THE CHIEFTAIN

Bangor Maine
School of Commerce
1938

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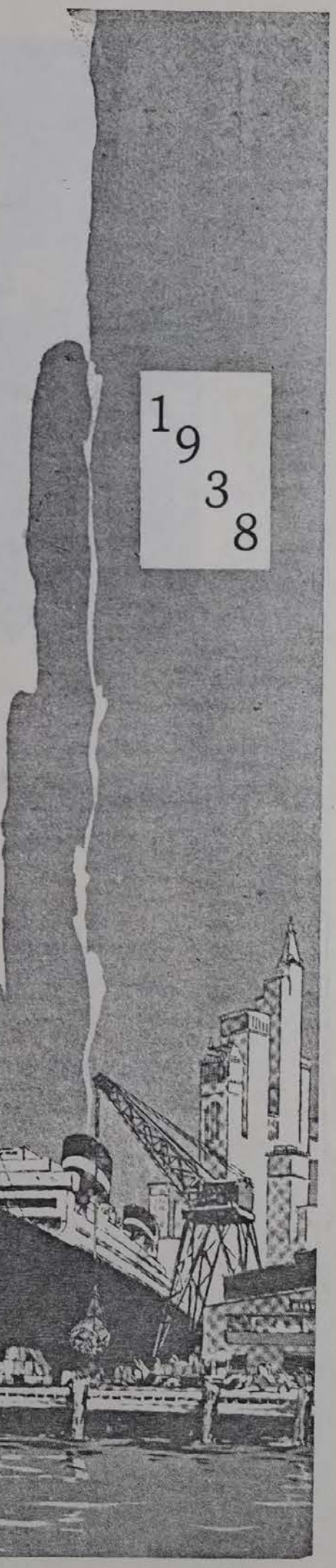
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The Chieftain

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE

BANGOR MAINE SCHOOL OF COMMERCE

BANGOR, MAINE



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TO THE STUDENTS

OF THE

Bangor Maine School of Commerce

this issue of The Chieftain

is respectfully dedicated



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A Brief Sketch of M. S. C.'s History

Wednesday, September 8, 1926, is the birthday of Bangor M. S. C. On that day the doors at 27 Columbia Street opened themselves to thirty students, a small number, whose deeds will forever shine brightly. They were the beginners, the pioneers, and wrote the first page of a history that sparkles with many notable achievements.

The faculty consisted of three teachers, Miss Runnels, now Mrs. Covell, as head of the English and Shorthand Departments; Miss Freda Seeley, typewriting; and Mr. Husson, bookkeeping, accounting, and allied subjects.

A view of the main room included a series of large tables, covered with green canvas or oilcloth, at each of which four students worked. The blackboard was made of wood, painted black, and was only six feet long. There was no clock, and no bell. Mr. Husson would consult his wrist-watch and announce the end of class periods and the time to file to class. The typewriting room was long and narrow, with space for one person only to walk between the two rows of typists hard at work. There was ventilation from one window only, and in the winter very little of that. The present room includes an old room, (No. 4) and came to life in 1936. In the old days there was no Room 3, it being a part of a larger room, divided by a portable blackboard.

The office was in the present girls' cloakroom. Mr. Howard W. Mann, President of the Maine Schools of Commerce in Auburn, Augusta, Portland, and Presque Isle, and of course, ours in Bangor, visited us quite often, and found more enjoyment teaching than in this stuffy old office, with its fireplace that has never been used. His classes were lively and entertaining and made his visits very welcome indeed.

Whispering, talking aloud, roaming around, all were tolerated. Attendance was not taken, it being considered unimportant. This program was satisfactory. for the group did not exceed forty students at any one time during that first interesting year.

A club was organized with Miss Ida Fern Smith of Robinson its first President. A blue and silver pin was adopted, and the first extra-curricular activity functioned. The club met weekly and provided entertainment. It sponsored a few dances, which were held in the schoolrooms. Obstacles were either laughed at or disregarded. Seven men organized a basketball team, and carried through a schedule of fourteen games.

The next year brought baseball into the picture, with a motley array of uniforms. No pair of stockings matched another. It was a rainbow team, for every color was given an airing. Mr. Husson had to play because there weren't enough boys to make a team. The enrollment doubled that of the preceding year, and the main room tables were replaced by the desks now in use. Blackboards were added in sufficient quantity to care for the increased needs, and Bangor M. S. C. was strengthening its position perceptibly.

An annual "corn roast and beanbat" was a feature of the social program in those early years. The student body used to gather 'round a huge bonfire on the bank of the Penobscot to sing, and tell stories, roast corn, and scorch their hands and faces holding frankforts in the fire. A surprising amount of fun and food have caused these events to be remembered with a great degree of pleasure. With the large student body of the past five years, such an event is practically impossible, transportation being the chief problem. The annual "gym" party has taken its place.

The third year witnessed the passing over the 100 mark in registration. One hundred thirty-six students enrolled, and Commerce had "arrived." Girls' basketball appeared and the Athletic Associations for both men and women came into being. Mr. Covell appeared

on the scene and has been busy here since that first day.

The passing of time brought many changes in our quarters. Expansion to meet the needs of 150 boys and girls, then 200, then 250, and now 270, finds us crowded, even though partitions have been torn down and more room has been made available.

Welcome additions were made to the staff. Mrs. Crane first served in the typewriting department in the early thirties, and was succeeded by Miss Collins. Mrs. Crane returned to the shorthand department in '36 and has remained since. Miss Tuomi began her very fine work in '36 and continues to be active and alert in both academic and extra-curricular pursuits.

Mr. Linscott, owing to his failing health, to which he surrendered shortly after, resigned to make a place for Mr. Lunt, whose three years have been enjovable and and fruitful as head of the Normal Department.

The athletic teams, first coached by Mr. Husson, have been highly successful, with basketball predominating. Due to increased work incident to a rapidly growing institution, Mr. Husson retired from participation in the athletic program other than that of arranging schedules. Into M. Suomi, former M. S. C. star in three sports, took over for the men; was succeeded by Lloyd Hatfield of the University of Maine; Philip Nealley, also of that institution; and then by the present incumbent, Bernard L. Deering (Barney) who also wore the green and gold in days gone by. A succession of coaches for girls' basketball was concluded when Mrs. Bion Lowell (Sally Thompson) assumed that position. She, too, was a player for Commerce in the early days of the sport.

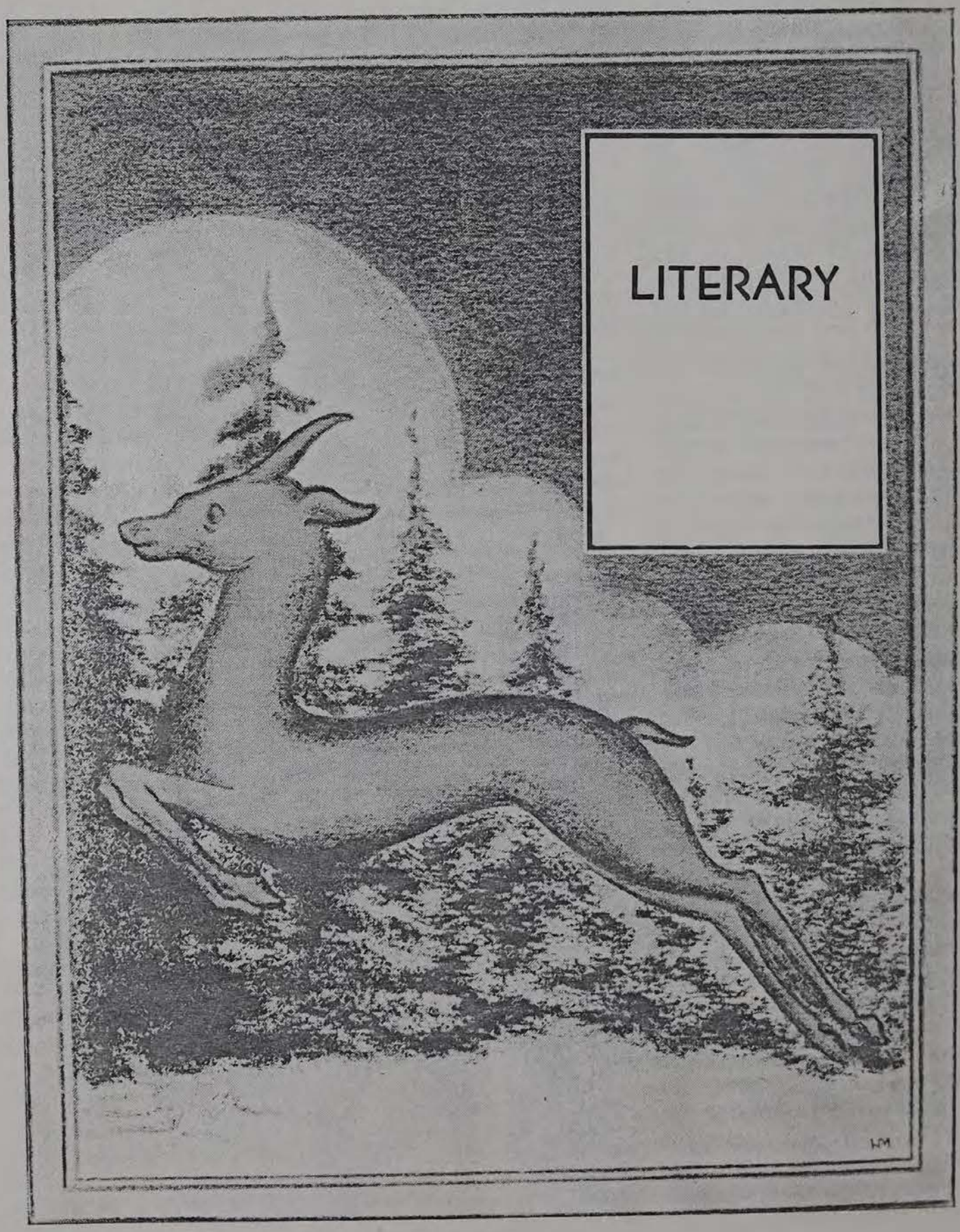
Five years of football against terrific odds and many obstacles ended in 1938 until there could be mustered a squad of at least twenty-five men to carry on. It is doubtful if this sport will appear again because many men appear too late to benefit by the early training necessary to build a winning team, or any team at all, for that matter.

In 1926 Mr. Mann of Auburn, began his career as President of the corporation. Bangor soon surpassed the others in enrollment and the number of student activities provided. The National Shoe and Leather Bank assumed full control in 1930. There were over 175 students attending at Bangor at the time, but with the coming of the depression, the enrollment dropped to 140 for a two-year period. A reorganization took place in 1933, when Mr. Charles Adams, whose office is next to the school office, was elected President of the Bangor Maine School of Commerce, now divorced from the "chain" of schools and standing alone. George T. Carlisle and Ernest Lamb were Treasurer and Vice-President respectively. These men dictated the administrative policy for two years, giving Mr. Husson a free rein.

When school opened for the fall enrollment in '35, Mr. Husson was elected President, having acquired the entire stock of the corporation through the assistance and very generous support of the officers mentioned above. Mr. Carlisle continued to serve, this time in the capacity of Vice-President, which office he now serves. George E. P. Husson, Jr., brother of the President, is the remaining officer; he, too, being a Vice-President.

Summing up this brief sketch, Bangor M. S. C. has grown from the toddling infant of '26 with forty pupils, to the largest school of its kind in the state, now numbering two hundred seventy students. From the initial social activity sponsored by the M. S. C. Club, small but alert, and even aggressive, fifteen student organizations now exert their influence on a beehive of industry and action in the daily life of the school. They are: Men's A. A., Women's A. A., Boys' basketball, Varsity and Jr. Varsity, hockey, Mu Sigma Chi (fraternity), Epsilon Tau Epsilon (sorority), Senior Council, Dramatic Club, Yearbook Committee, and Commerce Chatter Staff, and Orchestra.

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LITERARY

MARCH OF TIME

Dream of Events

1937

Curtain rises on a man reclining comfortably in a chair, eyes closed, and with satisfied little snores escaping at regular intervals. Suddenly an old man enters carrying a roll of parchment in his hand. He taps the sleeper lightly on the head with the parchment and with a snort of surprise, the man sits erect in his chair.

Sleeper: (rubbing his eyes) What the—Hey! What is this? Who the devil are you?

Old Man: I am the spirit of 1937. I bring you a list of the achievements and happenings of my reign in this world.

Sleeper: (now fully awake) Well, well, pardon me. Won't you sit down? (rises from chair).

Old Man: No. I'm way past due now. I must be going away. I am no longer king here. (exists slowly)

Sleeper: (Watches old man out of sight and turns to the script in his hand. Seats himself and reads aloud) To whom it may concern—I, the Spirit of 1937 bequeath this duly established record of principal events of the past year. No order is respected, no dates impressed, merely an effort to stamp on your memory these few dramatic scenes of the world is attempted.

Do you remember — The Texas Schoolhouse Disaster where hundreds of school children paid with their lives for the neglect of those in charge of the building? The flood in the Ohio Valley last January? The strikes in progress early last year?

(Before he can go on a group of men enter, a leader mounts a soap box and speaks to the group:)

Leader: Men, it has come to the point where our manhood demands that we refuse to work longer for the small wages we have been receiving!-! (Wild cheers) Let us quit work and seat ourselves right here until we win our just rights. (More cheers as men sprawl comfortably on the floors) The boss enters.

Boss: Here, here! ! What's going on here? Do you men realize that every minute you waste you are costing me thousands of dollars, etc., etc.

Leader: No use arguing, Boss! We're here to stay. Either make yourself comfortable or shut up and get out! ! (One of the men pulls out a pack of cards and starts a game of poker, another lights a cigar, another passes a bottle. The boss sputters unnoticed for a minute and then his curiosity gets the best of him and he walks over to the card players and watches. Finally he speaks.)

Boss: I used to play poker once.

Man: That so? (goes on playing)

Boss: I was pretty good, too.

Man: That so? Three cards, please! (game goes on)

Boss: (Sniffs the air, feels through pockets frantically) Say, has anyone another cigar? (No answer. The bottle is passed by the boss who reaches for it, but the man nearest grabs it from him.) I say, boys, really, there's no need of our fighting like this. Why don't we all go out in my office and talk things over? (No answer) I . . . I *might* raise your wages! (No answer. The bottle passes the boss again—he grabs but misses.) I will raise your wages. (a man looks up)

Man: Shorter hours?

Boss: Yes, yes, how about a cigar?

Man: Better conditions?

Boss: Yes, anything you want—come on now, boys, let's go into my office and finish your game. (Men flock around him, one gives him a cigar, another passes him the bottle, and they pass off stage singing "He's a Jolly Good Fellow.")

Sleeepr: (Rubs eyes, stares around and then goes on reading the parchment.) Congress takes up Neutrality Law. (Immediately, three distinguished looking gentlemen come on stage discussing among themselves. They seem very much aroused about something. There is much shaking of fists and suddenly one of them shouts:)

1st Man: Anyone who says that is a liar and you can tell him I say so!!!

2nd Man: (angrily) Do you mean to say I'm a liar?

1st Man: (loudly) If you say that—yes!!

3rd Man: (steps between them) Look here, you can't call my friend a liar!!

1st Man: Says who!! (shoves him aside)

2nd Man: Stop pushing my friend about before I——

1st Man: Before you do what!! (Steps up to 2nd Man. 2nd Man knocks him down; 1st Man tries to separate them and falls. A general rough-house takes place. The manager of the hotel rushes in to find them sitting on the floor each nursing some hurt eye, nose, lip, etc.)

Hotel Manager: Here, here, my good men. I can't have this sort of thing going on right here in my hotel lobby. Just what is the meaning of all this? What are you fighting about?

1st Man: (bitterly) We're fighting about the neutrality bill—what's it to you?

Hotel Manager: You Americans are such bally fools, don't you know. Here you sit and admit with pride that you are fighting for a thing that is summed up in one word—Peace. *Fighting* for peace—haw haw. (goes off)

2nd Man: (jumps up) Did you hear what he called us? Come on!! (rushes off, closely followed by associates)

Sleeper: (repeats rubbing of eyes, etc.—goes on reading) Remember the Hindenburg disaster? (Stops and looks around but nothing happens) Remember what a storm of opposition arose when President Roosevelt announced his plan for the Supreme Court? (two men enter discussing Supreme Court Bill)

1st Man: Roosevelt is right! Those old men are entirely out of place. They're too old to take an interest in life.

2nd Man: I say you're wrong. No man is too old to take an interest in life.

1st Man: Can you prove that?

2nd Man: Well, let's see. No—I guess—Wait a minute!! See that old gent across the street? Well, that's old Arthur Ringway, the multi-millionaire. Watch him when he meets that pretty girl.

1st Man: I don't see what——

2nd Man: You will—Watch! (The old man and girl meet, and the girl speaks.)

Girl: Hello, Mr. Ringway, how are you?

Mr. Ringway: He he—fine, fine. Just as kippy as I was twenty years ago. He he. Feel just like a date with a beautiful girl like you.

Girl: Oh, Mr. Ringway. Tee hee.

Mr. Ringway: Going my way, Babe? Come on then. (Walks off stage with girl.)

1st Man: I give up! You win, old feller! (Walk off together.)

Sleeper: (goes on reading) Remember the Opening of the New York Tunnel? (A man comes from each side of the stage, one carries a dinner pail. He speaks.)

Workman: Well, boss, it's been a great job. So long.

Boss: Where are you going?

Workman: Why, home of course. We're all done here. The tunnel's just been opened.

Boss: Yeah, but—the big boss just called up and said the gate squeaked too much when we opened it. Back to work! (Exit)

Sleeper: (goes on reading) LaGuardia insults Hitler—Score 1-0 (LaG) Hitler insults LaGuardia—Score 1-1. LaGuardia apologizes—Score 2-1 (LaG). Hitler apologizes—Score 2-2. Result—Nothing.

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DOG DAYS

A supposed friend of mine gave him to me—a lowly rabbit hound. I think I was enchanted at the time; his ears dragged on the ground, he was freckled with abandon, and his eyes sparkled with adoration for anyone who would accord him the slighest attention.

After a short preliminary acquaintanceship, I christened him Sherlock Holmes because I thought he would be good on the trail, but I think now that he was afraid of dyed fox fur.

The failings we humans have, he had them all with canine modifications and though my family threatened, saying I was encroaching upon their personal and property rights, none could resist for long his impetuous enthusiasm over the short span of life allotted him.

