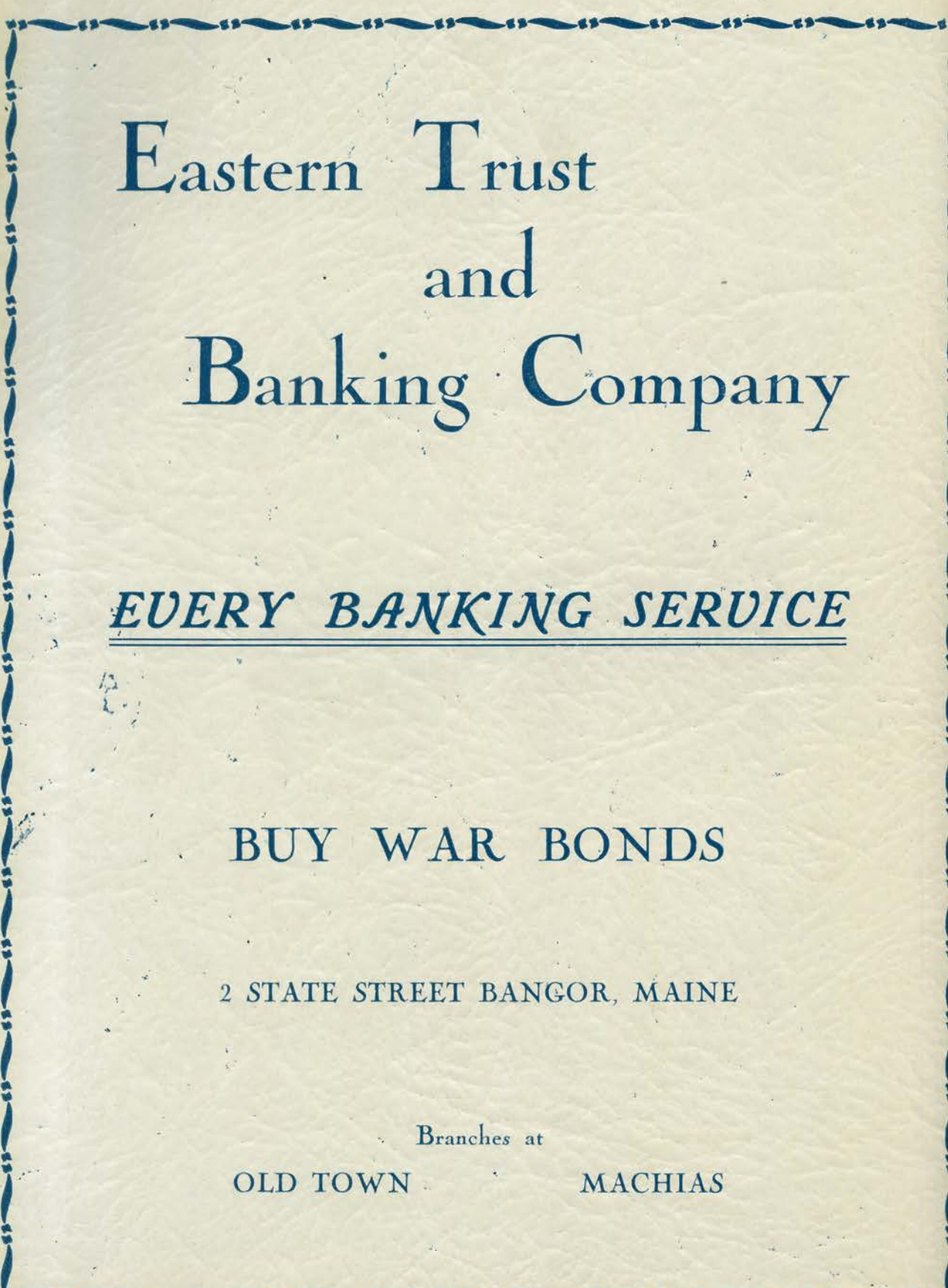




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April, 1945

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



VOL. LIV

NO. 2

CONTENTS

Frontispiece and Cover design and Cut
William Hanson, Jr.

FICTION:

Retribution—by David Getchell.....	Page 8
Revenge—by Chester Kennedy.....	Page 9
Too Much Watermelon—by Barbara McGuigan.....	Page 13
When It Comes to Pass—by Chester Kennedy.....	Page 15
The Lasting Peace—by Georgia Lewis.....	Page 17
Sadness Makes Us Realize—by Robert Whittier.....	Page 21
Blabbermouth—by Everett Osgood.....	Page 26

FEATURES:

Prisoners of What?—by Malcolm Stevenson.....	Page 7
Should the Legal Voting Age Be Lowered to Eighteen—by M. F. Muir and B. Francis.....	Page 10
What's the Matter With Men?—by Lois Ann Hopkins.....	Page 11
On the Quiz Program—by Jimmy Segal.....	Page 11
B. H. S. Speaks on Peacetime Conscription.....	Page 14
In the Service With the Class of '45—by George Brontas, S2/c and Pvt. Donald Kaminsky.....	Page 18
Something New Has Been Added—by Mary Grace Eames.....	Page 19
Your Recreation Department—by Mr. Albert Neis.....	Page 19
Junior Exhibition.....	Page 24, 25

Pictorial Essay:

Oracle Visits the Career Institute.....	Page 22, 23

Poems:

The Sea—by William Hanson, Jr.....	Page 6
The Call of the Sea—by William Hanson, Jr.....	Page 6
Plea to Patriots—by Barbara Mosher.....	Page 27
Pickering Square—by Francis Selair.....	Page 27
Spring—by Rosalie May Snow.....	Page 27

(continued on page twenty)

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THE SEA

Of all God's gifts,
The best is the sea.
Tumbling and windswept,
Whispering to me.

Oh to be,
As free as the sea.
Curling and windswept,
Calling to me.

Would that a nation,
Yea, all creation.
Could be as free,
As the sea.

THE CALL OF THE SEA

There are trades that a boy may follow,
But give me the sea and ships.
A craft as trim as a swallow. . .
Dipping into whitecap,
Plunging into hollow.

Tearing the sea to tatters,
The prow of a silver ship.
Cutting the bright gold sunlight,
As the blues of the cool sea slip;
Over and under, curling and swirling,
Into the light. . .
Out of sight.

Skimming the dusk of twilight,
The hull of a silver ship.
Passing with scarce a ripple,
As the blues of the cool sea slip;
Over and under, curling and swirling,
Into the night. . .
Out of sight.

There are trades that a boy may follow,
But give me the sea and ships.
A craft as trim as a swallow. . .
Dipping into whitecap,
Plunging into hollow.



PRISONERS OF WHAT?

by

Malcolm Stevenson

BECAUSE of the shortage of manpower, German prisoners were going to aid the Bangor Public Works Department in clearing away the frozen debris left in the wake of the Exchange Street fire. So read the newspaper story.

Again small groups of people began to collect on the rim of the ice-packed thoroughfare. This time they did not gaze somewhat fearfully at columns of smoke and fire, but rather out of curiosity they examined enemy soldiers, men who not so long ago had been killing Americans.

Closely guarded by armed military police, these citizens of the Third Reich with large P. W.'s printed on their backs, moved about sluggishly, going through the motions of real toil. But what were they really doing? What were they really thinking?

Near a gutter a very youthful German was dreamily pushing a shovel. He was a typical Aryan, blue eyes and blonde hair. His thoughts were not focused on the progress of his shovel. His eyes shot piercing glances about him.

Perhaps he saw a man, well-dressed, with an air of importance, talking earnestly to a day laborer. Then this youth might have thought of Germany, where the higher strata of Nazi society keeps clear of the common everyday people as though they had measles.

This German youth must have remembered the day he first heard a Nazi leader. How wonderful his promises seemed. There would be living space for all Germans. We would be masters. We were invincible!

The Prisoner of War might have smiled ironically as he recollected those glorious words. Now the Nazi state was collapsing like a decaying tree, and instead of parading victoriously through the streets of Washington, D. C. he, a war prisoner, was chopping ice in a main street of a small American city where people talk to each other in a friendly manner and life seems right.

As the crowds looked on the general comment seemed to be, "They are so young." "Just kids," was heard again and again.

However, at least one captive did not fall into this class. His face gave the appearance of stone creased with stern lines. Muscular and very military-like in appearance, he hacked at the mass of ice with a vengeance. He glared at everyone and everything as if he would like to destroy all objects with an American trade-mark—destroy them forever!

For those people who so stupidly waste their time staring at him—hadn't they produced the weapons and the guts that had beaten his fatherland? Chopping viciously at the ice floor, the German stole a systematic glance at the objects around him. He smiled as his comrade had but for a different reason. Lazy, fat people were spending their time looking at him. Citizens made fun with their officers of the law. These soldiers were guarding him so unconcernedly. There was no attempt to make him really work. There certainly was no discipline here. This enemy soldier might have thought how easy it would be next time. One swift blow and the destruction that was wrought to this block by fire would be done to one hundred and thirty million people overnight. Then, perhaps at this point, the German remembered something.

A fear must have clutched at his heart. It was only a few years ago that the Nazi trumpets were blaring forth that the Nazi machine could not lose. It repeated over and over that Germany's enemies were weak! weak! weak!! Then the enemy captive might have recalled the Anglo-British avalanche that swept through France. Men who were supposedly weak and stupid tore the German lines apart as though they were made of paper. They weren't weak. Will those people be weak twenty-five years hence?

This German prisoner no longer works with such vigor. He is confused. His country had been wrong twice—These Americans were not weak. This was their manner. This was the way that they were able to do the impossible.

Other prisoners with the same confused facial expressions frequently would stop work altogether and just stare at the people who were staring at them. These so-called super-men were adjusting their minds. They were being taught a great lesson.

Just as the ice under the continual pressure of axes and picks cracked and finally dissolved, these German captives, whose minds had been frozen with the myth of their own invincible strength and the utter weakness of their adversaries, also thawed out. For the first time many of them saw the light, the light of truth. These Germans discovered that they had been poisoners of their own poisoned minds.

Yes, a great deal might have been learned by forty German prisoners of war as they cleared away the aftermath of a three block fire in Bangor, Maine.

RETRIBUTION

by

David Getchell

It had been in a terrible fit of jealous hatred that Roal Heinberg had, by treachery and guile, sealed his best friend in a hidden recess far beneath the great castle in which he lived in the service of the Duke of Mandenheim of Austria.

For two score years Aldern Langdon had lain in the cold damp niche cut off from air, food, and light. No one had ever known what had happened to the poor man who had called himself the best friend of Roal Heinberg.

Roal had grown in power and wealth now that he had no interference from his friend. All his wealth had not been come by honestly, but he boasted to himself an iron conscience.

Every few months, Roal would secretly steal down far into the cellars and caves of the castle to gaze and gloat at his piece of diabolical work.

One day when he had completed his work, he drew on his coat, and taking a lantern, started down a winding staircase of stone. After descending for quite a while he came to a small hallway.

At the end of this passage a big wooden door opened into a huge wine cellar. Across the room was a small door of oak. Into this he inserted a key from a ring at his belt and the door pulled open silently.

The pungent odor of dank stale air greeted him as he entered a sloping walk that lead downward from the door. After passing through this last hallway, he entered a labyrinth of natural caves.

After traveling in this maze for almost ten minutes, he left the main corridor he was following and entered a long narrow tunnel, that led to a solid stone door. He inserted the largest key of the ring into a huge lock and the door swung open.

Here was a natural room of solid stone. The uneven floor was spotted with black puddles and slimy rocks. In the far side of the room was a rude archway that had once housed a door but was now neatly filled and mortared with stones making an airtight tomb.

Roal sat down on a worn rock and looked at the arch for many minutes. Suddenly, he burst out laughing, and he continued this for quite a few minutes. Then he stopped as a chill passed over him.

"I have an iron conscience," he muttered to himself. He laughed shortly.

Then a faint sound that seemed to come from behind the sealed wall drifted to his ears. A faint laugh. He shuddered and then shook his head as if to give himself courage and laughed again. This time it was a little forced.

He was quite a while getting to sleep that evening and the next day his worry increased, so he made another trip to the hidden tomb, and here again he thought he heard a sound from behind the wall.

Every day he went down to the dungeon and every day his unfounded fear increased so that in a week he could not sleep at all. Even during daylight he thought he heard that laughing voice.

It was a wet stormy day a month later that he sat in his den thinking. He listened to the dull beat of the wind and rain upon the tiny window and the steady roar of the flooded river far below at the foot of the rocky hill on which the castle was built. He was perspiring freely and he had a haunted look in his eye as he fingered the great quill pen.

