin their broadcasts for Camel on March 28, over C B S, Monday 7:30-8:00.

The present schedule of guest artists for *The Ford Sunday Evening Hour* is Nino Martini, March 25; Nelson Eddy, April 3; and George Enesco, violinist, April 10. The conductor is Sir Ernest MacMillan.

A program whose quality has risen so much since its beginning as to place it among the outstanding is *Coco Cola Presents the Song-Shop*, presented Friday, 10:00-10:45 over C B S, featuring Fred Crumit, Reed Kennedy, Alice Corrett, Gus Haenskin and his orchestra.

Lawrence Tibbett leaves the air March 30, when Grace Moore begins a thirteen-weeks engagement on *Chesterfield Time*.

## PROGRAM OF THE MONTH

*Hollywood Hotel* is an old timer as compared to the majority of "clam bakes," or variety shows on the air. The cast, whom many of you saw in the recent picture, *Hollywood Hotel*, is headed by that genial giver of jovialities, Ken Murray, who makes a very efficient master of ceremonies. He is aided by crooneress Frances Langford, Crooner Jerry Cooper, sweet-voiced Anne Jameson, Campbell Soup's most ardent supporter, announcer Ken Niles, movie columnist Louella Parsons, and last but not least, "Oswald." If by some quirk of fate you don't happen to know of the last named gentleman, know now that he is the cause of the many "Aoooh yeeeeeaaahs," (held as long as possible to prolong the agony) that you hear going around. The first half of each program is given over to the floor show, with all the cast participating. The latter half is devoted to prevues of coming pictures, with the stars obtained gratis by influential Critic-Parsons. Broadcast every Friday over C B S from 9:00-10:00 P. M., from the Orchid Room of Hollywood Hotel, this presentation is one which will offer you much enjoyment.

## HEADLINERS

Listen in over C B S on Mondays from 8:30-9:00 P. M. for *Pipe Smoking Time*. The stars of the presentation are none other than those two inimitable drivers away of care, those two super-silly saboteurs of sadness, those two super-buoyant black-faced boys,

Pick and Pat. The light-hearted limerickers are presented for the public's enjoyment by the United States Tobacco Company. Edward Roeckers, "The Model Smokers," whose singing is thoroughly enjoyable, is also presented as an additional reason why all should hear this program. Melvin Allen is the announcer. Frank A. ("Shorty, Short people, Did you say 10c?") McMann produces the show and is forced to bear the burdens of Pick and Pat's unsagacious schemes—an entertaining show.

Phil Baker, "The Great American Trouper," continues his merry tour each Sunday night from 7:30-8:00. Aided by his accordion, he broadcasts over the Columbia Broadcasting System's hook-up for the refiners. Harry McNaughton, better known as "Bottle" to all of the program's listeners, assists Baker in his mad, wild flight from the cutting jests and wicked witticisms of that cynically-minded sadistic, "Beetle." Al Garr, tenor, fills the vocal part of the program, although sometimes aided (?) by Phil, who launches forth on advertisements put into music and thereby made both bearable and terrible. Harry Van Nell is the program's announcer and factotum, while Oscar Bradley and his orchestra furnish musical settings.

Lovers of classical music will especially appreciate the program of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra which is presented each Sunday from 3:00-5:00 P. M. over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

## NEW PROGRAMS

Paul Whiteman, "King of Jazz," recently began a new series with *Chesterfield*. That jovial personality and his orchestra may be heard broadcasting on Fridays from 8:30-9:00 P. M. over C B S on one of radio's enjoyable programs. Featured also is funnyman Oliver Wakefield. Paul Douglas, *Chesterfield's* announcer, is heard on the commercial side of the show. Each week a guest artist is presented. The genial atmosphere conveyed by the program makes it one of radio's finer offerings.

*Lyn Murray's Musical Gazette* made its debut several weeks ago. The idea of this program is very novel. It attempts to compare each item of news to a popular song after it comes into the city-room of a newspaper. The editor of the paper is, as you might imagine, Lyn Murray. He is assisted on the vocal side by Barry Wood, baritone; and May Wynn, popular songstress. Also aiding in the presenting of the news to the public in this unique manner, are the Three Sob Sisters and the Four Cubmen. Listen for the show Sunday, 8:30-9:00 P. M. over C B S.