But, alas, it was the combined forces of his sole two virtues that led to his downfall—his love of the bath and his sublime faithfulness to his benefactors.

Since the dog belonged to me, it became my duty to keep him clean and after a few experimental baths, he developed such an astounding love for water that he would bask by the hour, if unapprehended, in the murkiest of puddles, returning at night soiled and disreputable, beseeching that his sins be forgiven. He was repeatedly forgiven though always with less indulgence, until finally, someone conceived the idea of locking him out when he returned in such a state. It was then that I learned the intensity of his allegiance. Returning one night to find himself unwanted, he jumped through a large single-paned window and fell in a miserable heap on the floor. He recovered himself miraculously but his fate was sealed. I was given the option of selling him or having him disposed of forever. Sherlock went on the market. He was still young—only eight months old and though his heritage was dark, I found at length someone who understood. He asked me the price, and I was dumbfounded. I hadn't thought of that. Seeing me at his advantage, he said that five dollars was all he would squander. Offended, I hotly asserted that I would make a gift of him rather than surrender title at that humiliating price.

Finally, my rationality, though latent, found the solution. I would accept this improportionate premium and still bestow with free conscience a possession that was priceless to me.

I shall always remember him with a smile, perhaps a little disconsolate, but nevertheless a smile.

Rovena Bragdon.

BEHOLD! THE HAT!

Among Woman's dearest possessions hobnobbing with love, vanity, and her pocketbook, is her hat. Her hat is important to woman not because she fears the elements, far from it, but because she needs the moral support derived. The dippier the hat, the more the moral support.

The feverish desire to purchase a hat is precarious to the n-th degree; like death the only thing sure about it is that eventually it strikes.

Selecting the hat is a matter of utmost consequence and is accorded undue respect as such. To select a hat with but one trip to the milliner's, or once selected to keep it without exchange, is heresy. The mirror does heavy duty as does indeed the hatter's temper. Having finally picked one (sometimes more), the woman hurries homeward covered with the glory of the chase, countered a moment later by goosepimples of doubt and anxiety. Once home Uncle Ned, Brother Bill, Sister Sue, Cousin Hezidiah, etc., are hurriedly called to council. Words of praise ricochet like the proverbial water

from a duck's back. Fear and hesitation reign supreme. With anxious and discerning eye she analyzes each word, gesture, or expression of the critics. If this fails to locate anything not conducive to the purchase of the hat, womanly intuition tells her that there just must be something wrong anyway and back goes the hat from whence it came.

Women's hats are crazy concoctions. They are designed by so called stylists, usually men with a good sense of humor who know a joke when they see one and can keep quiet about it. It would seem probable that their cheeks are bulged from the pressure of the tongue since it is only fair to believe that that is where the tongue is kept when they are designing women's hats.

The hats themselves are monstrosities ostentatiously perched atop m'lady's coiffure to scintillate awe, thus diverting attention from a multitude of faults from big feet to inferiority complexes.

The designs are multifold, from all appearances the devilish caprices of warped brains. In the fight against humdrum existence and the hateful conservatism of men, no means are left untried; no price is too dear. The rainbow is seized upon, torn ashred, and pieced together to form flamboyant colors which quite upset the balance intended by nature. Any form which properly smacks of the bizarre is utilized. Miniature rockgardens appear clinging to an inverted soup bowl. Spiraled cream puffs oozing gooey fluff from a volcanic aperture entangle themselves in the folds of minute mosquito netting. Crested Grecian helmets are crossed with rakish jockey caps. Novelties of all sorts are resorted to. Gold and silver spiders glare with creepy horror from glassy green eyes. Birds and insects are dissected and the convenient parts of them used for adornment. Hen's feathers dyed beyond recognition lend jaunty confidence to feminine timidity. Though not so common as of yore, concealed weapons in the form of barbarous and deadly overgrown needles protrude in scant disguise from an occasional hat.

The hopelessness of the situation is readily apparent. It is an acute international problem. Like Diogenes with his lantern even though she has but a barrel to live in, each woman is the acme of persistence in her search for a perfect hat; she persists in clinging to the idea that somewhere, somehow there is a hat which will suit her taste. Men, viewed from the perspective of this phase of her being, are smug contemptuous iconoclasts trying vainly to ridicule that which gives every woman both great and small a touch of the sublime—namely, her hat. So what can a fellow do as he dodges feathers, spiders, pancakes, soupbowls and strains his eyes on brilliant shapes and hues, but grit his teeth and hope that there won't be any women's hats where he's going.

By DANA KENNEDY

MY IDEAL GIRL—A SYMPOSIUM OF OPINIONS

I wouldn't want a handsome girl. Everybody would be after her, and I wouldn't have a show. She must be a fairly good-looking girl, though. Personality is the chief thing I look for. If a girl is handsome and hasn't any personality, I'm not interested. I also like blonds. My ideal girl must be a blond.

* * *

My ideal girl need not be beautiful, since I place personality before beauty. The old saying "Beauty is only skin deep" has been proven so many times that my ideal need only be pleasant to look at for others—but beautiful to me.

* * *

The old adage "All who love are blind" may hold true to some; but I thank God for the fact that I can tell

if pie from a beautiful girl's hands is pie, or just a piece of indigestible substance assuming the name of pie.

* * *

She must be a good cook. When you're hungry, you can't eat pretty blue eyes and blond hair.

* * *

As for cooking, that old saying "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach" doesn't go. I could stand a lot of indigestion if the cook were attractive.

* * *

My ideal girl must be a good sport. That is, a girl who enjoys watching football, baseball, and basketball games. I like to go hunting and fishing; she mustn't object to my going. Above all, I wouldn't want a girl who smokes. I suppose it isn't any worse for girls to smoke than for boys, but it looks cheap to me.

* * *

My ideal must be able to be serious on heavy subjects; but light, gay, and laughing on other occasions. She must not drink nor smoke, since I abhor seeing girls do either. I do not want a nursemaid nor a mother; she must be a young, modern wife in every sense of the word.

* * *

I don't like the looks of lipstick. I don't care if she pulls her eyebrows out, blacks her eyes, puts on so much powder she looks like a flour barrel—but no lipstick.

* * *

I never saw a girl, no matter how many clothes she had, who didn't keep saying, "I can't go; I haven't anything to wear." If I could find one who didn't say that, I'd like to shake hands with her.

* * *

Because she must be perfect, I sometimes wonder if any such girl exists. And what a joke if I should find her married to another man! But all men have ideals, and the early bird gets the worm. Maybe she didn't know I was hunting for her!

MY IDEAL MAN—TWO OPINIONS

The one thing that my ideal must have is a good sense of humor. By that I do not mean, of course, that he should be the back-slapping, hand-shaking kind—far from it. But he must be able to laugh and see the amusing side in all things. Only in this way can two people get along without quarreling and disagreeing continually.

He should be well educated and be interested in many different subjects. I'd prefer one not interested mainly in sports.

He must have a pleasant personality, and be able to make friends easily. He must not be fickle in the least—that is another very important requirement. He should be interested in his home and in children.

It isn't necessary that he have money, but he should have a good job, and not be extravagant. Looks aren't especially important, though I don't want him to be really homely.

I want a man who is not bashful or afraid to show his affections. I'm not that way, and he must not be, either.

* * *

Age: He should be older than I, but by no more than five years. His birthday should be as far away from Christmas as possible.

Appearance: He should be not over six feet five inches, and not less than five feet ten inches tall. Broad, straight shoulders are a necessity. I prefer dark hair, rather curly, but not a finger-wave. I believe writers would describe it as "crisp." And no hair tonic, brilliantine, etc.! Eyes should be brown. A quizzical expression, a la Clark Gable, would be desirable. As to features, I merely ask that they be reasonably presentable. All the same, he should have a well-shaped nose.

Character: He should be more intelligent than I, but he must be unaware of it. He should make decisions for me, and see that I carry out his wishes. He may be very firm in this. He should have a reasonably hot temper, and quarrel with me occasionally. Moderate

cigarette smoking is not objectionable, but under no circumstances may he drink "intoxicating beverages." He should be considerate, and have good manners. I insist that he be fond of boats.

Occupation: I should prefer an out-door worker, such as an engineer or a sailor. This, however, is not absolutely necessary. He must earn a fairly large salary, but by no means must he be rich.

I do not think such a person exists, but they say love is blind.

AN EASTER VISION

The slothful clouds played in the deep blue sky overlying a little runnel. It seemed as if the two were somewhat similar, except that one looked deep into the earth and the other far into the heavens. And as I stood gazing earnestly, first into the early morning sky streaked with golden beams that fell like a curtain on the stars, and then on the babbling brook that seemed so clear, so pure, I must confess my soul was captured by some immortal being, leaving me in a raptured trance.

I knew not my name, my town of birth; I could only stare into the waters crystal pure, and somewhere hear a heavenly choir, and see half through a hazy mist the clouds part as if by some god of wind who blows in two directions.

How long I stood there I know not, nor care I, for I heard music that no mortal man can ever hope to hear, played, sung, and replayed. And then the clouds were gone, and in like manner went the mist. Now that the sky was clear I saw—yes, by the Eternal One—I saw the firmament, the true and lasting Heaven promised by our Lord.

Dare I look upon this place? But dare or not, I cannot stop; my eyes are transfixed on the spot.

And now it moves! It comes nearer as does a wanderer to my cabin door. I speak, but no word passes on the air; no sound I hear except the choir coming nearer like the universe before me.

So peaceful, beautiful, and yet gripping a place I dare not try to describe lest by some unknown power I am snatched away, far below the babbling brook to live in misery for eternity. But I hear voices audible through an open window.

"And where today, this lovely Easter Morn, my Lord, doth plan to sit and watch and hear the worship unto Thyself?"

"Why ask that question, Peter? Of course you know Our Lord will go unto the city called New York, and there among the flowers and pageantry of His church, among the people of the wealthy class take ease."

"Oh, no! my brother Matthew. To the West among the hills, a place called Hollywood plans to have an outdoor service in His honor; there will be among them people of great fame. Surely that is where He plans to go."

"But no, my brother—,"

And so the talk went on, and I, too, began to wonder who would win this debate. Where would the Lord spend this Easter Morn? But soon I was to find out, for lo! from His lips came a soothing murmur!

"Come, come, my Brothers. Is this the way that I have taught ye?"

"I go unto a place that none have named. A place that I know not by name. It is beyond a sloping hill, down in a valley green where a small white-coated building stands beneath the warming sun. The seats are worn, but clean. The air within still holds a freshness from the spring cleaning. The people are of a common kind who come not to show off high-costing garments. The choir is the congregation, and the flowers some that have been gathered by the little children.

"Come, help me on with my snow-white garment.

"My thanks.

"I will be back with ye soon."

* * * *

I saw Him not, but from His voice my brain made me a picture.

Again the mist began to come before me and the brook reappeared. I could

move again, and speak, and think.

My eye was caught by a branch whose leaves half in bloom shook in the gentle wind that passed through them.

I moved away. Yes, I knew it was God. He was on His way to church. To my church. I must hurry or I will be late.

By George Niles

ON BEING INITIATED

Six girls, potential members of Epsilon Tau Epsilon, sneaked carefully into M. S. C. one snowy February morning. It wasn't that these girls were particularly shy, nor were they up to some mischief. The simple explanation of their conduct was revealed at one glance. Initiation had begun. Empty cans labeled Campbell's Tomato Soup topped dark and fair heads alike. Brilliant green ribbons tied fetchingly under chins held the cans in place. An E T E in various shades of nail polish adorned the initiates' foreheads. Nor was this all. Clothes of contrasting colors must be worn inside out and backend to, the members dictated, and each pledge must drag a kitchen broom behind her wherever she went. But if these girls were uneager to be seen, the rest of the school was far from backward in noticing and ridiculing them.

E T E pledges were forbidden to speak to boys. This was slightly annoying to say the least. For it **was** a bit disconcerting to discover suddenly that one's broom had mysteriously found its way up to the back of the room. A sharp command from an Honorable Sister and the miserable pledge would stalk the length of the room after the broom feeling a thousand eyes upon her and vainly wishing that through some miracle she might disappear through the floor. And then she was not allowed to tongue-lash the mischievous individual who had been the cause of all her trouble and embarrassment.

But oh! stay with me, all ye friends and otherwise! You have not yet heard the worst. These creatures, called men, were not content with stealing a poor girl's broom, nor were they content with continually teasing her until her shattered nerves fairly shrieked aloud. No, that was not enough. They must needs sit there during a study period and with dogged determination aim for the open top of the Campbell's Tomato Soup can. Penmanship period was a particularly choice time of the day for this sport. Occasionally small Mr. McKenney or perhaps irrepressible Quinton Gray would make a "ringer" thus causing a general tittering all over the main room.

Two days and one night this torture of initiation lasted. And on the afternoon of the second day as one poor abused pledge was walking down Columbia Street, as sedately as is possible with a can tied on one's head and a kitchen broom dragged behind one, she was met and hailed by three small gamin-faced boys. Yes, I said hailed.

"Oh, oh," they jeered. "Here comes Tin Pan Alley. Knock the can off!"

The snow was handy, the girl was handier, and the small boys' aims were fairly accurate. The girl dodged, then she ran. Finally a snow ball received square in back of her head forced her to turn like a cornered cat and hold the boys at bay with her broom. This she did to good advantage, but the position was so ridiculous that when she stumbled into M. S. C. she was weak with ill-suppressed laughter.

On the final night one girl played the piano until the last. When the rest of us ceased to hear the strains of "The Waltz you Saved for Me," we knew Muriel had entered the Last Chamber. The fatal hour had arrived.

Six girls, members of Epsilon Tau Epsilon, slid slowly into M. S. C. on a certain February morning. They weren't shy; they weren't up to any mischief; it wasn't initiation. It was merely the "morning after the night before" and they were sleepy.

They came, they saw, they conquered. Through fire and plague they had achieved their goal. They were now members of Epsilon Tau Epsilon.

WHAT MAKES BUSINESS LETTERS ENDURABLE

27 Columbia Street
Bangor, Maine
March 28, 1936

Mr. J. J. Blank
10 Main Street
Bangor, Maine

Dear Mr. Blank:

Many years ago the inhabitants of a small town in Germany were at their wits' end. They prayed unceasingly that they might be delivered from the terrible scourge that was upon them. Rats in their houses, their stores, churches, streets; in fact, they were everywhere! People were dying right and left from the filth and disease carried by these rodents. At last a great shout of thanksgiving arose for a great magician had led the rats into the river where they were drowned.

Are rats and mice overrunning your home? Are you using antiquated means of exterminating them so that their filthy carcasses are lying in the walls and beneath the floors of *your* home? The health and happiness of you and your family is at stake and, as at another time, the Pied Piper has again come to the aid of mankind.

Not long ago a young scientist, standing on a wharf, noticed a horde of squealing rats leap into the river. Every one squirmed as though in death throes and so great was their convulsive movements that not one even tried to swim. Amazed at what he had seen, Dr. Braintrust took one of the dead rodents to his laboratory. There he found that they had been infected with the dread disease of Ratmicephobia. From this simple beginning Dr. Braintrust found that the pulverized lungs of rodents carrying this disease will affect all others that come in contact with it. Although it is harmless to human beings, dogs, cats, and other pets, it always proves fatal to members of the rat family. The first mouse to nibble a bit of cheese sprinkled with Pied Piper takes back to all the aunts, uncles, and cousins the dread Ratmicephobia. Gasping for air to relieve their stifled lungs, they rush into the open where they soon die.

This product is now being put on the market for $1.50 per gram. You must make haste if you would take advantage of this offer as it is being sold at this for advertising purposes only.

Just sign the enclosed card and we will send you your Pied Piper by C.O.D.

Yours truly,
L. M. Nickerson.

WHAT I THINK OF SNOBS

A snob, if one is to use but common language, is one who places himself, in his own estimation, far above the common people in his ways of living, talking, and acting. These people whom we classify as snobs are not necessarily ignorant so far as sufficient education is concerned. Some of our leading colleges turn out graduates who are full-fledged members of the class of snobs.

In the so-called days of yore, if a person was a snob, he was so intensely disliked by others that he was frequently called to battle a duel with swords or pistols. I think since we have our modern, more efficient weapons we could save a lot of effort by turning a machine gun on groups of them. Our courts sometimes use as an example, for others, a person who has committed a petty crime; then, why shouldn't we use snobs in the same manner by shooting some so that others would perhaps change back to normal lanes of living? We could easily gather from two to three hundred and by publishing the account of their sudden deaths in the newspapers change others by frightening them.

By getting up a state petition, I think the Governor could be persuaded to lend a state-owned machine gun for the purpose of shooting snobs. An organization to gather money could, by using a little technique and influence, gather enough money to buy bullets. If no machine gun could be hired, I should gladly volunteer for the position myself and take great pleasure in carrying out the execution.

Colby Ward.

JOHNSTON'S REVERIE IN PUN

(You Name It and You Can Have It)

"Call me anything you wish," I said to my friend when I met him on the street recently. "It 'Mace' no difference to me. Perhaps I have 'Benn' unfair, but under the circumstances I think I am justified in doing as I did. And why shouldn't I be? I inquired into the matter and found that 'Inez' and 'Vincent Wood' have done the same."

I suppose it "Burns" you people up to know what upset my friend so, but I'll bet a "Buck" you could never guess. And in case you should "Wynona" wager, I wouldn't have to raid "Banks" to get the "Jack" either. I'll have you know that my family is regarded somewhat as the "Berry's" in reference to money matters. And our cash wasn't "Given" to us either. The reason my father "Gott" listed in "Dunn" and "Bradstreet" was by practicing "Economy." Why, for years we rode around in a "Ford." Then, as Father's business was just beginning to build up, and we kids needed a lot for school, "Mina" mother decided to help out on the budget by "Cook"-ing food and selling it. This act "Drew" the plaudits of the family and the income realized through her decision proved to be the "Mackin" of our household.

We traded the "Ford" and bought a new "Durant." We moved from the "Lowe" section of town where Mother used to call Father a blank "LeBlanc" idiot and the missing "Lynk," to a little "Gray" "Homsted" on the "Hill" where Father was "King" of the universe he surveyed. I suppose the fact he lived on a "Hill" made him a "Hillman." Heh! "Walter" joke!

Mother would still "Guy" Father about the time we used to live down in the "Alley" with the "Hussons." "Andy" would just smile contentedly back at her.

Ah, but our new "Homer" was beautiful. It rested on the "Shur" of the old "Mills" stream with the little narrow "Bridges" running across it. The "Daisey" and "Brown" vines lent an air of perfumed beauty to the surroundings. "Ida" like to see it right now.