Then faintly to his ears came a laughing voice that increased incessantly until it was a frightful roar. He leaped from his chair and looked sharply about the room. The noise had stopped, and he could hear only the beat of the rain and the sound of the river.

"I will see if the man is dead," he said to himself finally.

In the wine cellar he found an old but rugged pickaxe, and with this he entered the caves. As he proceeded, a dull fear crept into the pit of his stomach; and this grew speedily. All he had for armament was a brace of pistols and the old pick.

The lantern flickered and sputtered and cast weird shadows on the cold damp walls.

He jumped when a rat scurried beneath his feet. He laughed sneeringly and resumed his walk; but although he tried to convince himself he was not afraid, the incident had increased his mental burden tremendously.

The lantern flickered as he set it down on the little tunnel floor and drew his key ring from his belt. His hand shook so that he could hardly insert the key into the lock; but he laughed crazily and shoved the great door open.

(continued on page twenty)

REVENGE



by Chester Kennedy

NO fingerprints because of gloves. No loose articles worn that could catch on something or become lost. Dark clothing to blend with the night. Yes. Everything had gone on as planned. Plans carefully laid, each detail examined minutely. The knife, the silencer on the revolver just in case, the high collared coat to hide features—yes, everything just as you planned. Nothing could have been done more perfectly. Days of plotting, scheming, planning, careful thinking of every little detail. You had studied him so carefully.

The first two nights you waited for him to reappear and continue on. After that you got bolder and entered after a few minutes. The cheery little pub is an immense relief after the bitter cold of the London streets at this time of year. He sat in the corner, had a whisky and soda, exchanged a few words with the fat little waiter, and left. You sat there gazing at him not really caring whether he saw you or not. You'd get him sooner or later and he knew it. He, however, hadn't noticed it. The waiter had. Had he read the hate and contempt in your eyes? On the fatal night, that was last night, he had said, "Getting to be a regular. Work around here?" You had answered flatly, "No," and let it go at that. He had seemed confused a moment and said nothing more. It was just as well.

The dismal walk from the pub to his flat on High Court near Regent Park was rather long and cold. Across Rawline, Park, and Eaton Streets, through the Park to High Court and to his flat. Lights in the corner room for about fifteen minutes, then everything dark. Dark and still.

The man turned from the window overlooking the Thames. It was evening yet. Almost nine. Mist was slowly thickening over the river below. Mist gathering in from the sea to shroud London in an everlasting coat of gloom, cut it off from the past and future leaving only the present.

The present. Funny you have no fear of the present, or the future. The past is lost forever now. You have seen to that.

* * * * *

Everything went perfectly. The mist had gathered. He had left his shop, turned up his collar, stopped and lighted his cigarette, and turned in to the pub. You hadn't gone in this time. You hurried past, through Regent park and on to the flat. He had arrived on time and started up the stairs for his apartment. He hadn't seen you waiting there in the shadows until you grabbed him by the throat. You muttered, "Revenge," and sank the knife into his body. He looked very strange for a moment. You released him and he tumbled down the stairway. You fled then. Quietly but swiftly. Out into the welcome darkness.

The perfect crime. Yet they would get you. They would discover somehow and soon. Your reward, your affair with him years before. You had said you would have revenge. Yes. They would get you but you don't seem to care.

The man came to life suddenly, gazed from the window for a brief moment and gave a sigh of satisfaction. Then he took his hat and coat, locked the door, and started for the elevator.

Empress Hotel. Best in London. They didn't know you had money. Nobody knew. Would you have time to spend it? You'd be far away tomorrow night. They wouldn't discover you till then. No clues. First floor. Wait. Those men. The little one. The waiter. It's they. Sooner than you thought. Everything's changed now. Back up the elevator and into your room. What then? Prison? Never. The window. Once you had been called crazy. Crazy, no. You were clever. This was the clever way out.

The man raised the window, poised on the sill a brief moment, and plunged into the mist below. As the men broke into the room, the ripple faded from the spot on the surface of the river far below.

SHOULD THE LEGAL VOTING AGE BE LOWERED TO EIGHTEEN?

YES M. F. MUIR

Youth itself is showing an increased awareness of the importance of the ballot to its own group. It is believed by many people that unless youth is recognized in his desire to vote he may turn to other less desirable activities.

After the last war Youth was smothered by economic want which stemmed from unemployment, family disintegration and the like. Young people were often forced to maintain a humiliating existence because they were not able to find jobs or recreation, and thus they had to remain idle. This of course increased juvenile delinquency. Shall we let this happen again? Will not the placing on the shoulders of Youth the right to vote bring responsibilities and interest to them and thus help safeguard against elements which might work against the law?

Is the youth of today at eighteen more extensively educated than his father was at twenty-one? Making allowances for the temporary dislocations caused by war, Youth is receiving a more intensive and thorough education than ever before. Government and civics are being taught more conscientiously and are being taken more seriously on the part of both students and teachers. The Youth of today is well informed on matters of current events and political problems. Therefore, this is the time when Youth should be given the right to vote—perhaps to exercise the franchise with greater judgment than many of the older voters.

Youth has to a large extent the qualifications necessary to be intelligent and capable voters. The mind of Youth is fresh and clear. Youth has ambitions, intuition and it is not established nor settled in its ways. Many are outstanding in abilities.

Has Youth had enough experience to be a successful voter? Will Youth during the period of years between eighteen and twenty-one acquire enough experience to broaden his views on voting, or will he only forget all that he has learned in his civics and government classes? Does responsibility come with obligations and practice rather than with years? If young people do not take on these responsibilities and participate in the running of their government, they will not be prepared to assume the tasks of voting and electing their representatives. Why put off until tomorrow what youth can do today?

NO B. FRANCIS

The proposition that the 18 year old should vote is sheer fallacy. There is no argument for the defence of this measure but there are many for the rejection of it. Those who wish the measure passed say that the youth is unfairly taxed. They point out that the youth is working in part time jobs and that is paying taxes to the Federal Government. They go on to point out that the youth is not represented in the government. Therefore this must be taxation without representation which is a great injustice to the youth. This argument is absolutely without foundation for two main reasons. One, they are represented by their parents who look out for the youths' interests very well. Secondly, according to this logic anyone under 21 who pays taxes is not represented in the government. Youths of 14, 15, 16, and 17 work. Why not then lower the voting age to accommodate these people?

The next argument the affirmative could offer is contribution. That is, the youth has contributed by working, buying War Bonds, and so on.

If these people wish to reward the youth for his contribution—that is fine. But what about the other people who work and buy war bonds? What reward shall they receive?

England, after the last war, thought it would be nice to give the soldiers, who fought so bravely, some sort of a reward. England lowered the voting age to 18. Yet these youths proved themselves so erratic and impulsive that England became afraid. England raised the voting age back to 21 after a short time. Great Britain realized what would happen if these youths continued to exercise the franchise.

The affirmative will try to say that capability is the next best rule for obtaining the vote. Those who favor the adoption say the youth is capable because, a) he is educated, b) he works in war plants and spare jobs. Right about here the argument becomes slightly "garbled" and inconsistent. First, if the youth works full-time or in some cases part-time it stands to reason the youth cannot spend a great deal of time on his or her education. There is no reasonably logical argument which would support the adoption of this measure.

The question is one of war hysteria. Before the war this question was discussed but not a very great deal. The war came along and the youth came into the lime light. After victory is won this proposition will recede into the troubled waters from which it came.

LOOK WHO'S LAUGHING!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MEN?

by

LOIS ANN HOPKINS

In these trying days of war we are all faced with shortages. Some of the most important are men, nylons, men, sugar, men, gas, men, tires and that all important factor, the masculine sex.

To illustrate the misery a fellow causes one of us gals in one week let's begin one early Monday morning. A girl stays up half the night Sunday doing her hair up and trying to improve her appearance. She rushes into home room Monday morning and the "one and only" gives her the once over, opens his mouth wide and says, "Ja do yer English?" It's really exasperating, n'est ce pas?

But this episode doesn't discourage her, no siree! Monday night she goes through the same process. Tuesday there's a basketball practice for girls. Some of the boys come in to watch the practice and *he's* there, but natch! She wears herself out trying to make the game appear fast and when she's completely breathless, she goes over where he is to get his approval. He sits like a chessy cat grinning from ear to ear. Finally he says, "Girls play the dubbiest game of basketball." She scorches!

On some mornings she tries every possible method to carry on a conversation with him, but he sits there with a frozen look on his face as though he's the latest victim of the "Ice Lady" in Mandrake's column. But this doesn't happen on Wednesdays. You see she went out last night, and she didn't get her home work done; so "Stepinfetchit" just about talks the face right off her while she's trying to copy. She gives him a deathly look, he returns it, and the ice freezes over for the rest of the day.

Friday her spirits are up because that's the night he's asked her to the movies. She dresses early as he's coming for her at 7:30. At seven-twenty-nine and a half he phones to say a friend of his is sick, and he's going to see him instead of taking her out. She naturally flies off the handle but finally calms down when he assures her the friend is a he.

Well, what d'ya know? It's seven-thirty and there goes the door-bell. He's on time for once. You see a certain party is taking me to the movies tonight. Gotta run now. Ta. Ta.

ON THE QUIZ PROGRAM

by

JIMMY SEGAL

The chief rival to the Soap Opera on the radio set now is the Quiz Program.

The "what is it" of this garbage collector's social is called the Quiz-Master. He has also been called other things. He is the jovial gent who conducts the ceremonies, tells a few jokes, and puts in a word or so for his sponsor. A word is more commonly used than so.

The other important element in our out-cast-from-society-meeting is the contestant. This segment of the living dead comes in three sizes: small, medium, and housewife. Abandoning the first two sizes, we find a housewife remaining.

Quiz Master: How do you do, Madam?

The world will not blow up and its inhabitants change into meat-balls when this question is answered; so we shall not fill up space with this response and the response to many other irrelevant personal questions; instead we shall air out our Q. M.'s first joke.

Quizie again: You say madam that your brother-in-law's wife's sister works in a hat shop? Well, I know a girl who's a telephone operator.

Housewife (reading with her best second grade diction):

That is true, but what has that to do with my brother-in-law's wife's sister?

Q. M.: That's just it—no connection.

Audience: Roar

The lions in any zoo: Roar

Well, what a coincidence

Quizical Pete: Now, madam I will pay you six dollars if you can answer this question.

What did George Washington do after a night's sleep at the foot of Bunker Hill?

Housewife: Eh, er, oh, ah, enk.

The curious one: There's the bell, I'm sorry but stay around for the jack-pot. The answer is: George Washington woke up after a night's sleep at the foot of Bunker Hill. Next contestant.

This routine goes on while seven or eight other morons show their intelligence and then, when the man in white (the janitor) comes, the gathering is broken up.



TOO MUCH WATERMELON

by

BARBARA McGUIGAN

66 "I'll get yuh, I'll get yuh," shouted the old man, shaking his fist after the fleeing forms of two small boys. "Can't tell when they're goin' to pull off some of their thievin'. I'll break their necks if ever I get my hands on the young rascals."

One of the dark, secret, underworld plans that Sammie had designed was to steal Uncle Billy's watermelons. If anyone had accused him of stealing these delicious products of Uncle Billy's hard work, he would have indignantly replied that he was only trying to fit himself out for his future vocation. Skinny was quite reluctant to take part in a thing of such a nature, but, since he was somewhat hypnotized by what he thought was Sammie's grandiose power over other people, he willingly complied.

One evening Sammie decided to "pull off a job," as he termed it. He got his accomplice, Skinny, and off they went.

"Sammie," Skinny said as they walked through the dark streets. "When do yuh think the old man's goin' tuh ketch us? He ain't always goin' tuh be dumb and let us get those melons."

"Aw, he ain't smart 'nuff to ketch us. I betcha I could get every single melon in that garden out in one night. Why, I betcha I could take the house out from underneath him an' he wouldn't even know it." Thus spoke "Terrible" Sammie as he was wont to think of himself.

"Yuh," agreed Skinny. "I guess yuh could. Gee! if I tried I'd. . . ." Here he stopped for they had reached the hole in Uncle Billy's fence where they always went in.

"Hurry up!" exclaimed Skinny. "If that ol' grouch ketches us two here again, he'll do somethin' to us for sure."

Sammie made no answer for he had selected his watermelon.

"Oof! Ugh!" groaned Sammie. "Help me with it. It's big."

