

SHelve IN SLACKS *Public* DOES NOT CIRCULATE

ORACLE

Bangor Public Library

RECEIVED APR 17 1941



Published by the Students of Bangor High School

Snap Those Pictures Now

of your Teachers, Classmates and
the Dear Old Alma Mater

Have them Developed at the

POST OFFICE PHARMACY

(opposite the Post Office)

For better snapshot results leave your
films with us for

DEVELOPING—PRINTING ENLARGING

Our modern photo finishing methods
are responsible for
the quality of our
work. Plan to give
us a trial soon.



Fowler Drug

104 MAIN STREET

BOUTILIER'S Jewelry Shops

— — —
Specializing in
REPAIRING

— — —
2 Shops
37 Park Street
268 Hammond Street

STEEL

SHEETS AND METALS

N. H. BRAGG & SONS

BANGOR, MAINE

REPLACEMENT
PARTS

AUTOMOTIVE
EQUIPMENT

Bangor Nursery Flower Shop



Upper State Street

Bangor Maine

Telephone 6144

John Bergholt

L. H. THOMPSON

SCHOOL PRINTING

THURSTON THOMPSON, Rep.

Agents for Shaw-Walker line of
Office Furniture

BREWER

MAINE

The Oracle's Classified Business Directory

The forgotten man of tomorrow is the man who failed to advertise today.

	Phone No.		Phone No.
Auto Electric Service		Printers	
ARVID L. EBBESON.....	3870	JORDAN-FROST PRINTING CO.....	4343
600 Main St.		182 Harlow St.	
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Banks		CONNERS PRINTING CO.....	
MERRILL TRUST COMPANY.....	5651	179 Exchange St.	3319
2 Hammond Street		H. P. SNOWMAN.....	3841
EASTERN TRUST & BANKING CO.	4531	40 Central St.	
2 State Street		<hr/>	
<hr/>		Radios & Pianos	
Fruits & Produce		RICE & TYLER.....	3351
C. H. SAVAGE CO.....	5661	98 Central St.	
62 Pickering Sq.		<hr/>	
<hr/>		Sea Food	
Funeral Directors		JONES' SEAFOOD MARKET.....	6422
WHITE & HAYES.....	2-0294	49 Pickering Sq.	
46 Center St.		<hr/>	
<hr/>		Shoe Repairing	
Grocers		PALMER SHOE MFG. & REPAIRING CO.	5479
LITTLE CITY MARKET.....	4554	35 Central St.	
289 Center St.		<hr/>	
SPANGLER'S Q NOT Q FOOD SHOP	8268	Shoe Stores	
8 Broad St.		CURRAN COMPANY BOOT SHOP	9562
O. E. MILLS & SON	8534	72 Main St.	
168 Center St.		<hr/>	
<hr/>		Super Service Station	
Ice Cream		CRONIN'S SERVICE STATION	9244
AUNT MOLLY'S ICES	9619	Corner Otis & State Sts.	
81 Central St.		<hr/>	
<hr/>			
Paper and Twine			
BROWN & WHITE PAPER CO.....	4883		
101 Broad St.			

Novel Presentations

FOR SPRING

AT

The Rines Co.

Including Juniors smart prints in
checks, sheers, plain colors.

Also the newest jewelry for the
glamour girls at Bangor High

... STUDENTS ...

JUST ARRIVED

Complete Stock—Latest Model

BICYCLES

Many Styles for Boy, Girl, Man or Woman
in your favorite color combination

Generous trade-in allowance on your old bike

Expert bicycle repair service

DAKIN'S

25-27 CENTRAL ST.

BANGOR

**BANGOR COKE
IS MADE IN BANGOR**

BY BANGOR LABOR

BANGOR GAS LIGHT Co.

1 CENTRAL ST.

TEL. 6481

BANGOR, MAINE



Brighten Up Your Home

If your home or other property is in need of painting, remodeling, repairs, installations, or improvements of any nature on house or grounds, you can finance the cost conveniently through a Modernization Loan to be repaid in small monthly installments. Make a list of needed improvements . . . get an estimate of cost . . . and discuss the question of financing with us.

EASTERN TRUST and BANKING COMPANY

TWO STATE ST.

BANGOR, MAINE

OLD TOWN

BRANCHES AT

MACHIAS

“Even a better
BUY for 1941”

IT'S THE
NEW GENERAL ELECTRIC
REFRIGERATOR

The
**BANGOR
HYDRO
STORES**

BANGOR MAINE
SCHOOL OF COMMERCE



An Institution of
Character and Distinction

Free Catalog

C. H. Husson, Prin.

THORNS---*Watch out*



The rose is lovely to look at but it must be picked with an eye on the thorns. Pharmacy supplies, too, must be picked with care because poor quality may be hidden by a pretty package, or an attractive price. Be safe! Buy famous brands here and be sure of getting the maximum dependability at the minimum cost.

Sweet's Drug Store

"The Best Place to Eat and Drink"

For Service, Cleanliness, and Comfort, make

Jonason's

Your Shopping and Dining Place

11 Main Street

Bangor, Me.

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

Entered as second class matter, June 14, 1914, at the post-office at Bangor, Maine, under the act of March 3, 1879.



VOL. L

NO. 4

The Oracle

April, 1941

Contents

COVER—Esther Smith

STORIES

A Champion's Comeback	Page 7
By Bernard Wilbur	
Why Mack is Now So Tame	Page 11
By Barbara Carr	
Highly Improbable	Page 13
By Lloyd Shapleigh	
In a Cobbler's Shop	Page 14
By Phyllis Weatherbee	
A Super-Duper Western Thriller	Page 16
By D. Whitman, Jr.	

POEMS

We, The Youth	Page 6
Anonymous	
The Ballad of The Mermaid's Man	Page 10
By Alfred Perry	
Fantasia in May	Page 14
By Marydel Coolidge	
Ode on a Cooperative Test	Page 14
By Baldy	
Inquiry	Page 16
By Norma Quinn	

FEATURES

Boys' Haven	Page 15
By Bernard Wilbur	
With the 152nd At Camp Blanding	Page 16
By Seldon Rogers	
Military Season, 1940-41	page 17
Record Column	Page 18
Alumni	page 19
Junior Exhibition Speakers	page 17
On the Bookshelf	page 22
Editorials	Page 23
Spinning Reel	page 24
Dots and Dashes	page 25
Spring Fashions	page 26
Outside the Classroom	page 28
Hokum	page 32
Record of The Rams	page 34
Girls' Athletics	page 34

Staff

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	Alfred Perry
<i>Assistant Editor</i>	Charles Jellison
<i>Business Manager</i>	Tom Hilton

<i>Literary Editors</i>	{ Jenny Johnson Joan Kirkpatrick Janice Minott John Downing
-------------------------------	--

<i>Activities</i>	{ Marydel Coolidge Janice Ames Philip Murdock
-------------------------	---

<i>Movies</i>	Marion Conners
<i>Radio</i>	Jack Campbell
<i>Book Reviews</i>	Judith Banton
<i>Hokum</i>	Phyllis Lipsky

<i>Passing in Review</i>	{ Garrett Speirs Pau'ine Holden
--------------------------------	------------------------------------

<i>Fashions</i>	Louise Eastman
-----------------------	----------------

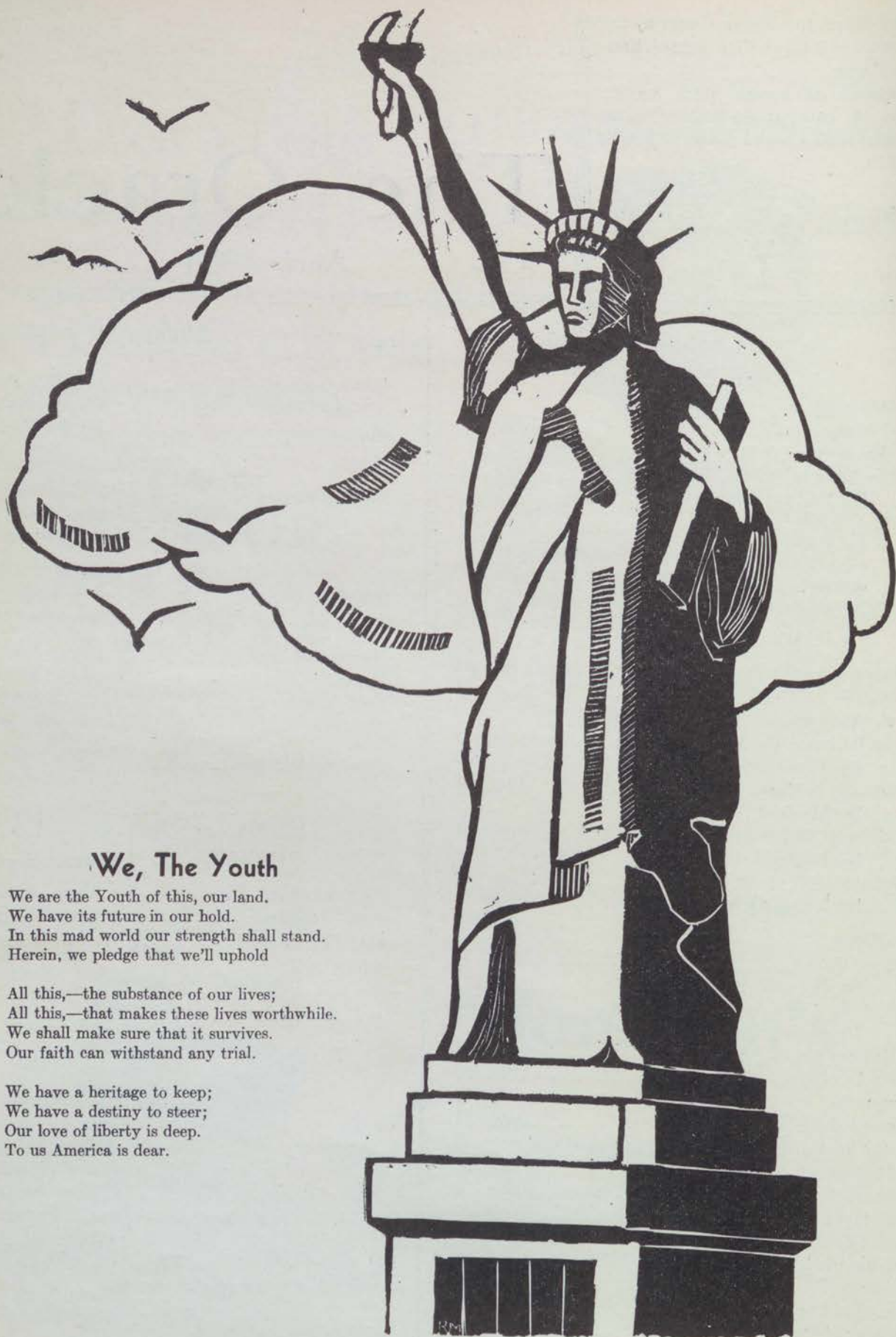
<i>Alumni</i>	{ Mary Farrar Benjamin Segal
---------------------	---------------------------------

<i>Girls' Athletics</i>	Louine Kimball
<i>Boys' Athletics</i>	Joseph Chaplin
<i>Staff Photographer</i>	Alvin Morris

<i>Business Staff</i>	{ Glenna Kleiner John Ballou Arthur Eaton Raymond Jones Alfred Keith
-----------------------------	--

<i>Artists</i>	{ Esther Smith Sidney Bamford William Drisko Richard Martin Charles DeCrow James Powers
----------------------	--

<i>Typists</i>	{ Miriam Merrill Florence Prusaitis Jessie Smith Ruth Palmer
----------------------	---



We, The Youth

We are the Youth of this, our land.
We have its future in our hold.
In this mad world our strength shall stand.
Herein, we pledge that we'll uphold

All this,—the substance of our lives;
All this,—that makes these lives worthwhile.
We shall make sure that it survives.
Our faith can withstand any trial.

We have a heritage to keep;
We have a destiny to steer;
Our love of liberty is deep.
To us America is dear.

A Champion's Comeback

BERNARD WILBUR

SENIOR



Bernard Wilbur Jr., the senior with the five dollar words, is right in season with his story of the baseball diamond. I need say no more; Bernard's former contributions to the Oracle are a good recommendation for this, his latest.

IN the final game of the 1939 season, the Bears left the diamond in triumph, but they felt far from happy. Their star pitcher, Bucky Adams, had collapsed on the mound as he fanned the last opponent, and had to be carried off the field in a stretcher. Three ligaments had been torn in his right arm after a quelling nine-inning pitching job. He had been rendered unconscious by the terrific pain in his right arm. He was rushed to the hospital where the doctor gave him the heart sickening verdict.

"You won't be able to use that arm for pitching for at least two years, son."

"What!" he exclaimed, finding it hard to believe what he had just heard. "Aw, now, gee, Doc! If this is a joke, cut it, because this is no time for joking."

"It's no joke, Bucky," solemnly said the doctor. "I'm going to be frank with you. You've sprained your arm badly and torn three ligaments besides. Unless you're pretty careful, you'll never get it back into shape again."

"You—you mean I'll be out next season?" Bucky, asked, a big lump rising in his throat.

The doctor solemnly shook his head. "I'm afraid that is the way of it, son."

Bucky had left the hospital and slowly and sadly returned to his home. As he walked up the front steps, his head in a whirl over the news, he heard a soft feminine voice call his name, and he looked up to see a beautiful girl standing on his porch. Her blue eyes were full of anguish and pity for him.

"Lora," he half whispered, his voice choked with emotion.

"Bucky!" she exclaimed, her eyes filling with tears. Then she ran forward and threw her arms around him, burying her head on his shoulder, and crying, "Bucky! oh, Bucky! Bucky!"

Bucky forced a wan smile, patted her head, and said,

"There, there. Come on; snap out of it! It isn't as bad as all that."

Then he gently lifted her chin up. What happened then is no concern of ours and has nothing to do with the story.

A few minutes later found them inside sitting down.

"Just what did the doctor say?" Lora asked.

"Oh, I'll be okay in no time," he assured her.

"Bucky!" she demanded. "Look at me! Tell me the truth! I've got to know."



..... looked up to see a beautiful girl.

For a moment he didn't answer. Then he told her what the doctor had said. When he had finished, she said with sympathy, "I—I'm so sorry, Bucky."

"Well, doctor, or no doctor, I'm pitching next year," he said fiercely.

"Are you out of your mind, Bucky?" Lora demanded. "Think what it'll mean. You'll never pitch again if you're not careful."

"They told Glen Cunningham, the time he burned his legs, that he'd never walk again, and look what he did."

"I know, Bucky, but—"

"There's no 'buts' about it," he returned defiantly. "Either the doctor is wrong, or I am." He went over to a window and looked out, adding, "And by next spring I'll know which."

Lora tried to reason with him but to no avail; for, after all, what could you say to a guy like that?