We could afford two hired men to work about our new home. So Mother procured the services of a "Butler" and a "Gardner." Mother was so elated by our rise socially that she stopped "Collin's" Father "Terrill"-ble names, even when she got "Cross." She even developed an accent and called Father "Dahlene" on occasions when we had company.

It was there I spent my younger days. Mother tried to convert me into a sophisticated gentlemen, and I wore my first "Derby" with pride, but it wasn't long before I got to "Ellen" around again. I fell in love with a "Deering" little girl with "Hazel" eyes. I thought she was a "Pearl" at the time. I became real "Earnest" in my intentions and prayed that God would but "Grant" me the power to "Mary" her that "June." But Mother said: "Now, don't count your chickens before they 'Hatch.'" She says: "'Howard' you feel if she refused your hand?" But at the time neither she "Knorr" I thought she would walk out on me. But she did. And the way it turned out later, I guess that was my "Lackedy." But at the time I was as sore as an infected tooth. I'm not "Lyons" to you when I gave her "Helen" told her to go jump in the river "Charles." She told me I was so green that the "Olive" was envious. I had a snappy retort handy, but a fellow can't always say what he thinks, "Kinney?" But if it happens just "Vaughn" more time I will forget that I was brought up as a gentleman. Father had been crossed in love once, too, so while "Patten" me on the back remarked: "'Donna' let it get you down, Son. Here's some money, go and 'Boyer' a new suit."

I took a new lease on life. I took the small savings I had accumulated, in-

(Continued on page 60)

Poetry by George Niles

Autumn

Dear Autumn,
It is time for you again
And you're not late.
I thought perhaps you were,
But my impatience tends to lead my better mind astray,
And I shall have to ask my humble pardon of you now.

Bright Trees,
In every golden color hued
By enchanted magic.
Coldness and the wind,
What are your thoughts as treasures from your arms are swept away
To lie in silence with the plenty that have gone before?

Swift Wind,
Who is to blame for all this turmoil
I can hear
And see rush through the corn
Whose branches have long since
Been dead by some invisible creature's
Play, and whose gay work will cast the bullion from the trees?

Gray Clouds,
Fast moving ceiling of it all,
Who is behind
Your dull blue curtain there
That slowly makes fantastic pictures, ships full course ahead,
Dragons, mountains and the like seem real before my eyes?

Who is concealed behind all this?
I know; you'll have to guess.

—B. M. S. C.—

At Noon

Round rings of golden colors splashing on a slab of oaken wood.

Deep silence ringing with emptiness and celestial rippling music.

The shadows of a cross and crown intermingling on an empty pew.

My church!

—B. M. S. C.—

A Mirage

I see you there
A golden dream come true;
A rainbow edging on a purple hill;
A sunset on an ocean's bay.
Now you're gone
And in that empty space
Brave winds sweep clear the jagged rock-bound coast.
I wait to see you there again.

—B. M. S. C.—

To a Thistle — Fall

Your mighty royal purple fades,
Your leaves turn down and slowly die,
Your head bobs in a gale-like wind;
Dear Friend, your story's much like mine.

I once wore royal purple robes,
And once laughed lightly at the world;
I thought I owned the universe
Dear Friend, let each one have his own.

You see my royal turned to rags,
My kingdom to a grievous end;
And I in sadness roam the world
Dear Friend, still looking for my Queen.

The wind blows hard upon you now
And sends your seeds dispersing far;
And I, like you, will say goodbye
Dear Friend, and wander, God knows where.

—B. M. S. C.—

Mortality

PRESENT

You laid red drooping roses on my grave,
And sprinkled them with briny flowing tears;
I caught a vision of your ink-black veil
Sweep by the fresh-cut stone, and fade away.

FIRST YEAR

You came again to decorate this lonely
Mound of fresh-mowed grass with yellow daisies.
There were no tears, no black to mar your way;
I rather thought you were in haste to part.

FIFTH YEAR

'Twas just at twilight when I heard your feet
Come tramping, trodding to its measured mark.
Your words were soft and hard to understand,
And yet somehow I knew they meant—Goodbye.

A CENTURY

You never came! 'Twas strange, I thought perhaps
You would. My grass is growing, oh! so tall,
And the dust I thought I'd share with you someday
Is wet with penetrating, stinging rain.

Sonnets by Young America

Lost Love

When I consider how my life is spent
Alone and brokenhearted all the while,
And try to face the world with a broad smile,
I find it hard, and turn back to relent;
Sometimes I wonder why I loved and lost,
And yet it is the way of life, it seems,
To banish all too soon our fickle dreams,
To lose, no matter what may be the cost.
Long years, and tears, and heartaches can't erase
That look of forlorn hope within my eyes.
My inner soul will yearn to see that face
That brought me love, then left me alone to cry.
I will go on; I will subdue my tears;
'Twas not God's will that we should ever part,
And in the years to come, when darkness nears,
I'll pray God's love will bring him to my heart.

ANONYMOUS.

Death

And man does dread your coming in his life,
Although you offer peace unto his soul.
You mark the end of this eternal strife
Upon this earth where he does act his role.
Why should he shudder when you come his way?
I feel so calm when thinking of your coming,
To know that peace will be with me to stay.
Sweet praises for your freedom I am humming.
This great contentment do I feel when I
Think what the future will soon hold for me,
When, finally, you to me, oh Death, will fly,
And I no more in this cruel world will be.
What greater future could a man demand,
Than freedom from this so encumbering land?

DOROTHY WALDRON.

Faith

My greatest joy in this, my humble home,
Is faith, in all that I do here survey:
Faith that the seeds placed in the earth's rich loam
Will blossom forth on some not distant day;
Faith, when the autumn winds blow loud and cold
That there will soon come blankets warm, of grains
Of snow, the plants to cover and enfold;
In spring, the faith that soon the gentle rains
Will come, and bring the summer blooms to me.
All this I do believe and so do live
To firmly trust Nature's ability
To always to her grateful children give
The earth, the flow'rs, the rain, the shade and sun,
The gifts that make my life a richer one.

ESTELLE PHILLIPS.

Good-Bye, Dear Home

I wander down beside the rolling sea
And watch the waves roll in upon the shore;
And a feeling of great sadness sweeps o'er me,
For this beloved land I'll see no more.
Looking back I see my cozy little home,
Which I have learned to love like a dear friend.
Lights in the window seem to bid me come
And not to let my pathway from it wend.
And once I thought the time would never pass
'Til when my work was finished, and I'd go
Back to my home across the sea. Alas!
To leave here now fills my heart with woe.
I see a ship a-steaming up the bay.
On the morrow it will carry me away!

ELLEN DAISEY.

The Sea

Two morns can never find the sea the same,
Now green, serene and cool, like polished jade,
Now twinkling blue, touched by the sun with flame.
But the sea gives pleasure that can never fade
When restless, rolling waves are angry gray;
When wind screams high above and breakers pound,
And Neptune and his mighty court hold sway;
The shores with crashing, roaring seas resound.
Its power unleashed, 'twould be our bitterest foe,
But that Great Navigator holds the whip;
With tender care He watches His crew below.
And when I sail out on that silent ship,
May He grant that the waves close over me,
A fitting rest for one who loves the sea.

MABEL PHINNEY.

Disillusion

My love was like a fire burning bright;
You were my all; you were my one desire.
Then in the darkness of a winter's night,
Cold jealousy did come and quench the fire.
My heart weeps bitter tears, my life is bleak;
Where is the laughter, sunlight, joy we knew?
I want no other love, no love I seek—
My heart still keeps its memories of you.
And though I know that we are fools to part,
Hot pride still holds us back, we dare not speak.
Ah, just to know the joys of love's new start
Would make my empty life once more complete.
And though I call and weep, I know it's o'er,
Your lips, your arms, your love, I'll know no more.

ANONYMOUS.

Girl Popularity Contest Winners



JUNE HATFIELD
Miss 1938
Derby
Stenographic Course



MARY TREMAINE
Boys' Choice for Sister
Normal Course
Bangor



BARBARA BURNS
Best Girl Athlete
Normal Course
Fort Fairfield

Boy Popularity Contest Winners



GORDON COOK
Mr. 1938
Normal Course
Bangor



JAMES BUCK
Girls' Choice for Brother
Milo
Business Administration
Course



JACK JOHNSTON
Best Boy Athlete
Normal Course
Ellsworth



ACTIVITIES

SCHOOL PARTIES

The first school party of the year, known as the "Get-Acquainted" party, was held September 30 in the Y. M. C. A. building. It was sponsored by the Senior Council. A number of school students made up the orchestra. As each fun-loving fan of the school entered the building, his name was pinned in a conspicuous place on his clothing. Inez Wood and Lucian Savage won the prize waltz. Pictures were cut in two pieces and given at random to persons wishing to go on the Grand March. Frances Steeves and Paul McKenney, with the aid of Mr. Husson, led the March. An evening of novelty dances was enjoyed by the large crowd which attended.

The second party of the year, the Hallowe'en party, was held in the Roseland Ballroom, and was sponsored by the Fraternity. Paul Monaghan's orchestra furnished the music. The committee consisted of Dana Kennedy, Guy Leonard, Lucian Savage, and Jack Johnston. Refreshments were on sale at intermission. A large crowd attended and an evening of dancing was enjoyed.

A Thanksgiving party was held November 18 in the Roseland Ballroom. The faculty acted as patrons and patronesses. Paul Monaghan's orchestra furnished the music. This dance was sponsored by the Men's A. A. The Fraternity pledges were present with their green bows and caps. Lawrence MacDougall caused much laughter and fun by doing imitation dancing. They were shown no sympathy by other members of the Fraternity.

The Christmas Dance was held in the Roseland Ballroom on December 16, Paul Monaghan's orchestra again furnishing the music. This dance was sponsored by Epsilon Tau Epsilon. The chairman of the committee was Rosemary Danforth; other members on the committee were: Lena Shur, Barbara Parkman, and Hilda LaBarge. A large Christmas tree, loaded with gifts which were exchanged by the students, made a spectacular sight in one corner of the hall. Dana Kennedy acted as Santa Claus.

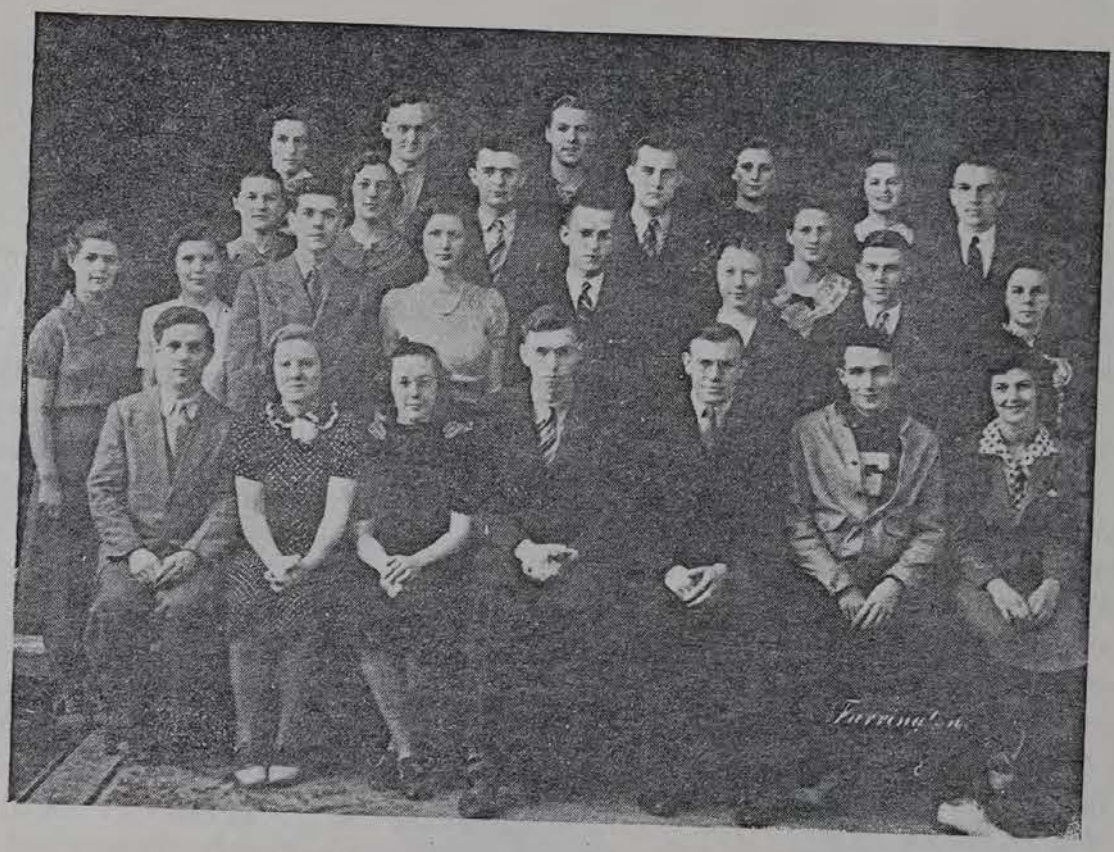
A Cabaret dance was held January 27 in the Roseland Ballroom, sponsored by the Men's A. A. Paul Monaghan's orchestra furnished the music with specialty acts between dances. The hall was attractively decorated in pink and white crepe paper. A section was reserved for tables covered with the same material. Refreshments of ice cream and cookies were enjoyed at intermission. The specialty acts were:

Song with own guitar accompaniment, Ralph Alley

Accordion Solo, Roland Terrill
Trumpet Solo, Ward Shaw
Sax-Quartet, Paul Monaghan, Gordon Cook, Lloyd Patten, Moses Lord

Crazy tap specialty, Ray Bennett
Saxophone specialty, Paul Monaghan

March 17, a St. Patrick's dance was held in the Roseland Ballroom. It was sponsored by the principal, Mr. Husson. Paul Monaghan's orchestra furnished the music. The "Swing-Organ," played by Gordon Cook, was presented for the first time at this dance. It added a novelty and new entertainment to the evening. A large crowd enjoyed the evening of fun.



Dramatic Club

Every good school has its share of aspiring actors. The Bangor Maine School of Commerce is no exception. At the call to the footlights issued by the dramatic coach, Miss Martha Tuomi, there came hastening to Room nine a motley conglomeration of eager Thespians raring to act.

At the first meeting the following officers were elected: Dana Kennedy, President; Shirley Drew, Vice-President; Lawrence MacDougall, Secretary. Lucian Savage was later appointed Financial Secretary.

On March third the Dramatic Club presented a three-act comedy, *Fly Away Home,* in the Dorothy Memorial Hall. The play was directed by Miss Tuomi and Richard Genthner.

Cast of Characters:

Harmer Masters, *age 14* — Ernest Davis
Buff Masters, *age 16* — Mary Tremaine
Linda Masters, *age 18* — Estelle Phillips
Corey Masters, *age 20* — John Hamlin
Penny, *the governess* — Beryl Crosby
Tinka Collingsby, *age 19* — June Hatfield
Johnny Heming, *age 23* — Lawrence MacDougall
James Masters, *the father* — Gordon Cook
Armand Sloan, *the professor* — Guy Leonard
Maria, *a Portuguese girl* — Frances Rogers
Gabriel, *a Portuguese man* — Cleo King
Taxi Driver — LaRoy Derby
Nan Masters, *the mother* — Ellen MacIntosh

The play was one of those rollicking comedies portraying the antics of 'teen age children who decide to educate and reform their parents. There is plenty of conflict with most of the success depending on clever dialogue.

The members of the 1937-1938 Dramatic Club are: Dorothy Tear, Helen St. Clair, Lucie Lackedy, Eastman Sawyer, Lucian Savage, Clarence Thorne, Barbara Burns, Mary Tremaine, Barbara Dority, George Niles, Winston Hanson, Gordon Cook, LaRoy Derby, Harry Collins, Shirley Drew, Ruth Shapero, Marian Boyer, Ellen MacIntosh, Lionel Pomeroy, Dana Kennedy, Frances Banks, George Torrey, June White, Richard Genthner, Quinton Gray, Estelle Phillips, Beryl Crosby, John Hamlin, Ernest Davis, Virginia Dahlene, Hazel Benn, Inez Wood.

The Commerce Chatter

Again we must take our hats off to the newsiest, jokiest, and most enjoyable magazine on the market—The Commerce Chatter, written, edited, and printed monthly by the students at M. S. C.

The able staff consists of the following:

Editor-in-Chief,	Vincent Wood
Assistant Editor,	Dana Kennedy
Sports Editor (boys),	Maynard Sawyer
Who's Who,	Shirley Drew
Joke Editor,	June Hatfield
Sports Editor (girls),	Inez Wood
Staff Cartoonist,	Helen MacDonald
Editorials,	Millard Foss
	Lawrence Davies
Walter Winchell, Jr.,	Guy Leonard
Gossip,	Frances Steeves
Music,	Cleo King
Social,	Mary Tremaine

Work was begun on the Chatter in September, and the first issue was ready for sale in November, 1937. Every month since then it has come to us regularly with its gossip, editorials, interviews, jokes, and cartoons.

Last year was the first year that any school magazine, other than the Yearbook, was published by the Commerce students, and its success has been more than gratifying. For two years, its endless chatter has amused and entertained its readers. May it continue to do so in the years to come . . .





Epsilon Tau Epsilon

Early in October the returning members of Epsilon Tau Epsilon gathered to choose their leaders for the year. Since then, Inez Wood, President; ably assisted by Barbara Burns, Vice-President; Hazel Benn, Secretary; Donna Mills, Treasurer; Ruth Gillis, Marshal; have ably led both old and new members in the customary round of business duty and social functions for which the sorority is noted.

The second meeting of the year proved to be a sociable one. The inducement of a good time and refreshments brought 24 girls to Hazel Benn's apartment. Mrs. Husson, Mrs. Vanwart, and Mrs. Crane were the guests of honor. Mrs. Vanwart, a charter member of the sorority, was presented with a piece of silverware as a wedding gift.

On December 8, Epsilon Tau Epsilon gave bids to 14 girls. They were Frances Banks, Althea Crowell, Shirley Drew, Beulah Duty, Edith Edgecomb, Lurlene Folsom, Ruth Kelliher, Ellen MacIntosh, Harriet McNair, Jeanette Merrill, Helen St. Clair, Mary Tremaine, and Edith Wescott. After the initiation the initiates served refreshments to the members.