Skinny quickly lent a hand and together the two lifted the large watermelon. They started to creep away from the patch but suddenly a gleam of light threw its rays out upon the section of the garden where the two young thieves were standing. They started to run.

"No yuh don't, don't think yuh goin' tuh get away with one of my melons this time," roared Uncle Billy. The two boys were followed by a volley of buckshot which hit its intended target, judging from the sharp yelp which came from the fleeing Skinny.

Uncle Billy stood there in the doorway, holding the shotgun.

"I'll think up somehin'. I'll teach those young upstarts tuh mind their own business," he muttered angrily.

He turned back into his small cottage and replaced his shotgun in the rack. He picked his pipe up from the table, lit it and sat down to smoke. He sat there smoking and rocking back and forth; his wrinkled forehead set in a deep frown. He suddenly stopped rocking and sat forward a little. He nodded his head as if he were affirming some idea.

"Umm," he murmured in a very low tone. Then louder, "Yup I think that ought tuh do it. That ought to keep 'em away."

He chuckled and an insidious gleam came into his eye.

"Yup," he repeated, "that ought to do it."

Meanwhile the two boys were winding their way home. They had stopped their mad rush and were walking at a normal pace.

The next morning dawned brightly; as the sun rose into the grey eastern sky, observers noticed that Uncle Billy was again at work in his small garden. They also noticed that he worked especially hard in his beloved watermelon patch. He paused now and then to chuckle somewhat and murmur: "Yup, It's goin' tuh fix those two, alright."

And then he would bend over his work in the melon patch.

Meanwhile Sammie and Skinny had met and divided the loot of the former night. Of course, Sammie managed to get a larger piece but his explanation was that the knife had slipped.

"It's good, ain't it," said Skinny between mouthfuls.

"Sure it is!" exclaimed Sammie. "Don't yuh think I know how tuh always pick out the best. And boy! I'm goin' tuh pick out even a better one tuhnigh just tuh spite Uncle Billy. He won't even ketch us tuhnigh."

(continued on page twenty-eight)

B. H. S. SPEAKS ON THE SUBJECT:

PEACETIME MILITARY CONSCRIPTION

The United States has the reputation of entering a war without an army of any great size. If every boy, when he became eighteen years of age, were compelled to take one year of military training, in a number of years this country would have built up a vast reserve army. If and when the next war comes, the United States would have only to call up all the men who had been trained in order to eliminate completely the six to twelve months delay which usually arises before a fully equipped army can be put into the field. The one year spent in military training would tend to widen the interests and bring out the qualities of leadership, obedience, loyalty, and initiative. In short, this year would change the boy into a man.

Chandler Drisko

I do not believe that we should have post war conscription for girls, but I am very much in favor of it for boys. I think that the presence in the United States, in 1914 and again in 1939, of a great reserve of civilians who were trained to fight, probably would have weighed heavily in the decisions of Germany to wage war. Also, I think that a year of training under Army methods for boys around eighteen or nineteen years of age would do a great deal for them physically and give them practical lessons in democracy and citizenship.

Dorothy Ann Fraser.

Compulsory military service will provide the United States with a well-trained, a well-organized, and large reserve. This will enable us to put our armies into action at the shortest possible time; hence, we will be able to defeat the enemy sooner.

Besides the military advantages, the citizens will have the following advantages in civilian life:

Co-operation. He will have learned to co-operate with his fellow workers.

Obedience. He will have learned to obey his superiors.

Neatness. He will have formed the habit of dressing neatly and putting his things in a neat and orderly fashion.

Donald Jones.

We want peace a reality, we can't have peacetime conscription in the United States. As I see the war aims of the United Nations, they are to provide a permanent system of general security for the world. A national military force would be a threat to international cooperation which is our one great chance for the peace our men are dying for now.

To take youth from their homes to barracks is going to do them great harm, morally and spiritually. This will not promote patriotism or inspire youth's ambition for progress, which is so much a part of the young people of today. "The military thought instilled in the youth of the world—is that the road to peace? The history of Europe is proof to the contrary."

Jane Wooster

At the beginning of this war, we had no large standing army, no large group of previously trained men which could be put into immediate service. What few trained men we had, however, were of tremendous use, as we discovered in the uneven battles of the Pacific during the months after Pearl Harbor.

We have learned much during this war. If, in the future, we are to have a reserve which can form a well-trained army on short notice; if we are to have a large standing army; if, in short, we are to be prepared in case of war; we *must have* compulsory postwar military training.

H. Sidney Folsom.

Would compulsory conscription be in harmony with the principles laid down by a democracy? In my mind it would not. If we require that our boys and girls submit a definite period of time to their government for such a program, we will be taking away many sacred privileges endowed to them by their forefathers. Such a military program would not only be against the principles of democracy, but also against the ideals we are fighting for. In 1933 Germany began to mobilize a youth army. The disastrous results are now being felt, and will continue to be felt for scores of years to come. The people of the world would not feel kindly towards us if we should adopt such a plan. After this war is won, we will be the strongest nation in the world—not only in domestic force but in military. Naturally, therefore, this force will remain the strongest peacetime military organization in the world. If it is necessary that we have a peace time army, let us have one of volunteers.

Mary S. Bracy.

WHEN IT COMES TO PASS

by

CHESTER KENNEDY

BATTLE fatigue. That was what they called it. He had heard of it before. Maybe that was why he was so tired, now. Probably. Anyway who was he to tell? Who was he to care! Just a plain everyday private, United States Army, going through, excuse me, been through his first large battle. It had been tough sledding. The enemy had started the push; they had driven two or three miles into our territory. He and many others like him had finished it. Had retaken those few miles and some extra. They had started it; we had finished it—in fear for them. The so-called “push” had started Tuesday morning continuing three days. But it was over now. No need to watch. Everything safe. If it weren't for the distant boom of the “big gun” and this earthly dug trench you would never guess that the gully at the foot of the hill was the site of a bitter contest, a deciding factor in the whole attack. It was over now and all was still.

He was tired but he couldn't quite sleep. Just close his eyes and think. He tried hard not to think but it did no good. They were there just the same. Thoughts old and new. Pleasant and unpleasant. The morning events passed before him in exact order. Funny he could remember them so well. Who would have thought he, Theodore Gilman, age 21, commonly called Teddy, graduate of Newton High, Newton, Ohio, could have killed a man. In fact several men.

It is cold in this trench: His three companions have no trouble sleeping. Why should he? Even Lank Smith, the noisy cowboy from Arizona is at peace with the world. Wonders do happen. A plane overhead. One of ours. Tell by the sound of the motor without even looking. Scouting probably. Buzzing makes you drowsy. Not that you weren't already. Sun warm. Makes you feel good. Maybe you can sleep. Hear that car spluttering in the distance. Jeep probably. Reminds you of the car you had once. Not so long ago either. You were a senior at Newton High when you got it. The fall term had just begun. It

made you feel pretty big riding home from football practice in her. Red and blue. Good colors for a good car.

Good old football practice. That year Newton had the best team in the state. Don White at fullback, Bill Harriman at quarter, you and Fred Fulton at halfbacks. Don was quite the boy. Six foot, weighing about one-eighty five. Fast too. Yep, you had a team that year. Your kid brother is just going out for his second season of practice. Halfback, he had written. Yes sir. You were one of the best teams in the State. Well, right now you're on one of the best teams in the world. It's going to win too. Win so that kid brother can be shooting passes on a college team, not bullets in a trench in enemy territory.

Plane is still overhead. Buzzing still reminds you of the auto. You first met, or found, Sue in that Auto. Sorority initiation or something. Sue was supposed to allow the air to escape from your tires by means of a hairpin. But you arrived while she was in the midst of a back tire, and took her to the dance that night. She'll wait for you. By the time you come back she will have completed college. Good girl Sue. Your girl.

Shouting in the distance. Sergeant Willoby at it again. Doesn't that guy ever rest? Speaking of shouting, wonder how Dad's doing at the office. He loves to run that newspaper. Thrives on it. Print it during the day; read it by the fire in the evening. Good old Dad. You'll have to learn to run it when you get back.

Time to eat soon. One of Mom's dinners would be good now. Just to see Mom would go good now. And Sis. Training for a nurse now. It doesn't seem possible.

Planes gone now. Everything quiet and restful. Yes, it was worth it. He would go and help get it over with and then go back. Back to Mom, Dad, Jimmy and Sis. Back to Sue. He would work with Dad on the paper he must someday run. Marry Sue. Have kids. Almost afraid to look ahead that far. Boy, it would be easy to sleep right now.



LASTING PEACE

by

GEORGIA LEWIS

DUSK was rapidly enveloping the tiny group of islands in her dark misty coat. The roaring of guns had ceased, and the torrents of rain had let up somewhat.

He hated war. He hated those that started it. They would all be punished sometime; after death if not before. He would pay for his share. Of this he was sure.

He tried to veer his thoughts from the subject. Looking down he was surprised to see his hands trembling on the butt of his rifle where they rested.

"I've got to stop it," he thought. "I won't be good for anything if I don't, and I've got to get away from here. I can't just sit here behind enemy lines waiting to be slaughtered. I've got to get back; for Kath if for nothing else. I'm all she has left."

Shakily, he lit a cigarette and raised it to his lips. It seemed to soothe his jumpy nerves and relax his tired muscles. It was his last one. He tried to prolong its duration by smoking slowly. Still it burned too quickly. He watched the tiny rim of hot ashes creep closer and closer to the end.

"That's the way it is with me," he thought bitterly. "Those enemy patrols are like ashes closing in around me until I'm snuffed out. I hate them; yes, but I'm not afraid of them. I just hate them with their foolish ideals and silly customs. No, no, I'm not really afraid of them. I'm not afraid of any one or anything. I'm not afraid to die—what am I thinking of? I'm not going to die, I'm going to return to our lines. I'll be free."

In his mind he wrote a letter to Kath. A letter she would never read. He started it in his usual manner, "Dear Kath," two little common every day words full of special meaning for someone who could recognize the fact.

"Dear Kath, I was just remembering how you looked the day you fell into the fish pool in the park. You were so cute and so funny. You had on a new yellow dress which was the pride and joy of your life. Remember how angry you got to think you had spoiled it? I like remembering you like that, Kath. You were always happy and full of fun then. I like remembering you on all of our parties and picnics. We used to have so much fun together, the three of us, you, Mother, and I.

"I know Mother's death has made you bitter and unhappy, Kath. It grieves me to think of you this way, and I'm sure it would grieve Mother too. She wouldn't want you to remember her broken and bleeding as you last saw her. She'd want you to remember her the way she was the night of the Christmas party; gay, happy, and so full of life. She'd want to see you laughing and happy, not bitter and sad. Smile, Kath, smile. For just a second, smile and erase the tired lines around your eyes. Please, Kath, for Mother and me.

"If God is willing I shall see Mother again soon. I know my number is up and though I try to hope for your sake, it's no go. It's hard to shake that feeling because nine times out of ten you're right. Please don't mourn for me, Kath. Just remember how I hated war and be glad for me. I'll be happy, Kath. For the first time in years I'll be really happy. I won't have to kill people anymore. Everytime I shot someone I felt like a murderer. I won't have to feel that way anymore. Do you remember the plans we made for peace when I had my last furlough?

"I think there will be war as long as there are people. I don't believe it's in the human nature to be compatible for long. Maybe I'm wrong. I'd like to think I am. War is such a mass slaughter. I think real lasting peace can be obtained only in Heaven.

"I guess I must sound like a sentimental fool, but even though you will never read this letter I feel better for having written it.

"I was scared when I knew I'd never see you again, but having said all this I'm not scared any more. I'm rather awed and at last I feel relieved.

It would have been awful if you had been selfish and silly as so many girls are. Instead you were your own sweet self, a swell companion, a swell kid.

"If the old place is still standing, I wish you would drop by and say goodbye to it for me."

The boy's thoughts were interrupted by the snapping of a twig. He knew they were closing in. For a moment his eyes darkened with fear. Was it fear of death or of that which comes after? He heard Kath's clear voice, steady and cool saying "Remember the peace? Remember your lasting peace?" The eyes cleared. All the deep bitterness and weariness were gone. His mind

(continued on page twenty)

IN THE SERVICE WITH THE CLASS OF '45

NAVY—GEORGE BROUNTAS, S 2/c

As you know, I left school in Oct., 1944, at the request of my local draft board. After being sworn into the Navy on October 12th, I arrived at Sampson Training Center on that "Holy Day" of Friday 13th. Pat Walsh, Jim Cummings, Dave Rappaport, and I were assigned to the same company. After our ten weeks of training we had what is known as a "boot leave." Never have I witnessed the passing of seven days so quickly. But I was thankful that I spent the Christmas of '44 home with my folks.