Months went by and as soon as he was allowed to use his arm once more, he began to pitch. At first he had no control and could use it only a few minutes at a time. Gradually he developed his pitching to clockwork precision. Day after day, week after week, month after month, he practiced. Slowly strength began to flow back into his arm until, when the 1940 season finally came, he believed he was ready to go back to the mound.

In the first few games, Coach Phil Bradley refused to but after much pleading, he finally consented, but then for only one or two innings a game. During the season the Bears piled on victory after victory, and, when it came time for the final series, they were the top team in the Red Star League. However, their hardest schedule was yet to come, to compete in the series for the pennant, with the toughest team in the Columbia League, the Eagles.

Both teams were well matched and knew that those final six games were going to be no picnic. In the first three games the Eagles won over their opponents, and it looked as if they had the series all sewed up, but the turning point came in the fourth game. To put it into Coach Bradley's own words, "The Bears took the Eagles like Grant took Richmond." They also won the fifth and sixth games, tying the series at three-all.

The seventh and final game brought a record crowd to the ball park to see this decision contest between the two teams. The game started at two o'clock in the afternoon with the Eagles at the bat. Coach Bradley sat on his bench, a worried scowl on his face. Suddenly he turned as a feminine voice called his name. It was Lora Johnson.

"Lora Johnson!" he exclaimed in surprise. "What are you doing here in the dugout?"

"I—I had to see you, Coach," she exclaimed. "It's about Bucky. Is his arm very bad? I see he isn't playing today."

"Well, there's nothing to worry about," he replied. "It's just that he overtaxed his arm yesterday and we thought it best for him not to play in this last game."

"Oh," she said woefully, "it must be a big disappointment to him. This last game meant so much to him. Why, that is all he has talked about for weeks now, the final game of the series."

The coach studied her thoughtfully for a few moments, then said, smiling wisely, "You love that kid don't you, Lora?"

"More than anything else in the world," she replied. Then she sat down on the bench beside him and added, "Not to change the subject, but who's taking Bucky's place?"

"A rookie," he replied sighing heavily. "Name's Carl Novak. It's his third game. He's pretty good, but I—I don't know. This game calls for someone with steel nerves, plenty of confidence, and control on balls. I'm not so sure he's got it. Frankly, I feel as if we've got about as much of a chance of winning as the world has at coming to an end within the next five seconds. I'm just hoping against hope that that kid will somehow bring us through. Confound it! Why did it have to be Bucky who got the bad arm?"

Suddenly they became alert as a deep voice echoed over the grounds, "Play ball!"

In the first half of the first inning the Eagles brought in three runs before young Novak could stop them. In the second half the Bears, at bat, didn't do so well. Their first man, Dickerson, fanned. Stevens came to bat next and on the second pitch knocked a high fly into right field for a two-bagger. The next man, Thompson, was put out at first and Stevens was tagged between second and third.

In the first half of the next inning, the Eagles scored two more runs, and in the last half the Bears scored one. Then neither side scored again until early in the seventh, when Jack Ford, ace hitter for the Eagles, smashed in a beautiful home run. The inexperience of young Novak broke his confidence in himself, and the result was that the opponents scored twice more. When the Bears came to bat they had a streak of luck when they brought in six runs.

On the bench Coach Bradley held his head in his arms. "I was afraid that kid would lose his self-control. Just an inexperienced rookie but he's all I had to put in there."

"What about Pete and Lefty?" Lora asked.

"Pete's out with one of those spring colds and Lefty's been in there every day for the last two weeks working like a steam shovel. He wasn't in any condition to play today. Heavens, I wish I knew what to do."

"You could let me have a crack at 'em," a voice spoke up behind him. Bradley and Lora turned to see Bucky behind them a grin on his face.

"Bucky!" he exclaimed. "What the deuce are you doing out here in your uniform?"

"Can't you guess?" he asked.

"Oh no!" the Coach refused. "If you think I'm going to let you go out there in the condition your arm is in, you're crazy."

"But gee whiz, Coach, that kid you've got in there is only a rookie."

"He's done all right so far."

"Yeah, but that homer Ford got killed the kid's confidence. The only way he can win now is by a streak of luck, and that's too much of a risk."

"Win or lose, I'm not going to put you in there and gamble on the hope that your arm'll stand up. Great balls of fire, Bucky, you've got to think of yourself."

"Think of myself," Bucky scoffed slowly, dropping to the bench beside Lora. "He wants me to think of myself while our boys are out there working their hearts out, and for what? So that the Eagles can walk away with the pennant."

"Oh, Bucky," Lora said pityingly, "don't make it any harder for yourself than it already is, please."

"Aw phooie!" the ball player exclaimed bitterly.



Down, down, down, and then—plump!

Suddenly their attention was drawn back to the game as the familiar "crack" resounded on their ear drums, as bat and ball connected. They followed the Eagle man's ball as it soared high in the air to land well outside the right field foul line. The next ball was knocked for a long grounder and the runner crossed "first" safely. The next man up sent the ball way into the out-field. This scored the first runner, from first base, making the score 9 to 7.

The next man stepped to bat and knocked in a beautiful home-run.

"For the love of heaven, Coach," Bucky pleaded. "Let me go in there, will you?"

"No!" flatly. "Now look, Bucky, I've got the whole responsibility of this team on my shoulders. If anything happens to one of them it is my job to see that they get their health back before they can play again. You know that."

Bucky tore his glove from his left hand and slammed it to the ground.

"Responsibility be hanged! Look, Coach. Let me go in and pitch the rest of this game and I'll assume all responsibility myself. If anything happens to me, I'll take the blame. Please, Coach, I'm not asking this for myself; our boys are fighting like the deuce for that pennant. They deserve it."

The Coach thought it over for a moment, and then said, "Okay, Bucky, you're on your own. You can go in there and pitch, but remember this: if anything happens to you, don't forget, you asked for it and I cancel all responsibility toward you."

"Thanks, Coach," Bucky said grabbing up his glove and jumping to his feet. Saying "Wish me luck," to Lora, he raced out on the field and took Novak's place.

"Guess I've made a nice mess of things, losing my self-control," Novak said wearily.

"Forget it, kid," Bucky advised happily. "You did all right. Why, shucks, we all run into a streak of bad luck once in a while."

"Well, good luck!" Novak said, as he left the mound.

"Thanks, fella; I'll need it."

Bucky fingered his ball deftly. He looked up as his first opponent stepped to the plate. It was Ford. "Hm," he said thoughtfully, "Giving me their best man right off the bat, eh?" He studied Ford, confidently standing there, bat in hand, and waiting for the pitch. Bucky slowly wound up and let go a fast outward curve. It couldn't have been more perfect if Lefty Grove had thrown it, and Ford did exactly what Bucky expected and hoped he would; he missed it. On the next pitch Ford sent the ball sailing down and outside the left field foul line. Bucky took his time on the next pitch. He carefully studied the batter for a moment watching his mental reactions to two misses. Ford was apparently calm and as cool as a cucumber. These were the qualities that distinguished a veteran from a "green-horn." Bucky sighed, wound up slowly, and let go a fast ball. As it streaked across the plate Ford swung with every thing he had. There was a loud crack and the ball soared high into the air. Bucky saw that it was coming down toward him. He got under it, his hands over his head, ready to catch it. Down, down, down it came and then—plump! He held it securely in his glove.

The next batter sent a grounder out to him and Bucky fired it to first for the second out. It was when the third man stepped to the plate that it happened, the thing Coach Bradley feared would happen. Bucky wound up and threw a low, fast curve for strike "one," and a stabbing pain shot through his injured arm. He winced and knew he should quit, but, like every good

(Please turn to page thirty-eight)

The Ballad of The Mermaid's Man

by Alfred Perry

The tale I tell is one of woe,
And sorrowing at sea,
Of mermaid and a college boy,
And love that could not be.

This college lad a lover was,
And loved with the love of youth,
And the girl he loved was a lovable girl,
An exquisite girl, in truth.

But alas! though dear he loved the girl,
The girl she loved him not;
And, though before she loved him well,
She now cared not a jot.

The reason for her loss of love
Was another lad, lovelier yet;
So she left one love for another love,
And abandoned her former pet.

In sorrow the poor youth solace sought
On the shore, 'neath a willow tree,
And he mixed his salt with the ocean's salt
As he wept by the side of the sea.

Each day he came to the self-same spot,
Each day at the self-same hour;
Each day he sobbed by the ocean's side
And bewailed his poor lost flower.

And then, as the days of his grief grew long,
He began to have company;
A mermaid came from the dark green depths,
Came forth from her home in the sea.

Then the beautiful mermaid sat in the surf,
Consoling him day by day,
Soothing his sorrows and sobbing sore,
And wheedling his cares away.

Then came a day when his weeping waned;
He began to enjoy the maid
As she sat in the surf and soothingly spoke,
And his grief commenced to fade.

He noticed how fair a maid she was,
How chic her sea-tweed, and smart;
Her beauty began to take effect,
And her sympathy softened his heart.

Each day came he still to the ocean's shore,
But no longer to grieve and be sad;
He came to see a sea-maiden fair.
He's fallen in love, this lad.

The day he proposed he first came aware
Of a barrier one couldn't ignore:
The sea-maiden had to remain in the surf,
And he couldn't leave the shore.

The full import of this sad fact was
That again had his love come to nought;
Again had joy been snatched from his grasp.
His hair stood on end at the thought.

Again sat he down 'neath the willow tree
And commenced to weep as before,
Till the mermaid said he a merman should be,
For then could he part from the shore.

Now this maid knew where the Sand Witch lived,
In the sand beside the sea;
She knew she dwelt in a sandy pit
In a dune near the willow tree.

So the mermaid straightway called the witch,
Who straightway thither ran,
And straightway changed the college boy
And made him a fair merman.

Then the mermaid took the mermaid home
To her folks beneath the sea;
And as happy was he as he'd never been,
So happy then was he.

But alas! how brief is happiness
When built on woman's whim!
A handsome mer-prince came along,
And wooed her away from him,

Oh, why had he ever become a fish,
Poor fish that had been!
The salt sea is a sorry spot
For one not born with fin.

Twice jilted! His tears could know no bounds;
His sorrow swelled full sore.
He sought the Sand Witch to change him back,
But could not find her more.

Oh, for a Sand Witch in his distress,
A Sand Witch to succour him.
Alas! as hark had eaten her;
Forever must he swim.

And now he sits in the salty surf,
In the sea-surf beside the sand,
Mourning as only a merman can,
And longing to be on land.

Why Mack Is Now So Tame

by Barbara Carr

Junior Barbara Carr again hits the bullseye with an appealing story, giving a new angle of the old brother-sister combination. We think you'll like it.

JANICE awoke suddenly, stretched luxuriously, and daintily covered a yawn with her hand. My! What a lovely world it was, she reflected happily, since it was Saturday morning and she didn't have to rush out into the cold to go to school. Her eyes, which were slowly becoming accustomed to the semi-darkness, suddenly flew wide open! Snatching her pillow, she hurled it in the direction of her dressing table and the well-aimed missile caught her little brother on the side of his head. Now she saw it all, that was why she awoke so much earlier than usual! The nerve of that little scamp pawing through her dresser-drawers! She knew in a second what he was after and leaping out of bed, she cried, "Johnny Adams, Jr.! You

longed to the whole town. Mack, the school's practical joker, and her escort nearly everywhere, thought it great fun to bribe Johnny into getting Janice's diary from her, especially whenever he would be at her house in the evening, as he was going to be this evening, since Janice and he were going to the dance at the Mapleway Country Club.

"So," she muttered under her breath, "I wonder what he promised Johnny this time."

While she was washing and dressing, she vowed solemnly to get even with Mack if it took her a lifetime. Soon her mother's voice broke into her scheming, asking if she intended to spend the rest of the day upstairs or if, perhaps, she really was going to come down to breakfast.

Janice slowly came down the stairs, looking deeply engrossed in thoughts. Her mother, catching the look on her face as she passed through the dining room, said anxiously, "Now, Janice dear, you know that Johnny isn't to blame. It's that Mack! I don't like that thoughtful look on your face. Now for heaven's sake promise me you'll not do anything rash."

Janice switched across the room and flouncing into a chair replied haughtily, "Honestly, Mother, you'd think that I was incapable of having a thoughtful look on my face! Furthermore, I've never done anything to Johnny that he didn't thoroughly deserve, but don't worry, I know who's behind it all right and I'll fix him somehow."

She banged the chair against the table as if to emphasize her determination to settle the score with Mack. However, this didn't change the worried look on her mother's face or lessen her anxiety because, from her previous experiences with the pranks of those two, she knew that anything might happen. But as the day slowly passed and she saw Janice serenely getting ready for the dance, her fears began to vanish. Janice, too, began to lose hope of any idea for punishing Mack until, while pressing her dress, she cried excitedly, "I've got it! I've got it!"

Forgetting everything else, she raced up the stairs and into the attic. A half an hour later, dirty and frowsy but with a self-satisfied smile, she came down the stairs carrying a huge brown box. Carefully she



... Keep away from my diary.

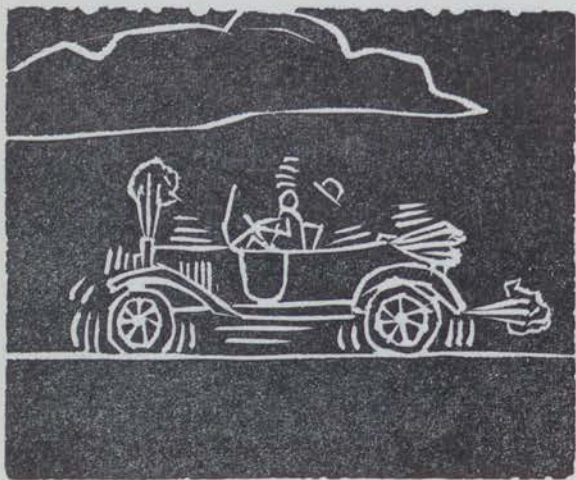
keep away from my diary! How many times have I told you to stay out of my room and away from my dressing table and above all to *leave my diary alone*?"

Surprised by this sudden attack, Johnny ran screaming from the room and down the stairs, shouting all the way for his mother. Janice closed the door, shutting out his cries, and started straightening the articles on her dressing table. While she was putting her things in order, she thought over all the trouble that her diary had brought her since she had received it last Christmas. Nearly everyone in town teased her about it because Mapleway was a small town and family jokes soon be-

unwrapped the contents of the box and carried it happily into the living-room. Her mother glanced up to see what she was humming about and when she saw what Janice held in her hands, asked with a puzzled look, "What in the name of common sense have you unearthed that old recording machine for?"

Janice grinned impishly and answered, "You'd never guess, Mother! But you must help me when Mack comes, by not coming down stairs until we are all ready to go and by being sure that Johnny is safely in bed. You'll do it for me, won't you, Mother? If it works out right this will be the end of Mack's schemes."

