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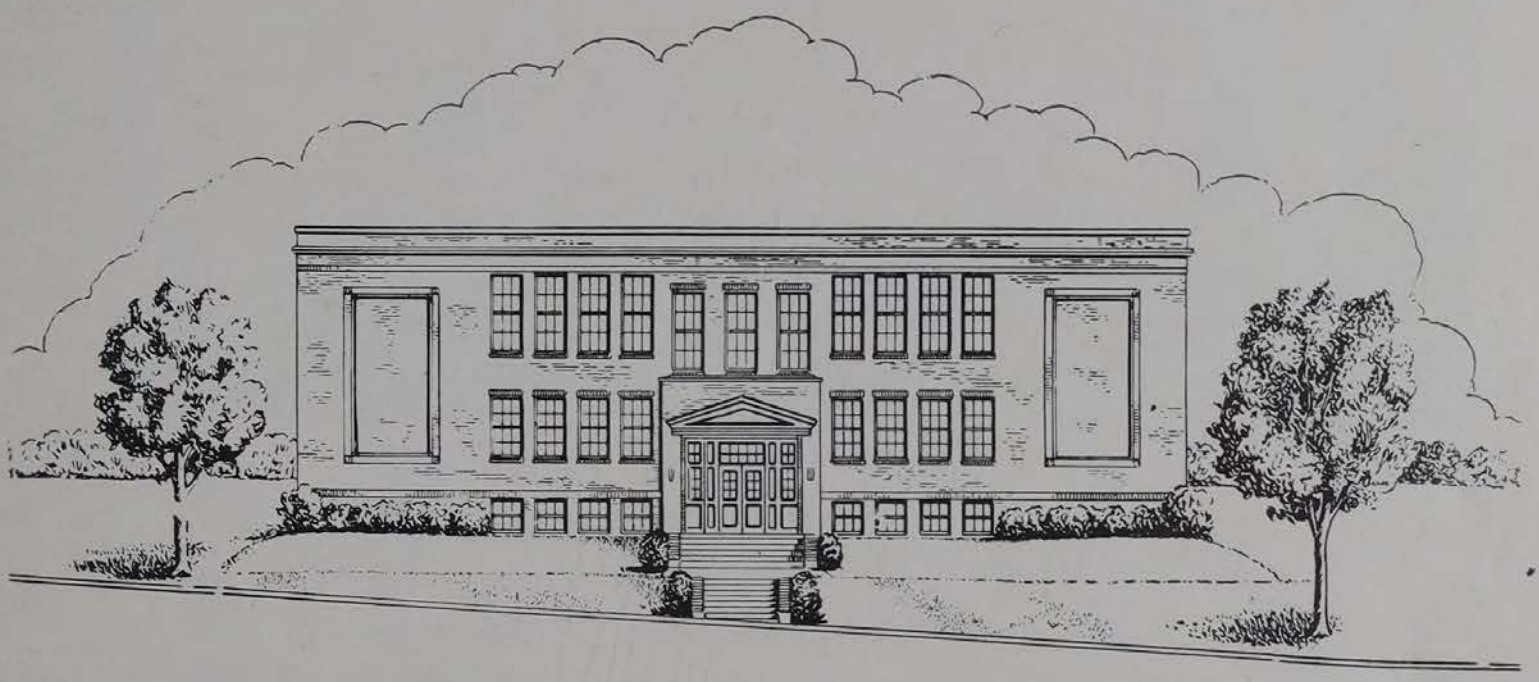
# CHIEFTAIN

Husson College Archives

# The Chieftain

*Published by the Students of the*

*COLLEGE COMPOSITION CLASS*



BANGOR MAINE SCHOOL OF COMMERCE

BANGOR, MAINE

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

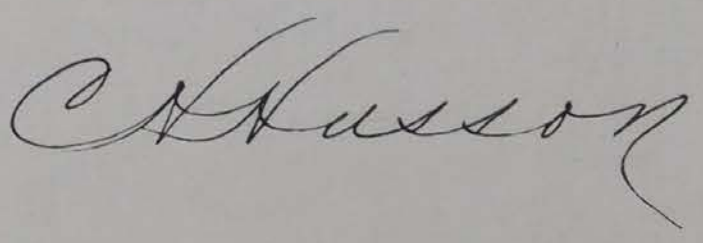
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This is the *Chieftain* of 1943. In it is an imperfect and incomplete record of a year at Commerce, imperfect and incomplete because the human pen can but poorly describe the innermost workings of the heart and mind.