## CINEMANALYSIS

### The Girl of the Golden West

IT'S a habit now—not coincidence—that Jeanette MacDonald is again starred with Nelson Eddy! This new thrilling picture takes place in the West and is entitled "The Girl of The Golden West."

The story goes that *Mary Robbins* (Jeanette MacDonald) called 'Girl' for short, who owns a saloon, takes a trip each year into the neighboring town to visit Father Sienna. This particular day when she is making her annual trip, she is held up by the notorious bandit *Ramerez* (Nelson Eddy).

After various mishaps the inevitable happens—they fall in love, which finally brings the picture to a happy ending.

The cast also includes Bobby Ebsen as *Alabama* and Leo Carrillo as *Mosquito*.

It's a picture you don't want to miss.

### Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

"Snow White and The Seven Dwarfs" is, of course, a picture everyone is awaiting with expectation—a full length Disney cartoon in color!

There is no need to mention the plot of this movie as certainly everyone must know the fairy story of "Snow White."

We have reason to believe that the picture is going to arrive very soon, so be on the look-out!

### The Big Broadcast of 1938

"The Big Broadcast" could have been a good picture if it hadn't been quite so nonsensical. The cast, which includes W. C. Fields, Shirley Ross, Dorothy Lamour, Martha Raye, Bob Hope, and Ben Blue, was certainly good. The singing was jolly entertainment, particularly the song "The Waltz Lives On", which Shirley Ross sang. Of course Martha Raye was—well, just Martha Raye!

If you have some time to waste and this picture is in town, it would be good to go to!

### Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm

The "sweetheart" of the screen is starred in the jolly story by Kate Douglas Wiggin—"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

Of course no one but Shirley Temple would do for

## Cracks and Compliments

by Mary Nelson

with apologies to Margaret Matson

Calling on the female sex!!—Be ready to floor with odious glances all these so called "swanky" heart throbs of your school who think it's just the thing to wear their loud plaid shirts outside their trousers. The shirts are all right, but, please, you men of tomorrow, have a little dignity about yourselves when you come to school—tuck your shirts inside your trousers. And we humbly suggest it might not cause you to catch a cold if you try wearing neckties, washing your face, hands, AND neck AND combing your hair.

Girl Praise Winner!! The girl seen at school wearing the smart gray wool skirt, made with tucked pleats and not very full (we read that any kind of pleats is just the thing for spring). Her sweater was brush wool of a soft wine shade and topped by a single strand of pearls. For shoes, instead of uncomfortable looking spike-heel pumps, she wore brown suede oxfords with a smart college heel. Her hair was fashioned page-boy, and her make-up was very little. Attractive???

This brings on our next subject. Indians are called savages because they paint their faces. Take a look around at some of your classmates whom you do NOT call savages. If you use make-up, girls, don't put enough rouge on to paint a house and enough powder to blow it up with. A little will look much nicer. And please, we beg you, take note of the shape of your face, whether it be oval, long, or round, and then apply your make-up accordingly.

Boy Praise Winner!! The boy seen about school wearing light gray trousers (with a neat press) brown checked corduroy coat, a white shirt, and a soft shade yellow tie. His shoes were of brown suede, and he wore dark brown plaid stockings. Now boys, that's STYLE.

An item for the "believe it-or-not department." I refer to the young lady we saw wearing a rust colored blouse and glaringly red finger-nail polish. This gives us an opening. Why not try, just for a change, girls, to match your nail polish to your dress if you wear the brighter shade of polish? However, we read that a neutral shade is proper at all times, so why not be on the safe side of the fence???

the role of Rebecca, or Randy Scott as Aladdin Ladd.

For the first time Shirley's curls are changed to pig-tails.

If you enjoyed this delightful story, (who could help but like it?) you will want to see the picture.



## Wise and Otherwise

Hokum

"Poison-als"

Blackberries, Red and Green

EDITED BY JANE BRADSHAW, MIRIAM FELLOWS, AND CONNIE KING

## HOKUM

**S**COOP! It just got out! The Guilty Guy who frazzles the poor Dexter mail man is none other than that astounding virtuoso of the keys—Preston Rand. Dexter spells heaven for another Bangor High Schooler too—lil' Margie Maxfield. And if this column doesn't appear next time it'll be becuz she done murdered me.