We then returned to Sampson to await further orders. Dave was sent to Rhode Island, Jim and I were sent to Norfolk, Va., and Pat was still waiting when we left. After three weeks at Norfolk, Jim was assigned to a destroyer crew. At the end of the fourth week, I was transferred to my present location.

I am now stationed at the Cavalier Hotel which is the "Aristocrat of the Virginia Seashore." We eat, sleep, and attend classes in the hotel. It is truly a beautiful place. The only time we are required to leave the building is for an hour of Physical Training each day. And what an Hour!

All I can say about my course is that I am studying Radar. Nothing else can be said. We are forbidden to even talk about our studies once we leave the classroom. We can not even take notes for fear that they will fall into the wrong hands.

We hit the deck at 5:15 A. M., and the lights go out at 10:00 P. M. From 6:00-7:00 A. M. we have chow. We then go on a work detail until 8:00 A. M. Our classes begin at 8:00 and the last class of the day ends about 10:00 P. M.

And now, a word for the wise—If any of the boys must enter the service, the Navy is as good, if not better than, any other branch of the service. But, if you can finish school, do so. The Navy encourages no one to quit school. It is a great disadvantage to enter the service without a high school diploma. Believe me, I know through experiences. If you do enter the service, you will have a good opportunity to show your talent in the Navy. There is a saying which the boys will be wise to remember, "There's No Place Like Home." So remember, boys, graduate first and then enter the service if it is possible.

To the class of 1945 I extend my best wishes.

ARMY—PVT. DONALD KAMINSKY

"It Happened to Me"

Just six months ago
I was happy as could be
For then I was a civilian
Far away from the infantry.

But now I'm in the Army
And not free any more
I walk the whole day long
And, boy, are my feet sore.

But I'm glad I'm in the Army
With all my aches and pains
I now possess a little guts
With a certain amount of brains.

The first few weeks were pretty tough
Being far away from home
But one should not feel so bad
'Cause he is not alone.

I remember of my carrying
My first real heavy pack
And believe me, when I say this
I thought they'd carry me back.

And then my throwing hand grenades
I thought that they'd be fun
First I removed the little pin
And then did I run.

And then I dug a fox-hole
And a tank passed over my head
And in silence as I lay there
I thought that I'd be dead.

And then after bayonet practice
I ached in every joint
But I have one consolation
I didn't get the point.

I could have written more of this
But I haven't got the time
I'm really very glad
'Cause I couldn't make it rhyme.

WORD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE RECREATION PROGRAM

SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED

by

MARY GRACE EAMES

Yes, as the saying goes, "something new has been added." That "something" is the recreation dances held at the Y. M. C. A. almost every Saturday night. There has been quite a lot recently in magazines about teen-age canteens, which have been organized in some of the larger cities, where high school students go to dance and have fun. And that is really what we have right here in Bangor.

Just for the fun of it, let's take a look at what goes on at the "Y" almost any Saturday night. Drop in about eight-thirty and after leaving your coat in the coat-room, you decide to go downstairs to the gym where the dancing is. As you go through the crowded game-room, you notice that they are not only playing pool and ping-pong, but also, checkers. Downstairs everyone is either dancing to records or standing around drinking cokes and talking to friends and you begin to think it is going to be fun. Then you see some friends and you go over to chat with them. Before you know it the evening is over and you go home thinking what a swell time you had and hoping that you can come back the next week.

Yes, you really do forget the time because it really is fun. Some evenings admission of twenty-five cents is charged and an orchestra is hired with the money, but most of the time it is all free and really it's just as much fun to dance to records. During the football season the visiting teams and rooters come to the dances and it gives them something worth while to do until their train leaves as well as giving us a chance to meet them.

Of course behind all this there is some hard work and that is where Mr. Albert Neis, City Recreational Director, comes in. He and a committee made up of high school students plan these dances and the entertainment, and, I might add, they do a wonderful job. The entertainment is nothing but the best, our own Frank Sinatras and Dinah Shores, nothing less, and it's strictly okay, natch!

To look at it a little more seriously, these dances are really doing the teen-agers of Bangor a lot of good. They give them something to do Saturday nights when there would otherwise be no-where else to go and, give them a whale of a good time for nothing. Those of you who have never been to one of these dances had better come along to the next one and join the fun. Those recreation dances are really "on the beam!"

YOUR CITY RECREATION DEPARTMENT

by

ALBERT B. NEIS, Director

Recreation is something which the individual does of his own volition in his own time; the completion of it leaves him with a feeling of self satisfaction, a bit of pride, and above all, a sense of well being.

Thus the recreation field covers a wide range of leisure time activity. Reading, writing, chatting, arts and crafts, as well as strenuous athletic competition and even work projects, have their place in a balanced city wide recreational program. In addition, all age groups, creeds and classes, as well as neighborhoods, must be included.

Of course, wholesome leisure time activity for that lively, unpredictable, independent and very attractive group, known as the "Teen-agers" is all important. This is your crowd, so irresistible, yet so trying to us adults. Today Billy is talking about joining the Navy, while tomorrow Mary is sure that her good-looking Army Corporal is much more interesting than this humdrum school life. These in-between years today are so exciting and tomorrow is so terribly dull. A host of conflicting desires all aimed at conquering new worlds, cramped and restricted by stuffy old "Experience." With the impact of war, with its additional stresses, Youth came into its own and, as a result, we have various types of Teen-Age Centers throughout the country. Some of them are good and some, not so good. In Bangor, I feel we have been very fortunate to have the Bangor-Bapst Hi Club. As the name indicates, your activities harmonize with those of your schools and while using the facilities of a private agency may not be quite as exciting and glamorous as remodeling another building, it actually is more practical and better suited to our needs.

You have made it your club and I am very proud of your achievements. Of course, as we go along, I do hope more individuals will gradually assume more responsibilities in carrying through our Teen-Age activities. A radio-dramatic group, a drawing class, ping pong and checker tournaments are all possibilities but they must come from you. You know, we adults too long have erred on the side of dictating the type of recreational activity we thought you wanted.

RETRIBUTION

(continued from page eight)

The lantern cast its dim light into the room and he halted and turned white as he heard a laugh that seemed to come faintly from behind the sealed wall.

Then he carefully picked up the lantern and entered the shadowy room. His fear was so great now that his mind no longer worked as a sane human's, but like a maniac's.

The laughing came louder, then softer, louder, softer—then he broke down completely and attacked the sealed arch with the pick. It rang dully on the big stones. He worked furiously, seeming to be getting nowhere; then he stopped a moment. The laughing grew again.

All his strength was now in his muscles and his mind was gone almost completely. He raised the heavy pick above his head and hit the stones a tremendous blow. The pick was smashed to splinters, but the blow had hit a key stone and the whole archway fell inward.

The rays of the lantern pierced the aged darkness and the most horrible sight Roal had ever seen met his eyes.

Sitting on the floor in the center of a black puddle of stagnant water with its back to a rock was a hideous figure. The hair on the head was all gone. The decomposed skin was stretched tightly over the skull and bones and tattered and mildewed clothes hung limply on the terribly emaciated body.

What fascinated the terror-stricken man most were the two glassy eyes that seemed to burn with an orange fire.

As he stood there, hypnotized by the horrid spectacle, he saw one of the bony hands stir in the black pool, then slowly rise upward. Then a leg moved slightly and caused ripples to move on the pool.

Roal's hand moved shakingly toward his other pistol; but his eyes never left the form of the moving dead man. He felt the butt of the gun, and with furious speed he drew it and fired its only shot.

The bullet passed through the body on the floor.

"You can't kill me," came a horrible screeching voice from the throat of the dead man. He slowly rose to his feet.

Roal let out a piercing scream and hurled both the lantern and pistol at the corpse at the same time. The lantern hit the man and bounced and splintered on the stone floor. The cave was thrown into darkness. Then slowly to Roal's eyes came a faint light.

It was the skeleton face of Aldern Langdon glowing in a green light.

Roal turned and started running blindly toward the door, screeching madly. He ran into the stone wall with an awful crash, but he groped and found the door.

He dashed through the tunnel.

As he turned the main passage he had followed in, he saw that emaciated face wreathed in a ghastly smile and he stopped and ran the other way.

For many minutes he crashed blindly through the caves with that face always behind him. Then suddenly there was nothing beneath him, and a long dwindling death cry followed by a faint splash in the black oily waters of an underground river told of a murderer's just end brought about by two powerful forces: Conscience and Imagination.

LASTING PEACE

(continued from page seventeen)

was bright and steady. Looking around he saw that he was at a disadvantage as the moon shone clear and bright in the distant sky. Deep black jungles surrounded him on all sides but one. On his left was a fifty foot clearing which he had to cross in order to escape. A silver bar of moon light lay directly across it. He could hear them now as they closed in on him. Should he try to escape or not? Rather than wait and be caught like a rat in a trap he decided to attempt it. He stood up and straightened his shoulders. Then he began to cross the clearing slowly. For a while he was able to remain in the shadows. Reaching the flood of bright moonlight he faltered. But only for a minute. Slowly he stepped forward. He was now clearly visible in the bright light, but despite this he had a calm, peaceful expression on his face and his lips wore a smile. A shot broke the stillness of the night. The boy's smile turned to a grimace of pain as he fell to the ground.

Far away a young girl in a nurse's uniform worked patiently. Lines of exhaustion creased her face. For a minute her face acquired a curious expression and then, though her eyes were dimmed with tears, she smiled. It was a beautiful smile and it lighted her whole face. Kath was smiling for the boy who had found his lasting peace.

CONTENTS (continued from page five)

DEPARTMENTS:

Editorials	Page 29
Voice of B. H. S.	Page 30
Book Reviews	Page 31
Worthy of Note	Page 32
Twenty-Five Years Ago In the Oracle	Page 33
Fashions	Page 34, 35
Athletics	Page 36
Passing-in-Review	Page 37
Movies	Page 38
Alumni	Page 39
B. H. S. Times	Page 40

SADNESS MAKES US REALIZE

by

ROBERT WHITTIER



KEN HALEY was only a kid of fifteen when the Japs struck Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. War seemed very distant to him at the time, and almost equally distant to his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Haley realized that their boy was almost sixteen, and the Army took boys at eighteen, but they too felt that war against the Japs would not last more than a year and that we could handle the Germans in about the same period of time.

"Just wait," Americans said, "until we get all of our men and equipment over-seas. Our boys will make them wish they had never followed or seen leaders like Hitler and Tojo."

For some time we worked and waited together. We waited for reports about the halting of Jap advances, but these reports never came. Corregidor fell, Bataan and Wake fell. Finally we understood that we were losing the war, and that it would be some time before we were on our feet again.

By this time people like the Haleys were realizing that their sons would have to get into this mess after all.

They felt like this for quite some time. Like many others, they did all they could to prevent it. They worked over time at their jobs. They put more of their savings into War Bonds. They organized and joined volunteer service organizations, but they did not stick to it.

When victories came, the Haleys, like other Americans, eased up. Even as far back as the Battle of Midway, many of us felt that victory was close at hand.

And when we hit the beaches of Guadalcanal and North Africa we felt that the Axis was about to meet total defeat, but they didn't.

The Japs and Germans have been geared for total war for many years. And it is not going to be easy to knock these gears out of place.

The Haleys realize now like so many other Americans do, that the unbelievable length and cost of this war is almost entirely our fault.

Our lack of pre-war defense and war material production was not completely known to us at the beginning of this war. Now we see our mistakes but can no longer rectify them.

Because of these mistakes and many others, boys like Ken Haley are now in combat against a still unbeaten enemy overseas.

Ken had been in the Pacific Battle Area for only a few months, but the Navy has a habit of getting its boys into the thick of every major military operation, and Ken Haley is not a fellow to be left out of things.

Mr. and Mrs. Haley had been worried for several weeks. The last letter that they received from their son was written a few days before the invasion of the Philippines.

One particular afternoon had become lonely for them. So, hand in hand they walked up to Ken's room. It too was cold like the other upstairs bedrooms, and yet it seemed to have a warmth to it as they came through the doorway.

The room was just the same as the day he had left it. The walls were still covered with an over variety of pictures, while his bookcase, closet, and dresser were filled with much the same kind of boyhood junk.

Ken's parents sat quietly in the room together. They spoke hardly a word, but when Mr. Haley opened a familiar old battered safety deposit box that was on the closet shelf, their silence changed to a lengthy conversation of many happy memories.