The next social event was the Christmas Dance held at the Roseland Ballroom. Christmas vacation followed this successful event and our girls went home to a well-earned rest.

On February 23, seven more candidates were initiated. This group included Ellen Daisey, Eva Finch, Dorothy McDonald, Betty Richardson, Muriel Starbird, Dorothy Smith, and Phyllis Warren.

In the absence of our president who was practice teaching Barbara Burns, the vice-president, officiated.

Spring had arrived by this time and the sorority girls were no exception to all the old rules. They began to plan six and seven things at once, but gradually after they had become used to this weather they discussed only four things: Sorority jackets, the Boston Trip, May Dance and a Classification game. Two of these plans have already materialized. The Classification game was held here at the school. The banners were won by Jeanette Merrill and Gay Carson.

Several of the girls have purchased sorority jackets and seem to be very proud of them. On May fifth, they gave a dance at the Roseland Ballroom which was as successful as all the other dances given by the sorority.

(Continued on page 64)

Mu Sigma Chi

The curtain is beginning to fall on the most successful year of Mu Sigma Chi Fraternity.

The Fraternity, this year, has been under the executive leadership of Maynard Sawyer, President; Cleo King, Vice-President; Jack Johnston, Treasurer; and Dana Kennedy, Secretary.

This year, Mu Sigma Chi continues the practice, suggested last year by the sorority, of presenting a Maine School of Commerce ring to the woman student who exhibits the best qualifications of scholarship, leadership, and character.

The Fraternity sponsored many social affairs during the year that were very successful. The first of these was a Hallowe'en dance held at the Roseland Ballroom.

On April 27, Mu Sigma Chi presented its annual show, the Fraternity Frolics. A hilarious time was had by a packed house, the entertainment consisting of such acts as a short play "He Ain't Done Right by Nell," Charlie McCarthy, a minstrel show, etc.

The final social event of the season will be a semi-formal dance sponsored by the Fraternity.

Mu Sigma Chi has considered various opportunities to become affiliated with a national fraternity in the very near future and one of these offers will probably be accepted; then, another milestone in Mu Sigma Chi advancement will be passed.

The following men are members of Mu Sigma Chi: Chesley Husson, Robert Lunt, LaRoy Derby, John Riley, Gordon Smith, Gay Carson, Lucian Savage, Jack Johnston, Cleo King, Dana Kennedy, Gordon Cook, Guy Leonard, Maynard Sawyer, Edward Pooler, Richard Kiah, Homer Carsley, Charles Lufkin, James Brown, Quentin Jardine, Julian Leighton, Alton Hamm, Lloyd Patten, Stanton Lee, Kenneth Hill, Anthony Rogers, Winthrop Nickerson, Ward Shaw, Linwood Patten, Lawrence MacDougall, Harry Collins, Walter Butler, Raymond Bennett, Clarence Thorne, Millard Foss, Ernest Davis, Quinton Gray, Bernard Deering, Carroll Earle, Newell Avery, Richard Genthner, Walter Berry, Lawrence Davies, James Buck, Paul McKenney, Vincent Wilcox, Wilfred Saucier, Arthur Colwell, George Niles, Cecil Spencer, Cyril Gustafson.





Orchestra

The Bangor Maine School of Commerce orchestra was organized with the best array of talent that has ever presented itself at a rehearsal. Fine musicianship and cooperation, coupled with very able leadership, have resulted in the best orchestra that Maine School has ever had.

It is composed of ten pieces. The saxophone section is composed of two altos, a tenor, and a baritone. Paul Monaghan first alto, Linwood Patten third alto, Gordon Cook, tenor, and John Riley, baritone.

The brass section is composed of three trumpets. Ward Shaw first trumpet, Eastman Sawyer second trumpet, and Kenneth Hill third trumpet.

The rhythm section is made up of a piano, tenor banjo, and drums. Cleo King and Guy Leonard alternating at the piano, Robert Patterson banjo, and Quinton Gray and Guy Leonard alternating at the drums.

On some occasions, the orchestra is augmented by two violins. June Hatfield and Beulah Duty, and Althea Crowell make up the violin section.

The orchestra has played several times on the radio this year over station WLBZ for the "Maine Schools of the Air Program." It has also played for the assemblies that are held on special occasions, besides playing for a few school functions in the social line. The orchestra had the pleasure of entertaining the Lions Club on three different occasions at the regular Wednesday noon meetings.

Because of their diligent cooperation at rehearsals, Mr. Husson will award a gold medal to each deserving member of the orchestra.

Maine School ought to be proud of its orchestra this year.

Expression

By popular demand, the pantomime *Wild Nell, the Pet of the Plains* was again presented at the first expression assembly of the year. The cast was the same as last year, except that Thomas Fowler replaced Raphael Greene as Bull Durham. In March, the students presented this moving pantomime at a meeting of the Eastern Star.

The one-act play *Thanks Awfully* was also given. The cast of characters:
Richard Montague (*a woman hater*), Gordon Cook
Dorothy Montague (*his sister*), Barbara Burns
Marion Gatewood (*"the girl"*), Inez Wood
Ann Marsh (*Marion's friend*), Estelle Phillips
Mrs. Smythe (*Dorothy's friend*), Margaret Gillis
Mrs. Hemingway (*Dorothy's friend*), Elaine Stanley
Mrs. James Gower (*Dorothy's friend*), Donna Mills
Caroline, Ruby Thibeau
Jane, Hazel Benn

This is the story of Richard, a woman hater. His sister Dorothy invites a number of her girl friends to spend the evening with her. Richard refuses to meet the girls. He suggests that if he meets the girls, he will say only, "Thanks Awfully." His sister holds him to his promise. All the evening he says, "Thanks Awfully!" A girl friend whom Dick met in Paris and of whom he is really fond, but with whom he has had a quarrel, is present at this party. They are for a long time unaware of each other, but finally meet and make up, Richard using only "Thanks Awfully" in the process.

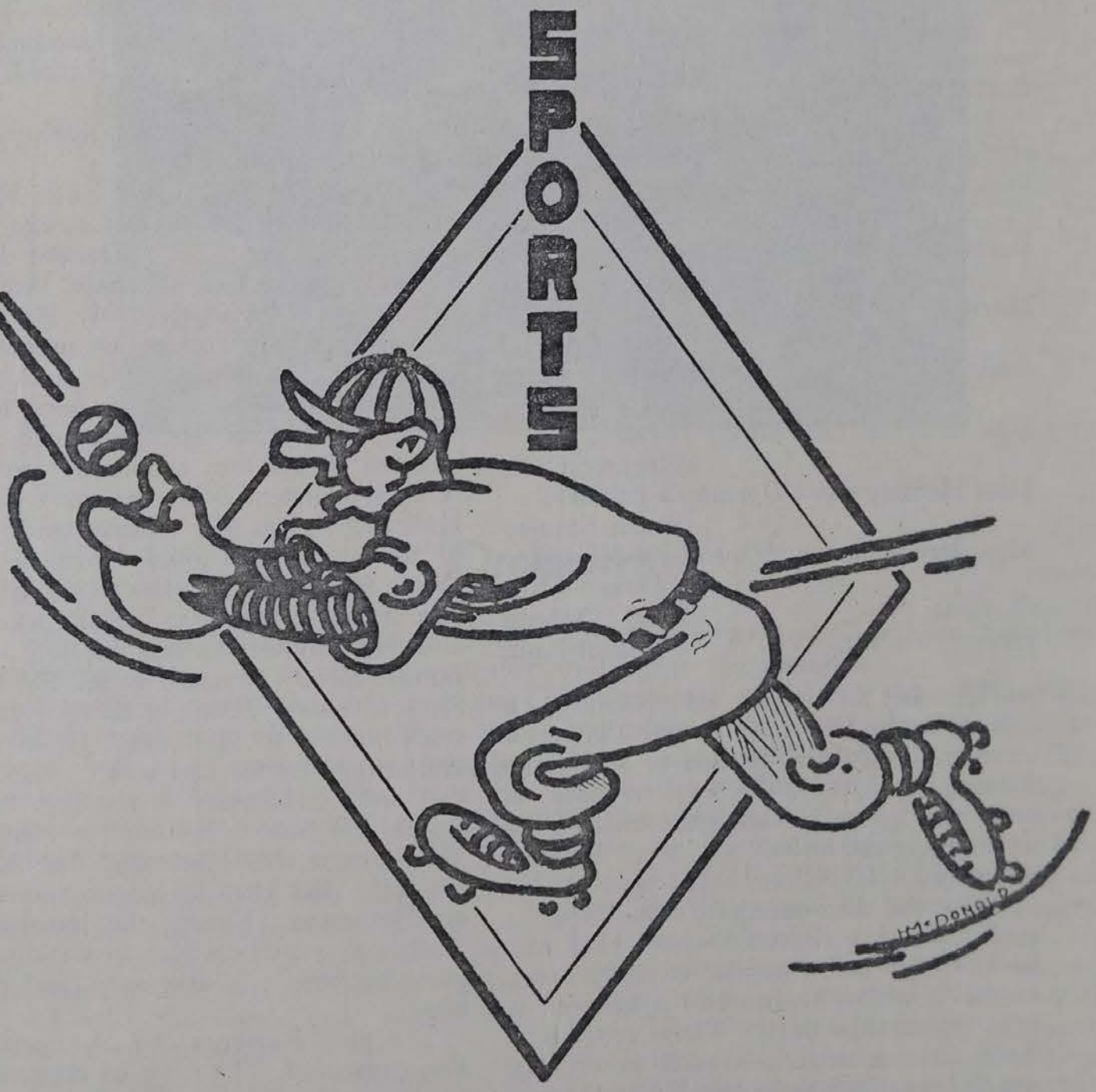
At the second assembly, since the first pantomime had been so well received, *Princess Nunsuch*, a very romantic story in pantomime, was presented with Mary Tremaine as Princess Nunsuch and Millard Foss as Prince Last Chance. Many other students helped along their love story by playing the parts of Sun, Moon, Trees, Clouds, Expectancy, Breeze, etc.

A clever burlesque on murder stories, *The Strange Hathaway Murder*, was next presented. Cast of characters:
Rufus Hathaway (*a man about 45*), Lucian Savage
Simpson (*the butler*), Arnold Travis
Brown (*a friend about 45*), LaRoy Derby
Celeste (*reporter of "Star"*), Ruth Kelliher
Jane Hathaway (*Hathaway's daughter*), Frances Rogers
Slippy (*burglar*), Richard Woodcock

The play is the story of Mr. Hathaway, who is very independent and uninterested in anyone but himself. His butler tries to tell him that his wife has been shot by a burglar; but as Mr. Hathaway is interested in reading a murder story, he refuses to listen. After several tries, Mr. Hathaway gives his consent and listens to the story with mild interest. A reporter for the "Star" tries to get information from Hathaway. Hathaway, not knowing anything about himself or his family, directs Simpson to tell the family history. Shortly, Slippy, the burglar, reveals himself to Hathaway. Upon telling Hathaway that he had written the detective story Hathaway is reading, Hathaway is very much honored to meet him. The burglar tells Hathaway that he shot his wife, but that leaves no impression on Hathaway. Finally the burglar tells Hathaway exactly where to stand, apologizes because it is necessary, and shoots him.

The play *Business and So Forth* was also presented. The Cast of characters:
Lee Gitimate (*Esquire*), Lawrence Davies
Ann How (*applicant No. 1*). June White
Bea Shapely (*applicant No. 2*), Estelle Phillips
Ben E. Factor (*salesman*), Cleo King
Art Tillery (*salesman*), LaRoy Derby
Extra character (*client*), Jack Johnston

(Continued on page 64)


SPORTS

WOMEN'S A. A.

The organization as usual appointed its officers at the beginning of the fall term. The following girls were elected: President, Inez Wood; Vice-President, Barbara Burns; Secretary, Hazel Benn; Treasurer, Margaret Gillis.

Each member of the Hiking Club and basketball team were obliged to pay dues in order to join the organization. The dues were to help raise funds to maintain women's athletics. Meetings were held after school from time to time to discuss questions regarding girls' athletics. This club keeps a record of the letters, other awards, and expenditures. Each member was awarded a letter after she had earned it.

The following are members: Inez Wood, Ellsworth; Barbara Burns, Fort Fairfield; Hazel Benn, Smyrna Mills; Margaret Gillis, Milo; Donna Mills, Milo; Rebecca Gould, Sherman Mills; Esther Gott, Hancock; Marjorie Beatham, East Millinocket; Irene Durant, Freedom; Lucie Lackedy, Bucksport; Harriet McNair, Sangerville; Catherine Gould, Brewer; Frances Banks, Bangor; Ruth Kelliher, Bangor; Pauline Jordan, Hancock; Arlene Craig, Carmel; Effie Higgins, Etna; Thelma Hillman, Clinton; Barbara Dority, Hampden; Marie Lowe, Deer Isle; Edna Smith, Bangor; Jeanette Merrill, Patten; Majel Neal, Danforth; Mildred Shaw, Ludlow; Muriel Starbird, Dexter; Marjorie Tyler, Freedom; Helen St. Clair, Brewer; Harriet Brill, Bangor; Mary Dunham, Bar Harbor; Elizabeth Bridges, Mars Hill; Eleanor Hopkins, Corinna; Barbara Parkman, Sangerville; Patricia Lambert, Bangor.

MEN'S A. A.

The current season of the Men's A. A. opened on October 12 when Mr. Husson called a meeting of the men interested in the athletic development of the school. Acting as chairman, Mr. Husson talked on the requirements and read the constitution. He then called upon the forty-six candidates present for nominations for officers. The following men were elected:

Jack Johnston, Ellsworth, President
James Buck, Milo, Vice-President
Gordon Cook, Bangor, Secretary
Linwood Blair, Millinocket, Treasurer

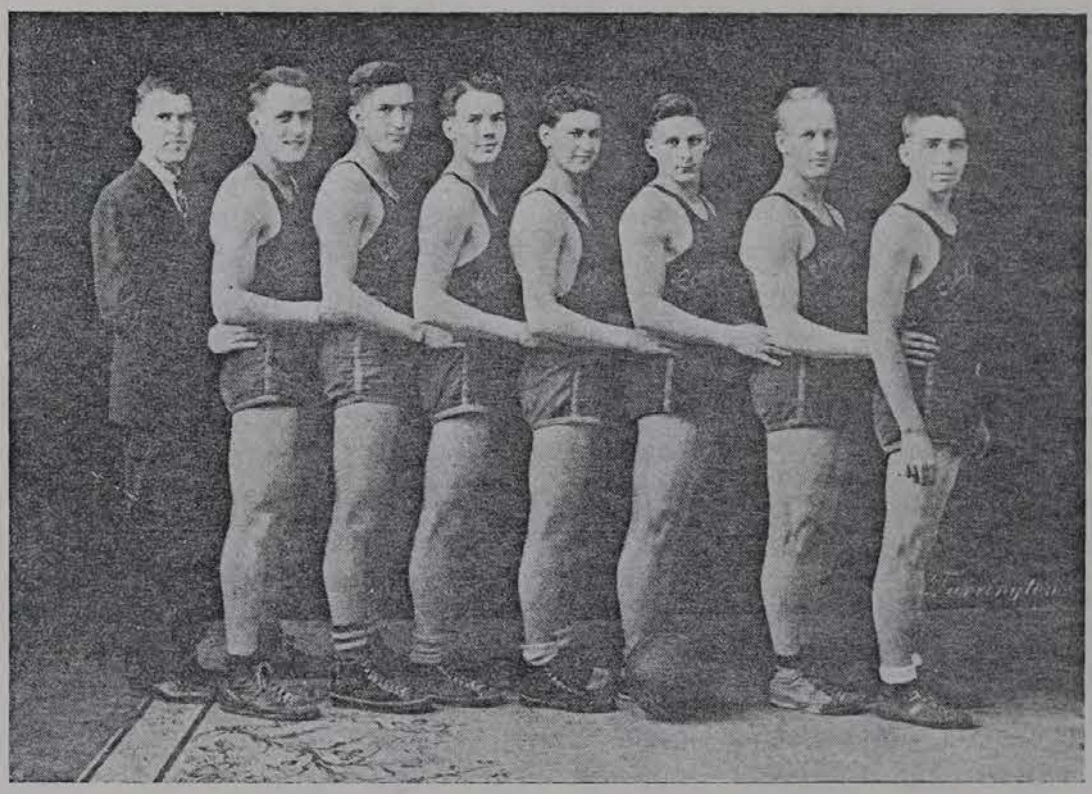
After several meetings for discussing means of increasing the treasury, a Thanksgiving Dance was decided upon as the most logical selection. This proved a worthy move as a good profit was made.

This first party was so enthusiastically received that instead of the customary Men's A. A. Show, which is presented annually, a second party was planned. This party was a cabaret. Committees worked untiringly to complete the plans for the introduction of something new into our entertainment world. The results of their efforts were really worth the work involved. A decorating committee did themselves nobly in preparing the interior of Roseland Ballroom. Six acts of vaudeville, a popular dance band, master of ceremonies, roped-off tables, and all the other customary accessories found at an establishment of this kind were included. The party was really the gem of the year.

The Ring Raffle was conducted by the association again this year with proceeds that exceeded our hopes.

The Association added Hockey to the curriculum as a regular sports activity and awarded letters to the men. As baseball and basketball were already on their control list, the Men's A. A. now control the three major sports.

(Continued on page 66)



Boys' Basketball

Basketball started October 18. Thirty-five boys reported for practice under the mentorship of Barney Deering, former Commerce star. Veterans returning from last year's squad were Lashie Sawyer, Nick Pennell, Fletcher Alley, and LaRoy Derby. Jack Johnston, a veteran of two years ago, also returned.

Those winning letters were: Jack Johnston, Danny Danforth, Johnny Danforth, Jimmy Buck, Pepper Martin, Lashie Sawyer, Bruce Woodman, Homer Carsley, Richard Woodcock, Fletcher Alley, Nick Pennell, LaRoy Derby, John Hamlin, and Bud Foss.

VARSITY

Playing through a season of nineteen games, Commerce won seven victories. As the majority of the games were played on foreign courts, and such teams as Ricker, Aroostook State Normal, Coburn, Higgins, Washington State Normal, Bucksport, and Stearns were met, the boys encountered one of the hardest schedules on record.

Members of the varsity squad were Captain Jack Johnston, Danny Danforth, Johnny Danforth, Jimmy Buck, Pepper Martin, Lashie Sawyer, and Bruce Woodman.