Barb Hill complains that those "recreation rooms" up at Maine are terrible damp. The poor gal caught a nawful cold. Tsk—Tsk—Here's a ponderful thought: how does it happen that Priscilla Jones' Ouija Board answers Dayson to every question? Or maybe it's a gag??? Aha, Johnny Burke Higgins! you should know you can't keep your affairs "in the dark." . . . There just ain't no school spirit. We hear Pam Richardson has been whooping it with Billy West at the U. of M. (Yeh, we even have spies there, too.) And B. Gleason and Jere-Bill will take Maine any day (or night) of the week. Also "Casanova" Verrill of that same venerable institution has kidnapped Barb Savage's heart with the aid of that thar smile AND Super Suds. Ah me, the complexities of life! . . . Welch and Ambrose, incorporated, have taken out a patent on their wunnerful molasses candy. Are they sugar sweet and stuck up every Sunday night! . . . Dick Coffin's favorite sport is filing his nails in French period . . . P. S. We recommend colorless polish, pal . . . Definition of Charlotte Peirce—the gal who keeps the A division Juniors in hysterics . . . It seems Lovejoy didn't like that crack in the first *Oracle* this year—Poor "Ferret"—he jus' cain't live it daown. . . .

Scene (seen) in the corridors . . . Carl Sprague furtively glances around, blushes, hands Mary Powell some knitting needles and *scrams*. What happened to that sweater, Sprague? . . . Consensus says Marise Reaviel is one of the more lala of the lala frosh. Guess you'll be seeing her 'round, I guess . . . Alicia Coffin is quoted as saying that the B. H. S. boys are "too perfect." Orchids and lollipops! . . . Shhh!

Secret. What Junior Exhibition dame is pash about what Junior Exhibition boy? Oh, just take a number from one to ten etc., etc. . . . Dot McClure is not ye only beauteous femme to collect rings. Phyllis Morris has twelve from John Bapst, two from Harvard, three from Bowdoin, seven from Maine, four from Bangor High, one from Dexter and one from Hartland, making a grand total of thirty class rings. Hold that tiger! . . . How do you translate "virgan capit," or do you know better now, Mr. Eaton. . . . Cal and Syke are getting so lazy they now play pool sitting down. Incidentally the pool table is at Rice's. What's the attraction, boys? . . .

Here's the sad, sad story of the Bachelor, What Was. He's one of those husky senior brutes and debates and stuff and stuff. The lad is David Dodge and the skirt is—well, do some snoopin' yourself, for a change . . . Gerald Jellison just counted the days until Marjorie Blaisdell returned from Bermuda. (It's a good thing it wasn't more than a ten day cruise—he has only ten fingers, after all) . . . For lessons in telegram and night letter writing go to Barb Libbey. She still wears that ring, too . . . Hi, Tommy Dodd! What *did* the old Roman soldiers wear?! . . . Anne Hanson is going for a blue coupe in one large way. But don't we all . . . We hope the Tracy, Redman, Carlisle, West mixup is all fixed up by now—and we mean *mix up fixed up*!

Junior Exhibitioners—today is the day, and tonight is the night! Jean, we hope you won't actually break out in tears. Molly, give 'em that old smile . . . Barbara, your hair will look O. K. . . Clara, feed it to 'em. . . They'll love it . . . Jane, er, ah, well, my accustomed modesty forbids . . . Stan, we hope the Major hears about you . . . Venny, straighten your tie, sniff that carnation, and give out. Edward, remember that Charlotte is in the first row. . . . Vince, hum a few bars of "Be Still My Heart" and go to it . . . John, (last, but never least), remember Napoleon. . . . And good luck, all of you.