Here all emotions are given play in a life which embraces many people and many things. Happy hours are mixed with unhappy ones; successes and failures attend in irregular procession; work and play make their demands upon energy and interest. Here, life is full, and dull moments are few.

The war breathed its frost into the classrooms, taking our young men from the careers they had planned for themselves. We miss them as individuals and as a class. Many activities which occupied our attention and interest have died because the hands that shaped them were no longer present. Yet we carried on, and our efforts, as recorded in the *Chieftain*, tell a story of courage and drive against many handicaps.

The Yearbook is given to you that it may perpetuate the memory of happy hours in school. It is hoped that its pages will forever be of interest to you. Perhaps time will permit you to return occasionally to its pages to relive for a moment an adventure, an accident, a success, or some vivid event that happened here which shines brightly on the pages of your memory.





*First row (left to right):* Dorothy Cammic, Alice Warren, Jeanne Stephens, Edyth Hurlburt, Alice Ramsdell.
*Second row:* Thelma Alley, Clara Kinney, Mrs. Bowron (adviser), Marjorie Buck.

## CHIEFTAIN STAFF

*Editor-in-Chief*
JEANNE STEPHENS

*Literary Editor*
DOROTHY CAMMIC

*Personals*
ALICE RAMSDELL

*Graduates*
MARJORIE BUCK
ALICE RAMSDELL
ALICE WARREN

*Athletics*
CLARA KINNEY

*Prizes and Awards*
THELMA ALLEY

*Photography*
CLARA KINNEY

*Advertising Manager*
VEDA MORIN

*Business Managers*
ALICE WARREN
EDYTH HURLBURT

*Circulation Managers*
MARJORIE BUCK
THELMA ALLEY

*Exchange Editor*
DOROTHY CAMMIC

*Faculty Adviser*
ANNE H. BOWRON

# PARTING THOUGHTS

*We now must go our separate ways*
*And leave behind our carefree days,*
*With memories of friends we've won,*
*With dreams of deeds as yet undone.*

*As the "Gates of Knowledge" we pass through,*
*To this one fact we shall hold true,*
*That wisdom alone will be our guide.*
*To win, by this we must abide.*

*Where'er we go, whate'er we do,*
*Unto ourselves we will be true,*
*And win in life by being strong,*
*And aiding Right, and trampling Wrong.*

*Barbara Carr '44*

# FACULTY

MR. CHESLEY H. HUSSON

Lowell Institute of M. I. T., one year

B. S. Ed. Degree from Salem, 1925

M. S. Ed. Degree from University of Maine, 1939

Taught in Lynn English High School, one year

Principal of B. M. S. C., 1926-1943

President of B. M. S. C., 1935-1943

President of Maine Association of Commercial Teachers - Training Institutions, 1935-1943

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

Member National Association of Cost Accountants

Former Vice-President of New England District, American Association of Commercial Colleges

Member Lions Club, First Vice-President and Past Secretary

Member Triangle Club, Past President and Secretary

Anah Temple Shrine

Member Chamber of Commerce

Member Associated Executives Club

President of Fifth Street Junior High School Parent - Teacher Association

Treasurer of Central Council, Parent-Teacher Association

Secretary of Board of Directors, Y. M. C. A.

Teaches: Business Mathematics, Accounting, Law, Salesmanship

MRS. ALTON R. COVELL

Attended Gilman Business College

Special Courses at Salem Normal School

Summer Work at Bates and University of Maine

Saturday Courses at Boston University

Taught at Presque Isle High School, Bryant and Stratton Business College in Boston, four years. B. M. S. C., 1926-1943.