The schedule is as follows:

	Opponents	M. S. C.
Gilman	35	27
Farmington Normal	43	31
Brownville Junction	26	21
Coburn	37	27
Patten Academy	26	49
John Bapst	42	41
Stearns	28	17
Monson	30	42
Bucksport	32	34
Mt. Desert	38	35
Washington State Normal,	33	34
*Coburn	49	65
Higgins C. I.	58	44
Pemetic	40	38
Bucksport	31	43
Ricker C. I.	67	42
Aroostook State Normal	44	34
*Higgins C. I.	46	43
Castine Normal	35	59

*Home Games.

Girls' Basketball

The girls' basketball season started off with a bang on October 19, with Mrs. Sally Lowell, last year's coach, again with them. There were about twenty girls who reported for the first practice, but the number decreased to about eight or ten. The players experienced some hard luck in the first few games; but Lady Luck lent a helping hand, and they came thru with smashing victories in the end. The team lost one of its veteran forwards, Lena Shur, the first of the year. The forward positions were well taken care of by: Inez Wood, Barbara Burns, Hazel Benn, and Marjorie Beatham. The guards were: Margaret Gillis, Donna Mills, Rebecca Gould, Esther Gott, Lucie Lackedy, and Irene Durant.

Their schedule is as follows:

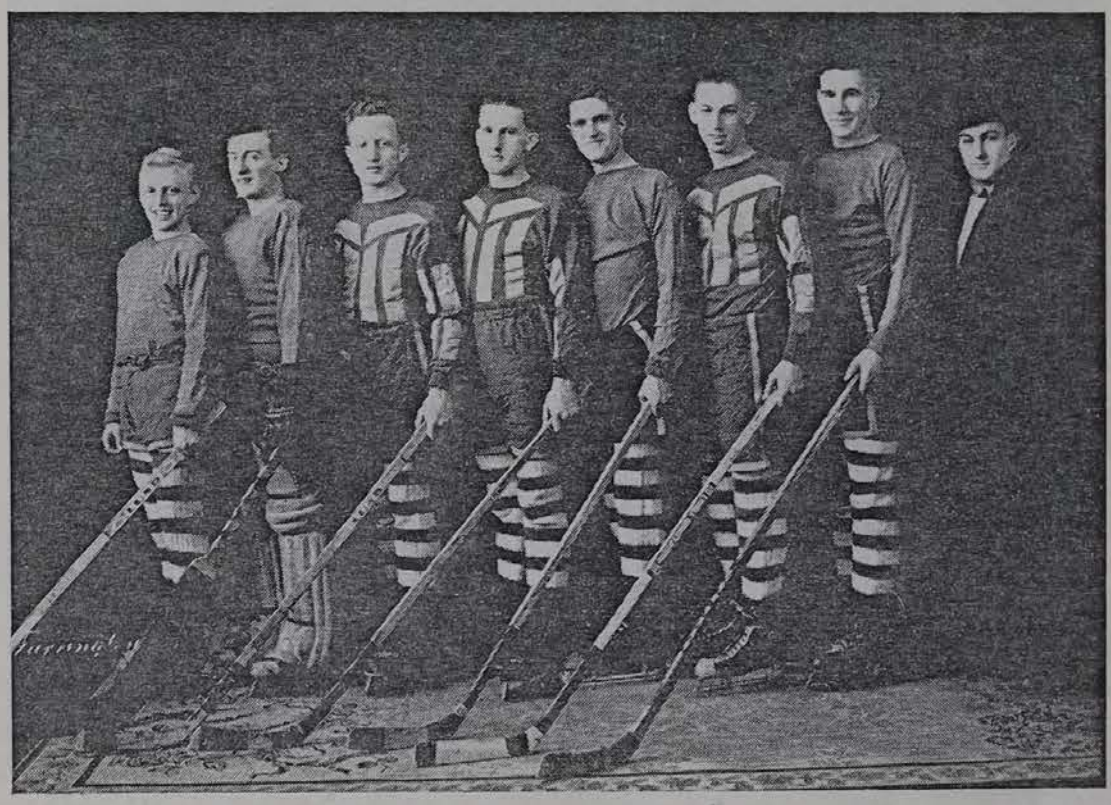
Date	Opponents	Score	M.S.C.
Dec. 7	Brownville Junction	34	30
Dec. 17	Milo	23	22
Jan. 4	Sangerville	8	42
Jan. 7	Stearns	23	23
Jan. 12	Lawrence	41	26
Jan. 21	Dover-Foxcroft	25	31
Feb. 1	Mattanawcook	32	23
Feb. 10	R. C. I.	25	20
Feb. 19	Sherman Mills	19	33
Feb. 23	Newport	19	38

The Co-captains were: Inez Wood and Margaret Gillis.

The following girls received letters:

Inez Wood, Barbara Burns, Hazel Benn, Margaret Gillis, Donna Mills, Rebecca Gould, Esther Gott, Marjorie Beatham, Lucie Lackedy, Irene Durant.





1938 HOCKEY TEAM

At the call of Coach Ossie Osborne, ten men reported, but only seven stuck the season out. They turned in a very good record.

Our first game, played with the Dexter Blackhawks, was a victory for Maine School by a score of 2 to 1 in an overtime period. The next game was with the Camden Outing Club. This was a night game and because of a poor lighting system we lost by one point, the score being 4 to 3.

On February 12, we again played the Dexter Blackhawks. This was the toughest and roughest game of the season. The game opened with blood in the Blackhawks' eyes, who were trying to get revenge for their other defeat. As a result, there were thirteen penalties, ten for Dexter and three for M. S. C. The score was 3 to 2 for M. S. C.

On February 22, Camden held its winter carnival, and we were asked down to play the last game of the season. This was the most colorful game of all, for the Snow Queen and all her maids were there, and of course "Roaming Romeo," Claude Morneault, played his best game. This was our revenge game, and an easy victory. Score 5 to 1.

Every member of the team was injured at some time during the season, if not seriously at least painfully. Nevertheless, it was a very enjoyable season.

The lettermen were:

Eastman (Red Sawyer, Right Wing
Winthrop (Nick) Nickerson, Left Wing
Paul (Squirt) McKenney, Center
Andrew (Andy) Verrow, Right Defense
Carleton (Mud) Scott, Left Defense
Claude (Claudette) Morneault, Left Defense
Henry (Cap) Morrill, Goalie
Owen (Ossie) Osborne, Coach
Eastman Sawyer, Manager

HIKING

The hiking season was late in getting started, and hikes were rather scattered during the winter. But with spring here, the girls are anxious for some long hikes outside the city with a few picnics to liven them up. We're planning to have at least four a week after school nights until the required forty miles is completed.

The hikes have included a visit to the airport and most of the well-known places in Bangor and Brewer.

Although the exact number to rereive letters is not yet certain, it looks as if we'll have the record over past years for those receiving letters. The active members are: Harriet McNair (Capt.), Sangerville; Catherine Gould (Capt.), Brewer; Frances Banks, Bangor; Ruth Kelliher, Bangor; Pauline Jordan, Hancock; Arlene Craig, Carmel; Effie Higgins, Etna; Thelma Hillman, Clinton; Barbara Dority, Hampden; Marie Lowe, Deer Isle; Jeanette Merrill, Patten; Majel Neal, Danforth; Mildred Shaw, Ludlow; Edna Smith, Bangor; Muriel Starbird, Dexter; Marjorie Tyler, Freedom; Helen St. Clair, Brewer; Marjorie Beathem, East Millinocket; Harriet Brill, Bangor; Elizabeth Bridges, Mars Hill; Eleanor Hopkins, Corinna; Barbara Parkman, Sangerville; Mary Dunham, Bar Harbor; Patricia Lambert, Bangor.





JAYVEES

Scoring 547 points to their opponents' 384, the boys won twelve out of a thirteen-game schedule.

Members of the team were: Captain Homer Carsley, Fletcher Alley, Richard Woodcock, Nick Pennell, LaRoy Derby, John Hamlin, and Bud Foss.

The schedule is as follows:

	Opponents	M. S. C.
Sherman High	31	41
Gilman Jayvees	21	35
Merrill High	17	34
Washington Academy	35	27
Sangerville High	47	56
Foxcroft Academy J V's	23	38
Washington State N. J V's	24	57
*Merrill High	20	53
*Morse High	38	57
Bangor Theological Sem.	35	47
*Patten Academy	33	36
Bucksport Jayvees	35	36
Newport High	25	30

*Home Games.

Prizes and Awards



ALTHEA CROWELL OF DEXTER
The First to Pass the 140-Letter in Shorthand

SHORTHAND

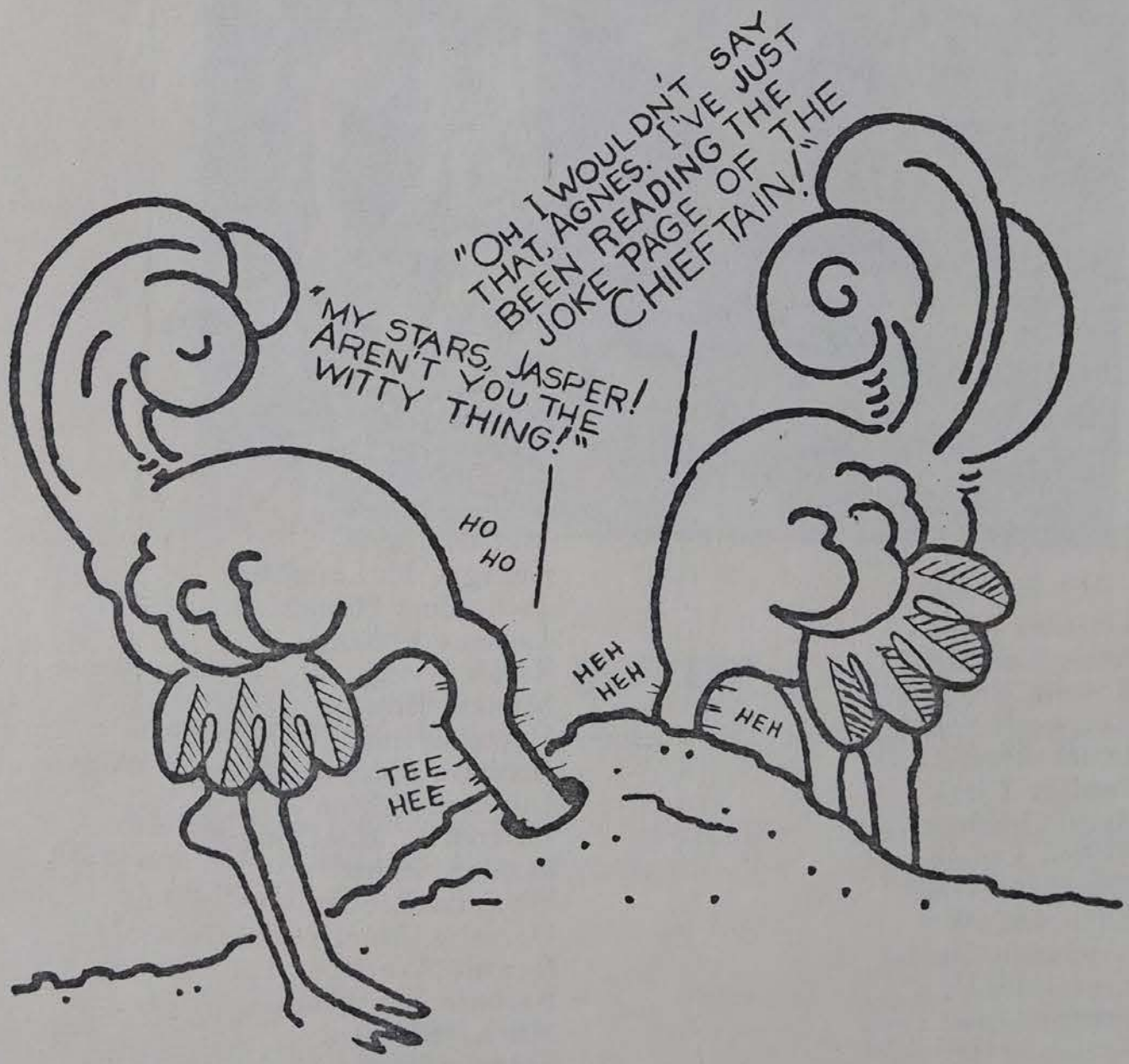
70-LETTER

Fletcher Alley
Anna Armatruda
Rovena Bragdon
Elizabeth Bridges
Loeta Brown
Pauline Clark
Beryl Crosby
Althea Crowell
Hadley Currier
Ellen Daisey
Lawrence Davies
Ernest Davis
Shirley Drew
Beulah Duty
Catherine Gould
June Hatfield
Frances McAllister
Harriet McNair
George Niles
Majel Neal
Carolyn Quimby
Helen St. Clair
Lena Shur
Arnold Travis
Mary Tremaine
Ardis Woodbury
Vertilee Bradford
Lucille Bradley
Vaughn Kinney
Marion Davis
Georgia McLaughlin
Jacqueline Houghton
Lurlene Folsom
Ralph Irving
Maxine Bowley
Helen Collins
Jeanette Merrill
Julian Leighton
Lawrence MacDougall
Gordon Smith
Wynona Brown
Dorothy MacDonald
Newell Avery
Barbara Bridgham
Muriel Starbird
Frances Banks

80-LETTER

Rovena Bragdon
Elizabeth Bridges
Loeta Brown
Pauline Clark
Beryl Crosby
Althea Crowell
Hadley Currier
Ellen Daisey
Lawrence Davies
Ernest Davis
Shirley Drew
Beulah Duty
Catherine Gould

(Continued on page 69)



JOKES and PERSONALS

LUCID LIMERICKS ON LEADING LOCALS

Last Thursday our teacher, Miss Tuomi
Said, "Tuesday a limerick's due me."
In vain I have tried
Her wish to provide,
But no inspiration comes to me.

—B. M. S. C.—

He comes through the door with a bang,
Slings books on his desk with a clang,
Plus looks, also style,
A John Riley smile,
He's always the noise of the gang.

—B. M. S. C.—

There was a young lady from Dexter
Who said that the summertime vexed her;
But when winter drew nigh,
'Twas then she did fly
To get the old red flannels next her.

—B. M. S. C.—

There once was a laddie named Buck
Who just couldn't learn how to truck;
But Bud and LaRoy
They showed him—oh, boy!
He ought to have left it to luck!

—B. M. S. C.—

There once was a wise guy named Jackie
Who oftentimes acted quite cracky.
Just wait and you'll see
A teacher he'll be—
Wouldn't you say he was wacky!

—B. M. S. C.—

A girl from Washburn called Steeves
Has a laugh that really does please.
One day she laughed
In the middle of a raft
And fell into the water up to her knees.

Pat was a little blonde girl;
Her hair she tried hard to curl.
It always was straight
And in her grew hate
For her hair that she just couldn't curl.

—B. M. S. C.—

There is a young man so wise
He can't learn shorthand if he tries.
Though he studies each day,
He can't find a way
To grasp the "darn stuff" if he dies.

—B. M. S. C.—

There is a young fellow named Paul.
Of stature, he has none at all.
He attends every dance
And at them does prance.
They call him the "beau" of the ball.

—B. M. S. C.—

I think that all of you knew
Ralph Alley (yes, I knew him too)
He bumped his head badly
And passed away sadly
While doing the "Susie Q."

—B. M. S. C.—

"While I wait for my bacon to fry,
I'll start on my grapefruit," said Si.
Poor Si never knew
Where all the juice flew
But most of it went in his eye.

—B. M. S. C.—

An eloping young couple from Snydenham
Found that Father had strictly forbiddenham
But the young lady knew
That he dare not pursue
For she'd pinched all his trousers and hyddenham.

FACULTY CHOICES IN POPULARITY CONTEST

Mr. 1938, Raymond Bennett
John Danforth
Miss 1938, Harriet McNair
Boys' Choice for Sister, Mary Tremaine
Girls' Choice for Brother, James Buck
Best Boy Athlete, Jack Johnston
Best Girl Athlete, Inez Wood

—B. M. S. C.—

STUDENT'S SECOND CHOICE IN CONTEST

Mr. 1938, Harry Collins
Miss 1938, Barbara Burns
Boys' Choice for Sister, Rosemary Danforth
Girls' Choice for Brother, Larry Sullivan
Best Boy Athlete, Hazen Danforth
Best Girl Athlete, Inez Wood

—B. M. S. C.—

WHY TEACHERS GET GRAY

Hydraulic acid is found in the stomach.

Cholera is a part of the ear.

During which time I done a little fishing and rode horseback until my back was so sore that I spent three days in bed recounterating.

55 B. C.—Julia Czar came up from Roam and conquered the Celts.

Punctuation of headings and addresses may be loose or tight.

A dentist will abstract a tooth.

A caucus is a prickly plant that grows in the west.

The ideal secretary handles confidential matters and works neck and neck with the big boss.

In intelligence the types of intelligence are either abstract or verbal, socialistic, and artistic intelligence.

Everything is done in the lavatory, there are no class periods whatever.

JIRMICIDAL JOTTINGS

Mumps is always sickly jirms.

Be aware of the flies that carry jirms.

Don't spit on the floor; there are gems in it.

The old man went to the doctor because he had ulsters over his eyes.

Fishing

Perhaps a little tired,
As we straggle back to camp,
To get our fire started,
And eat an evening snack.

And quite a snack at that,
No finer could be found,
No matter how far you travel,
Even the whole world around.

Can't you smell the bacon frying,
As it sizzles in the pan,
And that smell of coffee,
Boiling in a tomato can?

Speckled beauties eaten,
And coffee can set to cool,
We tell of our day's adventure,
At our favorite spot or pool.

CLIFFORD H. ROWELL.

—B. M. S. C.—

G. Niles: "I am looking for a man with only one eye."

C. Lufkin: "It would be a lot easier to find him if you would use both of them."

—B. M. S. C.—

A traveling man who had been obliged three times to take an upper berth in the sleeping car, "Aloha," has requested the Pullman Company to please change the name of the car to "Anuppah."

—B. M. S. C.—

C. Lufkin: "Did you ever read 'To a Mouse?'"

P. McKenney: "No, I never could get one to listen."

—B. M. S. C.—

In a busy section of the city one enterprising concern displayed in great illuminated letters, "Open All Night." Next to it was a cafe bearing with equal prominence the sign, "We Never Close."

Third in order came a Chinese laundry in a little low-framed hovel. The proprietor, not to be outdone, put up a sign in large, sprawling letters: "Me Wakee Too."