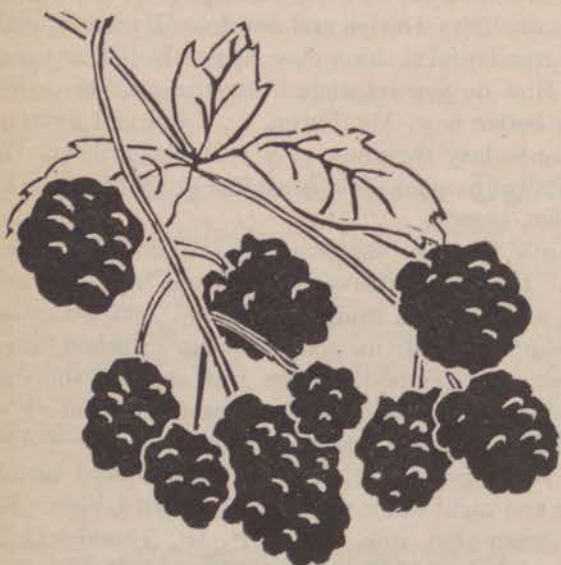


## Why Blackberries Are Red When They're Green

By Barbara Perry

(NOTE: This is dedicated to all you who have pondered over this age-old question—and, incidentally, there are exactly two hundred and fifty-nine words.)

I HAVE been asked to write about and explain a subject which is profoundly, devastatingly interesting, one which arouses heated discussion in all quarters, among all states of society, one which is conned over by young and old, rich and poor, men of business, politicians, housekeepers, and so forth, is argued over, agreed upon, and disagreed upon. In short, the subject of "why blackberries are red when they're green."



Hitler may scowl, Mussolini may thunder, Stalin may storm, Anthony Eden may resign, the Japanese may take pot-shots at the Chinese, kingdoms may rise and fall, democracies may be shattered, Margaret Matson may continue advising people not to wear holes in their stockings or 1892 hats, sit down strikes may be staged, riots staged, generation upon generation may kick the bucket, oceans and skies may be conquered, Uncle Ken may continue to play the part of the casual columnist, criminals may be trapped and brought to justice, but still this great question—why are blackberries red when they're green!

This seemingly unanswerable enigma, in answering which the answers of all the questions of all living things may be obtained, remains.

Scientists have lived and discovered wonderful, marvelous discoveries, which have influenced the lives

of all people for all time, without discovering the evasive answer to this ever captivating question.

And now I have the honor of trying to the best of my ability to discover to you the answer. According to the best authority, it is the development of the vegetable pigment which makes blackberries red when they're green.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Well, do go on, Miss Perry—we're just beginning to develop a scientific enthusiasm.

### "Poison-als"

Rita: I'll have the Humane Society after you!

Dick: (Playing the violin) Why??

Rita: You're giving the dog an earache.

Ed. Babcock: I'm going to live alone with my thoughts.

J. Woodcock: My, what an empty life! !

Bruz: Charlie, Charlie, come quickly! !

B. Hill: Oh, hurry, hurry, he's gone thru the ice!

Charlie (speding to the rescue) Here I am, Bruz!

Bruz: Look, Charlie, Rabbit Tracks! !

And by the way, we heard the best crack of the season about Mrs. Meinecke the other day. You know her little habit of wanting things done *now, right off, immediately?* Well, t'other afternoon Dick Coffin asked Mr. Holyoke to glue some linoleum blocks for us (in a hurry, as usual) and Mr. Holyoke inquired blandly: "And when does Mrs. Meinecke want these. . . yesterday?"!!!

And *do* we all know the Star Spangled Banner? You remember, the national anthem? Seems to us there was a little wavering here and there during its performance in assembly.

## EXCHANGES

ANY!

THERE WEREN'T

APRIL FOOL!

says:

DICK COFFIN



## Latin Club

Sixty-four members of Latin Club turned out on one of the most disagreeable days of the winter to hear Dr. Calvin M. Clark speak on the topic "How I Climbed Mt. Vesuvius." Consul Donald Beaton presided and in a dignified manner presented the speaker. Although Dr. Clark was describing a happening of his college days, the narrative was as real and as vivid as if the events described had occurred yesterday. We could fairly see balls of flame shooting up, reminding the seniors of Virgil's description of Aetna:

"Attollitque globos flammaram et sidera lambit."

We could fairly hear the thundering roar and feel the earth quiver, even as the terror-stricken Trojans during their night of horror near Mt. Aetna:

"Intremere omnem murmure Trinacriam et caelum subtexere fumo."

