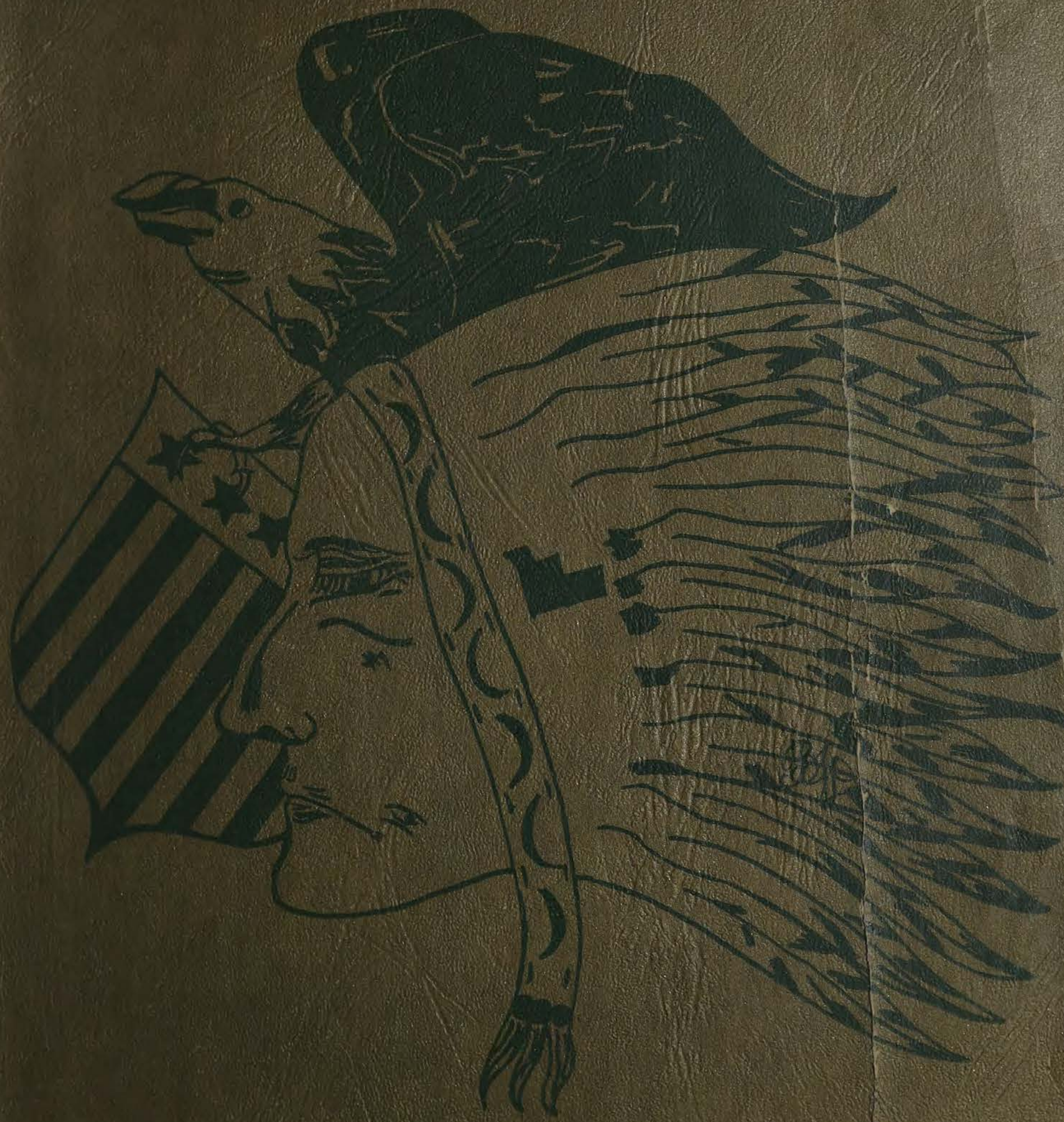
The 1945



CHIEFTAIN

O. Hueson

Chief Hueson—

Remember the trip to
Kinathmen and the awful
storm. She spoke to the
Iroic Club now and talk of
the town.

Hopkins (02)

The CHIEFTAIN



Published by

College Composition Class

1945

BANGOR MAINE SCHOOL OF COMMERCE

Bangor, Maine

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We, the Editorial Staff of 1945,
affectionately dedicate THE CHIEFTAIN *to our*
beloved teacher,

Mildred M. Bradford

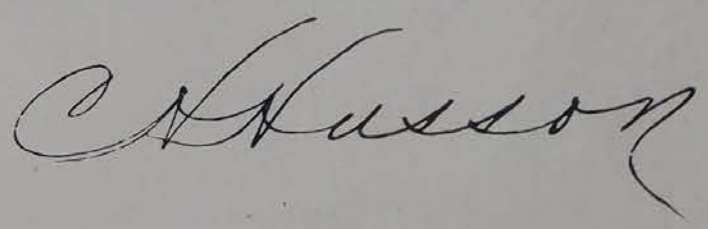
Outstanding for her artistic ability,
Excelling in her profession as a teacher,
Having the personality of being a friend to all,

FOREWORD

No one can really write a history. In a history, events are recorded, not the hours and minutes that are lived by people and nations, the hours and minutes that are full of living and adventure. My world is the important world to me, what I do in it and what I may do for it. How I live and what affects me concerns me first.

THE CHIEFTAIN *attempts to be more than a history, more than a recording of events as they happen here at Commerce. It tries to personalize things, to make them real for the individual as he lived them here. It gives him an opportunity to relive some of the adventures, the mishaps, the successes, the failures, the achievements, the big and little moments that were his during the school year. In the reading there should be smiles and frowns, pleasure and pain, for no life is complete without a mixture of these ingredients.*

THE CHIEFTAIN *appears again at the end of the currently passing year. I am happy to have this opportunity to publicly commend the editor and staff for the tremendous amount of work they have so generously contributed to this project. I treasure each issue, and it is with pride and pleasure that I add* THE CHIEFTAIN *of 1945 to my collection.*





CHESLEY H. HUSSON

B. S. Degree, Salem, 1925

M. S. Degree, Univeristy of Maine, 1939

Member of Kappa Delta Phi, Kappa Phi Kappa, Mu Sigma Chi

Principal of B. M. S. C., 1926-1945

President of B. M. S. C., 1935-1945

Teaches: Business Mathematics, Accounting, Law, Salesmanship

To the Best-Looking Man in Town
Best of everything
Clara



CLARA L. SWAN

Brewer High School, 1930

National Honor Society

Bangor Maine School of Commerce, 1933

Tau Epsilon Scholastic Society

B. S., Commercial Teaching, American International College, 1939

Summer School, University of Maine

Epsilon Tau Epsilon

Adviser of Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Women's Athletic Association

Basketball Coach

Principal of B. M. S. C. Summer School

Assistant Principal of B. M. S. C.

Teaches: Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Gregg, Typewriting Methods, Bookkeeping Methods, Shorthand Methods

Bangor High School

Eastern State Normal School, 1935

Summer Sessions, Farmington State Normal School

Summer Session, University of Maine

Bangor Maine School of Commerce, 1942

Tau Epsilon Scholastic Society

Epsilon Tau Epsilon

Adviser of Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Cheerleading, *Chatter*

Teaches: Secretarial Studies, Filing, Typewriting, Machines, Shorthand, Penmanship, Junior Business Training



MILDRED M. BRADFORD



Water Valley, Mississippi, High School

B. A. Bethany College, 1931

M. A. University of Maine, 1944

Kappa Delta, Delta Kappa Gamma, Honorary member of Epsilon Tau Epsilon

Teaches: English, Education, Speech, Psychology, Hygiene

Adviser of *Chieftain,* Co-curricular Club

LOUISE B. MILLER

East Corinth Academy, 1942

Bangor Maine School of Commerce, 1944

Epsilon Tau Epsilon

Secretary to the Principal

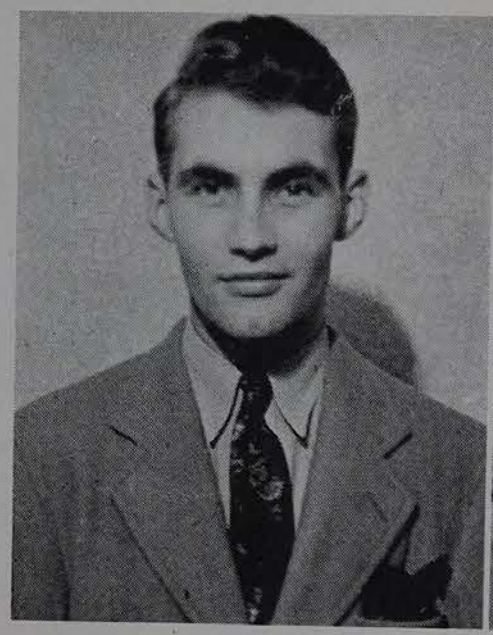


PHOEBE SPEED


HONOR ROLL
STUDENTS AND ALUMNI
OF
MAINE SCHOOL OF COMMERCE
NOW SERVING THEIR COUNTRY













Stanley Logan
Kilburn Brannen
Richard Jones

Robert W. Nash
William G. Baker
Kenneth Gardiner

To the Students:

Another year, another Yearbook. The 1945 CHIEFTAIN *staff hopes that this Yearbook will become a close friend and will serve as a tangible reminder of a year at B. M. S. C.*

In addition to the memoriam to Commerce men who have made the supreme sacrifice, the servicemen's section, although incomplete, gives recognition to the school's students in the Armed Forces.

Everyone in school this year will find his picture and name in the 1945 CHIEFTAIN. *(This statement is made with apologies to a very few Special students.) These pictures show that a mixture of both fun and labor make the days happy and fruitful.*

The publishing of this CHIEFTAIN *has been fun for the staff. May you, the student body, take as much pleasure in reading it; and in future years, may you say with pride, "This is the book that represents Commerce and all it has meant to me."*

The Staff.

To the Chief
I never
can think
what to
say but
I certainly
have
thought
you've
been swell.
Edythe



First row—E. Ford, P. Hayden, R. Parady, J. Reed.
Second row—F. MacDonough, E. Freeman, E. Jones, J. Randall, R. Wormlight.

To the Chief:-
To me M.S.C
is tops &
so are the
teachers.
I'll never
regret
coming back.
& I'd do it
again. I
love it &
I think I'd
just as soon
spend a life
time. You've
been swell
Jo Reed

CHIEFTAIN STAFF

Business Manager	PATRICIA HAYDEN
Literary Editor	ELEANOR JONES
Servicemen's Section	JULIA RANDALL
Prizes and Awards	JULIA RANDALL
Photography	JUANITA REED
Clubs	RUTH WORMLIGHT
Faculty	FRANCES MCDONOUGH
Features	RAMIE PARADY
Activities	EDYTHE FREEMAN
Editor-in-Chief	ESTHER FORD
Faculty Adviser	LOUISE B. MILLER

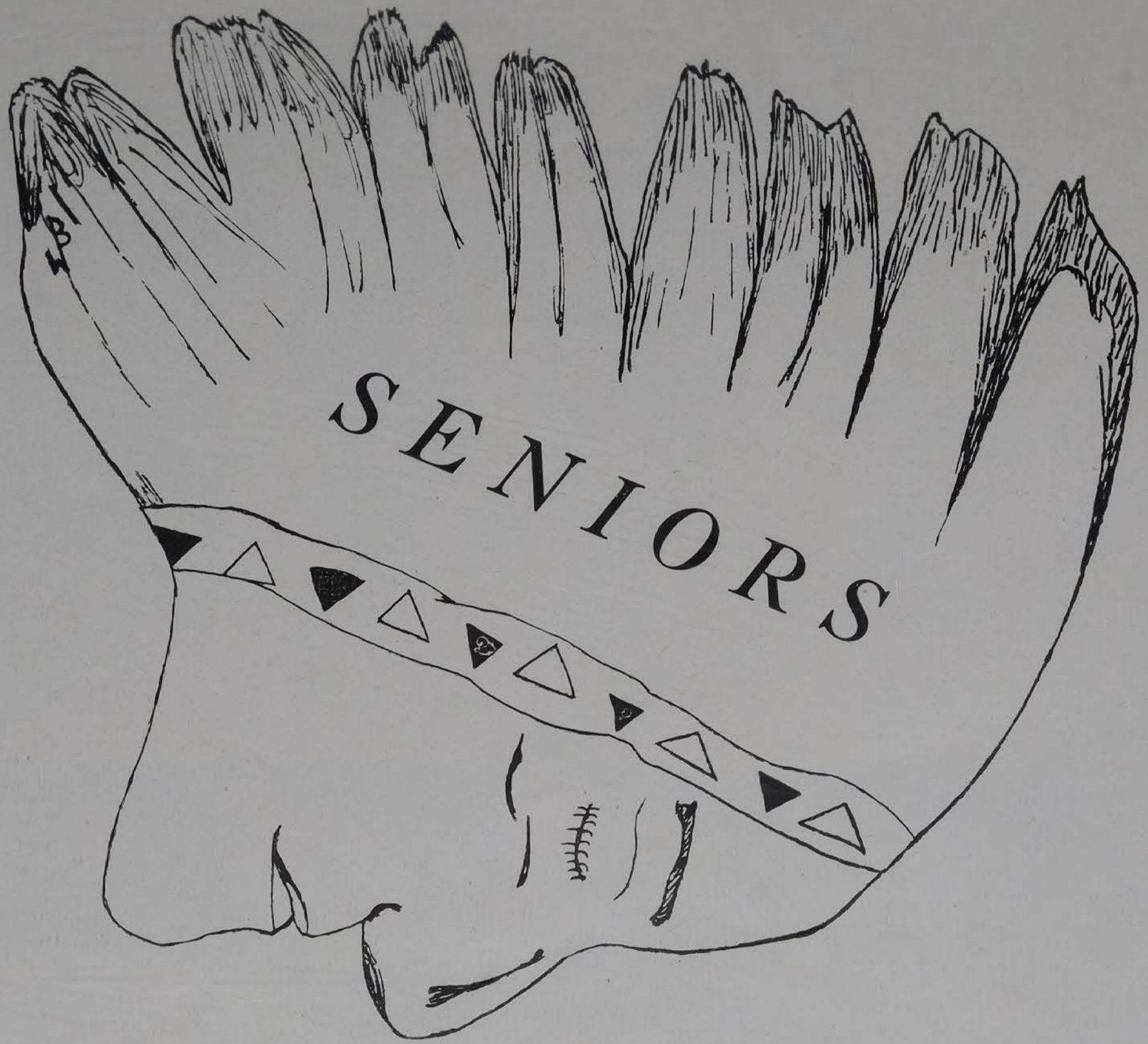
COMMERCE

(Tune: Autumn Time)

Maine School of Commerce,
With Joy and Pride,
Forever we'll honor
Your achievements wide.
Hold high your standards
With courage bold;
Praises we'll all sing
For Green and Gold.

Always your memory
We'll cherish and love;
Always with loyalty
We'll look to dear Commerce.
And, filled with gratitude,
In future years
We'll sing your great renown.
Our Love is true,
Bangor Commerce.

Eloise Weston '45


SENIORS

Graduates of 1945



RAMIE ARTHUR PARADY — Old Town, Maine

Normal

Romantic
Ambitious
Purposeful

Class President; *Chatter* Staff 2; Co-Curricular Club 2, Vice President; *Chieftain* Staff 2; One-Act Plays; Commerce Sportsman Club 2, President.



HAZEL ARLENE DAY — Union, Maine

Normal

Harmonious
Affable
Diligent

Class Vice President; W. A. A. 1, 2; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1, 2, Scribe 1, President 2; *Chieftain* Staff 1, Editor-in-Chief; Basketball 1, 2, Co-Captain 2; Dramatic Club 1; Co-Curricular Club 1, 2; One-Act Plays; Student Corrector.



MARGUERITE EVELYN DEVEAU — Monticello, Maine

Junior Secretarial

Meritorious
Eligible
Distinctive

Class Secretary; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1; *Chatter* Staff 1, Editor.



MARILYN JOYCE SWALLOW — Oakfield, Maine

Stenographic

Minute
Joyous
Scholarly

Class Treasurer; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1.



ELLEN SOPHRONIA BURGESS — Vinalhaven, Maine

Junior Secretarial

Exceptional
Sincere
Benevolent

Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1.



LINDA MANILVA BURGESS — Stonington, Maine

Stenographic

Lenient
Meditative
Bashful



MARY BELLE CHASE — Millinocket, Maine

Stenographic

Mischievous
Beneficent
Congenial

W. A. A. 1, Treasurer; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1; *Chatter* Staff 1; Bowling Club 1; Cheerleader 1.