Her mother, feeling that anything was worth that, agreed to do as she asked, and Janice went about her task of concealing the machine behind the couch. Next she wrote a few words on a small white card and, placing a tack through the top of the card, put it in quick reach on the table. Then she finished getting her clothes ready for the dance, but slipped a housecoat over her evening dress.



Several bangs, wheezes, and coughs . . .

Soon several bangs, wheezes, and coughs announced the arrival of Mack's flivver. Snatching the little card from the table, Janice went to open the door for him. Expressing great surprise and delight she ushered him in, saying, "Why Mack dear, how extremely nice of you to come in after all!"

Looking surprised, Mack answered, "What do you mean, extremely nice, isn't it the custom any more?"

But Janice was looking in the mailbox and pretended not to hear. However, she was really tacking the little card beside the door. It read: *Quarantined for Mumps.*

She went into the living room where Mack was waiting for her and sat down very carefully on the right end of the couch. After Mack had seated himself beside her she said, "Really Mack, I didn't think you'd do this for just little me."

"Do what?" Mack asked.

"Why," Janice explained elaborately, "After all, the sign beside the door told you plainly enough that we were quarantined for mumps, so I didn't think that you'd actually take such a risk by coming in after reading it."

Poor Mack's face grew livid and his mouth opened and closed silently several times before he managed to squeak, "Why—why—I never thought! I mean I didn't notice—"

But as usual, he figured it all out to suit his own ends and decided that since he was there he might as well make believe that he had wanted to come in and said, "What I mean is that I wouldn't have stayed out for anything."

At this point Janice reached behind the couch and snapped the switch that started the recording machine. Mack continued hurriedly, "You know how much you mean to me and everything, Janice. Gosh, I just couldn't see you be made to stay home if I couldn't too."

(Here a mixture of disappointment, longing and self-admiration for his martyrdom, passed over his face.)

He went on at length to orate how wonderful he thought Janice was and how clever, and how far he would go to please her. Suddenly Janice interrupted him and reaching down behind the couch, removed the machine and started upstairs with it saying, "Excuse me a moment, Mack, that was all I wanted to know."

Mack sat there with his mouth open and said when she came back, "Say, what was that thing, anyway?"

"That thing," Janice answered coolly, "was recording everything that you said to me. And whenever I hear of any more bribing by a certain party, the record of your devotion will be played before the whole gang. Now we will just pass by the little incident and proceed to the dance and it will never be brought up again unless I find it entirely necessary."

After a lot of sputtering and stammering, since Mack realized what it was all about, he finally said, "Okay, okay you win! I suppose I ought to be thankful that we won't miss the dance." On the way out he tore up the quarantine sign, muttering that if it hadn't been there, that would have been the last straw.

Janice, on her way out, whispered to her mother as she said goodbye, "Well mums, my life may be an open book, but from now on my diary certainly won't be!"

Highly Improbable

by Lloyd P. Shapleigh

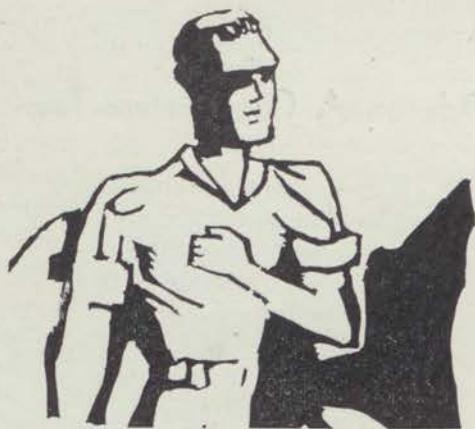
For his first story in the Oracle, junior Lloyd Shapleigh produces a tale with a humorous situation and a surprise ending. Lloyd, a prolific writer, seems to have a knack for story telling.

AN anxious world waited breathlessly for the news. Huge crowds gathered around newspaper offices and radio stations, clamoring for the information that they desired.

At last word came through.

Newspapers used the biggest headlines ever. The *New York Times*' were four and a half inches high, while those of the *Daily Mirror* were seven inches tall. But they all bore the same message, a message that permitted a high strung and nervous nation to feel, at last, a relief from the nerve-wracking tension that it had experienced in the past few weeks. The greatest criminal menace of the ages had at last been removed; a menace greater even than authors dared write about.

"Ecnanem Dies in Chair," "Chair Claims Ecnanem," "Ecnanem Electrocuted," "Madman Ecnanem Pays Penalty," screamed the bold headlines, and a nation breathed a sigh of relief, settling back into its old routine of life. The worst threat to the ways of decent living had been abolished . . . or had it?



..... Beating a mad tatoo on his chest.

Two figures were seated in a dimly lit room, the shades of which were drawn. The first character, a large man with shaggy hair and wide staring eyes, was in an easy chair, a self-satisfied grin on his imbecilic countenance. Seated opposite him, the other occupant was unrecognizable in the dark of the room.

"Yes, Herman, you have done well," spoke the unknown in a sharp voice, "and you shall be paid well for your fine work."

The imbecile's grin broadened, and he nodded faintly and shifted himself in the chair so as to be more comfortable.

"The fools, thinking that they could kill me," he snarled. "We had the Sing-Sing power plant stepped down so very low that I received but a mild shock, but the best part, Herman, was when you substituted a dummy stethoscope for the real one in that half-witted doctor's case. Then posing as the only living relative I had, you took my supposedly dead body away! Now, Herman," he boasted in his sharp voice, "I shall take up my work where I left off." He leaned forward in his chair, and in a voice hardly above a whisper, began to explain to Herman a new, fiendish, crime he intended to execute. As he talked, his eyes became larger and his excitement was shown by his slowly rising voice. The other grinned acknowledgement as the speaker raved on; his voice was now at a high pitch and his entire body trembled with the mad thoughts that raced through his mind. He got out of his chair and continued to shout, now making wild gestures with his arms as he stamped from one end of the room to the other. A trace of fear flickered across Herman's face and he bit his lip. He had seen this man do the same thing before and was afraid. He got out of his chair, and with fear in his heart, made his way along the wall towards the door, slipped out and left the other shouting to himself. Herman's master did not miss his servant's absence, for his excitement had reached a climax and he started to beat a mad tatoo on his chest. Harder and harder he beat, his eyes wild, and his own mind completely shattered by his own insane insinuations.

The next day a small, seemingly unimportant item appeared in a corner of page sixteen in a well known New York paper. The average reader, engrossed in the details of the recent electrocution of Regnad Ecnanem would hardly notice it, but the more observant ones who did, read the following account:

"Ossining, N. Y. Jan. 11, 1936 (AP) Local police found the body of a man in a downtown hotel here last night. He had been beaten on the chest with some blunt weapon and was killed when a broken rib pierced his heart. Police could find no means of identification and the case is being investigated."

In a Cobbler's Shop

by Phillis Weatherbee

AT the end of this crooked street is the cobbler's shop. Here Mr. Gregg sits all day, mending shoes, shoes, shoes, endless rows of shoes. These little black patent leather dancing shoes belong to Anita, the mayor's youngest daughter. Those evening slippers on that shelf were worn by Mrs. Gray, the oldest resident of our town, at her wedding, and will be worn next week by her grand-daughter, Helen, at her wedding. Each pair has a different story to tell; each has had an eventful life whether it has never been outside a home or has traveled to the far ends of the earth.

Mr. Gregg takes a last look around the shop to see that everything is safe for the night; then he softly locks the door and plods his weary way homeward. Today has been a very hard day, and the cobbler drifts into a peaceful slumber while reading the evening paper. As he sleeps on, there is a click in the far end of the shop and the attention of all the shoes is turned towards the little patent leather dancing slippers as they start to speak. "Have you seen my new taps? Aren't they just too lovely? And just think of all the fun I'll have. I will be worn every time Anita tap dances. I bet the rest of you won't be so lucky."

Now Mrs. Gray's wedding slippers speak. "I will. I'll be worn by a beautiful young lady at her wedding. Now, aren't you all jealous? And, just think, this will be my second wedding. I call that luck."

"Yes," say the dancing slippers, "but think of all the years you spend stored away in a trunk in a dingy old attic, and you may never be worn again. But, as for me, I will be used until I'm worn out, and ———."

"And after you're worn out, what then?" interrupts a tiny old pair of white baby shoes. "You will be just discarded. But I—I shall be kept as a remembrance of a chubby, laughing baby. And I will not be stored in a musty old attic. I will be put in a beautiful cedar chest where I may be looked at whenever an opportunity presents itself."

A pair of bedroom slippers suddenly speaks. "Just think of me. I never have to walk the dusty streets or through mud and water. I spend my time by a cozy fireplace or stuck up on an easy chair. I live a lazy life but still a very busy one."

"Speaking of a busy life, I am worn by an old lady who earns her living selling apples from door to door. I have trudged many a weary mile protecting blistered feet from the rough cobblestones. I am nearly worn out but will probably be worn for many years to come."

But hush!!! The cobbler is awakening. We must now close the door of our imaginations. We have had our glimpse of the cobbler's dream.

Fantasia In May

Marydel Coolidge

Spring. . . delicate, chateause,
Whispering joyful endearing promises—
Heaven's midnight depths, inlaid with a mystic star-dust mosaic—
Provoking breezes marring the moist velvet air with memories—
Wistful strands of spun gold sunshine—
A pallid skyline flushing self-consciously at earth's awakened admiration—
Swamps alive with throaty trumpeters—
A flute-like caroler trilling melodies to a blushing dawn—
The sun stirring the deepest root with a mother's warmth—
An impertinent caterpillar wriggling in new-born ecstasy—
Piquant pansies bowing knee-deep to the minuet of an old-fashioned garden—
Deft-winged plumage soaring on the crescendo of a spring-song—
A ballet of daisies pirouetting before a wayward wind—
A frenzied bee wafting passionately from one exquisite temptation to another—
Flippant Nature heralding a world, hungry for peace, to stare
As she blends a feast of color and harmony on her matchless palate—
An artist poised before a breathless sketch of May.

Ode on A Cooperative Test

by Baldy

Oh, little innocent cooperative test
You who cause us much unrest,
You are things we all should know
That's why our marks are soaring low;
You are vital for a college
But you drain us of all knowledge;
Oh, what torture, oh, what pain
Trying to think with an achin' brain,
How should we know what is right
When we've been up half the night,
Just a crammin' and a fearin'
All the questions that we're nearin'
I wish that I might find the gent
Who all this trouble to us lent,
The things I'd do to him—
Yes, I know 'twould be a sin,
And when I die as we all will
And I my seat by Satan fill,
Consider I've done my best
To rid the world of this wretched test.

Boys' Haven

by Bernard Wilbur, Jr.

ONE of the typical American instincts that is imbedded in the soul of almost every youngster is the desire to construct. At home, for instance, a chair needs repairing. Father isn't available; so Johnny goes to work to fix it. Or perhaps Mother wants, oh, let's say, an end table; so Johnny goes to work and builds it for her. This urge to build is one of the best hobbies a boy can have because it teaches him to depend upon his own initiative instead of having to rely on someone else, in making what he wants.

If, at an early stage, he shows this desire to make things from wood, it is a very wise thing to encourage such initiative, for the following reasons: (1) it gives him self-confidence; (2) it encourages him to invent his own ideas and display them in his work; (3) it teaches him safety-first and carefulness, because the constant fear of being hurt by the machines teaches him to keep alert and to think clearly; (4) it enables him to learn one of life's greatest lessons, "Patience"; and (5) it enables him to see what should or should not be in a finished product.

If the lad does show the talent to build, where may he obtain such training? The answer is, "in the school woodshop."

To illustrate, let us take the case of John King, a student in the Bangor Public Schools. In the fall he enters seventh grade and among his subjects is shopwork. He has always shown signs of a love for making things and has never had an opportunity to do so. On the first day there, the instructor explains what is expected of the boys and gives a general explanation of the shop and equipment. The only machine in the shop, the boys observe, is a power driven grindstone. The reason for there not being planers, electric saws, and other machines, is that youngsters of that age haven't reached the mental stage of life where it would be safe to allow them to use such dangerous machinery.

The first task John has to do is to "square a board." That is, he is to plane both surfaces and edges of the board so that they are straight and level. Now this first job may prove dull and tiresome, but, nevertheless, without this beginning he could never hope to build more complex things. After this first job, he begins to make things such as pencil holders, knife and fork boxes, plant stands, etc. The next year he builds even bigger things such as cedar chests, and all this time he's learning one of life's great lessons—individualism.

A good many people don't realize the extreme value and importance of wood working, but I believe that it is just as important as English, geography, spelling, arithmetic, or any other subject. Why? Well, the young-

ster goes to his other studies day after day. He has text books before him and all he has to do is to learn the facts and ideas in them, whereas in woodshop he has to depend upon his own individual ideas and initiative to accomplish the task set before him. In other words, he learns to depend on himself.

Now let's skip ahead to the time when John enters Bangor High School. Let us assume he takes the industrial course. Shopwork is one of his subjects. We'll suppose he is under the rotating system used in many high schools today, that the periods are an hour long, and that two are devoted to shopwork. Let us say that his shop-work falls on the third and fourth periods. He goes to his other subjects and is under a mental strain constantly. By the time he reaches shop he is slightly taxed. This work, more manual than mental, is a let-up on his mind. Here he feels free to move, free to think, without tense feeling and uncertainty about how his work will turn out.

Shopwork differs greatly in high school. In the elementary schools the boy gets his basic training; in high school he applies this basic training to more complicated jobs, and with the aid of machinery, turns out work in larger variety. Now, let us look in on John as he works away on a project for himself.

Now, first of all, every boy is given a card saying he has to work with machinery. He takes this home and it is signed by his parents or guardian. Upon returning this to his instructor, he is allowed to use machinery, after, of course, he is taught how to use it.

Let us assume that John is making a magazine rack. First he goes to the supply room and selects his "stock," that is, the wood from which he makes the first part of his work. He puts it through the planer, to get the required thickness. Then he joints the edges to make them even. Next, he saws the board to the required length and width. Then, if the job requires it, he traces out the irregular pieces and cuts it on the band saw. The legs, and all circular pieces, are turned on the lathe. When all the pieces are finished, and rough sandpaper has been used on them, he puts the job together with brads and screws. Next he goes over it well with fine sandpaper; then he usually shellacs the job four or five times, lightly sandpapering it, after each coat, to get any rough places caused by the shellac, or he may use varnish for this process.

Well, there you have it in a nut shell: the story of the importance of the woodshop—what it does for the boys. Remember, contrary to the mistaken belief, the woodshop doesn't intend to turn out better carpenters, but better workers, better thinkers, and, above all, better citizens. Yes, this department is a great beneficial factor in our educational system.

A Super-Duper Western Thriller

by D. Whitman, Jr.

OUT of the west comes a clatter of hoofs and a lusty "Heigho Sliver." No, it's not the Lone Ranger but the Lone Stover* and his faithful Indian companion Sonto. "Listen," says the Lone Stover as he puts his foot on the brake peddle, bringing his horse to a stop, "I think I hear a shot."