—B. M. S. C.—

Bill Collector: "I've been here a dozen times, and I positively won't call again."

Mr. Husson: "Oh, come now, don't be superstitious about coming the thirteenth time. Nothing will happen, I assure you."

TONGUE TWISTERS FOR TRIUMPHANT TYPISTS

Carry Cousins confused certain crazy citizens with her contented cats and cute cows.

Eva and Ezra were equally eligible for exceptional epitaphs by exultant elders.

Fickle Frances figured it futile to feed fish and fudge to frivolous Fletcher.

The gullible gypsy gave gauze to the garrulous girl, who grabbed it with gusto.

Happy Hazel hated to harass hard-boiled Harry with her habitual hysterics.

Inez Irving of Ipswich was irked when I insisted that Iroquois Indians inhabited igloos.

Jasper and Jacqueline joked about the jaundice jinx as they journeyed to the jubilee in Java.

Michael Mullens, a Mugwump from Meddybemps, made a muzzle for the moose maddened by mosquitoes.

Without a qualm, the quick-witted queen questioned the quizzical quartermaster, who quibbled, quavered, and quaked.

The ubiquitous umpire urged the utility of the ukase against usury.

The squaw seized the scurvy scoundrel and spent his stipend for a saxophone.

—B. M. S. C.—

The Reason Why

My sister, who is five years old,
  Looks at the stars each night,
And wonders how they got up there,
  And where they got their light.

One rainy night she looked in vain,
  There were no stars to see;
She heaved a thoughtful little sigh
  Then turned and said to me,

"Why don't the stars come out tonight?"
  She bowed her little head,
And before I could answer,
  Had tumbled into bed.

Then she rose up from the pillows,
  I see her eyes shine yet,
As she answered her own question,
  "They don't want to get wet."

ETHEL SIBLEY.

Young and Old

(With all due apologies to Charles Kingsley)

When all the world is young, Lad,
  And all the trees are green;
And Truckin' and the Big Apple
  Still reign your world supreme.
'Tis then, you have your fun, Lad,
  For though you know it not,
Advancing years and toil, Lad
  Soon put you on the spot.

When all the world is old, Lad,
  And all the trees are brown.
And you have had your fling, Lad.
  As you start the fifteenth round
Think not of approaching age, Lad,
  When you sail along Life's sea.
But live in happy memories
  Of days spent at M. S. C.!!!

JUNE HATFIELD.

—B. M. S. C.—

College Don't Pay

I'll tell you the story of a fella,
Who thought he'd get some knowledge.
So he bought him a suit and a pair o' shoes,
And started in business college.

He found himself a place to board,
With a dozen other guys.
They laughed and fooled and raised old heck,
And thought that they were wise.

He fooled his time away in school,
And wrote notes to the girls.
He didn't even try to study—
He joined the social whirl.

Now he is back home on the farm,
A-cutting hay all day,
And mops his brow with a grimy hand,
And swears that college don't pay.

GLENDON HARDING.

—B. M. S. C.—

The Song of the Brook

Come sit with me beside the brook
  And watch it glide along;
It hums a tune all of its own,
  A happy, merry song.

No matter what the weather be,
  If stormy or if clear,
With ne'er a thought of weariness
  It flows on year by year.

It seems to say the world's all right
  Has lots in store for you;
And all your troubles fade away
  Like early morning dew.

So when you're blue and skies are dark,
  You count life "year by year,"
Come sit with me beside the brook
  And hear its song of cheer.

MILLARD FOSS.

THE KIND OF EXAMS WE SHOULD LIKE TO TAKE:

1. Augusta, Maine, is the capital of what state?
2. Who discovered America?
3. Aroostook potatoes are grown where?
4. The verb, walk, is what part of speech?
5. What fowl lays duck's eggs?
6. Who wrote Shakespeare's plays?
7. When was the War of 1812?
8. What number comes after 19?
9. If Martha Washington was Washington's wife, who was her husband?
10. If Lawrence MacDougall is in the main room, where is Rosemary?

—B. M. S. C.—

Hus and His Bus

'Tis eleven o'clock Monday morning,
And Arithmetic has just begun;
Husson hasn't that gleam in his eye,
So now kids we're in for some fun.

"Greetings! my sweet little children,
How bright you look today!
I'm amazed at the looks on your faces,
For once you are happy and gay.

"I, too, am in a pleasant mood,
So glad I'm still able to drive;
'Cause haven't you heard the latest news?
Today my Buick will arrive.

'Tis now just twenty past eleven,
And the Chief is still going strong
On the good points of his new green car;
As yet nothing seems to be wrong.

"Ah! yes, my dear little students,
It's a car made strong and well
Simply step on the gas just a little
And it will go like ——" eleven-thirty,
saved by the bell ! !

QUINTON GRAY.

—B. M. S. C.—

Public bore, No. 1, is the man who opens his mouth and puts his feats into it.

"Friendship — In Your Face"

Someone is always in my mind
Like a beautiful thought, all silver lined,
Whether I walk the streets or ride in the car,
Or stroll in the light of the friendly stars.

Someone is always in my mind,
Like an old friendly song—the lasting kind;
And it's easy to see how I cannot forget,
For a friendship began when we first met.

A friendship that's unselfish, and for its existence you live,
For it's not what you get, but what you can give,
If you live in its splendor or its infinite grace,
You don't have to tell it, for it shows on your face.

Don't be afraid to say what's in your heart,
And keep it inside where it first got its start;
For the threads of our friendship are woven like lace—
What you wear in your heart you wear on your face.

LUCIE LACKEDY.

—B. M. S. C.—

Revenge

There was a lad lived out our way,
His mother called him Max;
And though a cute and pleasant kid,
He liked to toot a sax! !

The neighbors swore, but 'twas in vain,
Said all but Zeb McFare;
He liked sweet swing all right, he vowed,
But Max got in his hair!

And so a group of pals he called,
And in the quiet night,
A plan they formed that they sure thought
Would finally end the fight.

Now, Zeb did have a lovely niece.
Dear me, but she was sweet!
And Zeb he sent for her to come
And visit on our street.

When young Max spied sweet blue-eyed Mae,
His heart it sure was sunk.
He traded in his trusty sax
For a guitar to plunk.

So now the neighbors swear at Zeb;
They think he's awfully dumb.
How they long for the quiet, peaceful days
Before that Mae did come!

SHIRLEY DREW.

Disillusioned

Dainty, young and sweet, and so charming;
Such an unsophisticated little thing.
Her modest gown her ankles did caress;
In memory, like his mother—Yes,
She seemed quite out of place among these girls
Who were so brazen with their rouge and curls.
The sort of girl of whom for years he'd dreamed;
So very lovely, that she an angel seemed.

She turned—her voice broke the silence of the night
As she shrilly groaned—"Say, gimme a light?"

JUNE HATFIELD.

—B. M. S. C.—

WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE THINGS GO TO?

Tell me, oh tell me—What can I do
About my pencils, old and new?
Three for ten is not much to pay.
But it's tough to do it every day.
Three gone this week, three the week before;
And probably next week I'll lose three more.
It's expensive, bothersome, tiresome, depressing,
Where they go has got me guessing.
I buy them tonight and to my sorrow,
They are all gone a week from tomorrow.
They are pretty to look at and handy to use,
But they are mighty easy things to lose.
Do I carry them off and leave them there?
If so, why, and how, and where?
Do they sprout legs and walk, or wings and fly?
Or do they just curl up and die?
Perhaps they melt, or perhaps they burn;
But the proven answer I'll never learn.
If you should accidentally happen to find
One of these little wanderers of mine,
A friend of mine, you'll always be
If you will kindly return it to me.
Those I have lost and those I will lose
Are marked with a "W," the initial I choose.
If my dear pencils are returned through your cooperation
You'll be one of the greatest persons in this nation.

—A Woeful Student.

—B. M. S. C.—

Two old friends met on the street one day. After talking over old times, Joe suddenly started to tell what a sweet wife he had.

Joe: "You couldn't ask for a better woman than I got."

Fred: "That's fine, Joe, that's fine."

Joe: "But you know, Fred, she has just one fault."

Fred: "One fault?—I should say that was pretty good."

Joe: "Yes, sir! When she gets drunk, she swears like a parrot."

—B. M. S. C.—

We are so green that the blades of grass
Turn pale with envy as we pass.

—B. M. S. C.—

Advice to:
The thin: Don't eat fast.
The fat: Don't eat, fast.

—B. M. S. C.—

For Sale:
1934 Austin, in first crash condition. Terms, to close out. Capt. Morrill. Dial Orrington 0-0076.

—B. M. S. C.—

Husson: "Why didn't you shave this morning?"

A. Butler: "I did."

Husson: "Well, next time, stand closer to the razor."

—B. M. S. C.—

What is the difference:

The difference between a civil suit and a criminal suit is that a criminal suit has stripes.

Mistaken Identity

One night I walked along the street
The stars did dimly shine,
'Twas cold, few people ventured out,
The sidewalk all was mine.

I hastened on along the street
With thoughts of getting home,
When 'cross my path a pussy cat
Did accidentally roam.

I slowed my pace upon the street
My sympathy did 'rouse.
I stooped to pat the little cat
And quiet its meows.

But those meows it did not make,
And Oh! Did I feel sunk?
For that poor little pussy cat
Was a marauding skunk!

DOROTHY WALDRON.

—B. M. S. C.—

Waitress: "Don't you like your college pudding, sir?

W. Butler: "No, I'm afraid not. There seems to be an egg in it that ought to have been expelled.

—B. M. S. C.—

F. Steeves: "Got a minute to spare?"
E. Stanley: "Sure."
F. Steeves: "Tell me all you know."

—B. M. S. C.—

Mr. Lunt: "You missed my class yesterday, didn't you?"
H. Lyons: "Not in the least, sir, not in the least."

—B. M. S. C.—

Judge: "So you tried to drive by the officer after he blew the whistle."
G. Smith: "Your honor, I'm deaf."
Judge: "That may be true, but you'll get your hearing in the morning."

—B. M. S. C.—

Pilot: "Do you wanna fly?"
D. Moran: "Oh yes! Very much!"
Pilot: "Wait a minute, and I'll catch you one."

—B. M. S. C.—

Mr. Husson: "I want to know who is the smartest guy in the world and why am I."

—B. M. S. C.—

Miss Tuomi: "I would like a preparation of phenylisothiocyanate."
Drug Clerk: "Do you mean mustard oil?"
Miss Tuomi: "Yes, I can never think of that name."

Kitchen Kares

To-day my Mother went away
And left me a cook-book.
She said, "While I am gone, my dear,
You'll have to be the cook."

I start out gaily to prepare
A meal, from soup to pie.
But ere I am completely through
I stop my laughs, to sigh.

The peas are scorched, the meat is tough,
The onions make me cry.
Then I decide to swiftly make
A lovely mince-meat pie.

How sad to me this is to be
Yet other people tickles,
I filled that pie out of a jar
Containing ground spiced pickles.

ESTELLE PHILLIPS.

—B. M. S. C.—

John had just returned from a Sunday-school picnic.

"How did you enjoy yourself?" asked his grandmother.

"Oh, we went to a swell place," answered John, "but you should just see the 'Devil's Gorge.'"

"My dear," reproved the shocked old lady, "you shouldn't speak like that of your friends. I expect the fresh air gave them an appetite."

—B. M. S. C.—

Miss Tuomi: "Give me the principle parts of 'spit.'"
H. Collins: "Spit—spat—sput."

—B. M. S. C.—

Mr. Lunt: "Why don't we have Squatter's sovereignty today?"
F. Alley: "There is no place to squat."

—B. M. S. C.—

K. Hatch: "I'm a magician. I can take things out of hats."
K. Mace: "Swell. Can you take the spot out of an old hat of mine?"

—B. M. S. C.—

Robert Patterson: "How's business?"
Electric Vibrator Salesman: "Pretty shaky, brother, pretty shaky."

Miss Tuomi: "What do we mean by plural?"

J. Riley: "It is the same thing only more of it."

—B. M. S. C.—

Mr. Covell: "What disease is the most deadly?"

McDougall: "Doctors say fatal diseases are about the worst."

—B. M. S. C.—

Miss Tuomi: (in biology class) "What does a bat do in winter?"

L. Davies: "It splits if you don't oil it."

—B. M. S. C.—

Mr. Husson: "Guy, are you musical?"

G. Leonard: "Yes, indeed, I have two musical feet."

Mr. Husson: "You mean you dance?"

G. Leonard: "No, two flats."

St. Peter: "How did you get up here?"

Latest Arrival: "Flu."

—B. M. S. C.—

Chesley Sr.: "No, Son, I don't know the Latin word for people."

Chesley Jr.: "Populi."

Chesley Sr.: "How dare you accuse your father of lying, young man?"

—B. M. S. C.—

Miss Tuomi: "What is the most important organ of the body?"

Bud Foss: "The nose."

Miss Tuomi: "Why the nose?"

Bud Foss: "It is the human center."

—B. M. S. C.—

Husson: (in arithmetic class) "There are about eighteen of you here—and you're not all here."

—B. M. S. C.—

A teacher's favorite expression: "Pass in your papers before you pass out."

-- Exchanges --

Cony High School, Augusta, Maine.

Cony Cue. Northeastern University, Boston, Mass.
We thought your Candid Camera shots extremely interesting. Congratulations on your book! It is well arranged and interesting.

The Breeze. Brooksville High School, South Brooksville, Maine.
Your poetry and jokes we like to read. Your book is very well arranged.

The Northland. Washburn High School, Washburn, Maine.
You have a fine book! It shows hard work. The Senior Class pictures and write-ups were outstanding.

M. C. I. Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Maine.
We liked your book. We like your pages of Literature and Activities.

The Signet. N. H. Fay High School, Dexter, Maine.
Your book shows hard work and careful planning. We liked your snapshots and stories.

Academy Review. Foxcroft Academy, Dover-Foxcroft, Maine.
You have a fine book! Special interest was taken in your snapshots and jokes.

1938 Papers will be exchanged with the following:

Tattler. Rangeley, Maine.

The Margaritta. Machias, Maine.

Moosa-bec. Jonesport, Maine.

Higgins Classical Institute, Charleston, Maine.

ALUMNI

Class of 1935

Florence M. Anderson, Houlton—Aroostook Production Credit, Houlton.

Hilda L. Bailey, Bangor—Merchant's National Bank.

Irving M. Bangs, Machias—Head clerk, Crane Lumber Co.

Mary Bartlett, Stonington—Eastern Furniture Co.

Jennie M. Beale, Buck's Harbor—Office, Ross St. Germaine.

Franklin L. Beal, Ellsworth—Asst. bookkeeper, Ellsworth Branch of Bar Harbor Motor Co.

Eleanor M. Bean, East Sullivan.

Barbara R. Beatty, Brewer—Chamber of Commerce, Bangor.

Dorothea H. Brager, Dover-Foxcroft.

Martha K. Buzzell, Guilford.

Marian A. Carter, Bangor—Farmington H. S. Commercial Instructor.

Sally E. Chapman, Bethel — Bookkeeper, Caldwell Sweet Co.

Harriet Clark, Sangerville — Mrs. Robert Elderkin, Sangerville.

Eleanor Clemons, Lee—Coach and Commercial Instructor, Lincoln Academy, Newcastle.

Annette Cutting, Bath.

Lillian C. Dorr, Brewer—Thomas Rod Co.

Glenice L. Downes, Corinna—Lango Woolen Mills, Corinna.

Madeline G. Eastman, Old Town—Bangor Hydro Office, Old Town.

Gilbert M. Ellis, Orono—U. S. Postal Service.

Delbert D. Fitzpatrick, South Bancroft—Lincoln Lodge.

Frances M. Gardner, East Machias—Commercial Instructor, Sherman H. S.

Ruth E. Good, Monticello—Instructor Commercial, Hampden Academy.

Pauline E. Gordon, Bangor—N. E. Telephone & Telegraph Office.

Lewis F. Gould, Newport—Maine Distributors Co., Caribou.

Elaine Hanscom, Milo—FERA, Dover-Foxcroft.

Maxine E. Harris, Derby—Mrs. Carl Golding, Madawaska.

Marion F. Hayes, Bangor—Commercial Instructor, Kittery H. S.

Elizabeth P. Higgins, Bangor—Mrs. William Ryan, Bangor.

Everett L. Hitchings, Calais—Commercial Instructor, Calais Academy.

Margery A. Howell, Sangerville—Moose River Shoe Co., Harmony.

Richard F. Hughes, Brownville Junction.

Virginia F. Hutchinson, Brownville Junction—Great Northern Paper Co., Millinocket.

Earle C. Jowdry, Brownville—Instructor Commercial Subjects and Coach, Patten Academy.

Margaret L. Leighton, Sangerville—Piscataquis Woolen Co.

Marguerite C. Leighton, Bangor—Ramsdell Canning Co.

Leona O. LePage, Keegan—Instructor Commercial Department, Winslow H. S.

Newell F. Littlefield, Newbury—Arthur Chapin Co.

Hazel E. Lunn, Milltown—Commercial Instructor, Woodland H. S.

Enid L. Maloney, Port Clyde—married.

Ina A. Mayo, Brewer—Mrs. Arthur Webber, Rockland.

Mildred E. McAfee, Brownville Junction—Sec'y to Dr. Witte and Dr. Kettle, Bangor State Hospital.

Jean M. McEachern, Presque Isle.

Frances Mehann, Old Town.

Inez E. Merrill, Bangor—Utterback-Gleason Co.

Geraldine A. Mott, Lincoln—married.

Barbara W. Norris, Bangor—Eastern Furniture Co.

Beulah E. Norris, Bangor.

Pauline A. Noyes, Lee—Mrs. Pauline Saba, Worcester, Mass.

Leonard C. Page, Orono—Commercial Instructor, Fort Fairfield H. S.

Ernestine E. Pearson, Brewer—W. H. Gorham Co.

Harland E. Randall, Bangor—Cole's Express.

Alton L. Richardson, RFD, Bangor.

Madelyn G. Rosebush, Brownville Junction.

Lillian M. Russell, Bar Harbor.

Almeda H. Sawyer, Old Town—Old Town Canoe Co.

Gordon W. Shea, Stonington—Working in Boston.

Eleanor K. Smith, Bangor.

Hulbert G. Snow, Springfield.

Stanford A. Stromback, Monson—Commercial Instructor, Old Town H. S.

Into, Suomi, Monson—Commercial Instructor, Bangor H. S.

Glenna G. Tapley, Robinson—Mrs. Allan Fuller, Bangor.