Dear Mr. Hussey,
I had a wonderful time at M.S.C. and I'm glad I have been part of the family.
Tony



ANTOINETTE RITA CORMIER — Keegan, Maine

Junior Secretarial

Adept
Resolute
Constant

Dear Mr. Hussey
It has been swell
going to M.S.C. and
I feel to have been one
of your students.
Phyl



PHYLLIS JEAN CRONKITE — Fort Fairfield, Maine

Stenographic

Petite
Jubilant
Comely

W. A. A. 1; Bowling Club 1, Co-Captain.



MELVA EVELYN BRAUN — Bucksport, Maine

Junior Secretarial

Methodical
Enthusiastic
Bright

Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1.



ARLENE MAY CYR — Van Buren, Maine

Junior Secretarial

Avid
Moderate
Capricious

Co-Curricular Club 1; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1.



JULIA ELIZABETH DAHLGREN — Washburn, Maine

Stenographic

Jocular
Elusive
Desirable

Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1.



RAYMOND FRANK DEGESTROM — Bangor, Maine

Business Administration

Rollicking
Flirtatious
Dauntless

Commerce Sportsman Club 1.



CARRO LEE DAVIES — Bangor, Maine

Medical Secretarial

Casual
Laudable
Determined

Basketball 1, 2; Hiking Club 1, 2; W. A. A. 1, 2, Vice President 2; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1, 2.



BERYL FLORENCE ELLIS — Milo, Maine

Stenographic

Benign
Fair
Eager

Bowling Club, Co-Captain; *Chatter* Staff 1.
W. A. A.



EDNA LUCILLE FARLEY — Castine, Maine

Junior Secretarial

Energetic
Loquacious
Friendly

Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1; *Chatter* Staff 1.



ELLEN FLOROS — Bangor, Maine

Junior Secretarial

Efficient
Frugal

Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1.



PHYLLIS EDNA FRASER — Milford, Maine

Normal

Piquant
Effervescent
Faithful

Co-Curricular Club 1, 2, President 1, 2; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1, 2; *Chieftain* Staff 1; *Chatter* Staff 2; Cheerleader; Hiking Club 2; Dramatic Club 1, Scribe; W. A. A. 1, 2, Scribe 2; One-Act Plays.



LOUISE MAE FRENCH — Bangor, Maine

Stenographic

Limber
Marriageable
Frivilous

W. A. A. 1; Hiking Club 1; *Chatter* Staff 1; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1; Co-Curricular Club 1.



RUTH ELAINE GETCHELL — South Brewer, Maine

Stenographic

Regular
Easy-to-look-at
Gay

Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1.



ELIZABETH SWAN GREEN — Brewer, Maine

Stenographic

Entertaining
Sympathetic
Genial

Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1.



PHYLLIS MAE HATCH — Walpole, Maine

Normal

Patient
Mild-mannered
Helpful

Basketball 1; W. A. A. 1, 2; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1, 2, Treasurer 2; *Chieftain* Staff 1; Bowling Club 2; Co-Curricular Club 1; One-Act Plays.

Words can't say much more than — I think Maine's swell.

Phyl

I'll never regret or forget coming to Bangor and B.M.S.C. Only wish there were two more years to go. Perhaps I never said much in the Sorority room but I was always listening! And don't you come true when I came to Canada I didn't think a pleasure could truly be so wonderful & it's people like you & Mr. Hansen that have made it that. Three years isn't long but to what fun really did. Thanks for being such a swell normal student. And thanks too, for all those rides to & from school. Hopefully when this book of mine wears out to you'll surely make a play for Felix — I like your hats. Pat



PATRICIA IRENE HAYDEN — Fort Fairfield, Maine

Normal

Pleasing
Intelligent
Happy-go-lucky

W. A. A. 2; Co-Curricular Club 2; Dramatic Club 1; *Chieftain* Staff 2; *Chatter* Staff 2; One-Act Plays; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1, 2, Vice President 2.



RUTH LAURA HOWARD — Parkman, Maine

Junior Secretarial

Responsible
Little
Hopeful

Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1.

I am certainly glad I attended Bangor Maine School of Commerce and I will never forget the good times I have had there

Ruthie



MARY ELIZABETH KIDNEY — Presque Isle, Maine

Stenographic

Mindful
Easy-going
Kind-hearted

Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1.



LILLIAN HAZEL JOHNSON — Perry, Maine

Stenographic

Ladylike
Heedful
Just

Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1.



NORMA LEE JELLISON — West Sullivan, Maine

Normal

Nifty
Learned
Jovial

Chieftain Staff 1; W. A. A. 2; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 2; One-Act Plays; Co-Curricular Club 2; Student Corrector.



DOROTHY CALISTA LELAND — Sangerville, Maine

Normal

Daringly-different
Capable
Laughing

Epsilon Tau Epsilon 2; Dramatic Club 1; *Chieftain* Staff 1; *Chatter* Staff 2; Co-Curricular Club 1, 2; One-Act Plays.



LEWIS SIDNEY LEVITT — Bangor, Maine

Business Administration

Leisurely
Sagacious
Loyal

Commerce Sportsman Club 1.



ELIZABETH ANN MacKENZIE — East Millinocket, Maine

Junior Secretarial

Elite
Amiable
Meek

Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1; *Chatter* Staff 1.



B.M.S.C. wouldn't mean a thing without the "Chief." Thanks for everything you have done for me. Veda

VEDA MORIN — Guilford, Maine

Normal

Vivacious
Mirthful

W. A. A. 1, 2; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1, 2; Co-Curricular Club 2, Secretary; Dramatic Club 2; Student Corrector.



ELSIE CAROLINE PRAY — Bradford, Maine

Junior Secretarial

Enrapturous
Congruous
Pretty

Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1.



B.M.S.C. is certainly a grand school to attend. I have enjoyed being in your classes, and to discover that someone else blushes as red as I do. I'll miss this school next year, but teaching school won't keep me away forever, so I'll be seeing you. Best

JULIA MAE RANDALL — Jonesport, Maine

Normal

Jocular
Merry
Reveling

Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1, 2; *Chieftain* Staff 2; One-Act Plays; Student Corrector.



VERYL MARIE ROBBINS — Deer Isle, Maine

Stenographic

Virtuous
Musical
Rational

Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1; Co-Curricular Club 1.

It's been grand going to school to you Mr. Husson and I am very proud to have been one of your students.



CHESLIA WINNIFRED ROUSE — Washburn, Maine

Junior Secretarial

Courteous
Worthy
Reliable

Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1.



OTTILIE ELMA SIMPSON — Bangor, Maine

Stenographic

Orderly
Encouraging
Serious

Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1.



ETHEL MAE SIROIS — Limestone, Maine

Stenographic

Enticing
Memorable
Sensational

Epsilon Tau Epsilon 2.



WILMA AILEEN SLEEPER — Island Falls, Maine

Stenographic

Well-groomed
Attractive
Sensible

W. A. A. 1; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1.



PAULA DOREEN STUBBS — Sherman Mills, Maine

Junior Secretarial

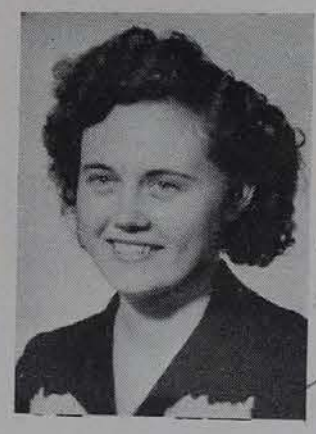
Persistent
Dreamy
Stolid

LURLINE EMELYN TAYLOR — Deer Isle, Maine

Stenographic

Light-hearted
Exacting
Temperate

Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1; Co-Curricular Club 1.



Mr. Pinson, you have been a grand teacher and friend. School is fun when we have teachers like you.
Lurline

FRANCES LORRAINE TORREY — Blue Hill Falls, Maine

Junior Secretarial

Foresighted
Lively
Tactful

Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1.



CHARLOTTE JUNE WENTWORTH — Brooks, Maine

Junior Secretarial

Co-operative
Joyful
Worthwhile

W. A. A. 1; Basketball 1; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1, Marshal.



ELOISE WESTON — Winterport, Maine

Junior Secretarial

Even-tempered
Warbling

Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1; Co-Curricular Club 1.



You will always be one of my cherished friends. I thank you for everything you've done for me. It's been a pleasure to put the words to paper. I'll be seeing you always.
Hello Chief.
Little Susan would like to say, she enjoyed your classes, and very proud to be one of your students.
Ruth

BARBARA LOUISE WHITE — Pittsfield, Maine

Junior Secretarial

Blithe
Lambent
Wistful

W. A. A. 1, Secretary 1; Bowling Club 1; Hiking Club 1.





ALICE MARIE WILLEY — Guilford, Maine

Stenographic

Athletic
Magnetic
Willing

W. A. A. 1; Basketball 1; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1.



PATRICIA ANN WRIGHT — Limestone, Maine

Stenographic

Prized
Amorous
Willful

Epsilon Tau Epsilon 2; W. A. A. 1, 2; Basketball 1, 2, Co-Captain 2.

THELMA ALLEY — Jonesport, Maine

Normal

Taciturn
Adaptable

Co-Curricular Club 2, Treasurer 2; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1, 2.

EULALIE COMSTOCK — Bangor, Maine

Junior Secretarial

Elegant
Considerate

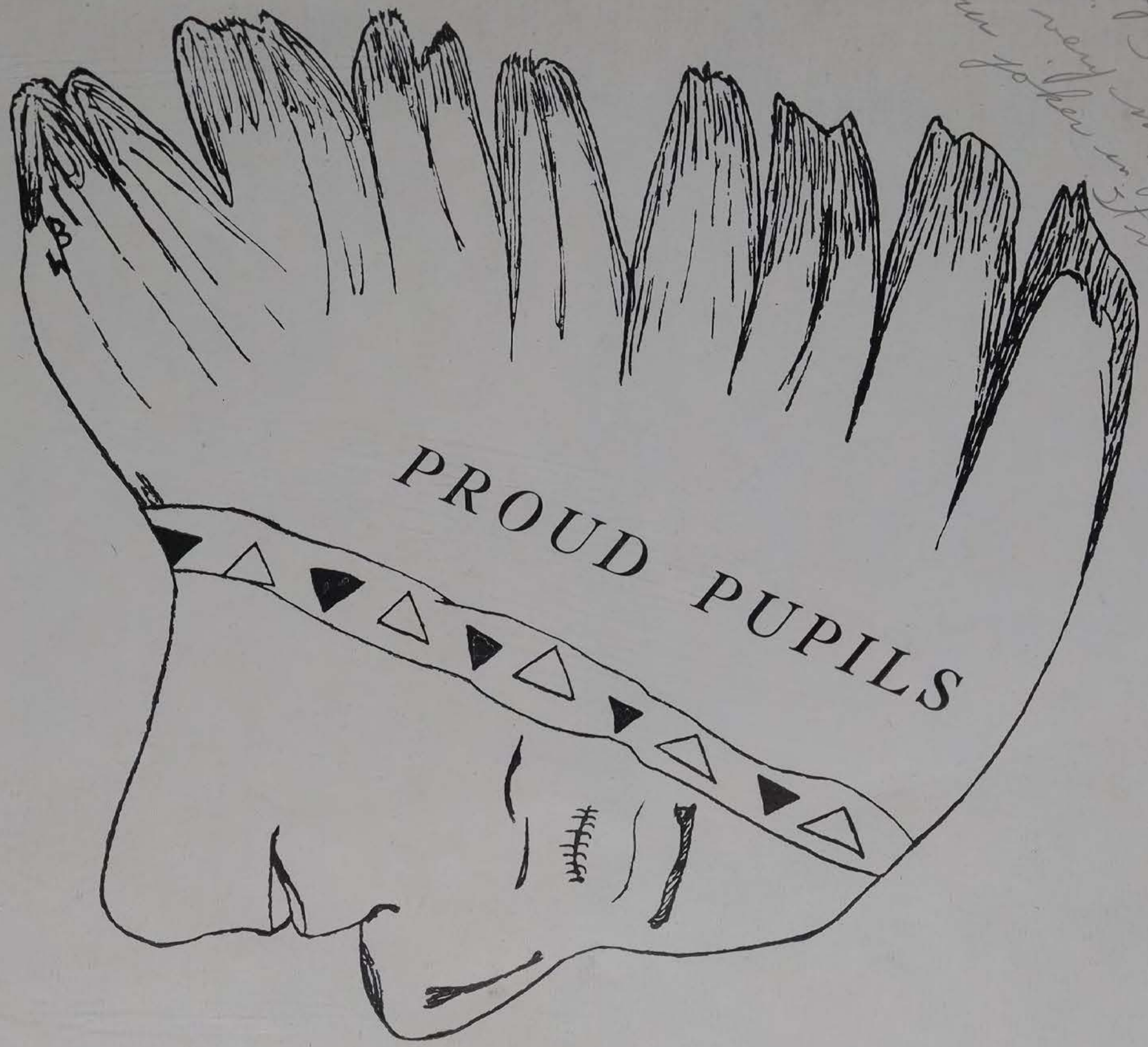
W. A. A. 1; *Chatter* Staff 1; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1.

MURIEL ETTA HEBB — Springfield, Maine

Junior Secretarial

Modest
Economical
Helpful

Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1; W. A. A. 1.


PROUD PUPILS

WHO'S WHO AT COMMERCE

MISS COMMERCE
Hazel Day

MR. COMMERCE
Ramie Parady

WITTIEST
Robert Jones
Charlotte Mace

BEST SMILE
Philip Harris
Patricia Wright

BEST STUDENT
Ramie Parady
Esther Ford

BEST ATHLETE
Philip Harris
Shirley Wilson

MOST MISCHIEVOUS
Valworth Dean
Charlotte Mace

QUIETEST
Leo Emerson
Evelyn Hunt

BEST DRESSED
Philip Harris
Ruth Getchell

BEST LOOKING
Philip Harris
Ruth Getchell

BEST ALL-ROUND SPORT
Thomas Hoyt
Shirley Wilson

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED
Gerald Duncan
Ramie Parady
Hazel Day
Esther Ford

MOST LADYLIKE
Elizabeth Green

MOST GENTLEMANLY
Lewis Levitt

WOMAN HATER
Alton Hopkins

MAN HATER
Edythe Freeman



A DAY AT COMMERCE

7:45—Phoebe opens the school office early this morning, but is she sleepy!

7:50—The Old Town Bus is on time! Parady, Fraser, and Harris dash (well, walk hurriedly) up Park Street hill.

8:00—Bell rings — Psychology class starts, but we're so sleepy. Action or reaction, which is it?

8:03—Swan and Brad dash up the stairs, banging their heads in the hurry—but they're late.

8:04—The last-minute rush. Results: one broken tooth, one smashed head, two black eyes—Cronkite and Howard get the latter in the shuffle.

8:05—Mrs. Miller starts Psychology class again to accommodate the late sleepers.

8:10—Jelly and Randall appear. Is Julia puffing this morning? The hill is too much for her. *Again* Mrs. Miller starts Psychology class.

8:15—Speed Test in Typewriting. Lewis Levitt falls asleep on *his* speed.

8:40—Bell rings for second class. Jam session in the hall. Results: Burning ears.

8:41—Degestrom and Hayden are at it again. For once Ray outsmarts Pat.

8:45—The Normals gather in hall and discuss newly-learned Psychological facts *that boys* are brighter than girls, *boys* learn faster than girls, and *BOYS* play faster than girls—according to Ramie Parady. Consequence: A black eye for Ramie.

8:50—The "Frog Line" starts—fifty of 'em—Test day today.

9:00—A loud noise—Levitt falls asleep for the second time. Miss Swan picks him up off the floor and warns him to stop drinking Ovaltine.

9:19—Mr. Husson is panicky. He doesn't remember what joke he told in Law class yesterday. Oh, he'll probably tell the same one today, anyway.

up and sends Scotty for a coke and an aspirin.

9:42—"Marnie" Haines forgets her locker combination. An immediate S. O. S. is sent to Phoebe.

9:50—Anne Gordon rushes madly up the stairs with, "Am I late? No? Have you a match?" Her classes began at 8:00.

10:00—Mr. Husson closes door of Room 1 for Math class. Then the noise really does begin!!



9:20—Miss Swan places a basketball notice on the bulletin board and threatens to kill the boys if they don't show up for the game.

9:21—Everything is peaceful. Classes all going on except in Room 7. A contest is being conducted there. The title—"Who's going to talk the loudest?" Poor Mrs. Miller screeches to the top of her lungs to try to be heard above this Room 7, Junior Business Training class. Result: She gives

10:01—Eleanor Jones asks Mr. Husson why he blushes so much. He blushes again!

10:10—Jokes and figures do not mix. Mrs. Moriarty will have to wait for Salesmanship class.

10:15—"Chip" Cronkite bounds up the stairs and wants to know if anyone has seen "Barb" White—it's time for their daily coke.



10:20—Business picks up in the Machines Room—Math pads being done for next period.

10:25—That red-headed Swallow flies by and there is a long, low whistle.





10:30—Shad, Demps, and Mac go to the gym to practice the intricate dance routine that Arthur Murray has offered to buy.