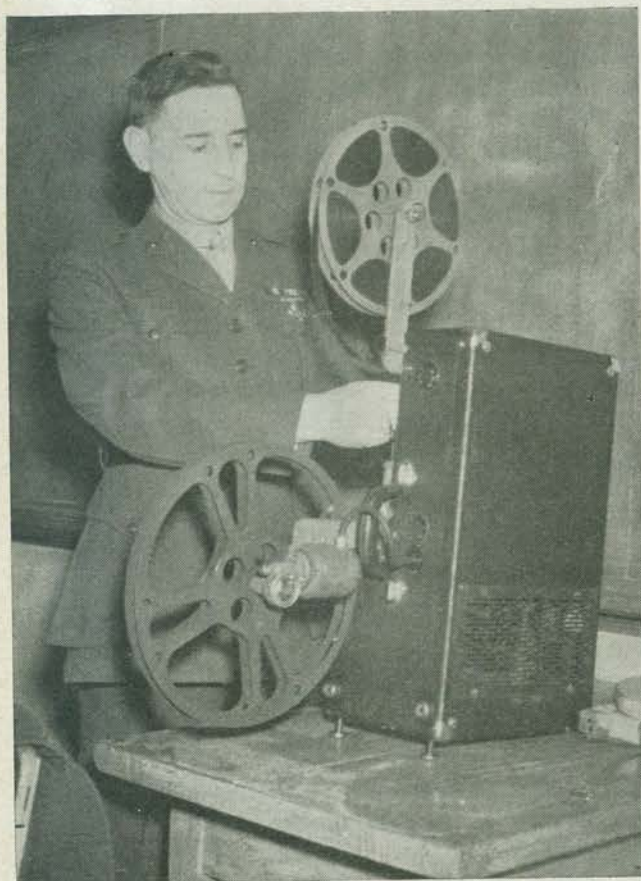
They took from the box an inexpensive but important looking diploma. It bore the title of "Junior Safety Patrol Leader."

(continued on page forty-one)

ORACLE VISITS THE



Andrew J. Pease, Advertising Manager of the *Bangor Daily News*, talks with Barbara Mosher, Mary Bracy, Ruth Gedney, Bill Hanson, and Keith Springer after the conference on newspaper work.



Sgt. Fred Locke of the U. S. Marine Corps showed moving pictures to those boys interested in joining the Marines.



Capt. Robert Higgins of Dow Field speaks to boys interested in the Air Corps.



Mary E. Babcock, Wave Specialist 2nd class, talks with Eleanor Peters, Bertha Towle, Pat Smith, and Caliope Mourkas about the advantages of the Waves.

CAREER INSTITUTE

During the annual Career Institute B. H. S. students may select four occupations in which they are most interested and listen to lectures about them. These talks are given by local leaders prominent in their fields. The purpose of the Institute is to guide young people into making the right and happy choice of a career. On these pages are pictures taken during the conference held on March 6.



Dana Cotton, Director of Placements at Harvard University, made the opening speech of the Institute at an all-school assembly.

JUNIOR EX



Neal Comeau



Mary Jane Redman



Malcolm Stevenson



Robert Whittier



Betty Grant

MEDA

HONORABLE

EXHIBITION

LISTS



Ruth Gedney



Barbara Mosher



Chester Kennedy



Mary Bracy

MENTION



J. Palmer Libby

BLABBERMOUTH

by

EVERETT OSGOOD

THE hot wet rain had subsided, and the landing barge made its way through the surf. The men were a picked bunch. They were hard as nails and all were seasoned veterans of assault warfare. Raiding Nazi-held towns was not a pleasant occupation. It held its high percentage of casualties like the death's head on a Jolly Roger. The men were all volunteers. They had lived together for five weeks in preparation for this mission. This was nearly it; H minus five minutes.

The town was blacked out. There was no wind; no sound; not even a sentry. Lt. Bill Riley was suspicious.

"Boys," he said, "we're nearly there. Check your weapons and supplies. We may not be back for awhile."

The boat hit the beach. The boys piled out. No fear could be seen here now. They were grim and bent for blood; Nazi blood.

There was plenty of cover available. At 23:50 the second squad would open fire to draw out the enemy. The other two squads would attack the flank at 23:53. Under a protective fire, men from each squad would sneak away and plant explosives which would explode at almost the same time. The men would then withdraw slowly laying down a hail of bullets behind them, and then the air force would cover them until they got back to the transports.

Then came the order to disperse. The squads separated. Suddenly a hail of machine gun fire raked the beach! They had been discovered!

Immediately the demolition details went out to do their work. They wouldn't come back and they knew it.

"Cover 'em men!" shouted Al Andrews who led the third squad.

Jack Dalton, the automatic rifleman, dived for a convenient shell hole. Harry Marlowe and Joe Cushman, the other two members of his team, landed beside him.

"Somebody squawked," bellowed Jack over the clatter of his B. A. R.

"You ain't kiddin'! Somebody squawked," answered Harry.

"Look at the Nazis," roared Joe. "They knew every little detail. Even when we were going to attack."

"Some Blabbermouth back home," said Harry bitterly as he furiously reloaded magazines for Jack.

"These guys that won't believe careless talk costs lives," spat Joe angrily.

Lt. Riley and Al Andrews came into the shell hole.

"I hope those demolition men get through," said

Riley. "The poor devils won't come back."

There was a series of explosions as Nazi supplies and oil went up in smoke and little pieces.

"They made it," said Al lugubiously.

"We're all that's left," spoke Riley quietly. "Shall we stay here and wait for them to come and dig us out or shall we try to get back to the beach?"

"I say go, sir," said Jack. "We have gained a lot of information about Nazi defenses from this raid, and that will help on the next one."

"Yes," agreed Al, "let's go back to the beach. I want to track down the Blabbermouth who sold us out."

"It's bad we don't know who he is," growled Harry.

"It wasn't just one person," commented Riley.

"What old Adolph knew of this raid was culled from 'unimportant' little bits of information. But this does us no good. Let's move out. Andrews, Marlowe, Cushman, go first. Dalton and I will cover you."

The three men left about thirty seconds apart. Running in short dashes from one point of concealment to another, they made it to the barge.

A Nazi mortar opened fire only to be cut down by a burst from Jack's B. A. R.

"Go on, sir," said Jack. "I'll cover you."

"But who'll cover you?" queried Riley.

"Leave your tommy-gun, sir. I can make it to the beach in about thirty seconds if I go tight as I can go. The tommy-gun will be easier to carry."

"Okay," smiled Bill Riley, "and good luck."

"Thank you, sir, and now go on."

Riley left. He made it to the boat as the others had. Jack removed his helmet, his pack, his ammo belt, anything that might encumber him and made a break. His broken field running would have made an all-star half-back envious. The Nazi fired, but try as they would, their riflemen could not hit him.

Then a machine gun opened up.

Jack fell. The machine gun raked across him. Then by some miracle Jack got up and went on. His bullet-riddled body tumbled into the boat.

The boat sputtered away; then settled down to a steady roar, and headed for the transport.

The other boys in the barge would be coming back, but not Jack. The war was over for him and for the thirty-six other brave fighting men.

All this had happened because somebody had spread a little idle talk.

A Blabbermouth.

PLEA TO PATRIOTS

They're fighting hard that we may live,
 They lie and bleed in pain;
 Shall we keep on and fight with them,
 That they won't die in vain?

But yes! Of course we will not stop,
 We'll try to help them live;
 For they're our boys who lie out there,
 We'll show them we can give.

The boy across the street is there,
 In London now you know;
 A graduate from B. H. S.,
 He left not long ago.

The girl next door left loving folks,
 Who knew not how to be
 Alone without that girl who's gone,
 So far across the sea.

They thought that they had had enough
 Of grief that others bear;
 But now their second girl is gone,
 For nursing is her flair.

The boy that lives just up the street,
 A neighbor girl did wed;
 But soon as morning light had come,
 Across the sea he sped.

And up the street there also lives,
 A lady brave and strong;
 Her sons have gone to give their lives,
 Her heart can hold no song.

And as she longs for their return,
 She does not sit and mourn;
 But does her part with willingness,
 Although her heart is torn.

He thinks a lot and hopes that you,
 Are thinking of him too;
 But hopes that we'll keep on the job,
 That he'll come back to you.

So come, my friends of mirth and joy,
 Don't shirk though tired you are;
 Don't shirk and sit and sigh for him,
 This war's not won by far.

Barbara Mosher.

Poetry



PICKERING SQUARE

Dark and sultry, stifling hot,
 Noises muffled, noises shrill,
 People working, people loafing,
 Old cars crawling, cars stand still.

Black sky set with flaming stars,
 Grey stores drenched in yellow light,
 People laughing, people crying,
 On a sullen August night.

Red lights, green lights, white lights glow,
 Shine on faces grim and worn,
 People struggling, people grasping,
 While the blazing stars look on.

Nine and ten and twelve o'clock,
 Weary minutes creeping by,
 People drifting, people leaving,
 Empty streets in silence lie.

Francis Seaw.



SPRING

The curtain rises with applause,
 A song is played, and then a pause;
 Softness with the music blends,
 A child in a green gown descends.

An old man leaves the stage, and then
 We shall not see this man again.
 The child begins to grow, alas,
 And all too soon he too must pass.

by Rosalie May Snow.

TOO MUCH WATERMELON

(continued from page thirteen)

Having said this, Sammie took a prodigious bite from his piece of watermelon.

"Well, I ain't so sure," muttered Skinny. "This time he might even kill us!"

"Hmph!" said Sammie, "I'd even like to see him kill me. I betcha bullet's'd bounce right off'n me."

"Huh," snorted Skinny. "I guess not. No one in the world is that tough. I s'pose I might as well go with yuh tuhnigh, though."

"You becha you're goin' tuhnigh. You meet me here at your gate at eight o'clock tuhnigh."

"Okay," Skinny agreed, though rather half heartedly.

In his watermelon patch Uncle Billy straightened up and grinned widely.

"There, that's done," he said slowly. "Now all I've got tuh do is wait for 'em tuhnigh. It's goin' to be somethin' tuh see their faces."

"Do yuh think it's dark 'nuff yet?" inquired Skinny. "I can see plain."

"Sure it is," declared Sammie, looking at Skinny as if he thought him insane. "It'd get dark here early an' by the time we reach Uncle Billy's it'll be so dark he can't never ketch us. C'mon lets start now."

Grabbing Skinny's arm, he pulled him after him.

"Let's go," Skinny said angrily. "I'm, comin'. Only don't be in such a hurry."

"I'll let you pick one out tuhnigh, Skinny," whispered Sammie.

"Gosh, do yuh think I'd better? I'm awful slow," said Skinny frowning at Sammie.

"Aw, go ahead," Sammie said. "I'll watch tuh see if Uncle Billy comes along an' if he does I'll help yuh grab one."

Skinny stooped down to select one.

"Oh! So yuh after my melons again, eh boys?"

Uncle Billy stepped out from behind a bush near the watermelon patch.

Poor Skinny fell flat on his face in the soft earth, so great was his fear. However, he quickly scrambled to his feet and the two boys started to run.

"Oh, yuh don't have tuh rush off, boy," Uncle Billy shouted after them, and he stood there smiling.

The two boys stopped, their eyes becoming round with utter disbelief. Skinny's large eyes looked as if they were about to pop out at any instant.

"Do yuh mean it?" quavered Sammie in a strained voice.

"Sure do," said Uncle Billy in his hearty voice. "Here I'll even give you a melon," and he held out one that was even larger than the one the boys had taken the night before.

"Well, okay, if you ain't mad at us," said Sammie, and he came back to the watermelon patch. Skinny followed behind, as frightened as a startled deer.

"Here! Here!" he said kindly, "what ails this young fellow?"

He peered through the darkness at Skinny who was trembling like a leaf.

"Nothin'," Skinny said in a high weak voice.

The boys took the watermelon, looking at it rather skeptically.

"Eat it, eat it!" said Uncle Billy.

They started to eat the melon but choked on the first mouthful.

"What's the matter kids?" said Uncle Billy. "Isn't it good?"

"Oh, sure," they hastened to say, eating the watermelon quickly. But their faces acquired a somewhat queer expression. Skinny's appeared even on the greenish side before they had finished.

"There," sighed Sammie, "We et it all. Thanks Uncle Bi—Hey, what's the matter?"

For Uncle Billy suddenly looked very shocked.

