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Published by the Students
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Contents

COVER—Robert Petterson

STORIES

Racket On The Diamond Page 5
By Bernard Wilbur

Modern Tarzan Page 7
By Philip Murdock

Ah! Love Page 8
By Paul Coleman

POEMS

Night Scene Page 4
By Phyllis Lipsky

Forest Fire Page 6
By Louise Eastman

Joe Page 10
By Phyllis Lipsky

FEATURES

"Young April" Page 9
By Paul G. Ford

Annual R. O. T. C. Inspection Page 10
By Everett Orbeton

On Themes Page 9
By Alfred Perry

Activities page 16

Alumni page 7

Book Reviews page 14

Boys' Athletics page 22

Editorials page 13

Fashions page 18

Hokum page 20

Movies page 15

Radio page 12

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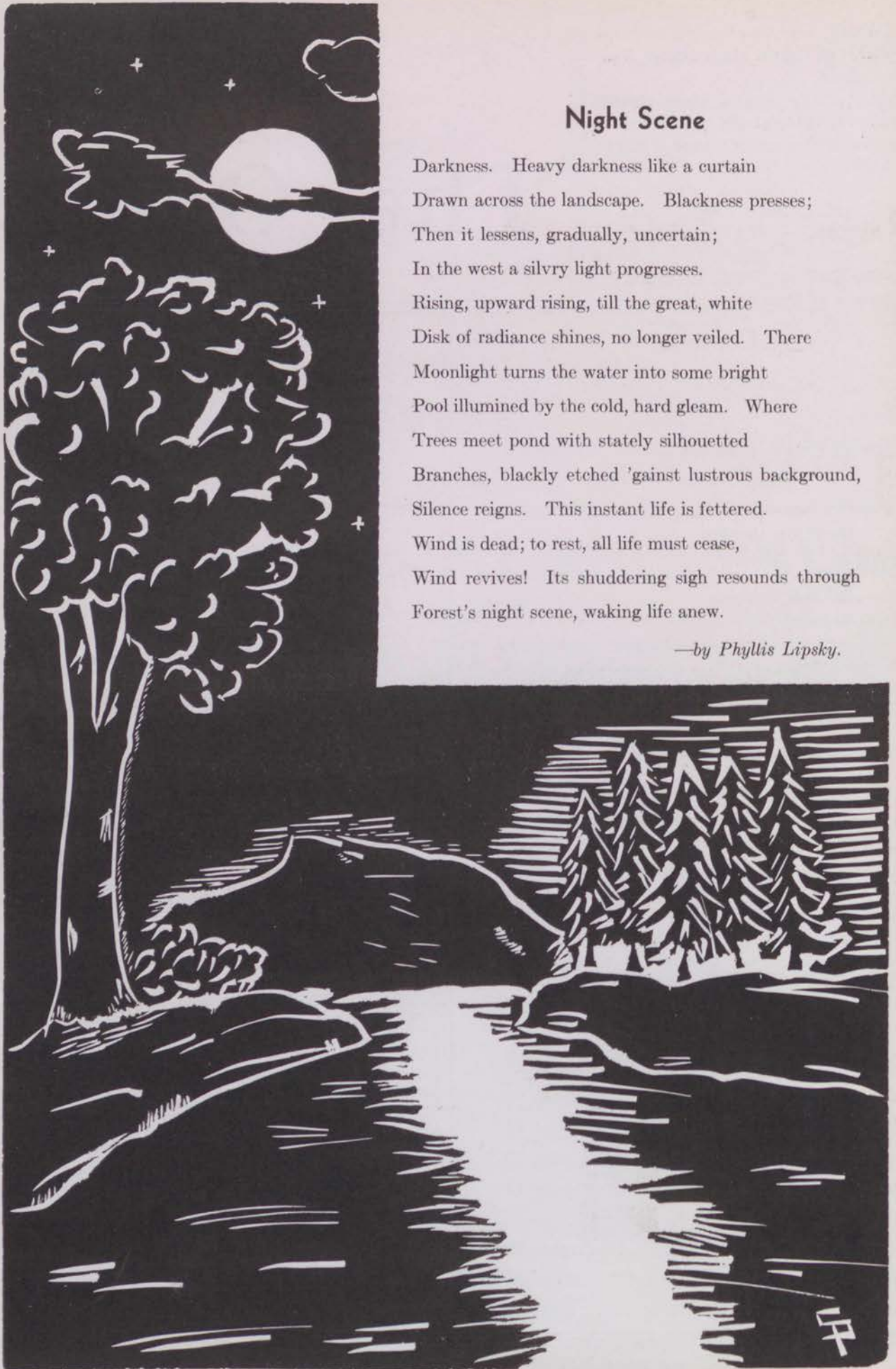
Girls' Athletics Lois Hardison

Boys' Athletics William Fellows

Night Scene

Darkness. Heavy darkness like a curtain
Drawn across the landscape. Blackness presses;
Then it lessens, gradually, uncertain;
In the west a silvery light progresses.
Rising, upward rising, till the great, white
Disk of radiance shines, no longer veiled. There
Moonlight turns the water into some bright
Pool illumined by the cold, hard gleam. Where
Trees meet pond with stately silhouetted
Branches, blackly etched 'gainst lustrous background,
Silence reigns. This instant life is fettered.
Wind is dead; to rest, all life must cease,
Wind revives! Its shuddering sigh resounds through
Forest's night scene, waking life anew.

—by Phyllis Lipsky.



Racket On The Diamond

BERNARD WILBUR

JUNIOR

Heretofore, Bernard Wilbur's contributions have been of the weirdest nature. His latest, though less weird, is no less interesting. In keeping with the season, it is about baseball, and a baseballer.

JERRY "Flash" Baker was only twenty-two, but he was the best pitcher the Panthers had turned out in many a day. In fact they had never before had so good a season, as the present one. The Panthers had played, so far this season, ten straight games, and out of that number they had won nine, which was a pretty good record; was it not? Jerry, or Flash, as he was nicknamed, because of the speed with which he pitched a ball, and ran, was liked by every one. He was modest, clean, honest, and quick thinking. Perhaps the most outstanding thing about him was the fact that no matter how tough a team they had to compete with, Flash always went out to the mound with a broad grin. There was, however, one thing about Flash that puzzled people. Why did he always evade talking about his father? Why was it that every time his name was mentioned, a hurt look came into his eyes and a sad, wistful smile came over his tanned face? No one, that is, no one as far as any one knew, up until the day before the game with the State champions, the Rangers, knew the answer to this puzzle except, of course, Flash, himself. His coach, Fred Wagner, however, was determined to find out that one secret in Flash's life. Then came the day before the big game with "The Rangers," the toughest team they had to compete with in the State.

For almost a month the Panthers had undergone a tough, strenuous schedule getting into condition for the forthcoming battle. Flash knew what winning this game meant to the Panthers. It meant winning the title from the unconquered Rangers, who had held it for four consecutive years. Then, the afternoon before the game, something happened which made him sick all over. The team had been given the day off to rest up. Flash was walking up the path to the rooming house where he lived. As he reached the porch two tough looking individuals confronted him. "Baker?" demanded one of them.

"Yes," Flash answered. "What can I do for you?" "My name's Procter," explained the speaker. "My partner here is Nolan. We've got a little—er—business deal to talk over with you.

"Okay, shoot!"

"My partner and I have placed a bet, \$2,000, in fact, on the Rangers to win tomorrow's game.

"Well, what's that got to do with me?" Flash wanted to know.



"Baker?"

"That's where you come in," Nolan explained. "We want you to see that your team loses the game."

Flash was stunned by this statement. A surprised look which quickly turned to anger, came over his face. The Panthers had been training hard for a month for this game, and, now these two wanted him to let his team down by throwing the game so that the Rangers could win.

"You want me to throw tomorrow's game? Why



you rotten—", Flash snarled grabbing Nolan by the collar.

"Hold it!" Procter warned. "I've got something else to tell you that might change your mind."

Flash let go of Nolan's collar. He looked suspiciously at Procter. "What?" he asked flatly.

"Baker," Procter said, "if you don't throw that game tomorrow, I'll tell your coach something I don't think you'd like to have him hear."

"And that is?" questioned Flash, half afraid of what the answer would be.

"Oh, nothing much," Procter replied, "just a little incident that happened about two years ago in New York, that's all."

Flash's face paled. "How'd you find that out?"

Procter smiled wryly, answering, "I make it my business to find out things. Well, are you going to throw the game, or do we tell the coach what we know?"

Flash was sick all over. To let his team down now after their counting so much on a victory tomorrow—well it wasn't right. It meant loosing his good standing with the team and his self respect. On the other hand if he didn't throw the game these crooks would reveal to the coach the one secret in his life that would hurt him. Either way he was in a mess. It seemed as if there was only one thing to do.

"Okay," he said, sick at heart, "I'll throw the game."

Procter smiled crookedly, put his hand on Flash's shoulder and said, "Now you're talking, kid, and I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll give you one-third of the winnings."

"I don't want any of your rotten money," Flash snapped. "Now, get out of here, and get out fast."

"Okay, okay," Procter said, leaving. "But don't forget, you lose that game if you know what is good for you."

"Don't worry, I will," Flash answered, sighing heavily.

His mind was in a whirl. He was sick at heart as he stumbled slowly up the rooming house steps. Just a few minutes before, his spirits had been soaring high. Tomorrow was the big day. The whole ball team felt confident that they were going to win, and now these two crooks turn up and threaten to expose Flash's secret to coach Wagner, if he didn't lose the game to the Rangers, just so that they could make a little crooked money. Flash hated to fall down on his job, but what else could he do? If those crooks told the coach Flash's secret, he'd probably lose the game. Everything was in a mess, and, as Flash went through the doorway and climbed the stairs to his room, he was thinking just that.

"What a fix to be in," he was muttering to himself. "Hang it all! There must be some way out of this mess,

but darned if I know what it is."

Entering his room he dropped upon his bed, and held his head in his hands. He felt all gone inside. Fate was working against him. Why?

"If I lose the game, I'll lose my reputation," he was muttering to himself. "And if I don't, those crooks will spill what they know to the coach. Aw rats!"

The next day was a fine one for the game. The sun was shining and a cool breeze was blowing across the ball park. The stadium was packed with about 50,000 fans. It promised to be an exciting, hard-fought battle.

In the Panthers' locker room, just a few moments before the game, Coach Wagner was giving last minute instructions to the players.

"Men, I don't have to tell you what we're up against, today. The Rangers are a tough team to beat. Now, we're going out there on that field with the idea of taking their title away from them; but if we lose, we'll lose as good sports should. Put forth your best teamwork and give it all you've got. Okay, lads, get out there now, and fight!"