10:40—Ford and Parady get in an argument. Ford wins, of course.

11:20—Miss Bradford closes the door of Room 1 for Penmanship. The noise, or by now the murmur, either increases or decreases according to what the letter is for today.

11:22—Miss Bradford gives a sigh of resignation as Jones lets out that familiar bellow — Parady just caught him holding hands with Degestrom and gave him a cuff. (Did I say cuff?)

11:30—Floros, Kidney, Jones, Kimball, and Hebb gather around the chairs in the corridor to discuss —well, you name it, but I'll bet it begins with "m".

11:40—Spelling bell. 'Nuf said. I hope Mrs. Miller don't see this. I jest never could learn to spel.

11:41—Lunch time in Sorority room and Gym. Ford passes out raw carrots to Hayden and Fraser, and whoever else is *that* hungry. Miss Swan is raving mad during this period, as she has a Shorthand class and cannot eat. And is she hungry!

11:43—Miss Bradford comes in to eat her lunch. She takes one look at Hayden and passes her some of those cookies she's been trying to get rid of.

11:45—Day, Fraser, Hatch, and Leland open their "Lit" books, close them, and decide to participate in the bull shooting.



11:50—A deep rose flushes Mr. Husson's face, and he wonders why he ever had his office built over the Girls' Lounge.

11:51—Buck, Harris, Hoyt, and Dean congregate in the lower hall to plot how they'll ever keep from being Shanghaied by those girls —The Commerce Commandos.

12:00—Something induces profanity and the air is blue. I wonder—could it be Literature class? Oh, well, we may as well go in and sleep for a while.

12:40—The kids on Court Street make a mad dash for Husson's Buick and pile in—three tier deep.

12:43—Mr. Husson comes out of the building, walks to his car, looks in the back seat, and *faints.*

12:44—The select group of geniuses go to Room 4 — for bookkeeping? Well, supposedly, but they eat potato chips and chat with Miss Swan, mostly.

12:45—"Hey, anyone got a butt?" The usual chant that issues forth from the girls' lounge. "Hi, Rose!"—You guessed it. Sirois, Hayden, and Jelly have just invaded the girls' lounge.

1:20—What a relief! Classes are all done for today. Miss Swan makes one wild dash for the Sorority room to eat. In the rush, she runs over a seat in the hall, falls down, and breaks her nose. What a pity!

2:00—Mr. Husson is having a conference with Jelly about buying some of her original jokes. Suppose his are getting sort of stale?

The Commerce Carefree Car

Headlights: Esther Ford and Pat Hayden.
Radiator: Phoebe Speed.
Steering Wheel: Mr. Husson.
Horn: Bob Jones.
Clutch: Miss Bradford.
Motor: Miss Swan.
Brake: Anne Gordon.
Muffler: Mrs. Miller.
Radio: Connie Goulette.
Gas: Term Bills.
Parking Lights: Gerry Duncan and Julia Dahlgren.
Wheels: Hoyt, Polk, Degestrom, Harris.
Tail Light: Lewis Levitt.
Seats: Day and Fraser.
Spare Tire: Hopkins.
Bumper: Julia Randall.
Running Boards: Gerry Sprague and Melva Braun.
Doors: Deveau and Farley.
Fenders: Getchell, McEachern, Comstock, Byron.
Aerial: Helen Cohen.
Mirror: Pat Wright.

JOKES

"Over There"
"Saturday Night"

"Dearly Beloved":

"No letter today," "not a word from home." "No love no nothing," "a little on the lonely side." "Oh, how I miss you tonight." "I couldn't sleep a wink last night." "I dream of you." "I can't help it." "You're my darling." "I love you truly." "Who wouldn't love you?"

"Take it easy" "star eyes" "until we meet again." "When this cruel war is over," "your wondering boy's returning home." "Wait for me Mary," "I'm counting on you." "Keep the home fires burning" "always."

"Any day now" "there'll be a hot time in the town of Berlin," "just you wait and see." "There'll be some changes made" "right in their own backyard." "We'll keep 'em flying" "from D Day to V Day." "It won't be long now" "until "unconditional surrender."

"I'll be back" "when the lights go on again all over the world." "Write me sweetheart" "tonight and every night."

"Good bye now" "I'll be seeing you" "soon."

"Yours,"
"Johnny Zero."

P. S.: "I love you."

M. Brewster: "It takes real brains to cook a good dinner."

T. Byron: "It takes more brains to get one without cooking it."

L. French: "I don't think Sonny cares for me any more; I'll bet he breaks our engagement."

J. Reed: "Well, better begin right away starting your letters with 'Darling Sonny,' and 'Gentlemen of the Jury'."

Mrs. Miller: "What is the difference between 'I eat' and 'I have eaten'?"

A. Hopkins: "A full stomach."

Mr. Husson (calling grocery store): "Please send me two dozen eggs; if they're good, I'll send you a check."

The Grocer: "You send us the check; if it is good, I'll send the eggs."

Mrs. Miller: "Correct this sentence, 'Can you write good with a dull pencil?' "

Phil Harris: "I can write better with a sharp one."

Mr. Husson: "Robert Jones, what do you think?"

R. Jones: "I don't."

M. Crosby: "I have an awful cold in my head."

P. Gilpatrick: "Consider yourself lucky; at least there's something in there."

R. Parady: "I have a terrible toothache and wish somebody could suggest something to relieve my pain."

R. Degestrom: "I had a toothache myself one day last week and I went home and my loving wife kissed me and consoled me and in a few minutes the pain was all gone."

R. Parady: "I think I will. Is your wife home now?"

E. Kimball: "When do the leaves begin to turn?"

E. Scott: "The day before examination."

Mrs. Miller: "Statistics show that thin men live longer than fat ones."

E. Freeman: "Well, why not? Even a germ must like some meat on the bones."

L. Albert: "I owe all I have to one woman."

M. Pelletier: "Your mother?"

L. Albert: "No, my landlady."

Mrs. Miller: "Well, I've had seven sittings."

E. Ford: "You mean you've had your portrait painted?"

Mrs. Miller: "No, I'm trying to learn to skate."

"Everyone must learn by beginning at the bottom. There are no exceptions to this rule."

"None at all?"

"No."

"How about swimming?"

Teacher: "Johnnie, this composition on the dog is the same as your brother Jimmie's, word for word."

Johnnie: "Yes, teacher. It's the same dog, you know."

R. Buck: "Do you hyphenate headache?"

K. Bishop: "Not unless it's a splitting one."

R. Jones: "What would you say if I were to throw you a kiss?"

C. Mace: "I'd say you were the laziest boy I ever saw."

Avis Dismore: "What did you say?"

Mr. Husson: "I don't know; I wasn't listening."

L. Levitt: "There are one hundred girls in this school and I haven't kissed one of them."

W. Sawyer: "Which one is that?"

Mrs. Miller: "Don't you know the first thing about syntax?"

A. Hopkins: "My goodness, is there a tax on that, too?"

Miss Swan: "Marilyn, have you read your shorthand for today?"

M. Swallow: "No!"

Miss Swan: "What have you read?"

M. Swallow: "I have red hair."

H. Day: "I think everybody should be patriotic enough to pay his income tax with a smile."

P. Harris: "I tried that, but Morganthau wrote back that they would accept only cash."

Mrs. Miller: "Have any of the members of the hygiene class ever seen a brain of any kind?"

No answer.

Mrs. Miller: "Well, I had one promised to me but didn't get it."

Judge (in traffic court): "I'll let you off with a fine this time, but the next time I'll send you to jail."

Weatherman: "That's exactly what I predicted, Your Honor."

Judge: "What do you mean?"

Weatherman: "Fine today, cooler tomorrow."

J. Randall: "Down on our farm we have a hen that laid an egg six inches long."

D. Leland: "Up in my town we can beat that."

J. Randall: "How?"

D. Leland: "With an egg beater."

Mrs. Miller: "How many kinds of compositions are there, Alberta?"

A. Hodgdon: "Two."

Mrs. Miller: "What are they?"

A. Hodgdon: "Good and bad."

V. Dean: "I never wet my hair or get it wet."

E. Manchester: "Don't you ever wash it?"

V. Dean: "No, I work at the Hillside Dye House, and I have it dry cleaned."

We wonder what kind of English Mrs. Miller is teaching:

"The sun rises at 6:00 p. m."

Movie Interpretations

Can't Help Singing.....E. Weston
The Suspect.....R. Degestrom
Tonight and Every Night.....E. Scott
Grand Illusion.....Wrong answer in Law Test
Keyes of the Kingdom.....Key to "Commerce"
What a Blonde!.....Eleanor Jones
A Place of Our Own.....Harris and Byron
Hangover Square.....R. Jones
Nothing But Trouble.....V. Dean
Dangerous Passage.....Into Room 4
It's a Pleasure.....8:00 Psychology Class
Blonde Fever.....Gerald Duncan
The Big Show Off.....Charlote Mace
Till We Meet Again.....Graduation Day
Here Come the Waves.....Jo Reed
Winged Victory.....Passing finals
My Pal Wolf.....R. Degestrom
Three Little Sisters.....
P. Deveau, L. Farley, E. MacKenzie
Heavenly Days.....Vacation
Fighting Lady.....Miss Swan
Star Spangled Widow.....L. French
Sons o' Fun.....Boys' Club
I Love a Mystery.....Law Test
I Can Hardly Wait.....Rank Sheets
Practically Yours.....Diploma
For Whom the Bells Toll.....Miss Bradford
Sergeant Mike.....A. Hopkins
Irish Eyes Are Smiling.....F. McDonough
Song to Remember.....
"Buckle Down, Maine School"
Between Two? Women.....R. Parady
The Silent Partner.....L. Emerson
Going My Way.....Commerce

A. Hopkins: "What is college bred, Mr. Husson?"

Mr. Husson: "They make college bread, my boy, from the flour of youth and the dough of old age."

J. Randall: "What is the French word for old maid?"

Miss Swan: "We won't talk about that, I'm sensitive."

P. Wright: "Gee, this liniment makes my arm smart."

Miss Swan: "Why don't you put some on your head?"

E. Goodwin: "What's the difference between a sewing machine and a kiss?"

R. Morin: "I know they're different, but you tell me."

E. Goodwin: "One sews seams nice and the other seems so nice."

JUST A POEM

I've tried so hard to write a poem,
A story, or a theme,
But I can't seem to do a thing
But gaze into space and dream.

I'd like to praise the faculty.
Its members they are four.
The most excellent of teachers
Who surely know the score.

Meet Mr. Husson, the principal,
Jolly and full of pep.
The kids all call him "Daddy"
And boy, he makes us step.

Next is chic Miss Bradford,
So pretty, sweet, and trim.
She teaches filing and typing;
With her you sink or swim.

Then there's Mrs. Miller,
Who teaches English class.
You have to get an 85
Before she'll let you pass.

Last but not *least* of the teachers;
Miss Swan, amusing and gay.
Her classes are so interesting
You're willing to spend the day.

Our secretary, Phoebe,
Is the best that you can find.
She keeps things straight in the office,
Easing many a troubled mind.

Our M. S. C. is one of the best
It's a college that is "tops."
We know it's better than the rest.
Drop in if you have time to stop.

CLASS WILL

We, the Class of 1945 of the Bangor Maine School of Commerce, being of sound mind and body, and in full possession of our wits (we hope), do hereby publish our First and Last Will and Testament.

Having paid in full our just debts to all those creditors who have been able to catch up with us, we do bequeath the rest of our just belongings as follows:

1. I, Beryl Ellis, leave my bowling scores to Mrs. Miller. I hope she uses them to the best of her ability.

2. I, Ellen Floros, leave my ambition to Kay White.

3. I, Elizabeth Green, leave my sympathetic manner to Mrs. Miller.

4. I, Ruth Howard, leave my proficiency in doing the Siamese twin act to Elinor Nealley and Fran McDonough.

5. I, Lillian Johnson, leave my quietness to Jo Reed. She really needs it.

6. I, Norma Jellison, leave my creative ability in telling jokes to Mr. Husson; his jokes are quite "corny" now.

7. I, Lewis Levitt, leave my most gentlemanly manner to Robert Jones, who, I hope, will make use of it.

8. I, Veda Morin, leave my chic in dress to Alberta Goodwin.

9. I, Elsie Pray, leave my old-maid school-teacher talent to Arlene Cyr, who is most deserving of it.

10. I, Veryl Robbins, leave my desire to write right-handed to Esther Ford.

11. I, Cheslia Rouse, leave my determination to graduate from M. S. C. to Gerald Duncan.

12. I, Ottilie Simpson, leave my quiet ways to Ruth Wormlight.

13. I, Ethel Sirois, leave all my beauty to all who would like to have it.

14. I, Wilma Sleeper, leave my penmanship ability to Frances McDonough.

15. I, Paula Stubbs, leave my ability to be absent from Shorthand class to Elinor Nealley.

16. I, Ramie Parady, leave my ability to put my foot in my mouth every time I open it in Miss Swan's class to Phil Harris. In case Harris does not want it, send it back to me.

17. I, Marilyn Swallow, leave my beautiful red hair to Mr. Husson, as I feel sure that the red hair will match his blushing face.

18. I, Lurline Taylor, leave my inexplicable joy, expressed and unexpressed, in spelling class to Alton Hopkins.

19. I, Frances Torrey, leave my loud and boisterous manner around the school to Ann Gordon, who needs more life and enthusiasm in this work-a-day world.

20. I, Charlotte Wentworth, leave my freckles and basketball ability to Eleanor Jones.

21. I, Alice Willey, leave my appetite to Miss Bradford.

22. I, Pat Wright, take great pleasure in leaving my "Johnnie" to Miss Swan, from whom, I know, he will get the best of care.

23. I, Julia Dahlgren, leave my ability to get engagements with all the boys to Edythe Freeman.

24. We, Marguerite Deveau and Lucille Farley, leave our stenographic ability to Robert Jones and King Bishop.

25. I, Phyllis Fraser, leave the presidency of the C. C. C. C. to Virginia Hewins.

26. I, Louise French, leave advice on how to get and hold a man to Constance Goulette. Good luck, Connie.

27. I, Ruth Getchell, leave all my new hair-do's to Miss Swan.

28. I, Phyllis Hatch, leave my pleasing personality to Thomas Hoyt.

29. I, Patricia Hayden, leave my flirting ability to Edythe Freeman.

30. I, Julia Randall, leave my job as shorthand corrector to any poor sap who wants it.

31. I, Eloise Weston, leave my singing talent to Shirley Wilson and Miss Swan.

32. I, Linda Burgess, leave my persistence to Charlotte Mace.

33. I, Ellen Burgess, leave my dignified air to Val Dean.

34. I, Mary Chase, leave my ability to stay in evenings to study to Eleanor Jones.

35. I, Phyllis Cronkite, leave my extreme height to Helen Cohen.

36. I, Hazel Day, leave my one dimple to Ramie Parady, as I know he has admired it for two years.

37. I, Melva Braun, leave my penmanship ability to all poor penmanship students.

38. I, Dorothy Leland, leave my piano accomplishments to Joyce McEachern.

39. I, Elizabeth MacKenzie, leave my smile to Evelyn Hunt.

40. I, Carro Davies, leave my shorthand speed to next year's beginning class, in hopes that they won't cause Miss Swan so much grief as those in the past.

41. I, Barbara White, leave my interest in Colby College to Margaret Brewster and hope she makes good use of it.

42. I, Mary Kidney, leave my ability to ask questions to Sheila Dempsey.

43. I, Antoinette Cormier, leave my cheery "Hi" to all forthcoming students, and may it forever ring in the halls of M. S. C.

44. I, Muriel Hebb, leave my ability to leave my locker open to all those next year students who are too lazy to open theirs every time they want something.

