1935

THE CHIEFTAIN



BANGOR
MAINE SCHOOL
OF
COMMERCE

To Our "Chief"

CHESLEY H. HUSSON

we sincerely dedicate this

first edition of

THE CHIEFTAIN

1935



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Mr. Chesley H. Husson, Principal

Salem State Teachers' College

Lowell Institute, Cambridge

University of Maine

Mr. Husson's pleasing personality has won a place for him in the heart of everyone of his students.

Miss Elizabeth Collins, Head of Typewriting Department

University of Maine, B. A.

Bangor Maine School of Commerce

Columbia University Summer School

We shall long remember her dry humor and sisterly attitude

Mr. Alton R. Covell, Penmanship, Bookkeeping

Morgan's Business College

Baypath Institute

University of Maine Summer School

Mr. Covell's kind heart and willing disposition are his greatest assets.

Mrs. Marjorie Covell, Head of Shorthand Department

Salem Teachers' College

Boston University

University of Maine Summer School

Mrs. Covell is a dear friend and excellent teacher

Miss Josephine Burrill, Assistant Normal Teacher

University of Maine, B. A.

Bangor Maine School of Commerce

Miss Burrill's sunny disposition has won many friends for her during her year at Commerce.

Mr. Walter L. Linscott, Head of Normal Department

Bishop's University

Colby College, B. A.

University of Maine, M. A.

Mr. Linscott possesses the true qualities of a gentleman.

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WAR PAINT

THE SCHOOL YEAR BOOK

The school year book stands for cooperation and earnest hard work, and should incite every student's interest and school spirit.

Especially in a school of this type should a year book prove an asset. We are constantly coming and going, and to the majority of us our aim is to finish our course in the least possible time. A year book is more than a memento. It brings back all the good times we enjoyed while students.

The work both in school and in extra-curricular activities is reviewed for us in an interesting manner. The progress of the Dramatic Club and the Public Speaking Programs, which are a part of the Normal Course, are given complete write-ups in the book. The year's

social calendar is written in a clever way, bringing back happy memories to all. Our athletic events, of which we should all be proud, are recorded, an account of every game being given. Funny things which happen daily fall in under the personals. The literary department is both educational and entertaining, and, since we must take into consideration the fact that this is a commercial school, the literary editors have worked long and hard, and their work has not been in vain.

The reputation of a school is added to even more by a good year book. Many people who are not students of a school read its book. We have tried to put our very best efforts into the making of THE CHIEFTAIN and sincerely hope that the already excellent reputation of M. S. C. will be added to even more by our book.

Schools of all sizes and all kinds have a medium through which they may express their thoughts, so why shouldn't M. S. C. have one, too?

PUBLIC SPEAKING

To make a public appearance before the student body is the requirement of every student taking the Normal Course at M. S. C. This requirement is the cause of much hair turning gray and of short vacations from school. Many students have never before had to speak before a large assembly. This of course makes it more than ordinarily difficult. A reading of a type suitable to each person has to be selected and approved. This reading is approximately ten minutes long. It is necessary that the student be trained from two weeks to two months, depending on his capability.

A great deal of praise should be given Mr. Linscott, head of the Normal and Dramatic Departments. Perhaps one can realize the task that confronts Mr. Linscott when one realizes that after teaching from three to five different subjects during the day, he has to spend his evenings training the speakers, many of whom are uninterested in the work, and look upon it as something most distasteful. Much ability has been discovered at these appearances, which form a program once or twice a month. The success of these programs can be briefly stated by saying that never has a student had to leave the stage either from forgetting, or from stage fright. This shows that the training is the best possible and that Mr. Linscott has that certain something that makes such work a success. Praise should also be given to the Misses Leona LePage and Marietta Welch who have assisted Mr. Linscott. These public appearances are required by the State Department of Education and, in my opinion, afford one of the finest opportunities offered a prospective teacher.

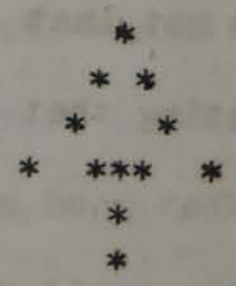
TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE

It does not do one any good to copy, whether it be arithmetic pads, bookkeeping reports, or cribbing in exams. At the moment we may think that we are getting away with something; in fact, at the time we may, but it does not last and no good comes from it. Bad habits are formed. The rating that one gets from cribbing or copying is not his own work. What good will someone else's work do one? When one gets out into the world at large, there will be no one to help, no one to copy from, no one to rely upon. If there were, life would not mean very much. So why not cure a bad habit now and start anew with the motto "To Thine Own Self Be True."

PATRONIZE YOUR ADVERTISERS

Advertisements play an important part with the publication of a school year book. The cost to the individual would be much greater if it were not for the advertisements. There is an expense incurred even to editing a year book of this type, and we have to depend on our advertisers. It would be almost an impossibility to have this book if we did not have help from our local merchants.

It is the common belief of many people that the space devoted to advertisements is just there to fill in and need not be read. This is an erroneous idea for anyone to have. Advertisers do not spend their money unless they are sure of something in return. Therefore, we should not only read the advertisements, but should patronize the people who advertise. By doing this we can show our advertisers that we are backing them as they have backed us in publishing this year book.





M. S. C.

I'm sure you've heard of M. S. C.
The only school for you and me.
How Huss says we're his family,
Just one big happy bunch are we.

Though C. H. Husson comes from Lynn,
We'll all agree that that's no sin
Of course Massachusetts can't beat Maine
But we'll forgive him just the same.

Our Maestro plays the saxophone
And how he makes that darn thing moan.
He makes us laugh or makes us cry,
And doesn't even tell us why.

'Tis he who teaches 'rithmetic
And drills until the facts all click.
He also teaches the class in law,
And all the students sit and roar.

Huss engineers our parties gay
And gets our good times under way.
A happy time is had by all,
In winter, summer, spring or fall.

The Normal class is Linscott's pride,
And he's their teacher, friend and guide.
When difficulties do arise,
He gives his council true and wise.

Psychology is Linscott's pet,
In fundamentals he's a vet.
He'll tell you what makes children cry,
And just why people like mince pie.

In singing Linscott takes the cake--
Soft melodies that make hearts ache,
Or songs of lads and lassies gay,
Or little children out at play.

"Now let's strike off some letter "o's"
Be sure they're all in even rows."
Those words must come from Mr. Covell,
The man who always writes so well.

Behind his desk he sits each day,
Assisting students every way.
Accounting problems here are brought
And found the figures so long we sought.

A "Mrs." placed before Covell
Our shorthand teacher's name will tell.
Our rules each day we have to know,
And outlines must be made just so.

Our typing teacher you must meet,
She's Betty Collins, trim and neat.
Your English lesson you must know,
Or out the window you will go.

Pretty Miss Burrill teaches "Lit"
In her classes we have to sit
Composition she teaches well
And nobody likes the closing bell.

Soon she'll marry and away she'll go
Leaving us sad and great our woe
We'll ask C. H. to win her back
When household tasks seem to slack.

Our office girl we can't forget--
The most efficient one we've met.
She's always cheerful as the sun
And Mildred has a smile for everyone.

Now that our story's nearly done
And you've met our teachers, everyone,
I'm sure that you'll agree with me,
That there's no school like M. S. C.

--Elena C. Sprague '34

A RADIO FAN

Most people are interested in the radio, but they have other interests, too, and sandwich this topic of conversation in with other discussions. I think that the saying, "Variety is the spice of life," applies to topics of discussion as well as to a great many other things. A chat on radio now and then is interesting, but radio chats as a steady diet are not very nutritious.

Perhaps the commonest bore in society today, is the radio fan. My typical radio fan's name is John. He is a dreamy kind of man, too lazy to enter into sports, a poor card player because he won't use his head. He works in the office day in and day out, with never a promotion, or a raise in salary. He is such poor company that he must always lunch alone. The one topic upon which he loves to talk is "radio," and fellow office-workers having experienced an hour's lecture on the merits of a certain radio, the long distance stations that can be reached, what stations are good and what should be taken off the air, steer clear of the subject, or anything that might lead up to another wasted hour.

I have a perfect picture of John during his daily routine. I can see him after office hours as he pulls on his top-coat and leaves the office. It is with a sigh of relief that he closes the door behind him, straightens his tie, and walks down the street.

At the corner he stops to buy a newspaper which he immediately opens to the daily radio program page. He glances through each item, his face expressing his approval or disapproval. Next, he

places it carefully in his pocket, and glances around the news stand for the latest radio magazine. If he sees a new one, he seizes it eagerly, pays his bill, and with it tightly clasped in his hand continues his way homeward, walking with surprising rapidity—and may I add that this is the only time he does walk quickly.

Upon arriving home, he throws his coat over a chair, much to his wife's displeasure. Then he inquires if supper isn't ready yet.

When answered by, "Why, no, John. You're early tonight," he starts grumbling about meals, never being on time, adding that he'll probably miss that program he wanted to hear so badly. Then digging out his new magazine, he sits down and reads.

Mary, his wife, calls him to supper. Once, twice, three times. At the end of the third call she appears, and, although a patient woman, she ends his magazine study by snatching the book out of his hands, and delivering a short lecture on radio---one, by the way, that would be much more appreciated at the office, could they have heard it, than John's hour lecture.

Supper isn't what I'd term a happy meal for John is grouchy because he had to leave his new magazine, and Mary is cross because she wants to go to the movies instead of listening to the "interesting program" on the radio. The usual family spat takes place and ends by both staying at home and listening to the radio. (Men are the most unreasoning creatures anyway, and always want their own way. Generally they get it, too.)

To mend the family break John helps with the dishes, making the big sacrifice of leaving his beloved radio for nearly fifteen minutes--a sacrifice that would touch the heart of any woman.

When the dishes are finished, they both go into the living room and John, with the most contented look on his face, turns the radio on to its very loudest. Mary seats herself in the fartheat corner of the room with her embroidery. No doubt she wishes to get as far away from such noise as possible.

Perhaps fifteen minutes pass. John has tried out all the known stations to see if they are all working. The program that he thought would be so interesting wasn't so good, so he turns from one station to another all the way up the dial.

After a while, Mary gets tired of this sort of entertainment, and thinks that a chat would be more interesting so she begins,- "John, don't you think--"

John looks up with a frown, and holds up his hand. "Shh!" He bends his head over the loud speaker. "There, you made me lose what that fellow said. Just when I had a good program you begin to talk," he raves.

Time passes on. It is eleven o'clock. John jumps up and turns the radio off with a jerk. "Well, I'm going to bed," he says. "If you want to sit up all night and listen to that trash, go ahead, but I have to work, remember.

Mary patiently puts her work away, and follows John up the stairs. The radio fan has spent a very enjoyable evening.

--Marietta Welch

SUMMER NIGHT

Picture early June, evening, a canoe in the black shadows near the shore. There is a delicate crescent moon, one bright star near-by---a lady attending her mistress, all in a deep, cool, blue sky. As the eye roves down the sky, the blue is less intense, and shades

into a lighter blue, then green-blue, and behind those tall, lacy trees way off in the distance, yellow, pink and orchid. All is cool, quiet. The breezes whisper around us; the trees converse in an undertone; June spreads her perfume about us. We sit and think, and our thoughts are not in words, but in absorbing beauty.

Then, around the bend comes a boat, drifting slowly; another, and another filled with young campers appear. We hear a man's deep, soothing voice, earnest and low. Then the breeze wafts the soft, reverent strains of an evening hymn towards us and far beyond.

Slowly, the boats disappear beyond the point.

We are again alone, but not alone, for we have our thoughts.

Then, as more stars appear and twinkle, comes the finishing touch--taps, the postlude.

--Mary Jenkins

A VISIT AT M. S. C.

Maine School of Commerce is on Columbia Street, number 27, second floor. As you enter the street door, you can see a sign at the top of the stairs which tells you that you are entering the rooms of the largest business college in the State of Maine.

You notice a little window at the left and see a girl behind a desk. That is the office, and our office girl, who is friends with all. If you step to the window and tell her you'd like to look around, she will tell you that if you'll sit down a moment she will call the principal, Mr. Husson, known as "Huss" and loved and respected by all his students.

He will take you first to the main room. There is always someone studying or visiting there until the building is closed. It is

a large room, with two desks in front where "Huss" and Mr. Covell, our bookkeeping and penmanship teacher, hold sway.

Turn to your right and look into a small room where you will see the shorthand room, with Mrs. Covell busily correcting papers.

The next room is a "Normal" room. The classes are small here, so there are only a few chairs. Then comes the girls' dressing room. You have probably noticed all our pictures around. Did you notice anyone you knew?

Next you go across the main room and into the big Normal room. This is home-room for the second year Normals and for all others who have come in after the main room is filled. Miss Burrill and Mr. Linscott both hold classes here.

The next two rooms are Miss Collins' domain. The first one is where she has her shorthand classes for the beginners. The second is where she teaches all of us how to run a typewriter.

That concludes our rooms and teachers. Oh, did I tell you that the man showing you around also teaches? He does, and there is always fun and laughter coming from the room where "Huss" is teaching. Don't think that you don't have to study for his classes. Try not doing it and see what happens! But he is so good to all of us we are willing to study.

If there is anything else you'd like to know about our school, just ask any M. S. C. student or graduate. We think more of our school than we can express in mere words.

--Sally Chapman

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--Sally Chapman

THE METAL TAG

A star bomb fell, lighting up the whole area of the English trenches. Two men were talking in low voices to each other, the private and Krandell, a soldier. Krandell was getting his orders from the officer before venturing out into No-Man's Land. His duties were to collect the metal tags from the necks of the dead soldiers. Darkness closed over the land. An acid smell was still in the motionless air. A short gas attack had been sent over during the afternoon. Now, as the enemy's guns were silenced, Krandell climbed out of the trench and crept slowly into the territory of his dead companions. The ground was soft and wet in spots. It hadn't rained for a week; it was probably blood from the torn, bullet-riddled bodies of men. Krandell found two or three bodies, and cut the tags from them. He was glad that it was dark because he shuddered at the thought of seeing his best friends. As he crept along he touched a person's foot. Following it up, he placed his hand where the head should have been. His hand sunk into a soft, slimy substance. Just then a star bomb broke overhead. The land was as bright as day. He looked at the figure on the ground. The face was partly torn away. A great rent in the chest was partly filled in with dirt. The dead man's eyes were open and staring directly at Krandell. A sort of leer was on his lips. His face was partly rotten. Big white maggots swarmed over his form. It was a terrible sight for Krandell. The bomb died out and Krandell left the figure, without a tag. He wanted to get back to the trench and forget the sight that he had just witnessed. He was sick at heart as he crawled over the lifeless bodies and tumbled into the trench. He had found his brother.

--Clifton Jackson

THE CHAIN LETTER

One sunny day in May,
A good friend of mine met me.
He said, "Buy a Chain Letter today,
If you would a rich man be."