They jumped up, yelling excitedly, and raced out of the gym. They were going out there and show those Rangers that they weren't the only "roosters in the coop." Everyone was feeling swell. That is, every one but Flash. He was the last one out, and as he stumbled into the field, he was wishing that he could die, right there in his tracks. The whole team was

(Please turn to page twenty-four)

Forest Fire

by Louise Eastman.

The countryside was beautiful,
The road a golden thread
Winding through the forest
To unknowns ahead.

The birds were there above us,
Hidden by the leaves,
The trees were swaying gently
In the summer breeze.

Little did we realize,
As we walked there, hand in hand,
That soon this road would lead us
Through a charred and blackened land.

Robbed of nature's trimmings,
A land of rock and waste,
Made that way by human hand,
Through thoughtlessness and haste.

Modern Tarzan

by Philip Murdock

Sophomore Philip "Moose" Murdock has at last interrupted his numerous athletic activities long enough to bring us a story. This one is about a New York banker in the Maine Woods.

THE sun was sinking lower in the sky and Little Herb was getting worried. Little Herb had been a registered guide for nine years and never before had he disappointed a customer. But this was a peculiar day. There was a light crust covering a three inch snow base which made walking difficult and noisy. A deer could hear a man coming for miles.

Percival McGouldric, a rich New York banker who had come to hunt in Maine for a vacation, crunched along noisily beside Herb.

"I say, old man," puffed McGouldric, "how much further are we going to walk before we come to one of those animals?"

"We might see one any time now," Little Herb groaned back, but down in his own mind he knew it would be luck if they even saw a sign of a deer, because they were getting so near to civilization.

McGouldric and Herb were trudging along an old tote road leading out to the main highway. This road was banked on both sides by a thick evergreen growth.

All of a sudden there was an infernal crash down on the right hand side of the road.

Little Herb yelled for McGouldric to stay in the road because he knew that a man of McGouldric's size could never get through the thickets. Then he plunged into the brush himself.

"Doggone," thought Herb, "I haven't let McGouldric down yet and I'll be gosh-darned if I'm going to."

Herb picked up a huge set of fresh deer tracks and started hot on the trail. After five minutes the tracks started circling back.

"That baby is going right back across the tote road," muttered Herb. "I hope McGouldric can get a shot at him. He'd probably get buck fever though."

Herb came to the road and looked up and down, but no McGouldric was to be seen.

"Gosh a-mighty," gasped Herb, "that darn fool is chasing the deer himself."

And sure enough, there were McGouldric's tracks right on the trail of the deer.

Twilight was nearing and if Percival McGouldric had to stay in the woods over night, he might find it different from sitting behind a desk in a New York bank.

Little Herb had to catch him before it got dark; so he started out on the run. Fifteen minutes slid by and

Herb began to get tired. He was falling over a log now and then.

"That guy claimed he had been a track man at Harvard, but I never gave it much thought," grunted Herb. "I guess he must a been, though."

The trail led down into a swamp, which made the tracking harder. Furthermore, the sun had already gone down, but there was still light enough to track by. Then from a little hill that rose out of the swamp, a shot echoed like a cannon. Following the shot a yell came which sounded to Herb like a hideous death scream.

"Oh-h, that feller's shot himself," whispered Little Herb as he dashed up the small hill. There on the top of the knoll a strange sight awaited the guide. Percival McGouldric stood with one foot on a big buck's body, beating his chest like a Tarzan. His clothes were torn and his arm bleeding slightly, but there was a happy smile on his face.



Beating his chest like a Tarzan.

"I've always wanted to be a Tarzan," exclaimed McGouldric.

He had literally outrun the deer and shot him just as he was about to start down the other side of the hill.

Herb slung the deer upon his shoulders and, followed by McGouldric carrying both rifles, started homeward.

They reached the tote road safely, but it was difficult walking out to the highway since it was quite dark.

(continued on page twenty-three)

Ah! Love

by Paul Coleman

Not satisfied with honors in athletics and scholarship, Paul Coleman, president of the Sophomore class, has invaded the field of literature. The tool: the tender tale intriguingly developed below.

IT was a bright sunny afternoon in spring that Jim Allen got into his Model T and went up Elm Street. He was on his way to call on a certain high school sophomore by the name of Tilly Farnsworth. As he drew near her house, he saw a 1940 Packard parked before her door, and in the Packard he saw Tilly talking to a boy. When he saw this, he whizzed right by her house and around the corner.

That night when he went up to the drug store, he learned that the boy with the Packard was Cecil Van Dom, a rich man's son, who had just moved up on Ber-rywater Hill. And he also learned that his own sister had introduced him to Tilly, and he had already asked her to the Easter Dance, and she had accepted.

In this dire hour, Jim turned for help to a boy that his mother had told him to keep away from. This pool-room hanger-on was "Spike" O'Mally. He was standing in front of the pollroom with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth.

"Spike, Spike, you've gotta help me," exclaimed Jim as he saw Spike.

"Whatsa matter with you? The bulls after ya?"

"Gee, no, Spike, it's more serious than that; a new kid in town stole my girl."

"Is dat all what's botherin' you? Well, O'Mally's "Advice to the Lovelorn" has never failed yet.

"First ya gotta ast another girl to the shindig. Get ya girl friend jealous. Then if I was you, I'd pick a battle wid dis sissy. Dat's all there is to it. You do as I say, and you'll get her back in no time."

"Gee, thanks a million, Spike," smiled Jim as he ran off.

"Ah! Love," sighed Spike with a shake of his head.

When Jim reached home, he called Miss Clarabella Mae Lee, one of the aristocrats who lived on the Hill, and asked her to the dance. Miss Clarabella immediately accepted and cooed her thanks over the telephone. Jim finally hung up and breathed a long sigh of relief.

"I'se so o o frilled," cooed Clarabella Mae, as they drove up to the Club, "to be goin' to o o the dance with you o o."

"Well, Clarabella, here we are just in time for the first dance. Give me your wrap, so I can check it, and then we'll dance a bit."

Jim had to dance with Clarabella all evening because

no one else would dance with her. As he took her home that night, he remarked sarcastically, "I've had a perfectly wonderful evening, Clarabella. By the way, do you know Cecil Van Dom?"

"Oh, yes, he used to come up to my house about every night, but lately he hasn't been up."

"Why don't you invite Tilly and him up tomorrow night, and we'll have a foursome?"

"I think that's a wo o o nderful idea," answered Clarabella Mae, casting her big brown eyes at Jim. "I'll ask them first thing in the morning."

At eight o'clock the next evening Jim drew up in front of the Lee mansion and saw that the others had already arrived. He went in and greeted them. Then Cecil was introduced to him. He found Cecil to be a boy of medium build, blond curly hair, and with a baby face.



Cecil hit Jim with his cue.

"Glad to know you!" exclaimed Jim, sticking out his hand.

"Charmed, I'm sure," lisped Cecil, keeping his hands in his pockets.

"Children, come downstairs to the game room," said the hovering Mrs. Lee. "Clarabella Mae, show your young friends a good time."

"Come on, Jimmy," exclaimed Clarabella Mae grabbing him by the hand.

(Please turn to page twenty-three)

On Themes

by Alfred Perry

EVERY other science is an "-ology." Zoology is not the science of zoos. Pathology is not the science of paths. Phonology is not the science of fakes. Soc-iology is not the science of knee-length stockings, not yet of boxing. Physiology is not the science of carbonated drinks.

Why, then, should Themology be the science of themes? On the surface it would appear that it should not be. Actually, however, I believe that it is. So firm is my conviction, in fact, that I am content to go no further in proof. Let us be satisfied that Themology is the science of themes.

What, then, is Themology? I have already said that it is the science of themes. But we can go deeper than that. What is it, basically and fundamentally? What does it entail?

In the first place, it entails a table, chair, paper, and either pen, pencil, or typewriter. Next it requires a subject, usually one of interest or importance—the subject under discussion is an example. Thirdly, it requires an author, someone to sit on the chair before the table, and set down on the paper with the pen, pencil, or typewriter the ideas which thought upon the subject have excited in his mind. That is the medium through which the plan of a theme becomes a theme.

This, then, is themology, a most honorable and worthy science, and by no means least of the genus "-ology."



In Appreciation

WITH the closing of this school year, Bangor High School is losing three of its most popular and prominent teachers: Miss Pauline McLaughlin, Mr. Charles O'Connor, and Mr. Herbert L. Prescott. All three have been affiliated with debating. Mr. Prescott has been varsity debate coach and advisor of the upper class club and through his efforts it has become one of the most outstanding organizations sponsored by the school.

Mr. O'Connor has been also associated with the Athletic Department as coach of track. He has turned out consistently good teams.

Miss McLaughlin has very ably handled the Snapdragons, and, this year, the T. N. T.'S.

All three have become very well liked and admired by students and faculty alike. We are very sorry to see them go; nevertheless, we are happy that they can advance in their chosen careers. Best of luck to them!

"Young April"

by Paul G. Ford

UPHOLDING the prestige of their predecessors, the present senior class presented on May 17, a play entitled *Young April* that defied competition with the best of productions ever enacted upon the stage of B. H. S. The talent scouts of *Woodcock International* couldn't have cast the play any better nor could the authors of *Young April* itself have found anyone that could have portrayed the parts with more excellence than those that participated. For instance, the absent minded Professor McIntyre, so superbly interpreted by Danny Orr was one of the best portrayals we had ever seen. Barbara Perry was his wife and with such ease did she enact her part that the audience saw her as Mrs. McIntyre and not as Barbara Perry. And then there was John Woodcock! Words can't describe his performance, for he played his role so well and so *naturally* that we wondered if those lines and actions might not be of his own making rather than the playwrights.

What an outburst of merriment rent the hall when Sukey Giddings as Lula, the colored maid, made her appearance; one could scarcely believe that it was she.

Phyllis Casey did marvelously in a part entirely foreign to her own personality. For she was a jealous little flirt, making trouble if she thought it would gain her own ends. She is to be congratulated for a wonderful enactment of a typed part. Lois Hardison, too, added to the hilarity for she was a near sighted (literally, not figuratively) encyclopedia worm who couldn't even get a date for Sunday night.

Dick Morse was a "natural" in the true sense of the word as he interpreted the character of a popular athletic star. He appeared so natural that the audience must have thought that rehearsing had been unnecessary. Evelyn Rice, as Terry McIntyre, appeared as though the part had been written especially for her, and Ernest Monroe, too, enacted his part most naturally.