45. I, Ray Degestrom, leave my ability to argue to Mr. Husson, who can use it in next year's Salesmanship Class.

46. I, Arlene Cyr, leave my *parlez-vous* to Miss Swan.

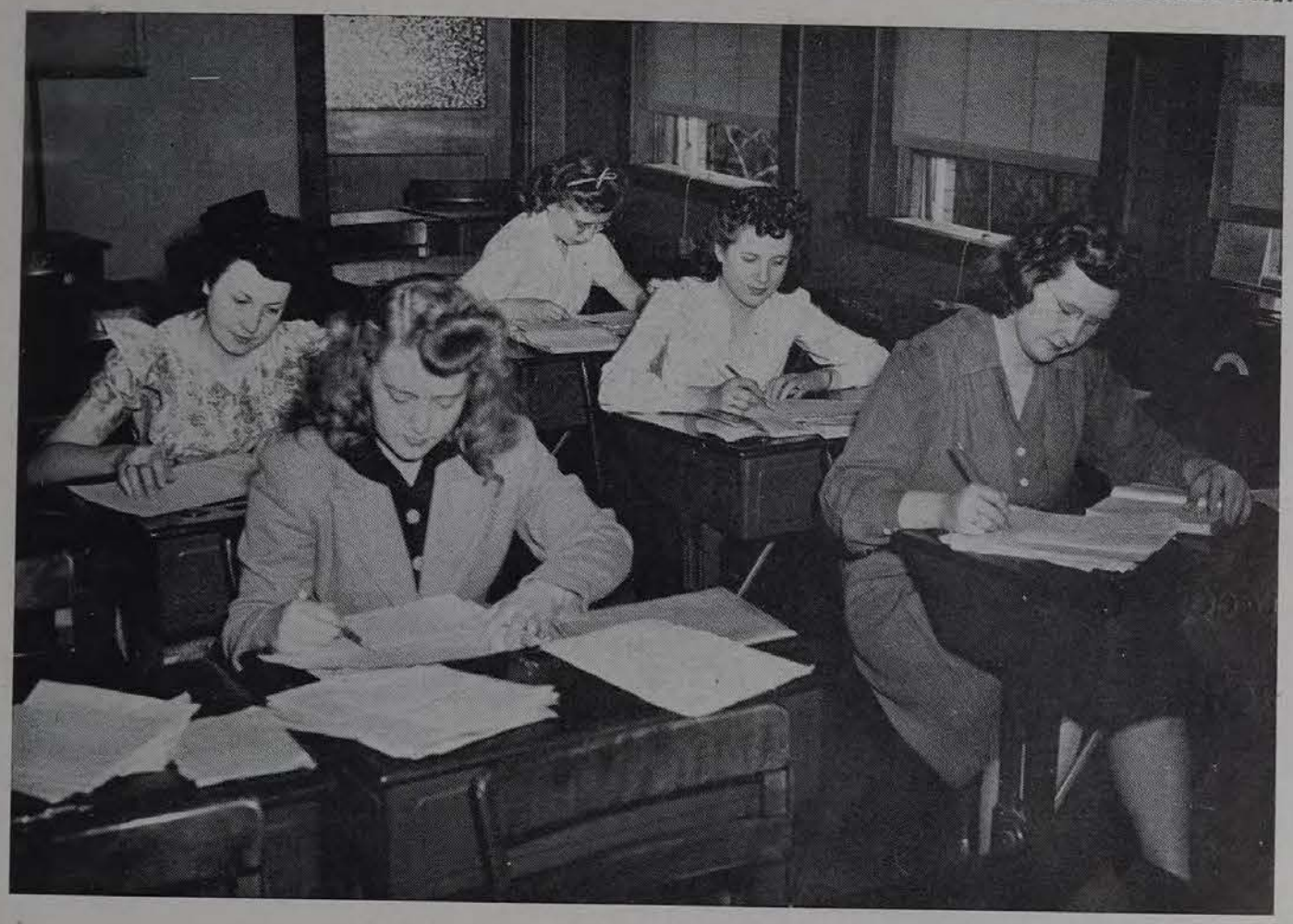
47. We, Eulalie Comstock and Jackie Doherty, leave our knowledge of the fashions to *Mademoiselle Magazine.*

48. I, Thelma Alley, leave my sense of humor to Joanna Mullins.

Thus we submit our First and Last Will and Testament on this twelfth day of June, Nineteen Hundred and Forty-Five.

We, the undersigned, in the presence of many influential witnesses, do hereby subscribe our names as attesting witnesses:

Louise B. Miller	Frances McDonough
Esther Ford	Juanita Reed
Ramie Parady	Edythe Freeman
Julia Randall	Eleanor Jones
Patricia Hayden	Ruth Wormlight



STUDENT CORRECTORS

Typewriting	Esther Ford
Shorthand	Julia Randall
Shorthand	Ruth Wormlight
Mathematics	Hazel Day
Spelling and English	Norma Jellison
Bookkeeping	Shirley Wilson



AWARDS

Bangor Maine School of Commerce wishes to give recognition to these students for their outstanding achievements in the fields of Shorthand and Typewriting.



CARRO LEE DAVIES

Shorthand Speed: 160 words a minute.



MARILYN JOYCE SWALLOW

Typewriting Speed: 75 words a minute.

AWARDS IN PENMANSHIP

Braun, Melva
Chase, Mary
Chisholm, Jean
Cormier, Florine
Deveau, Marguerite
Dinsmore, Avis
Dobbins, Louise
Farley, Lucille
Floros, Ellen
Freeman, Edythe
French, Louise
Getchell, Ruth
Goulette, Constance
Green, Elizabeth
Hunt, Evelyn
Kidney, Mary
Kimball, Evelyn
MacKenzie, Elizabeth
Jones, Eleanor
Hewins, Virginia
Chute, Camilla
Byron, Theresa
McEachern, Joyce
Manchester, Ethel
Patterson, Barbara
Robbins, Veryl
Scott, Ethel
Simpson, Ottilie
Staples, Evelyn
Torrey, Frances
White, Barbara
White, Catherine
Mace, Charlotte
D'Angelo, Margaret
Chandler, Caroline
Goodwin, Alberta
Pray, Elsie
Smith, Greta
Rouse, Cheslia
Wormlight, Ruth
Mullins, Joanna
Cormier, Antoinette
Hebb, Muriel
Crosby, Marjorie

AWARDS IN ADVANCED PENMANSHIP

Jellison, Norma
Hayden, Patricia
Parady, Ramie
Randall, Julia

AWARDS IN FILING

20 PERIOD

Braun, Melva
Brewster, Margaret
Carter, Nina
Curley, Jean
Deveau, Marguerite
Ellis, Janette
Farley, Lucille
Floros, Ellen
Gabrey, Madeline
Gilpatrick, Patricia
Kinney, Lois
MacKenzie, Elizabeth
Robbins, Veryl
Sleeper, Wilma
Smith, Maxine
Taylor, Lurline
Torrey, Frances
Wentworth, Charlotte
Burgess, Ellen
Cyr, Arlene
Green, Elizabeth
Duncan, Gerald
Getchell, Ruth
Hopkins, Alton
Hoyt, Thomas
Johnson, Lillian
Mullins, Joanna
Nealley, Elinor
Pray, Elsie
Zitaner, Charlotte
Smith, Jasper
Gilpatrick, Patricia
MacKenzie, Elizabeth
Robbins, Veryl
Sprague, Geraldine
Taylor, Lurline
Torrey, Frances
Wentworth, Charlotte
Chandler, Carolyn
Comstock, Eulalie
Green, Elizabeth
Duncan, Gerald
Getchell, Ruth
Hopkins, Alton
Johnson, Lillian
Mullins, Joanna
Nealley, Elinor
Patterson, Barbara
Pray, Elsie
Smith, Jasper

40 PERIOD

Brewster, Margaret
Deveau, Marguerite
Ellis, Beryl
Farley, Lucille

GREGG AWARD

Day, Hazel
Ford, Esther
Fraser, Phyllis
Hatch, Phyllis
Hayden, Patricia
Jellison, Norma
Leland, Dorothy
Parady, Ramie
Randall, Julia

AWARDS IN BASKETBALL

Day, Hazel
Wright, Patricia
Wilson, Shirley
MacEachern, Joyce
Wentworth, Charlotte
Wormlight, Ruth
Freeman, Edythe
Willey, Alice
Dempsey, Sheila
Reed, Juanita
Goulette, Constance
McDonough, Frances
Davies, Carro
White, Catherine
Taylor, Lurline

AWARDS IN CHEERLEADING

Scott, Ethel
Fraser, Phyllis
French, Louise
Chase, Mary
Cormier, Florine


Chief's Children



First row—V. Hewins, F. Torrey, C. Mace, J. Doherty, E. Comstock, M. Deveau, L. Farley, M. Crosby, C. Wentworth, C. Rouse.
Second row—E. Sawyer, M. Smith, E. MacKenzie, E. Weston, E. Floros, M. Braun, B. White, M. Hebb, L. Albert, R. Howard.
Third row—C. Chute, E. Burgess, A. Wood, B. Dwyer, P. Stubbs, M. Kidney, E. Pray, A. Cyr, A. Whitney.



First row—V. Downs, M. Gabrey, M. Pelletier, J. Curley, C. Goulette, R. Morin.
Second row—L. Burgess, N. Matthews, L. Emerson, P. Gilpatrick, A. Cormier, E. Hunt.



First row—J. McEachern, M. Chase, O. Simpson, R. Getchell, B. Paterson, E. Sirois, M. Brewster, A. Willey.
Second row—P. Cronkite, M. Swallow, L. Taylor, B. Ellis, L. French, P. Wright, L. Johnson.
Third row—W. Sleeper, E. Green.



First row—E. Nealley, E. Kimball, S. Dempsey, A. Hodgdon, C. White, C. Chandler.
Second row—J. Mullins, E. Staples, E. Scott, C. Davies, E. Manchester.



First row—P. Hatch, D. Leland, J. Randall, N. Jellison, E. Ford, P. Hayden, H. Day, P. Fraser.
Second row—R. Wormlight, E. Freeman, S. Wilson, E. Jones, P. Harris, R. Parady, J. Reed, F. MacDonough.



First row—L. Levitt, G. Duncan, R. Degestrom, A. Dinsmore, G. Sprague, A. Goodwin.
Second row—R. Jones, R. Buck, A. Hopkins, T. Hoyt, V. Dean.


ACTIVITIES



First row (left to right)—J. Reed, R. Wormlight, P. Hayden, C. Wentworth, H. Day, P. Wright, E. Ford, P. Hatch, P. Fraser.
Second row (left to right)—Miss Bradford, M. Crosby, M. Kidney, C. Goulette, E. Pray, E. Comstock, A. Willey, N. Jellison, P. Gilpatrick, E. Kimball, C. Davies.
Third row (left to right)—A. Cyr, M. Hebb, C. Rouse, E. Greene, A. Dinsmore, E. Staples, E. Floros, L. French, A. Hodgdon, F. Torrey, O. Simpson, E. Burgess.
Fourth row (left to right)—Miss Swan, R. Getchell, E. Manchester, E. Freeman, E. MacKenzie, R. Howard, A. Goodwin, L. Johnson, J. Mullins, C. White, G. Sprague, E. Hunt.
Fifth row (left to right)—E. Jones, S. Wilson, E. Sirois, M. Chase, L. Taylor, M. Deveau, L. Farley, D. Leland, J. Randall, J. McEachern, E. Nealley, M. Braun.

EPSILON TAU EPSILON

Epsilon Tau Epsilon is Commerce's one and only sorority. This is the most active organization in the school. All girls who attain an average of 85 percent are eligible for membership. After the rank is determined, character, service, and loyalty are taken into consideration. It is an honor to belong to E. T. E.

At the start of the school year the sorority elected its officers. This board has functioned all year very successfully and each and every E. T. E. member is proud of the officers. Hazel Day of Union was chosen to head the largest organization in school — indeed an honor, bestowed on one who deserved it. Patricia Hayden of Fort Fairfield was elected Vice President and has capably executed all duties assigned her by the President. Esther Ford of Ellsworth was given the honor of being Secretary; and her ability to write up our meetings, to take care of E. T. E.'s correspondence, and to attend to so many other things which falls on the Secretary's shoulders is appreciated by all of us who realize that being Secretary to E. T. E. is a position in itself. Our financial worries are attended to by Phyllis Hatch of Walpole. She keeps an accurate record of dues, money earned, and all expenditures. She guides us in our financial matters and




EPSILON
TAU
EPSILON



tries to keep us within our limit for spending. Patricia Wright of Limestone was elected Scribe at a later meeting. Her duties are write-ups and the upkeep of our E. T. E. Scrapbook. Charlotte Wentworth of Brooks was chosen to be our Marshal. She assists at all formal initiations, and takes the password at all meetings.

This group of officers is an exceptional group. The sorority has been active and is prospering both fraternally and financially under its leadership.

E. T. E. gave its annual Get-Acquainted Party to all girls in school, and everyone who attended had an excellent time. Mrs. John Feaster gave a most excellent book review at this party.

E. T. E.'s Halloween party was more successful than was hoped. The headless man, Phyllis Fraser, turned out to be the greatest shock of all to our guests. Julia Randall, with a set of false gum teeth, won first prize for the funniest; Melva Braun won the first prize for the best costume, a Chinese man—queue and all; Carro Davies came dressed in bags with a sign on her back, "Just Another Old Bag," and received the prize for the most original; Swan and Bradford came as a Sailor and his Hawaiian friend. Miss Bradford and her grass skirt made quite a picture.

Among other social events for the year was a card party for the Boys' Club, held in the E. T. E. room. Mr. and Mrs. Husson were honor guests at this affair. Hearts, "63," and bridge furnished the fun for the evening. A birthday party for Miss Bradford was held at her home on the Finson Road. This turned out to be a complete surprise and nearly a physical shock to her. A baby shower honored Scott Allan Bowron. At a Valentine party the members enjoyed "Poor House" and "Winkum"—(My, but some of those girls winked a wicked eye!) A birthday party for Miss Swan was a super-duper. Phyllis Fraser made a grand birthday cake; Mrs. Stewart, Ruth Getchell, and Louise French made excellent chocolate cakes — Miss Swan's favorite.

The most exciting birthday party was held at Mr. Husson's home on Court Street. Sixty E. T. E. members were carefully escorted into his home, and he walked right into the middle of the group. Was his face red! The "Chief" entertained us with selections on his saxophone. A general sing was in full swing, and we had fun!

To get to the serious side of E. T. E., early in the school year Mrs. Louise Miller was initiated formally and taken into E. T. E. as an honorary member. In December a group of fifty girls were given both informal and formal initiations. Red Letter Day was the pledgees' day here at Commerce and one saw many queer-looking students. Pledgees conducted classes, entertained and even tried to find out from the one and only "Chief" which he preferred—blondes or brunettes. The formal initiation was very impressive and beautiful. The pledgees received and gave their oaths by candlelight. The officers of E. T. E. were in evening gowns with corsages complementing their dresses.

In February a smaller group was initiated, and in April those entering Commerce at mid-term were given an opportunity to become members of E. T. E. About sixty girls have become E. T. E. sisters this year.

E. T. E. held its annual banquet at the Bangor House, and nearly fifty

alumnae were there. Stunts, put on by the active members, were thoroughly enjoyed by the alumnae. It was a grand reunion, and it surely was fun, talking to the returning girls. There were ninety girls there who had pledged themselves to Commerce, E. T. E., and one another. The sorority song was sung and each member left the Bangor House that night with a feeling of good fellowship and sisterly love in her heart.

E. T. E.'s gift to Commerce this year is the completion of our Honor Roll. There are 160 more names to be added and additional room provided for these names. E. T. E. plans to have six gold stars placed on the plaque after the following boys' names who paid the supreme sacrifice in World War II: Kilburn Brannon, Richard Jones, Stanley Logan, Roger Nash, Kenneth Baker, and Kenneth Gardiner.

Another big moment in the history of E. T. E. is the award of the loving cup, made to the outstanding student for the present year. This cup is given by E. T. E. and is presented at the graduating exercises. The faculty has the honor of choosing the recipient of the cup.

On the 25th, 26th, and 27th of May, E. T. E. spent a weekend at Camp Roosevelt. This was the most hilarious weekend of the year. No one slept on that trip. All the girls returned to school the following Monday and made up their sleep in Shorthand, Bookkeeping, English, and Law classes.