"By golly, yes, it sure sounds like one. Suppose it is," says Sonto.

"I reckon we'd better ride up to the top of that bluff and see what's cookin'."

"Hope it's good to eat," retorts Sonto. They were away in a cloud of dust and after a short, hard voyage reached the top of Red Horse Mesa. There they found an old prospector lying in a pool of blood, his own blood.

"Here we are, blood running everywhere and us without spoons," said Sonto. "Suppose he's dead?"

"Could be," was the Lone Stover's reply. "Hurry and we'll be able to catch the varmints that committed this dogone dastardly deed. They couldn't have gotten far." After they had ridden a few thousand or rather a few hundred thousand miles, they came upon the culprits, sitting peacefully in their camp, knitting. Did they kill the Lone Stover? Did he kill them? Send in one boxtop from the bottom of a box of "Hep," that new cereal so full of vitamins, and we will send you the answer if we figure it out.

*Note to lower classmen

A range is a stove so you take the stove and add *r* to it just as you did to range to get ranger. This gives you Lone Stover instead of Lone Ranger. Heh! Heh! Get it? I don't, so if you figure it out, explain it to me, s'il vous plait.

Inquiry

by Norma Quinn

I wonder if I'll always walk alone,
If down the years your memory will remain,
And in the sweetest passage of a song
A single thought will bring you back again.

I wonder if the Spring will ever be
A source of melancholy joy to me.
If always in the summer night will come
Ghosts of a time you never meant to be.

I wonder why life has to taunt me so,
With what it knows is not for me to share,
Why along life's highways never blaze,
A million, brilliant warnings to beware.

With Battery E At Camp Blanding

Seldon Rogers, Class of '41

Practically all of you have some friend or even relative at Camp Blanding, so you have heard more or less of their military careers since they left Bangor for Florida. "The Oracle" is indebted to Pvt. Seldon Rogers, 43rd Division, 152nd Field Artillery, Battery E, for the following interesting account. In case any of you Northern readers see fit to mail "The Oracle" to your friends at Camp Blanding, we send along our best wishes for their success. We think of them often with pride.

"Battery E was inducted February 24, 1941, and then we spent twenty days at the Armory at South Brewer, engaged mostly in close order drill. We left South Brewer on March 15, on our way to Florida. After joining Batteries D. and F. at the Bangor Armory, we were escorted to the Union Station to leave on the 3:15 train. As soon as we were on board, we opened the windows to talk to the people who had come down to see us off. Some of us felt pretty bad, but so much for that.

"That night we shifted engines at Portland from a Maine Central to a Boston and Maine. Then from seven o'clock on, we watched the porter make up eleven double beds. Early the next morning, the engine was shifted again at Albany to a New York Central and then later at Jersey City to a Baltimore and Ohio, which took the train to Washington, D. C.

"From Jersey City we were glad to see through the early morning fog the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. At Philadelphia, we marched, principally to stretch our legs. Again at Washington, we got off the train and took a walk nearly to the Capitol Building. From this city, a Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac engine hauled the train to Richmond, where a Seaboard Line engine took us right into Camp Blanding, Florida, on Monday afternoon, at four o'clock.

"Here we were greeted by a Southern Band, and then we were taken in trucks to our camp area, about two miles distant. Our camp area is near the 103rd Field Artillery, with Battery F, 152nd Field Artillery back of us and Battery D beside us. The ground here is very sandy, almost like a desert. The first week we worked at fixing up our tent area and double decking our bunks. The tents are fifteen feet square, with a stove like an ice cream cone upside down in the center. The tent houses six men.

"The second week began our thirteen week training period. Each morning we have exercises at 7:30 sharp, followed by close order drilling. We have had periods on military discipline and courtesy, pistol marksmanship, tent pitching, and chemical warfare. As for our meal

(Please turn to page twenty-two)



MAJOR RAGAN

MILITARY SEASON 1940-41



SERGEANT DONCHECZ

MILITARY season this year opened on the 23rd of September with a general organization of the platoons. There were no officers of any kind appointed at this time, and it was competition from the word go.

During the first two or three weeks the battalion was engaged in the drawing of rifles and equipment preparatory to its first real training. As soon as the entire unit had been equipped, training in the fundamentals of foot movements began so that we might be ready for our first parade on the 11th of November.

In the middle of October, Lieut. Col. Ragan, who was at the time in the grade of Major, announced the appointments of the cadet commissioned officers. They were as follows:

Battalion Commander.....Lieut. Col. Fowler
2d. Comd. Bn-Ex.....Major Vafiades
Adjutant.....Capt. Tuck
Supply Officer.....1st. Lt. Pearson
Communication O.....1st. Lt. Campbell

Company A

Co. Comdr.....Capt. Peterson
2d. Comd.....1st. Lieut. Doherty
Platoon Commanders.....Lieuts. Turner, Jones, Kneidl

Company B

Co. Comdr.....Capt. Patten
2d. Comd.....1st. Lieut. Dauphinee
Platoon Commanders.....Lieuts. Grant, Strang, Keenan

Company C

Co. Comdr.....Capt. Reynolds
2d. Comd.....1st. Lieut. Oakes
Platoon Comdr.....Lieuts. Nelson, Jonason, Gamble

APPOINTMENTS EFFECTIVE MARCH 31, 1940

Cadet 1st Lieutenants;—Jones, Raymond D., (No change in duty); Nelson, Franklin T., (No change in duty).

Cadet 2nd. Lieutenants;—Murray, Francis D., Bat. sup. officer; Jackson, Roland, Bat. Communicator.

Master Sergeants;—McKay, Wilfred R., Sergeant Major; Vardamis, George A. Bat. Supply Sergeant.

Technical Sergeants;—Daigle, J. Warren, Bat. Communicator Sergeant.

ARMISTICE DAY

After the Armistice Day parade in which the R. O. T. C. Battalion did an excellent job considering the short time in which they had been training, we settled down to study routine of class work and tests for the seniors and juniors, with drill and a small amount of class work for the sophomores. This schedule was interrupted only by the Blue and Gold dance in November and the Mid-Year Hop in January.

As you all remember last year, Lieut. Col. Ragan gave three medals for scholarship in Military Science.—one for the best MS-I student based upon his general ability and class work; one for the best MS-2 student based upon his class work and tests; and one for the best MS-3 student based upon his class work and military theory and grades made in tests. So far this year, competition has been very stiff, especially in the MS-3 class. The seniors have taken three tests on special subjects, and the three highest in each test are given below.

Map Reading	{ Vafiades	98
	{ Gamble	97
	{ Nelson	96
Infantry Weapons	{ Turner	94
	{ Nelson	93
	{ Doherty	92
Technique of Rifle Fire.	{ Fowler	98
	{ Jones	98
	{ Nelson	98
	{ Vafiades	95
	{ Tuck	93

The MS-2 students have stood one examination; the three high men in that were:

Dillan	93
Burr	91
Oppenheim	89

The MS-1 students have been competing in two important subjects thus far; the three high men in these were as follows:

Rifle Marksmanship	Cameron, R.	98
	Darrel, A.	97
	Thompson, D.	95
Military Courtesy and Discipline	Thompson, D.	90
	Ramsey, M.	90
	Drisco, W.	90

We were fortunate enough to have our Professor of Military Science and Tactics, Lieutenant Colonel Ragan, advanced in November to his present grade from his previous one of Major. The whole battalion extend their heartiest congratulations and hope that he will continue to mount higher in the service.

So far this year we have lost very few men because of their inability to make the grade in their work. We did however, lose two of our 1st Lts., Dauphinee and Doherty to the National Guard when it was called into service in March. The loss of these two men has been keenly felt by all of the MS-3 students. However, to prove the old saying that everybody's loss is somebody's gain, the senior non-commissioned officers now have a chance to compete for the advancement in rank. As yet no announcement has been made as to who will be the lucky persons, and this announcement is awaited with great eagerness by all concerned.

The battalion has now started working for the spring inspection in May and the men themselves have begun thinking about the medals for the best squad, best platoon, and best company, which are awarded on the day of inspection, May 22nd. This unit has always maintained a rating of an honor school, and we intend to continue to do so.

On the second night after the inspection will come the annual Military Ball, the big formal dance which for a number of years now has been one of the high lights of the school season.

Probably the last event in which the battalion as a whole will be engaged will be the May 30th parade, with uniforms and equipment being turned in soon after this.

Before this review of the year's activities of the Military Science Department of the school is finished, we should like to take this opportunity on behalf of the whole unit to thank the *Oracle* for affording us this chance, and the faculty, and students for the way in which they have stood behind us in all our projects, and to assure the student body what we shall continue to carry on in a way we hope will bring nothing but honor to the school.

Record Column

The sign of a great year came in almost with young 1941 himself, in the form of Glenn Miller's in the groove rendition of the old "Anvil Chorus." That this number is really good is proved by the fact that it's still a best seller on all the lists. It's a two-part number, both sides of Bluebird B10982, and for our money it's Miller's band at its heated height. . . in other words, as hot as we've ever heard it. They really go to town in Part II, and starting with a neat bit of hot drumming towards the end, they wrap up the "Anvil Chorus." Everybody that hears it, likes it! ! !

And watch for another Miller Killer that's now available at your favorite record shop. It's in the same class as "Anvil Chorus". . . and maybe a little more punch. It's the Miller band swinging out with "Volga Boatmen. . . and do they give! ! !

Personally, we go for good drumming, and Gene Krupa is one of the best. His band hasn't wrapped up too many good discs, but "Blue Rythm Fantasy" (Okeh 5921) is for the most part a pleasant change. Krupa has a chance to shine—and for another more pleasant change, he takes advantage of it. Part I is slow and uninteresting, but the band settles down and lets go in Part II.

Decca is sponsoring a new Sepia Series, featuring good colored performers. The best we've heard so far in the series is an Erskine Butterfield arrangement of the well-known "Whatcha Know Joe?" (Decca 8510) which has a bit of average piano and clarinet and some good rythm work. The reverse is "Beale Street Mama," a blues number.

"Frenesi" appeals to most everyone in one or another of its many arrangements. Of course the Artie Shaw version is the best known, but take a listen to Will Bradley's rendition. The other side is another late hit, "I Hear a Rhapsody" and ask for Columbia.

Benny Goodman, one of the better boys, is getting back on the solid side with a great recording of "There'll Be Some Changes Made." There's some of the smoothest trumpet work ever done in Avalon by that old master of the aes cavum, Harry James. Speaking of Trumpet, Ziggy Elman made a couple of hot platters for Bluebird awhile back: "Let's Fall in Love" and "You're Mine You." But his best is without doubt his super arrangement of "Zaggin' With Zig."

For something else again, all you Tommy Dorsey fans ought not to miss "But Look At Me Now," and "Let's Get Away From It All." Frank Sinatra, who handles the T. D. vocals, is a little bit of all right; he's smooth and mellow, and he can put a song across like no one else in the racket. So everybody, take a listen to some of Tommy Dorsey's late discs.

Alumni



SPRING again. Mm—mmm-m-m, just smell that air! Ah yes, *this* is the time of year that our Hokum editor so patiently (?) awaits. It seems that she *really* finds news, and plenty of it, in the spring. But before we get too much of this spring fever we would like to give you the dean's list of Maine, for the first semester. Here it is:

Ada Alpert
Guilio, J. Barbero, '40
Elizabeth J. Barker
Donald E. Beaton
Irving S. Broder, '40
Blendin L. Burton
Howard A. Crosby '39
Donald B. Devoe
Celia Goos
Fred C. Hanson
James E. Hastings, '40
Florence A. Hathaway
Betty C. Mack
Janet G. Monohon
Jean A. Morse, '39

Virginia Moulton
Robert C. Petterson
Emily Rand
Albert F. Reynolds, '39
Margaret R. Romero
Irene L. Rowe
Sylvia A. Rubin
Peter J. Skoufis
Phyllis L. Smart
Paul Smith, '39
Natalie M. Stevens, '39
Margaret Cromwell Talbot, '39
John T. Watson,
John P. Webster, '39
Ruth E. White, '37

Congratulations, all you scholars. . . just watch out for spring fever!

And, while we're on the subject of deans' lists. . . Kendall Cole, '40, was on Bowdoin's for the first semester. And with 3 A's too!

Say—even tho' it *is* April, we've certainly had our share of cold weather these last two months, n'est-ce pas? Remember March eighteenth and its 6 degree temperature. . . ??? Oh, those lucky gals and fellas who hop off to the warmer climates! F'rinstance—Pat Upton, and Herky Dauphinee, of the National Guard who, in March, left Vacationland to go to Florida. Of course, we know they aren't Alumni yet—but, by the time they come back they will be. . . and June *is* only two months away, seniors!

Ellen Hathorn, '37, also has been in Florida during a month's vacation from her job at the E. M. G. H.

Paul Ford, '40, is in Florida now, you know; so Ford, Woodcock, and Golden, Inc. will prob'ly await his return before they film another of their masterpieces. . . but, from our knowledge of John and Bob, they've probably already spotted a gal or two to star in their next picture.

Frannie Roberts, '40, a former member of G. A. H.

C., has been busy at the high school nearly every day during March refereeing girls' intra-mural basketball games. . . just keeping on with her duties of last year out of sheer habit.

"Pepsy" Savage's acting skill has certainly been established for all time. As "Ophelia" in *Hamlet*, presented by the Maine Masque, Barby did a grand job and we certainly are proud of her.

Dayson DeCourcy was good in his role too. Seems that B. H. S. graduates just delight in dramatics, what with Evy Rice, '40, in Emerson College. . . and Dud Utterback, B. Savage, B. Reid, J. Mack, D. DeCourcy, H. Rowe, to mention a few accomplished veterans of past Maine Masque productions.

And, right here, we'd like to say "hello," for all her friends here at B. H. S., to Lois Hardison, '40, away out in Washington state. She's probably the most distant reader of the "*Oracle*" that we have at this time!

Probably you all know about that super Debate Club dance on March 14 (how could you help it with Jellison around?)—well—we were just talking it over—and you know, a remarkable number of post-grads were there. It certainly does seem swell to have them come to our dances again.

Bessie Smith, '37, is now working in New York in a jewelry concern and her brother, Paul, sophomore at the U. of M., is a member of the Contributors' Club, and an officer in the Spanish Club.

In reading the list of Night School attendants last week, we came across a number of names of B. H. S. grads, among them Margaret and Lois Vincent, who had been taking business courses there. They had both been awarded typing certificates. . . good for you, gals. Margaret is a sculptress in reality, you know, and has a studio here in Bangor.

Charlotte Gifford, '39, was elected president of Phi Mu sorority at U. of M.

Chester Kennedy, a former physical education teacher at B. H. S., is now connected with N. Y. A.

Harold Cooperstein is marching in the army now, while his sister "Honey" has marched down the middle-aisle in New York.

Elinor Glazier's engagement to a Portland man has recently been announced.