Bob Hill and Earl Smith, though having minor roles, formed the connecting link between the parts of the play. Had it not been for them the course of the play might have been far different!

Harvard Weatherbee did more than justice to the enacting of Stewart Miller, for it was the part of a mamma's boy tied to her apron strings and one who dares not speak for himself. He portrayed this part superbly for it was a role so apart from his own makeup that it took real acting ability to portray it.

Adjectives are not of sufficient quality to laud Ethelyn Bryer in her character part of Mrs. Miller. There is no one whom we have seen in every day life, on stage

or screen that could have done better.

Dorothy Hart and June Winchell, though they too had minor roles, also gave cause for what later took place. Who can forget Connie Dubey as Diane, the apple of George McIntyre's (John Woodcock's) eye. She, too, was a "natural", and we congratulate her for an extraordinary performance. No one else could have played better their parts, and as we stood outside after this marvelous production, listening to the fragments of passing conversations, we heartily agreed, too, that it was one of the best amateur performances we had ever witnessed.

Annual R. O. T. C. Inspection

THIS spring per usual, and it really wouldn't be spring without it, came the annual inspection of the R. O. T. C. This event is the climax of the military affairs of B. H. S. and is really a fitting exhibition to conclude a year of intense drill.

Beginning this year on the twentieth, a day earlier than in former years, we were graced by inclement weather. Monday noon at recess, there was a mad rush for the armory and the battalion marched away in the mist. The forenoon was spent in squad drills and manoeuvres in charge of the squad leaders themselves. This was the spot where next year's officers had their chance to shine. It was certainly a swell army day! Wet! Muddy! Cold! Three synonyms for the army. However, that was O. K. with all concerned since it was taken for granted that Tuesday would be necessarily be a good day. Tuesday came with more rain and cold, and deeper mud. To offset this, the boys were practically stuffed with energy and enthusiasm. Everything went swell Tuesday including squad, platoon, and company drill. The battalion parade went well, with the band stealing the honors of the day. Honorary Lieutenant Colonel Constance Dubey and Honorary Major Evelyn Rice reviewed the battalion on Wednesday. A very interested and appreciative audience was in attendance to witness the honorary exercises but there was a notable absence of Bangor High School students. However, everyone and his sister was there on Thursday, which after all was the big day and certainly deserved a little attention. The new formations recently adopted by the army at first seemed queer to everyone, including the boys themselves, but efficiency is the watchword these days. As a whole the inspection was very successful, and Major Ragan can certainly be congratulated for his administration this year. It was no easy job to begin again, almost from the start, to teach four hundred boys how to be soldiers.

Colonel Braley handled the battalion like a veteran. The band made one of the best appearances ever, and on that score much credit goes to Maurice Orbeton, Jr., and Drum Major Waldo Libby for their help in making the inspection a success.

The military season was climaxed last Friday with the annual formal, the Military Ball.

Joe

by Phyllis Lipsky

All men know the olden fable of that
raven, foul and sable,
Perched upon the writing table of
a man named Poe.

Just as many know the ditty, thought
by some to be quite witty—
Reading it, I still take pity on a
guy called Joe.

Often times I've sat and pondered while my
mind with sorrow wandered
Through the paths of woe where
sauntered this poor guy called Joe.
Trouble lurks at every turning.
Danger—thrills—excitement burning—
Make me turn despairing, yearning,
From E. A. Poe to Joe.

But for me, I'll take that fighter,
brain-child of a master writer.
Raven never was politer than this
guy named Joe.
Joe Palooka is my hero. Now the
raven's rating's zero.
Gee, I hope that he can't hear;
Oh, please don't haunt me, Poe!

FIRST HONOR RATING

In the annual nation-wide competition of high school and college publications conducted by the National Scholastic Press Association for the season 1939-1940, the *Oracle* achieved the signal honor of First Class rating.

Alumni



RIGHT now I'm looking over the June *Oracle* of 1938 and as I scan the Graduation speakers, Barbara Savage looms up. "Peppy" (that's what they call her up at Maine) has certainly carried her speaking and acting ability to the university. My colleague, "Phyl" Lipsky, told you "Peppy" was going to be in the Maine Masque play, *Our Town*; now that it's over, people say that it was the best play for several years, and I'll bet it wasn't because of the scenery.

Jean Baird, '38, is in her second year at Westbrook, and she looks wonderful. I saw her floating around in a shiny car during vacation.

If once you should step into a local dress shop in Bangor, you'll become the happy victim of Ruth Curran, '38, who will pull every hat and dress out in order to be obliging and also, — ahem! — to make a sale.

Miriam Fellows, '38, and Louise Newman, '38, are both planning to take typing and something else (I can't remember) at Beal Business College this summer. Honestly, some girls have more courage to face typewriters on nice hot days than — than — than — I.

Bill Jenkins, class jitterbug of 1938, is now studying at Quoddy Youth Administration.

Charles Junkins is now getting up at the wee small hours to go on a milk route for Hillman's.

Talking it all over with "Lib" Libbey the other day, I discovered that "Lib" actually plans to teach school next year.

Gwendolyn Matchett, '38, is training at the Deaconess Hospital in Boston.

Charlotte Roberts, '39, is doing all right for herself. She entered Beal Business College last fall, and now she's out and on her own as secretary to Mr. Page at Abraham Lincoln.

Artemus Weatherbee, '35, after graduating from Maine last year, went down to Washington, D. C. and is connected with a training school of the government there.

Adelle Sawyer, ex-'38, is going to Bouve School of Physical Education in Boston. In many estimations, Adelle is just the physical type, judging from her athletic record in Bangor High and Abbott Academy.

I mentioned two girls in the February issue as working girls in Boston, but I failed to tell what they were doing. Well, I've been digging in the files and I discovered that Betty Ayer, '36, is now employed by the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company in Boston. Also, Charlotte Clement is a contact worker for the Boston Children's Hospital.

That handsome "Bill" Hawkes who deserted Bangor last summer is now attending the University of Vermont. And when last seen, Fred Hawkes was going to Tilton.

John Howard is now a soda-jerker at Post Office Pharmacy; so if you want a superb "coke", just slam down a nickel and presto, you have the best!

Louis Vafiades, '38, is manager of spring football at Bowdoin. I wonder why Louis doesn't go out for football himself. There's no doubt about the size of his shoulders.

Bob Blake, '38, and Stanley Fletcher, '38, seem to be two others attracted by Northeastern, or is it just Boston?

Douglas Blake, '39, is applying his mechanical talents in Army Air Corps.

Virginia Orbeton, '34, seems to be enjoying her work as librarian at Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut. These Orbetons, they're all over the face of the earth.

Helen Bond, '35, is 'way out in Toledo, Ohio, as a Girl Scout executive.

"Sarge" Emerson, '39, is a member of the band and is taking the pre-medical course at the University of Vermont.

Charles Rice, '35, graduates from Wharton School of Finance of the University of Pennsylvania this June.

Fleatwood K. McKean, '30, is graduating this spring from the Queen's University at Kingston, Ontario, Canada, and leaves shortly thereafter to take a position as mining engineer in Chile, for the Braden Copper Company.

Now here's the big news to top the climax. Charles Roberts, '37, the super colossal basketball player when we seniors were freshmen, and Louise Giles are engaged and destined to be married soon. Congratulations, Charlie. Much Happiness, Louise.



Dots and Dashes

Radio Aid In Sight Conservation

Broadcasting in the classroom (and at home) as an aid in conserving the sight of school children is advocated by Olive S. Peck, supervisor of Braille and Sight-saving Classes in Cleveland, Ohio, in a report recently published by the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness.

Basing her report on experiments conducted with 65,000 children in the elementary schools of Cleveland, Miss Peck stresses the importance of "eye rest periods" which broadcast lessons provide.

"Education has been carrying on quite a bombardment of the visual senses for many years," Miss Peck points out. "The use of the auditory sense has been rather neglected as a gateway of learning in the regular classes. But educators are now interested in using radio.

"One fine development of the use of broadcasting is an increased interest in speech. Everybody is becoming speech or radio-conscious. Tests are showing that many speech defects are the result of auditory defects. Perhaps many of us who are engaged in sight-saving class work have not paid enough attention to the auditory condition of our children."

If you would like a copy of Miss Peck's complete report, just address the National Association for the Prevention of Blindness, RCA Bldg., New York City. Copies may be had for the asking.

ATTENTION MUSIC LOVERS

Here are a few programs which you may like to hear each week. The United States Navy Band, 2.30-3.00 p. m., Mondays; The United States Army Band, 2.30-3.00 p. m., Tuesdays; Favorite Waltzes, Leopold Spitalny conducts, same time Wednesdays; The United States Marine Band, 2.30-3.00 p. m., Thursdays; NBC Musical Appreciation Hour, 2.00-3.00 p. m. Fridays; NBC Symphony Orchestra-Arturo Toscanini 10.30-11.30 p. m., Saturdays. Music lovers can hear all the fine programs which we've just listed on any station of the NBC BLUE network. Your Bangor station for all those NBC programs is WLBZ (620 ky. — on your dial).

Y. N. WEATHER SERVICE

Complete New England weather news for all New England is brought to you by the Yankee Network Weather Service, heard locally over WLBZ at 8.15 a. m. and 11.15 p. m. (Mon.-Sat.) and on Sundays at 8.30 a. m. and again at 11.15. The one exception in the time listing is Saturday nights, when the night edition of the weather service is broadcast at 11.45 p. m.

Temperature and weather conditions in Bangor, weather forecasts for Maine are included on the Y. N. Weather Service which, in its fifteen minute programs, gives complete weather coverage of New England as well as parts of New York and general weather news about the whole country. If you listen once, we think you'll become a regular tuner-in of the weather services.

TODAY IN EUROPE

Have you ever stopped to think how near we are to Europe's battles? So close, indeed, that we can hear a man breathe in Paris, so close that we can hear the rustle of a paper in Berlin.

One of the finest programs to bring latest reports directly from the major European capitals is a feature of the Columbia Broadcasting System known as TODAY IN EUROPE. CBS' correspondents in London, Paris, and Berlin are all heard on this war news program. And the reception from the different cities across the ocean is very good, now—nearly 75% better than it was not so long ago.

TODAY IN EUROPE is heard in Bangor over WABI (Mon.-Sat.) at 8.00 a. m. and on Sundays at 9.00 a. m.

Another good news program heard over the same network and local station is titled THE WORLD TODAY—heard (Mon.-Sat.) at 6.45 and on Sundays at 7.00 p. m., with the title changed to THE WORLD THIS WEEK.