Teaches: Shorthand, Gregg Theory, Shorthand Methods

MR. ALTON R. COVELL

Attended Morgan Business College at Waterville

Bay Path Institute, one summer

Salem Commercial School, one summer

Auburn Maine School of Commerce, one summer

University of Maine, one summer

Taught in York High School, one year

Lawrence High School, two years

B. M. S. C., fourteen years

Teaches: Penmanship, Penmanship Methods, Business Organization, Accounting

MISS CLARA L. SWAN

Graduate of Brewer High School 1930

Bangor Maine School of Commerce 1933

B. S. of Commercial Teaching Degree from American International College 1939

U. of M. Summer School

Taught at Mexico High School 1933-35

Foxcroft Academy 1935-38

Bangor Maine School of Commerce 1939-43

Principal of MSC Summer School 1941-42-43

National Honor Society 1930

Tau Epsilon Scholastic Society 1933
Epsilon Tau Epsilon Sorority
Adviser of E. T. E. Sorority and Women's Athletic Association 1939-43
Basketball Coach 1933-1943
Member of Red Cross Motor Corps 1940-43
Member of Bangor Civilian Defense Casualty Post 1943
Assistant Matron of Queen City Juvenile Grange No. 10
Teaches: Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Typing Methods, Bookkeeping Methods, Shorthand, Basketball Coach

MR. WILBUR F. STANTON

St. John's Prep School, Danvers, Massachusetts
B. S. Degree from Fordham University, New York
Ed. M. Degree from Boston University
Practice Taught in New York
Taught at B. M. S. C. three years
Head, Normal Department, B. M. S. C.
Member of Mu Sigma Chi
Teaches: United States History, Geography, Junior Business Training, Psychology, Economics, Physical Education, Tests and Measurements, Introduction to Education
Coaches Basketball, Baseball and Tennis

MRS. J. ALLAN BOWRON

B. S. Degree from Boston University, 1939
Assisted in Dean's Office three years at Boston University
Practice Taught at Belmont High School, Belmont, Massachusetts
Graduate Fellowship in the English Department, Assistant to Head of English Department
M. A. Degree from Boston University, 1940, Majored in English
Member of Phi Beta Phi, Epsilon Tau Epsilon
Taught three years at B. M. S. C.
Teaches: Business English, Business Letters, English Literature, College Composition, Biology, Spelling, Public Speaking.
*Chieftain*
Director of Dramatics

MISS MILDRED BRADFORD

Graduate of Eastern State Normal School, Castine, 1935
Farmington State Normal School, four summer sessions
University of Maine, summer session
Taught in Casco, Clifton, Argyle, Newfield, and Dover-Foxcroft
Member of Epsilon Tau Epsilon
Tau Epsilon Scholastic Honor Society
Red Cross Motor Corps, 1940-43
Bangor Civilian Defense Casualty Post
Queen City Grange
Matron Juvenile Grange
Taught at B. M. S. C., one year
Worked in school office
Teaches: Secretarial Studies, Filing, Machines, Bookkeeping Machines, Dictaphone, Shorthand, Penmanship
*Chatter*

DR. EDWARD F. DOW

B. S. from Bowdoin
A. M. from Harvard, 1926
Ph. D. in Government from Harvard, 1932
Attended American University in Washington, D. C.
Taught at Dartmouth College
Western Reserve University
University of Maine
Teaches: Personnel Management and Labor Relations



# GRADUATES



BARBARA MEARLE ALLEN—"Barb" West Enfield

*Stenographic*

Activities: Women's Athletic Association 1; Basketball 1; Bowling 1. Awards: Basketball Award (Most Aggressive Player).

*"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired."*
*—George Crabbe.*

"Barb" needs no introduction around Commerce, as she made herself well known on the basketball floor, ending up with a "game" ankle. Just an all-'round sport and a lover of the out-of-doors is this friendly little gal from West Enfield. It's said she's particularly partial to sailors, especially those who pick forks up off the floor for an embarrassed miss. Come fall, "Barb" plans on joining the WAVES. We wish you much success and happiness in the part you are going to play in this new field.



GWENDOLYN ELAINE AYERS—"Gwen" Charlotte

*Stenographic*

Activities: Women's Athletic Association 1; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1; Basketball 1. Awards: Filing, second certificate; Basketball award (Most improved player).

*"An appearance of delicacy, and even of fragility, is almost essential to beauty."—Burke.*

One of those "Stewart House" gals who hails from way down East, is "Gwennie." "Little but mighty," she proved herself to be when playing guard this year in basketball. You usually see her chumming around with one of the other gals from the same house—that is, during school hours; but what about after supper hours, "Gwen"? Ah, we've seen you and that college chap, so think nothing of it. As you have done in school and in sports, we know you will do in your business career—the best!