"Boys, boys," he choked out. "I-I made a mistake. I don't know what will happen to yuh."

"Huh," said Sammie, opening his mouth as he stared.

Skinny did nothing but stand still, looking rather ill.

"Well, said Uncle Billy, "I doubt if you'll live out the night. I just handed you two the watermelon I'd plugged for killin' insects. It was full of strychnine."

Not a sound came from either boy. Both were extremely pale, Sammie's numerous freckles standing out vividly upon his face. Poor Skinny resembled a beaten puppy cowering before its master.

He was the first to recover his voice.

"I told yuh last night, Sammie," he said tearfully. "Didn't I tell yuh he'd get us?"

But Sammie answered nothing. He couldn't. He was so frightened, so unbelieving, that his voice wouldn't have worked if he'd wished to speak. He stood there with his hands tightly clasped for a moment, then turned and stumbled off, wishing heartily that he'd never even head the word *watermelon*. Skinny crept after him, shaking visibly. Great tears rolled down his cheeks. They disappeared from Uncle Billy's view through the hole in the fence. Uncle Billy began to laugh. He laughed and laughed, his laughter ringing out through the warm summer night.

"Yup!" he said. "They'll be sick tuhnigh. As sick as anyone'd get if they swallowed a sufficient amount of castor oil."

Uncle Billy's watermelon patch was never touched again. And Sammie's ambition? He was going to become a minister.

EDITORIALS

Bangor High School humbly pauses for a moment to pay tribute to the memory of our late President Franklin D. Roosevelt. His life will serve as an inspiration to mankind.

VOL. LV

ORACLE - APRIL, 1945

NO. 2

TO COMBAT INDIFFERENCE

SO that B. H. S. students may be more fully aware of recent events of national and community scope that directly affect them, the *Oracle* has turned over a section of its spring number to clarifying these issues. We do this with the hope of overcoming an alarming feeling of indifference concerning them.

We present two very important pro and con features. The first deals with the issue of compulsory military training for boys and girls of eighteen. It includes six unbiased opinions of student representatives from each class. The second feature concerns the pro and con arguments for lowering the voting age to eighteen. These articles were written by students who have been studying this problem intensively as a part of the debating curriculum. These two comparatively recent national developments directly concern students all over the country. It is essential, therefore, that the many-sided issues involved and their results be thoroughly understood.

There have been matters in the community which also have direct bearing on students. Although the whole school has felt their influence, no attempt has ever been made to present them in definite form so that their basic purposes might be comprehended. Mr. Albert Neis, city recreation director, has written for this issue a highly informative article on the aims of the recreation program. This is coupled with a student's view of the program. Also of community interest is the recent Career Day Conference; an attempt to present a broad view of this conference and its purposes has been made in the pictorial essay.

By means of these articles we hope to explain the relationship of the student to his community and to his country. We feel that these relationships have been overlooked because of a general indifference in the student body to understand them. Read these features and realize that they are a direct factor in the lives of high school youth and therefore worthy of particular attention.

MAY 7 CARRIES OBLIGATION

On May 7 a project never before tried in Bangor will be undertaken. This experiment is putting various administrative offices of the city under the direction of the seniors for one day. This has been tried in other cities and has usually proved to be an interesting and informative experience for the students and community alike. Its purpose is to acquaint more thoroughly the students with the workings of their city government so that they will be better prepared to be intelligent and alert citizens.

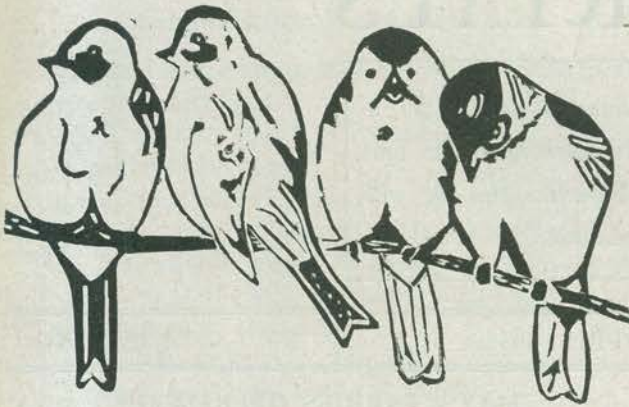
It can be successful only if each participant takes his responsibilities seriously. It is a serious undertaking, and while the project will be different and exciting, it must not be allowed to become a farce.

The community has given B. H. S. seniors an opportunity to learn the machinery of our city government by participating in it because they feel we are adult enough to accept the responsibility earnestly.

OUR NEW WORLD

The World-important conference held in San Francisco on April 25 has a significance so vast that it is almost beyond our comprehension to grasp it. It is here that the Dumbarton Oaks proposals are to be acted upon; it is here that the foundation of the future world organization is to be made; in short, it is here that the kind of world we and our children and their children are to live in is to be decided upon.

The decisions made in San Francisco will vitally affect us; therefore, the discussion of them in the school-room would help us tremendously in grasping and understanding their full import. If the work of the conference might be discussed in the history and economics classrooms and in the Friday homeroom period, if an assembly program might be devoted to its work, either by means of an outside speaker or by means of a student panel, if these things might be carried out, then we could have a clearer, less hazy picture of the decisions made there. Then we might be better able to visualize the new world that is being built for us from the ruins of the old.



VOICE OF B. H. S.

We wonder:

How Barbara can tell that she's not Betty
When spring sprung
Why fudge sundaes have to contain calories
Who will escort whom to the Military Ball

Why we see so many of the female population of
B. H. S. at the station Sunday afternoons. Relatives?

How Ricker can make his feet and jaws move in
such perfect unison.

If Jo really likes closets that well
Tops in the School:

Joanie Craig's melting smile—Annette Chapman's eternal enthusiasm—George Wood's boogie-woogie—Eva Hall and Frank Hearn—George Vose's eyes—Alan Mutch!—Johnie Godsoe's trumpet—Lois Coffin's Valentine—Miss Cousin's history class—Alan Beal's ability to make girls glamorous with his home photography—Dottie Beal's cowgirl act. That yodeling should get you places, Dot—Dave Getchell on a pair of skis—Jack Farrar's red hair—Shirley Daigle's artistic ability—The Minstrel Show—Bob Jenkins' curl in the middle of his forehead—J. Stanwood, B. H. S.'s swooner crooner—Jean Carpenter's chocolate graham crackers—Miss Cousin's association tests—"L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" a la Room 103—The Junior Prom, especially its jitterbug contest—the trio of six: Barb and Pork, Joan and Rollie, Morrie and Kitty—the recording of "Saturday Night is the Loneliest Night in the Week" and don't we know it—Art Boulter, every city's dream of a city clerk,—grapefruit hair rinse a la blond Barb F.—Shortie's professional fainting—Fred Moore's torrid terpsichore on roller skates—the newly commissioned officers of the R. O. T. C.

Manners and Conduct in School—1920

"When you enter your classroom, as well as when you leave it, glance toward your teacher and, if he is looking, bow pleasantly.

"Avoid raising your hand when you wish to ask or to answer a question. Instead, rise quietly, face your teacher, and wait for her to recognize you as though you were at a club meeting.

"Boys, it is not necessary to help the girls mount the stairs in school unless they are blind or crippled.

"At school receptions, sleigh-rides, class meeting at private homes, and so on, there is always a chaperon, who is giving her time for *your* enjoyment. Her kindness should be repaid by your courtesy.

"When you call on a girl, you shouldn't remain after ten o'clock even though the girl wants you to. Girls, you should not urge. And, girls, observe how your boy friends fit themselves into the family group.

"Girls, it is a poor policy to call up boys often by telephone, and bad manners to whistle to attract their attention."



PET PARLEY

Miss Cousins—"And that brings you to the next point."

Ann Mitchell—"No-oo-ooo!"

Annette Chapman—"Hon-est"

Jerry Rudman—"C'n I have a basement permit?"

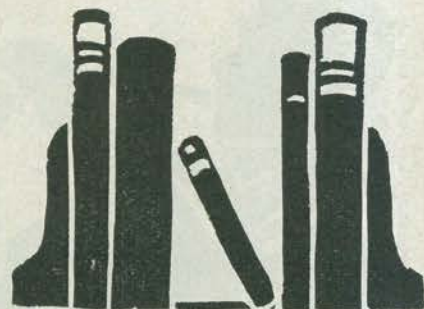
Bob Wray—(in Latin) "Lemme see."

Bob Byers—"Are we gonna have a test in here?"

Lois Ann Hopkins—"Hi ya darlin!"

Mr. Legere—"O.K. Break it up."

BOOK REVIEWS



GOOD NIGHT SWEET PRINCE

by Gene Fowler

In May, 1942, John Barrymore made a very non-dramatic exit from a world that had never really understood him. People remembered him in death as they had thought of him in life—as the blacksheep of the theatre's Royal Family—a great actor whose weakness allowed him to throw away his unusual talent. Public opinion admired his gifts, but held little respect for the man himself.

Perhaps to change this opinion and perhaps simply to reveal the many hidden characteristics of the man, Gene Fowler, one of Barrymore's closest friends, wrote the actor's biography "fashioning a green wreath with few false leaves."

Goodnight Sweet Prince is the life of a man who had little desire to follow family tradition. It tells of his attempt to succeed in newspaper work; and, because his career in this line seemed destined to be anything but successful, his feeling that he had to "succumb to the family curse, acting." Fowler paints realistically the actor's feeling of self-satisfaction and pride at the close of "Richard III," his first great Shakespearean triumph and his real awakening to the stage. The author reveals the great sorrow Barrymore bore with the gradual breakup of his marriage to Dolores Costello and his separation from his two children. He reveals also Barrymore's ever-present fear that his mind would collapse as did his father's.

Goodnight Sweet Prince does not pretend to overlook the fact that Barrymore didn't conform to the gospels of exemplary behavior. Fowler merely tries to the best of his ability to give a better understanding of a man who, when he had lost his health, wealth, and public favor still retained "an essentially young and unconquerable spirit."

CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY

by Rosemary Taylor

One couldn't call Rosemary Taylor's life ordinary; but then no one's is really. It's just that not everyone can write 307 pages about common, every day occurrences in his own home—307 pages packed with funny yet heart-warming details. The reader sees life in an Arizona boarding house which is something to write about; that is, if it happens to be the particular one belonging to Mrs. Taylor's mother. This very special place is nothing to write home about if one cares to judge outward appearances. It just wasn't built to be a boarding house originally because no one ever figured that Mother'd get a yen for boarders. She did, however, soon after her marriage; and she used to "sneak them in" when Father was away or maybe just wasn't looking. Father never did approve of Mother's natural maternal attitude toward all strangers, the back-door beggar included. He approved less of sleeping on the floor to make room for the newest additions. The tidy little income brought about by Mother's "penny ante" activities (that's what Father called her work) was an entirely different situation. Poor Father, it seems, has a weakness too—He simply cannot resist "golden opportunities." These "opportunities" appear in the form of almost anything—even laundries. So you see that his wife's flourishing business eased the burden of family support which was always such a nasty nuisance when Father embarked upon a new enterprise.

People like this are not average. If anyone would like to prove it to himself why not visit Mother's boarding house where every boarder's a member of the family, and there's chicken every Sunday.



NEXT
COMMUNITY CONCERT

May 18

MONA PAULEE & CHARLES KULLMAN

Did You Know That?

Gene Krupa has recently added a string section to his band. . . The piano recordings that appeared to be played by Cornel Wilde in *A Song to Remember* were done by Jose Iturbi. As yet he has received no screen credit for these excellent solo passages. . . Hal McIntyre and his band are about to go overseas to entertain servicemen. . . Donna Dae, singer with Fred Waring, was recently married to Col. William Cummings, who is in the Army Air Force. . . Cary Grant will enact the role of Cole Porter in the picture *Night and Day*. . . Charlie Spivak began his musical career by playing the violin. . . Cab Calloway was urged by his father to become a lawyer.

WORTHY OF NOTE

It is said that, "In the spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

Off the Record

Evelina and *Right As Rain* with Frankie Carle and his orchestra.

Columbia (36764)

Claire De Lune by Debussy with Leopold Stokowski conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Victor (1812-A)

Kiss in the Dark and *My Wonderful One* with Paul Lavalle's Orchestra.

Musicraft (294-A 294-B)

Whispering and *Two in Love*. Frank Sinatra rendering the vocals with Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra.