The girls who are honored with membership in this organization for the year 1944-45 are as follows:

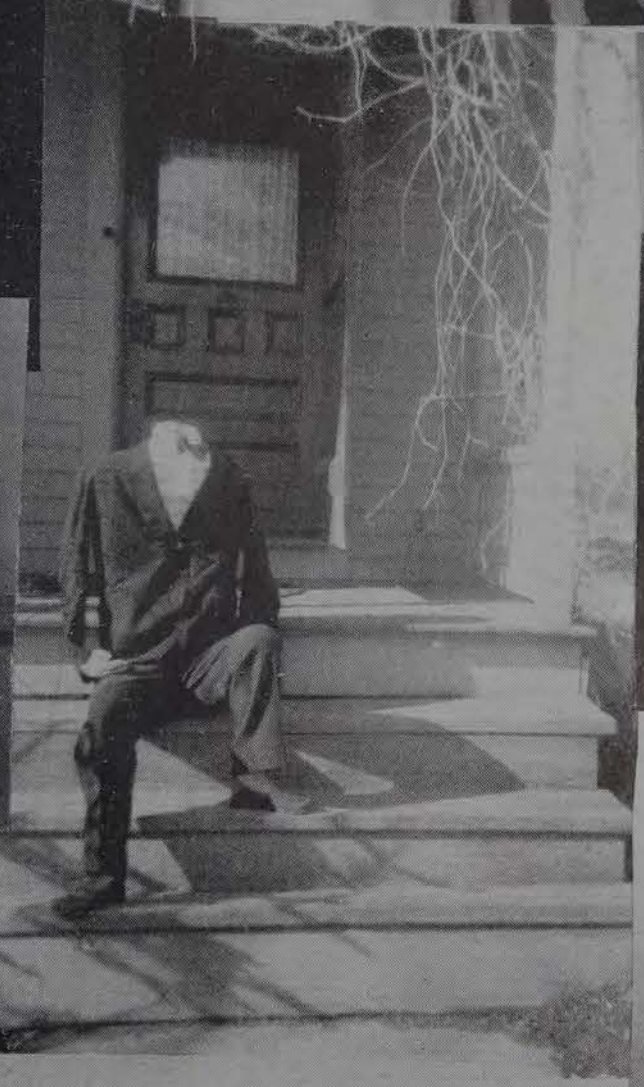
Clara L. Swan
Mildred M. Bradford
Louise B. Miller
Carro Davies
Phyllis Fraser
Patricia Hayden
Melva Braun
Eulalie Comstock
Marguerite Deveau
Lucille Farley
Louise French
Dorothy Leland
Esther Ford
Zelma Jameson
Ellen Burgess
Marjorie Crosby
Avis Dinsmore
Ellen Floros
Ruth Getchell
Hazel Day
Phyllis Hatch
Julia Randall
Mary Chase
Julia Dahlgren
Edythe Freeman
Patricia Gilpatrick
Muriel Hebb
Alberta Hodgdon
Eleanor Jones
Dorothy Crane
Ethel Manchester
Phoebe Speed
Ottilie Simpson
Evelyn Staples
Catherine White
Patricia Wright
Arlene Cyr
Elinor Nealley
Elsie Pray
Barbara Dwyer
Ethel Scott
Eloise Weston
Elizabeth Green
Constance Goulette
Ruth Howard
Norma Jellison
Elizabeth McKenzie
Veryl Robbins
Ethel Sirois
Lurline Taylor
Alice Willey
Shirley Wilson
Lillian Johnson
Alberta Goodwin
Frances Torrey
Marjorie Haines
Wilma Sleeper
Evelyn Hunt
Evelyn Kimball
Joyce McEachern
Cheslia Rouse
Geraldine Sprague
Charlotte Wentworth
Ruth Wormlight
Juanita Reed
Joanna Mullins
Mary Kidney
Leora Albert
Frances McDonough
Marilyn Swallow
Madeline Gabrey
Arlane Wood

The most enjoyable thing about our sorority is the friendliness and the love of fellowman that is so prominent. It brings Commerce near to all sorority members and gives us all lasting and cherished memories of our school days.



















Commerce Sportsman Club

To provide entertainment and to substitute for the fraternity, which could not function at Maine School, because of the "manpower shortage," Mr. Husson called a meeting of the boys and presented to us plans for organizing a club.

After much debating the name, Commerce Sportsman Club, was adopted. At our first meeting the following officers were elected: President, Ramie Parady; Vice President, Phil Harris; Secretary, Gerald Duncan; Treasurer, Robert Jones; and Faculty Adviser, Mr. Husson.

Our primary objective was to provide sports and entertainment for the Commerce boys. We have also promoted school spirit, loyalty, and co-operation among the students, making everyone feel at home while attending the Bangor Maine School of Commerce.

Among our happy social events, we will always remember our stag party which was held in Mr. Husson's "basement." We had rather call it Mr. Husson's dream playroom, because that is what it really is! Did some of us learn how to play Hearts and Poker (not for money) under Mr. Husson's supervision! Breaking up at the wee hour of 3:00 a. m. certainly proved that we had a good time.

Another highlight in our program was the reciprocal social for the sorority. This, too, was held in Mr. Husson's dream room. We all played "Hearts" to our heart's content that night. Isn't it strange that girls like to play Poker as well as boys? More Commerce memories!

An item of interest, which we cannot leave out, is that we officially and unanimously selected Miss Bradford as our "Club Pin-up Girl." We wonder why she blushed so much when we told her. Oh, she may be competing with Mr. Husson—we mean blushing.

Uncle Sam found it necessary to take from us Jasper Smith and Oliver Russell, two of our staunch members. Our best wishes go with them.

We, who are graduating, say "So long, Commerce, wish we could stay longer"; and to those staying for next year, "Lucky guys."



First row—L. Farley, B. Ellis, M. Chase, E. Kimball, Miss Bradford, D. Leland, E. Manchester, M. Deveau.
Second row—P. Fraser, P. Hayden, E. Scott, L. French, R. Parady, P. Gilpatrick, M. Smith, E. McKenzie.
Third row—J. Doherty, E. Comstock.

The *Commerce Chatter*, a publication of current school news, appears five times during the year. In it are recorded the events of interest that take place, games, parties, initiations, and sorority activities. Other features include jokes, awards, faculty interviews, "Who's Who" in the student body, articles of interest, and the season's latest fashions.

The *Chatter* staff is made up of interested students who volunteer their services. Under the direction of the faculty adviser, Miss Bradford, each member of the staff receives training in cutting stencils, working the mimeograph and the mimeoscope, and in proofreading. Thus through actual experience he receives training in journalism.

This activity is open to all. New students are urged to participate.



First row—M. Crosby, P. Hayden, P. Fraser, R. Parady, R. Wormlight, S. Wilson, H. Day, E. Weston.
Second row—A. Goodwin, E. Scott, E. Freeman, P. Hatch, T. Hoyt, D. Leland, V. Dean, L. French.

Commerce Co-Curricular Club

"We're small, but we're growing!" was our cry last year. Now, we may proudly say, "We've grown!"

The members of Commerce Co-Curricular Club from last year met at the beginning of school and planned our first assembly. A movie of the Mississippi River was shown. Only shown, too, for after the first few minutes, the sound mechanism failed, and we were suddenly plunged back into the days of silent films. Mrs. Miller saved the day, however, when she gave a first-hand account of the flood to accompany the film.

In response to a membership invitation given at this assembly, about thirty students attended our next meeting. The first business, of course, was election of officers. Phyllis Fraser was re-elected President. Others chosen were Vice President, Ramie Parady; Secretary, Ruth Wormlight; Treasurer, Shirley Wilson; and Scribe, Oliver Russell.

Many worried hours were spent in trying to fulfill our project of an assembly a month. The results of these hours, besides bruised fingers, neglected studies, and loss of sleep, included two interesting talks by Mr. Feaster, a "Truth or Consequence" show (remember Swan's Easter bonnet!), a radio program, a take-off on the faculty at home, which was cleverly written by an unnamed student (you really should admit it, Ramie; it was very good), and community singing. The undisputed hit of the year was Mr. Husson's "sax" playing on our radio program, especially when he lost his voice because "it was his first appearance in public, and naturally he was nervous!" Our next assembly will be two one-act plays, presented in co-operation with the speech class.

Very seriously, we have had a lot of fun, and we hope that we have contributed something worthwhile to our school during the year.

P. S.—May 8—V-E Day and an assembly in the charge of our President, Phyl Fraser. Mr. Feaster and "Chief" Husson spoke on the meaning of the day, and we closed with a prayer and the "Star Spangled Banner."



First row—B. Ellis, P. Fraser, E. Ford, M. Chase, C. Davies, C. Goulette, B. White, P. Wright, H. Day, E. Scott, Miss Swan.
Second row—E. Manchester, M. Hebb, J. MacEachern, J. Reed, A. Willey, S. Wilson, P. Hatch, E. Freeman, J. Doherty, L. French, E. Comstock.
Third row—W. Sleeper, P. Hayden, G. Sprague, M. Crosby, C. Wentworth, R. Wormlight, F. MacDonough, K. White, P. Cronkite.

WOMEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The Women's Athletic Association opened its season early in September with a business meeting. Officers elected were President, Constance Goulette; Dexter; Vice-president, Carro Davies, Bangor; Secretary, Barbara White, Pittsfield; Treasurer, Mary Chase, Millinocket; and Scribe, Phyllis Fraser, Old Town.

Hiking Captains appointed by Miss Swan were Esther Ford of Ellsworth and Phyllis Fraser of Old Town. It was agreed to hike forty miles for a letter. The girls hiked twice a week every week until cold weather and flying snow discouraged them. Besides putting mileage on the record, they had a lot of fun, especially on the supper hike to Brewer and the "feed" at Frenchy's.

Coach Swan issued a call for basketball players, and a squad of about thirty interested girls responded. The team had an unusually long and exceptionally good season, coming through sixteen games with fifteen victories and only one defeat. Co-Captains were Hazel Day of Union and Patricia Wright of Limestone, and high scorer was Shirley Wilson of Bangor with Hazel Day a close second.

Miss Bradford's request for cheerleaders was promptly answered, and five girls were given jackets. Coached by Miss Bradford and led by Captain Ethel Scott, these girls were present at every game and rally.

Throughout the year the W. A. A. was also active in bowling. Beryl Ellis was Bowling Captain. The girls bowled once

a week so far as possible and set their goal for an insignia at thirty-five strings.

The annual Girls' Tournament was held in February with thirty-six girls taking part. Cheers went up for Freck's *Spots,* Day's *Dreams,* Wright's *Potato Diggers,* Willey's *Cream Puffs,* Wilson's *Gov't. Girls,* and Mac's *Fishermen.* The *Gov't Girls* came out the winners after an exciting final with the *Fishermen.*

W. A. A. sold season tickets to basketball games this year. Out of the proceeds the W. A. A. presented the Girls' Basketball Squad with silver medals for this season's participation. Girls receiving them are Co-Captains Hazel Day and Patricia Wright, Shirley Wilson, Charlotte Wentworth, Joyce McEachern, Alice Willey, Ruth Wormlight, Edythe Freeman, Juanita Reed, Sheila Dempsey, Manager Constance Goulette, Carro Davies, Frances McDonough, Catherine White, and Asst. Manager Lurline Taylor.

The W. A. A. also presented silver basketballs to the winning tournament team, Wilson's *Government Girls,* consisting of the following: Captain Shirley Wilson, Wilma Sleeper, Carro Davies, Phyllis Hatch, Geraldine Sprague, and Phyllis Fraser.

As a final gesture to the sportsmanship and success of this year's basketball team, seats for the Sectional Basketball Tournament at Brewer were given to the squad and Coach Swan.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball team of the Bangor Maine School of Commerce had a very successful season this year, winning 14 games, tying one, and losing one.

This record for this year is one of the best that Commerce has had in the past years. Each year Commerce puts a different team on the court. Nearly all the girls attend school one year, being enrolled in the Secretarial courses. Some years find one or two returning, those girls training for the teaching field.

Girls' basketball at Commerce is the only major sport at present, as the number of boys is small. Commerce students, teachers, and fans are proud of this team; they deserve a great deal of credit, as they have met many of the best teams in this section.

Another interesting thing about this team is that so many Maine towns are represented. It is a Maine-town team—Brooks, Greenville Jct., Limestone, Union, Bangor, Guilford, East Machias, Southwest Harbor, Dexter, Bucksport, Northeast Harbor, Deer Isle, and Hampden being represented.

Clara L. Swan of the faculty coaches girls' basketball, and this is her sixth Commerce team. She is a former graduate of M. S. C.

	Sch.	M.S.C.	Oppts.
Brooks	T	39	22
Alumnae	H	32	13
East Millinocket	H	35	17
Lee Academy	T	29	21
Mattanawcook Acad.	T	24	24
Gilman High School	T	47	27
Bucksport	H	30	15
Guilford	T	34	29
Lee Academy	H	27	16
Higgins Classical Inst.	H	29	11
Mattanawcook Acad.	H	25	35
Gilman	H	39	18
Bucksport	T	28	26
Foxcroft Academy	H	34	26
Guilford	H	40	17
Higgins Classical Inst.	T	28	21



First row (left to right)—Ruth Wormlight, Charlotte Wentworth, Joyce McEachern, Patricia Wright (co-captain), Hazel Day (co-captain), Shirley Wilson, Alice Willey, Sheila Dempsey.

Second row (left to right)—Clara L. Swan (coach), Frances McDonough, Lurline Taylor (assistant manager), Juanita Reed, Edythe Freeman, Carro Davies, Constance Goulette (manager), Catherine White.

Mascot—Martyn Vanwart.

The squad has been entertained this year by Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wilson, Mrs. Grace Stewart, Mrs. Carl Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. Husson, and Martyn Vanwart.

The squad wishes to thank Mr. Husson for the use of his car and his support of the team.

High Scorer—Scoring was as follows: Shirley Wilson, 225 points; Hazel Day, 185, and Alice Willey, 111 points.

Mascot—Martyn Vanwart is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Vanwart. He celebrated his second birthday at a grand party, to which the girls' basketball team was invited. He attended practice faithfully and came to some of our home games.

First team letters and certificates were awarded to Co-Captains Day and Wright, Wilson, Willey, MacEachern, Wentworth, Wormlight, Freeman, Dempsey, Reed, and Manager Goulette. Second team letters and certificates were awarded to McDonough, Davies, White, and Assistant Manager Lurline Taylor.

Basketball Tournament

Thirty-six girls participated in the annual tournament at Commerce March 5, 6, and 7.

The team lineups were as follows:

Wright's Potato Diggers:

Captain Pat Wright, Eulalie Comstock, Melva Braun, Jo Reed, Ethel Scott, Elsie Pray.

Willey's Cream Puffs:

Captain Alice Willey, Barbara Dwyer, Joanna Mullins, Edythe Freeman, Constance Goulette, Mary Chase.

Day's Dreams:

Captain Hazel Day, Pearl Bennett, Alberta Goodwin, Elinor Neally, Frances McDonough, Ruth Wormlight.

Mac's Fishermen:

Captain Joyce McEachern, Sheila Dempsey, Frances Torrey, Louise French, Theresa Byron, Carolyn Chandler.

Wilson's Gov't Girls:

Captain Shirley Wilson, Phyllis Hatch, Wilma Sleeper, Gerry Sprague, Carro Davies, Phyllis Fraser.

Freckles' Spots:

Captain Charlotte Wentworth, Catherine White, Jacqueline Doherty, Arlane Wood, Ethel Manchester, Patricia Wright.

Games and scores:

Potato Diggers	9	Cream Puffs	16
Dreams	17	Fishermen	24
Gov't Girls	31	Spots	10

Semi-finals:

Fishermen	16	Cream Puffs	13

Final:

Gov't Girls	21	Fishermen	18

Wilson's *Gov't Girls* won the tournament. These girls will receive sterling silver basketballs at a future assembly. Outstanding player of the tournament was Joyce McEachern of Greenville Jct., who played both forward and guard positions equally well.



F. Cormier, E. Scott, L. French, P. Fraser, M. Chase.

CHEERLEADING

In the crisp, cool days of November while the basketball squad of M. S. C. was sweating and struggling to make its team the best, four cheerleaders, Jean Chisholm, Ethel Scott, Phyllis Fraser, and Mary Chase, also tried to live up to the standards set by our supervisor, Miss Bradford. Almost daily this foursome had a session in the gym, and we worked hard getting muscles into trim —oooooooOOOOhh—anybody lame?

At the first few games we were rather lifeless as far as cheerleading goes, but did those green and gold Commerce jackets make us strut! We finally managed to get the one thing for which we were striving—all doing the same thing at the same time! Then Chisholm left school and Florine Cormier and Louise French joined the squad, making a *finesome fivesome*. Practice was resumed in earnest. The old cheers were mastered, and then new ones started developing. We really went to town on ideas for something different. How the crowd loved that one in which Phyl and Flo turned cartwheels! Scotty was our head cheerleader; and, as the season progressed, she and the rest of the gang really got the M. S. C. rooters to break out in a rash and give—winding up practically speechless! Which one of this group likes to do the Indian War Dance the best, do you s'pose?

The end of the basketball season came all too soon, but with it came our coveted M. S. C. letters, and we certainly are proud of them. Our thanks for a grand year go to the team, to Coach Swan, to our coach, Miss Bradford, and to the fans of Commerce.



Miss Swan, C. Wentworth, H. Day, P. Wright, A. Willey, S. Wilson, J. McEachern.

COACH SWAN SPEAKS

To my team and to my squad:

I wish to congratulate you for your splendid co-operative spirit, team-work, and faithful service to Commerce during the past basketball season.

During the season while my team is doing its best and working day after day to be a better team and to uphold the tradition of Commerce, I, as Coach, very seldom say more than, "Nice game." I have seen too much praise ruin a team during its season and too little do the same. At the close of the season I try through this article in our *Chieftain* to tell my girls just what they have done for Commerce and for me the past season.

This past season has been one of our best. This team ranks with the Commerce team of 1942 which was our best until this year. These two teams are on even terms—1942's team won 18 games and lost 2. 1945's team has won 14, tied one, and lost one. The teamwork of the two teams was outstanding and their play similar. 1942's team was made up of Carruthers, Park, and Ayer as forwards and Bradford, Mitchell, and Lord as guards. Most of you basketball players have seen these people play and realize that I am saying the very best when I say your team is on an equal with that team. I feel, too, that I have done more with my 1945 team, as my 1942 forwards had played together three years in high school before entering Commerce. Day, Wilson, and Willey are three of the best forwards that Commerce has ever had. The thing that makes them so fine a set of forwards is their excellent passwork and each one's ability to score when the opportunity arises. Wright, Wentworth, and McEachern form a rugged defense and one that holds at all times. Their ability to work the ball up to the forward court and immediately to change to their defensive status again makes them the other half of a fine ball team. This team has given its best in all of its games, and I am very proud to have had the privilege of coaching these girls. I have

done very little to make them a team. Each one of these girls wanted the best for Commerce and gave it.