We could fairly smell the scorched shoe leather, and the smouldering knap-sack, as we were told in graphic terms of the overpowering heat. So clear did the speaker make the picture that we hardly needed the beautifully tinted slides of Vesuvius and the ruins of Pompeii which he used to illustrate his lecture.

With his pleasing informality and his whimsical humor Dr. Clark delighted us all, and many were the expressions of pleasure and gratitude with which the club members greeted Dr. Clark at the conclusion of the meeting.

Consul Frederic Leonard presided at the February meeting and conducted the inauguration of the new officers. The usual mid-year elections in the club, resulted in the following slate of officers, who were duly installed.

Consuls—Wilfred Butterfield  
Vernon Segal  
Praetor—John Woodcock  
Quaestor—Natalie Costrell  
Tribunes—Curtis Jones, Barbara Perry  
Aediles—Margaret Maxfield  
Doris Littlefield  
Maurice Orbeton  
Barbara Foley  
Curator—Paul Smith

In the ordinary course of events, the club annually conducts the funeral rites of the great Julius on or near the Ides of March. This year, however, as there is to be no regular meeting of the club in March, the Sophomore boys at the February meeting celebrated in real Sophomore fashion—which is to say with a great deal of merriment—the tragic death of Caius Julius Caesar. The costumes and stage properties were fearful and wonderful; the dramatic ability of the players was no

less obvious than their zeal and enthusiasm.

The parts were as follows:

Caesar—Balfour Golden  
Mark Anthony—Sidney Chason  
Cassius—Kendall Cole  
Trebonius—William Fellows  
Casca—Daniel Orr  
Stage hands—Harlan Small and Maurice Orbeton  
A musical lad—Irving Emple

## Rifle Club

Talk about stepping—the Rifle Club boys have certainly been burning up the bullets. Since the last issue the marksmen have walked home with no less than 11 victories out of 13 encounters. Shooting against high schools and colleges from the best to the inexperienced, the boys have managed to cope with them successfully and remain on the top of the pile. To date most of the shooting has been done in our own gym, although the club did a while ago visit the haunts of the well-known Hiram Dale Club in Belfast. The Belfast team had high hopes of victory in this visit to their own shooting grounds, but, as usual, much to the disappointment of the Belfast crew, our lads beat them by a wide margin.

Probably before this issue is printed the boys will have won or lost the Tampa-Bangor cup. In any event whoever does win the much-coveted piece of plated silver will have the privilege of displaying it at his school for an entire year, after which the battle will be renewed for its possession.

Another thing that is taking the attention of our riflemen is the Corps Area match, which the boys have been firing for a whole month. The results of this shoot will be published in the next ORACLE along with the returns of the William Randolph Hearst match which will wind up the Rifle club's activities for the season as far as competition firing is concerned. After the Hearst Trophy match the Rifle club members will devote their shooting to individual honors and medals under the rules of the National Rifle Association.

The Rifle Club has, without doubt, made the name of Bangor High School more widely known in the far corners of the United States than any other organization in the school.

## Last Minute Notice

In their first tournament game, Bangor Rams were defeated by Guilford in an amazing, hair-raising game. With one or two points difference in the whole game, the smooth Guilford men narrowly edged-out Bangor by a score of 30-29.



## Commercial Club

The Commercial students of Bangor High are proud of that progressive business club of theirs known as the Commercial Club.

The members of this active club are always looking for something of interest to them concerning the business world.

A large group went on a field trip through the New England Telephone Building, accompanied by Miss Thomas and Miss Fraser of the faculty.

Miss Rachel Connor, as a guest speaker, spoke to the Commercial Club and the Public Affairs Club about her recent Caribbean trip. Her very interesting talk was enjoyed by the members of both clubs.

Eudolia Tinker was in charge of the last Forum. Her topic, which was well presented, was on "Advertising."

A shorthand and typing contest was held at one of the meetings.

This club is fast becoming one of "The" clubs of the school.

## Assemblies

With the change in Assemblies, the assembly periods on Wednesday are short, and the Friday programs, which are a half-hour in length, are given by members of the student body under the direction of different departmental heads.