JUNIOR EXHIBIT

MEDALIST



William Rogan:

The chief joys of this junior's life are R. O. T. C., track (cross country), and science. Bill is also a member of the "B" Club. When Bill isn't out dashing around the country side like a frightened rabbit, he's in his laboratory trying to discover a way to make dynamite from Latin books. (It certainly has possibilities!)

Bill hopes to study to become a teacher upon graduating, but until then, if you see a good-looking boy with a piece of mince pie and a test tube, you can be sure who it is.



Harold Chason:

Introducing junior Hal Chason, slick-fielding baseball player and clever basketball man. Last season Hal held down second base for the Rams and played junior varsity basketball. Along with these sports he tries his hand at skiing, tennis, and swimming, and is a member of the "B" Club.

Hal keeps the neighborhood in the vicinity of Forest Avenue awake nights by practicing his clarinet. He also likes to get out the old school books "once in a while" and do a bit of French. The U. of M. may get this likeable fellow two years hence.

SPEAKERS

• • •

Boys



John LaPoint:

Here we have the politician of the junior class, John LaPoint. John claims to be a Democrat in name, a Republican at heart, and a New Dealer in theory. (Figure it out for yourself!)

Nelson Eddy, Mae West (his mother nearly fainted), fishing, swimming (Senior Life Saver), skating, and skiing are just a few of the things that keep this boy on the go.

John is also a right good debater, which goes well with his politics. Maybe this is the boy to put Bangor on the map—Senator LaPoint of Maine!



Leon Higgins:

All this he-man could talk was hunting, fishing, and shooting.

He claims to be an awful dancer, but to make up for it, added that he belongs to the Fish and Game Club. (Girls, what's to do with a guy like this?)

As for a future, "Shux, got me there; but I'd like to go to Bowdoin." Who wouldn't, huh keeds?

This guy summers at Lucerne, admires Gary Cooper, and most definitely likes swing.

Well, here's a man what is a man—the line forms on the right.



Albert Winchell:

Ah, we have here the busiest busy man of the juniors—my, Al, how you do tear around.

Our interview was as follows: "Musical? You didn't know I sang, did you? My goal? Veazie Tech! My favorite sport? Slingin' the bull. (We girls certainly believe that.) Hobby? Chasing the women. For my teachers' benefit, say that I love studying. Further, I don't like women; that women stuff is no good—in the movies. Did you know that I once refused the presidency?"

Gee, ain't he lucky, huh?

BITIONISTS 1941

MEDALIST

HOONRABLE MENTION



SPEAKERS

• • •

Girls



Janice Minott:

Well, here's that sleep-walking, hockey-playing, aqua-plane-riding literary editor, of the junior class.

This dark haired damsel thinks that travel just anywhere is wonderful plus exciting.

Some day, we'll see "Jan" in the front row at a personal appearance of her favorites, Mickey Rooney and Deanna Durbin.

If her future comes out right, bet she'll be a top notch dramatic teacher when she leaves Emerson.

Sally Pearson:

Introducing that dynamic debater, sweet Sally Pearson of the junior class—The chief delights of this gal's life are her baby brother (he can't talk back), Glenn Miller's orchestra, and apricot upside-down cake.

Sal also loves to play the piano. Her biggest ambition in life is to learn to play Leibestraum well.

She says her favorite pastime is playing tennis, but you don't have to believe that!

On graduating, Sally plans to attend Harcum Junior College in Pennsylvania for two years and then give the University of Maine a break.



Marie Duffy:

Someone once said that Theodore Roosevelt was "concentrated energy," but that person certainly didn't know Duffy. She's just an indefatigable personality that gets a great kick out of life and is a great help in making it pleasanter for others.

Marie goes in for sports in a big way and is quite a dancer in her own right and on other folks toes.

Duffy intends to study to become a Latin teacher at the University of Ohio. Latin may be a dead language now, but if Marie ever starts teaching it, there will be a revival.

Edith Fairley:

We all know Edith's hobby—she's the singing girl of Bangor High.

She loves to study, and she has high hopes of becoming a Latin teacher. That oughta' keep her busy! !

We make the suggestion that Jack Benny and Edith get together; both of them have it in for poor defenseless Fred Allen.

This junior with the wavy brown hair swims, skates, and plays tennis.

And she shore does sling a mean cherry pie, but definitely. We'll be cheering for ya' Edith!

Virginia Graham:

She reads mystery stories and loves 'em—whatta woman!

Figure skating in the winter and diving,—"like a rock," added her pal,—in the summer keep her purty occupied.

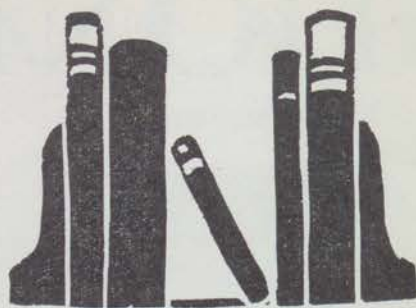
Gina admits playing the piano as such. Can't you just see her smoothie page boy waving back and forth on those jazz numbers?

Vacation sees her heading toward the great city of Boston.

Red dazzles this gal—it's her favorite color.

Well here's the sad news, if you can take it: she wants to be a teacher.

On The Bookshelf



HERE we are again, willing and waiting to report to you what's happening in the book world. Some rather unusual and exciting news is in store for you, so let's go:

THE WHITE CLIFFS

We can hardly find words to express our like for this novel in poetry. It's the story of an American woman who goes to England as a tourist, falls in love with the son of a noble family, and remains there the better part of her life. When she has been married only a few weeks, her husband is killed in war. She brings up her son as a typical English lad and is faced with the decision of giving him, too, up to England. What is England worth to an American born? Mrs. Miller tells us, in this stirring, sympathetic, understanding poem. Touches of humor are scattered throughout, especially by letters from her father who hasn't much use for Englishmen. Here's a bit from one of these letters.

"And I think of Revere and the Old North Steeple,
And I say, by heck, we're the only people
Who licked them not only once, but twice."

In a way this poem is a "tribute to England" and we see by Alice Miller's closing lines that England, to her, is a great, influential nation.

"I am American bred,
I have seen much to hate here—much to forgive,
But in a world where England is finished and dead,
I do not wish to live."

RANDOM HARVEST

Did you like *Rebecca*? If you did, you can't help enjoying *Random Harvest* by James Hilton. Remember the suspense that ran through the whole story? *Random Harvest* has this, too. Again and again reviewers have been warned not to give away the plot, because it would spoil the whole story.

Here's the setting, anyway. Charles Rainier loses his memory and all notion of his identity after a shell-burst near Arras, England, in 1917. He recovers his knowledge of all except the recent past in 1919. The past or "dark corridor" seemed to hold some truth which Charles was continually seeking. In the end . . . oh, oh, we mustn't forget! Read it and see if it's

as good as *Rebecca*. It must have something, because right now it's the most popular fiction book in the U. S. A.!

NATURE NOTES

It seems rather appropriate to mention this book since nature is again beginning to show its beauty. *Nature Notes* is written by John Kieran. Yes, that's right, the John Kieran on Information Please. Recently we discovered a rather interesting characteristic of this witty man—that of always carrying little books. It reminds us of youngsters in the spring with their marbles in their shirt pockets, marbles in their pants pockets, marbles in their coat pockets. With Mr. Kieran it's his little books.

All very well, you say, but what has this to do with *Nature Notes*. Simply this: John Kieran decided to add a book of his own creation to his collection and *Nature Notes* is the result. As he observed the beauties and peculiarities of nature, he jotted them down and later compiled them into a book, *Nature Notes*. We guarantee all you lovers of nature and outdoor life will find this book most interesting.

DIVERSION

All the books, whether fiction or otherwise, that are published lately seem to bring in war with its morbidity and terror. Once in a while we need to read something to brighten us up a little, so we suggest those lively stories of Scattergood Baines'. You've probably heard the program by that name over the radio. Scattergood is always either getting into trouble himself, or getting other people out. A movie, based on one of his books, is being produced in Hollywood right now; so you see, Scattergood is quite a character. Read some of his books, won't you; you can't help liking them.

WITH BATTERY E AT CAMP BLANDING

(continued from page sixteen)

schedule on week days, we have breakfast at 6:00, dinner at 12:00, and supper at 6:00, while on Sunday, breakfast is at 6:30, dinner at 1:00, and supper at 6:30. At the end of this week (the first week of April) we shall go on an over-night bivouac which will end at noon on Saturday. Then we shall have the week-end off."

Editorial Comment



VOL. L

NO. 4

THE ORACLE

APRIL, 1941

"So You're Going?"

SO you're going—where? After high school, what will you be doing? As far as we are concerned, that is a question for your own decision. What we are chiefly interested in is this: that when you have graduated from high school, when you have gone on to another step in life, you will have behind you a certain amount of useful experience acquired in high school; that wherever you go, whether to work or to college, you will be equipped with a certain amount of skill in making and keeping friends, in getting along with superiors, in managing your time, in choosing your activities,—skill in life and in living.

We seniors, whose high school days are nearly complete, will not ask ourselves, what can we get out of high school? For us it is rather, what have we got out of high school, besides French or chemistry, that will be of use to us as we go on in life? Have we profited by our high school experience? Let's take an inventory.

Have we grown up since we've been in high school? Do we take our responsibilities a little more seriously than before, (though not to the point of self-conscious earnestness)? What sort of tastes, in music and literature, have we developed, so that our lives may seem a little richer and more worth while? Have we acquired a true set of values to guide us in picking our friends, in governing our actions, in distinguishing right from wrong—in all the areas in which we will be called upon to make decisions later on? How have our studies, though they deal with particular subjects, become of value to us along general lines? Have they taught us to think clearly and logically? Have they taught us to weigh and sift evidence on both sides of a case, so that we may make wise and accurate decisions? Have they taught us to impose discipline upon ourselves, so that we may meet an unpleasant necessity squarely, without putting it off, or edging around it? Have our class work and extra-curricular activities taught us to work well with other people, accepting the decisions of the majority, and merging ourselves in the common interest?

Every senior should know the answers to these questions in his own case. When he does, he will know with what tools, to date, he is equipped for his life and work after graduation.

For you undergraduates, the question is less final. It is yours to look ahead and determine what you can get out of high school; it is yours to plan your high school life so that when you examine yourselves at graduation, you will be best pleased with the results. If you bear in mind that high school is as much a preparation for your later life as for your later study or work, you will be guided to wiser and more careful choices of activities, of pastimes, of friends, so that you may graduate with the best knowledge, the best experience, the best tools possible.

Another Winner

The *Oracle* is very happy to be able, twice in one year, to extend its congratulations to one or another of Bangor High's athletic teams who have brought home the bacon. Last fall, our congratulations and thanks went to Coach Nanigian and his excellent football team, who went through an undefeated season to a state championship. Now it is our privilege to thank and congratulate Coach Eddie Trowell and his basketball team, who staged an inspiring comeback during the Eastern Maine Class A Tournament, and carried off the Eastern Maine championship, for the second consecutive year. We are proud of you.

Further, we fully appreciate the fact that winning teams are not made over night. We realize that to build a team of championship stature requires long hours of patient practice, that it means a great deal of self-sacrifice on the part of both coach and players, that our team has come through a number of heart-breaking losses and close games, before achieving its present success. Knowing these things, we are doubly grateful to and doubly proud of Coach Trowell and all his boys. Thanks for a swell tournament and an attractive trophy to add to our already bulging cases.

Many of the same boys who have brought football and basketball championships to Bangor, are going on to do their bit on the baseball diamond. We hope that they will be as successful there as elsewhere, and that later on in the spring, we shall have occasion to cheer a championship baseball team.

Spinning Reel



HERE come some more great movies, so put on your glasses, all you movies-fans, and dash to your nearest theatre to see some of the best films that have ever come out of 'lil old Hollywood.

A movie that fits to a T the person who likes spectacular, talked-about films with prominent, capable stars is "That Hamilton Woman!" starring Vivien Leigh and Lawrence Olivier. Isn't that sumpin'? This couple portrays the life story of Sir Horatio Nelson, telling of his love for a famous beauty, and of her sacrifice for her country. This is the true story of Nelson's life and also presents some of England's most glorious history. It's one movie that won't be forgotten in a hurry.

A picture we've all been hearing a lot about lately is "Meet John Doe," the story of a typical "great" American. It has a knock-out cast, including Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, Edward Arnold, and Walter Brennan. The story goes that in order to keep her job of being a newspaper columnist, when Arnold has acquired the paper and is firing all the staff, Miss Stanwyck writes an untrue letter, in her last column, about a man who's going to commit suicide by jumping from the City Hall on Christmas Eve, signing the letter "Joe Doe." Then things begin to pop. Cooper, a broken down ex-ball-player tramp is selected by Arnold and Miss Stanwyck as the typical American, "John Doe." After he makes a radio speech to the nation on good-will, John Doe clubs begin to be formed. When Cooper finds out later that all this is just to help Arnold get publicity for his political ambitions, he threatens to expose it, but Arnold turns the tables and this national hero is again a tramp. Stopped from jumping to his death from the City Hall on Christmas Eve, Cooper is reunited with Miss Stanwyck.

Ah! here is something extra-special! Guess what? It's "Vivacious Lady," with 1940's two Academy Award Winners, Ginger Rogers and James Stewart! Remember it when it was here about three years ago? Well, now it's back again all dressed up in new colors for you all to enjoy again even more than you did the first time it was here. You remember the story of it, how Ginger and Jim have to keep their marriage secret because of his

job and what a time they had fooling his family? If you missed it before, you should certainly make a point of seeing it this time.

Here's what we need! One of those good, old, extravagant musicals which have made Hollywood famous. This one stars a girl that Hollywood made famous, Eleanor Powell. Besides this popular dancer, "Lady Be Good" includes Ann Southern, Robert Young, John Carroll, Lionel Barrymore, Red Skelton, and Reginald Owen in one of the most elaborate settings ever given a musical. When "Buttons," Miss Powell's trained fox terrier, does a dance with her, he steals the show. Miss Southern has a chance to show her singing talent, for which she was originally hired. John Carroll furnishes the male voice. The story is one of sudden fame and fortune, loss of it by conceit, and the regaining of it.

Who went to that super-colossal production of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," put on by the Debate Club and starring our dramatically-inclined teachers from Bangor High School two years ago? Here it is again, and certainly these stars can shine no more brightly than our teachers did. Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner, Ingrid Bergman, Donald Crisp, Ian Hunter, and C. Aubrey Smith head the cast. This is one of the most sensational combinations of star names of the year in one of the most exciting, thrilling, and suspense stories in all English literature, from the immortal pen of Robert Louis Stevenson. You probably all know that the story of this is about a specialist of mental disorders who experiments with himself, drinking a potion which brings out his evil side. He is killed in the end after he has done much evil as Mr. Hyde.