I stared at him in wonder,
And thought he must be mad.
Still, not wishing to make a blunder,
I asked about this new fad.

"Invest only a dollar," he cried,
"It will be sure to bring you luck.
Imagine getting a thousand
For only one lone buck!"

I listened to him and believed.
He was my friend, you see,
I knew he never had deceived,
And I trusted him implicitly.

My dollar went that very day,
And never did come back.
No thousand came this easy way,
Just a dollar I did lack.

If someone greets you with a shout,
You dodge him, if you can,
Because you are sure to turn out
A sadder and wiser man.

"Peg"

A new home for M. S. C.

Is the dream of our Principal, yet

Dreams must, of their nature,

Mature slowly, more so when

The grandeur of a large building,

And campus, and gym, and

Grounds all our own, unite to give it life.

May his dream come true.

--All of us

A CHARACTER SKETCH

Old Uncle John sits in his comfortable armchair before the fire, smoking his pipe. As the flames leap up against the great logs heaped high in the fireplace, it brings out the features of the old man. He is a large man, with great gnarled hands, and shoulders that try hard to keep erect but which are bending slowly under the burden of his years.

His face is wrinkled and weather-beaten, and he has a glorifying crown of thick, white hair.

He puffs slowly at his pipe in an absent-minded way, scarcely taking his eyes from the picture of a great square-rigged ship hanging over the mantel, all her canvas to the wind, sailing onward with the spray sweeping over her bows.

Uncle John is dressed comfortably in a pair of heavy, dark trousers, and dark woolen shirt. His feet are encased in a pair of comfortable leather slippers.

The armchair is old, and the leather arms and back show signs of much use. As the firelight leaps higher we see in the surrounding shadows a table and chairs, and a bookcase containing many well-worn volumes. Near the fireplace is a woodbasket, on the handle of which is painted a ship.

As the firelight catches the gleam of silver on the wall, it brings out the outline of a barometer.

All is still, save for the crackle of the fire. But now we hear a sound--one, two, three, four, five, six! Six bells, strikes the faithful old ship's clock on the wall.

--Marietta Welch

CHINA LAKE

Among the most beautiful lakes of Maine we should not fail to mention China Lake. It is a sparkling sheet of water, twelve miles in length, which lies nine miles east of Waterville. It has an altitude of one hundred feet above the level of the Kennebec River. The water is so clear and pure that, locally, it has received the name of "China's Silver Lake."

The shores of the lake are accessible in nearly every part by water or by land, there being no swamps on its borders.

Its fishing facilities are enough to satisfy the most fastidious fishermen. Such fish as salmon, perch, pickerel, bass, and other fish can be found in this luminous body of water.

The so-called Twenty Mile Drive around the lake is the most picturesque in Maine. Around this drive one gets an alluring glimpse of a broad expanse of blue water dotted with islands.

Amid the silent forest, at the shores of this peaceful lake, the lover of all things rural finds himself inhaling the natural aroma of pine and hemlock, which bestows strength to the body and vigor to the mind.

One should not forfeit an opportunity to visit this body of water.

--Anthony Rogers

HOMER

Greek and European literature began with Homer. There is no doubt that Homer was the greatest Greek poet, indeed one of the greatest of the world. We know him only through his works since he lived way back somewhere between 1000 and 800 B. C. His works were the nearest the Greeks had to a Bible. They were epics which we understand to be long narrative poems celebrating real or mythical achievements of great personages. The outstanding qualities of Homer's works are swiftness, simplicity and nobility. They are very real and human, and contain a great love of beauty and imagination. The narrative is direct, and there is no artificially-created suspense--no complication of motives.

The "Homeric Question" started by Wolf was, "Did Homer exist?" If there was no true Homer there was at least some great genius.

The "Iliad" and "Odyssey" are his greatest works. Each contains twenty-four books. The "Iliad" became a model for the construction of epic poetry. The "Odyssey" is a story of wandering and discovery. It deals with strange peoples and far-off lands. The spirit of the poem is more romantic than that of the "Iliad."

--Margaret Way

NOTHING ABOUT THE CHIEF

A debit or a credit,

A purchase or a sale.

These are the puzzlers

That make our hair grow pale.

Miss Collins is our typing teacher,

As gay a lass as any,

But when I whisper to my neighbor

It costs me a pretty penny.

Miss Burrill teaches literature

I wish she would refrain

From making us uncomfortable with

"Your notebooks are due again."

Mr. Covell teaches penmanship.

"One, two, three," says he.

"Keep your elbows on your desk,

And drift along with me."

Mrs. Covell loves her shorthand.

"Now, children, learn your rules,

Because in your test B. M. S. C.

Must lead all other schools."

Mr. Linscott knows his Methods,
And many Methods there be,
But when I say it's indirect,
"No, no! Direct," says he.

Although these mem'ries may seem odd,
You all will vouch they're right,
For many a day we've had a dream
That should be dreamed at night.

Leonard Page

TWILIGHT

The light is slowly fading in the west,
The birds have sung their evening lullaby,
And gently swing within their cozy nest,
Till daylight tints again the eastern sky.

While dusky shadows o'er the meadows fall,
The evening star sends forth its twinkling light.
A peaceful calm is resting over all,
And nature seems to whisper now, "Good night."

Ada Towle

A WALK AT SUNSET

A brisk walk brought us one autumn day, just at dusk, to the park. From the entrance, the hard black pathway, crowded with people in holiday attire, stretched out to the wooded distance. Night was fast approaching, and the pedestrians, rosy from the cold wind, were hurrying homeward.

Black against the vivid crimson of the sky, stood out the tall bare trees. To the rushing wind they protested loudly against the intrusion they had borne throughout the day; to the solitude of the approaching night, they waved a welcome; but to us, though we, too, loved solitude, they shook their heads in menace, crying out against us. Tall, dark, deep, they stood against the sunset sky. Through their almost empty branches leaped the mighty wind, hurling the leaves at us; and with every gust, the long dry grass rose and fell like a snake creeping toward us.

But soon we were among the trees. Beneath them, the dead leaves rose about our ankles. No longer did the great trees menace us; rather they seemed to shelter. For us they broke the wind; on us they dropped softly, like a triumphal shower of flowers, their few remaining leaves. Through an opening in the woods we caught a glimpse of water tinged with colors reflected from the sky. All the glorious shades that sunset brings were blended into one harmonious tint that covered the surface of the lake. All the colors were there, each distinct, yet all shading imperceptibly into one another. Then, as the sky darkened with the night, they became fainter until at last the silver moon arose and cast a band over the deep blue water.

Cold, tired, yet refreshed, we returned homeward. Again we

passed the wintry forest. Again we saw it in the distance. But now it was more silent than before--a spectre clothed in moonlight.

--Marion Hayes

MODERN VERSION OF ROMEO AND JULIET

(With apologies to Shakespeare)

Scene: A residential district.

Time: The present, early evening.

Romeo: (Appears in a battered multi-colored roadster. It stops with a screeching of brakes. He puts his leg over the side preparatory to getting out, but decides to blow the horn as it requires less energy and is more quickly done. He blows the horn three times, then settles back to wait, whistling in a tone slightly off key, "I Believe in Miracles." He breaks off suddenly with these words.)

Whe-e-e! What light through yonder window breaks? (the window goes up with a bang and a frowsled blond head appears above a flaming red negligee.)

Juliet: What's on the program for tonight, big boy?

Romeo: How about a spin around the standpipe?

Juliet: Phooey! That's getting to be a habit. Let's do something exciting for a change. How about joining the hoofers at Society?

Romeo: (Settling down more comfortably in his car) Nothing doing, Sugar. My dogs are too tired.

Juliet: You're an old meanie. How about dashing down to the Opera to see "The Age of Innocence?"

Romeo: It sounds antique.

Juliet: What's in a name. That which we call gin by any other word would taste as good.

Romeo: You're telling me!

Juliet: I just thought! The folks have all gone out to a revival meeting so why doncha come up and see me sometime?

Romeo: I take thee at thy word. (Leaps out of car to door)

Juliet: (Opens the door) I would not for the world they see thee here.

Romeo: 'Sall right, Baby. I'll take the back door if they come.

(Both go in and close the door)

Curtain

(Scene reopens in the parlor a few hours later)

Romeo: Wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Juliet: All you've done this evening is stuff your face. The folks would skin me if they knew you were here.

Romeo: 'Tis but my name that is my enemy.

Juliet: Rats! Let's forget the old folks. What do we care what they think?

Romeo: I don't care what they think as long as they keep dishing out the dough.

Juliet: Remember how I love thy company, but it's twelve o'clock and about time the folks were coming home.

Romeo: (Starts to sing "Good Night, a Thousand Good Nights."

The front door slams.)

Juliet: Hist, Romeo! Hist! Here comes the old man. You'd better take the back door.

Romeo: (Making a quick exit for the back door, and singing, "It's Getting to be a Habit With Me.")

(Old man Capulet comes in)

Capulet: How many times have I told you not to bring that young whipper-snapper in here?

Juliet: Why, father, who do you mean?

Capulet: You know very well who I mean. It's that ----

(Just about that time a loud noise and a series of farewell toots are heard as Romeo merrily makes his get-away.)

Finis

Leona LePage
Marietta Welch

SADDLEBACK

From the crest of the hill by St. Mary's Church have you noticed a light burning far off on the horizon to the southwest? It is Saddleback Light, visible on a clear evening for thirteen miles. By day it pretends to be a mere mark on the water with, apparently, a clump of trees on one end. Not the least thrilling of the many motorboat trips down the bay this one to Saddleback can be highly recommended.

Start a bit early in the afternoon, so that the time ashore need not be too limited. Imagine yourself with twelve miles between you and your nearest beighbor and you will understand how cordially callers are welcomed by the keepers of this isolated lighthouse. And I hope you won't travel too fast. Every rock and cove in beautiful Penobscot Bay is worth looking at.

On your right you pass Crotch Island, Sand and John Islands, Channel Rock and the Tripod. On your left is Green, George Head,

Hardwood and Ram Islands, Kimball Head and the Brandies. Ledges crop up through the waves here and there but the captain regards them with nonchalance. Gulls and fish hawks sail above us and porpoises roll sportively through the wash astern. At last the clump of trees on the horizon materializes into a towering lighthouse, poised upon a vast and forbidding mass of rock. No tree or shrub grows here and the only life apparent is that of the circling gulls with their eerie laughter.

Soon, however, we make out the runway and a tall mast and boom standing close to the plunging waves. Then a welcoming form comes leaping down the ledges. Assured that we may land, we warily approach the cliff while the waves rush and wash back tumultuously. There is a flash of white and a vicious splash, bringing Captain Wells to help lash our boat to an outer buoy. Meantime, listen to the comments from the passengers.

"But we can't land here! We never could get up those rocks." "What's the swing for--there on the end of the boom?" "To take us ashore in? Heavens, not for me!" "Is that what's called a breeches buoy?" "Well, anyway, it's the same idea--to get people to shore from ship." "Oh! That's the way they land passengers from ships on the Central American coast. Let's try it!"

Presently the boom rides out. They slack away on the line and the swing is down on a level with our tossing craft. Who goes first? All right--let Olive do it! She seats herself with pretended calm in the swing. Up it goes! The boom circles shoreward high above the water, and she steps out upon the platform up there against the sky, my camera getting a record for future teasing. Back comes the swing

and, one by one, we make the ascent, with much shrieking comment on our sensations enroute.

Now be careful as you go up the slippery runway to the light-house, and then--but you have all, no doubt, been up in a lighthouse somewhere on this bold coast----the spotless, tidy rooms, the narrow stairways, the visitors' nook, the neat case with medicines for all emergencies, the solemnly musical bell which is rung for your benefit, the vast cistern which insures water in this waste of waters, and the beautiful lamp itself. We admire the great wedge of glass, arranged to multiply the power of the gleam which warns approaching ships.

Then we turn to look out over the tossing sea. From this height five lights are visible: Monhegan, Matinicus, Two-Bush, Eagle Island, Mark Island. One is safe in touring this coast, provided, of course, one knows what "flash" and "steady" mean in regard to lights in that location. But noting the glitter as of ragged white teeth where treacherous ledges lie in wait, we do not feel courageous.

Many a tale of woe is recorded against the names of Diamond, Bromstone, Buffalo, Old Horse and Knubble, as well as against Shag, Roaring Bull and the Washers. One traffic accident brought the laying of the cable from Arey Cove, so that now Saddleback has a telephone. In these days if a daring youngster ventured so far and had to remain at the light through a three-day storm, as once happened to our pilot, his frightened parents might be comforted. Even now, with the westerning sun touching the crests of the long, dark waves, we are uneasily eager to be on our way back and the ride down the end at the boom is something of a relief. Goodbye, Saddleback! Good luck to you in your care of those who go down to the sea in ships!

—Lois Stinson

THE CHIEFTAN

T is for Teachers, kind and true
H is for Help they give to you
E is for Everything else they do

C is for Character we all wish to get
H is for Height we haven't reached yet
I is for Interest that each must take
E is for the Effort we all should make
F is for Fun so we won't frown
T is for Trials that we wish to drown
A is for Athletics, many games we've won
N is for Noise in room number one

Pauline Osgood

IN THE MAKING

Most of the night the light burns low,
But the blamed work-sheet just won't go.
Now what do you do in a case like this?
Just go on studying and call it bliss.
Work and slave from morn till night,
Tired and worn with noses bright.
Clickety-clack, scratch-scratch--------
Then a "stenog" for some old batch.

Eleanor Clemons

A DAY AT M. S. C.

From quarter past eight in the morning
Till three o'clock at night
The students of Maine School of Commerce
Work will all their might.

To Mrs. Covell's room for Shorthand,
The rules we must certainly know.
Also rapid and uniform outlines
Down on the page must go.

Then to Linscott with his lectures
In Salesmanship, Methods, and all
And to Hon. Husson for Bookkeeping,
Arithmetic and Commercial Law.

Next, to the Main room for Penmanship
Under our efficient supervisor, Covell.
Then to Miss Collins, our Typing instructor,
And a social worker as well.

Finally the school days are ended.
Each student from near and afar
Will thank our dear old M. S. C.
For making us what we are.

Mary Bartlett

POW WOW



EPSILON TAU EPSILON

The Epsilon Tau Epsilon Sorority held its first meeting of the year October 18, 1934. At this time there were only nine members in school. At the first meeting the following officers were elected: President, Eleanor Clemons, Lee; Vice-President, Mildred McAfee, Brownville; Secretary, Marion Hayes, Bangor; Treasurer, Sally Chapman, Bethel; Marshal, Ruth Good, Monticello.

Ten members of the sorority enjoyed a dinner party October 20, 1934, at the Atlantic Sea Grill and then went to the Bijou Theater to see Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. This was a reunion of the last year's members.