Lena M. Tapley, Brooklin—Social Security Office.

Elizabeth A. Toole, Bangor—Prentiss-Carlisle Co.

Marie A. Toole, Bangor—Internal Revenue Office, Augusta.

Ada M. Towle, Ox Bow—Commercial Instructor, Caribou H. S.

Claude M. Trask, Derby—S. Gaudet & Son, Rockwood.

William Wallace, Greenville Junction.

Elliott J. Wardwell, Penobscot.

George M. Watson, Bangor—C. H. Rice Co.

Mary E. Watson, Bangor—Mrs. John E. Fowler, Bangor.

Margaret A. Way, Belfast—Eastern Furniture Co.

Marietta R. Welch, Machiasport—Commercial Instructor, Washington Academy.

Margaret L. Whelpley, Brownville Junction—Office, Alumni Sec'y University of Maine.

Hope K. Williams, Brockton, Mass.

Class of 1936

Ruby M. Allbee, Presque Isle.

Edwin G. Baker, Bangor — Maine Retirement Bureau at Washington, D. C.

Juanita E. Beal, Jonesport—Employed in Jonesport.

Naomi A. Blake, Bangor.

Agnes L. Bouchard, Caribou—Federation Fertilizer Co., Caribou.

Virginia M. Brooks, Bangor—Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.

Mary E. Brown, Verona Heights.

Lilly S. Carlson, Brownville Junction.

Hester L. Carter, Hancock—Commercial Instructor, Island Falls H. S.

George B. Coffin, Ashland—Worcester Trap Rock Co., Jefferson, Mass.

Ella K. Daisey, Millinocket—Great Northern Paper Co.

Hilda L. Durgin, Corinna.

Ellen S. Ellis, Brewer—Eastern Furniture Co.

Anne Elwell—Bar Harbor.

Corabelle M. Fairbrother, Guilford.

John F. Gaddis, East Machias.

Kenneth S. Gardiner, Houlton—Beck, Umphrey & Wade, Washburn.

Beatrice A. Gilmore, Orono.

Patricia K. Gogan, Bangor—University of Maine.

Alice F. Guptill, Addison.

Harold W. Harding, Etna—Hardwood Products Co., Guilford.

Velma M. Kelley, Bangor—American Optical Co.

Miriam Landon, Bangor—University of Maine.

Alfred F. Louder, Pittsfield.

Robert F. McAvoy, Bangor—Eastern Grain Co., South Brewer.

John R. McPike, Waite—Dead River Oil Co., Calais.

Annette E. Monaghan, Bangor—Hartland Coal Co.

Dorothy E. Mountain, Dexter.

Patricia A. Nason, East Millinocket—American Woolen Co., Old Town.

Beulah E. Patterson, Thorndike—Secretary, Eastern Academy of Hairdressing.

Pearl R. Perkins, Orono—Sargent's Motor Lines.

Emily M. Perry, Brownville Junction—Employed in Brownville Junction.

Mary M. Roberts, Bridgewater.

Gwendolyn G. Smith, Hampden—Western Union.

Gerald J. Stephens, Derby.

Eleanor G. Stuart, Bangor—Personal Finance Co.

Ralph L. Thompson, Bangor—Cole's Express.

Frances J. Twitchell, Bridgewater—Mathew Brothers, Belfast.

James S. Twitchell, Bridgewater—Government employ, Hawaii.

Harriette H. Verrow, South Brewer—C. H. Rice Co.

Russell B. White, Southwest Harbor—White's Garage.

Eugene C. Winchenbach, Waldoboro—University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Mary E. Woodworth, Houlton—Mrs. Halsted Jenkins, Togus.

Class of 1937

Cynthia Adams, Bangor—Bangor Gas Light Co.

Rena M. Adams, Houlton—Instructor Commercial Department, Houlton H. S.

Frances Averill, Prentiss—Attending M. S. C.

Milton Bailey, Caribou—Employed in Presque Isle.

Woodrow Bailey, Lincoln—Commercial Instructor, Brooks High School.

Boyden Bearce, East Eddington—Government employ, Hawaii.

Fremont Bishop, Milo—Corine Hotel, Worcester, Mass.

Eleanor Bissell, Bangor—Hallowell H. S. Commercial Instructor.

June Burrill, Brewer—Department of Old Age Assistance, Lincoln.

Edward Campbell, Millinocket—Great Northern Paper Co., Millinocket.

Doris Clifford, Mars Hill.

Eleanor Coffin, Bar Harbor—Office J. R. Stuart, Bangor.

Gordon Cook, Bangor—Attending M. S. C.

Clinton Cormier, Old Town.

Annette Curran, Bangor—Office, Lawyer O'Leary.

William Curran, Bangor—Instructor Commercial Department, Cherryfield Academy.

Geraldine Demont, Old Town—City Clerk's Office, Old Town.

Gordon Dubey, Bradley—Government employ, Philippines.

Thomas Eldridge, Belfast.

John Fahey, Bangor—Instructor Commercial Department, St. Mary's H. S., Van Buren.

Edith Floros, Bangor—Webber Motor Co.

Alvah Ford, Bangor—Lincoln Hotel, Quincy, Mass.

Sylvia Foster, Bangor—Townsend, Anthony & Tyson Co.

Gertrude Garcelon, Caribou—Boy Scout Headquarters, Bangor.

Alwin Gates, Brownville Junction.

Patricia Gordon, Sullivan—L. A. Gray Grain Co.

Argie Graves, Brownville—Sanders Store, Greenville.

Raphael Greene, West Enfield.

Virginia Grover, Brewer—Office, Myer W. Epstein.

Alice M. Hackett, Brewer—Office, Bangor M. S. C.

Alton Hamm, Lee—Gallagher's Grocery Store.

Laurence Harris, Brownville Junction—C. P. Railroad, Brownville Junction.

Nathan Hebberd, Dexter—Shapero Brothers, Presque Isle.

Olive Higgins, Dennysville—Commercial Instructor, Brownville Junction H. S.

Clara Hodsdon, Stillwater—Office W. D. Hayes and Tarratine Club.

Jacqueline Houghton, Searsport—Office, Dr. S. J. Rosen.

Elizabeth Igoe, Brewer—Eastern Furniture Co.

Clayton Jackson, Monson—Office, Cole's Express.

Clifton Jackson, Monson—Commercial Instructor, Greenville H. S.

Philip Jarvis, Bangor — Eastern Trust & Banking Co.

Anita Johnson, New Sweden—Caribou Pub. Co.

Richard Kiah, Brewer—Bangor Gas Co.

Phyllis Knorr, East Millinocket—Unemployment Office, Millinocket.

Donald Knowles, Hampden—Civil Service, Baltimore, Maryland.

Vinton Lane, Lincoln—Office, Milliken-Tomlinson Co.

Erma Littlefield, Orono—Library, University of Maine.

Lloyd Mann, Brewer—Office, City Clerk, Brewer.

Daniel Marr, Brownville Junction—Government employ, Hawaii.

Herschel McIntosh, Houlton—Shapero Bros., Presque Isle.

(Continued on page 68)

Graduating Class of 1938

Students Who Will be Graduated in June, 1938, or Soon Thereafter—

ALLEN, MAURICE — Westfield

Accounting

ALLEY, FLETCHER — Beals

Normal

Basketball (1) (2) (3), Football (1) (2), Baseball (1), Men's A. A. (1) (2) (3).

AMATRUDA, ANNA — Bangor

Junior Secretarial

Zaner-Bloser Certificate.

AVERY, NEWELL — Bangor

Stenographic

Zaner-Bloser Certificate, two Filing Certificates.

BAILLARGEON, ADRIAN — Old Town

Business Administration

Zaner-Bloser Certificate.

BANKS, FRANCES — Bangor

Junior Secretarial

Dramatic Club, Hiking Club, Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Zaner-Bloser Certificate, Filing Certificate.

BRADSTREET, GERTRUDE — Freedom

Stenographic

BRAGDON, ROVENA — Sangerville

Stenographic

BRIDGHAM, BARBARA — Brewer

Junior Secretarial

Zaner-Bloser Certificate, Filing Certificate.

BRILL, HARRIET — Bangor

Junior Secretarial

Filing Certificate, Zaner-Bloser Certificate.

BROWN, JAMES — Pembroke

Business Administration

BROWN, LOETA — Brewer

Stenographic

Filing Certificate.

BROWN, WYNONA — Bangor

Stenographic

Dramatic Club.

CARSLEY, HOMER — Dexter

Business Administration

Mu Sigma Chi, Basketball (1) (2), Baseball (1) (2) (3), McIntosh Certificate, Zaner-Bloser Certificate, Fraternity Frolics, Men's A. A.

CARSON, H. STANLEY — Bangor

Administration

Mu Sigma Chi, Zaner-Bloser Certificate, McIntosh Certificate.

CASEY, JAMES — Bangor

Full Commercial

CLARK, HARRIET — South Orrington

Junior Secretarial

Hiking Club (1).

CLARK, H. PAULINE — Dennysville

Stenographic

Zaner-Bloser Certificate.

CRAIG, ARLINE — Carmel

Secretarial

Hiking Club, Zaner-Bloser Certificate.

CRAWFORD, EVA — Bangor

Junior Secretarial

Zaner-Bloser Certificate.

CROWELL, ALTHEA — Dexter

Junior Secretarial

Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Zaner-Bloser Certificate, Filing Certificate.

DAHLENE, VIRGINIA — Brewer

Stenographic

Dramatic Club.

DANFORTH, ROSEMARY — Brewer

Special

Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Senior Council (1) (2), Filing Certificate.

DIONNE, MONICA — Van Buren

Stenographic

DIVNEY, MARY — Carmel

Stenographic

Zaner-Bloser Certificate, Orchestra (1) (2).

DOLE, MARGUERITE — Holden

Stenographic

DUNHAM, MARY — Bar Harbor

Secretarial

DUTY, BEULAH — Bangor

Secretarial

Epsilon Tau Epsilon, two Zaner-Bloser Certificates.

FINCH, EVA — Patten

Stenographic

Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Zaner-Bloser Certificate, Filing Certificate.

FOLSOM, LURLENE — Millinocket

Stenographic

Epsilon Tau Epsilon.

FORD, ALTON — Hancock

Business Administration

FOWLER, THOMAS — Bangor

Normal

Men's A. A., Gregg Certificate, Zaner-Bloser Certificate, *Chieftain* Staff.

GARDINER, BYRON — Houlton

Business

McIntosh Certificate.

GENTHNER, RICHARD — Guilford

College Normal

Mu Sigma Chi, Dramatic Club.

GLIDDEN, ERDINE — Millinocket

Junior Secretarial

GOULD, CATHERINE — Brewer

Junior Secretarial

Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Hiking Club, Assistant Captain of Hiking Club (2), Zaner-Bloser Certificate.

GOULD, REBECCA — Sherman Mills

Administration Secretarial

Basketball (1) (2), Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Women's A. A., Zaner-Bloser Certificate.

GRAY, QUINTON — Prospect

Salesmanship

Mu Sigma Chi, Men's A. A., Dramatic Club, Orchestra, Senior Council.

HIGGINS, EFFIE — Etna

Stenographic

Hiking Club.

HILL, KENNETH — Dexter

Full Commercial

Mu Sigma Chi, Orchestra, McIntosh Certificate.

HILLMAN, THELMA — Clinton

Stenographic

Hiking Club.

HOPKINS, ELEANOR — Corinna

Junior Secretarial

Hiking Club.

HUNTLEY, CHARLES — Machias

Full Commercial

Men's A. A., Baseball (1), Zaner-Bloser Certificate.

JOHNSTON, JACK — Ellsworth

Normal

Mu Sigma Chi, Treasurer (3), Office Force, Men's A. A., President (3), Senior Council, Men's A. A. Show (2), Fraternity Frolics, *Chieftain* Staff, Basketball (1) (2) (3), Captain (3), Baseball (3), Zaner-Bloser Certificate, Gregg Certificate.

JORDAN, PAULINE — Hancock

Junior Secretarial

Hiking Club.

JORDAN, ROGER — Waltham

Accounting

Two Zaner-Bloser Certificates.

KENNEDY, DANA — Bangor

Normal

Editor in Chief of *Chieftain* (1), Men's A. A. Vice-President (1), Mu Sigma Chi Secretary (2), Fraternity Frolics, Dramatic Club, President (3), *Chatter* Assistant Editor (2) (3), Filing Certificate, Zaner-Bloser Certificate, Gregg Certificate, Senior Council (3), Office Assistant, Corrector of Bookkeeping (3).

KINNEY, VAUGHN — Easton

Stenographic

LABARGE, HILDA — Bucksport

Junior Secretarial

Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Zaner-Bloser Certificate.

LEE, STANTON — Dover-Foxcroft

Business Administration

Mu Sigma Chi, Men's A. A. Filing Certificate.

LEIGHTON, JULIAN — Bangor

Business Administration

Mu Sigma Chi, Zaner-Bloser Certificate.

LEONARD, GUY — Bangor

Accounting

Mu Sigma Chi, Orchestra, Dramatic Club, Zaner-Bloser Certificate, Filing Certificate, Play, Senior Council, *Chatter* Staff, Men's A. A.

LUFKIN, CHARLES — Bucksport

Salesmanship

Men's A. A. (1) (2), Mu Sigma Chi, Hockey (1) Fraternity Frolics, Zaner-Bloser Certificate, Filing Certificate, McIntosh Certificate.

LYONS, HERSCHEL — Houlton

Business Administration

LYNK, JESSIE — Brewer

Stenographic

Hiking Club.

MACDONALD, DOROTHY — East Millinocket

Stenographic

Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Hiking Club (1).

MACE, KENNETH — Osborne

Secretarial

MACKIN, ALFREDA — Orono

Junior Secretarial

MCALLISTER, FRANCES — Milford

Junior Secretarial

Zaner-Bloser Certificate.

MCCANNELL, JAMES — Princeton

Business Administration

Men's A. A., Filing Certificate.

MCDONALD, HELEN — Bangor

Junior Secretarial

Cartoonist for Commerce *Chatter* and *Chieftain.*

MCKENNEY, PAUL — Bangor

Salesmanship

Mu Sigma Chi, Fraternity Frolics, Men's A. A. (1) (2), Hockey (1) (2), Football Manager (1), Zaner-Bloser Certificate.

MCLAUGHLIN, GEORGIA — Carmel

Secretarial

Zaner-Bloser Certificate.

MCLAWLIN, NELLA ARLENE — Bangor

Administration Secretarial

Zaner-Bloser Certificate, Senior Council.

MCNAIR, HARRIET — Sangerville

Commercial

Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Hiking Club Captain.

MERRILL, JEANNETTE — Patten

Stenographic

Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Hiking Club, Women's A. A.

MILLS, DONNA — Milo

Normal

Co-Editor *Chieftain* (1), Basketball (3), Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Women's A. A., Zaner-Bloser Certificate, Hiking Club (1), Gregg Certificate.

MORRILL, HENRY — South Brewer

Salesmanship

Hockey, *Chieftain* Staff, Zaner-Bloser Certificate.

MORRISON, WILLIAM — Bangor

Accounting

McIntosh Certificate.

NICKERSON, WINTHROP — Hulls Cove

Accounting

Hockey, Baseball, Mu Sigma Chi.

NILES, GEORGE — Holden

Stenographic

Mu Sigma Chi, Dramatic Club, Two Zaner-Bloser Certificates.

PATTERSON, ROBERT — Brewer

Business Administration

Orchestra.

PENNELL, ANCIL — Newport

Business Administration

Basketball (1) (2), Baseball (1) (2), McIntosh Certificate.

PHINNEY, MABEL — Milbridge

Full Commercial

Women's A. A., Two Filing Certificates, Zaner-Bloser Certificate, McIntosh Certificate.

PIERCE, REYNOLD — Dexter

Secretarial

RILEY, JOHN — Cherryfield

Business Administration

Mu Sigma Chi, Men's A. A., Orchestra, Zaner-Bloser Certificate, Fraternity Frolics.

ROWELL, CLIFFORD — Bradley

Commercial

ROWELL, HELEN — Bradley

Full Commercial

Zaner-Bloser Certificate, McIntosh Certificate.

SAMWAYS, ANNA — Orono

Stenographic

SAVAGE, LUCIAN — Etna

Normal

Chieftain Staff (1), Mu Sigma Chi, Dramatic Club, Fraternity Frolics, Men's A. A., Play, Senior Council, Office Assistant, Student Corrector, Gregg Certificate.

SAWYER, MAYNARD — Bucksport

Normal

Mu Sigma Chi, President (3), Basketball (1) (2) (3), Football (1) (2), Baseball (1) (2) (3), Senior Council (3), Men's A. A., Dramatic Club (1), Zaner-Bloser Certificate, Gregg Certificate.

SCOTT, CARLTON — Winn

Business Administration

Hockey.

SMITH, DOROTHY — Millinocket

Junior Secretarial

Epsilon Tau Epsilon.

SMITH, GORDON — Bangor

Business Administration

Mu Sigma Chi (1), McIntosh Certificate.

SMITH, NATALIE — Jonesboro

Junior Secretarial

Zaner-Bloser Certificate.

SPENCER, CECIL — Bangor

Civil Service

Mu Sigma Chi.

SPINNEY, MARJORIE — Rockwood

Stenographic

STARBIRD, MURIEL — Dexter

Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Hiking Club, Filing Certificate, Women's A. A.

TEWKSBURY, BARBARA — Bangor

Stenographic

Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Dramatic Club (1), Filing Certificate, Zaner-Bloser Certificate.

THIBEAU, VELINA — Fort Fairfield

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Hiking Club.

THORNE, CLARENCE — Island Falls

Business Administration

Mu Sigma Chi, Men's A. A.

TRAFTON, NILO — Danforth

Business Administration

TYLER, MARJORIE — Freedom

Stenographic

VERROW, ANDREW — South Brewer

Full Commercial

Baseball (2), Hockey (2), Men's A. A.

WARREN, PHYLLIS — Bangor

Junior Secretarial

Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Hiking Club.

WATSON, WINIFRED — Van Buren

Secretarial

Epsilon Tau Epsilon.

WEED, CHARLENE — Deer Isle

Normal

Hiking Club (1), Women's A. A. Dramatic Club (3), McIntosh Certificate, Zaner-Bloser Certificate, Gregg Certificate.

WESCOTT, EDITH — Winterport

Secretarial

Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Filing Certificate.

WHIDDEN, BERYLE — Bangor

Business Administration

Dramatic Club.

WILCOX, VINCENT — Mapleton

Accounting

Mu Sigma Chi.