After this gruesome picture, we need something to cheer us up and "That Uncertain Feeling" would be a good one. The cast includes Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, Burgess Meredith, and Alan Mobray. Miss Oberon, happily married to Douglas, meets Meredith in a psychoanalyst's office where she goes to discover why she has the hiccups. Douglas is about to divorce Miss Oberon because of this other man, when she realizes she really loves Douglas; so they are re-united. All in all, it's a very entertaining, sophisticated light comedy

See you at the movies!

Dots and Dashes



Well, dear fans, great changes have taken place in the radio station locations as you all know, but we poor ASCAP followers are still waiting in what seems like the "Dark Ages" for ASCAP and Radio to come to a full understanding. If you hunt long enough, you can find ASCAP music on some Canadian stations as well as a very few American stations. As there is no set time and place for this music, we can't give you a regular schedule. The best way is to watch your newspapers.

Practically all stations in the United States have changed their frequency. The owners of hand-operated dial sets will not be inconvenienced nearly so much as the owners of push-button radios. On March 29, 1941, past history, push-button radio sets, went on the blink. By now, most of the push-button radios have been re-adjusted, but if you're still wondering what's become of the station that used to be there when you pushed the button, take your radio to a service man and have him adjust it for you. WABI, one of our local stations, has changed its frequency from 1200 kilocycles to 910 kilocycles. WLBZ remains at 620 kilocycles. What the whole business really boils down to is this: Nothing in the radio broadcasting business has really changed enough to make an unpleasant difference to listeners. For those with hand-dialed sets it is simply a matter of learning the new locations on the dial of stations you want to listen to. For owners of electrically tuned sets there is a slight charge for changing the push-button settings so that the automatic device will pick up the stations at their new locations on the dial. Over against these slight inconveniences stand such vast improvements in broadcasting that the listener should be more glad that a Moving Day has come to Radio. No longer will out-of-the-country stations come zooming in to interfere with a program you want to hear. Other interference and noises which have marred your good listening have been ironed out in this great re-allocation of radio stations, and the sum total adds up to finer, clearer, more precise and accurate radio reception at the simple cost of learning a new number on the dial. Other things remain the same. The same stations you have always listened to will be on the air as before with the same programs, the same stars, the same music and drama. Moreover,

your radio set still picks up these stations. In short, it's business as usual—but not at the same old stand!

United States Marines have pretty well seen the world, but seldom have they been treated to a show like that Ginny Simms and Kay Kyser put on at their San Diego base February 26. To show their appreciation they made Ginny honorary platoon sergeant, Kay a modest regular sergeant. The visit, which cost Lucky Strike an added six thousand dollars, went over so big, both at camp and on the air, that Kay has been asked now to do every other broadcast from some West Coast Army, Navy, or Marine camp. At dress rehearsal for the evening broadcast and later, in the mess hall, the Marines sang and cheered the Kyser troupe to the echo. They cheered again in the camp auditorium as "College of Musical Knowledge" went on the air. Probably no other show-people could have carried off this sort of stunt with quite the genuine, good-fellow touch of Kay and Ginny. Don't forget the formula 10:00 P. M., Wednesday evening over WLBZ.

"Cavalcade of America" has switched from Wednesday to Monday taking over the spot left vacant by the Burns and Allen show which has closed its series. Remember, Monday, 7:30 P. M. over WEA.

"Professor Quiz" has moved from Tuesday to Thursday.

G. A. H. C. Banquet

Championship class teams were honored at the annual banquet of the Girls' Athletic Honor Council of Bangor High school held in the Bangor House, Thursday evening, April 10.

Miss Mildred McGuire made awards of interclass numerals, basketball letters and the basketball trophy to the championship team during the lively affair.

Miss Florence Prusaitis served as toastmistress.

New officers of the council were installed during the meeting as follows: Betty West, president; Marion Connors, vice president; Marie Duffy, secretary, and Margaret Carlisle, treasurer. New members admitted were Dorothy Havey, Janet Stevens, Joan Ambrose, Gloria Redman and Doris Eaton.



Spring Fashions



By Smith Specialty Shop

To avoid confusion, this isn't Hedy Lamarr's standin, but our own "Mimi" Merrill. She is a perfect dream in this black and white checkered dress. The hidden charm of this dress lies in the fact that it is really a three piece'r. The skirt and blouse are separate. The long sleeved bolero curves nicely in front to reveal a frosty white silk-jersey top. This top is fashioned with a collarless neckline and short sleeves. Pleats running from shoulderline to waist lend a dressy note to this grand tailored dress.

The skirt fits snugly at the waist and is accented by a red leather belt. This dash of red is also carried out in the cording which is so enchantingly used for trimming on the bolero. The rounding shoulderline is gained by soft pleats.

Mañana will be too late to buy this dashing bolero-dress from Smith's Specialty Shop. Drop in today and see this and many other spring dresses and hats. This smart shop for smart young ladies also has Lymbrook frocks and Kickernick and Barbizon underthings. They feature distinctive, one of a kind, dresses to meet every need—ranging in sizes 9-17, 12-48. Remember for "Style Without Extravagance," it's the Smith's Specialty Shop, 41 Hammond Street in Bangor.

That's right, boys; it's that new University model, done especially for you in the material you like best—herringbone-tweed. The big news about this grand suit is that it features that new twenty-nine and three quarter inch jacket. That new finger-tip style gives you added height. What boy wouldn't be proud to step out Easter morning in this handsome suit. The color is heather—and grand for the boy on the tall dark and handsome side. Speaking of tall dark and handsome young men, our model is the senior, Barry Wiseman. To our minds Barry is the perfect model—n'est-ce pas?

Largay's mens clothing store also is featuring for spring new gabardine finger-tip sports coats, grand for wear this spring and summer over your suits or sweaters and trousers. They come in green and natural. They're great, boys—we've seen them. Hope to see a lot of you wearing them.

Something new in ties—the newest campus craze is wearing poplin ties. Poplin refers to the material—a silk or worsted fabric, noted for its tie and stay-tied quality. They are mostly fashioned in plaids and stripes. Green, blue, and tan are the leading colors.



By Largay's Men's Clothing Store



By The Rines Company

The girl who will take the life guard's eye this summer will be the one dressed in a pinafore. This darling one we have modeled for us by that gay sophomore, Mary McGlew, is very smart. It has a white silk-jersey top with a reversible collar and short sleeves. The skirt is a myriad of white dots on a background of navy. It zips in the back to give a perfect "will-o-the-wisp" waistline. Straps running over the shoulders cross and fasten at the waistline in back.

This will be a summer of slacks, and playsuits. More and more America is turning to the more comfortable dress in those hot, sticky days. This year you will want many pinafores, slacks, and shorts.

May we suggest the Rines Company, who carry a complete line of summer play-togs. They have the newest silk-jersey playsuits and pinafores, corduroy slack suits with silver disk buttons, and slacks and tops in many exciting color combinations. A bit of costume jewelry from Rines fine jewelry department will add the gay note to your summer play things this coming summer.

Rines also have many other fine departments. Their frosty little collars are lovely with the darker spring dresses. Their suit and dress departments carry a complete line of the newest spring and summer fashion trends. Why not drop in sometime in the near future and see these various departments and what they hold in store for you.

It's a navy spring—so what could be more appropriate than a flattering navy blue coat?

See that certain gossip columnist taking notes as the wearer of this lovely coat goes tripping by in the Easter parade—1941.

Sally Pearson makes a charming model as she stands against a white colonnade and glances coyly at passers-by from under a brim of alluring nonsense.

The coat is Fortsmann; this luxurious material is a combination of virgin wool and angora. It makes a soft, durable material which lends itself genially to meticulous tailoring. The coat is done on princess lines and falls from the slimming waistline into a skirt of incredible fullness. The shoulderline slopes softly in keeping with the new spring silhouette. Silver rimmed buttons, marching down the front in groups of three, and tiny frog pockets add the dressy note to this grand coat.

It took many hours to create this hand-tailored garment and we were surprised at the amazingly low price for which it is selling. The Besse System Co., 98 Main Street, Bangor, is the store carrying this and many other lovely spring styles.



By Besse-System



Outside The Classroom

ASSEMBLY—FEBRUARY 21, 1941

The ever-ingenious juniors handled this assembly program in a manner that made our pulses swing. Bunky Garland and his boys ragged the scale in no uncertain tones and chortled to unheard-of heights on a few of the old tunes. . . faciles auditu, in more ways than one!

The show shoved off with a "Hi-ho" chorus of junior songsters who immediately put us at our ease. Originality ruled the day in the lyrics by Tom Hilton and Liz Burns. George Chalmers became our new hero of the high jump, after giving Edith Fairly the run-around. This all added up to the premiere announcement of THE Junior Prom.

Specialties featured rhythm by the Junior Swing Band; "You Walked By" in the mellow voice of Edith Fairly; Peggy Rice serenaded us with "Stardust"; a tantalizing tap team was composed of Lois Veazie and Catherine Crocker; Johnnie Carson struck a more somber note on a poem by Vachel Lindsay, very appropriate for this day preceding Washington's birthday; Joan Eddy went typically tropical, "Down Argentina Way"; Ethel Spencer tripped fantastically through her paces; the showing of the colors rounded out the completeness of this assembly.

Proof of the juniors' reputation as showmen of imagination presented itself in this unique combination of talented performers.

ASSEMBLY—MARCH 14, 1941

A well-directed blow struck home in this assembly under the able oratory of Professor Herbert C. Brown, professor of English at Bowdoin. The sound reason of his speech would have rivaled the strongest advocate of Judgment Day. As coming Americans, we were handed golden opportunity on a silver platter of sensible argument to grasp our hard-earned heritage before it slipped between our fingers forever. Life and School are synonyms, not to be filed in separate categories to be treated by two different approaches. The same qualities which make you what you are among fellow-students will mark you as an individual in the years to follow. Thanks to pioneering forefathers, we have been born into a day and age in which we can face

the roadway to the future, dominated by nothing except our own inclinations. And yet some of us lack the foresight to see that sturdily paved highway; we settle back unconcerned, quite content to consume the easy existence so neatly passed on to us; our own initiative lies idle and our backbone is undeveloped; we take America for granted. Oblivious of the fact that any other life is possible, we half-shoulder our meager responsibilities, we out-do ourselves trying to out-do the Joneses. We are like termites eating the sweet core of the fruit of civilization without thought that we may be gnawing away the very foundation built by centuries of perseverance in the face of the over-powerings obstacles of changing times; and all that will remain for our children will be a veneered surface to shield our thoughtless failure to grasp the value of a once-resplendent heritage. It's time to "about face" and divulge America's proud pillars of the past, and to examine ourselves to see if we are humble in spirit, yet aspiring to prove ourselves honestly prepared to meet the inevitable test of our worth in falling heirs to one free land in a world of strife and bondage. Little things count in making or breaking a long-lasting perfect whole. Wake up. Know your own mind! Line up for refueling. The fire of an invincible democracy—a burning example to blind power-crazed dictators!

SENIOR ASSEMBLY—MARCH 28, 1941

We had been making ourselves blue with suspense over this anticipated assembly, and then it broke loose in typical senior pandemonium. Yet we fear that while some of us were tearing our hair in the full swing of ecstasy, others were shaking their heads at the free-footed fate of youth.

With the seniors' unusual genius of imagination, the program unfolded as the dream of a student (Nicky Vafiades), burning the mid-night oil. Fantasy and fun combined to make the result a long-lived memory. Willard Pierce manned the piano; Barry Wiseman had his sax well in hand; Bud Perry heated the air with his clarinet; and Donnie Dorr and "Butch" Smiley shared trumpet glory. A spontaneous combustion of applause greeted drummer-boy Cliff Reynolds and his simmering down-beat of double-jointed rhythm.

The seven harmonic discords struck vocal fame with "I've Been Working On the Railroad," and had to steam back for an encore. Lucy Leavitt, Janice Ames, and Frank Wood each made news as solo appeal. Dotty Cole jump-roped out applause with her tapping, and Carl Bamford offered swift-footed competition for any Fred Astaire. A high-stepping act by a bevy of senior beauties added a kick to our soaring enthusiasm.

Then that be-spectacled fashioness, Louise Eastman, raised her eyebrow and produced a sight that drew tears of laughter and side-aches from all. Concealed in feminine fashions, the male models cavorted across the stage, and likewise the would-be girls stepped before the footlights in mannish attire. Hilarity reigned.

Two foolish fun-throwers punned in the spotlight and left us woefully weak. Adrian Miner and Neal Brennan perhaps know more about this than they are letting on, but for sure, they let off enough stark comedy to warm the most frigid constitution.

The swing sextet executed a unique escape, and at the drop of the curtain we fell into routine once more.

French Program

That a non-Frenchman can speak French fluently was certainly proved at the French department's annual entertainment on March 29. The principal feature of the evening was the play, *La Poudre Aux Yeux*, done by a good cast, and excellently directed by Mlle. Beaupre. *La Poudre Aux Yeux* is a comedy of manners, by Labiche and Martin, and is appealingly humorous. The main plot concerns two families, les Malingear and les Ratinois, who are trying to bring about the marriage of Emmeline Malingear and Frederic Ratinois. Each family succeeds in making the other believe that it is on a high social plane, and the resulting confusion is funny indeed.

The part of M. Malingear, docteur sans clientele, was ably portrayed by Charles Jellison. Dorothy Cole took the part of his scheming wife, Blanche, who taught her husband the good game of bluff. Gloria Redman, as their daughter, who is supposed to take art and music lessons from the masters, made a very beautiful Emmeline. M. Ratinois, ancien confiseur, was played by Alvin Morris. Jennie Johnson took the part of his wife, Constance, who was also skilled at throwing the dust into people's eyes. The part of their son, Frederic, a young lawyer, also sans clientele, was played by Alfred Perry. The chief comic character, Frederic's Uncle Robert, was played by Floyd Smiley, who filled the role with a swagger and assurance that were alike appropriate to the part and amusing to the audience. Sophie,

the Malingear's cook, was played by Janice Ames, and Norma Quinn took the part of their maid, Alexandrine. Joan Kirkpatrick was the Ratinois' maid, Josepine, and Alfred Keith was an adopted servant. Raymond Jones played their Negro butler. Frank Wood took the part of the maitre d'hotel, who was amused by the Ratinois' commonness, though they tried to appear sophisticated. Nicholas Brontas played the part of the upholsterer who also posed as one of the doctor's patients, and Jack Campbell played the borrowed butler. This well-cast group, under the tireless supervision and direction of Mlle. Beaupre, put on a performance which was enthusiastically received by the audience.

During the evening the members of the cast presented Mlle. Beaupre with a beautiful bouquet of spring flowers, in appreciation of her work.

Between acts of the play, the junior girls, under the capable direction of Mlle. Bocquel, sang several French songs that added a pleasant variety to the program. The following girls took part: Patricia Bailey, Margaret Carlisle, Gloria Carson, Jacqueline Damm, Elaine Grant, Priscilla Greeley, Irene Harris, Frances Johnson, Marjorie Lovejoy, Eleanor Ramsdell, Geraldine Sullivan.