So far these organized Assemblies have been well presented and were received with enthusiasm by the student body.

Austin Keith gave a speech about Abraham Lincoln before Lincoln's birthday, and Charles Redman spoke on "Youth and World Peace." At that same Assembly group singing was tried out, led by Mr. Byron Barker of the faculty.

The yearly French play, presented by the French Department, was given by Polly Perry, Ida Rolnick, Betty Barker, Mary Nelson, Jane Mulvaney, and Mary Stewart, members of the Senior Class.

The History Department, under the direction of Miss Quinn and Miss Cousins, presented a Minuet with Seniors taking part. John Webster gave a passage from one of Richard Halliburton's books, entitled "My First Trip to Washington."

The Band and Orchestra have been very helpful to these special Assembly programs.

Since the Band plays regularly every two weeks at assemblies, it is working on an additional group of surprise numbers among which is one of the latest compositions of Heywood Jones, popular Bangor songwriter.

## Boys' Athletics

At the beginning of this basketball season, we stated that a lot was expected from "our boys" in the ensuing games. Our faith in them has certainly been justified, for since the last issue of the *Oracle*, Bangor has bowed in defeat but once, and even that loss to Stearns resulted after a close, memorable struggle. Led by Captain "Bob" MacDonald, the pupils of coach "Eddie" Trowell have been "chalking up" victory after victory.

After the Brewer win, the Rams literally massacred the Old Town Indians, thus avenging their earlier defeat. The Downes gave a stellar performance, constantly adding "two's" to our score board, while "Reggie" Clark, in his lightning-thrust manner, sparkled defensively.

Meeting the Shead boys of Eastport on January 26, Bangor even used many promising sophomores, including Carson and Chaisson, to pile up a score of 60 points in contrast to Shead's 27.

Bangor emerged victoriously from conflicts with Houlton and Brewer by scores of 32-23 and 25-23 respectively in the following two games. Bangor, unaccustomed to the Brewer gym, was hard-pressed during the game. Playing the thrilling brand of "heads-up," clean ball, which has become typical of them, the Rams won the game in the last few seconds of play. Weinstein "tossed in" a foul, which tied the score, and Downes, in a clever "follow-up," shot the winning basket! Just another breath-taking game!

The first defeat in seven games was realized when the Rams met the omnipotent quintet from Millinocket, who promised to receive state honors. Bangor, by no means at its best, trailed by a small margin during the crucial moments of the game.

Breaking the "second-Bapst-game-jinx," the Rams, following the pace-setting Burke, showed they could make it "two in a row" by again beating the Purple crusaders to the tune of 38-34.

Bangor won its last scheduled game of the season against the smooth-passing team of Dexter. Led by "Wally" Sawyer, our constant star, a score of 32-23 was realized.

## Reminiscing

As the season ends, with its quota of thrilling moments and well-earned victories, our hearts sadden to see the curtain drop on the phase of sports which has played so important a role in the drama of our school-life here at Bangor High. In trying to explain this, we are reminded of the old saying, "Place credit where credit is due."



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For the new era in basketball we may thank—the rule-makers, who have set the present whirl-wind pace of the game; the officials who, regardless of personal affiliations, have built up a recognized standard of fairness; the multitude of fans, who love a close game and who are quick to laud a good sport.

For the new era in local basketball, we may thank—Coach Edward Trowell, whose requirement seems to be conscientious, clean, sportsmanlike performance, regardless of wins or losses; our boys, MacDonald, Clark, Downes, Sawyer, Burke, Weinstein, Freese, and all the others, for their well-executed duties; the faculty advisors, Mr. Legere and Mr. Heal, and the teachers present at the games; the cheer-leaders, the band, the managers; *you*, the students, for the support of our team at all times!

Farewell, hooped-baskets, until we meet again, next season!

## Girls' Athletics

The inter-mural basketball tournament is well under way now. The different class teams have played off some of their games, but the Seniors are the only ones who have decided who will represent them in the inter-class games. The two Senior teams, A and B, played two games. In both contests, the A team was the winner.

The first game ended with the final score of 22-16. The second game was closer and consequently more exciting, ending with the score of 32-30, and the A team leading by the narrow margin of one basket.