HILDA MARJORIE BANKS—"Banksie" Essex Street, Bangor

*Normal*

Activities: Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1, 2, 3, Secretary 2; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Dramatic Club 3; Student Council 1; Women's Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, President 3; *Chatter* Staff 3; *Chieftain* Staff 1. Awards: International Bookkeeping Contest Certificate; Penmanship, Business School and Advanced Certificates; Gregg Teacher's Certificate.

*"To know how to suggest is the great art of teaching."—Amiel.*

"Rugged" (by special permission of the originator. Miss Swan, we use this nickname) seems to have so-o-o-o many things to her credit. Basketball, good dancer, smart teacher, personality, and the cutest ring on "that" finger. "Rugged" is a smart girl, but had to learn the hard way, that four can't sleep in one bed without something breaking soon! Luck to you in your profession!



MARY ARLENE BLANCH—"No-No" Lubec

*Junior Secretarial*

*"Courtesy is a science of the highest importance. It is like grace and beauty in the body, which charm at first sight and lead to further intimacy and friendship."—Montaigne.*

One more of the "Stewart gang" and about the quietest of the gay bunch. That's O. K., she's just in a dreamy mood most of the time with that nice sparkler on her finger, and we don't wonder. It's been swell having you with us this year, Mary, and playing basketball, too. Whether it be wedding bells or an office job, we wish you success in whatever it may be.



GEORGIA CELIA BLODGETT—"George" Morrill

*Junior Secretarial*

Activities: Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1. Awards: Penmanship, Business School Certificate and Advanced Certificate; 20 and 40-period Filing Certificates.

*"A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him, I may think aloud."—Emerson.*

This one likes to play cards, we are told; in fact, we saw her at the local USO playing Hearts, and with a soldier in the game, too. Though you're rather quiet, Georgia, those of us who know you realize your business efficiency and good nature. It'll win you many friends and a super job. The best of everything to you!

JEANNINE VIOLETTE CYR—"Vi" Van Buren

*Junior Secretarial*



Activities: Women's Athletic Association 1; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1; Hiking 1; Bowling 1. Awards: 20 and 40-period Filing Certificates.

*"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."—Lamb.*

She's dark, and she's French, and—she's nice! We'll miss that French accent next year, "Vi"; but some nice office personnel will have the benefit of it. Although you haven't entered any of the sports at Maine School, we understand that you like to go bike riding the best, and that you also collect elephants. Lucky things! Will you tell us some time why you're crazy over the R. A. F.? To you and your future work, we wish success.

NEWTON L. DYER—"Newt" Carmel

*Normal*



Activities: Mu Sigma Chi 1, 2, 3, Treasurer 2, President 3; *Chieftain* Staff 1; Men's Athletic Association 3. Awards: Order of Bookkeeping Efficiency; Gregg Teacher's Certificate; Penmanship, Business School Certificate; Order of Gregg Artists.

*"He scatters enjoyment who can enjoy much."*
*—Lonatee.*

"The best of friends must part," said Newt to the wastepaper basket and the broom. Yes, Newt has been out teaching the latter part of the year and we've certainly noted the absence of his presence, after school nights, making our building spic and span. Some of you new gals who have been the recipient of Newt's "eye"——get him to go into his Betty Grable "hip" dance for you. Clever? Ummm? Anyway, "Newt," you've been doing a good job this year, and we know with your determination which you have shown in the past you will see it through with flying colors.

PRISCILLA MARY ROSE FRANCK—"Frenchie" Van Buren

*Junior Secretarial*



Activities: Women's Athletic Association 1; Bowling 1; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1. Awards: 20 and 40-period Filing Certificate; Penmanship, Business School Certificate.

*"All musical people seem to be happy; it is to them the engrossing pursuit, . . ."—Sydney Smith.*

If you hear the ivories getting a good dusting, you can bet it's our little piano player—Priscilla. A sorority party just isn't a party without our star at the keys, making them pour forth "melodious music to mine ears." Ah, but she likes tobogganing, ice skating and dancing, too, and those "trips up North" —to Aroostook County. We don't blame you, kid, nice people up that way—— but you know that, eh, Martin, we mean Priscilla. Beg pardon. Seriously, though, we wish you the best, and knowing you, we bet you'll achieve the best.