WILEY, PAULINE — Milo

Stenographic

WORTHEN, EVELYN — Corinna

Junior Secretarial

WORTHEN, PHILLIP — Corinna

Business Administration

WOOD, INEZ — Ellsworth

Normal

Epsilon Tau Epsilon, President (3), Hiking Club (1), Basketball (1) (2) (3), Commerce *Chatter* Staff (2) (3), Dramatic Club (3), Women's A. A., President (1) (3), Secretary (2), *Chieftain* Staff (2), Zaner-Bloser Certificate.

School Directory

Principal and Instructor of Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, and Law,	Chesley H. Husson
Instructor of Bookkeeping, Penmanship, and Business Organization,	Alton R. Covell
Instructor of Shorthand,	Marjorie R. Covell
Assistant Instructor of Shorthand,	Priscilla Crane
Instructor of Education Courses and Economics,	Robert B. Lunt
Instructor of Typewriting,	Elizabeth M. Collins
Instructor of English,	Martha I. Tuomi
Athletic Coaches, Men,	Bernard Deering and Owen Osborne
Athletic Coach, Women,	Sally Lowell
School Secretary,	Mildred Vanwart
Boys' Varsity Basketball Captain,	Jack Johnston
Boys' J. V. Basketball Captain,	Homer Carsley
Girls' Basketball Captains,	Inez Wood and Margaret Gillis
Hiking Captains,	Catherine Gould and Harriet McNair
President Men's A. A.,	Jack Johnston
Vice President Men's A. A.,	James Buck
Secretary Men's A. A.,	Gordon Cook
Treasurer Men's A. A.,	Quinton Gray
President Women's A. A.,	Inez Wood
Vice President Women's A. A.,	Barbara Burns
Secretary Women's A. A.,	Hazel Benn
Treasurer Women's A. A.,	Margaret Gillis
Fraternity President,	Maynard Sawyer
Fraternity Vice President,	Cleo King
Fraternity Secretary,	Dana Kennedy
Fraternity Treasurer,	Jack Johnston
Sorority President,	Inez Wood
Sorority Vice President,	Barbara Burns
Sorority Secretary,	Hazel Benn
Sorority Treasurer,	Donna Mills
Dramatic Club President,	Dana Kennedy
Dramatic Club Vice President,	Shirley Drew
Dramatic Club Secretary,	Lawrence MacDougall
Dramatic Club Treasurer,	Lucian Savage
Editor-in-Chief, Commerce Chatter,	Vincent Wood
Editor-in-Chief, Chieftain,	Shirley Drew

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M. S. C. HISTORY

(Continued from page 7)

Every type of talent is given an opportunity to grow and develop outside the classroom as well as in.

Boys and girls have profited, as is evidenced by their activities in positions of employment since graduation. Their achievements have made possible the rapid growth of their alma mater, and to them must go the credit for showing the way. They can be found as far away as Hawaii, Panama, Washington, D. C., and Washington on the west coast, Louisiana, Montreal, and other places too numerous to mention. Their example ably serves those who follow in their footsteps, and banking on their loyalty, Bangor M. S. C., will advance even further, knowing that success will meet its efforts when students and alumni work for a common good.

Mr. Husson's Presidency has been marked by three notable accomplishments since 1935: first, the accreditation of the Normal Course towards the B. S. C. Ed. degree at the University of Maine; second, membership of our school in the Maine Association of Commercial Teacher-Training Institutions, and third, membership of our school in the American Association of Commercial Colleges. It is readily seen, and soon felt by every student, that the Principal is eager to serve the best interests and welfare of the student body.

Our history has been a good one. Such a history augurs well for the future, and those who are writing it now have caught the spirit that breathes good things into the school walls, and assures the alumni and friends of Commerce, that the torch is being carried onward and upward.

* * *

MARCH OF TIME

(Continued from page 10)

Sleeper: King George Crowned! (nothing happens). Joe Louis Crowned King of H. W.

(Two boxers come out; two gentlemen come out. A referee comes out.

(Continued on page 58)



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MARCH OF TIME

(Continued from page 56)

The two gentlemen strike a poze. One knocks the other out. One boxer gets down on his knee to the other. The referee places a paper crown on the head of the gent who knocked the other out and announces that he crowns him King of England! The standing boxer places a crown on the head of the kneeling boxer and announces that he crowns him King of England—(they pass out)

Sleeper: Starts to read when a small boy enters dressed as a baby and snatches the paper from him.

Boy: How dare you read about last year when I, the Spirit of 1938, am here? Forget 1937, pay attention to me. (Dances out toward the door)

Sleeper: Hey, I wanted to see the Capture of the Brady Gang.

1938: Look!! (points toward other stage door and dances out).

(Four men enter carrying guns. They look all around. The leader speaks.)

Leader: 'Spose anyone knows we're the Brady Gang?

1st Man: Dunno, Boss. I'll ask this guy comin'. (Man enters from opposite side. He passes close to gang. 1st Man stops him.)

1st Man: Say, Bud! We're the Brady Gang!

Passerby: (reading newspaper) Really? How interesting. (passes on)

Leader: I guess we're safe, boys. Well, let's go into Dakin's and get that gun we ordered a while ago. (Exit as though to store. A group of cops come out on other side of street and the leader gives orders.)

Leader: Now, men, when they come out, let 'em have it. Don't give 'em a chance to murder any more people. (Gang comes out—few shots—leader of gang waves white handkerchief. Shooting stops. Leader of Gang and leader of Police advance to center and talk.)

Gang Leader: Now look here, sir. You're not being fair. You should

(Continued on page 60)

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MARCH OF TIME

(Continued from page 58)

give us a chance. Let's be sportsmen about the thing. Give us time to map out a campaign.

Copper: (thinks it over) All right, but don't be too long about it. We haven't got all day. (Separate and go, each to their associates. They huddle and talk it over.)

Gang Leader: Now boys, let's make every shot count. Don't hurt anybody; just scare them. We've all got our bullet-proof vests on, so we're all right. Let them shoot. (shouts to cops) Okay, you guys. Let's get this over with. (Both sides spread out and begin shooting. The gang let bullets hit them and laugh. They seem to be having a great time. Suddenly, one claps a hand to his head and shouts.)

Bandit: Hey, No fair! They shot me in the head! (slumps to ground)

Gang Leader: (very angrily) The cheats!! Come on, boys, let's get them! (They charge forward. Half way across stage the Leader falls and the other two turn to run. One of them is shot from behind and the other is overtaken by a burly cop, who hits him over the head with a club. The cop holds him by his collar and speaks to the audience at large.)

Cop: I guess that finishes the Brady Gang. This will go down as one of the most important events of 1937.

Curtain.

Lawrence MacDougall.

* * *

REVERIE IN PUN

(Continued from page 17)

vested them, and became a "Merchant." I became very prosperous so when my brother "Harrietta" fish and the bone punctured a lung disabling him for physical labor, I took him in and made him general manager. He felt very grateful and started to "Neal" down in thanks, but I stopped him and said: "What the heck, brother, the 'Morris' the merrier." Just to change the sub-

(Continued on page 62)

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REVERIE IN PUN

(Continued from page 60)

ject I said: "You've been going with a nice girl for some time, why don't you 'Esther' to become your wife? You could buy that old 'Lizzie' down town and settle down." He said he could marry her most anytime, but the thing that puzzled him was that Father was keeping one of his cars in the garage and if he got the "Lizzie" he would have to have "Morgrage" space. I replied: "Why don't you do the 'Samways' I did? My method might have been a little 'Savage' but it got results. Just steal one of Dad's cars out of the garage 'Ancil' it. I sold one of the 'Pierce' Arrows and he didn't 'Eva' miss it. Just take a 'Peavey' handle and push it out of the building and it will coast down to the used-car mart."

I warned him farther: "But for goodness' sakes, don't make a 'Slipp.' Your life wouldn't be 'Worthen' nickle. For if Dad 'Sawyer,' he 'Shaw'-nuff would 'Tear' an arm 'Scott'-free from the shoulder and beat you to death with it. Then he 'Woodbury' you in the little cemetery in the valley. Then, again, that would be a disgrace which would produce a 'Thorne' in our social reputation, so I guess you'd better give the whole idea up and play 'White' by Dad. Besides, you're not a very good driver and might get into an accident as there are a lot of 'Carson' the road now."

I know you must be bored silly by my patter but before I leave, I wonder "Arthur" any more names I could have used? "Alberta" dime there isn't . . . And now, in passing, may I say: "Don't ever 'Dodge' an issue; always do your 'Duty' at all times; and keep in mind that from a humble beginning our family 'Rose' to heights unknown. The fact is, we're still unknown! Goodbye, my friends. 'Hope' 'Althea' again sometime."

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EPSILON TAU EPSILON

(Continued from page 26)

On May 18 the girls are looking forward to a visit from Margaret Matson, the prominent style commentator of the Bangor Daily News. In the future also is the trip to Boston. For those who go, the crowning glory of their year is here.

Miss Collins and Miss Tuomi are the faculty advisers.

The following are members of the Epsilon Tau Epsilon sorority: Hazel Benn, Rosemary Danforth, Margaret Gillis, Ruth Gillis, Rebecca Gould, Barbara Burns, Hazel Howard, Donna Mills, Barbara Tewksbury, Inez Wood, Winnifred Watson, Catherine Gould, Frances Banks, Beryl Crosby, Althea Crowell, Shirley Drew, Beulah Duty, Lurlene Folsom, Ruth Kelliher, Ellen MacIntosh, Harriet McNair, Jeanette Merrill, Helen St. Clair, Mary Tremaine, Edith Westcott, Ellen Daisey, Eva Finch, Dorothy McDonald, Betty Richardson, Muriel Starbird, Dorothy Smith, Phyllis Warren.

* * *

EXPRESSION

(Continued from page 29)

This is the story of Lee Gitimate, who is making a start as a lawyer. His first applicant, Miss Ann How, is a very unbusinesslike and slangy person who incessantly chews gum. His second applicant, Bea Shapely, has a vague idea of what she is expected to do. She is very emotional. He hires her, and she nearly ruins his business by letting in salesmen and keeping away clients. He decides to fire her, but she begins to cry so he lets her stay. She, however, wonders whether her efforts have been worthwhile when she discovers that he is married.

Among the speakers at assemblies this year have been Miss Stella Willins, national women's typing champion, Mr. George Hossfeld, men's typing champion, Mr. Artemus Weatherbee, speaking in favor of a state lottery, Rev. J. B. Ranger, speaking against the state lottery, and Mr. Albert Schiro, of the Standard Shoe Store.

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MEN'S A. A.

(Continued from page 31)

New letters and an improved certificate was voted upon by the Association and those receiving them this year will be privileged to acquire a really attractive reward.

Quinton Gray of Prospect was elected to take over the treasurer's post because of the loss of Linwood Blair. Charles Huntly of Machias was elected to manage baseball. This post was also vacated by his accepting a position, but was ably filled by Clarence Thorne of Island Falls.

The record of the A. A. is one to be proud of and doubtless will add prestige to a formerly underrated organization. May the spirit of friendliness and association be carried on by those officers and members whose good fortune will be to claim membership in the future.

Members of the Association this year were:

C. H. Husson, R. B. Lunt, Colby Ward, Philip Martin, Glendon Harding, Charles Huntly, Arnold Travis, Linwood Blair, Eastman Sawyer, Lawrence MacDougall, Fletcher Alley, Thomas Fowler, Gerald Rollins, Blaine Woodbury, Maurice Allen, Linwood Patten, Quinton Gray, LaRoy Derby, Jack Johnston, John Riley, Lucian Savage, Cleo King, Millard Foss, Ralph Alley, Hazen Danforth, Homer Carsley, Walter Hanson, John Danforth, James Brown, Stanton Lee, Ancil Pennell, Carleton Scott, Winthrop Nickerson, Guy Leonard, Maynard Sawyer, John Hamlin, James Buck, Ernest Davis, Cyril Gustafson, Walter Berry, Richard Woodcock, Nelson Stevens, Bickford Stevens, Edgar McCannell, Charles Lufkin, Gordon Cook, Henry Morrill, Andrew Verrow, Clarence Thorne, Paul Monaghan, Harry Collins, Bernard Deering, Lawrence Davies, Claude Morneault, Bruce Woodman, Paul McKenney.

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ALUMNI

(Continued from page 48)

Austin Miller, Bangor—Instructor Commercial Department, Waldoboro H. S.

Lizzie Nickerson, Hulls Cove—Secretary to T. S. Curtis, Faculty Manager of Athletics, University of Maine.

Alta O'Roak, Orono—Lord's Garage, Brownville.

Barbara Parkman, Silver Mills—Attending M. S. C.

Lloyd Patten, Brewer—MIT, Eastern Manufacturing Co.

Pearl Pelletier, Old Town—American Woolen Co.

Edward Pooler, South Brewer—Gulf Oil Corp., Brewer.

Kathleen Rideout, Bangor—Bangor Hydro-Electric Co., Purchasing Dept.

Anthony Rogers, Bangor—Wilson & Company.

George Ruston, Orrington—National Cash Register Co.

Priscilla Ryder—Orrington.

Adelma Sawyer, Bangor—Pine State Tractor & Equipment Co.

Earl Sherrard, Lee.

Dorothy Sirles, Lubec—Commercial Instructor, Livermore Falls H. S.

Genevieve Smith, Bangor—Attending M. S. C.

Patricia Smith, Brewer—Bangor Service Bureau.

Willard Starbird, Dexter—Government employ, Hawaii.

Lois Stinson, Stonington—Instructor Commercial Department, Danforth H. S.

Alfreda Strout, Hulls Cove—Bangor Hydro at Ellsworth.

Kathleen Tewksbury, Bangor—S. & H. Manufacturing Co.

Eleanor Thorne, St. Albans—Border Express.

Margaret Turney, Hodgdon—Byer Manufacturing Co., Orono.

Carline Watson, Bangor—Instructor Commercial Department, Freeport, H. S.

Richard York, Howland — Decozen Motor Co., Newark, N. J.

PRIZES AND AWARDS

(Continued from page 37)

Rebecca Gould
June Hatfield
Lucie Lackedy
Lawrence MacDougall
Frances McAllister
Harriet McNair
George Niles
Carolyn Quimby
Helen St. Clair
Maynard Sawyer
Lena Shur
Barbara Tewksbury
Mary Tremaine
Ardis Woodbury
Lucille Bradley
Marion Davis
Georgia McLaughlin
Jacqueline Houghton
Lurlene Folsom
Maxine Bowley
Helen Collins
Estelle Phillips

90-LETTER

Elizabeth Bridges
Pauline Clark
Loeta Brown
Beryl Crosby
Althea Crowell
Hadley Currier
Ellen Daisey
Ernest Davis
Shirley Drew
Beulah Duty
Edith Edgecomb
June Hatfield
Frances McAllister
Lawrence MacDougall
Harriet McNair
George Niles
Carolyn Quimby
Barbara Tewksbury
Eleanor Thorne
Mary Tremaine
Marion Davis
Georgia McLaughlin
Lurlene Folsom
Marguerite Dole
Florence Slipp
Helen Collins
Frances Rogers

100-LETTER

Beryl Crosby
Althea Crowell
Ernest Davis
Shirley Drew
Beulah Duty
Edith Edgecomb
June Hatfield
Hilda LaBarge
Marjorie Leavitt
Frances McAllister
Harriet McNair
Esther Morris
George Niles
Barbara Parkman
Lloyd Patten
Mabel Phinney
Clifford Rowell
Barbara Tewksbury
Eleanor Thorne
Georgia McLaughlin

120-LETTER

Althea Crowell
Mabel Phinney
Beryl Crosby
June Hatfield
Beulah Duty

140-LETTER

Althea Crowell
Mabel Phinney

PENMANSHIP

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Beryl O. Crosby
James W. Buck
Frances Banks
George L. Niles
Roger Jordan
Elizabeth Bridges
Hadley Currier
Julian Leighton
Paul H. McKenney
Beulah Duty
Hilda LaBarge
Herschel Lyons
Helen Rowell
Elizabeth P. Richardson
Francis Cleo King
Frances McAllister
June Hatfield

Eva Crawford
Eva Finch
Shirley Drew
Wilmont Griffin
Mabel Phinney
Lawrence W. Davies
Barbara Tewksbury
Lucie Lackedy
Georgia L. McLaughlin
Barbara Parkman
Charles Lufkin
Newell Avery
Dana Dingwall
Jacqueline Houghton
Larry Sullivan
Arline M. Craig
Bernard L. Deering
Glenna Grant
Althea Crowell
Ellen MacIntosh
Pauline Jordon
Gerald Rollins
Barbara Bridgham
M. Ross Dodge
M. Ardis Woodbury
Mary Tremaine
Gordon Cook
Anna Amatruda
Natalie E. Smith
Estelle Phillips
Millard E. Foss
John J. Riley
Elmer Wilbur
Adrian A. Baillargeon
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George Niles
Lawrence W. Davies
Roger A. Jordan
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Ernest Davis
Gwen Harrington
Charles Lufkin
Carolyn Quimby
Claire Sanders
Lena Shur
Barbara Tewksbury
Edith Wescott
Lucille Bradley
Edgar McCannell
Clarence Thorne
Pauline Clark
Barbara Bridgham
Loeta Brown
Eva Finch
Alva Ford
Charles Huntley
Stanton Lee
Guy Leonard

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Claire Sanders
Althea Crowell

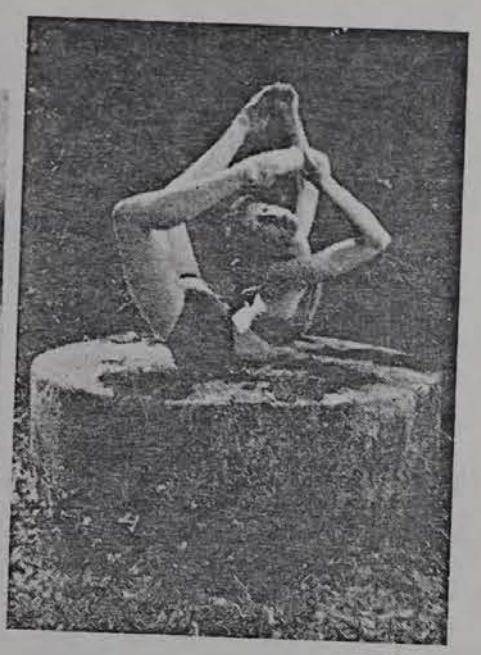




















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Manufacturers and Distributors

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