Victor (20-1597-A 20-1597-B)

Portrait in Miniature

Woody Herman was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, just twenty-nine years ago. His first musical break came when Tom Gerum, who had heard a lot about him while playing in Chicago, offered him a job with his band. Woody declined the offer, for he had not yet graduated from high school. After much persuasion, however, his mother consented to let him go. All went along smoothly until he was mistaken for a gangster and shot in the leg. His mother promptly made him return home. Although Woody Herman graduated from high school and went to Marquette University, he had no intention of giving up his playing. After leaving college, he played with various bands including those of Gus Ashum, Harry Sosnik, and Isham Jones. It was when Isham Jones gave up his band in 1937 that Woody got the idea of forming a new band based on cooperative organization. Six of the finest players agreed and they all voted that Woody be made maestro. Their first job was in Milwaukee, Woody's own home town. Today, after the usual hardships of a newly organized band, it is considered one of the best. The band is especially famous for its blues.

Twenty-five Years Ago in the ORACLE



B. H. S. Homeless for Two Years

The Bangor High School, which had been homeless for two years following the Bangor Fire in 1911, finally became established in its present location. It was opened for occupation the first day of the fall term in 1913. It was formally opened to the public October 22, 1913 at 2 o'clock when hundreds of Bangor residents gathered in the assembly hall, where the dedication exercises were held. The students were very much pleased to show "their" school to the public for they were fortunate in having one of the most attractive school buildings in New England.

The first big social event in the new building was the reception and dance which was given for the visiting Portland football team.

Among the faculty at that time are some who are familiar to the students of today.

Debating A Prominent Activity

The Debate Club has been a prominent organization. The club has prepared itself to meet teams from other high schools in the state by debating for different organizations in the city. Bangor has always had students who are skilled in debating and who have won many cups.

Riflemen of B. H. S. Among Best in U. S.

In 1917 the local association stood ninth among one hundred and four organizations representing almost every state. The training is of great value to the boys as well as their country. In World War I as in World War II, the boys from Bangor High have gone to fight in all parts of the world where they have made a very outstanding record for their school.

W.A.C.'s of World War I

The girls of B. H. S. had a military organization during World War I. They had intensive military training just as the boys had. These Cadet Debutantes

wore the olive drab uniform and made an inspiring and patriotic picture at their first appearance at the Bangor City Hall. They went through squad and company movements, extended order work and manual of arms. No one realized that girls were capable of such military training. Among the personnel of the Cadets we find many mothers of today's B. H. S. students.

The Earliest Cadet Company

If a member of the first Cadet Company were to walk into B. H. S. today, all would probably stop with open mouth wondering from which planet he had come. The uniform consisted of a little blue cap with a straight black visor; a blue coat with a great deal of black braid for the privates and much more gold braid for the officers, and a pair of white duck trousers. These uniforms were considered very impractical and were later changed to a Navy blue coat with medium blue trousers. Although this was an improvement over the first, the trousers were so narrow that drilling was difficult.

Band Members Don't Let This Happen to You

The Band was out for parade. Many of the members had never played and marched at the same time. A heavy rain had recently fallen and the pavements were rough and slippery.

"The leader called No. 11, 'The Stars and Stripes Forever.' The signal was given. The first three notes were played correctly; then the mouthpiece of one cornet struck the player in the ear. The trombonist stepped into a hole and his slides went down the limit, emitting a shriek like a hungry hyena. The clarinet player stubbed his toe and gave out a series of runs from home plate to third base and back again. The bass horn came in "pum, pum" two measures behind, while the baritone didn't come in at all, and the drum major stepped on a banana peel and rested on the downward beat."

This was a new and extremely amusing version of Sousa's march.

"S" is for "Spring"

Smart



There is nothing more you could hope for in styling, quality, and value than you'll find in your classic spring suit. Here Jackie Elingwood, that cute new addition to Bangor High, shows us just how smart looking one can appear in a man tailored, brown garbardine outfit. During these times; it is a rare thing to find a long jacket complete with a vent in the back and a deep kick pleated skirt both combined into one delightful costume. Jackie has chosen a sweet white blouse which gathers at the neck into a neat little bow to give that extra touch of perfection.

The Bessie System has many other smart models to show you for this spring.

BESSIE SYSTEM

Simple



Whose pulse wouldn't race? Who wouldn't cry "magic" when a girl can buy such a comfortable and beautiful rayon as this one, modeled by Jeannie Burbank. Every seam is mindful of-the-girl beneath and her love of figure flattery. The white, eyelet embroidered dickie front, with its sweet round neckline, along with the dainty bow which ties in the back, adds to the desired effect. For all the gala events that the spring season is bound to bring, nothing could be more appropriate.

When you're out shopping for something which will give you plenty of fashion and lots of satisfaction, drop in at Freese's and let them help you.

FREESE'S

and . . .

Sweet

Now that spring has finally arrived in all its glory, everyone is anxious to shed her winter wools in exchange for a delightfully cool summer attire. What could be more refreshing to the eye than this candy striped, chintz dress, modeled by Marguerite Hart, a senior who needs no introduction. Notice its sweetheart neckline trimmed with dainty lace, the large patch pockets which carry out the same effect, and the tight fitting waistline. Such a dress is so nice to rustle around in on a scorching morning, so crisp and immaculate, and so responsive to quick suds and a light iron.

For almost every thing your heart desires from sport to evening wear, Rines & Co. is at your service.

RINES CO.


Sophisticated

Simply wrought and supremely smart, this dressy suit will be a distinguished addition to any wardrobe. Its 100% wool, soft as down, yet sturdy and happily resistant to musing. Notice the latest Dutch like cuffed sleeves of its smart one buttoned jacket. Glenna Billings, the gal with the broad grin, completes her ensemble with a Junior braid-bound, raglansleeved, Mandarin coat in black which offers a striking contrast to her yellow suit. It makes you look like a glamour girl no matter how busy your schedule may be.

In spite of war time conditions, Burdell's has a wonderful stock of stunning coats and suits in all sizes and colors. Drop in, won't you?

BURDELL'S





Girls!
Watch Bulletin Board
for news of
Annual Athletic Banquet

Clicking combinations on the six teams made the 1945 season of intramural basketball above average in competitive ability. Enthusiastic players from all three grades came faithfully to the necessary practice sessions.

The final scores of all class games are as follows:

Junior Blue	30	Junior Green	8
Senior White	17	Senior Red	10
Soph. Purple	29	Soph. Orange	20
Junior Blue	24	Junior Green	22
Senior White	29	Senior Red	6
Soph. Purple	24	Soph. Orange	15

The referees for the interclass games were Shirley Wilson, who is now attending the Bangor Maine School of Commerce, and Evelyn Foster, who is attending the University of Maine. They both graduated from Bangor High School with the class of 1943.

Sharing the duties of umpire were: Patty Arsenault, Celia Banton, Ruth Frazier, Flo Gunn, Mime Hanson, Marguerite Hart, Dottie Mitchell, Gwennie Moores, Gloria Nickerson, Annabelle Robbins, and Leah White.

Scoring at the games were: Pat Arsenault, Celia Banton, Dolly Averill, Glenna Billings, Barb Chapman, Ruthie Frazier, Florence Gunn, Marion Hanson, Marguerite Hart, Marion Levesque, Dot Mitchell, Gwendolyn Moores, Gloria Nickerson, Annabelle Robbins, Joan Rosie, and Leah White.

BASEBALL PROSPECTS PROMISING

Prospects for a successful baseball team are fairly bright as nine veterans remain from last year's team which had a record of four wins and four losses. These players are Burr, England, Homans, Glencross, Morse, Lewis, Mutch, Ronnie Smith, and Tozier. The Sophomore class should furnish several individuals to press these more experienced players and make the battle for positions on this year's team more interesting.

Baseball seems to be ready to stage a comeback in Eastern Maine this season chiefly because of the reorganization of the Penobscot conference. Although Bangor is not a member of this conference, it is much easier to fill a satisfactory schedule because more nearby schools are going to be fielding teams this year. Away and home games are already scheduled with John Bapst, Brewer, Ellsworth and Higgins Classical and games are pending with Old Town.

The probable schedule for the season is as follows:

April 27 at Brewer; May 2 Higgins; May 8 at Ellsworth; May 11 Bapst; May 16 at Higgins; May 18 Ellsworth; May 22 Brewer; May 29 Bapst.

Possible games:

May 25 and June 1, Old Town.

BASKETBALL LETTERS TO BE AWARDED

The boys who are to receive their major letters in basketball are Fred Lewis, who was elected captain of the squad by his teammates near the end of the season, Paul Burr, Morris Tozier, Dick England, Mannie Gilbert, Lefty Homans, Alan Mutch, Bud Adams, Ronnie Smith, Johnny Hatch and Bob Byers, manager. Much credit is due these boys and the other members of the squad for their splendid cooperation, diligence, and sportsmanship in representing Bangor High School on the basketball court to the best of their abilities.

PASSING IN REVIEW

Harrison Homans. Beware of this senior. He has an uncanny way of mixing chemicals and getting an explosion. When questioned why he doesn't follow the directions of the experiment, Lefty replies, "When you follow directions, you've got a pretty good idea what's going to happen, but, when you do it my way, it keeps life from getting dull." With this brilliant philosophy, Prof. Homans will undoubtedly become one of the world's great scientists.

He held down a starting berth on our basketball team and proved that size doesn't necessarily make a good athlete. If some of you future stars want to know how Harry makes those hook-shots, just try eating some of the railroad grub. "It even puts muscles on muscle," says Lefty.

Celia Banton. Here's a gal who's not hard to please, just give her a hockey stick or a basketball and she'll be happy. She claims all her vim and vigor is the result of drinking "Hemo."

You can usually find her buzzing around singing "Accentuate The Positive." Van Johnson is her favorite "pin-up" boy, and his pictures line the walls of her room.

Celia says she likes everything except staccato punctuation and most of all she likes those summers at Moosehead.

After the war she wants to travel but until then she plans to do secretarial work.

Gerald Morse. Meet one of the most popular boys of the sophomore class, who played a big role in keeping up the good record of the J. V. Basketball team. Geddy earned a letter in baseball at B. H. S. last year and is probably one of the first boys to earn a high school letter while in Junior High. He is really a flash on the diamond and spends most of the summer playing baseball with the neighborhood nine.

Geddy likes just about everything including Gary Cooper, Joan Leslie, and, when questioned about school, we quote, "You mean there's a choice." Geddy is quite a student even though he thinks school is just "All right."

Geddy's plan for the future is still pretty vague but we think that he will be a success.



Marjorie Gumprecht. "Marge" is our ambitious senior who wants to become a surgeon; just a "clip-off-the-old-block," we'd say! She spends her spare time helping out at the E. M. G. H. as a Nurses' Aide and claims she loves it.

In the summer time you'll find her at dear old Green Lake, swimming and canoeing to keep herself busy. June Allyson and Paul Henreid rate first with her in the movie line. . . strawberry shortcake and pickles for food hit the spot.

When it comes to playing the piano, "Marge" is a whiz and especially likes to play "Our Waltz."

After graduation "Marge" plans to enter Tufts Medical School in Boston.

Richard England. "Swish" and Dick drops a pretty shot through the hoop for two points. Dick has been playing center for our basketball team and has really been doing a good job. This quiet junior also earned his letter in baseball pitching on last year's team and will probably be making a name for himself on the football team next fall.

Dick is strictly a "woman hater" being much more interested in sports and movies, his favorite star being Errol Flynn.

Dick likes any kind of food and is one of the few boys that really likes school, his favorite subject being consumer science.

After graduation, what Dick plans to do is anybody's guess.

Mary Grace Eames. Blond, blue eyes, hmm . . . like to know her better? She's "Gracie" Eames, another new member of our little brood at B. H. S. Her summers are spent at Camp Natarswi, and her lighter moments of the winter are spent trying to ski. Her greatest ambition is to ski for just two minutes without falling down.

She likes to listen to "I Dream of You" sung by Perry Como, and eat apple pie with chocolate velvets. When asked her chief dislike, she replied, "the feeling I get when I wake up and find out it's Monday morning."

After leaving B. H. S. "Gracie" tells us she plans to go to college.



A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN

BETTY SMITH'S best seller has now been made into a movie, the screenplay being written by Tess Slesinger and Frank Davis. Those who have read the book will know that it is the story of the triumph of human spirits over misunderstanding, weakness, poverty, and death. As her hopes for a better life fail, Katie Nolan hardens herself against a husband who cannot provide for his family. Jonny Nolan is always dreaming of better things, but can never accomplish much. However, he did get Francis enrolled in a better school. Francie had a great imagination and wanted to be a writer; Jonny wanted her to have the things she desired, as he was the only one in the family who understood her dreams. Jonny's death leaves Katie alone with the problems of bringing up her family, although she had always had the working part of bringing them up. Officer McShayne, the policeman on the beat, is an admirer of Katie's and after Jonny's death, promises to take over some of the family burdens.