SPREADING NEW ENGLAND'S FAME

Sponsored by Wrigley's gum, broadcast over the approximately twelve stations of the Yankee network, SPREADING NEW ENGLAND'S FAME has made a big hit throughout New England. This program

(Please turn to page twenty-one)

Editorial Comment



VOL. XLIX NO. 5

THE ORACLE

MAY, 1940

Student Council

MANY of you who are Debate Club members attended this year's Class Debates. There you heard discussed a question of ever increasing importance—the question of student council. This is a subject that has been popping up occasionally for several years; and with our present principal has come new interest in the problem. Mr. Chaplin has already expressed his great interest in and desire for a student council. However, not unlike a piece of math paper, the question has two sides.

On the one side are those who believe that a student council would be an invaluable addition to Bangor High School. They feel that, besides its face value and the obvious benefits to be derived from it, it would be a step toward greater democracy in the school, and consequently, that it would excite in the whole student body a greater feeling of responsibility and cooperation. It would create a constructive attitude and an interest in the school that at present seems quite lacking. It is not only that it would give the students a share in "governing" the school; it is the spirit that must arise from this participation that is essential—the feeling of being a vital, working part in a great machine.

On the other hand, there are those who consider a student council an unworkable and unnecessary organization, just an extra activity, logical and practical in theory, perhaps, but impracticable in its application. They protest that only a select few could enjoy the benefits of a council, that, to the mass of the students it would be something remote, lacking real significance. Another difficulty is the matter of interest; a council is incapable of being interested in every issue. Different groups are interested in different things. It has been proposed that we rely entirely on the initiative of different, interested groups. Every student should be made aware of the opportunities and power for good that he, personally, as a "citizen" of Bangor High School, possesses. If true interest exists, it will manifest itself in the actions of individual students, and a council will

not be necessary; if it does not exist, the council cannot realize its ultimate purpose—the development of that spirit which we spoke of in the first part of this editorial.

Regardless of which side you, the students, favor, you should be thinking about the question. It is certainly worthy of a great deal of consideration. It should be discussed in all your home rooms; and it would even pay you to take enough time to study the problem more completely by yourselves. Every student in Bangor High School should be thoroughly acquainted with it. The time may come in the near future when you will be called upon to decide this issue, and you should be able to decide it intelligently.

MEMORIAL DAY

Soon Memorial Day will be at hand. To many of us it will mean nothing more than a vacation from school. To others it will be a day to stop to think—to think, "Why?" Why are the bands playing? Why are people marching up and down? For what have these young men laid down their lives?

These few paragraphs do not try to be of the Fourth of July Oration type. They are an appeal to sanity. They are an appeal to the youth of today. We, the young people of today, are the men and women of tomorrow. It is in our power to banish war from this earth. No one of us—no one group of us—can do it. Working together, we can. We must know what we want, and must work hard to get it. When we ask ourselves the question, "Why?", there can be no satisfactory answer. We can only realize the fruitlessness of war; we can realize only the loss of glory, not the winning of it; we can only realize that strong bodies and strong minds were given to us, not to destroy, but to create.

On Memorial Day, and every other day, when we hear the bands begin to play, and see the parades passing, we should pause to ask ourselves, "Why?" and resolve to do everything in our power to outlaw war and make it a thing unknown in the world of tomorrow.



On The Bookshelf

HOW TO DANCE

If the truth be known, aside from the Reader's Digest condensations, and a few more or less dry essays on religion and philosophy, about the only book that we have read is one for which we had the direst need, *The Art of Social Dancing* by Lawrence Hostetler.

This isn't a new book, but the unexpected interest manifested by every one to whom we mentioned it prompted us to include it here. While a person who had never danced before probably could not benefit greatly from this book, it is a god-send to us beginners who spend an entire evening doing but two or three different steps. It takes up the fundamentals, explains clearly the basic waltz, foxtrot, and tango steps, and includes many of those delightful little variations and combinations which keep dancing from getting monotonous.

When we quizzed James Hastings as to his recent reading, he launched into an enthusiastic description of a Dick Tracy story, but desisted when told what we were going to do with our information. Jimmy said he hadn't read much lately, but knowing him to be quite a tennis player, we inquired as to the best book for anyone who wants to improve his tennis. Without hesitation he rattled back "*How to Play Tennis*," by Mercer Beasley, the fellow who coached Ellsworth Vines." This book, we understand, is very lucid.

On quizzing Mac Hardy we discovered the unaccountable fact that he had been reading books for no other tangible reason than that they were on the Senior Reading List. One, *Fortitude*, by Hugh Walpole, he said was the story of the trials and tribulations of a young Englishman who runs away from school, gets job, loses job, gets married, and tries to write. Another, *To Have and to Hold* is a story of a Virginian of the 17th century, of his marriage to one of a shipload of girls imported for that purpose, and of his ensuing problems. Mac did not seem very enthusiastic about either of these but they must be good (for something) or they wouldn't be on the list.

He told us several interesting anecdotes from *Filibustering in the Senate* by Burdett, which indicate that the book is worth looking into, and recommended the old favorite *Les Misérables* by Victor Hugo which many

students seem to have read and enjoyed.

At least two seniors have read *The Life of Andrew Johnson* by William James; Herbert Travis stated that it was well worth reading, and Sumner Chalmers went so far as to say, "I'd recommend anybody to read it." This is said to be the best and most interesting life of "Old Hickory" ever written.

George Robinson, movie columnist and short story writer, proved a veritable gold mine of comment. He had read "*Twenty-four Hours*" by Louis Bromfield. "Bromfield," quoth George, "is the most entertaining of modern novelists." When asked what the story was about, he murmured vaguely, "Oh, 24 hours, of course," and went on to say that the idea of it all was, "Man is just an insect, driven along paths not of his own choosing."

The following is a selection of modern books which we derived through exhaustive study of many pounds of book reviews and which should be enjoyed by all types of readers.

REVIEWLETS

Children of God—by Vardis Fisher—the condensation in the *Reader's Digest* (the story of the Mormons) is one of the most fascinating bits of literature we have seen in many moons.

Flowering Earth—by Donald Peattie—an astonishingly interesting history of the earth, with special emphasis on plant life. This is also condensed in the *Digest* and should be of special interest to chemistry students.

Wind, Sand, and Stars—by Antoine de St. Exupre—personally we didn't like it much when we tried it, but many people really enjoyed it. It was a little too dreamy for us.

Native Son—by Richard Wright—crime story—called "the finest novel by negro author"; a "packed with dynamite" tragedy of the American Negro problem.

Calvin Coolidge, The Man Who Came From Vermont—by his admiring friend, Claude M. Fuess. A good but somewhat eulogistical biography of a "good, but not great" man.

Inside Europe—by John Gunther—this great book has been revised, 90,000 words being added to bring it

up to the present.

Bethel Merriday—by Sinclair Lewis—generally agreed to be an entertaining book although it does not rank with his others. An accurate tale of a young girl on the stage.

How to Read A Book—by Mortimer J. Adler—a book to be read seriously by any one who wants to give himself a good education.

A Smattering of Ignorance—by Oscar Levant—the musicritic. The fact that it has led the non-fiction best seller lists for months proves its entertainment value.

Reluctant Star—by Margaret Langster—familiar idea of woman who finds she has only six months to live. Screen idol falls for her when she goes to Hollywood on a spree. Good for light reading! (Note: It has happy ending).

The Voice of Destruction—by Hermann Raushning. What makes Hitler tick, by the author of *The Revolution of Nihilism*, who knows him as an intimate.

Oracle's Inquisition

1. A form of taxation abolished in many states is (a) income tax, (b) poll tax, (c) excise tax, (d) carpet tax.
2. The book, "Failure of a Mission", was written by (a) Sir Neville Henderson, (b) Count Ciano, (c) Napoleon, following his retreat from Moscow.
3. Japan has recently hinted at a protective trusteeship over (a) the Phillipines, (b) the U. S., (c) the Dutch East Indies.
4. Portugal will soon (a) enter the war, (b) celebrate its 800th anniversary, (c) become a protectorate of Spain.
5. The amount of money circulating in the U. S. is about (a) 5 billion, (b) 7 billion, (c) 13 billion, (d) 44 billion.
6. All national banks must belong to (a) the New York Stock Exchange, (b) Federal Reserve System, (c) Bessie System, (d) their depositors.
7. A well-known German official, famous for his gaudy uniforms, is (a) Hitler, (b) Ribbentrop, (c) Himmeler, (d) Goering.
8. The number of Federal Reserve Banks in the U. S. is (a) 4, (b) 6, (c) 12, (d) 15.
9. Harold E. Stasser is (a) governor of Minnesota, (b) editor of the *New York Times*, (c) a Hollywood producer, (d) a war correspondent.
10. Diplomatic representatives are soon to be exchanged for the first time by the U. S. and (a) the Czech gov. in Paris, (b) Iceland, (c) the Phillipines.

11. A natural product, competition for which has recently caused international trouble, is (a) the airplane, (b) coffee, (c) oil, (d) chewing gum.
12. Bertel E. Kuniholm is U. S. consul to (a) Britain, (b) Mexico, (c) Iceland.
13. Stockholm, Sweden, is called the (a) City of the Midnight Sun, (b) Venice of the North, (c) Jewel of Scandinavia.
14. The Germans' use of "Trojan Horse" tactics in Norway indicates that they (a) camouflage troops with false haystacks, etc., (b) employ primitive savages as generals, (c) disguise troops as salesmen, tourists.
15. Italy was told recently to (a) give up Ethiopia, or else—, (b) disarm, (c) behave like a neutral.
16. Neville Henderson felt that if foreign affairs were in Goering's hands, (a) all Europe would now be at war, (b) England would have been defeated by now, (c) the war would have been averted.
17. A recent election at General Motors resulted in (a) open shop, (b) a C. I. O. victory, (c) a fifth wheel for next year's cars.
18. The gold the U. S. has amounts to (a) 250 million, (b) 3 billion, (c) nothing, (d) 18 billion.
19. Norway is famous for its (a) fiords, (b) Fords, (c) fine guns, (d) pretty girls.
20. The President wants a greater relief appropriation (a) to increase his popularity, (b) because of lack of business recovery, (c) because the U. S. is getting richer and can afford more.

(answers on page 22)

This Crazy Hollywood!

WE may be ignorant, but we're plenty smart. Yessir, we will *not* cast our vote for that solid bulwark of capitalism called the G. O. P., nor will we hop on the Farley-Roosevelt bandwagon. The Socialists can tongue-lash and the Communists spatter vitriol. But our choice for President is Gracie Allen!