Edith Fairley, accompanied by Mary Ellen Ellis, sang a solo.

Incidental music was supplied by an instrumental ensemble. Three lovely pieces were played. The girls in the ensemble were: Venetia Duty, Elsa Goodman, Jean Devoe, Helen Boulter, Marydel Coolidge.

With the music and the play, the program went off very well, and succeeded thoroughly in maintaining the French department's reputation for charming entertainments.

Band

The band is rehearsing at present on a varied program of concert numbers which includes two standard overtures, a novelty number, and a duet for trumpets. During a busy season with the basket-ball games, several new marches were brought out. The music of a more serious nature is being studied with gratifying results.

Several of our recent members are with the 152nd band in the South and some of this year's members are as the need arises, being admitted to the Bangor Band where they are already doing acceptable work.

With spring coming, emphasis will be put on R. O. T. C. band training and though fewer in numbers than last year, we expect to put out the best playing band we have had.

Latin Club

On March seventh, the Sophomore Class had charge of the Latin Club program. Valerie Parkin was at the head of this meeting with Louise Homestead, the consul, presiding.

After the Quaestor's report by Marydel Coolidge, the play "Julius Caesar" was enacted by the following cast, with Randolph Moores as the announcer:

Julius Caesar.....Robby Speirs
Conspirators:

Brutus.....	John Ballou
Cassius.....	Morrice Pilot
Casca.....	Richard Giles
Tribonius.....	Arthur Cunningham
Marcus Antonius.....	Orman Twitchell
Lucius, the servant.....	Sherwood Jones
First stage hand.....	Gilbert O'Connell
Second stage hand.....	Willard Pierce
The Tent Pole.....	Prudence Speirs

The name Julius Caesar led many to believe that this drama would really be very serious, but everyone seemed happy to discover that it was a comedy.

Following this, five sophomore girls, Marydel Coolidge, Anita Broder, Ann Connors, Rena Bell, and Betty Higgins, were chosen to attempt to answer any question concerning Latin that a club member wished to ask. Some of the questions which arose proved to be very interesting as well as amusing.

Debate Club

Again this year the Debate Club found Spring its busy season, carrying a heavy debate schedule and a major school dance at the same time.

On January 17, the Club voted to stage another big social event—The Night of March 14. At once an enthusiastic central committee went to work. Charles Jellison, last year's successful manager, headed the committee, ably aided by Albert Winchell, assistant manager; Raymond Jones and Alfred Keith, advertising; Judith Banton, tickets; Fay Jones, decorations; and Frances Johnson, entertainment. The orchestra selected was Watie Akins', with Mr. Ernest Raynes, Magician, as the featured attraction at intermission.

In one contest run before the dance, the most outstanding boy and girl in each class were chosen by the student body. For the seniors, Elizabeth Curran and Windy Work were the winners; juniors, Marie Duffy and Paul Coleman; sophomores, Prudy and Robby Speirs. Also selected by the vote of the student body was Miriam Merrill, the school's choice as singer with Akins' orchestra.

The Night of March 14 lived up to expectations, proving to be both a social and financial success.

The tournament debaters began their season at the Orono tournament on February 8, where they gained needed experience, winning five and losing four debates, taking first place six times. Nicky Brountas substituted for John LaPoint in this tournament.

Next came a practice debate with Oldtown on February 19, when Team A—Mary Farrar, John LaPoint, Albert Winchell, and Simon O'Leary met the Old Town teams. This same team travelled to South Portland, February 22, to meet many southern schools in a profitable and pleasant overnight trip which netted the Bangor debaters three wins and one loss.

As a result of the South Portland tournament, the varsity debating team was named. Albert Winchell and Nicky Brountas, affirmative, and John LaPoint and Charles Jellison, negative, will represent Bangor in the Bates Preliminaries. Final tournament of the season was at Foxcroft on March 15 with both teams competing. Nicky Brountas again substituted, this time for Sonya Cohen, while Phyllis Lipsky took Mary Farrar's place on team A.

The varsity affirmative on Thursday, March 20, met a University of Maine team in a non-decision practice debate in preparation for Bates Preliminaries. These preliminary debates will be held the first week in April, when Bangor meets Oldtown at Bangor, on April 3, at the regular debate club meeting, while the Bangor negative travels to Orono for a debate there on April 4.

Final home-debating event of the year will be the class debate forum, to be held Thursday evening, April 17, in Room 307. This year's subject is, "Resolved: that at least one extra-curricular activity a year be required for graduation from Bangor High School." After the try-outs, Phyllis Lipsky and Arthur Norwood were chosen to represent the Seniors; Eleanor Ramsdell and Fred Bean, the Juniors; and Marydel Coolidge and Robert Rudman, the Sophomores. Mrs. Cumming, Miss Boquel, and Mrs. Carroll are to be the faculty coaches. Robby Speirs was named manager.

Public Affairs Club

The March meeting of the Public Affairs Club was held on March 7 in the assembly hall. After the meeting was called to order, a few business matters were attended to. A fine list of speakers filled out the rest of the program. Marie Duffy was the first speaker with a talk on Cordell Hull. The subject of Simon O'Leary's topic was "Nelson Rockefeller." Florence Prusaitis followed with "Mexico and United States

Defense." Whitney Jennison concluded the student speakers' program by speaking on the Pan-American Conference. One of the most interesting talks given in a Public Affairs Club meeting was then given by Miss Maude Colcord. Her topic was her life at sea. She gave an interesting history of boats, beginning with the dug-out canoe. Some exciting and amusing experiences of Miss Colcord's life were also described.

when that chair is vacant. Our trombone section boasts two players and with two basses the foundation is beginning to make itself felt. "Peter Schmoll" overture, by von Weber, which was heard at the Junior Exhibition, gave plenty of scope to these instruments and also furnished opportunity for every other section to show what each could do.

Owing to other duties, our percussion players have been late in arriving on the scene but we hope to have them in line soon.

The members who have recently entered the Bangor Symphony Orchestra are said to be the best playing group admitted in several years, which speaks well for individual effort as well as for faithful attendance at rehearsal and willingness to work.

The orchestra played at the assembly on March 14; at this time Professor Brown of Bowdoin College was the speaker.

Beginning the first of April, a new program will appear in the folios and with the progress already made, the rehearsals will undoubtedly be less trying and much more enjoyable.

Membership of National Honor Society

The *Oracle* presents the first published list of 1940-41 members of the National Honor Society.

Selections are made by the faculty and are based on Scholarship, Leadership, Character and Service. Students must be in the upper third of their class in scholarship and must have attended Bangor High School for at least a full year. Membership is limited to 15% of the class.

The names are arranged in alphabetical order. The students whose names are starred were selected at a previous election on the basis of their first three years work.

*Ames, Evelyn
Ames, Janice
*Brountas, Nicholas
Campbell, John
Chaplin, Joseph, Jr.
Cilley, Kathryn
Cromwell, Barbara
Jackson, Roland
*Jellison, Charles
Johnson, Jenny
*Jones, Raymond
*Kimball, Louine
Kirkpatrick, Joanne
*Kleiner, Glenna
Leeman, Elizabeth
*Leland, Juanita

Lipsky, Phyllis
*Marshall, Caroline
*Morris, Alvin
Nelson, Franklin
Nelson, Ruth
*Palmer, Ruth
*Perry, Alfred
Prusaitis, Florence
Quinn, Norma
Redman, Gloria
Robinson, Sam
Segal, Benjamin
*Smith, Charlotte
Speirs, Garrett
Vafiades, Nicholas
*Whitman, Dana
*Work, Winslow

Orchestra

The orchestra has been working hard on its present program and is acquiring the patience of professional players, which is necessary in order to master some of the worth-while music. Our instrumentation is not all that is to be desired but some of the deficiencies are ably made up through the versatility of the members. Violas were sacrificed to fill the violin section but a good second violin group supplies most of the needed balance there, and cello parts seem to be coming through even

Since the last *Oracle* was issued, the Rifle Club has been firing its annual course of matches. Opposing teams were high schools and military academies located in Nebraska, Indiana, Missouri, Utah, Illinois, Texas, California, Florida, and Maine. If the Bangor team wins its match with Florida this year, it will be the third year that Bangor has won; therefore, a silver cup will be forfeited to the team. In eleven matches, only two have been lost. As a result of this the club has fared well as far as honors are concerned and also has had a great amount of fun.

At the present time, the Randolph Hearst Trophy match is being fired with other schools of the First Corps Area.

"B" Club

The highlight of the activities in the "B" Club lately was the purchase and presentation of two traveling kits for Henry Dauphinee and Pat Upton, who went to Florida with the Maine National Guard. Members of the club, accompanied by Mr. Nanigian, presented the kits to the boys just before they left. The committee for purchasing the kits was as follows:

Leon Tuck
Garland Strang
Gene Gamble

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



Hokum

HI, li'l Dizzies. . . And doesn't the strictly smoo-goo old Spring make you simply too delirious for discourse? ? Anyhoo, everybody claims that it's here. . . somewhere. . . ! ! ! ! 'Course you all know what they say about Spring. . . a young man's fancy and stuff and stuff. Ahhhhhhhh Spring! ! As a matter of fact we might go so far as to say: (quote)

Spring, spring,
Boids on the wing,
Chee, dat's absoid. . .
Ain't the wing on the boid? ? ? ?

Corny, huh? ? Well, it might appeal to somebody with a warped sense of humor like the Senior Latin Class F'r instance. . . But to get on to more relevant matters

Our well known and ditto beloved fashion editor, A. Louise Eastman, seems to be consoling herself not at all well since the sudden retreat of dear Ernest. She's been forced to resort to a "Dodge" at that great institution of higher (sometimes we wonder. . .) learning, the University of Maine, for solace and stuff. And can he dish it out. . . so saith Dame Rumour! ! ! And speaking of dishing it out, we're told that the so-called (by himself) Man-about-School Playboy Garry Speirs attempted most bodaciously to do some of the comforting. . . ! ! ! The way he angled for an invite to La Danse de Paques was terrifically obvious and not at all up to the smooth(?) Speirs style. But the best man won, just like in the movies. . . and Garry's a good loser. So you comprehend, chickens, crime does not pay! !

The photograph business sure has boomed with a bang since that sample print of Mimi (Hedy) Merrill was circulated 'roundabout. . . especially in view of the fact that her man Perkins has Gone With the Army! ! ! When Mimi sang at the Night of March 14 (and man! was it smooth—) George Corey was the most absolutely breathless listener, but definitely, according to the best available info.

The eighth wonder of the world is without a doubt the remarkable manner in which Al Keith's summer romances keep warm all through the long, cold winter. A lot of our little pals wouldn't mind knowing how it's done. Maybe he oughta write a book. . . ! ! ! ! Wonder if Tommy Hilton has spring-fever?? Anyhoo, the

fact remains that none of the reports on him seem to click! ! Ghastly, isn't it? One agent asserts that undoubtedly Edith Fairley is THE gal; the next one claims that sans doute it's Molly Mudgett; still though, he carries an oh! so strictly smooth picture of Prudie Speirs with him allee timee! ! ! Complicated, huh? ?

SCOOP: The reason why Margie Morris and Nick Vafiades left that dance so very early can at last be revealed! ! ! (and in print, too—) It seems that Morris had to catch a train. . . ! ! ! ! ! Ahhhhhhhtrains! ! Hey, that brings to mind the now famed Lewiston trip, and the hep-hep time enjoyed by all. Eyewitnesses do vow that never have they seen Mary Ellen Ellis quite so happy. . . or something. It really was as convincing as all that. Oh well, Brewer is still Brewer any way you look at it! ! ! And where does Dick Economy come in? ? ? All that copious note-passing in our fair corridors, tsk tsk . . . ! ! ! Frank O'Connell appears to have made another conquest . . . Rosaline McAloon.

Jack Lord and Hope Redman really seem to mean it! ! ! Uh huh. . . serious sophomores. And Dottie Cole 'pears to prefer Mac Hardy, mais certainement, these days! ! !

Would Franny Smith, by some queer quirk of Fate, know where that Homestead gal got her spoon bracelet? ? or maybe he wouldn't! ! Incidentally, or maybe not so, Ellen Lougee seems all for Sum(m for n) er. . . still not as bad as Perry's puns. . . these joyous spring days. . . ! ! !

Well, the National Guard left town amid copious weeping and wailing. With them went Herky Dauphinee, good old Secret Agent SUB-zero (now it can be told). A lot of other men went, too, we're told. At least one of 'em was most precious to blonde Margie Gray. . . or so those tears in her big blue eyes would indicate. Kitty Crocker misses her man most terrifically, 'tis said. Arlene Kelley writes long, long letters daily, and they all go to Florida! ! ! It seems that Kennie Scripture's brother left with the 152nd and left all his clothes for Ken. MacFarland had better look to his laurels or Kennie is bound to walk off with his "best dressed" title.

Trapper Brennan is right on the job these days. . . and how! ! ! And wasn't he funny-ha-ha in that Senior Assembly skit? ? We all thought Windy Work would go up in smoke. . . he was that fiery red. . . when they pulled that song-title gag. Feekon Windy doesn't exactly avoid Liz Curran these days.

'Tis said by all and sundry that Mary Elizabeth O'Connor slammed his class-ring straight into the countenance of Charley, the Mystery Man. Hmhmhmhm wonder why? ? ? ? Robbie Speirs and Betty Higgins talked it all over coolly, calmly, and collectedly. . . now it's Robbie and Ann Conners and Charlie Jellison is taking up a lot of Betty's time.

Nick Broutas is quite the old rug-cutter, jitterbug, etc. Also prefers blondes. . . ! ! ! ! ! ! ! At the present moment, Howard Finley, the perennial stude, is sorta kinda gone on Priscilla Jones. Butch Smiley's O. A. O. came down from Caribou to see the pride of the French Department in that acme of Thespian perfection, "La Poudre Aux Yeux" and Butch was strictly in the groove. Nobody was more surprised than the guy who wrote the stage directions when Butch shined his shoes.

Johnnie Carson and Elaine Enman are quite the two-some nowadays. Ditto Bee Daley and Cal Howard. Still Murch and McLean. Ditto Greeley & Hastings.

Phyl Hurd is "carrying a torch" for her army man. Now that Bob Rosie has gone South, maybe Venetia Duty can concentrate on Bob Cameron. Nice work, if you can get it.

And so we come to the end of another round, and a bientot. So-o-o-oe Oh Rover, kids.

NEW FRANKLIN

LAUNDRY

9c Service—All Ironed

W. C. Bryant & Son, Inc.

Unusual Graduation Gifts

*Diamonds, Jewelry and
Silver of Distinction*

46 Main St.

Bangor, Maine

COMPLIMENTS

OF

Pine Tree Restaurant, Inc.