Individually to my players I want to pay the following compliments:

To Co-Captain Hazel Day of Union:

"Diz," you have had two grand years of basketball at Commerce. Last year you played your old position as well as anyone could, but this year you have been a most valuable part of our team. The center sets up the plays, breaks up opponent's plays, covers a lot of territory, and usually does little shooting. This year you've done all that I asked of you and more, too. You've been a high-scoring forward. You have passed exceptionally well—in fact, as far as Commerce and I are concerned, you proved to be a far more valuable player to us this year. It's hard to change positions and especially hard to be a good center; yet, you have done both. I admire your fighting spirit, your ability to give and take, and the leadership you have given here as Co-Captain. I will sorely miss you next year. I do hope that you have a basketball team to put through its paces next year and to know and to enjoy your players as I have. It is a real treat to have girls like you on a team. Good luck and all the very best to one exceptional player. May your teaching career prove to be all you wish it to be. It's a great life! Remember all the trips, the fun we have had, your good points, heart games, and the Waterville team—oh, yes, I think Union is quite a town.

To Co-Captain Patricia Wright of Limestone:

Pat, you have played a most difficult guard position with ease this year. Your defense is strong; your ability to be on the offensive, excellent; and we would have been sunk without you. I know you realize that you have been part of a team —a real team—and I want you to know that our team was a success because of your faithful support and work in the back court. Your ability to co-operate with Freck and Mac—well, Pat, there's no such defense as yours. My guards are as good as my forwards and you have seen them work. They feel the same about you and so do I. Your passwork and floor play is far above that of last year. I appreciate your fine leadership as Co-Captain this past season. Pat, I hate to lose you, but I suppose I must. As long as it is to "Johnnie", it will be o.k. You've been a loyal part of Commerce this year and good luck to you when Johnnie comes home. And bring him up. Pat, you've been swell! Don't forget the trips, Waterville, and your old nose.

To Shirley Wilson of Bangor:

Well, Shirl, my dreams came true when you returned from Washington and enrolled in the Normal Course. You have played that old position of yours with exceptional ability this year. Those rebounds, your passing, your floor work, your foul shooting, and all make you a great player on a great team. I am glad that you will be wearing the green and gold of Commerce another year, and I know, too, that I can depend on you to do your very best in all our games as you have done this year. Thanks for being such a swell kid, and for the way you have played with Diz and Will. It is that spirit of fair-play and co-operativeness that counts most. Don't ever forget Martyn, our trips, tournament, and a *special* friend of ours who toots a whistle for the *fun* of it! I'll be seeing you next season.

To Joyce McEachern of Greenville:

Mac, it is a joy in itself to see you dribble down the floor and bring that ball to the center of the court. Your work in the back court is of the best. Your fighting spirit, your ability to get the ball off the backboard, and your passes are a delight to the eye. You have certainly contributed your part to make this season as successful as it has been. I like to know, too, that you can be, easily and naturally, as good a forward as you are a guard that's A-1. (That's a possibility for next year, Mac!) Thanks so very much for being such a swell kid and one who *always* does the right thing at the right time. I am happy to know that you'll be at Commerce next year, keeping up the fight in that back court. Mac,

don't forget all the fun, trips, our tournament final, and the ring that brought us luck all year!

To Alice Willey of Guilford:

Since the name of "Alice" does not fit you, I have called you "Will" all year. You're a temperamental soul, Will—I never knew whether you were going to score 27 points per game or five or six. Regardless of that, Diz and Shirl would have been lost without you. Your hook pass is the most beautiful pass there is, and you have been right in there every minute. You have done a fine job this year for Commerce. I appreciate your loyalty, teamwork, "Little Miss Bliss," and all you have contributed to making this the best team ever. Don't forget our trip through mountains of snow to Guilford and the tournament. I do hope you manage to get enough to eat now that basketball is over. I guess just our lunches after games have kept you going. Your name should be Alice "Eat" Willey! Good luck always and thanks again.

To Charlotte Wentworth of Brooks:

In September of the year of 1944 there came into Room 4 a little bit of a girl. She came to my desk and made some inquiry about her shorthand lesson. Glancing up I was amazed to see one face with so many freckles on it. The words just popped out, "Your name ought to be 'Freckles'." And she has been Freckles or Freck to us all ever since. Those same freckles have faded; yet, when summer comes, I bet they will be as numerous as ever. Freck is the other member of our defense. You are a small and spirited player. You are the *greatest* little guard ever to wear Commerce's colors, and I mean that from the bottom of my heart. You are always in there, your court play is excellent, and your aggressiveness for a "little girl", remarkable. Whenever there's a jump ball, it seems that Freck is one of the players jumping. She gets around and has ably filled her position in the back court. She is dependent on Pat and Mac and they on her. I certainly hope that you have a most profitable summer and that fall finds you registered as a Normal student and again upholding your duties on the basketball court. Your *accent* and laughter are two unforgetable memories of this season. Remember all the trips, feeds, black magic, tournament, and the great team of 1945. Brooks should be mighty proud of you. We are here at Commerce.

The substitutes this year deserve more praise than one expects for their ability to drive the first team to the limit. A good team is a result of stiff practice and competition at daily practice. My substitutes are fine ball players—every one of them —and deserve a pat on the back for their loyalty to the team. Our last game was a victory only because of the loyal rooting of these subs.

To Ruth Wormlight of Brooks:

Brooks has the right to be doubly proud of its students at M. S. C. this year. Freck has done well, and "Wormy" has done well, too. My passion for giving people nicknames crops out every year. Ruth became "Wormy" in no time flat, and she's just one swell kid. I am proud of your fight, co-operation, loyalty, and participation in basketball this year. I am more than pleased that you will be back, and I hope you will enjoy basketball next year as much as you have this. Thanks for being my Manager and writing all my letters. Thanks, Worm, for just being you. We like you as you are. Your play on the court has been fine; and, whenever I sent you in, I knew you'd do your best and you always did. Remember all the fun we have had—the tournament, the feeds, and be sure to talk Freck into being a pedagogue next year. Words can't always say what you want, and I hope you know how I feel about you—you're o. k., and I think you'll always be!

To Edythe Freeman of Bucksport:

"Freemie" hails from down the line and is a corking guard. Whenever you have been sent in to fill a big hole in the guard section, you have done a noble job. It was always when the competition was the keenest that you had to go in, and never let us down. I do hope you have enjoyed the season, trips, and fun

as much as I enjoyed having you. It is hard work, this sitting on the bench and then going suddenly into a game—I am glad that I had you for a reserve. I knew you'd fill the bill. Be sure to report again next year when the basketball call is issued. Don't forget the fun, the kids, and the cream-puffs at Bucksport. Be seeing you, Freemie, thanks for everything.

To Sheila Dempsey of East Machias:

Demps, it has been a pleasure to know you and to have you out for basketball this year. I am surprised that you cut your hair after basketball. I would have missed your white kerchief at practice if you had cut your hair before practice ended. I hope you have enjoyed your basketball at Commerce. Thanks for taking over the center duties whenever I sent you in. Don't forget the trips, the tournament, Mac, and all the fun you have had with us. If you should return next year, I'll be seeing you and if not, best of luck always to Tommie's sister.

To Juanita Reed of Northeast Harbor:

"Aunt Jo" to me, and "Jo" to all the others in school entered the portals of Commerce again, as a member of the Normal Department. Jo entered school at the February term and came out for basketball. She was Yeoman 3/c in the United States Navy, served for two years, and was given a medical discharge. Basketball is Jo's first love. She played ball this year from February until the season was over. When sent in as a substitute she contributed her talents to the cause, and against Gilman High, her home town, she scored several fine baskets. Jo, I have enjoyed having you back at Commerce. Your spirit and co-operation is of the finest. See you next year—the Navy's loss is our gain.

To Carro Davies of Bangor:

You have come a long way since a year ago last fall, and I have enjoyed having you out for basketball again. Your fine co-operative spirit and willingness to follow instructions either in suit or out of suit makes you an addition to our team. Remember, you helped make the first team to be a good team. Another thing, I have always appreciated the fact that no matter what I've asked you to do, I could always depend on you to do it and do it right. Remember the homemade bread and our heart games. Thanks for your help for the past two years.

To Frances McDonough of Hampden:

Though you came late to our school, I have appreciated your coming out for basketball. I like your fighting spirit and the support and friendliness you've given to us all. I am very glad, Frannie, that you'll be with us next year from the start of the season. Thanks for everything.

To Catherine White of Southwest Harbor:

You're a very small basketball player, but you've managed to get along. I appreciate your attendance at practice, your car for our N. E. Harbor trip, and I hope the associations you have had with the squad have been worth while. See you next year, and here's hoping our season is as successful as this year's.

To Manager Constance Goulette of Dexter and Assistant Manager Lurline Taylor of Deer Isle:

The dirtiest work of all falls to a manager. It has been a real pleasure to have you two girls look after me and my squad this year. We appreciate everything you've done for Commerce and for us.

Connie, I have loved your sense of humor, songs, especially "Chime Bells," and the way you have looked after everything on trips.

Lynn, I knew I could depend on you always to check on attendance, run errands, take tickets, sell tickets, and all the various odd jobs that pop up.

To both of you, I say many thanks for a job well done, and I wish to both of you the very best next year. When you glance at your basketball certificates in years to come, you can say to yourself "I helped Commerce to have its best team ever." We couldn't have gotten along without you.




HONOR ROLL

HIGH FLIGHT

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,
Where never lark, or even eagle, flew;
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

—*John Gillespie Magee, Jr., in* N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE.

STAFF

GEORGE E. P. HUSSON, JR.
DOUGLAS VANWART

1927

Lloyd Coffin

1928

Allen L. Rooks

1929

Norman Hodgkins

1930

Edward J. Colliman
Ernest W. Dean
Luther G. Ellis
Albion Livingston
Oscar Skofield

1931

Albert L. Conners
Fred R. Corey
Maurice Gould

1932

James A. Carney
Winton Cobb
Maynard E. Darling
Joseph J. Ferry
Richard E. Flanders

1933

Paul Byther
Eugene R. Johnson
William H. Mowatt
*Roger W. Nash
Charles S. Sadler
Irwin H. Wass

1934

Edward A. Ames
Deane Burrill
Charles R. Dolan
Donald F. Lowell
George McKusick
Helen Moore
George B. Morrison
Francis F. Northup
Ray A. Trafton
Colby N. Wood

1935

Franklin L. Beal
Delbert D. Fitzpatrick
Harold Harding
Everett Hitchings
Paul P. Marshall
Carroll F. Maynard
Leonard Page
Albert T. Smith
William M. Wallace

1936

Aubrey H. Chase
George B. Coffin
Ella Daisey
*Kenneth Gardiner
George Giddings, Jr.
Henry F. King, Jr.
Alfred F. Louder
Daniel Marr
Herbert Marshall
Major R. Coombs
Walter E. Morse
Leo R. Paradis
Joseph A. Perry
James Regis, Jr.
Walter E. Wyman

1937

Henry E. Austin
George E. Baker, Jr.
Boyden Bearce
Edward Campbell
Linwood L. Colson
Clinton Cormier
Woodrow Cross
William J. Curran, Jr.
Gordon W. Dubay
Frank F. Foster, Jr.
Alvah P. Ford
Alwin A. Gates
Raphael W. Greene
William R. Grossman
Laurence C. Harris
Kendall Hatch
Nathan C. Hebberd
Herbert H. Hopkins
Clayton Jackson
Clifton Jackson
Ralph V. Lane
Harold J. Quigley
Frederick F. Robbins, Jr.
Anthony J. Rogers
Willard A. Starbird
Gerald J. Stephens
Ralph L. C. Thompson
James S. Twitchell
Frank Wyman

1938

Fletcher W. Alley
Linwood H. Blair
James A. Brown
Cedric F. Call
Homer F. Carsley
Hazen Danforth
John W. Danforth
George Economy
Byron Gardiner
Byron Goodwin
Cyril N. Gustafson
Kenneth R. Hill
Jack C. Johnston
Charles H. Lufkins
Herschel W. Lyons
Philip Martin
Paul H. McKenney
Paul Monaghan
Claude C. Morneault
Henry B. Morrill
John Moulton
Lloyd E. Patten
John J. Riley
Clifford H. Rowell
Wilfred L. Saucier
Lucien O. Savage
Ward Shaw
Vincent M. Wood
Richard E. Woodcock

1939

Maurice R. Allen
Newell C. Avery
Carroll Bates
Hazel E. Benn
Raymond E. Bennett
Fred A. Butterfield, Jr.
Donald J. Davis
Ernest Davis
LaRoy A. Derby
John E. Downey
Gordon E. Estabrook
Richard W. Genthner
Wilmont V. Griffin
John A. Hamlin

Roland S. Haney
Roger A. Jordan
Cleo F. King
Lucie Lackedy
Guy A. Leonard, Jr.
Leo Leavitt
Forest Marsh, Jr.
William R. Morrison
Winthrop T. Nickerson
James A. Pratt
Gerald F. Rollins
Carlton F. Scott
Cecil Spencer
Clarence Thorne
Arnold Travis
Sidney D. Wallace
Beryle D. Whidden
Bruce C. Woodman

1940

Clifford E. Bailey
Frederick T. Baird, Jr.
Raymond W. Bickford
Glendon F. Bowden
George H. Buck
Edward M. Burke
Arthur E. Butler
William J. Clisham
Dalton H. Coffin
Gordon H. Cook
Lawrence W. Davies
Arthur Derby
Hollis M. Eaton
Raymond L. Emery
Theodore G. Floros
Millard Foss
Dana A. Giggey
Perley H. Giggey
Quinton Gray
Reginald Hagerman
Glendon L. Harding
George H. Harriman, Jr.
Sherwood H. Herring
*Richard B. Jones
Franz Kneidl
Liston Lewis
Adelhert H. Liscomb
Lawrence Madden
Lloyd W. Mallett
Oscar L. Marden
Harlan D. Megguier
Charles Mitchell, Jr.
Richard Morgrage, Jr.
Lawrence M. McDougall
Thornton H. Parsons
Linwood O. Patten
Lawrence A. Pullman
Thomas C. Rice
Charles E. Sawyer
Vaughn A. Stevens
George F. Thibodeau
Charles F. Titcomb
Milo Trafton
Glenna M. Ward
Robert F. Welch

1941

Ronald D. Anderson
Ralph T. Baker
*William G. Baker
Meltiah E. Bragdon
Russell Bryant
Albert A. Call
Charles Carson
Byron D. Churchill
Pauline L. Clement
Winston C. Cook
Helen M. Cumming
Joseph A. Day
Thomas J. Dempsey
Henry A. Dircksen
John R. Follett
LeRoy J. Giggey
Alden A. Goode
Harold J. Harding
Theodore E. Hunt
Herbert Jordan
Bartholomew H. Kelleher
Charles R. Knox
Gerard L. Leavitt
Charles K. Leland
*Stanley K. Logan
Guy Luckey
Dana E. McGlauflin
Wilford F. McLellan
Anna E. McNeill
William L. MacDonald
Bruce A. Mackay
Roland A. Nelson
Raymond G. Nichols
W. Ray Orcutt, Jr.
William Parry
Raymond C. Petrie
Geraldine Ramsdell
Earle O. Ruhlin
Fred A. Sprague, Jr.
Halbert S. Stevens
Richard C. Tilley
Owen H. Toussaint
Lawrence L. Treworgy, Jr.
Hermon W. Violette

1942

George H. Ames
Earle L. Aucoin
Walter A. Bailey
Raymond A. Banks
Ralph Bearce, Jr.
Deane Beedy
Edward A. Boynton
Harlan Boynton
*Kilburn Brannen
Charles Brewster
Hollon H. Bridges
Blair Brown
James E. Burt
Clarence R. Bussell
Clair Carter
Donald S. Clark, Jr.
Gerald W. Clark
Fred J. Cole
Earl Constantine
John Constantine
Mary S. Cookson
Robert Cumming
James E. Dean
Bryon Delano
Lester Delano
Norman E. Drew
Robert A. Dubay
Arthur Eaton, Jr.
Mary Floros
Elizabeth Foster
John B. Gass
Robert Hartford
Malcom Hatch
Russell Hawkes
Frank Joslyn
Paul M. Lake
Andrew M. Laughton
Carold A. Leland
John R. Logan
Raymond Loubier
Willis Lovejoy
Phillip McFarland
Robert McKenney
Donald Mooers
Frederic Morrison
Earlon I. Mullen
William Murdock