Fifteen girls accepted the invitation to join the sorority and were pledged at the Y. W. C. A. in December. They were required to wear white to distinguish them from the other members. Formal initiation was held December 20. The pledges sang Christmas Carols on the main streets before going to the Y, where each girl had to do a stunt. The new members were: Florence Anderson, Houlton; Josephine Burrill, Brewer; Harriett Clark, Sangerville; Olive Clark, Perry; Margaret Leighton, Sangerville; Leona LePage, Keegan; Ina Mayo, Brewer; Jean McEachern, Presque Isle; Ernestine Pearson, Brewer; Mary Shaw, Winterport; Evelyn Small, Dexter; Margaret Whelpley, Brownville Junction; Helen Wong, Bangor.

Plans were made for a dance to be held at Dahlberg Hall, January 4, 1935, but due to a snow storm the day before, this was postponed.

The formal initiation was held April 16, 1935 at the Y. W. C. A. The first part of the evening was spent in informal initiation. Following this, the formal candlelight ceremony was held with Eleanor Clemons, president; Mildred McAfee, vice-president; Marion Hayes, Secretary; Sally Chapman, treasurer; and Ruth Good, marshal, presiding.

Three one-act plays were presented by the initiates after the ceremony: "Sing a Song of Seniors," with Olive Higgins, Doris McEwen, Juanita Beal, Rena Adams, Annette Monaghan, Lillian Russell, and Hilda Bailey, and coached by Hilda Morrison; "A Perfect Secretary," presented by Virginia Grover, Marion Carter, Hazel Lunn, Enid Maloney, and Lillian Dorr; "Bob's Boob," by Margaret Way and Madeline Lowell. Mary Jenkins sang a solo.

The following is a list of the new members: Hilda Bailey, Bangor; Enid Maloney, Port Clyde; Virginia Hutchinson, Brownville Junction; Hilda Morrison, Calais; Margaret Way, Belfast; Madeline Lowell, North Bucksport; Hazel Lunn, Calais; Juanita Beal, Jonesport; Rena Adams, Houlton; Doris McEwen, Millinocket; Lillian Dorr, Brewer; Olive Higgins, Dennysville; Virginia Grover, Brewer; Annette Monaghan, Bangor; Martha Buzzell, Guilford; Mary Jenkins, Bangor.

On April 25, 1935, the sorority held its annual spring informal at Dahlberg Hall. This was the greatest social event of the season. The hall was effectively decorated with various colored balloons, which were strikingly arrayed in a manner which blended with the soft

tones of the girls' organdies. Dance programs in blue and white, the sorority colors, were a novel feature. Confetti, streamers and favors added to the gayety of the party. Music was furnished by Lou Kyer and His Rhythm Boys.

Mr. and Mrs. Linscott and Mr. and Mrs. Covell were the patrons and patronesses.

The committee in charge of the dance was Eleanor Clemons, Marion Hayes, Ruth Good, Hilda Bailey, and Doris McEwen.

The event of greatest importance to the sorority is the trip to Boston with the fraternity the last of May. On this trip many historical places will be visited and it is sincerely hoped that enough money will be realized from the dance to make this trip possible for every member.

Following are a few of the letters sent by one of our students, Chattanooga, to her friend, Maybelle, who doesn't have the social opportunities of a student of B. M. S. C.:

Dear Maybelle:

I suppose you were expectin' me today but instead I'm sending you a letter to tell you that I'm goin' to stay at this here school because I like it so well. Wisht you wuz here. There's a swell bunch of kids, lots from the country, just like me. Last Wednesday we had a get-together out at the Essex Street Grange for the purpose of getting acquainted and did we have fun? Remember Albert Lane, the guy we heard over the radio last summer? Wal, he played the piano for us to dance by, wasn't that nice? We had hot-dogs and everything! Boy, did we have fun?

Gosh, Maybelle, we have more studies! I'm taking about ten different ones, but I like 'em. You'd like it here, I bet. Most of the teachers are swell, but you know the principal is just a young feller, looks like a college boy, and he acts out just like one of the kids sometimes. We had a Hallowe'en Dance at Society Hall the other night. Of course the boys had to climb up and tear down the decorations. Oh, there was one cat I would liked to have had but that darn Jimmie Regis got it before I could get to it. He's always doin' something like that. We had a swell time just the same.

We're goin' to have a week's vacation for Thanksgiving so I'll be home to tell you all about everything then. You be gettin' all the gossip so's you can tell me all at onct, because they tell me up here not to miss anything. I'll tell you now about the dance we had at Dahlberg Hall. There is a dance hall right next to the school, isn't that swell? They had it all decorated up, and Lou Kyer's orchestra played. Gee, are they swell! You ought to be here. The girls go stag a lot, and so you don't have to worry. I notice that more of the kids are pairin' up now. Wal, I'll be seein' you soon.

Your true friend,
Chattanooga

Dear Maybelle,

Don't time fly! It don't seem no time at all since I wuz home, and here it is almost Christmas. We're goin' to have a dance at the Y. M. C. A. and I'll be goshdarned if they didn't ask me to be on the committee. I have to help the boys fix up the tree. They're goin' to have Santa Claus there, too, they tell me. He'll have to come early, I guess. (I bet it's jest gonna be one of the kids dressed up.) We all have to get a ten-cent present for somebody else. Wal, I'll be seein'

you. OH! I forgot to tell you about the programs we have. Mr. Linscott has charge of the Normal students, and they all have to say a piece every year. Gee, some of them are swell. Wisht I could say a piece like some of 'em. You know what I mean, the electrocushun talkin'. I'll jist put a list of 'em because I got to study now.

Dramatic Club: President, Marietta Welch

Vice-President, Leona LePage

PROGRAM

They Grind Exceeding Small	Pauline Noyes
M. S. C. News	Eleanor Clemons
At Confession	Margaret Way
Saxophone Solo (It was terrible)	The Chief
The Soldier's Reprieve	Madeline Lowell
Human Tonic	Mary Bartlett
Piano Solo (More like it)	Mildred McAfee

I'll write you more later, and I'll tell you about each piece when I get home.

Ever your friend,
Chattanooga

P. S. I just hear that Henry is going to be Santa Claus. He'll be swell when he gets one or two presents under him.

Dear Maybell,

Henry is gettin' so attentive! He took me to the Frat Dance the night before his birthday. Parley Reynold's played and we had confetti 'n streamers 'n everything. Gosh, the confetti was so romantic--made me think of weddings, seein' how Henry's gettin' to be.

The kids dress up to go to these dances and did Ma show you the dress she sent me? I thot she might have shown it to you before she sent it to me.

The Girls' A. A. card party was swell the other night. Three class rooms were made over so's we could play games. Mostly people played bridge. I heard that the Chief and his party played Contract. I'd rather jist play beano, and not be so high-hat.

The fraternity had a swell card party and entertainment, too. My gosh, I thot I'd die laughing at those crazy boys. One of 'em made believe he was a girl, and sang a song. If he thinks he can sing, someone ought to tell him the difference. And the Chief! My gosh, I think he's nerts. He and Earl Sherrard were goin' around there like a couple of dope fiends, and of al the actin'! They looked like they was havin' a good time, too. Imagine enjoyin' yourself when you're a dope fiend. And there was a Minstrul Show and they sung songs and made up the funniest jokes. We played cards on the side.

Oh! They had another one of those programs lately. I'll put the clipping from the paper in. "The third program of Bangor Maine School of Commerce Dramatic Club was given at a general assembly last Friday morning. It is the goal of the club that each program be better than the last. Up to the present time they have been very successful. The program was as follows:

Character Reading, Just a Matter of Business	Mary Jenkins
Saxophone Solo	Principal Husson
Political Monologue, "Me and Jim"	Lillian Harper

Village Gossip Over the Phone	Ada Towle
Duet, "From Flora's Holiday"	Mr. and Mrs. Linscott
Dramatic Reading, "The Last Leaf"	Eleanor Bissell

Group Singing conducted by Mr. Linscott

Wal, Maybelle, don't forget to write once in a while. I know I don't write very often, but when I do I have a lot to tell you, and I'm so busy I have to tell it all at once instead of a little here and a little there.

Your bosom friend,
Chattanooga

Dear Maybelle:

I hope you notice how much better my writing is since I've been here to the Maine School of Commerce. You used to make fun of me for taking writing lessons in college, but if you could see how some of these kids wrote when they first came here, you'd see why they have to have it. Henry used to have to read the notes he sent me 'cause I couldn't read them, but now I can read them without any help. He's awful cute. I'm putting in another program that we had. Gee, it was swell. Everyone is better than the last.

The Fool's Prayer	Lois Stinson
Telephone Interview	Pauline Osgood
The Christening	Helen Wong
Two Girls Studying	Alice Guptill
At the Station	Mary Shaw
The Soul of the Violin	Doris McEwen

(Accompanied by Dorothy Jones)

Group Singing led by Mr. Linscott

The sorority is giving a dance in April, and I think I'll take Henry. He's taken me to lots of places this winter. I'll be nice to him now. His father has a new car, too. School will be closing pretty soon. I don't know but what I'm sorry to get through. It always makes me feel funny to get through, like it was at graduation from High School, only I guess I feel more responsible now. Wal, Maybelle, I'll be seein' you next week.

Your old friend,
Chattanooga

Dear Maybelle,

We had a contest the other day, and it was more fun! We all paid ten cents for a chance on a class ring and we could have a pin instead of a ring if we wanted it, but I'd rather have the ring myself. Every time someone bought a try, the red line on the board went up so many inches. When it got to the top, they drew the names out of Henry's hat!

Madeline Eastman got the ring. She is red-headed, and she used to teach Latin, so we're all glad she's got good luck.

Remember the time I won the pack of cards at Bertha's party, and then went and sold them and she found out about it? Boy, and was she mad! I didn't care, though. That's one thing big brothers are good for, cases like her. Wal, I guess lots of things like that are blessings in disguise, only sometimes I can't see how.

Ever your faithful friend,
Chattanooga

Dear Maybelle,

This here school has most everything a regular college has and you can tell that snooty Bertha Perkins I said so, and if she asks you how, you tell her we have football, basketball, baseball, dances, sororities,

frats, and a school paper, and if she don't buleve you, jest show her this. The name of it is THE CHIEFTAIN. We have an Indian stand for us--wal, I don't mean stand up, but, oh, er--represent--there, that's it. So they called it THE CHIEFTAIN (and they call that Mr. Husson, the Chief. They wanted to call the paper THE CHIEF too, but he bein' too modest wouldn't stand fer it, and you can tell Bertha that this is a normal school, too, and the first-year normals made a year book. You would'a laffed if you could'a seen that Cliff Jackson runnin' around after ads. I heard the Board (that's what they call the people what make the year book) plannin' this paper and they argued more, and Miss Burrill (she's the head one of the paper next to Helen Wong, the editor, imagine a girl bein' editor of a paper.) Wal, anyway, Helen had to git right after them kids to make 'em git their work in on time, let me tell you! Doris McEwen had 'em all makin' up jokes and you see how they crack up some of the kids in school. (They even said somethin' about my Henry---he's gut his name in print at last.) And guess how they gut them stories. They all wrote compositions (remember the time when you had an oral composition and forgut it? I thought I'd die.) Norma Sprague and Mary Shaw read 'em and picked out the best one. Some of 'em's pretty good. Be sure and read 'em. And, look, if you ever git anything to one of the stores that advertised in here, tell 'em you seen thir ad in it--they always like to know thir ads is bein' read.

Course I don't know much about makin' a paper but from what I've seen here, there's a lot of work to it--more than what Bertha Perkins ever did, I bet. The kids here all like to have a year book

to read to thir kids so they'll know thir parents had some education. Well, Maybelle, you read this paper and keep it for me--you cin let B. see it, but don't lend it to her. You know how she is.

Your ever faithful friend,
Chattanooga

YOUNG STUDENTS INVADE AUGUSTA DURING LEGISLATURE

Mr. Linscott one day made the suggestion that his class in Actual Democracy go to Augusta and sit in with the Legislature and evidently to his surprise, they took him up on it. They set out one fair March morning to find out how their state government's business is conducted. They found out all right! They were introduced to the Governor and looked into lots of offices to see how the people carried on their business; they visited the House and heard an argument on the Sale of Poisons; they were conducted through the State House from the Museum in the basement to the very top of the dome.

After it was over, Mr. Linscott confessed that he had been dreading the trip intensely, but that this one had been really enjoyable and that this class had behaved better than any in the past. Maybe that is just one of those annual speeches, but it made the class feel good anyway and everyone had the best time!

The following students went on the trip: Anthony Rogers, John Fahey, Doris McEwen, Olive Higgins, Rena Adams, Norma Sprague, Bernard Jenkins, Mary Jenkins, Helen Wong, Hazel Lunn, Mary Shaw, Alice Guptill, Marietta Welch, Leona LePage, Lois Stinson, Kermit Price, Woodrow Bailey and Mr. Linscott.

Dear Maybelle,

Don't I wish you could come to this school! My gosh, we have more darn fun, and you know there's more kids that have been here all year

that are just gettin' so's we know 'em? Here they have been here from the first day of school and seemed so quiet and mousy-like when all of a sudden they come out with something that takes us by surprise and the we don't know what to think of 'em. Now take this John Fahey fer instance, you'd never know he was around if Anthony Rogers wasn't with him, and then John has a part in the play the boys put on and was he a scream? My gosh, I thought we'd die laughing at him. He was supposed to be a tight old store keeper a long time ago in Maine, and his old cronies used to try to steal crackers from the box back of the stove and if he saw them, he'd slap their hands like they was kids. The whole thing was a scream, but he took us so much by surprise that we didn't know what to make of it. I'll put in the program.

Dead Embers	Marietta Welch
He Tried to Tell His Wife	Hazel Lunn
Kentucky Belle	Olive Higgins
Getting Ready for Company	Norma Sprague

Orchestra Music:

When you Look into the Heart of a Rose

Babes in Toyland (That's how lots of 'em act around here)

Tales from a Cracker Box	Dramatic Personae (That's the people in it)
Hezikiah Doolittle	John Fahey
Ezra Tompkins	Anthony Rogers
Cyrus Perkins	Everett Hitchings
Ezekial Weatherbee	Bernard Jenkins
Obediah Simpson	Clifton Jackson

Some of these old farmers reminded me of old Farmer Grey, but you don't have to mention that I said so. Well, school will be over pretty soon, and I don't know but what I'm a little bit sorry to leave, but then there's an end to everything. What did that Bertha Perkins say when you told her what I told you to? I'm dying to know, so write to me soon, won't you?

Your faithful friend,
Chattanooga

Dear Maybelle,

I know I haven't written to you for a long time, but I have been quite busy with my work here at school. At the end of the year, you know, there is a lot of stuff to finish up, and that's what I am doing, but now that I have a little spare time, I am sending you this here note just so you will know that I am still alive and kicking.