114 Main St.

AND

Marsh's Pine Tree Lodge

58 Cedar St.

GOOD PLACES TO KNOW ABOUT

Compliments of

T. R. SAVAGE CO.

Wholesale Grocers

BANGOR

CARIBOU

MAINE



Record of the Rams

Boys' Athletics

The Rams, under Coach Eddie Trowell's guiding hand, ended a mediocre season in a blaze of glory. Finishing the regular season with a record of ten wins and five losses, the Rams were expected to lose in each tourney that they played. However, they came through, as they did last year under nearly identical circumstances, and led by Wendy Cary, trimmed a strong Waterville team in the first round, 33 to 25. In the semi-final game they completely slaughtered the favored Bar Harbor team, 36 to 14, holding them to two goals from the floor during the entire game. Then, as last year, the Rams opposed Presque Isle's powerful Wildcats for the Eastern Maine Championship, and, as last year, were far from favored to win. However, the Rams, played a great game and won a decisive victory from the Wildcats, 33 to 25.

The Rams played their best basketball by far in the tournament. The whole team played superbly, greatly aided by the addition of Jack Hussey to the team. Windy Work was voted the outstanding player of the tourney and Wendy Cary was the high scorer.

The following week the team, followed by a large group of students and fans on a special train, went to Lewiston to play Edward Little High of Auburn for the State Championship.

The Rams just couldn't get started and were far behind by half time. Then they came back, led by Joe Boles and Billy Work, to make a real game of it. The lead that the Eddies had gained in the first half proved too great, however, and the rally fell short, 37 to 29. The whole team played well; after it once got moving, and, though it lost, gave a good account of itself in the spirited battle that it put up.

This wound up another season. Next year, Coach Trowell will have lost Joe Boles, Dougie Harrington, Capt. Windy Work and Wendy Cary; however, in his two returning regulars, Jack Hussey and Billy Work, Coach Trowell has a nucleus around which he can mold this year's able subs and newcomers from the Jayvees into a competent team. You can bet that the Rams will again be a fighting, winning team.

Girl's Athletics

The whistle blew; the timer called game, and the girls' basketball season was over—early pre-season predictions had all come true.

One of the most thrilling and hard-played games of the season saw senior team 2 edge out senior team 1, 11-8, for a win and the championship. Again for the fourth time the class of "41" had produced a championship team.

All those who have followed the games will agree that this season has been the best in a long time. The six competing teams deserve the greatest credit for their fine playing and excellent sportsmanship. The result of the interclass tournament is as follows:

	Won	Lost	Tied
Senior 2	4	0	1
Senior 1	3	2	0
Junior 2	0	5	0
Junior 4	2	2	1
Sophomore 3	1	4	0
Sophomore 2	4	1	0

Our thanks go to Miss Frances Roberts for refereeing these games.

The junior members of the Council kept score, and the senior members umpired.

Senior team 2—first place.

The motto of this team must have been "Fight makes Might." Although not particularly an outstanding team, it gave its best and came out on top.

Forwards	Centers	Side Centers	Guards
J. Jellison	J. Reid	E. Enman	D. Fournier
P. Hurd	J. Stevens	K. Taylor	R. Shapero
G. Kleiner			A. Shorey
			F. Arnold
			F. Gamble
			L. Kimball, Capt.

Sophomore team 2—second place.

The sophomores, who were predicted to be a threat to any junior or senior sextet, certainly proved the fact in this fine team.

Forwards	Centers	Side Centers
P. Faulkingham, Cap.	C. Coleman	B. Watters
J. Gould		

Guards

J. Marsh, A. Strout
F. Miner
M. Freese
B. Higgins
H. Redman

Senior team 1—third place.

Although this truly great team only placed third, it is one of the fastest and most outstanding teams ever to play girls basketball.

Forwards	Centers	Side Centers
F. Prusaitis	R. Curran, Capt.	O. Stevenson
M. Gray		R. Palmer
E. Curran, Co-Cap.		

Guards

E. Lougee
D. Cole
J. Johnson
G. Redman
A. Kimball

BANQUET

The basketball season will be wound up with the annual banquet to be held this month. This event will be the crowning point of the finest girls' sport season in Bangor High School.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC HONOR COUNCIL

A fine combination radio and victrola has been bought this year by the Council for the use and pleasure of the whole school. It is a large table-size R. C. A. Victor with fine tone and large volume. It may be borrowed by the various clubs, through the club sponsor, for any of their activities in which it might be used. One of the present uses of the combination set is to provide music for dancing in gym classes. It is the hope of the Honor Council that the availability of this set will perhaps make possible many hoped-for musical programs in the school activities. It has been made possible through the work of the Council members, and it is their greatest hope that you will appreciate it.

"When you see a girl with an arm band, know that she is loyal to you and is wearing it to help the students, and not to make the students help her."

In a morning assembly five new members were taken in to the G. A. H. C. They were Constance Coleman, and Prudence Spiers, Sophomores; Francina Gamble and Elizabeth Curran, seniors; and Louise Homestead, a junior.

Charles R. Gordon, Inc.

REAL ESTATE SERVICE

INSURANCE SERVICE

39 Hammond Street

Bangor, Maine



Utterback-Gleason Co.

CHRYSLER and PLYMOUTH

Sales and Service

15 Oak Street

Bangor, Maine



DAVID BRAIDY

*Clothier
Outfitter*

14 Hammond St.

Bangor, Maine

Telephone Connection

UP ONE FLIGHT

"Where you Save"

Bangor Floral Co.

(Inc. 1925)

L. C. HATHAWAY, Mgr.

996 State St.

Tel. 4569

•

Tom Hilton, Agent—Tel. 20388

Compliments

of

The New Atlantic Restaurant

The House of Quality

T. D. MOURKAS, Mgr.

66 Main St.

Compliments

of

THE

Olympia Theatre

Keene's

ICE CREAM

"Deliciously Different"

CLEANING & DYEING

"There's a difference"

MODERN
CLEANSERS AND DYERS

171 PARK STREET

PRESSING - - ALTERATIONS

BANGOR, ME.

Albert J. Farrington

Photographs of Distinction

❖ ❖

We make the better
grade of class photos,
not cheap but good.

❖ ❖

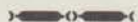
3 State Street

Brewer, Maine



**PIONEER
ENGRAVING CO.**
DESIGNERS • ILLUSTRATORS
PHOTO ENGRAVERS
COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS
193 EXCHANGE ST. BANGOR, MAINE

Building Materials for Economy and Beauty



UNITED STATES GIPSON CO.
WEATHERWOOD INSULATING TILE
TEXOLITE WALL PAINT
BIRD & SONS' SHINGLES
KYANIZE PAINTS AND ENAMELS



Dunham Hanson Co.
31-39 Mercantile Sq. Bangor

Smith's

EXTRACTS

Byron H. Smith Co.

Brockway's Flower Shoppe



**Corsages
Floral Designs**

15 Central Street Bangor, Maine

DEPENDABLE SERVICE SINCE 1917



COLE'S EXPRESS



*Not an experiment but the result of
23 years' experience.*



CARS . . . TRUCKS

WEBBER MOTOR CO.

499 Hammond St., Bangor, Maine

FOR THE BEST BET

IN

BETTER BAKERY PRODUCTS

EAT THOSE MADE BY

John J. Nissen Baking Co.

Bangor, Maine

HEAT HEADQUARTERS

**STICKNEY & BABCOCK
COAL CO.**

Always at Your Service

Hard and Soft Coal

New England Coke

All Grades of Fuel and Range Oil

Telephone 5664 - 5665 - 2-0623

17 Hammond Street Bangor, Maine

A CHAMPION'S COMEBACK

(continued from page nine)

trooper, he refused to give up. The next ball went high for ball "one." The pain in his arm grew more intense. On the next pitch it felt as if someone had suddenly driven a knife deep into his flesh. He gritted his teeth, wound up slowly and sent a wicked, fast curve. Strike two. He looked down at his throbbing, aching arm and scowled. It was swelling a little. He received the ball as it sailed through the air, back to him. He wondered just where to put the next pitch; he saw the catcher signaling for a fast ball. Bucky gritted his teeth and putting all the force he could muster behind it, fired it right across the plate for the third "out." With that last pitch his arm felt as if a thousand hot coals had been dropped on it. He gritted his teeth against the pain and walked in to wait his turn at bat.

Back on the mound for the last inning Bucky knew he had a big job to do. With the score tied he knew that he must not let the Eagles get that one last needed point. He looked slowly around the field. Every Bear man was ready and waiting. The stands were hushed. This was the zero hour. He slowly wound up as the first man approached the plate. The pain in his arm was almost unbearable. No one knew the tortures he was suffering. He sent a slow ball. The batter swung and missed. The pain was growing more intense every second. He wound up for the second pitch. The catcher was signaling for a low fast one. He closed his eyes and prayed that he could hold on. As he opened his eyes a feeling of assurance stole over him, that he would be able to do what was required of him. He obeyed the signal. He threw with everything he had and felt his throbbing arm give a sudden sickening wrench. He could feel the ache up into the back of his neck. A queer weak sensation stole over him. On the next pitch he felt as if his arm would come off. How long could he keep on? He looked up to see the batter walking away from the plate. The next man stepped confidently up to bat and knocked Bucky's first ball into the outfield. The stands were hushed. Bucky almost stopped breathing, it seemed. All eyes were on the outfield as he raced for it, dived through the air at it, and caught it. Bucky sighed in relief. Two out and one to go, and that last man up made Bucky feel weak.

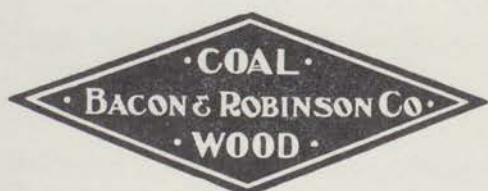
That third man was Ralph Davis, the one player Bucky had never been able to fan. Why, he didn't know, for he was no better than Ford.

"This is a fine kettle of fish," he muttered bitterly to himself. "Well, here goes nothing."

And with that he drove in a fast drop curve that

(Please turn to page forty)

COMPLETE FUEL SERVICE



Established 1854

COAL - COKE - WOOD - OIL

Blake, Barrows & Brown

Incorporated

INSURANCE

SURETY BONDS

TRAVEL AGENTS

51 Hammond St.

Tel. 8296

“SHOP AT SEARS AND SAVE”

FOR THE HOME THE CAR THE FAMILY

AMERICA'S FAVORITE SHOPPING PLACE HERE IN THE BANGOR STORE THERE ARE 50
ODD DEPARTMENTS JUST BRIMMING OVER WITH ALL THE THINGS YOU NEED FOR THE
HOME . . THE CAR . . IN FACT ALL THE THINGS YOU NEED FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY . . .
QUALITY MERCHANDISE, BACKED BY SEARS 54 YEARS MERCHANDISING EXPERIENCE . . .
PRICED TO SAVE YOU MONEY FOR ALL YOUR NEEDS . . “SHOP AT SEARS AND SAVE”.

Post
Office
Square

SAVE MONEY ON 100,000 ITEMS IN SEARS CATALOG, USE OUR CATALOG ORDER SERVICE
SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.
SEARS SELL ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING TOTALING \$10 OR MORE ON THE EASY PAYMENT PLAN

Bangor
Maine
Tel.
8271

STORE HOURS: DAILY 9 TO 5.30 P. M.: SATS., 9 TO 9 P. M.

\$1.00 PERSONAL \$1.00
Stationery

**200 sheets Bond paper; 6" x 7", printed
with your name and address, and 100
envelopes to match, printed on back flap.**

Print copy plainly and enclose **\$1.00.**

Paper will be sent by mail.

PHONE—6353

BANGOR BOX COMPANY

FACTORY: 75 So. Main St., Brewer

Bacon Printing Co.

188 Exchange Street

Dial 5243

A CHAMPION'S COMEBACK

(continued from page thirty-eight)

thudded into the catcher's mit for strike "one." The searing throbbing was agonizing. Beads of sweat appeared on his forehead. His head began to swim. He was conscious of only two things, the almost unbearable pain in his arm, and the batter at home plate; he was oblivious of everything else. He was working like a mechanical machine rather than a human thinking individual. He caught the ball as it was thrown back to him. A slight wave of nausea swept over him. He shook off the blackness that attempted to envelope him. With a great effort he sent a fast ball. Through his blurred eyes he saw Davis swing and miss. This time the pain was so terrific that his knees buckled slightly. His arm felt as if it was on fire. Mechanically he caught the ball as it was returned to him. His face was wet with sweat. He gritted his teeth and slowly wound up for the last pitch. He looked toward the batter. Everything was blurred. He shook his head and blinked hard and things cleared up some. Then summoning up every ounce of strength and courage he could muster, he slammed in a beautiful, fast drop curve. He closed his eyes not daring to see the result. Surely the pain had ruined his control. It wasn't possible to be in such agony and still sustain perfect control. The cheering crowd was what caused him to open his eyes. He groggily looked toward home plate. It—it couldn't be and yet—yes, he had fanned Davis. He stumbled off the diamond, went over to the bench and literally collapsed on it.

"Bucky," the Coach congratulated, "you were great. Say! your arm is bad isn't it?"

The ball player looked at him, his eyes gleaming with triumph, and said, "I'll never pitch again."

That evening, a special banquet was given in honor of the Bear's victory. During the course of speakers, Coach Bradley introduced a guest of honor, James Richardson, of the Baseball Commission.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "on behalf of the Baseball Commission and clubs of both leagues, it gives me great pleasure at this time to honor a very gallant young man. He played two innings with an injured arm, in today's game, and has further injured it to the extent that he will never pitch a game of ball again. He did it so that his team could win the pennant. It is only fitting at this time that I should bestow upon him this honor. Therefore, I name Bucky Adams as manager for the Green Sox."

Bucky stood up amid the deafening applause, his eyes shining. He looked at Lora, smiling proudly up at him, and suddenly he felt unusually happy.

MELVIN'S MUSIC STORE

*Federal Recording Radio
Phonograph Records*

New and Used Pianos

Orders solicited for band and orchestra instruments.

88 Central Street

Phone 2-1082

Buy Better Shoes

At The

Hub Shoe Store

44 Main St.

**Where Shoes Are Fitted
Not Merely Sold**

Louis KIRSTEIN & Sons

Realtors

REAL ESTATE - INSURANCE SERVICE

44 Central Street

Kirstein Bldg.

ESTABLISHED 1894

Boyd & Noyes, Jewelers

SENIORS

**Drop in and get your free
copy of**

"Commencement Days"

25 Hammond Street

Bangor, Maine

Dial 4753

W. I. Brookings

GALEN S. POND CO.

FUNERAL HOME

133 Center Street

Bangor



Maine

TIMBERLANDS

AND

SURVEYING

Prentiss & Carlisle Co., Inc.

Merrill Trust Building

Bangor, Me.

Member Federal Reserve Bank



Young men and women will always find this banking institution interested and helpful in their business progress. Responsibility is reflected by a checking account, which is also a factor in establishing credit and standing.

The Merrill Trust Company

**With twelve offices in
Eastern Maine**

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.