George Burns' irrepressible spouse is definitely in the fight. Her magnetic personality and her immense store of wisecracks show clearly the path for this slightly wacky nation. Let us go forward to victory with the mighty campaign song:

"Old F. D. R. is very tired;
McNutt might Boob be called;
Garner must not be hired,
And Cordell would be mauled.

(Please turn to page twenty-three)



Outside The Classroom

Debate Club

When this is read, the Debate Club season for 1939-1940—the tenth anniversary year—will have been written upon the record books of history.

It has been uniformly a good year. The Club has been strong in every department. Money-raising has been successful; meetings have been well attended and interesting; social and other special events have been smoothly run, well patronized, and outstandingly good. With all different teams the actual debating record has kept to the same high standard of former seasons, the percentage of winning decisions for Bangor being about 90%.

Since the last *Oracle*.

Debating in Bangor, Thursday afternoon, March 21, Charles Jellison and Kendall Cole, affirmative, won 2-1 over a strong Foxcroft Academy team, with Jellison as best speaker. Simultaneously at Brewer, Dorothy Braidy and Nicholas Brountas won 3-0 on the other side of the railroad question, with Miss Braidy best speaker.

Accompanied by Mr. Prescott and Miss Bocquel, varsity debaters took their biennial out-of-state trip, starting March 26 and returning March 29, having met Raymond, N. H., Lawrence, Mass., and Norwood, Mass. Cole and Jellison represented Bangor at Raymond, Cole joining Brountas and Dorothy Braidy to make a three-man team against Lawrence. Brountas and Dorothy Braidy spoke at Norwood. All debates were no-decision affairs, the Lawrence meeting being aired over Station WLLH. The team made its headquarters in Boston, and Thursday evening saw Maurice Evans' production of *King Richard II*.

The annual class debates came Thursday evening, April 18, and saw Balfour Golden and John Woodcock, seniors, Alfred Perry, and Irene Goos, juniors, Sally Pearson and John LaPoint, sophomores, and Rena Bell and Robert Rudman, freshmen, discussing the question "Resolved: that Bangor High School have a student council in operation by October 1, 1940" before a good audience in Room 307. Raymond Jones was manager of the affair. Kendall Cole and Mr. Prescott were chairmen, with the varsity debaters as timers. Former Club-members John Webster, Edward Gup-

till, and Miss Roberta Smith were the judges. Alfred Perry won best-speaker, and the sophomore team was the winner. The team was supervised by Mrs. Margaret Carroll of the faculty, other groups having been overseen by Miss Alice Bocquel, Miss Pauline McLaughlin, and Mr. Charles O'Connor.

Bangor varsity debaters participated in the Bates interscholastics on Friday, April 19, at Lewiston. There they won two 3-0 decisions, lost two, 2-1. Charles Jellison was presented a medal for excellence in the semi-finals.

The final event (April 27) featured a banquet, the yearbook, class stunts, and a feature movie. In charge of arrangements were Alfred Keith and Betty Day. Editor of the annual was Nicholas Brountas with Alfred Perry as assistant editor.

Next month the *Oracle* will carry a picture of this year's varsity team and a summary of all activity of the season.

Latin Club

The Seniors in semi-serious vein gave us a most interesting program at the March meeting of the Latin Club. We understand that that 4A group thinks in Latin, talks in Latin, (or at least in English that is a direct transfer of the Latin idiom), and that they even order their meals in Latin — somewhat to the mystification of local waitresses, although the parents of the prodigies are entirely accustomed to it. In fact, on the day of the last quarterly exams, Ford and Golden entered the building in their usual boisterous fashion shouting the ominous words from the Aeneid: *Ille dies primus leti*—This is the first day of our doom!

Thus it came about that the Seniors presented their favorite characters, Dido and Aeneas. And so enthusiastic were they over their subject, that the meeting ran long over-time. In fact, they might have kept on indefinitely, but, to borrow a phrase of the immortal Caius Julius, "Night put an end to the proceedings."

Daniel Orr introduced the subject by drawing a striking contrast between Edward of Windsor who chose

"the primrose path of dalliance," and the good Aeneas, who listened to the stern voice of duty, even though he strayed briefly into that path. The speakers then traced briefly the story of the fall of Troy and the events leading up to the meeting of the lovers in Carthage.

The spirited dialogue of Book IV of the Aeneid was then reproduced, with John Woodcock as the distracted Aeneas, and Dorothy Braidy as queen Dido, beautiful even in her grief and wrath. We shall not soon forget the spell of the voice and words of this Duse of the Senior Class, which held us until the last terrible utterance of the death scene.

A lively discussion followed, at times humorous, and at times deadly serious, concerning the character of Aeneas. Barbara Perry, in a long and dignified poem written in heroic couplets, showed that Aeneas was no gentleman. (For a complete and unexpurgated copy of this poem we refer you to a recent issue of the S. P. Q. R.)

Kendall Cole valiantly upheld the character of the great classic hero, and proceeded, at least to the satisfaction of himself and the other affirmative speakers, to say that Aeneas was the finest kind of gentleman. Cole (along with Aeneas) was supported by Barberc and Orbeton in arguments which made up in forceful utterance what they lacked in conclusiveness. Marie Hilton uttered a few earnest words, derogatory to the character of the *pious Aeneas*. Then came the surprise of the afternoon, when Richard Eaton, leaning on the desk, in nonchalant fashion with one elbow on Webster's dictionary, and entirely without benefit of notes, poured forth a torrent of oratory in support of the ladies in general, of Dido in particular, and launched against Aeneas a blast of condemnation that was worthy of a Hitler.

Completely carried away by Eaton's concluding burst of eloquence, the club voted almost as a body in favor of Eaton and Dido and the ladies. In fact the only votes on the other side came from the three affirmative speakers!

In April we heard from the Juniors. In May, we banquet, and we banquet *Copiosissime!*

Snapdragons

The Snapdragons debate club has been holding, recently, some very interesting debates with Prudy Speirs presiding.

On March 14, a debate was held, the subject being, "Resolved: That Bangor High should have a Student Council in operation by October, 1940." The affirmative side was made up of Constance Coleman and Kath-

leen Downes. Rena Bell and Joyce March upheld the negative side of the question. The debate was won by the negative.

A non-decision debate was held on April 4, with Rena Bell and Irene Burleigh making up the affirmative side, while Harriet Duncan and Fay Jones were the negative debaters. Following this, there was an open discussion in which almost everybody took a part.

Miss Bocquel, the faculty advisor, supervised the work of the organization.

Commercial Club

Two very instructive programs from the stand point of the Commercial student were presented by the Commercial Club at the regular meetings of March and April.

Earl Merriman, manager of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company in Bangor, spoke at the March meeting. Mr. Merriman spoke first on the fundamentals of making "person-to-person" and "station-to-station" calls. He told the purpose of the information operator and told what to do if the telephone is out of order. The speaker then presented a one-reel film in four parts: "What's the Technique?" "What's the Treatment?"; "What's the Clearance?"; and "A New Voice for Mr. X."

The first dealt with the instruction of a lineman. Although the process was not complicated, this knowledge is essential to his safety. The second showed how all the telephone company's employees are trained to perform first-aid. The third explained the methods of aircraft to discover the clearance of their planes above land and above sea level. The fourth and last was probably the most instructive part from the standpoint of the clerk or office employee. This showed how Mr. X found the value of "keeping a smile in one's voice," and also that courtesy brings results. By watching others, he discovered many of his own mistakes and corrected them. He passed this "Correct use of the telephone" idea on to his other business associates. After the movies, the speaker opened the meeting for any questions that the members of the club might wish to ask. Two Sophomore Commercial classes attended this meeting.

The regular April meeting featured a forum discussion on the topic, "What to do before and after you get a job." Valuable facts established were: there are over two million secretaries in the United States; that the most necessary qualities of a secretary are accuracy, dependability, persistence, quietness, ability, neatness and confidence. The subject of "Applying For A

Position" was under the direction of Eileen Connors, who presented a skit dealing with the preliminaries to, and the actual steps of, an interview. The cast was: Harvard Weatherbee, manager; Norman McNaughton, office boy; Dorothy Hart, flapper secretary; and Helen Sherburne, the perfect secretary. "Mind Your P's and Q's," a book by Jerome D. Meyer that points out the relationship of one's handwriting to personality and character, was presented in an instructive manner by Norman McNaughton. Mildred Tootill dealt in detail with "Accuracy" in all phases of secretarial work. In conclusion the club enjoyed a reading by Elizabeth Curran.

Thirty-three pupils of the senior and junior typewriting classes at Bangor High School have earned Gregg Writer awards on the ten-minute competent typist test printed in the January and February issues of that magazine.

Competent Typist Certificate (60-79 net words per minute)

Caroline Fernald, Norman McNaughton, Miriam Merrill.

Competent Typist Pin (50-59 net words per minute)

Helen Gruber, Glenna Kleiner, Leslie Kneidl.

Typewriting Progress Certificate (30-49 net words per minute).

Velma Arnold, Esther Arbo, Ruth Atwood, Dorothy Blomberg, Virginia Bond, Ethelyn Bryer, Pauline Cluff, Catherine Cobb, Warren Daigle, Geraldine Dennison, Barbara Dinsmore, Donald Eastman, Ella Faulkingham, Dorothy Gass, Laura Hanson, Dorothy Hart, Arthur Jonason, Phyllis Jordan, Margaret LaForge, Roselle Legassey, Hilda Perkins, Jessie Smith, Mildred Tootill, Althea Ward, Lorraine Wylie, Robert York, Muriel Young.

My Buddy,

Darn That Dream, but It Makes No Difference Now, because I was Careless when you said, "You're The One Rose That's Left In My Heart." I went South Of The Border and I Thought About You but I wasn't Faithful even when I said I would be Faithful Forever. You were my Sweetheart when we danced to the Gaucho Serenade In A Little Dutch Garden by the Liacs In The Rain. Speaking Of Heaven, I was Deep In A Dream when I thought of All The Things You Are. It's A Blue World, even though we are At The Batilka Day In and Day Out. You'd Be Surprised, but I Get Along Without You Very Well, so a Goody-Good Bye.

My Best Wishes To You,

Margie.

High Fashions

by Louise Eastman and Alice Warren

Second Glances

Seen at the exhibition: The dark striped formal with yellow roses on the girl in the orchestra. . . the long sleeved jacket and dress covered with sequins. . . speakers looked very nice.