You can't guess what we have here now, I be. Well, we've got a real orchestra! No kidding or anything! Mrs. Linscott plays the piano, Mr. Husson plays that saxophone of his, Dorothy Jones plays the violin, Temple Smith plays the clarinet, Edwin Baker, the trombone, and Henry plays the trumpet! ! Believe me, they can play, too. At our last program we had a minstrel show. Eleanor Clemons and Ruth Good were the negroes, and Marion Hayes was the girl who talked to them all the time. Say, you should have heard the cracks they made about Husson! ! He blushed to the roots of his hair, and when I say blush--I mean a real crimson one. They made lots of cracks about some of the couples in school, too, and I thought we

would die laughing. They did what they called a cakewalk or something like that and they went into more darn steps!

Some of the kids said pieces, too, so I'll put in a list of them. Jennie Beale spoke a piece about a girl that had about thirty-eight lovers and how she picked one out.

In a program last week, the last one of the year, I think, Stanford Stromback had a poem about a psy that got shot and then turned out to be a girl, and, gee did we feel bad ! Imagine killing a girl like that! Dorothy Sirles had a piece about a little boy that wanted to be like his father and he, the father, got killed. That was sad, too. Leonard Page and Lewis Gould dressed up like a couple of farmers and cracked a lot of jokes, and do you know, they were just like some of the old ones back home, not the jokes, but the kids themselves, I mean. And you should have heard Earle Jowdry sing, "No, No, a Thousand Times, No." I bet he sings to his girl-friend a lot, he's got such a nice voice. Well, that's the last thing, so I'll be coming home before long and then I'll give you the particulars. You can tell Bertha Perkins about our orchestra, and then write and tell me what she said.

Your loving friend,
Chattanooga



BITS GATHERED HERE AND THERE

EXAM WEEK AT THE MAINE SCHOOL OF COMMERCE.

The "Week of Judgment" at the Maine School of Commerce came just at the middle of the school year for the purpose of getting an idea of just how much we had accomplished, or how far behind we were, and, after making up what was lost, to make a new start. One interesting feature of this ordeal was the intelligence test that Professor Crawford of the University of Maine gave us. Out of sympathy, our ranks have been kept a dark secret!

VISITORS TO OUR ILLUSTRIOUS AIMA MAMMY.

There are tricks in all trades, even the glasses-inflictors' ! One bookkeeping period we were told that for the benefit of those who still are without specs we would have to sacrifice our time to see a movie (and woe was us.) It was our friend, Dr. Rand, who had a very interesting movie on the function of our eyes.

Another guest of ours was Mr. Harrison C. Lyseth, Commissioner of Education in Maine, who gave us some idea of the financial situation of the education department in our state. The first-year Normals regarded him as a sort of phenomenon of Nature because he told us that his hobby is History of Education. Although his talk was interspersed with choice bits of humor, his message was that we take an interest in such matters now, so that we will know how to vote, when we can, for the best interests of the people of Maine.

The Men's A. A. put on a series of Classification Games, 5¢ each, which tested the brain matter of the class, and gave their treasurer

something to do. Since this worthy organization always does things up brown, they offered prizes to the winners, and who should win but Mary Woodworth and Rena Adams for the first game, and Helen Wong and Lewis Gould for the second.

The Women's A. A. gave a very sociable card party one blustery evening in March to which practically all the card-players went. They all had a swell time, and clamored for more. The hostesses reported favorable financial results, and the guests all went home smiling.

WEATHER REPORT

One day in the middle of winter, there descended upon the defenseless citizens of Bangor and vicinity such a snow storm as was never seen before. Business bowed its proud head to the elements, and even the Maine School had no sessions. We had the rest of the week off, and, if reports are true, our Jimmy got into some pretty serious snow-ball fights and played in the snow while the rest of us did a lot of studying.

MU SIGMA CHI

The Mu Sigma Chi Fraternity held its first meeting of the 1934-35 school year at Joe Bernstein's in Holden, on October 17, 1934, with President Bangs presiding. At this meeting Paul Marshall of Ellsworth was elected Vice-President; Lewis Gould, Newport, Secretary. This election was necessary to fill vacancies cuased by former officers not returning to school. A luncheon, furnished by Mr. Husson and Mr. Bernstein, was served late in the evening. Since then, regular meetings of the fraternity

have been held at the school building one night of each week.

The first regular initiation of the year was held November 21 at the school building. The new members admitted were as follows: Gordon Baney, Bradley; Clifton Jackson, Monson; William Wallace, Greenville; Robert McEachern, Clarence Burnett, Presque Isle; Bernard Jenkins, Bangor; Alfred Louder, Pittsfield; Newell Littlefield, Newburg. After the ritual work, all enjoyed a midnight lunch at Frank Morse's cottage at Green Lake.

Election of officers for the coming year was held the first meeting in January. President Irving Bangs, Jr., Machias, and Treasurer Frank Morse, Bangor, were re-elected. Robert McEachern, Presque Isle, was elected Vice-President and Newell Littlefield, Newburg, was elected Secretary.

Friday, January 18, the fraternity set as "red-letter" day to initiate a new class of candidates. Their actions furnished much fun for the entire school. Candidates participating were Harold Harding, Etna; George Watson, Bangor; Alvah Ford, Bangor; Woodrow Bailey, Lincoln; Russell White, Southwest Harbor; Earle Jowdry, Brownville; Clinton Cormier, Old Town. The following Monday the ritual work was presented to the candidates followed by lunch and a general good time at Principal Husson's home.

The big event of the year for the fraternity was the promotion of a Washington's Birthday Ball at Dahlberg Hall. This occasion was well attended by the students, the alumni, and their friends. Confetti and streamers were used to make it a lively affair. Perley Reynolds furnished top-notch rhythm for the dancers. All attending reported having an exceptionally good time.

The outstanding project for the year is a proposed trip to Boston in the latter part of May. This trip is to yield knowledge as well as recreation to the members in payment for their efforts to make this trip possible.

Another effort to obtain funds was made March 27, when the members of the fraternity sponsored a card party at the school building. This furnished another good time for members and friends of the school. There were prizes for the highest scorer at each table and refreshments were served to all attending.

The annual "Fishing Spree" sponsored by that devoted follower of Isaac Walton--Mr. C. H. Husson--will occupy a full day of the latter part of April. Green Lake is the scene of the fray and the party is looked forward to with great enthusiasm. A prize will be given to the lucky sportsman who lands the largest salmon.

BANGOR MAN HEADS NEW BUSINESS SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

"Chesley Husson, Principal of the Bangor Maine School of Commerce, was elected President of the newly-formed Maine Association of Commercial Teacher-Training Institutions at Lewiston, Saturday, March 30, at a meeting of the associate members held in the Bliss Business College rooms. Harrison C. Lyseth of the State Department of Education presided.

Five schools, the sole source of commercial teachers in this state, with courses approved by the State Department of Education, were represented. The member schools are the Bangor Maine School of Commerce, the Bliss Business College of Lewiston, the Auburn Maine School of Commerce, the Northeastern Business College of

Portland, and Nasson Institute of Springvale.

R. C. Haynes of the Bliss Business College is Vice-President, and Mrs. Agnes C. Seavey of the Auburn Maine School of Commerce is Secretary-Treasurer. Earl Grant of Northeastern is Chairman of the Executive Committee, assisted by Dean Dawn N. Wallace of Nasson.

Mr. Husson stated the association has long been needed to promote the work now carried on in the better type schools, which individually have been striving toward higher accomplishments and new goals over a period of years. The competitive spirit in the past has been an undesirable element in the growth of these schools, as well as the lack of supervision by educational authorities. The Association schools from now on, states Mr. Husson, will work together to elevate the minimum standards established by the State Department of Education and keep them comparable to those of similar institutions in other States.

The Association's first project will be to promote legislation for supervision of commercial work in all its branches beyond the secondary level."

The above report was taken from the Bangor Daily News. This new organization has very great possibilities and we of the Bangor Maine School of Commerce are very glad that our principal has had the honor of being the first president, and we all wish him the greatest success in shaping the destiny of the future business colleges in Maine.



TRAIL BLAZERS

FOOTBALL

For a "Breaking-in" game the Braves certainly had a nice one to start on--Ricker. With one of the heaviest and fastest teams in the state, Ricker had a tough job breaking down the "Wearers of the Green" but after the half, trampled them into a muddy mass by the score of 19-0.

The following week the lads journeyed to Machias, where a gruelling 0-0 game was fought on a swampy field.

Our crowning glory came the next Saturday when, on a field that was a veritable mire, with a 40 mile an hour gale blowing snow and rain into our faces, we slipped and slid to a 13-6 victory over the Coburn Classical gridsters which upset all the grid dope for that particular Saturday.

Higgins proved to be a thorn in the Braves' side and knocked out a 13-0 win in a game which was filled to overflowing with penalties, mostly on the Commerce side.

A trip to Bowdoin only netted us another loss dealt out to us by the Junior Varsity, 13-0. The feature of the trip was the beautiful swimming pool in which the boys spent most of their time after the game.

The next week the Maine Frosh slid a high powered machine over the Braves and the white men scalped the Indians 21-0.

Then over to Waterville again, this time to play the Colby Freshmen. What a surprise we handed them when they found they couldn't score on us. And the game finally ended in a scoreless tie.

What a jolt we got from the Madison High boys, the only high school team on the schedule. They slapped us all over the field, so that when the final gun sounded we were behind 20-0.

The final is a resume of the games played:

Bangor Commerce	0	R. C. I.	19
Bangor Commerce	0	W. S. N. S.	0
Bangor Commerce	13	Coburn C. I.	6
Bangor Commerce	0	H. C. I.	13
Bangor Commerce	0	Bowdoin J. V.	13
Bangor Commerce	0	Colby Frosh	0
Bangor Commerce	0	Maine Frosh	20
Bangor Commerce	0	Madison H. S.	20

BASKETBALL

Traveling over the snowy roads to Farmington, the boys playing on a floor foreign to them, gave the Normal lads a 45-43 licking. Frankie Beal and Earle Jowdry played a nice game for the Braves.

The next game at Southwest Harbor was only a practice game for Commerce with the whole team starring. The final score was 52-27.

The Braves rolled over Millbridge by a score of 53-13 with the whole squad again playing leading roles.

The next game, at Monson, nearly proved an undoing, for up to the last period the score was tied. During the last period Jowdry cut loose and Commerce forged ahead and when the final gun was fired we led 37-23.

During the half, the Town of Monson, represented by the Principal of the Academy, presented our coach, Into Suomi, with a beautiful gold wrist watch and gave a short speech telling how proud the town was of one of its athletic sons who had made good.

Our first prep school rival, M. C. I. of Pittsfield, was met and defeated on the "Y" floor by a top heavy score of 50-34.

The following week the Alumni, composed of exM. S. C. stars, was defeated on the same floor by a 55-23 socre, Beal and Jowdry doing the scoring.

But all good things must come to an end, and the next week, beard-ing the lions in their den, Coburn came to Bangor and gave the Braves an exhibition of how basketball is played. They won out 52-37 after a hard fought game, which saw man after man leave via the foul route.

After their first defeat Commerce journeyed to Fairfield to cop a 30-20 decision over the High School boys.

Stearns High of Millinocket furnished the opposition the next week and very nearly took the game from under the Braves' belt, but a last minute rally gave the Commerce boys another scalp. The final score was 23-22.

The next game took place at Charleston where the Braves met a bit-ter foe in the shape of 5 Higginites, and won by a score of 31-25. The following week the Braves in turn were scalped by this same club, score 51-37.

Our second game with M. C. I. was even more disastrous than our first. This time we more than doubled the score, the final tally being

51-22. Then sweet revenge for our first defeat. Traveling into Coburn's own backyard, we turned the hall inside out with a 45-43 win.

The next week another victory sent our boys soaring into the heights. A. 55-27 victory over John Bapst Eaglets was something to crow about.

Two games were played against Castine. On Wednesday we trekked to their home lair where we stung them by a score of 49-23. The next Saturday night they tried in vain to turn the tables, but the Braves seemed to have their number and gave them an unmerciful beating, 72-30.

Then gaily the lads set forth for Bucksport. But what a sadly disillusioned bunch returned to Bangor with their heads hanging low. The final score read Bucksport 21, Commerce 18.

Then came that long-waited-for journey into the "Great Northeastern Empire"--Aroostook County. The Braves won two out of three games against the stiffest of opposition. The boys lost the first game to Ricker by a 26-25 score. Then, rising in all their strength, the Braves scalped the fast Woodstock N. B. Rangers 43-19 and the next night, Patten Academy, 60-49.

A resume of the games and the resulting scores are as follows:

Bangor Commerce	45	Farmington Normal	43
Bangor Commerce	52	Southwest Harbor	27
Bangor Commerce	53	Millbridge High	13
Bangor Commerce	31	Monson Academy	23
Bangor Commerce	50	M, C. I.	34
Bangor Commerce	55	Alumni	23
Bangor Commerce	37	Coburn Classical Inst.	52
Bangor Commerce	30	Fairfield High	20

Bangor Commerce	23	Stearns High	22
Bangor Commerce	31	H. C. I.	25
Bangor Commerce	37	H. C. I.	51
Bangor Commerce	51	M. C. I.	22
Bangor Commerce	45	Coburn Classical Inst.	43
Bangor Commerce	49	Castine Normal	24
Bangor Commerce	72	Castine Normal	30
Bangor Commerce	55	John Bapst High	27
Bangor Commerce	18	Bucksport High	21
Bangor Commerce	25	Ricker Classical	26
Bangor Commerce	43	Woodstock Rangers	19
Bangor Commerce	60	Patten Academy	49

MEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

One of the outstanding clubs in the school is the Men's A. A. No boy is allowed to participate in any sport unless he is a member of the club. One of the chief duties of the club is to see that every boy participates in some form of athletics.

Two weeks after school started, Mr. Husson called a meeting of the boys and an election of officers was held, the following being elected for the school year:

President	Bernard Jenkins, Bangor
Vice-President	Stanford Stromback, Monson
Secretary	Leonard Page, Orono
Treasurer	Ernest Lane, New Sharon

Just after Christmas, Lane, our treasurer, had to leave school and Everett Hitchings of Calais was elected to fill his position.

BASEBALL

The Braves, faced with the serious problem of finding a good pitcher and a good catcher, are at a loss as to where to look for them, as most of the boys claim they are infielders.

Nothing has been done up to this writing and it begins to look as though nothing will be done this spring unless some pitchers and catchers turn up very soon.

The boys have a big schedule facing them and should go places if the battery men turn up as expected. The outstanding trip is, of course, the New Hampshire trip.

The field will be all dried up in another week or two and then the boys will begin to drift out to the old fair grounds. Probably a pitcher or two, hitherto unknown, will turn up down there.