ROLANDE FRANCK Van Buren

*Junior Secretarial*



Activities: Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1; Women's Athletic Association 1; Bowling 1. Awards: 20 and 40-period Filing Certificate.

*"What sunshine is to flowers, smiles are to humanity. They are trifles, to be sure; but, scattered along life's pathway, the good they do is inconceivable."—Addison.*

"Frenchie" comes from the Potato County, too! She's a great one for music, reading, swimming, and camping. We couldn't miss those big, big eyes, or that beaming face. And you should hear her sing French songs! Um! Nice! Here's wishing you luck, "Frenchie"!

IRENE GOODRICH—"Goody" Pittsfield

*Stenographic*



Activities: Dramatic Club 1; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1; *Chatter* Staff 1. Awards: 20-period Filing Certificate.

*"It is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends."—Thackeray.*

"Goody" is our "gym" girl—meaning that's where we can usually find her when she's not in class. She is especially fond of music and most sports—and blue-eyed boys—note Darrel's. Although "Goody" has been getting her commercial education this year, her ambition is to become a commercial artist. No matter what you choose as your vocation, we want to wish you luck!



PRISCILLA H. GREELEY—"Pussy"

173 West Broadway, Bangor

*Junior Secretarial*

Activities: Women's Athletic Association 1; Tennis 1.

*"Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, filling it with a steady and perpetual serenity."—Addison.*

This "petite femme" is a Bangorian and loves it—and why not, as her heart's interest lies here, Jim by name. Of course you've all seen "that" pin she's wearing, **all the time.** "Pussy" is a great one for tennis and dancing. "Big things come in small packages," so we know there's a lot in store for you.



RUBIE OLIVETTE GREENLAW—"Rhubarb" Solon

*Junior Secretarial*

Awards: 20-period Filing Certificate.

*"Ambition is a lust that is never quenched."—Otway.*

As we associate Clark Gable and a mustache, so do we, shorthand and Rubie. "Speed" Greenlaw is her title in this subject. Although she's rather quiet, her scholastic ability and friendliness will take her to the top rung. You are one to deserve it.

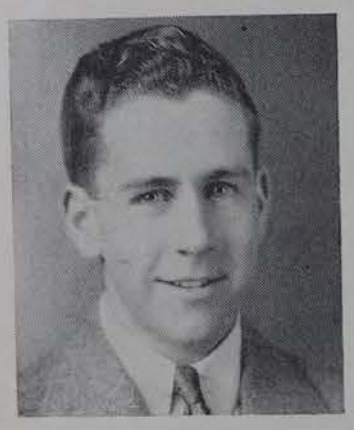


ANNIE JUNE HARVEY—"Nannie" Verona

*Normal*

*"In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."—Bible.*

Your desire to become a successful teacher can come of nothing more than your being one, since you have the ability, the knowledge, and the experience. These are three of the most valuable assets which you will need in your teaching profession. We want to wish you success in all your undertakings.



DARRELL HURD Lincoln

*Business Administration*

Activities: Men's Athletic Association 2; Basketball 2; Mu Sigma Chi.

*"He is a Gentleman, because his nature*
*Is kind and affable to every creature."*
*—Barnfield.*

"Another wolf from 143 Broadway"—so-called. Although Darrell took time out to have a case of the mumps this year, he's back now and enjoying school life as much as ever—more, perhaps, since he's taken notice of a certain blonde of late. Though Darrell isn't entirely crazy over shorthand, we know his ability to wrestle with figures in bookkeeping will net him a job worth having. Luck, and lots of it, "Hurdle."



RUTH MARIE LATTY Hall Quarry

*Stenographic*

Activities: Women's Athletic Association 1; Bowling 1.

*"Girls blush, sometimes, because they are alive."*
*—E. B. Browning.*

"I thought I'd die!" Don't tell us, we know who's coming just by that old phrase—enter "Proxy". This girl does her best to keep the USO in full swing by giving the boys from the various branches of the service a break. She also manages to get into the social life of the nearby campus with the help of a couple of those Maine men. Since you do well, whatever you attempt, "Proxy", we know you'll make good as a career woman. Best of luck!

ESTHER LEVITT—"Esta" 175 Parkview Avenue, Bangor

*Junior Secretarial*

Activities: Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1. Awards: 20 and 40-period Filing Certificates; Penmanship, Business School Certificate.