The lineups:

### B Team

L. Dunivan, L. Newman, c. B. Libbey, M. Flint, c.  
M. Tsoulas, R. Curran, s. c. B. Wise, J. Bullard, s. c.  
S. Striar, L. Nason, B. Glea-H. Mehann, A. Less, f.  
son, f. B. Mallet, L. Kopelow, f.  
D. Sawtelle, f. A. Hanson, B. Barker, g.  
G. Matchett, M. Wade, B.V. Simpson, M. Nelson, g.  
Vose, g.  
Z. Nealey, D. McClure, g.

### A Team

The lineups:

### A Team

M. Rice, Clark, f.  
J. Higgins, B. Rolsky, f.  
P. Campbell, R. Bigelson,  
s. c.  
B. Wallace, g.  
R. Glidden, g.  
D. Clisholm, D. Littlefield, c.

### B Team

C. Roberts, D. Gordon, f.  
R. Johnston, P. Fitzgerald, f.  
B. Hill, Hart, c.  
N. Stevens, E. Cohan, s. c.  
M. Jones, Webb, g.  
Pierce, g.

### C Team

D. Hartford, A. Bell, f.  
M. Powell, Rokel, M.  
O'Connell, f.  
R. Goodell, c.  
R. Stetson, Hartford, s. c.  
B. Taylor, g.  
P. Ramsdell, g.

### D Team

P. Morris, H. Grant, f.  
K. Faulkingham, f.  
N. Mansel, c.  
C. King, s. c.  
R. Morrison, g.  
H. Hanson, g.

The Commercial sophomore A team blew over the B team in an 8-2 victory.

The lineups:

### A Team

Gass, Lakey, f.  
Perkins, Zoidis, f.  
Drew, Bucham, s. c.

### B Team

Dubery, Zoidis, s. c.  
Humberg, Green, g.  
Hogan, Wozneak, g.

By a 15-8 victory, the Sophomore B team defeated the A's. Soon the C and D teams will play, and the victors will play the B to represent 1940 in the class tournament.

The lineups:

### A team

H. Banks, f.  
C. Morneault, Lounsbury, f.  
D. Bubar, Burrill, c.  
M. Cohen, Whitney, s. c.  
Gardiner, Freeman, g.  
Lake, Floris, g.

### B team

B. Day, Taylor, f.  
E. Rice, f.  
Power, Reed, c.  
McKenney, Hogan, s. c.  
Hilton, g.  
Crowell, Jorgenson, g.

## G. A. H. C.

The Junior class is well represented by four teams, A, B, C, D. To date two games have been played. The A defeated the B, and the D defeated the C. Soon the A team will play against the D to decide the representative of the Junior class in the inter-class tournament.

At the latest meeting of the Honor Council, the girls decided to contribute to the worthy Community Chest fund. We are going to give \$25.00 to this cause. Barbara Savage and Barbara Libbey represent the council in the Community Chest.



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**"GOOD NIGHT, WILDA"***(Continued from page 9)*

from Millbridge, the nearest city. The road was all but deserted, as the traffic was scarce in the day-time, and much scarcer at night.

Billie was humming to herself: she always hummed when she was driving "Wild Wilda"; it made her feel more possessive, somehow. She didn't know how it was going to turn out, and she was just praying that Red's plan would work. His orders had been to give Mr. James a head start, then set out in "Wild Wilda" and follow him.

She pressed a little harder on the gas, and guessed that she was doing around twenty miles an hour.

When she turned the next bend, her heart stood still. So that's what Red had been up to. He must have unscrewed a few bolts when he had been prowling around last night. Mr. James' pale green 1938 La Salle was parked on the side of the road, and in the dusk, Billie could see Mr. James himself, sitting sadly on the running board. As she came up, he jumped to his feet, and roared frantically.

"Hello, Mister," she called, halting directly opposite him. "Having a little trouble? There's a garage four miles up the road. Want a tow?"

Mr. James stopped, stock-still, and just gaped. "Barbara," he gasped. "What are you doing here, and with that awful crate? What——?"

"Just out for a little air, Dad, and was I surprised to see you! What's the trouble? Out of gas?"