The movie features Dorothy Maguire as Katie Nolan, James Dunn as Jonny Nolan, Peggy Ann Garner as Francie, Joan Blondell as Aunt Sissy, and Lloyd Nolan as Officer McShayne.

TOGETHER AGAIN

It's one of your favorites, Charles Boyer, this time as a famous sculptor. Playing opposite Boyer is another favorite, Irene Dunne, as lady-mayor. Others in the cast are Charles Coburn, Mona Freeman, Jerome Courtland, Elizabeth Patterson, and Charles Dingle.

The husband of the lady-mayor had died five years before and the lady-mayor took over her husband's job, promising her step daughter never to remarry. Jonathan Grandall had been Brookhaven's most beloved mayor, and his statue had become a shrine. One night during a thunder storm the statue was struck by lightning and its head rolled off. Anne refused to be convinced that it was a sign that Jonathan wanted to release her from her self-imposed bonds. She left for New York to see a famous sculptor about making a new statue. (Here's where Boyer comes in). On the advice of her father-in-law, when she arrived in New York Anne bought a new hat. It was one of those that make you look more like a model than a mayor. She went to see Corday and, after assuring him that she was a mayor, not his new model, she had dinner with him in a Bohemian restaurant. Due to several mishaps, she was arrested by the police. She vowed she would never see the sculptor again, but Cupid is not easily discouraged. After removing all obstacles, the lady-mayor and the famous sculptor were finally married.

A SONG TO REMEMBER

This is the story of the life and music of Frederic Chopin, great Polish composer, pianist, and patriot. We see him first as a child prodigy who loves music and his native land; later, as a young musician in Paris who is in love with the demanding, willful, and vicious novelist, George Sand. He abandons his life with Madame Sand when he learns that his Polish friends have been thrown into prison for their patriotic activities. He embarks upon a concert tour which insures the money necessary to free the patriots, but brings about the composer's death.

Chopin is played by Cornel Wilde. His teacher, Joseph Elsner, is portrayed by Paul Muni and the part of George Sand is taken by Merle Oberon. Although, at the present writing, the release date for this technicolor picture has not been set, it is one that is worth waiting and watching for.

ALUMNI

A telephone conversation between two B. H. S. students, Bill and Sue.

Bill: 'Lo Sue. It's me, Bill. How're ya doin'? swell. Me? Oh, I'm fine thanks. Say, Sue, do you ever wonder what all the boys and girls who have graduated from good ole Bangor High are doing?

Sue: I'm glad you mentioned that, Bill, because I've been trying to write the Alumni column for the *Oracle*. So many of them are in the armed forces and are in all parts of the world. Take Donald Barker, for instance. He was prisoner of the Japs in the Phillippines, and Louis Cunningham is missing in action somewhere in Germany.

Bill: Yea, I know. John Gunn '39 is in the Phillippines with the 152nd F. A. Bn. The 152nd is the outfit that left Bangor, March, 1941, you know.

Sue: I remember. Quite a few of the 152nd Band members are now attached to the band at Fort Bragg, N. C. Bob Wood '38 and Harris Southard '38 were recently home on furlough from there.

Bill: Say, I see that Edith Kagan and Lt. Jerome Grossman are honeymooning at Lake Placid, N. Y.

Sue: Speaking of marriages, Katherine Faulkingham '39 is married to Lt. George Higgins '36. George Lougee was home recently with his new bride.

Bill: Do you remember Gertie Homan '41? She's a secretary in the O. P. A. office in Portland.

Sue: Robert Hanson '40 is a corporal in the ground crew of the Air Corps somewhere in the Pacific.

Bill: Of course you remember Paul Hart. He's now a lieutenant piloting a C-47 in England. He has been awarded the Presidential Unit Citation and the Air Medal with the Oak Leaf Cluster.

Sue: West Point claims Lawrence Cahill, John Downing Jr., and Robert Berry.

Bill: Bangor High can turn out some good ones can't it?

Sue: Don't think the boys are the only ones that are making names for themselves. No siree. Phyllis Ellingwood '43 is a member of the Nurses Cadet Corps.

Bill: Yes, and there 's also Jacquelyn Ranks '43 who is a typist in the Pentagon Building, Washington, D. C.

Sue: Shirley (Shad) Wilson '43 is piling up the score for the Maine School of Commerce basketball team.

Bill: I think we ought to mention James Watson '36. He was awarded a fellowship to study anthropology in Sao Paulo, Brazil under a convention for promotion of inter-American cultural relations.

Sue: His brother John Watson '38 is a physicist at Bausch and Lomb Optical Company in Rochester, N. Y. He married Janet Monohan '39.

Bill: Someone told me Sheldon Bernstein S 2/c is a radio operator of the amphibious branch of the Navy at Norfolk, Va.

Sue: Our brothers and sisters aren't the only graduates of B. H. S. Mrs. Mary Cox Redmond graduated in the class of 1914. Her son Frederick Redmond 1/c '44 is overseas.

Bill: Bernie Farrington '43 is with the combat engineers in France.

Sue: There are quite a few B. H. S. boys in France, among them being T/Sgt. Charles Paine Jr. '43 and Pvt. Arthur Babcock.

Bill: With the engineers in Germany is T/Sgt. Joseph Bernstein. Also stationed in Germany is William Drisko '43.

Sue: Many of the stores and business offices here in Bangor employ graduates of Bangor High: Pat Connelly is a telegraph operator at the Western Union, while Eleanor Smith is a stenographer, at Sears Roebuck. Behind the counter at Bryant's Jewelry Store we find Annie Stevens '43.

Bill: Well, I've about run out of news. Think this oughta help ya out quite a bit for the Alumni for the *Oracle*, hadn't it?

Sue: It sure has, Bill. I'd better go write it now before I forget it. Thanks loads. 'Bye 'Bye now.



B. H. S. TIMES



VOL. 54

APRIL, 1945

NO. 2

PLAY CONTEST HELD AT CORINNA

At the state one-act play contest held at Corinna on April 3, the Dramatic Club of B. H. S. presented "Prelude to Courage" by Lt. Austin Keith. The cast was as follows: Steve, Charles Neil; Joe, Leighton Mishou; Bob, Wayne Plummer; and the man, J. Palmer Libby.

"Prelude to Courage" is the story of three young men who have just received their commissions in the Air Corps, under the emotional strain of having seen one of their buddies crash the day before. An excellent philosophy on fear of death is given by the dead buddy's father.

The presentation of this play had particular significance for B. H. S., as its author, Lt. Austin Keith, a former student here, was killed in action recently. It was with mingled feeling of sorrow and pride that his play was presented.

SENIORS TO TAKE OVER CITY GOVERNMENT

On Citizenship Day, May 7, the seniors of B. H. S. are to take over the municipal government of Bangor. Under the direction of Arthur Boulter, city clerk, the senior class elected nine councilors on Monday, March 26.

Thirty-two seniors had filed nomination papers and were on the official ballot. Those elected from the candidates to serve on the city council are: Patricia Luttrell, Richard Faulkingham, Barbara Fletcher, Barbara Chapman, William Braveman, Robert Byers, Frederick Lewis, Marguerite Hart, and John Hatch.

JUNIOR PROM SPONSORED BY CLASS OF '46

The annual Junior Prom was presented by the class of '46 on Friday, March 23. The high school auditorium was gaily decorated in spring colors with tables placed around the room to give the effect of a night club. Invited guests included Principal and Mrs. J. B. Chaplin, Miss Barbara Welch, Miss Jessie Fraser, Dean Rachel Connor, and all junior teachers.

The committee in charge of arrangements was composed of the class officers, John Godsoe, president; Elsie French, vice-president; Mary Ellen Herlihy, secretary; Richard England, treasurer; and representatives of the junior home rooms, Robert Shorey, Herbert Follette, Georgia R. Lewis, Josephine Bowley, Barbara Neally, Neal Comeau, Chester Kennedy, and Malcolm Stevenson.

MOCK SENATE WILL CONVENE AT COLBY

Members of the Public Affairs Club are to participate in the imitation session of the United States Senate at Colby College, Waterville, on Saturday, May 5. Our school will send three delegates who are as yet unannounced. They will each represent a senator from a different state.

During the afternoon, committee meetings will meet to discuss and vote on various bills to be presented at the evening session at which the entire Senate will convene. This project is intended to bring about a better relationship among the high school and college students throughout the state.

Thursday afternoon, March 22, several members of the club, accompanied by Miss Cousins, made a tour of the Stock Exchange, where various technicalities were explained.

SCHOLARSHIP ASSEMBLY TO BE HELD JUNE 1

The third annual Scholarship Recognition Day will be held on Friday, June 1. At this assembly, the seniors who have maintained an average of 85 each semester for five semesters in all major subjects are presented certificates as B. H. S. "scholars." The tentative list of juniors and sophomores who have so far received the 85 average at each semester is also announced.

The National Honor Society will induct its new members at this time. The faculty chooses these initiates from the eligible juniors and seniors on the basis of scholarship, character, leadership and service. They will be formally initiated by Paul Burr, president.

ATHLETIC HONOR COUNCIL HOLDS ASSEMBLY

The Athletic Honor Council recently held an assembly for the purpose of taking in new members.

The initiates were:

The new members were taken up by: Patricia Arsenault, Glenna Billings, Barbara Fletcher, Florence Gunn, Joan Rosie.

Rituals were given by:

Jacqueline Morse, Scholarship
Marion Hanson, Dependability
Annabelle Robbins, Athletics
Celia Banton, Respect
Dolly Averill, Leadership
Marion Levesque, Sportsmanship

GIRLS HONORED BY R. O. T. C.

Barbara Chapman and Barbara Fletcher were named honorary lieutenant colonel and major of the R. O. T. C. at the annual mid-year hop.

They were selected by popular vote from five senior girls who had previously been nominated by the student body. Escorted by Cadet Lieut. Col. Paul Burr and Cadet Major Chandler Drisko, the honorary officers passed beneath an arch of sabres held by R. O. T. C. officials. Capt. Chester T. Corse presented each girl with her commission and a billfold inscribed with her initials and the infantry insignia. The dance was greeted with much enthusiasm by the R. O. T. C. members since it is their outstanding social event.

A TREE

A tree stands on a hill alone,
With earth and grass to call its home,
With bright blue skies to call its own.
How I would like to be a tree.

A tree whose leafy branches sway,
To all the breezes of the day,
And people stop to think and say,
"A tree lives at peace,—why can't we?"

by Robert Carpenter

SADNESS MAKES US REALIZE

(continued from page twenty-one)

"It seems like only yesterday," said Mrs. Haley, "that Ken came proudly home bearing his white patrolman's belt. He was so proud of it."

For quite a while the two older people almost completely forgot that they had not heard from their son for so many weeks, but then they came to the War Bonds.

Everyone of them had been earned by Ken during his after school hours. They were just like any other War Bonds, even the way the names were typed on them, but what they said was what made Mrs. Haley break into tears. The wording seemed cold.

"Mr. Kenneth Haley, Payable on death to Mr. Frank Haley."

"Oh, Frank, you don't suppose Ken could. . . ."

"Of course not," comforted Mr. Haley.

He meant to say more, but the door bell interrupted him.

He left his wife to answer the door. As he opened it, a bolt of fear seemed to strike him. It was a Western Union boy with a telegram.

Mrs. Haley saw all of this too. She stood at the top of the stairs weak and trembling. During all the time that Mr. Haley signed for the telegram and paid the boy, one thought continued to run through her mind. "Why haven't I done more to end this war sooner?" Over and over again she heard these same words.

She heard them so strongly that she was startled to hear her husband say, "Do you want to open it?"

"No, you'd better do it, Frank. I'm afraid."

Her husband's big hands clumsily tore open the envelope and withdrew the message. His voice was tired and trembling as he read, "Arrived in port yesterday. Will be home Sunday. Love, Ken."

Mr. Haley brought out a large white handkerchief, mopped his forehead and said, "Well, Mom, God and Uncle Sam have brought him back to us."

"Yes, Frank," she quietly replied, "they've brought him home. And you know, I think there is a little more you and I can do to bring everybody's boy home safely and sooner."

"You know, Mom," said Mr. Haley, "I was just thinking the same thing. There's a lot more we can do."

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