*"There is not a moment without some duty."*
*—Cicero.*



There's one thing, especially, that we all like about Esther—her complimentary speeches on our new clothes (girls just love those things). And did you notice she misses the dances at Commerce of late—must be a good reason. Ah, Spring! We know you'll make a fine secretary, Esther, as you've been getting such good experience in your after school office job!

MELISSA JEANNETTE LUGDON—"Lug" Howland

*Junior Secretarial*

Activities: Women's Athletic Association 1; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1; Basketball 1; Dramatic Club 1.

*"She was a woman of a stirring life."*
*—Wordsworth.*



"Lug" proved herself a worthy member of the girls' basketball team this year by being the highest scorer in points, and by managing to be the highest scorer in falling onto the floor. That's O. K., though, "Lug," as not everyone can "fold up" as easily. Maybe Rolly's onlooking made you a bit nervous, eh? By the way, "Lug," how's about some more spaghetti and meatballs at Plourde's? All kidding aside, here's wishing you the best—you deserve it!

HELEN W. MAQUIRE—"Hemmie" Milo

*Junior Secretarial*

Activities: Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1.

*"He shoots higher, that threatens the moon, than he that aims at a tree."—George Herbert.*



You've taken such an interest in your studies this year at Commerce that we can't help admiring you. Mrs. Maquire is a pretty good authority on Law, so, chilluns, step right up, and she'll help you over those difficult cases, or is that precious knowledge which you dislike to impart? "Anyhoo," Mrs. Maquire has been a faithful member of the sorority this year after taking the initiation "medicine" with the rest of them, and really coming out none too worse for the tear. Best of luck to you!

MARY-ELLEN E. MICHAUD Millinocket

*General Clerical*

Activities: Women's Athletic Association 1; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1, 2; Orchestra 1. Awards: 20 and 40-period Filing Certificates; Penmanship, Business School Certificate.

*"It is tranquil people who accomplish."—Thoreau.*



She's quiet, she's tall, and she's one of the spelling correctors; take a bow, Mary-Ellen, this means you! She's quiet—to those who don't know her, but you take her on a camping trip and she forgets that reserved manner of hers and is really loads of fun. Your business-like manner and efficiency are sure to help you in achieving a job that's on the top!

ELIZABETH PALMER—"Igy" 35 Winter Street, Bangor

*Junior Secretarial*

Activities: Women's Athletic Association 1; Dramatic Club 1, Treasurer 1; Assembly Plays; Basketball 1; Cheerleading 1, Captain 1; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1, Treasurer 1.

*"Laugh and the world laughs with you."*
*—Ella W. Wilcox.*



"Igy" is that cheerleader who just makes us all holler till our throats feel as if they had been given a "raw" deal. She's very partial to Italian sandwiches and cokes, that is, outside of the Maritime Academy at Castine. She's done herself up proud this year with her acting talent in the Dramatic Club plays. She's full of fun and just loves to do bookkeeping. Word of such a combination is sure to reach the ears of some big executive and, pfft!—a nice job. We hope it's that way, "Igy"!



ALMA M. PARLIN—"Parlin" New Sharon

*Stenographic*

Activities: Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1. Awards: 20 and 40-period Filing Certificates; Tournament Basketball.

*"On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;*
*No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet*
*To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."—Byron.*

"Parlin" cares very little for the stuffiness of an office—since she's the out-door type, could be "that" ring will have something to do with it, anyway, the office work. She's one of Commerce's most fun-loving creatures, always ready with a new moron joke. We're sorry that she didn't come out for basketball after seeing her play in the tournament. Incidentally, we think she'll "make good" as a secretary should she decide to. Best of luck, whatever your work!



ALICE G. RAMSDELL—"Ram" "Ramsey" "Al"
Columbia Falls

*Stenographic*

Activities: Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1, 2, Vice-President 2; Women's Athletic Association 1, 2, Scribe 2; Bowling 2; Basketball 1, 2. Awards: Penmanship, Business School Certificate.

*"Wit is an unexpected explosion of thought."—Whipple.*

Alice is one of the "live wires" of M. S. C. Whenever you hear peals of laughter coming from a study room you can be sure Alice has made another witty remark. She is a perfectionist in the art of snapping gum and acquiring nylons. "Al's" favorite expression in Shorthand Class is, "Yeah—oh yeah, that's right." You've got what it takes to get wherever you want to—in a successful office perhaps. Our best to you, pal!