Seen at the school and elsewhere: The long sleeved rose dress with gold buttons. . . many white frilly blouses. . . white anklets with angora tops. . . the sisters whose blond hair is always attractively arranged . . . blue shirt-waist dress with barber-pole stripes and large pockets. . . bunches of bracelets. . . the white turban on our dark haired cheer leader. . . the striped bolero jacket with very full sleeves. . . vivid red jewelry worn with the long sleeved black dress. . . tan collarless suit with the very full skirt. . . red cherries in the hair worn with navy and white. . . a freshman wearing a navy blue two-piece dress trimmed with white yarn stitching, made by herself. . . another freshman, this time our valuable aid, wearing a grey suit and hat trimmed with red, also matching red gauntlets.

Calamities

Flowers both in the hair and on the dress. . . pink with red. . . dressy sandals with sport clothes and visa versa. . . campus boots on very plump girls. . . knee lengths on very thin legs. . . more than three shades of a color used at once.

Summer Prevue

Jump in the beach wagon with us and we're off for a quick prevue of summer fashions. First we see a crowd on the beach, wearing wedgies, grey play suits; over there is a darling by Nellie Don. It's a sun-back play suit in monotone, worn with or without a matching redingote. Most of the bathing suits we notice are in those lovely new pastel shades.

Next we come to a group lounging on the lawn. We see washable dotted swiss, barber pole stripes, monotones with dashing belts, all done in "Tom-Boy" fashion.

Passing the Tea Room we see many redingotes, a darling white top, blue skirt, three quarter length red military jacket ensemble, also many hooded jerseys.

Did you see the April issue of a style magazine which showed Ann Sutton spun-rayon, washable frocks? These are being sold by one of our smartest shops. Also the Kay Dunhill line of frocks is to be a feature of a new Bangor shop. Watch for them. Now let's turn back, for a pink net evening dress trimmed with black and a new white flannel embroidered evening jacket are waiting. See you at the dance!

PASSING IN REVIEW

Norman Torrey. Freshmen, Freshmen, all about us, so we'll take this one that at least tries to look like an upper classman. Norman is a classical freshman. What a nerve, to take up where others have failed. A very studious lad, he admits that he likes to dance and also that he arrived at good old B. H. S. one jump ahead of the new junior high schools. Torr, as all the lads call him, is quite a baseball player and with a little experience should be able to do quite a good job on the turf at Mary Snow. Deer Isle intrigues him during the summer, likes to take a crack at all salt water sports, and now and then does a little Latin, just a little.

Lucy Leavitt. There's no need to introduce her, because you all know Lucy, the gal with the beautiful voice. Gary Cooper and Loretta Young are Lucy's inspiration; no wonder she's a great movie fan. She says she loves hamburgers, but if there's anything she can't stand it's liver and rainy weather. Glenn Miller's is her favorite orchestra, and we can see why. Music school is Lucy's future hope, and if you've ever heard her sing, you know as well as I, she'll be a great success.

George Lougee. The out door man of the senior class, George spends all his spare time roaming around the great out-doors of Maine. An ardent sportsman and dog lover, he has a couple of ace beagle hounds that'll track any rabbit in the state. The solo trumpet player in the band, George would like to attend a conservatory of music in order to perfect his talents. His summer is spent at his camp on one of the numerous lakes of Maine and is divided equally between fishing and swimming. He isn't quite sure where he will further his education but it'll either be at the U. of M. or the N. E. Conservatory.

Frances Roberts. Carrots and brown-eyed boys keep Frannie happy. Besides being president of the Honor Council, the Public Affairs and Dramatic Clubs help fill up her spare afternoons, not to mention, of course, coaching and playing basketball. Frannie loves strawberry shortcake and next to that on her list comes Errol Flynn. "A typical hero", Frannie says. Besides basketball, Fran likes the Hit Parade, spinach, and tennis. Well, that's a good combination, don't you think? Frannie also thinks school teaching is a fine thing, so she wants to do it herself, although she hasn't yet decided where she wants to prepare for it.



Elizabeth West. Basketball, tennis, hockey, and swimming are Betty's delights and she says, "Baseball is definitely out!" Although "Beula" likes algebra, Deanna Durbin, Mickey Rooney, and Ellery Queen, she thinks Clark Gable and the *Green Hornet* are terrible! Natarswi is where Betty spends her summers and hamburgers and milk make her camping most enjoyable. I wonder why she doesn't like Clark Gable? How unusual! "Well, anyway," Betty tells me, "I want to be a nurse." And right off quick, like a bunny, she stated, "I'm sure of one thing—that I want to go to Simmons." Well, *that's* definite.



Hayden Clement. At last we've cornered the man we've been looking for—Hayden Clement, the outstanding musician of Bangor High School. It's a queer coincidence, but every student leader of the band to date has been fully enlightened on the subject of the nefariousness of the saxophone, and Hayden says he's prepared to carry out this tradition. He is interested in all sports, but especially swimming and basketball. Although he is a sincere lover of the classical masterpieces, a little modern music rather brightens up the home, or so they say. You'll see a lot of this fellow the next few years and we hope his contributions to the musical activities are duly appreciated.



Constance Cratty. Here is apricot loving, horseback riding "Bonny" Cratty, who hails straight from Abraham Lincoln. Besides that, hot dogs, John Garfield, and Ellery Queen make Bonny's life exciting. Music played by Kay Kyser is the apple of her ear and boats just give her the biggest thrill imaginable. Although Bonny plays basketball, and plans to take up hockey, she says there's nothing like nursing for a career. Going to Scout Camp in the summer keeps her healthy and when she isn't there she's at Sullivan. You'll see a lot more of this gal in future years!



Edgar Pearson. The real he-man of the Junior class has at last consented to indulge in a little publicity. Edgar is one of the sure-shooting sharpshooters of the Rifle Club. He's really a dangerous man with a shootin'-iron. Orrington is a swell place to hang one's hat during the summer, especially if there's a nice big boat around; right, Edgar? A real outdoor enthusiast and sportsman, Edgar is doing all he can to preserve the wildlife of Maine. Anyone who wishes to talk about the out-of-doors, just run out and see Edgar.



Hokum

UNDERCLASSMEN: Grieved am I to relate that this is the last time I shall have the chance to "dig" you, so I must do a good job. Next month 'tis seniors alone, and then. . .!!!

Evidently the strain left upon Lucy Leavitt after the *Musical Revue* last month was so great that she can't drive, for we see Cliff Reynolds chauffeuring her about in *her* car. Speaking of the *Musical Revue*, I attended more rehearsals to try to find out if it was the reflection of Lucy's hair upon Waldo Libby's face or something else that made his countenance so rosy when he and Lucy sang that sentimental duet while holding hands and gazing one at the other.

In the wee hours of the morning during Easter vacation, while most of us were snoozing, Dick Fellows was up—and up early—to take Joan Jordan to "coffees." Horrible to be told.

We thought we saw Bill Mincher leaving the theater alone one night (we thought this to be strange for Bill), but he swears up and down that it was not he. "It must have been my brother John", Bill said. "He resembles me a lot." Poor John, I thought!

Mary Farrar, it seems, gave a party at her camp one night a short time ago, and coming back, the group in Moose Murdock's car (that's Moose, the younger) drew up beside the highway to await the others who were supposedly not far behind. While they were waiting, they took the portable radio that they had and got out and *danced* in the middle of the road!!! There were Betty West and Moose, Donnie White and Mary herself. Dorrie Ayer, who told us, refused to relate who the third couple was, but she seemed to know all the details, so we'll leave it to your *own* judgment as to whom it was!!

Bob Blake, who signs himself *Raymond*, and who has recommended highly the feminine section of Brewer High, secretly tells me—knowing that I'll *never* breath it to a soul—that every time Rob't Clark views Mary Bickford, his heart skips a beat!

Every day upon Center Street, the casual observer might notice what he might suppose to be a parade, but if he would scrutinize the participants thereof, he would discover them to be Phil Higgins and Betty McKenny with Geo. and Ruth not far distant. And to get the

surprise of surprises, ask Bud Mullins where his basketball pin is. If he doesn't tell you that Connie Dubey has it, then I will. And more surprising than anything else is that twosome, namely; Margaret Langley and Wendy Cary. Evelyn's going to Florida permitted this, you know. Yes, of course. Eh heh!

For first hand information on "The Match Game" come to Senior Play rehearsal. Barbara Perry will prove a very bodacious instructor.

And then there's Billie Lovejoy traveling about in a Willys Knight with Brewer number plates—or doesn't Brewer have number plates?

Who would have believed what a jitterbug Windy Work was? If you don't believe me, ask Ginna Thorpe, for it was she with whom he was "jitterbugging" out at the Bar L. Maybe I shouldn't have said that, for he's *supposed* to be going with Helen Sherburne.

Of course, I'm the last person to snoop into other peoples' affairs, but one night we saw Phyllis Casey bang Vin Elliot over the head with a sofa pillow there in her living room. Don't worry—I wasn't there; I was merely looking thru the window er. . .that is, I mean John Woodcock was. He told me. Eh heh! Of course (stammer stammer).

Anonymous letters are floating about again. I received one the other day and no name was signed—that seems to be a characteristic of an anonymous letter—but the *monogram* was *N E Q!* Now I know but one person in this school (upper classman anyway) whose last name begins with a Q. Precede *that* name (Quinn) with an *N* and ten to one you won't make more than two guesses as to its composer. Luckily for Francis Pearson's sister Sally, the contents of this letter was censored! Incidentally, speaking of Sally, this brings me to my next point. (Where have we heard *that* before?) Johnnie Lord isn't writing so many letters lately as he was. It must be because it's spring and he spends his time hunting Wren(s).

I'd like to know what the attraction is out of town. If it isn't Brewer, its Orono—or is it Old Town? I'm not sure, but Norma Hilton might supply the answer, for it is to *one* of those towns that she goes *every* Saturday night to a dance—Marvelous to be told!!

Audrey Hogan's quite the gal now. We saw her

gadding about one night with *that* Earl Kingsbury, and the next night it was Frank O'Connell. We didn't see her the next night; therefore, we presumed Bill Alby must be "visiting" her.

In geometry a triangle has its points, but I don't know as it does in the case of Paul Coleman, Eunice Crowder, and "Dunie" (Bill) Work, for we saw them lumbering home after the *Musical Revue* as though there was nothing else in the world. . . except a third party! Incidentally, you might ask Dot Murch whose ring that is that she is wearing. I asked her and she told me to mind my own business. (Little did she realize that *other* people's business is mine.)

Report comes to me that that Don Juan of the Sophomores, Johnnie Brookings, frequents Molly Mudgett's domicile most of the time (when he isn't with his fifteen *other* girl friends). It couldn't be the doughnuts Mrs. M. makes that induces him there, could it? Strange how a fellow almost always falls for a girl whose mother is a good cook.