"No!" Mr. James was undecided as to the mood he should assume. He was too darned tickled with the chance of getting to that meeting and not having to stay on the road all night to be really angry. "The axle is broken, and I can't find the bolts. Say, how can you tow me with that?"

Billie grinned. In five minutes "Wild Wilda" was clugging along at a turtle's pace toward the garage, towing behind her Mr. James' car, with Mr. James in person behind the wheel. As they came in sight of the garage, Billie called back over her shoulder:

"Well, Dad, what do you say?" Mr. James cupped his hands and shouted—"How much?"

"Fifteen bucks, including the license plates."

"That's a bargain," Mr. James grinned, "and we Jameses never overlook a bargain."

Late that night, Billie stood in front of her bed-room window and blew a kiss over at the garage. "Good-night, 'Wilda,' she murmured happily, "Good night."

**ARMY FIGHTS***(Continued from page 8)*

shoots a left jab to Rice's forehead, and, then crosses over with a hard right to the jaw. No harm done, and





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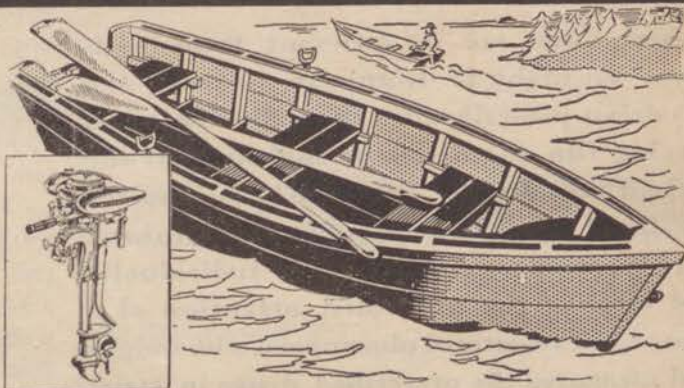
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Rice steps in quickly with a right uppercut to King's chin followed by three quick lefts and another right . . . and King is down . . . yes, King is down . . . and the count is . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . King gets to one knee and shakes his head groggily. . . seven . . . eight . . . and he's on his feet again, and there's the bell ending this exciting first round. King is being worked over feverishly. Rice is taking it easy in his corner. Both boys have punching power in their right hands, and Rice has a wonderful left. I thought for a moment the fight would end in the first round but now it's apt to go the full distance."

The radio announcer took time out for a glass of water.

Up in King's corner Ramsey was giving Ed encouragement, and as the warning whistle sounded he squeezed Ed's arm tightly and jumped down to the floor. King managed to hold his own that second round in spite of the rushing that Rice gave him. As he rested, he glanced around. The faces of the Cadets were tense. All of them were hoping for victory and depending on him to get it for them. His lips felt funny; his throat was dry; he could feel a slight puff under his eye. But those pleading eyes of his fellow Cadets. . .

When the bell rang opening the third round, Ed King seemed to be completely recovered from the terrific beating which he had received in the first. As he left his corner he was an entirely different boxer. He met Rice at midring and struck out with two straight lefts, both landing lightly. He was now weaving in and out and around with those hard lefts shooting up into Rice's face. His feet shifted continually, and he was gliding in and out of Rice's reach at will. He led with two straight lefts to Rice's face, and as Rice brought up his guard, King shifted his weight and got over a terrific right smash to the heart. Rice's face registered pain. Ed didn't stop at this, but quickly feinted with a left and put over a right hook to the jaw. Ed caught a slight motion as Rice moved his guard a little, and in that split second he left the floor, putting all he had into that right hook to Rice's chin. Rice dropped like a sack of meal and never moved once after he hit the floor.

Rice came to, five minutes after he had been counted out, grinned, and shook hands with the new champion.

That night on the special train heading for West Point, there was much celebrating among the Cadets. They were allowed to stay up until midnight, and in the course of the evening every Cadet congratulated the team and especially Ed King. King passed it all off very modestly with a thanks to all. Once lying in the seclusion of an upper berth he smiled and said to himself, "Friday the thirteenth had to be unlucky for someone, and I made up my mind it would be Navy."



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