Esther H. Page
Leonard Perry, Jr.
Ralph Perry
Stanley Peterson
James E. Plante
Philip Plante
Spiro Predaris
Orin E. Seeley
Francis Simpson
Frederic Simmons
Kenneth Sprague
Eben Stinchfield, Jr.
Arnold Stockson
Donald E. Stuart
Shirley Washburn
Clarence Weatherbee
Harvard Weatherbee
Ralph Wentworth
Vaughn Wilcox
Wilbert Yorke

1943

Barbara M. Allen
Robert Ames
Charles A. Bean
Alston R. Bell
Harold F. Bell
Kenneth Browne
Harold Burrill, Jr.
Ralph Coffin, Jr.
Jerre Cole
Charles Dempsey
Jack E. Duncan
Ariel Edwards
Ralph Ewings
Alex Federchuk
Merle P. Finley
Wallace Ford
Neil Glazier
Elmer Hammons
Ralph Hartley
Stanley Johnson
Philip King
Elizabeth Leith
Gertrude Littlefield
Thomas Lynch, Jr.
Mary-Ellen Michaud
Virginia Millett
Roland J. Plourde
Kenneth Rand
Juanita Reed
Clair Shirley
Harwood Steele
Donald Stone
Otis St. Thomas
Harold Tewksbury
Kenneth Thomas
Robert Treworgy
George Vardamis
Byron Weatherbee
Manley Webb
Barbara Wood

1944

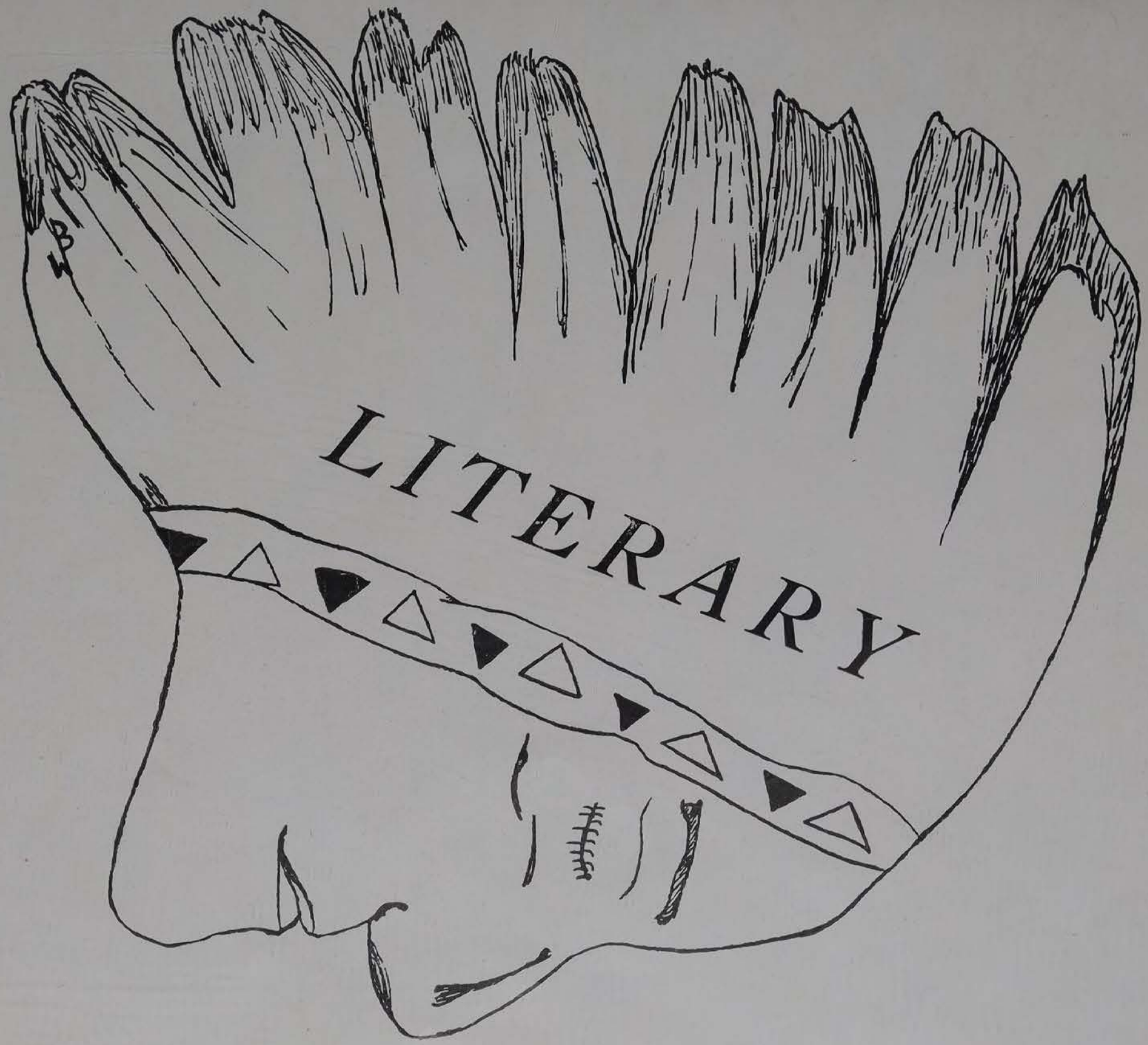
Dorothy Arnold
Joseph L. Bartlett, Jr.
Lloyd N. Brimigion
Gerald S. Eleiott
Kathryn Etter
Marjorie E. Morris
Hazel Page
Gerald Plourde

1945

King E. Bishop
Robert E. Buck
Victoria R. Downs
Philip N. Harris
Robert H. Jones
Ramie A. Parady
Oliver H. Russell
Jasper T. Smith

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* Deceased


LITERARY

Annual Literary Contest

(Entries were judged by the faculty)

AWARDS

PROSE

The Intelligentsia of Many Lands ..... ELSIE PRAY

Oscherslaben ..... ROBERT BUCK

Burglar in Disguise ..... MARGUERITE DEVEAU

POETRY

Fair Aroostook ..... MARGUERITE DEVEAU

Things Worth While ..... RAMIE PARADY

The Intelligentsia Of Many Lands

My initiation into the Epsilon Tau Epsilon sorority gave me the privilege of observing first-hand the distinctive physical and mental idiosyncrasies of the intelligentsia of many lands. For three never-to-be-forgotten days I associated intimately with the choicest brain-boxes of the countries represented at this conclave.

Convalescent France sent a nurse from little unheard of Van Buren. Petite, vivacious, verbose, pugnacious, infantile, she rapaciously clutched a dilapidated old doll. If this specimen so recently aborted from the nursery is a faithful representative of her mother country, little wonder that such juveniles fell before militaristic Germany.

Judging by her garishly expensive dress, the proxy of Siam came from a wildly extravagant country. She wore a garb made in Bangkok (she spelled it Bangor) which rivaled the Kohinoor in value. The hula-hula skirt, which was the outstanding article of her costume, was of a priceless fabric—each blade of grass worth a fabulous sum. (Hay has been high this year.)

I was unable to identify the nationalities of three characters who attended the assembly: Little Lulu, who tagged a phlegmatic, ragged, and slimy old fisherman, who in his turn rolled his bloodshot eyes toward the third, amorous Minnie The Moocher in her sleazy, snaky, and transparent gown.

The Milky Way sent Galaxy from the constellation of Hercules. He came with golden bottles of milk, such as sustained Herschel during his prolonged astronomical investigations.

Two deputies chosen from both extremes of society were sent to the initiation by Uncle Sam. Felonious Gravel Gertie was, as the name indicates, "Of the earth, earthy." Gravel, accumulated in the old prison at Hampton Roads (she calls it Hampden), poured from her shoes. I wonder if there are any roads at Hampden now, or did Gertie take all the gravel when she departed.

The cultured class of society was personified by a tight-lipped, snappy-eyed, wizened old school teacher. Shaped like a broomstick (no sign of bosom, bustle, or femur) and modestly dressed, concealing all but the tips of her fingers and the leather that covered her toenails, she presented a perfect picture of propriety and decorum. She consulted frequently a massive old timepiece, which was a gift from Rip Van Winkle on her third birthday. Her whole appearance was the complement of Ichabod Crane, pedagogue of "Sleepy Hollow."

I am glad for this broadening experience for it has greatly clarified my understanding of the international melting pot to which I am daily exposed. Out of it comes this irrevocable conviction:

There are no inherent differences in nations or in individuals. Even a super amount of gray matter presupposes a super abundance of asinine instincts and presages a premature disintegration.

Elsie Pray

OSCHERSLABEN

The day dawned clear and bright, no undercast, perfect bombing vision—if the weather held. At 0700 hours, January 11, 1944, we took off for Oscherslaben, 100 miles east of Berlin. An hour and a half later we hit the channel, climbing steadily until we reached our bombing altitude of 20,000 feet. From 10,000 feet on up, we were on oxygen. Minutes later

we sighted the German coast. Jerry (the Germans) threw some flak at us as we passed over the coast, but it was out of range; the navigator had routed us around it.

Our fighter escort was scheduled to pick us up when we reached the German coast and to escort us over the target and back. However, back at command some one got his signals crossed; the escort failed to appear.

Well inside Germany, trouble started. The co-pilot saw them first,—nearly 250 Jerry fighters. At first they looked like our escort; Jerry fighters always look like friendly fighters at a distance.

We were ready for their first pass at us. It was a frontal attack. Seven of them came in level from one o'clock, through the formation, and fell away in a half-roll. Our wing ship got nicked and started smoking, but held formation. Here was early action. Everyone sensed trouble. It was still an hour and a half before target time. There was something desperate about the way those seven fighters broke their own formation and came in fast without any preliminaries.

The waist-gunner reported fifty more at three o'clock; the ball-turret gunner spotted some down low, climbing to meet us. Twin-engine fighters were ganging up beyond our tail, jockeying around for position, getting ready to throw rockets.

Their next attack came again from one o'clock level. Both sides got hurt in this clash: two Fortresses in the low squadron and our other wingman fell out of formation on fire. Their crews bailed out. Several fighters were heading for the deck in flames, with their pilots lingering behind in dirty yellow parachutes.

At the sight of all these fighters, there was the distinct feeling of being trapped. The life expectancy of our airplane seemed very short. Swinging their yellow noses around in a wide "U" turn, a squadron of fighters in fours and in pairs, came in from twelve to two o'clock. The main event was on!

The right-waist gunner drew first blood for our side. He caught a Jerry with a burst of .50 calibre A. P. I. ammunition. The Jerry disappeared in a ball of orange flame. The fighter following up the attack dodged the explosion and collided head-on into a Fortress. The wing of the Fortress was sawed off outside its number four engine. It held formation a few seconds; then, as if it were tired, it rolled over on its back and exploded. The fighter tumbled away, end over end, minus his tail section.

The tally:

Debit: One four-engine U. S. Eighth Air Force B-17 type aircraft and ten men.

Credit: Two single-engine German Luftwaffe, ME-109 type aircraft and two men.

Suddenly twin-engine fighters on our tail let go a barrage of rockets. The rockets exploded in a black puff of smoke in the middle of our formation. A B-17, flying in the high squadron, with flames pouring out the waist window, dropped back to allow its crew to bail out. There was not time to count the number of men who jumped. The tail gunner opened his 'chute too soon and was jerked so hard that his shoes came off.

Jerry was going all out now. Fortresses, in every state of distress from engines on fire to control surfaces shot away, were falling out of formation. Disintegrating aircraft were commonplace; sixty parachutes in the air at one time was hardly worth a second look.

The next attack was from beneath; no punches pulled. A bright silver object, recognized as a main escape door, sailed past the tail. Seconds later a man came hurtling through the formation, clasping his knees to his head revolving like a diver in a triple somersault.

Simultaneously, a B-17 dropped out of formation and put its wheels down while the crew bailed out. Three ME 109's circled in closely but held their fire. The Jerries wanted to be certain that no one stayed in the ship to try to make for home.

Thirty, forty-five, sixty minutes,—

still no let up in the attacks. The fighters queued up like a bread line in front of us and poured it on.

By this time we neared the target. Pressure eased off, only for the ground gunners to take a crack at us. They did not have much to shoot at; our formation looked very sick by this time. However, the flak that they did shoot at us was very close. It would burst, leaving a pretty pink puff of smoke in its wake; "lace panty flak" it was called.

Now, we turned into the target, got our bombs away promptly, and headed for home. Something exploded at Oscherslaben; smoke rose to 15,000 feet.

Two fortresses that had been badly crippled dropped out and headed for Switzerland.

That was all—the mission completed. The only thing seen on the return home was a forest fire that had been started by a burning aircraft crashing into it.

Robert Buck

BURGLAR IN DISGUISE

When he had gathered up all the silverware, the burglar proceeded to the parlor. Upon hearing a shuffle of feet in the kitchen, he stepped behind the velvet drapery and waited. "Whoever it is," he thought, "probably knows the Browns are away for the week-end."

First he decided to escape through a side window, but he wanted to search the other rooms. He couldn't stay behind the curtain, someone might see him!

Then an idea came to him. He quickly pulled the black cloth from his face. Tiptoeing up the velvet-carpeted stairs, he searched in a closet until he found a pair of trousers and a shirt. He put them on, and, taking a hat from the rack, he went downstairs again. He opened the front door and shut it with a bang. Turning on the kitchen light, he started to eat a lunch from the cupboard, just as though nothing were wrong. Looking up, he saw, as he had expected, a man dressed in a rude pair of pants and a sweater badly in need of patches. "This must be my rival burglar," he thought.

"Good evening," greeted the other with a queer smile that was more of a wonder than a challenge. "I'm very hungry. Won't you tell me where I can get a bite to eat?" He had said the first thing he had thought of and, with the lunch on the cupboard it didn't seem strange that he was invited to join the other.

"He's playing right into my hand," puzzled the first thief, "he'll probably go as soon as he's done eatin'."

And surely enough, the guest was more than anxious to leave. Walking down the street, he approached the first policeman. "Kelly," he spoke lowly, "there's a first-class burglar in my house. If he seems a neater looking thief than most, you'll find his clothes in my closet."

Marguerite Deveau

FAIR AROOSTOOK

In the far northeastern corner
  Of our country rich and great,
Nestles fair Aroostook County,
  Pride of dear old Pine Tree State.

How I love its fields and valleys,
  Wooded slopes and mountains high;
How I love the rills and rivers
  That reflect the azure sky.

How the whispering pines and hemlocks
  Tell of partridge on the wing;
How the early robin calls us
  To hunt violets in the spring.

But what gives us deepest pleasure
  Is its people staunch and true;
Daring, dauntless 'Roostook heroes,
  Let me tip my hat to you.

Aroostook, I would hear you calling
  Though I traveled o'er the sea;
For your town and farm and hamlet
  All spell home sweet home to me.

Marguerite Deveau

THINGS WORTH WHILE

These are the things in life worthwhile,
A faithful friend, a warming smile.
Money can't buy a mother's love,
Nor that cooling rain from up above.
Nor summer wind that's really mild,
Nor the look on the face of a sleeping child.
These are the things that bring courage and peace
To a troubled heart; 'twill never cease
To be the ray of light we seek
For a spirit calm, or a spirit meek.
With courage renewed, we find that all the while
We were bucking a wall, and we think with a smile
That the things you can't buy, are all that's worthwhile.

Ramie Parady

BOBBY'S JOY

Betty Carlton, with that patience that is a part of the burden-borne of all mothers of adolescents, gazed across the room at the idle figure of her son. To all outward appearances, he was in utter collapse. But she knew it was due to the fact that he was deep in thought. "Bobby," she wearily repeated.

Bobby squirmed into a new contortion, but paid no attention to his mother. He was lost in a soaring flight of fancy. He was captain of his football team, and they were right in the middle of their most important game of the season. Bobby was just about to score his fifth touchdown when his mother spoke again, but not so patiently as before.

"Bobby Carlton, how many times must I speak to spur a spark in you."

Her words pierced the haze in Bobby's mind. Sparks, Bobby's best friend, had just recovered the ball from the opponent and had thrown it to Bobby. Bobby was running now, faster and faster, and he was finally there, when—

"Bobby Carlton!"

Bobby returned to earth with a thud. "Yes, Mom?"

Bobby stiffened, "Gosh, Mom, you haven't touched anything have you? I know it's an awful mess, but if I'm going to make the first team and be a real football player, I've got to have some place to practice, and if my—!"

"I had to jump over footballs, clothes, and tons of junk this morning just to make your bed, and now you march your boots up and clean up all that mess."

"Mom, do you suppose I'll make the first team? There are rumors of who will, but the coach hasn't said for sure as yet."

"I don't know, Bobby, but you go this minute and—."

A welcome step on the porch brought Bobby to his feet. "There's Sparks; maybe he's heard."