One of the fastest teams ever to turn out is expected from the choice group attending school this year.

COACH SUOMI

Mr. Into Suomi, a native of Monson, is one of the youngest men, if not the youngest, to be coaching any kind of team, and here he is coaching all three sports at our good old M. S. C. Mr. Suomi attended our wigwam for three years before he graduated, and upon graduation was offered his present position. Mr. Suomi has had no trouble in getting acquainted with the new boys in school and is well liked and respected by all for his genial and gentlemanly manner.

THE CHARGING BACK

Dedicated to the M. S. C. Ironmen Team--1935

Faster and faster the back tore along,
His knees were high, his cleats in song
With winding hips he skirted end
'Twas now first down--to go, ten.

The linemen charged, a hole appeared
Swiftly he sped, his body geared
In one impulse, history to make
For lo! the Championship was at stake.

With cleats dug in and bodies low
The linesmen charged in one straight row
The back rushed in, his legs astride
He crossed that line and the Great Divide.

(Eleven men played the whole season of ten games against the best in Prep School and College Freshman Teams.)

"Stan" Stromback

HIKING CLUB

Early in the fall, Principal Husson called together all the girls that were interested in hiking. He said that it would be necessary for the girls to hike forty miles to be able to earn a letter. He gave a brief sketch of the qualities that he desired the Captain to have. Margaret Whelpley of Brownville was chosen Captain. Elizabeth Toole of Bangor was chosen Co-Captain.

During the winter months there was no hiking because of the cold weather. But with the return of the warm weather the "hikers" were out again.

The girls have taken hikes to the Eastern Maine General Hospital, Tin Bridge, the Airport, Bull's Eye, and Burleigh Road. Many of the hikes have been repeated.

The following girls are members of the Club:

Rena M. Adams	Houlton
Florence Anderson	Houlton
Hilda Bailey	Bangor
Dorothea Brager	Dover
Martha Buzzell	Guilford
Marion Carter	Bangor
Harriet Clark	Sangerville
Olive Clark	Perry
Fay Cox	Lubec
Helen Curran	Milo
Annette Cutting	Bath
Eleanor Dickens	Bangor
Lillian Dorr	Brewer
Glenice Downes	Corinna
Marguerite Leighton	Orrington
Madalene Lowell	Ellsworth
Hazel Lunn	Millbridge
Enid Maloney	Port Clyde
Doris McEwen	Millinocket
Inez Merrill	East Holden
Hilda Morrison	Robbinston
Barbara Norris	Bangor

Beulah Norris	Bangor
Lillian Russell	Bar Harbor
Norma Sprague	Belfast
Lois Stinson	Stonington
Elizabeth Toole	Hampden
Marie Toole	Hampden
Ruthann Given	Orono
Pauline Gordon	Bangor
Virginia Grover	Brewer
Elizabeth Higgins	Winterport
Olive Higgins	Dennysville
Margery Howell	Sangerville
Margaret Leighton	Sangerville
Carline Watson	Bangor
Margaret Way	Belfast
Pauline Wiley	Milo
Helen Wong	Bangor
Mary Woodworth	Houlton
Margaret Whelpley	Brownville Jct.
Juanita Beal	Jonesport

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball team started out with four seasoned veterans--Eleanor Clemons, Marion Hayes, Maxine Harris, and Marjorie Bubar, a veteran of 1932-33. With the aid of these girls, Coach Jennie Spencer succeeded in developing the best team that Bangor Maine School of Commerce has ever had.

With only two weeks of fundamental training, the girls trekked to Sullivan for the first game. The girls walked away with the Sullivan team to the tune of 60-4. With Christmas holidays over and toys all put away, the girls met Maine Central Institute in their first home game. This ended in another easy victory for our classy girls' team and the score board showed a 44-8 victory.

With a former M. S. C. star, Clara Swan, as Mexico High's coach, the girls faced one of the hardest games of the season. Before an enthusiastic crowd of rooters, the score see-sawed back and forth until victory seemed in the hands of the visitors. A last five minute drive headed by Max Harris, shooting from all angles on the floor, snatched the victory from the Orange and Black, and our girls were the victors by a 39-38 margin.

The next home game, against Winterport A. A., resulted in another win for the green and gold. The score was 52-15.

Eight girls boarded the car for Bucksport and again brought home the bacon with a 29-18 score.

At last!

The first defeat of the season was handed the girls by last year's State Champions, Fairfield. Playing on a three division court, the girls staged a last half rally to bring the score within one basket of the fleet Fairfield team. The game ended with a 22-20 tally for Fairfield. Beatty played her best game of the season.

After a long tiresome ride the girls arrived in Millinocket to face the strong Stearns sextet. McEwen, acting as Captain against her Alma Mater, played a very fast game. Trailing by one point at the half, the team returned to the floor to make the decision of 35-24.

With Hayes clicking as center guard, the girls took over the fast Carmel team in a game which was more of a football than a basketball game. The score book showed a 38-16 victory.

Out-playing the Maine Central Institute team in every way, the M. S. C. girls handed their opponents a second defeat of 50-17. With Whelpley and Clemons playing a flashy game, the team was at its best.

Once again! !

The girls proved that they could take it as well as give it when the snappy Belfast Club took a close decision from the Green and Gold by a 37-32 score.

To Aroostook! !

The best and long-waited-for trip of the season arrived at last. Eight basketeers and John Divney began the trip to Spudland on February 25, expecting to spend a week in that bracing climate. But after they had managed a close win over Ricker by a 38-31 score, and with Bubar, an alumnae of R. C. I. acting as Captain, the team had a keen disappointment awaiting them. Because of a mistake the other Aroostook games were canceled.

The last game of the season was the snappiest. Without practice for four weeks and established as under-dogs, with Clemons and Bubar on the sick list, the girls played an inspiring game against their rivals--Mexico. With Given, McEwen and Hayes playing a scrappy game as guards, Beatty, Harris, and Whelpley sinking the baskets, the team came from behind and knotted the score 30-30.

Dorr and Grover as willing substitutes filled many a gap for the team.

The girls lost but two out of the twelve games which is the best record that any girls' team has ever had at Maine School.

The girls of the team wish to extend their thanks to John Divney for his guidance and kindness of their trips.

WOMEN'S A. A.

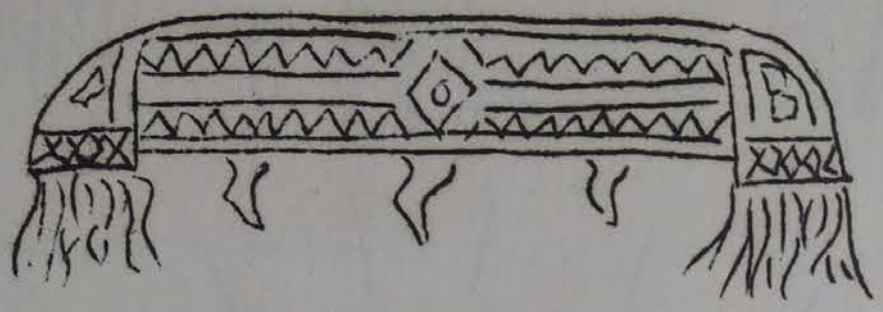
Mr. Husson called together the girls who belonged to either the hiking club or the basketball sqad and had them elect the officers for the Women's A. A. The following were elected.

President	Marion Hayes	Bangor
Vice-President	Marjorie Bubar	Houlton
Secretary	Margaret Way	Belfast
Treasurer	Doris McEwen	Millinocket

At this time Maxine Harris was unanimously chosen Manager of the basketball team.

Mr. Husson also told the girls that they would have to contrive a way to buy the letters. In order to do this, the Women's A. A. held a card party at the school building. Contract, duplicate, sixty-three, jig-saw puzzles, dominoes, checkers, parchesi, and beano were enjoyed. There was an entertainment at the close of the evening. Peanuts and candy were served. The party broke any previous record financially by netting the A. A. $18.20 clear of expenses. A great deal of credit is extended to the committee for this success: Chairman, Rena Adams, Doris McEwen, Norma Sprague, and President Marion Hayes.

BARTER



The Bangor Maine School of Commerce has not published a Year Book since 1932, and due to this fact it is impossible to include here the material which is usually placed under the exchange department.

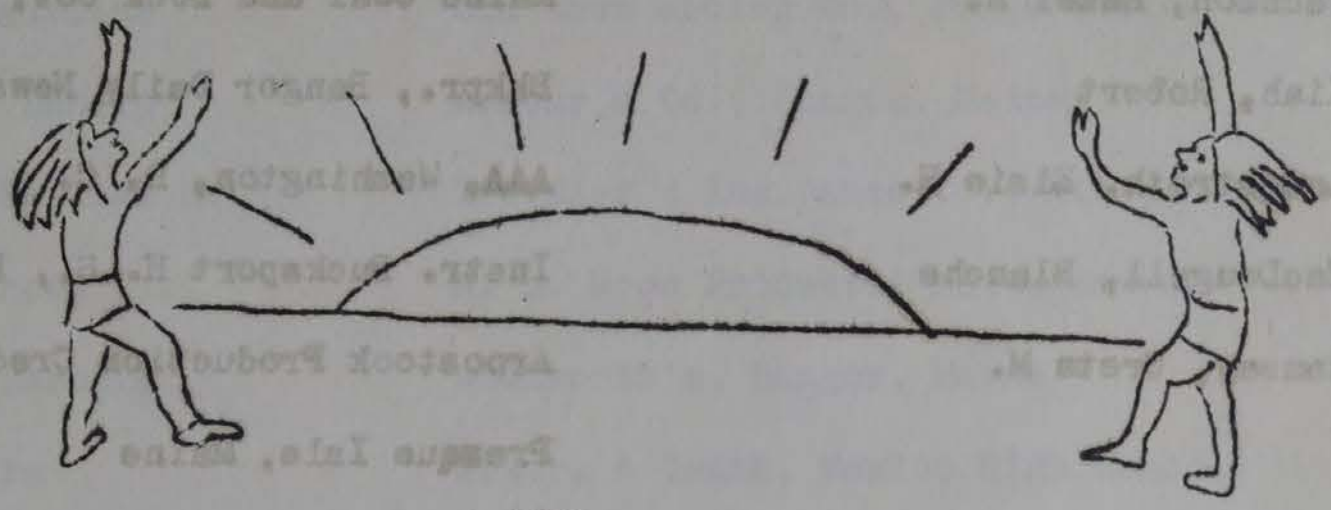
Because of the early publication of this book, we are unable to name our complete list of exchanges. Up to this date we have received the following answers of exchanges: Brewer High, Brewer, Maine; Rangely High School, Rangely, Maine; Stearns High School, Millinocket, Maine; Presque Isle High School, Presque Isle, Maine; Bucksport High School, Bucksport, Maine.

We hope to receive favorable answers from many of the other schools throughout the state, and feel confident that the next publication of THE CHIEFTAIN will contain a large list of friends, and comments on other school papers.

We are pleased to exchange with the above schools and would be glad to add new names to our list after our paper has been published.

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ON THE TRAIL



1931

Banks, George P.	Mgr. Service Station, Bangor, Maine
Billings, Emmons	Adams Furnishing Goods Co., Bangor
Burrill, Dean	Chas. H. Cox Co., St. Albans, Vt.
Crozier, Margaret	Bangor Optical Co., Bangor, Maine
Churchill, Winifred	Tax Collector's Office, Brewer, Maine
Davis, Evangeline	Instr. Comm'l Subjects, Jonesport H. S.
Farnum, Dorothy	Personal Finance Company, Bangor, Maine
Foss, Kern	Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company, Bangor, Maine
Gustin, Dorothy	Instr. Comm'l Subjects, Hampden Academy
Jules, Mary	Instr. Jr. High School, Belgrade, Maine
Lovley, Amber S.	Office, B. F. Keith, Bangor, Maine
McEwen, Russell	Deutchbein Company, Millinocket, Maine
Perkins, Beulah	Sec'y, Dr. Hedin, State Hospital, Bangor
Smith, Blake D.	Portland Construction Company, Portland
Verrow, Clotilda M.	Bangor Gas Light Co., Bangor, Maine

1932

Farnum, Madeline E.	Utilities Distributors, Bangor
Hopkins, Edwin	Employed by Border Express, Bangor
Jackson, Hazel N.	Maine Coal and Dock Co., Bangor
Kiah, Robert	Bkkpr., Bangor Daily News, Bangor
Langstroth, Elsie H.	AAA, Washington, D. C.
MacDougall, Blanche	Instr. Bucksport H. S., Bucksport
Ramsay, Greta M.	Aroostook Production Credit Assn. Presque Isle, Maine
Smith, Robert	Pan-American Gas Co., Bangor
Tippin, Margaret	Utilities Distributors Co., Bangor
Trites, Phyllis	Office, Newbery Co., Caribou
York, Donald E.	Office, Advance Bag & Paper Co. Howland, Maine
Weeks, Myrtle E.	General Motors Acceptance Corp. Newark, N. J.

1933

Collamore, Edwin	A. & P. Tea Co., Pittsfield, Maine
Flanders, Richard	Lincoln Trust Co., Lincoln, Maine
Garland, Prescott	Office, Sears Roebuck Co., Bangor
Grosvenor, Catherine	Post Office, Brownville Jct., Bangor
Howe, Minnie	Office, G. H. Winter & Sons, Kingfield, Maine
Tules, Mary	Instr. Junior High School, Belgrade

1933

Kelley, Mary	Keene's Ice Cream Co., Bangor, Maine
Mackenzie, Marion	Rust Craft Publishers Inc., Boston, Mass.
Merrow, Madeline	Old Town Woolen Co., Sangerville, Maine
Megquier, Donald	Armour & Co., Bangor, Maine
Mowatt, William H.	Traveler's Insurance Co., Milo, Maine
Ross, Frances	N. E. Wood Products, Mattawamkeag
Spencer, Barbara	Woolworth's, Bangor, Maine
Swan, Clara	Instr. & Coach, Mexico High School Mexico, Maine

1934

Bartlett, Annie	Federal Housing Adm. Stonington
Farrer, Marion	Regional Agriculture, Co. Presque Isle.
Foster, Frank F.	Swift & Co., Lewiston, Maine
Hanson, Natalie	Instr. Comm'l Subjects, Crosby High School, Belfast, Maine
MacKenzie, Bernard	Instr. Comm'l Subjects, Merrill High School, Smyrna Mills, Maine
Moore, Helen	Instr. Cony High School, Augusta, Maine
Moore, Esther	Instr. Southwest Harbor High School Southwest Harbor, Maine
Patterson, Ralph	D. D. Terrill Saw Co., Bangor, Maine
Richards, Eugenia	U. of M. Office, Orono, Maine
Smith, Letitia	Ladd Lumber Co., Brownville, Maine
Wood, Colby N.	Instr. Ellsworth High School, Ellsworth, Maine

WHO'S WHO

Best Boy Athlete . . . . . Bernard Jenkins

Best Girl Athlete. . . . . Maxine Harris

Best Looking Boy . . . . . Robert McEachern

Best Looking Girl . . . . . Evelyn Small

Best Dressed Boy . . . . . Leo Paradis

Best Dressed Girl. . . . . Almeda Sawyer

Wittiest Boy . . . . . Gordon Shea

Wittiest Girl. . . . . Ada Towle

Best Boy Dancer. . . . . Earl Jowdry

Best Girl Dancer . . . . . Lillian Harper

Woman Hater. . . . . William Brown

Man Hater. . . . . Rena Adams

Girl's Choice For Brother. . . . . Earl Jowdry

Boy's Choice For Sister. . . . . Marion Hayes

School's Blushing Boy. . . . . Freddie Heanssler

School's Blushing Girl . . . . . Mary Shaw

School's Boy Flirt . . . . . Clarence Burnett

School's Girl Flirt. . . . . Polly Gordon

Gossip on basketball trip.