Ernest Monroe is still *The Man That Comes Around* 36 Webster Avenue North. O well, Ernest, we see your point, for Mrs. Blake is a good cook too. There couldn't be any *other* reason could there? ? ? ?

And then there's Barbara Casey, (another one of John Brookings' victims) who is a future "stenog" and admits she *likes to do dishes*. *Mirabile dictu!* There's a good combination for someone in the future!

Barbara Foley must be learning the Greek alphabet, for we see her papers, books, et cetera, marked up with the three Greek letters *Alpha*, *Omega*, and *Chi*.

John Woodcock is a funny little fellow. He borrowed Marie Hilton's Packard one night to take Dot Hill home from church. Isn't that a riot? Sounds like something Clarence Melvin would do—provided the girl was redheaded!!!

We still see Frannie Roberts and Bud Chalmers galivanting about together. They say opposites attract. Here's the proof! Incidentally, it looks as though Leon Higgins had found the volume of *Venetian* love songs that I mentioned in the last Hokum. Bob Cameron is *definitely* thru using it, we hear. He employs his time—especially after church socials—with the "Beauties of Bapst." (Observe the alliteration).

Last month we made a mistake which we will now rectify. The *Billie* Day that we mentioned was supposed to be *Bobby* Day. For Joyce Marsh's sake, we put it in correctly *this* time.

Probably no one else notices how cold it is, but the Goodwin twins certainly notice a "Frost" when it comes around!!

Margie Knowlton says there's no one in her life, but we've heard rumors of one Johnny Carson! She keeps it dark though!! Cheerio!

DOTS—AND—DASHES

(continued from page twelve)

is heard Sundays from 6.00 to 6.30 p. m., locally over Station WLBZ.

March 31st was *Bangor* night on the program which originated that night in Bangor and was piped to the Yankee Network through the facilities of WLBZ. On hand in Bangor for the program was Billy B. Van, genial good-will ambassador.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY

One of the finest "family" radio serials is heard over WLBZ (Mon.-Fri.) at 11.00 a. m. when NBC presents PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY, sponsored by Camay soap.

Possibly, by the time you read this, the programs may be changed, due to baseball broadcasts in the afternoon which we think will likely change the time of most of your NBC afternoon serials, if not all of them.

But if this is the case, we're sure you'll enjoy to the utmost hearing the afternoon baseball games. Generally WLBZ and the Colonial network follow the games of the Boston Bees or Red Sox, long baseball favorites with New England people. Yes, spring is here! And it's "Take Me Out to the Ball Game!"

Mort Havey's broadcast on MAINE POLITICS, which we mentioned last time, is currently heard Fridays at 7.45 instead of at the old time schedule which appeared in our last column. The station is WABI.

LOOKING BACKWARD, a retrospect of yesterday in Maine & "PEOPLE & PLACES", is still heard at its regular time on WLBZ—Saturdays, 1.30-1.45. Joe Eaton prepares and conducts this combined presentation.

MAJOR BOWES ON WABI

The CBS program MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY, long a Sunday favorite on the CBS airwaves, is heard over WABI Sundays from 11.30-12.30 p. m.

Another grand Sunday daytime feature is the RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, a program which appeals to almost everyone. The MUSIC HALL is heard through WLBZ from 12.15 to 1.00 p. m. each Sunday.

With summer rapidly approaching there will be scores of new programs and many program changes. At this early date we are not able to give you any details of summer program changes. But we can and do guarantee that you'll find the 1940 radio entertainment throughout the summer better than ever. You'll find programs that will make you forget the hot summer days and programs which fit in with cooler summer nights.

(Please turn to page twenty-three)



Record of the Rams

Boys' Athletics

BANGOR 6, BUCKSPORT 3

BANGOR opened its season by defeating the Bucksport nine six to three in an extra inning game. Three Bangor pitchers, Woodcock, Braley, and Perry allowed only three hits, but walked seven men.

Bill Work banged a double in the fifth and Frank Blaisdell also whacked an extra base hit. These were the only doubles of the game. Dick Morse, who played first base, was the only man on either team to get more than one hit.

Three Bucksport pitchers yielded five hits and fourteen walks.

The game was scheduled for seven innings, but carried through eight. In that last inning the Rams got across three runs on two hits, a sacrifice, a hit batter, and three walks.

Strike-outs: Bangor 7, Bucksport 5.

Winning pitcher: Phil Perry; losing pitcher: Mercer.

BANGOR 15—ELLSWORTH 3

Led by the powerful hitting of the Work brothers and Dick Morse, the Rams pounded out eleven hits and scored fifteen men to defeat Ellsworth 15 to 3 at Mary Snow. In all, three homers were hit before the final out of the game. Luther Springer started them in the fourth when he got hold of one of Lefty Mersereau's fast ones and poled it over the center fielder's head. In the same inning Dick Morse belted one over the right field fence when the bases were loaded. Duny Work hit his with two on.

Both teams used three pitchers. Bangor started with Mersereau, who was credited with the win. He was followed by Woodcock and then Phil Perry. McKeon and Guthrie hurled for Ellsworth.

BANGOR 15—BAR HARBOR 2

Wilbur Braley pitched a one hit game to be credited with a win over the Seaside. Phil Perry hurled the last inning.

Braley struck out ten and walked three. Smith,

Bar Harbor pitcher gave 15 hits, 12 walks, and struck out 11. The longest hit of the game was a home run by Windy Work, which sailed over the left fielder's head.

Windy collected two other hits, while Morse, Duny Work, Babcock, and Woodcock got two each.

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—baseball. We have back with us this season such players as: Windy and Duny Work, Wilbur Braley, Dick Morse, John Woodcock, Ed Babcock, and Sidney and Harold Chason. From John Baptist comes Phil Perry who has achieved much fame as a pitcher. Phil Jameson, who is unable to play because of his illness, will be greatly missed.

Mose Nanigan, who did such a great job coaching the football squad, is coaching the baseball team. His able assistant, Al Kent, will shape up a football squad for next fall.

Answers

TO THE ORACLE'S QUESTIONS

1. Poll tax.
2. Sir Neville Henderson.
3. The Dutch East Indies.
4. Celebrate its 800th anniversary.
5. 7 billion.
6. Federal Reserve System.
7. Goering.
8. 12.
9. Governor of Minnesota.
10. Iceland.
11. Oil.
12. Iceland.
13. Venice of the North.
14. Disguise troops as salesmen, tourists.
15. Behave like a neutral.
16. The war would have been averted.
17. A. C. I. O. victory.
18. 18 billion.
19. Fiords.
20. Because of lack of business recovery.

DOTS—AND—DASHES

(continued from page twenty-one)

So, we say, KEEP LISTENING—for the finest in entertainment!

We've enjoyed bringing you the radio news throughout the past school year and hope that you've enjoyed our tips also. It's been our privilege to review all the big sponsored network shows which are carried by Bangor stations. As well, we've tried to point out some local shows intermingled with general news from the great land of radio. But now it's time to "sign off." We'll be C Q—ING you!

THIS CRAZY HOLLYWOOD

(continued from page fifteen)

On the other fence is Dewey
With his terrible moustache!
So you see it all is hooley;
No man can wield the lash.

Up and at 'em, Gracie!
Your rougish tongue will win
O'er each out-moded chassis
Of politicians, fat and thin."

While we are dealing with the insanity of Hollywood, let's consider the recently completed movie, *Too Many Husbands*, triple-starring Jean Arthur, Fred MacMur-ray, and Melvyn Douglas. The film was adapted from Somerset Maugham's play.

Too Many Husbands is the feeble story of a modern Enoch Arden, who, upon finding his wife married after he had been gone only six months, started to do things. These "things," although entertaining, led to an impenetrable wall. Here, the movie-land scenarists were faced with the dilemma of getting rid of one of two equally attractive males (Mel and Fred). Thus, the weakness of the ending may be accounted for. Isn't it amazing how the many stupid people in the Industry can overshadow the really "bright boys"?

RE and PRE the VIEW BROTHERS

The facile pen of Louis Bromfield has again brought him Hollywood shekels, and *should* bring public applause. The movie: *And It All Came True*. The star: Ann Sheridan, the "oomph" gal who has long needed less wacky publicity and more real stories. *And It All Came True* is a Bromfield original. Remember, he wrote the novel *The Rains Came*. Later this book became a successful and entertaining photoplay.

A couple of fresh upstarts challenge our own masters

of horror, Golden and Ford. The "newcomers" are Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi. Their starring vehicle is *Black Friday*. Wonder how it will compare with *Road to the Tomb*?

The time has come to say farewell (we both hope) to B. H. S. More power to us! So Long!

MODERN TARZAN

(continued from page seven)

Little Herb was never so glad to see his old jalopy as he was that night when they got out of the woods. He climbed up into the old crate and beside him sat Percival McGouldric smiling proudly at his trophy on the running board.

"That's the craziest day I've ever had," chuckled Little Herb as the Model T sputtered to life.

AH! LOVE

(continued from page eight)

Cecil and Tilly followed more carefully; Cecil helped Tilly down in a most gentlemanly manner.

Down in the game room was a pool table, and they started to play pool. It was more than an accident when Cecil hit Jim on the head with his cue. At the same moment Jim stumbled over the rack on the floor, and, when he fell, he hit his head on the floor sufficiently to daze him for a minute.

"Cecil Van Dom, you brute! You hit my poor, poor Jim with a stick when he wasn't looking. You, you coward, you cad."

"But Tilly, it was all an accident," pleaded Cecil almost on the verge of tears.

"I shan't ever speak to you again," replied Tilly very frigidly. "Come, you poor boy," she said to Jim, "let me help you out of this place, down to our own level. Good night."

And Jim, smiling happily, was led out of the house on the arm of the girl of his dreams.

Why is a large log lying across the street like a dead dog's tail?

Ans. Because it stops a wagon (waggin')

What was it a blind man took at breakfast which restored his sight?

Ans. He took up a cup and saw, sir. (saucer).

RACKET ON THE DIAMOND

(continued from page six)

counting on a victory, and he was going out there to lose the game. He felt low and cheap because of the thing he was about to do—to lose the game that meant so much to the club to win. The whole team was trusting Flash to win, and he was going to throw the game, just so those two could win a little gambling money, but, more important, so that they wouldn't reveal to the coach a certain little unpleasant incident that happened two years ago in New York, an incident that would, Flash felt, ruin his career as a pitcher. He didn't want to lose, and he dared not win. What could he do? It seemed that his only alternative was to go out there and lose.