He disappeared. But once outside, he plunged into gloom. Sparks had heard nothing.

They started down the street. As they passed the next house, a gentle voice called, "Hi, Bobby, any news as yet?"

Bobby glanced at the small, dark girl peering over the fence. "Hi," he said, "not yet."

Betsy's encouraging eyes studied Bobby. Then, "You'll make it, Bobby; I know you will."

Sparks and Bobby sauntered along. Bobby was in no mood to talk to Betsy; besides, she was *too* young, almost two years younger than he.

Betsy called out, "Bobby, won't you and Sparks stay awhile?"

"Sorry, I've got business down town, maybe later." They walked faster.

He didn't fool Betsy. She knew he was headed for Sharon's house.

"Don't think I don't know you're crazy 'bout her, but it won't do you no good, 'cause she's crazy 'bout Jimmy," she said to Bobby's retreating back.

She turned and went unhappily into the house, wishing her mother would let her wear lipstick and bright nail polish.

If she could have seen at that moment, Bobby's admiring eyes on Sharon, she would have felt worse. But Sharon was not giving him the date he wanted.

After leaving Sharon's house, he went down town, visiting various sporting goods stores, searching for a new football. He returned home happy.

As he came in the front door, he heard voices in the front room. His mother was speaking.

"I had to jump over footballs, clothes and tons of junk—there are two stuffed

dummies hanging right in the middle of the—!"

Bobby could hear his father chuckle. "Darling, don't let it get you down; after all, isn't it better to have him upstairs playing than out on the streets getting into mischief?"

Bobby decided the conversation should end so he barged into the room.

His mother eyed him, "Now what on earth have you got?"

Bobby glanced proudly at his new football, "Say, isn't it swell, new, just in; got it for only six-fifty. Say, Dad, if you don't mind, you might slip me a five, I'm broke and I'll be needing more—."

"For the love of Jezebel, son, I gave you three last week and five the week before. I haven't—."

The look on her son's face was too much for Betty Carlton. "After all, Tom, isn't it better to have him upstairs playing than out on the street getting into mischief; but, if you're going to let it get you down—."

"O. K., son, here you are; but that's all 'til next month."

Bobby took the money and turned to go upstairs, when the telephone rang.

"Oh, I'll get it, Mom, Dad. Maybe it's for me." It was, and suddenly joy filled the house. "Mom, Dad! I made it. That was the coach. I made the team. I have to be over to school in an hour for practice. Wait 'til Sharon hears this." And out he ran.

"Heavens, is there a girl mixed up in this?"

Tom grinned, "There usually is."

Betty Carlton sighed, then grinned, "Somehow, I feel there's more trouble ahead."

Juanita Reed

A SOLDIER COMES HOME

The snow falls in large, white flakes; the wind howls fiercely through the cold, dark night, and trudging along the main street of a little New England town, a khaki-clad figure can be seen. As he walks along, he leaves large footprints embedded on the surface of the freshly fallen snow, but no sooner does he take a new step than the first is covered by a blanket of white.

This boy is not bothered by the weather. He thinks only of how beautiful the little town is; how serene and stately the big fir trees look, woven in and out among the white pines along the way; and how good the snow feels as it gracefully glides to his forehead, melts, and trickles down his face. Yes, these are the thoughts passing through his mind; for this is the first time he has been home for two years.

"Two years? Why, that's not such a long time." But you are wrong; for two years, gone from a young man's life, make him a full-grown man now, not a boy as when he went away.

As the young soldier continues along his way, many different thoughts flash through his mind. "What will Mom say when she sees me? Gosh, it will be good to see her again."

"There's Bill's house—wonder where he is now? We sure had a lot of fun together before I went away."

"Macey's Drugstore—wonder if any of the old gang still go there?—best drugstore in town."

His thoughts are suddenly clouded. The joy of returning home is crowded from his mind, and he becomes conscious of his affliction for the first time since he has arrived in town. A fear clutches at his heart, and he mumbles to himself, "One arm isn't much good, I guess. Maybe I should have told Mom about it before I came home."

At this point he pauses before a large stone building. Slowly he climbs the steps and passes through the massive doors; he quietly slips into a back seat and kneeling there, a new kind of peace steals over him. Silently he bows his head in prayer. "Oh, God, please give me courage to go on, to carry my cross. Please help me as you did before on the battlefield, because I'm about to face the biggest trial of my life, and I'm a coward." After these few words he rises and retraces his steps to the sidewalk.

The snow has stopped falling now,

and he can see a cheery, welcoming light gleaming from a little white house in the next block.

"Well, there it is. Home-sweet-home." He stops a minute, then he throws open the gate and runs up the steps to the house. Softly he opens the door and then, no longer able to contain himself, he cries out "Mom, Mom, I'm home. It's me, Mom."

Suddenly a little whiteheaded lady is before him; then he's in her arms; nothing else seems to matter now—nothing.

A few hours later a very happy and contented young man kneels beside his bed and whispers softly, "Thanks, dear God, you are a real pal. Thanks for sticking by me."

Frances McDonough

SUPER MARKETS

It's all there, if you know where to find it. It might be in this aisle, or that one, or it could be in the next. Oh, yes, there it is, on the top shelf over that stock of canned soup. Perhaps if I stand on tip-toes and give a little jump, I could—Oh, well, those cans ought not to be piled there anyhow. Let me see, there was something else I had to get. The note must be in my pocket. But the minute my hands go in my pocket, several pairs of eyes are fixed upon me coldly and suspiciously. What on earth are they still looking at? I've taken my hand out. Oh, that bunch in my pocket. Self-consciously, I haul out my mittens, and swing them around before I replace them. There I hope that satisfies them. Now, where would I find the—!! Ouch!—Oh, that's all right, Ma'am, just a scratch. Yes, these carriages are hard to steer, aren't they? No, I suppose I shouldn't have been standing on that corner. Of course, I'll help you pick up your groceries. I—pardon me, but where did you find that box of crackers? You can't remember, I don't wonder. Yes. Goodbye. Well, crackers aren't a necessity anyway. I might as well go home with—Oh, gosh, now where did she disappear so quickly? She was here a minute ago. Oh, there she is over by that window. She might—What's that sign I see across the street! ! ! An I. G. A. store. Gangway, everybody, here I come.

Juanita Reed

LADIES ONLY

The room is quiet now. Curlicues of smoke can still be seen drifting lazily on the air. On the walls there are marks made by a careless pencil, and one can also see a bright variety of lipstick traces. There is a low seat with red leather cushions lining two walls, while pushed against another is a couch with tired pillows.

Just a few minutes ago this now almost desolate room was filled with chatting girls, spirited with the vivaciousness that is youth. Peels of merry laughter seemed to make the very atmosphere vibrate. Charlotte told of her thrilling escort of the night before. Two girls in the corner fretted nervously over a forthcoming test in law. Ruth combed her hair and brought a yell from her neighbor which meant that she had showered her with loose hairs and dandruff. Marie grinned mischievously as she slyly hid Jeanne's shorthand book. Then came the bell and there was a scurry of feet, a shuffling of the books, and a mumble of voices as they hurried to their classes.

The room is quiet now—but it will be throbbing with life within the hour for it is the Girls' Lounge—we keep it alive!

Patricia Hayden

A LITTLE OLD LADY

It was many years ago that I saw her; but, as I look back now, I still see her, sitting there in the warm June sun, looking contentedly out at a quiet, peaceful landscape.

She was like a frail piece of Dresden china, probably about seventy years old. Her face, once clear, was now wrinkled and furrowed; but a brilliant light still seemed to be glowing there. Her hair was now a snow white, but still combed neatly under a little white cap decorated with tiny rows of lace. Her eyes once a brilliant blue were now faded and growing dim, but still she seemed to enjoy life. The hands, now folded quietly in her lap, had the look of those that had once rocked many a baby's cradle.

She seemed to be something infinitely apart from the modern way of life, living in a little heaven all her own.

Elizabeth MacKenzie

FALL

The end of the day was nearing as the men laboriously gathered the final harvests. Separated from the universal unrest by the surrounding hills, the valley felt no agitation. No deafening zephyrs broke the silence. Instead, the brook murmured on while the sun cast its oblique rays on the glittering surface and lengthened the ghostly outlines of the trees. The cowbells sent their muffled echoes to every nook and cranny, and the bob-o-link's call resounded from the hills. All was at peace in the red-roofed house on the edge of the meadow. All hearts beat in unison the tempo of the season. The world was overflowing with contentment.

Esther G. Ford

A Scene to be Remembered

A pointer dog stood on the snowbank with his graceful body alert and poised. The late afternoon sun shone through the tree above, making patches of light on the dog's rigid back. He was gazing at a small bird in the tree on the opposite side of the street. Suddenly his motionless body quivered slightly, and the tiny bird spread his wings in flight.

The sun disappeared behind a cloud; the pointer leaped over the snowbank with a swift motion of his slender, graceful body.

I walked away after watching this picturesque scene with something beautiful impressed upon my mind.

Julia Randall

A WILD FLOWER

It's not very large,
  But a special spot
Where I often wandered,
  When I was a tot.

'Twas a patch near the river
  Where white and pure gold,
Of nature's great virtues
  A story foretold.

White petals surrounding
  A bright golden crown,
Like lace or white satin
  A great lady's gown.

Starched white and sparkling,
  Straight, tall, and pressed
Each one comparing
  Her style with the rest.

Beauty of Texture,
  Bright, never hazy,
The flower of my youth,
  The quaint country daisy.

Frances McDonough

FRIENDSHIP

The friends we cherish
As finest and truest,
Aren't always the oldest,
Nor are they the newest
They're friends who've stood by
When we need them sincerely,
And that's why we cherish,
Such friendship so dearly.

Ramie Parady

AN OLD STORY

BUY WAR BONDS! Yes, it is an old story, isn't it? We have been hearing these very same words for about five years now. A day never passes that we do not pick up a newspaper or a magazine and see in bold black letters across the top of a page, or discreetly tucked away in a corner—BUY WAR BONDS! We cannot turn to a station on the radio unless we hear an urgent plea from an announcer telling us to buy an **extra** bond. On trains, on the billboards, in the movies, on express trucks, in the post offices, in literally every spare inch of space we see signs reminding us to invest our money in America, to BUY WAR BONDS!

Yes, it is an old story now and goes unheeded by millions of our fine American people who would be grossly insulted were they called slackers. Four years ago when this call was comparatively new, every individual did his best to help his country in its critical time by buying bonds and more bonds. "Ten per cent, that's the rent for a home in the U. S. A.," was a well-known slogan. The war was quite novel and shocking, and we all wanted to get it over with in a hurry.

The war has entered its fourth year now. In those four years the allied armies have been victorious. "V-E Day" is one we shall all remember, but we shall remember too what that victory has cost us. The war is only half won. It is no longer novel, but it is still shocking and the senseless slaughter continues in those pesky, hot islands in the South Pacific. We still want to get it over with in a hurry, but strangely enough we seem more unwilling to make the little sacrifices. But is it a sacrifice to invest your money in bonds when in ten years you receive that money and interest, too? Is there any comparison in lending money and giving lives? It is not at all uncommon to hear people remark, "Buy war bonds! That's all you hear. Let somebody else buy for a change, I've done my share."

Buying war bonds is an old story and we're tired of hearing it, but to our boys who are battling against the ruthless and cunning Japanese, fighting is an old story, too. They are tired of seeing twisted bodies and broken bones that have felt the sting of jagged shrapnel, bayonets, and bullets. They are tired of mosquitoes, bugs, heat, and disease. They are tired of these, the horrors of war. But can they throw down their guns and say, "Oh, let somebody else do the fighting for a change, I'm tired"? If they are willing to put in the best years of their lives, and for many their very lives themselves, so that we may enjoy the blessings of peace after this is over, shouldn't we be willing as their fellowmen to lend the luxury we call cash? Shouldn't we put it into war bonds so they will have the equipment to fight with and the medical aids that will bring them back home safely and speedily?

To some of us the war has been brought very close, for we have had to give up our loved ones; and to these people buying war bonds is looked upon as a duty, not a sacrifice. My only brother is in Germany, the woman who lives next door has a husband who is a Japanese internee, my girl friend's boy friend has been announced as "missing in action." Don't their lives mean more to you than money? But buying war bonds is an old story, isn't it?

We hear a lot of talk in these times about democracy being a product for export, but we are not being very democratic if we sit at home and do nothing while men in our armed forces are sweating blood and tears to be able to come back to the land which to them is the symbol of freedom and life itself. A war bond from you might bring another back alive.

Yes, BUY WAR BONDS is an old story, but it is a story that we shall hear from now till we get another contract signed, sealed, and delivered marked **unconditional surrender.** By buying these little shares in liberty, that day of total victory will be here sooner and more gloriously. Why don't you make a contract with your conscience and with Uncle Sam now to buy more bonds?

Patricia Hayden


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The *"Chieftain"* is approved by the Bangor Chamber of Commerce as an advertising medium.

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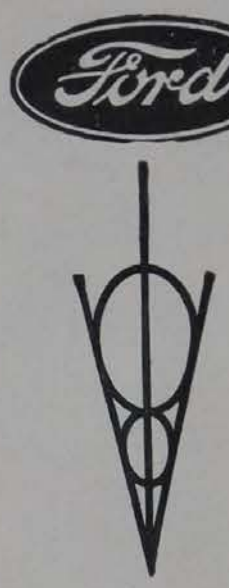
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I hope at last you'll be rid of me—
It seems I've had
darkness down
long enough—
about time
were something

But I will
your low classes
this word - Neat
good and when I
make my first million
all finish and not
let anyone put it away
Sincerely yours TTSC Sugar-Bug
Always Affectionately Yours
Marie Gordon

there is much room for
Much room for
So I'll say good
I remain
Eleanor Jane

It has been swell going to Commerce
and I'll always be perfectly to say that
I went here. You have been a wonderful
teacher and friend to all of us.
Cecile Watney

Mr. Husson,
You don't know how much
pleasure I have experienced going
to Main School. I am certainly
proud to be one of your students.
Alan Ford

Chief Husson,
Well, Chief, I guess this is 'so long'. I
only wished I could be here this summer.
I have certainly enjoyed your teaching and
friendship.
Norma K. Matthews

Dear Chief,
Here's to the smallest pal a fellow
ever knew. I wish I could have stayed
longer. Thomas Hart, Storekeeper 3/c U.S. Navy.

Autographs

To the smallest principal and grandest guy that I have ever had the opportunity of knowing. See you next fall.

Senior Mealley

Dear Chief:
It's been a lot of fun (and work) up here this year. To prove how well I like you and the school I'll be back next year. Pat Gil.

Dear Mr. Hixson,

It's been swell going to M.S.C. and I've enjoyed being in your classes. I'm glad you persuaded me to stay a while longer.

Always,
Madelin Gerig

Say, "Chief," you are O.K, and I'm looking forward to being aboard next year.
Phil Harris
"46"

Dear Chief -
It's been swell attending Main School. I'm sorry too that I couldn't have been in some of your classes. See you this summer.
Mary Jane

It's a swell school and looking forward to see you next Fall. Jerry Bishop '41

Mr. Hixson:
I am looking forward to coming back to Emmaus next year.
Catherine White

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It has been swell going to Commerce and I look forward to going next year

Fran McDonough

It has been a pleasure to know and be associated with the students of Maine School of Commerce and for this reason I shall be with you this summer

Thelma Boyd

Dear Mr. Husson,
You'll never know what it meant to me when I saw that little "Maine School of Commerce Ad" in the paper one day in January. It meant a lot to me and I think it's swell here. The teachers and girls are grand. Thanks for everything.

One of your many children,
Fran McDonough.

Dear Mr. Husson—
I've had a grand time this year at Commerce and believe that I've learned quite a lot, too — Hope I'll be back next year.

Eulalie Comstock

Dear Chief:
It is impossible for me to say how much this year at "Commerce" has meant to me! All I can say is that it has been the nicest and happiest year of my life. Thanks a lot for making it so nice!

Ruth Stormlight

Dear Mr. Husson
I sure is wonderful here at M.S.C. and am awfully glad that I'll be seeing you again next year. Just another bee of your many children.

Joanne Mullins

Dear Mr. Hanson
This is certainly
the best school I've
ever been in. I love
it. I will miss
M.S.C. Guess
grand rules
They never seem like
a class. I will miss
you like the most of all. Hope
you never leave me
more sickness for many
years to come.
Paula Tibbs

Dear Mr. Hanson:
This has been without a doubt
the greatest year of my school
life. I with I were coming back
but Commerce has done its duty
by me — now I must do
my duty by Commerce.
Barbara Patterson

Dear Mr. Hanson,
Yours Party France air
un peu - mais par
gran ! I enjoyed
being here very
much.
Happiness and Luck forever,
Leora M. Albert

Dear Chief:
It sure has
been a small
year with you
being the head of this
outfit. Many thanks
and here's hoping I'll
see you next year.
Connie Goulette





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