R. Given: "Grover, do you remember that girl over to Mexico?"

V. Grover: "No, which one?"

R. Given: "Well you know, the one that was broad-shouldered through the hips."

Clemons: "I had a dream about the handsomest man in the world."

Sherrard: "And what was I doing?"

C. Moore: "Louder's growing a moustache on the installment plan."

M. Eastman: "How's that?"

C. Moore: "A little down per week."

Husson: "If you multiply 16 by 11, divide by 3, add 117 and subtract 4, what's the difference?"

Cormier: "Yeah, I think it's a lot of foolishness, too!"

Athletic Goods Clerk: "And what kind of a whistle do you want?"

G. Tapley: "A referee's, I'm going out with a football player tonight."

*****

Women can keep a secret just as well as men--only it takes more of them to do it.

"What did the mother cannibal say to her husband after he had eaten her favorite child?"

"Was that the human thing to chew?"

*****

M. Bartlett: "A chicken, please."

Grocer: "Do you want a pullet?"

M. Bartlett: "Don't be silly, my good man, I want to carry it."

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Mr. Covell wearing a mustache?

The "Chief" passing out gum?

Mr. Linscott in a light suit?

Mrs. Covell getting personal?

Franklin Beal in short pants?

Ina Mayo and Teeny Pearson doing a toe dance?

Olive Clark walking home alone to dinner?

The Norris twins talking above a whisper?

Martha Buzzell as a chorus girl?

Irving Bangs not talking business?

Eddie Campbell getting fined?

Hope Williams letting Mr. Covell explain something?

Dorothy Jones without Temple Smith?

Marian Hughes without her make-up?

Bertha McAvoy not being able to talk?

Dorothy Greenlaw as tall as M. McAfee?

Hilda Bailey in a hurry?

William Wallace without his bookkeeping?

Eugene Winchenback out with a girl?

H. Snow carrying on a conversation?

Ashland without G. Coffin?

M. Spinney and S. Chapman not in a hurry?

*****

G. Coffin: I know every girl at this dance.

R. White: Not one of them has spoken to you.

G. Coffin: Isn't that proof enough?

42nd Street

Flirtation Walk

Once in a Blue Moon

Lovable:

I've got an invitation to a dance on the good ship lollypop. Believe it, beloved, love is just around the corner, so let's take a walk around the block. Stars fell on Alabama but don't let it bother you. It's June in January and I'm out in the cold again. The object of my affection is the continental. I think of you with every breath I take, so stay as sweet as you are. Give me a heart to sing to'cause I'm lost in a fog and I only have eyes for you. What a difference a day made walking in the winter wonderland. Now I'm in love.

Good-night lovely little lady.

I love you truly,

The Man on the Flying Trapeze

P. S. I love you.

IDEAL GIRL

M. Hayes'	hair
A. Monaghan's	complexion
M. Jenkins'	teeth
J. Beale's	figure
O. Higgins'	eyes
N. Sprague's	personality
M. Whelpley's	athletic ability

IDEAL BOY

L. Paradis'	hair
F. Beal's	complexion
E. Jowdry's	dimples
C. Burnett's	eyes
H. Harding's	teeth
R. McEachern's	figure
A. Ford's	personality
I. Suomi's	athletic ability

C. Maynard: "I hear you're having some trouble with lumbago."

E. Sherrard: "No, that isn't her name."

W. Brown: "There must be some mistake in my exam marking--I don't think I deserve a flat zero."

Miss Collins: "Neither do I, but it's the lowest mark I'm allowed to give."

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF

I. Trafton came to school on time?

P. Wiley and E. Sherrard forgot to giggle?

A. Ford couldn't argue?

S. Stromback couldn't strut?

J. Louder wasn't surrounded by girls?

M. Taylor couldn't sing?

J. Regis couldn't laugh?

M. Harris couldn't drink tea?

Lowell and Way were separated?

V. Hamilton came to school for a week?

E. Smith wasn't surrounded by boys?

WANTED

Ever sharp pencils by shorthand classes.

Quiet during penmanship class.

Henry King by Marjorie Spinney.

Good Speakers by Mr. Linscott.

Easier Law Tests by students.

Some safe chairs for typewriting.

Mr. Linscott was discussing baby bonds in Economics.

Burnett: (half asleep) "What did you say? Baby blonds or baby bonds?"

Mr. Husson to Regis: "Well, Jimmy, if I had a laugh like that I'd divide it by two and throw away the remainder."

MOVIES

"The Woman In Red". . . . . Mary Shaw

"Flirtation Walk" . . . . . Columbia Street

"Sweet Adeline" . . . . . Alice Guptill

"Bright Eyes" . . . . . Olive Higgins

"Stand Up & Cheer". . . . . .Hilda Morrison

"Gift Of Gab" . . . . . Margaret Whelpley

"Man About Town". . . . . Leo Paradis

"Behold My Wife". . . . . Stan Stromback

"Sweet Music" . . . . . King & Jenkins

"After Office Hours". . . . . Morsie & Bragg

"Living On Velvet" . . . . . Vic Hamilton

"The Painted Veil" . . . . . E. Dickens

"College Rhythm" . . . . . M. S. C. Hops

"Gold Diggers Of 1935" . . . . . Goody and Clemons

"Women Must Dress" . . . . . Dorothy Jones

"The Best Woman Wins". . . . . Eleanor Smith

"Mystery Woman". . . . . Ruth Good

"The Whole Town's Talking" . . . . . Elizabeth Higgins

"Shadow Of Doubt". . . . . Carl Moore

"Life Begins At 40". . . . . C. H. Husson

"Eight Bells". . . . . Mr. Covell

"We Live Again". . . . . Students after June

"Lady By Choice" . . . . . Eleanor Bissell

"Forsaking All Others . . . . . C. Burnett

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" . . . . . Ada Towle

"Little Women" . . . . . Annette Cutting

A. Towle: "What's Marjorie Spinney got that the rest of us girls haven't?"

J. Louder: "Henry King."

E. Clemons: "Well, Goody, I see you have a new dress."

R. Good: "No, I have a new roommate."

E. Ellis: "What's the matter with Beal's thumb?"

D. Jamieson: "He strained it hitch-hiking to Hampden."

B. Higgins: (Very haughty, entering food market) "My man, three two-pound lobsters, if you please."

H. King: (fish man) "Yes, Ma'am, shall I wrap them up?"

B. Higgins: "I think you'd better, my man. I don't believe they know me well enough to follow me home."

G. Dubey: "Are you the kind of a girl who walks home from auto rides?"

M. Leighton: "No, I'm the kind who rides home from a walk."

Fitzpatrick: (after basketball game) "Do you serve crabs here?"

Waitress: "We serve anyone, sit down."

A. Ford: "Will you give me a nickel for a good joke?"

H. Bailey: "What do you think I am, a jurk dealer?"

A COMMUTER SPEAKS

When you are cold and tired of life
And yearning to go afar,
Just leave the turmoil and the strife
For a ride on the trolley-car.

It may be dreary all around,
It may be very cold,
But riding on the cars, I've found,
There's heat for young and odd.

It may not be where you like it,
This heat with the comforting glow,
But you'll get an idea, as down you sit,
Of the climate in the region below.

And let me tell you this, my dears,--
When you begin to sizzle,
There is a way to quell your fears,
Nor will it be a fizzle.

I know so well, why shouldn't I?
I've seen it demonstrated--
Arise and wave your coat-tails high! ! !
Why have you hesitated?

And so to you who are cold in life
I say to near and far,
"Just leave the turmoil and the strife
For a ride on the trolley-car."

Madeleine Eastman

M. S. C. ALPHABET

M is for the Many who study hard each day
A is for All who'd rather work than play
I is for our Intellect displayed along the way
N is for the Nitwits so careless and so gay
E is for the Energy we sometimes do display

S is for our school, beloved by us all
C is for our Chief, so slender and so tall
H is for the Headaches our studies forth do call
O is for the Opportunities about us as they fall
O is for the Orders that oft-times do us appall
L is for our Linscott who could sing in any hall.

C is for our Collins, Covell and Covell
O is for the Order whene'er we hear the bell
M is for our Mildred tending out on us so well
M is for the Money they from us do compel
E is for two English "profs" one by name Burrill
R is for our Reason where to find oft hard to tell
C is for the Courage that it takes still here to dwell
E is for the Excellence M. S. C. does surely spell

Madeleine Eastman

S Q U A W C H A T T E R

Eleanor Bissell

This is my first attempt at being a columnist--what a word--and so with that in view please accept it from whence it comes. We learn that none other than C. H. Hucson recently celebrated his 52nd birthday--well-preserved youth is right....Earl Sherrard likes book-keeping like some people like bats. Just the other day your correspondent saw him pacing up and down the main room madly tearing his hair--it's so pretty, too,--muttering, "I'm going to commit suicide, I am, I am, Iam".....Wouldn't that be awful, tho! I'd advise that all windows be carefully locked because after all it would be rather a sad way to end school.....Some people believe that possession and ownership are the same.....Paging Ruth Good.....Dick Kelly always talks to the girls--it's his most ardent hobby.--There is one girl in particular--Lena Tapley. But we can't say his taste isn't good in that direction.....Dot Jones meanders into M. S. C. and captures the most elegible bachelor of the current season--Temple Smith--or was he captured four years ago?.....J. M. McEachern always wearing that studious look. The funny part is that she really is studious. .....Arlyn Condon flying the pale blue of Maine--Lucky C. T..... .....Betty Bragg and F. Morse still calling it love--Maybe it is--who am I to doubt it?.....A Sawyer and C. Maynard talking during classes--rather C. Maynard doing all the talking, but when it comes to getting fined, A. Sawyer takes the beating. Some things are just darn right mean.....What I think--Mr. Covell would like to live with the Eskimos---I'm not alone in my opinion either.....I am wondering

why Winchenback is called Wiggie--maybe there is a woman behind it. Hi, Hilda.....just how seriously Eddie Campbell takes M. Tupper.... what spell P. Osgood has over H. Randall, his mind is wandering-but don't worry H. R., summer is coming.....Flash--flash--flash--Stromback spends most of his spare time writing seventeen (did you hear) seventeen-page letters. Well, I don't think the time is wasted, because after all, Patten Academy is quite a ways away..... And now a few orchids and otherwise: Roses to Mrs. Covell's most pleasing personality.....Josephine Burrill and her devoted efforts for the year book. Credit is certainly deserving here. An extra large bunch of orchids, please.....Juanita Beal's lovely smile..... Barbara Beatty's throaty "Hi,"....The Toole Twins' humor....Eleanor Smith's ability to take it, you just have to, don't you?.....Olive Higgins's great big brown eyes.....Norma Sprague's delightfulness.. ....And now until another yearbook your correspondent bids you.....

—Adieu--



OUR BOOK REVIEW

Sweet Music. . . . . .Bell declaring noon recess

Babes in Toyland . . . . . Spinney and King

The Working Girl . . . . . Mildred Tupper

One Hour Late. . . . . Vic Hamilton

The Iron Duke. . . . . Fordie

She Loves Me Not . . . . . Leona Le Page

Desirable. . . . . A. Monaghan

Kiss and Make Up . . . . . Sherrard and Clemons

Peck's Bad Boy . . . . . Jimmy Louder

You Belong To Me . . . . . Eleanor Smith

The Good Fairy . . . . . Barb Beatty

Bachelor of Arts . . . . . Carroll Maynard

Red Head . . . . . Rena Adams

There's Always Tomorrow. . . . . Leo Paradis

Spitfire . . . . . Dorothy Sirles

Employees' Entrance. . . . . M. S. C. Building

The Keeper of the Bees . . . . . C. H. Husson

The Thundering Herd. . . . . Students

The Lively Lady. . . . . H. Morrison

Leave It To Me . . . . . Doris McEwen

Dangerous Days . . . . . Exam Days

Marjorie in Command. . . . . Mrs. Covell

Romeo and Juliet . . . . . .G. Tapley and C. Burnett

Evangeline . . . . . Alice Guptill

THINGS WE'LL NEVER FORGET

Goody and I love You Truly

Covell and his yearning for air

Regis' laugh

Bragg's and Dickie's Conferences

Mr. Linscott and his John Dewey

Jean McEachern's conscientiousness

Ruthann Given and her Maine Complex

Jamieson and his tall stories

Our daily fines

Husson's faculty for bumming candy

The tuneless singing at noon time

A. Sawyer's hysterics

Mae West at Fraternity Initiation

Vic Hamilton's vacant seat

Rich Kelly's suspenders

A. Monaghan's sweetness

The bacon and egg sandwiches on basketball trips

Trafton dashing after "Ford" for the sake of a kiss

Inez Gary and her eternal gum-chewing

The Crack that could be heard around the world--Helen

W. falling on Court Street

Dot Brager's giggle

Pauline Wiley's figure

M. Jenkins' 25¢ words, or is it 75¢

The Sea Sickness acquired from the School Car

OUR SONG SHEET

I Just Couldn't Take It Baby. . Burnett, McEachern, Jamieson

Goodnight Lovely Little Lady. . . . . Evelyn Small

Love In Bloom . . . . . M. Jenkins, Moore

That Little Boy of Mine . . . . . A. Cutting

Tiger Rag . . . . . Tiger Hughes

Blame It On My Youth . . . . . .Whimpy Whelpley

Congratulate Me . . . . . The Graduates

Don't Let It Bother You . . . . . Returned Pads

I Saw Stars . . . . . Regis

Let's Call It All A Dream . . . . . School Days

Lost In A Fog . . . . . Psychology

There's A Cabin in The Pines . . . . . Morsie's Camp

You Nasty Man . . . . . Huss

True Blue Bill. . . . . O. Higgins

I Believe In Miracles . . . . . Girls' B. B. Team

Once Upon A Time. . . . . Earl Sherrard

Hands Across The Table . . . . . T. Smith-Dot Jones

Be Careful Young Lady . . . . . Eleanor Dickens

The Isle of Capri . . . . . A. Towle

In My Solitude. . . . . Mary Shaw

It's Dark On Observatory Hill . . . . . Arlyn Condon

Lovely To Look At . . . . . Olive Clark

I Won't Dance . . . . . W. Bailey

Where There's Smoke There's Fire. . . . . .Marian Hughes

Winter Wonderland . . . . . 3-Days Vacation on
Account of the Storm

20 YEARS FROM NOW

Barnett will be taking Rudy Vallee's place.