As the players crossed the field to their respective places the excited crowd was yelling itself hoarse. As Flash reached the mound, he was only barely conscious of the cheering throng. Suddenly he became aware of someone calling his name. He looked up and saw his closest friend, Biff Gordon, coming toward him. Biff was catcher for the Panthers. Except for his mask he was fully adorned for the game. Flash met him half way.

"Say, Flash," Biff said, with a puzzled laugh, "I noticed just before we came out here on the field, your face was drawn up tighter than a bass drum. Why so sober? Anything gone haywire?"

Flash started to say there was, but thinking better of it he replied, "No."

"Well," Biff sighed, "if you're sure you are all right."

"Don't worry," Flash assured, trying to appear as if nothing were wrong.

"Okay," Biff laughed, "Now let's go. We'll show those Rangers where they get off, eh?"

"Yeah. Sure." Flash replied, forcing a smile.

Then returning to their respective places, the boys began to warm up for the game. Finally the umpire appeared behind home plate. The ball was returned to Flash. The umpire raised his hand as a signal for the stands to quiet. An expectant hush settled over the ball field and he spoke.

"Pitching for the Panthers, Flash Baker!"

A thunderous cheer arose. The umpire moved for silence and added, "Catching, Biff Gordon. Pitching for the Rangers, Sidney Taylor. Catching, Charley Douglas."

Another cheer arose from the stands, and again the umpire raised his hand for quiet. Then he yelled, "Play ball!" And the game was on. The first man up for the Rangers was Terry Sanborn, one of their best batters. Flash wound up and threw a fast curve. Sanborn swung for strike one. The next one went high and wide for ball one. Flash took his

time on the next one. Slowly he wound up. He waited a few seconds pondering over just where to place it. He saw Biff signaling for a low and fast one. From long experience he knew this to be Sanborn's weakest batting point. Then, remembering Proctor and Nolan's warning, he gritted his teeth, and, half sick at what he was about to do, slammed an elbow high fast one at Sanborn, who swung. There was the unmistakable 'crack' as ball and bat connected, and, dropping his bat, Sanborn dug his spiked shoes into the dirt and tore for first, while the ball soared into the air to land on the ground a few feet from Powers, center fielder.

Sanborn crossed first and headed for second. Powers scooped up the ball and threw it toward Taylor on second, but Sanborn slid to the base a second before the ball. Flash avoided Biff's eyes. He knew that that play should never have happened. It wouldn't have, had he dared to obey Biff's signal. The ball was returned to Flash and he turned to face the next man up. Flash moved up slowly and let go a fast one. The batter knocked a grounder out to him. It landed about ten feet from Flash and he scrambled toward it. Reaching down he got hold of it, fumbled and dropped it, recovered and fired it to Grant on first. But even as the ball was in the air the runner crossed first, safe.

Flash turned to see Sanborn safely on third. The next man up, Nickerson, was the most dangerous batter in the Rangers' ball club. Flash slowly wound up and at the same time wondered just where to put the ball. He looked at Biff and saw him signaling for a fast drop-curve. Flash obeyed the signal and put everything he had into that throw. Nickerson swung and missed. One strike on Nickerson. Flash received the ball as it flew toward him, wound up and let go another fast one that went high, wide, and handsome for ball one. The count, now, one and one. Flash took careful pains on the next pitch. It was a beautiful throw, straight across the plate, and Nickerson swung and missed. As Flash wound up for the third pitch he wondered if Nickerson would 'nail it' or 'fan.' For an instant his eyes focused on the grandstand and he thought he saw Proctor and Nolan, but he wasn't positive.

He sighed and then pitched a slow ball to Nickerson. Flash heard a "sock" as the bat connected with the ball, and the next thing he saw was the ball sailing over his head. It landed near Powers. Powers scooped it up and fired it to first. Nickerson's hit brought Sanborn in for the Rangers' first run, and he, himself, reached first base safely. The other runner had gained third.

Flash waited patiently for the next batter to step up to the plate. As he waited, one thought stuck in his mind. Proctor and Nolan be hanged! He was going to put out this next man. Up to the plate stepped

(Please turn to page twenty-six)

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BANGOR, MAINE

RACKET ON THE DIAMOND

(continued from page twenty-four)

Palmer, one of the Ranger's heaviest hitters. Flash wound up and let go a fast curve and Palmer swung for strike one. The next ball roared across the plate for the second strike. Palmer looked worried and indeed he might, for the next ball spelled his fate as he fanned for the Rangers' first out. The Rangers' brought in one more run that inning. The next man up batted out, and the next. Thus the first inning was over with the Rangers leading 2-1. The game was a hard fought one. Each team was doggedly striving for the title, the Rangers to keep it and the Panthers to win it.

The Panthers didn't gain much ground until the last half of the sixth inning when Biff, Flash, and Powers brought in three runs. In the first half of the seventh the Rangers scored two more runs and in the last of the eighth inning, the Panthers tied the score for 5—all. Flash was just leaving for the mound. He was sick. He was going out there and keep on betraying his team, going to throw the game. He wanted to cry, and he bit his lips as a big lump came up into his throat. Suddenly the unexpected happened.

The coach was running toward Flash waving a paper in his hand.

"Flash, here's a telegram that just came for you!" he exclaimed.

Flash took it tore it open and read it. Immediately the woe-begone look of misery vanished from his face, and was quickly replaced by an excited and joyful smile.

"Flash, boy," the coach was saying, "What's wrong?"

"Whatever has been wrong up till now, isn't any more. This telegram is what I've been waiting to read for two years. I can go out there now and really play ball."

He reached his mound and as he went his heart sang. "Boy, is this going to make Procter and Nolan sick."

As he waited for the first man to step up to bat he was thinking, "Bring 'em up! The more the merrier."

The first man up fanned; the second, struck out, and the third was put out at first. Then the Panthers returned to bat. Flash was first man up. The first ball came for a called strike. As Flash waited for the next one he was praying that he could knock it for a home run. In the next pitch Flash swung for strike two. He waited breathlessly for the next pitch. The stands were hushed. The pitcher wound up and then threw a fast ball straight at him. It looked like a blurred stream of smoke as it came on. Flash brought his bat around as far as he could and as the ball flashed across, he swung, putting every ounce of force he could muster into that final swing. There was a terrific crack

(Please turn to page thirty)

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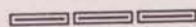
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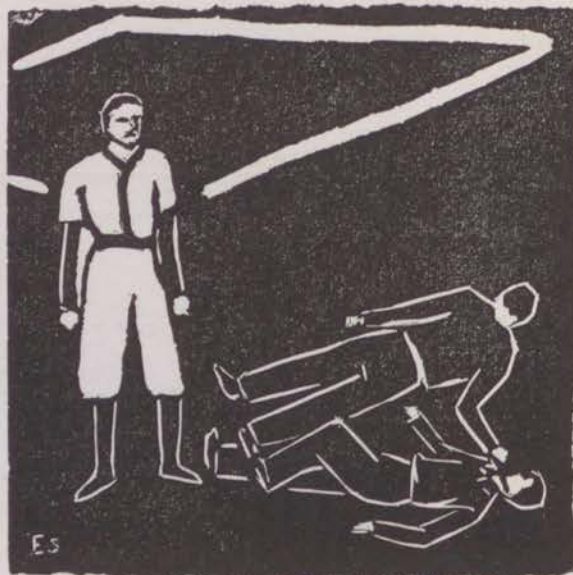
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RACKET ON THE DIAMOND

(continued from page twenty-six)

and the ball soared high in the air, headed out into the outfield. Flash dropped his bat and ploughed toward first. The stands went wild, screaming as Flash reached first and raced for second. He thundered across second and tore toward third. He crossed and headed for home. Suddenly Flash saw something that made his heart almost stop beating. The ball was on its way to the pitcher. He summoned all his strength, fighting desperately to reach home first. On and on came the ball, and with a prayer on his lips, on came Flash. He took his eyes from the ball. He dared not look. If he lost this run it would mean his finish. For by this time Procter and Nolan had spilled everything to the coach. He must win. It was right that he should have the opportunity to square himself. He would have that needed strength. Nearer and nearer he came to the home plate.



"Get out of this park."

The spectators were on their feet. They were screaming and crying hoarsely. Who would reach the base first, Flash or the ball? Then amid the screaming, and cheering of the throng, Flash crossed the plate an instant before the ball. He had made it, and his heart was singing. He had done, what he felt before the game, he couldn't do. The Panthers had won and the score was 6-5. His team mates surrounded him slapping his back in congratulation for what he'd done.

"Fine work, Flash!" Biff exclaimed. "I knew you wouldn't let us down." Flash started to speak but something caught his eye. Procter and Nolan were talking to the coach. Flash's eyes blazed in anger.

(Please turn to page thirty-two)

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RACKET ON THE DIAMOND

(continued from page thirty)

"Excuse me, boys, but I've got a little something to attend to."

He walked over to the coach and, filled with curiosity, they followed.

"Flash," the coach asked. "What's this I hear about your father being. . ."

"Wait, coach!" Flash begged. "Let me explain. About two years ago Dad was sent to prison for some big time grafting of which he was innocent. That telegram I received a little while ago said that he had been found innocent and that the real offenders had been caught. Yesterday these two rats, Procter and Nolan, came to the house where I room. They told me they had laid a \$2,000 bet on the Rangers to win and they said that if I didn't throw the game they'd tell you about my father. I was afraid of what it would do to my reputation and standing in the ball club, if it got to the newspapers, and yet I knew that my baseball career would be ruined if I threw the game, but it seemed to be the only alternative I had. Well, you can see what a predicament I was in."

"Yes, Flash," replied the coach, "I do. And under the circumstances, I think we can forget about it."

"Why, you!" Procter yelled, lunging at Flash. But the gangster's intended sock never landed. Flash smashed a neat right uppercut to Procter's jaw and sent him sprawling, and a left to the face dropped Nolan.

"Now," said Flash, "you two birds get out of this park before I get sore and throw you out. And if you ever try to pull another racket on this diamond again, I'll personally break your necks. Now, get going!"

Procter and Nolan scrambled to their feet and swiftly left the field.

The team was laughing their heads off. "Boy oh boy!" Biff exclaimed. "What a wallop you pack. You should have been a prize fighter instead of a ball player."

Flash gave Biff a playful shove and said laughingly, "And if I were a boxer, the Rangers would still be the champions."

How long did Cain hate his brother?

Ans. As long as he was able. (Abel).

Where did Noah strike the first nail in the ark?

Ans. On its head.

Who wrote "Paradise Lost" and then when his wife died wrote "Paradise Regained?"

Ans. Milton.

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