Stromback will be graduating from M. S. C.

R. McEachern will be manager of Beal's office in Jonesport.

F. Wiley will be Mae West's successor.

M. Welch will be a Hindu fortune teller.

Iona Trafton will be training whistlers.

J. Regis and K. Price will be running the Roma.

M. Carter will be running a school--"How to keep that sunny disposition."

Sally Chapman will be M. S. C's Secretary.

V. Grover and L. Dorr will be running an exclusive sliding camp for woodsmen only.

H. Wong will be editor of some great magazine.

Bernie Jenkins will be hunting for a new girl to take out.

E. Bissell will be a great stage star.

R. Adams and Mr. Linscott will have joint partnership.

D. McEwen will be watching all the little "Halls" at Ricker.

M. Shaw will still be shaking the dust from Winterport to Bangor.

L. Stinson will be a teacher at M. S. C. and still going home to Stonington via "Express."

Polly Osgood will be Matron at the K. D.

Alice Guptill will be a Beauty Expert in Jonesport.

Cliff Jackson will be happily married to "You Know."

Woody Bailey will be the Ad Manager for Lincoln.

Norma Sprague will be the Queen of the Ivories at M. S. C.

Randall: (stopped for speeding) "But officer, I'm Harland Randall."

Officer: (haughtily) "Ignorance doesn't excuse anybody."

*****

And did you hear about the three Scotch Basketball players who handed in their basketball suits because they couldn't shoot all the free throws?

*****

Lowell: "Oh, I just hit my crazy bone!"

Gould: "Gee, you must hurt all over."

Traffic Cop: "Don't you know you can't turn around in the middle of the block?

P. Wiley: "Oh, I think I can make it. Thank you so much."

M. Butts: "Did I understand you to say that the parrot I sold you used improper language?"

Miss Collins: "Unbearable, why yesterday I heard him split an infinitive!"

"She was only a printer's daughter, but he liked her type."

Mrs. Covell: "I take great pleasure in giving you 90 in shorthand."

Stromback: "Oh, make it a 100, Mrs. Covell, and enjoy yourself."

She: "Will you go to the dance with me?"

K. Price: "No--but I admire your good taste."

INDIAN ALPHABET

A is for Adams with hair of red

B is for Burrill who soon will wed

C is for Clemons a second-year girl

D is for Downes always in a whirl

E is for Ellis so full of fun

F is for Ford the Doctor's son

G is for Grover a dark haired damsel

H is for Husson our principal

I is for Iona who comes in and out

J is for James always running about

K is for King who plays the piano

L is for Linscott our celebrated basso

M is for Morrison always with a smile

N is for the Norrises who sit in the aisle

O is for Olive, Doris's pal

P is for Pearson everyone's gal

Q is for all the Queer persons we know

R is for Regis who talks in a loud tone

S is for Sally E. C.

T is for Tupper, secretary of M. S. C.

U is for unity wanted by all

V is for Victoria, "Vic" we all call

W is for Whelpley who hates all lads

X is for sign found on 'Rithmetic pads

Y is for you, and you, and you

Z is for everyone in our zoo

Doubles for Famous Personalities at M. S. C.

Greta . . . . . I. Trafton

Dolly Dimples . . . . . .M. Hayes

Cary Grant . . . . . C. Burnett

Anna Mae Wong . . . . . H. Wong

Bob Montgomery . . . . . R. McEachern

Baby Le Roy . . . . . J. Regis

*****

Mr. Linscott: "When a woman is bad she becomes worse than any man living, isn't that right, Doris?

D. McEwen: "I don't know, I've never been that bad."

B. Beatty was driving along a country road when she noticed a couple of repair men climbing telephone poles.

"Fools!" she exclaimed to Ellen, "they must think I never drove a car before."

C. Burnett: (pridefully) "And that son, is how I won the Alumni game."

Son: (wide-eyed) "But what did they need the rest of the men on the floor for, Daddy?"

G. Mott: "Last night Leo told me I looked sweet enough to eat."

L. Could: "Yes, Leo is fond of plain food."

CLASS WILL

As we, the Class of 1935, go forth into this wide and spacious world to seek our fortunes, or what have you, we cannot help but experience grief and sorrow on departure. We feel we must dispose of some of our most precious possessions, so in all solemnity we hereby bequeath the following:

J. McEachern's sincerity . . . . . Norma Sprague

R. Good's loquaciousness . . . . . F. Cox

J. Louder's popularity . . . . . A. Ford

E. Clemons' baby talk . . . . . H. Wong

S. Stromback's eight-year plan . . . . . C. Maynard

E. Toole's personality . . . . . D. McEwen

A. Condon's sunny disposition. . . . . L. Stinson

M. Whelpley's ranks . . . . . M. Shaw

P. Noyes' originality. . . . . M. Jenkins

L. Paradis' dancing ability. . . . . J. Fahey

C. Moore's height. . . . . D. Jamieson

M. Carter's smile. . . . . H. Morrison

M. Woodworth's "true-blueness" . . . . . That's a tough one

M. Welch's jocky hat . . . . . We all want it

F. Beal's feet . . . . . C. Cormier

J. Mott's baby face . . . . . P. Gordon

B. Bragg's dismissal slips . . . . . F. Lynch

G. Shea's caveman tactics . . . . . C. Jackson

D. Jamieson's bashfulness . . . . . R. Given

L. LePage's frankness. . . . . D. McEwen

R. McEachern's dimples . . . . . To the girl friend

E. Jowdry's fatherly manner. . . . . W. Bailey

A. Sawyer's hysterics . . . . . A. Guptill

J. Beale's dates . . . . . .H. Curran

KARUM-SCARUMS

Class vamp . . . . . M. Bartlett

Class skeleton . . . . . C. Moore

Class orator . . . . . M. Jenkins

Class runts . . . . . M. Lowell, D. Brager

Class giantesses . . . . . I. Mayo, E. Pearson

Class re-vamp. . . . . J. Louder

Class noise . . . . . J. Regis

Class cut-up . . . . . E. Sherrard

Class strawberry blonde. . . . . M. Hayes

Joke Editor: "Mr. Linscott, do you know any new jokes?"

Mr. Linscott: "Yes, these History of Education papers."

Inez Merrill was talking about her boy friend during lunch hour--------

"Yes, he came down to the house and I gave him a lunch. That was the first real meal he had eaten in three days."

P. Gordon (who was only half listening, innocently asked, "Who was it, a tramp, Inez?"

R. Adams: "Look those one in that room."

M. Woodworth:"Your English am terrible, Rena."

The Hi-Li

PROGRAM

PRO PATRIA: — Conducted by AMERICAN LEGION
(a) Processional — Henry King, Marshal.
(b) Salute to Flag — Class of 1935
(c) Star Spangled Banner — Audience

INVOCATION: — Rev. Ashley A. Smith

RESPONSE: "Hark, Hark My Soul" — A. W. Lansing
Acadian Sextette

SALUTATORY: — "Je vous Salue"
Leona LePage

ESSAY: — "Commerce and Culture"
Marian Carter, A. B.

SONGS from "FLORA'S HOLIDAY" — Wilson
Mr. and Mrs. Linscott

ESSAY: — "Consumer's Education"
Earle Jowdry

LA DONNA E MOBILE — Verdi
George Renwick

ESSAY: — "Socio-Business Training"
Margaret Whelpley

REQUEST MUSIC: — Acadian Sextette

VALEDICTORY — "Rainbows"
Marietta Welch

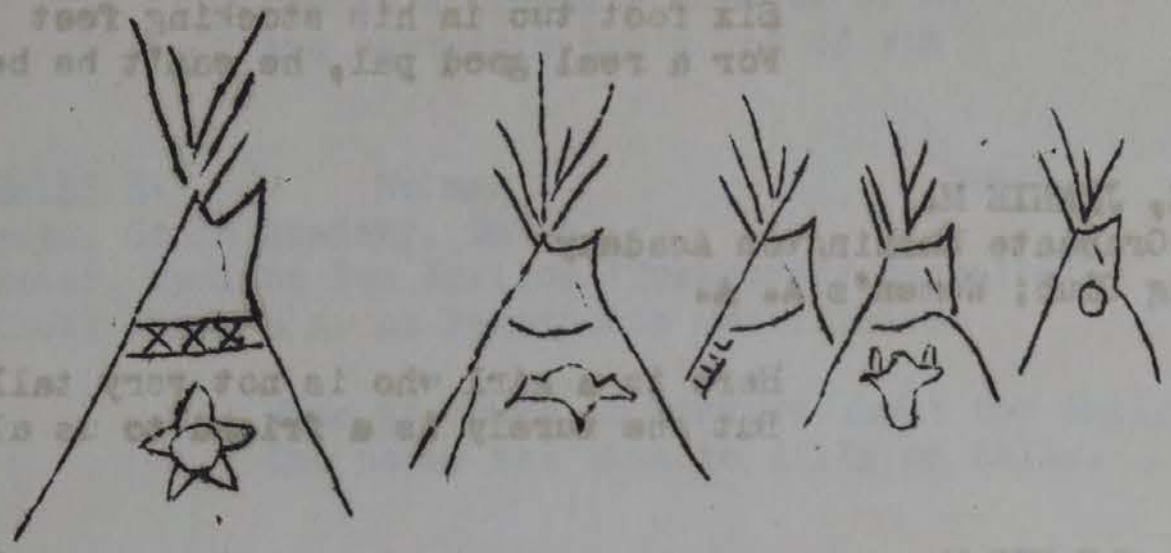
CONFERRING DIPLOMAS: — Address
Principal C. H. Husson

BENEDICTION — Rev. Ashley A. Smith

RECEPTION: — Class 1935

Mrs. C. H. Husson, Hostess
Mrs. W. L. Linscott, Hostess

TEEPEE TALK



ANDERSON, FLORENCE M. Jr. Secretarial Course "Flossie"
Graduate of Houlton High School
Hiking Club, Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Penmanship Certificate, Women's A. A.

Flossie is usually quiet
And sometimes rather meek
But if she keeps on her way
Happiness waits for her each day.

BAILEY, HILDA Stenographic "Billy"
Graduate of Bangor High School
Hiking Club; Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Women's A. A. 2 Penmanship Certificates.

Hilda has everyone beat by miles
In typing, dancing and her smiles.

BANGS, IRVING M. Business Administration "Bangs"
Graduate Machias High School
President, Mu Sigma Chi; Orchestra

Here's to the President of Mu Sigma Chi
To M. S. C. he's a regular guy.

BARTLETT, MARY Two-year Normal "Mae"
Graduate of Stonington High School
Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Dramatic Club; Hiking Club; Women's A. A. Penmanship Certificate.

Snapping black eyes, coal black hair,
Ask her anything, she's knowledge to spare!

BEAL, FRANKLIN — Business Administration — "Bealie"
Graduate Ellsworth High School
Mu Sigma Chi; Basketball 2; Baseball; Men's A. A.

Six foot two in his stocking feet
For a real good pal, he can't be beat.

BEALE, JENNIE M. — Normal
Graduate Washington Academy
Hiking Club; Women's A. A.

Here is a girl who is not very tall
But she surely is a friend to us all.

BEAN, ELEANOR M. — Stenographic
Graduate Sullivan High School
Charter Member, Epsilon Tau Epsilon

Eleanor is a happy girl
In sunshine or in rain
She speaks to everyone she meets
And will always be the same!

BEATTY, BARBARA R. — Jr. Secretarial — "Barb"
Graduate, Brewer High School
Basketball; Women's A. A.

Barbara comes to us from Brewer
She is a true pal we are sure
In basketball a forward was she
And did her duty for M. S. C.

BRAGER, DOROTHEA H. — Stenographic
Graduate of Foxcroft Academy

Just a quiet girl who doesn't like the boys
Although her cheerful smile brings us many joys

BUZZELL, MARTHA K. — Jr. Secretarial — "Buzzie"
Graduate, Guilford High School
Epsilon Tau Epsilon; Women's A. A; Hiking Club.

This girl is sure full of pep
She'll come out on top, we bet.

CARTER, MARIAN A. Normal "Mac"
Graduate, Bangor High School, University of Maine
Dramatic Club; Epsilon Tau Epsilon; Women's A. A; Hiking Club;
Chairman of Executive Committee for Graduation.

She is a graduate from U. of M.
And certainly has a lot of vim

CHAPMAN, SALLY E. Normal "Sal"
Graduate, Gould Academy, Bethel.
Charter member, Epsilon Tau Epsilon (Treasurer) Basketball;
Dramatic Club; Women's A. A; Penmanship Certificate.

When it comes to work we shout for Sally
She never has time to dilly or dally.

CLARK, HARRIET V. Jr. Secretarial
Graduate, Sangerville High School

Harriet is a hard name to rhyme
But we will get it if we take time.
A beautiful penman is she
And is liked by all at M. S. C.

CLEMONS, ELEANOR Normal "Clemons"
Graduate, Lee Academy
Epsilon Tau Epsilon, President; Dramatic Club; Basketball, 2;
Penmanship certificate; Chairman of Entertainment Committee.

Eleanor has that schoolgirl complexion
Earl's always gazing in her direction.

CUTTING, S. ANNETTE Stenographic "Nettie"
Graduate Morse High School
Women's A. A; Hiking Club.

Giggles here, giggles there
Giggles always, everywhere.

DORR, LILLIAN C. Jr. Secretarial
Graduate, Brewer High School
Epsilon Tau Epsilon; Women's A. A; Hiking Club; Basketball.

Lillian is very shy
But we think she'll outgrow that
by and by.

BONES, GLENICE — Jr. Secretarial — "Glen"
Graduate, Corinna High School
Women's A. A; Hiking Club

Glenice comes from Corinna
Lucky is the man who wins her.

EASTMAN, MADELEINE G. — Jr. Secretarial — "Emmy"
Graduate, Old Town High School; University of Maine

We wish you success, wherever you go,
We're with you, Madeleine, that you must know.

ELLIS, GILBERT — Business Administration — "Gibbie"
Graduate, Orono High School

Gibbie is a quiet guy
But we shall miss him by and by.

FITZPATRICK, DELBERT — Salesmanship — "Fitzie"
Graduate, Lee Academy
Mu Sigma Chi; Football; Baseball; Basketball; Men's A. A.

Happy-go-lucky, always on top
Yes, Fitzie's the boy, we like him a lot.

GARDNER, FRANCES M. — Normal — "Peggy"
Graduate, Washington Academy
Dramatic Club; Hiking Club; Women's A. A.

Frances is rather shy
And very often we wonder why
We're very sure she has a beau
But it seems to me he's rather slow!

GOOD, RUTH E. — Normal — "Goodie"
Graduate Ricker Classical Institute
Marshal, Epsilon Tau Epsilon; Hiking, Dramatics; Women's A. A.
Entertainment Committee.

Ruthie is often late to school,
But still she keeps "The Golden Rule."

GORDON, PAULINE E. — Jr. Secretarial — "Polly"
Graduate, Bangor High School
Women's A. A; Hiking Club.

Polly is as cute as a dolly
She thinks all boys (except ?) are folly.

GOULD, LEWIS F. Normal "Loui"
Graduate, Newport High School
Mu Sigma Chi, Dramatic Club; McIntosh Certificate

A married man's life--
Early to bed, early to rise
Makes Loui
Healthy, wealthy and wise.

GROVER, VIRGINIA A. Jr. Secretarial "Jinny"
Graduate, Brewer High School
Epsilon Tau Epsilon; Basketball; Hiking Club; Women's A. A.

Virginia has many pen pals which keeps
her writing most of the time. We wonder
if she ever writes to a certain Mr. X?

HANSCOM, ELAINE Jr. Secretarial
Graduate, Milo High School
Charter Member, Epsilon Tau Epsilon; Hiking Club; Women's A. A.

Elaine is full of fun and joys
We wonder if she likes the boys.

HARRIS, MAXINE Jr. Secretarial "Mac"
Graduate, Milo High School
Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Charter member; Basketball; Women's A. A.

In basketball she can't be beat
When the whistle blows she is on her feet.

HAYES, MARION F. Normal "Marny"
Graduate Presque Isle High School
Charter Member, Epsilon Tau Epsilon; Secretary (1) Treasurer (1)
Basketball; Hiking Club (Capt. '34); President of Women's A. A;
Dramatic Club; Entertainment Committee.

Marion so faithful, good and true
We know the future has something nice for you.

HIGGINS, ELIZABETH P. Stenographic "Betty"
Graduate, Winterport High School
Women's A. A; Hiking Club

As cheerful a lass as we've ever met
She chose for her pal a girl named Annette.

HITCHINGS, EVERETT L. Normal "Evvie"
Graduate, Calais Academy
Mu Sigma Chi; Men's A. A. (Secretary, 1); Basketball; Football (Capt.)
Penmanship Certificate; Dramatic Club.

Who's that coming down the street?
Gee, oh gosh, but ain't he sweet!
Everybody stops, looks and listens
Yes, sir-ee! It's Evvie Hitchings.

HOWELL, MARGERY A. Jr. Secretarial "Margie"
Graduate, Sangerville High School
Hiking Club; Women's A. A; Penmanship Certificates, 2.

Margery likes to dance
We hope she always gets a chance.

HUGHES, RICHARD F. Business Administration "Tiger"
Graduate, Brownville Junction High School "Puggy"
Mu Sigma Chi; Football; Baseball; Men's A. A.

Richard has a weakness
To guess is not a task
Because he goes to all the dances
And stays until the last.

HUTCHINSON, VIRGINIA F. Stenographic "Jean"
Graduate, Brownville Jct. High School
Epsilon Tau Epsilon; Penmanship Certificate

Always out for any fun
Always has a smile
For her we can be sure
Life will be worth while.

NOWDRY, EARLE E. Normal "Jeff"
Graduate, Brownville High School
Mu Sigma Chi; Football; Basketball; Baseball; Men's A. A; Sports Editor; Asst. Joke Editor; President of Class of 1935.

At basketball he is a whiz
At "Lit" he is a STAR
And when it comes to teaching
He's really up to par!

LEIGHTON, MARGARET L. Jr. Secretarial
Graduate, Sangerville High School

She has a laugh, she has a smile;
She makes you happy all the while.

LEIGHTON, MARGUERITE C. Jr. Secretarial
Graduate, Bangor High School
Women's A. A; Hiking Club

Mite is a red-haired lass
A general favorite of her class.

LEPAGE, LEONA Normal "Jackie"
Graduate, Sacred Heart Convent, Van Buren
Charter Member, Epsilon Tau Epsilon; Women's A. A; Penmanship; Vice-President, Dramatics; Secretary and Treasurer of Graduating Class; Hiking Club.

Jackie is a quiet lass
In books she does excel,
An honor student in her class
Because she does things well.

LITTLEFIELD, NEWELL F. Business Administration
Graduate, Bangor High School
Secretary, Mu Sigma Chi.

Here's the fellow who will never shirk
We know he'll succeed in all his work.

LOWELL, MADALENE Normal
Graduate, Ellsworth High School
Hiking Club; Penmanship Certificates, 2; Dramatic Club; Women's A. A; Epsilon Tau Epsilon.

Good things are often done up in small packages--
And this is very true in Madalene's case.

LUNN, HAZEL E. Normal "Hazie"
Graduate, Calais Academy
Hiking Club; Dramatic Club; Epsilon Tau Epsilon.

"Hazie" is so pert
Sh-sh, and she's a flirt.

MALONEY, ENID L. Jr. Secretarial
Graduate, St. George H. S.
Epsilon Tau Epsilon; Penmanship Certificate; Women's A. A. Hiking Club.

Enid is a true-blue friend
And Howard is waiting for her at the end.

MAYO, INA A. Normal
Graduate, Brewer High School
Dramatic Club; Hiking Club; Epsilon Tau Epsilon; Women's A. A.

Ina is the talk of the town
There is no other anywhere around
As a teacher she will be tame
We hope this profession will bring her fame.

McAFEE, MILDRED E. Jr. Secretarial
Graduate, Brownville Junction High School.
Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Charter Member and Vice-President; Women's A. A.
McIntosh Certificate; Hiking Club.

Mildred is so tall and slender
She's M. S. C's musical wonder

McEACHERN, JEAN M. Business Adm.
Graduate, Presque Isle High School.
Epsilon Tau Epsilon; Hiking Club; Women's A. A.

Jean comes from Presque Isle
With a smile for everyone
I'm sure that we shall miss her
When M. S. C. days are done.

MEHANN, FRANCES W. Jr. Secretarial
Graduate, Oldtown High School

Mehann is smart and has ambition
She always works under any condition.

MERRILL, INEZ E. Jr. Secretarial "Inie"
Bay Haven, Sarasota, Florida
Women's A. A; Hiking Club

This jolly girl from Holden comes
And here has made many chums

MOTT, GERALDINE A. Jr. Secretarial "Jerry"
Graduate, Mattanawcook Academy

Geraldine boards up to the K. D.
She seems to be heading for "Paradis"

NORRIS, BARBARA W. Jr. Secretarial "Billy"
Graduate, Bangor High School
Women's A. A; Hiking Club.

Barbara corrects our shorthand papers
She does her work and cuts no capers.

NORRIS, BEULAH E. Jr. Secretarial "Betty"
Graduate, Bangor High School.
Women's A. A; Hiking Club; 2 Penmanship certificates.

Beulah is a quiet girl
She's been with us a year
She soon made friends a-plenty
We think she is a dear.

NOYES, PAULINE A. Normal "Polly"
Graduate, Lee Academy
Dramatic Club; Penmanship Certificate; Executive committee for Graduation; Women's A. A.

Polly, the girl with glasses
Loves to argue in Linscott's classes.

PAGE, LEONARD C. Normal "Pagie"
Graduate, Orono High School
Football; Baseball; Dramatic Club; Men's A. A; McIntosh Certificate.

"Pagie" the Dracula of '35
You bet he kept us all alive!

PEARSON, ERNESTINE E. Normal "Teenie"
Graduate, Brewer High School.
Hiking Club; Dramatic Club; Epsilon Tau Epsilon; Women's A. A; McIntosh Certificate; Penmanship Certificate.

Teenie is a peach of a pal
Ina is her steady
To laugh in Bookkeeping Methods' class
They always seem quite ready.

RANDALL, HARLAND Business Administration "Hermon"
Graduate, Hermon High School
Mu Sigma Chi; Baseball; Football; Basketball.

Randall is a sleepy boy
Polly is his pride and joy

RICHARDSON, ALTON L. Business Administration
Graduate, Hermon High School.

A crash and a bang, heard from afar
It's only Alton in his old Ford car.

ROSEBUSH, MADELYN G. Jr. Secretarial "Rosie"
Graduate, McAdam Junction High School
Penmanship Certificate.

Whatever comes up, Rosie is in it,
She's the best of sports, and ready
in a minute.

RUSSELL, LILLIAN M.
Graduate, Bar Harbor High School Jr. Secretarial
Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Women's A. A; Hiking Club.

She came to us from "Maine"
And has won for herself a good name.

SAWYER, ALMEDA
Graduate, Old Town High School. Jr. Secretarial

She has a smile and how she can laugh
She spreads the sunshine along her path.

SHEA, GORDON Business Administration "Stooge"
Graduate, Stonington High School.

This-a fella he can sing
Wit Grossman, can do 'bout anyting.

SMITH, ELEANOR
Graduate John Bapst High School. Jr. Secretarial

Eleanor lives away so far
And rides to school on the trolly car.

SNOW, HULBERT
Graduate, Eastern Maine Institute, Springfield, Maine Bus. Administration
Baseball

It may Snow, or it may rain
But Hulbert is always the same.

STROMBACK, STANFORD A. Normal "Ford"
Graduate, Monson Academy
Nu Sigma Chi; Football; Basketball (Capt.); Baseball; Men's A. A.
(Vice-Pres.); Dramatic Club.

This tall blonde is Elena's guy
If you knew him you wouldn't wonder why.

SUOMI, INTO M. Normal "Int"
Graduate, Monson Academy
Baseball; Basketball (Capt. 2); Football; Penmanship Certificate; Men's A. A. (Vice-Pres. 1); Mu Sigma Chi.

Into is our basketball coach
And a good one he is, too.
We will surely miss him
When he leaves this institute.

TAPLEY, GLENNA G. Normal "Glen"
Graduate, Aroostook Central Institute
Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Charter Member; Women's A. A; McIntosh Certificate; Penmanship certificate.

Some gentlemen prefer blonds you know
It seems that that's the way with Bru-no.

TAPLEY, LENA M. Stenographic
Graduate, Brooklin High School
Hiking Club; Women's A. A.

Lena is full of sunshine
We bet she's happy all the time.

TOOLE, ELIZABETH A. Jr. Secretarial "Lib"
Graduate, Bangor High School
Women's A. A; Hiking Club (Asst. Capt.)

"Lib" has won many friends
We hope her friendship never ends.

TOOLE, MARIE A. Jr. Secretarial
Graduate, Bangor High School
Women's A. A; Penmanship Certificates, 2; Hiking Club.

Marie is "Lib's" twin
And always has a big broad grin.

TOWLE, ADA Normal "Gracie"
Graduage, Hampden Academy
Hiking Club; Dramatic Club; Penmanship Certificate.

Ada's laugh is rather funny
But her disposition is always sunny.

WALLACE, WILLIAM M. Business Administration "Bill"
Graduate, Greenville High School
Mu Sigma Chi; McIntosh Certificate.

Wallace knows his girl friends
And Elizabeth is his catch
We wonder if its just pretense
Or is it really a match?

WARDWELL, ELLIOTT J. Business Administration "Doc"
Graduate, Penobscot High School
Mu Sigma Chi; Men's A. A; Baseball.

Doc's the guy with the great big car,
And a million dollar smile
Guess, by gosh, without a doubt
He's really worth your while.

WAY, MARGARET A. Normal "Margie"
Graduate, Crosby High School
Epsilon Tau Epsilon; Hiking Club; Dramatic Club; Women's A. A.(Sec'y); Penmanship certificate; McIntosh Certificate; Graduation editor.

Margaret is a peach of a dame
And pleasing others is her aim
Always smiling and happy is she
She is the spirit of M. S. C.

WATSON, CARLINE W. Jr. Secretarial
Graduate, Bangor High School
Women's A. A; Hiking Club; Penmanship certificates, 2.

You can tell she's very quiet
And sometimes rather meek
But as a penman she's a genius
With whom no one can compete.

WATSON, GEORGE M. Jr. Secretarial
Graduate, John Bapst High School

Friends he has many
He does his part in school each day.
He is sure to be successful
As are all who do that way.

WATSON, MARY E. Stenographic
Graduate, Bangor High School
Penmanship certificate

Mary, what have you on your mind?
We thought you were the happy kind.

WELCH, MARIETTA P. Normal

Graduate, Washington Academy
Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Charter Member; President of Dramatics; Vice-President of Class '35; Penmanship certificate; Women's A. A; Hiking Club.

Behold our class valedictorian
Marietta is her name,
We, the Class of 1935
Join to wish her fame.

WHELPLEY, MARGARET L. Jr. Secretarial "Wimpy"

Graduate, Brownville Junction High School.
Epsilon Tau Epsilon; Hiking Club (Capt.); Women's A. A; Basketball; Penmanship certificate.

Chitter, chatter, here and there
Up and down, and everywhere
This is the girl from Union Street
One whom all of you should meet.

WILLIAMS, HOPE K. Normal

Graduate, University of Maine

Hope is a sweet little lass
And the quietest member of the class.



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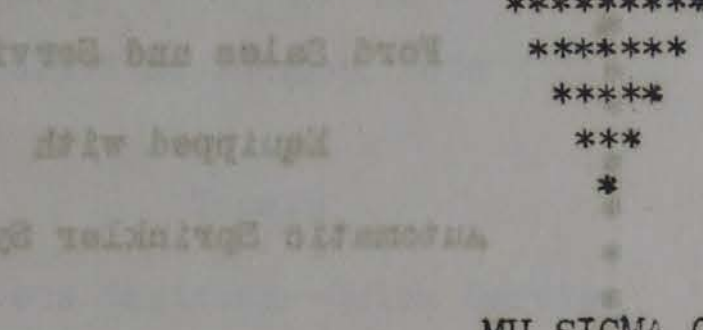
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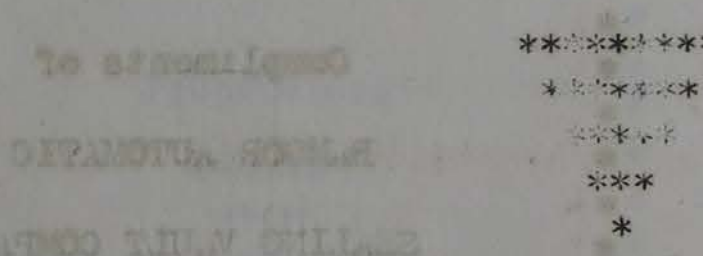
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