JUANITA REED—"Jo" Northeast Harbor

*Stenographic*

Activities: Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1; Women's Athletic Association 1; Basketball 1.

*"I take the true definition of exercise to be labor without weariness."—Samuel Johnson.*

Commerce loses this miss this year but to a worthy cause—the WAVES—come fall and her birthday. We admire your spirit, "Jo," and want to wish you Godspeed in the service you have chosen. You've certainly made us all proud of you on the basketball floor this year. We never did get to hear that trumpet you play. Shame! "Jo's" idea of a real evening is to listen to the trumpet of Harry James. We're with ya, kid, on that!



FRANCES PAULINE ROBERTS—"Frannie"
195 Grove Street, Bangor

*Normal*

Activities: Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, President 2, 3; Women's Athletic Association 1, 2, 3; Basketball 1, 3; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1, 2, 3, Marshal 2; Student Council 2; *Chieftain* Staff 1. Awards: Penmanship, Business School Certificate; Order of Business Efficiency Award; Gregg Teacher's Certificate.

*"One of the most wonderful things in nature is a glance of the eye; it transcends speech; it is the bodily symbol of identity."—Emerson.*

Here's one third-year normal that we were fortunate in being able to keep at M. S. C. Although she played another role from that of school girl, her new role of "teacher," was well portrayed. We'll miss you next year, Frannie, and something tells me that you'll get home just as often as possible as this is much nearer Castine. Those "drate big eyes" and that "Tooth-Paste-Ad" smile are sure to win you many friends.



ELAINE RUMILL—"Lanie" Seal Cove

*Administrative Secretarial*

Activities: Women's Athletic Association 2; Hiking 2; Bowling 2; *Chieftain* Staff 1. Awards: Second Prize, Literary Contest 1; Penmanship, Business School Certificate.

*"Those who believe that they are exclusively in the right are generally those who achieve something."—Huxley.*

Elaine is one of our busiest girls, having worked for Dr. Meek part of the time while going to school, and yet managing to be a "whiz" when it comes to shorthand dictation. Funny how that letter box always seems to be filled with "Free" mail. Must be great to receive so much mail—and at school to make us all envious! We know you'll make the grade in high gear, Elaine, since you're having such grand office experience!

OTIS ST. THOMAS—*"Saint"* Howland

*Junior Secretarial*

Activities: Basketball 1, Co-Captain of team 1; Men's Athletic Association 1. Awards: Basketball Letter.

*"Labor conquers all things."—Homer*

Maybe he is quiet, and maybe he is short, but there's no maybe to it, that he's tops as a basketball player. Determination can do much in winning any game, "Otie." "Hope" plays a big part in winning, too. Ahem! 'Nuff said. The tea leaves read very good things in store for you, "Otie," and why not—if you have faith, **hope**, and charity, and the greatest of these is "go, get, and gumption."



ESTHER SMITH—*"Esta"* 345 Hancock Street, Bangor

*Junior Secretarial*

Activities: Women's Athletic Association 1; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1; Scribe 1; *Chatter* Staff 1. Awards: Penmanship, Business School Certificate; 20-period Filing Certificate.

*"Skill to do comes of doing."—Emerson*

Our poster-making gal, that's "Smitty." She's shown us how well she is gifted with the drawing talent by doing so willingly any work we have asked her to do. If you really want to get on the good side of this artist—just spell her name—"Esta," as that's the way she much prefers it. Besides being our talented artist, Esta is one of our top-ranking students. (Some people have all the breaks.) And another thing—that lovely coal-black, wavy hair. 'Taint fair, Magee! Such outstanding scholastic achievement is sure to lead you to the highest rung! Good luck!



HELENE FRANCES STAPLES—*"Spike"* Brooks

*Junior Secretarial*

Activities: Women's Athletic Association 1; *Chatter* Staff 1. Awards: 20-period Filing Certificate.

*"As merry as the day is long."—Shakespeare.*

Introducing your arithmetic corrector! No doubt you've all met her as she's a very friendly person, and manages to keep her time well used up with bowling, reading, dancing and other sports. Not to forget those nice little trips to Old Town with Johnny, and "her night" at the USO. Did you ever notice the cute rings she wears, girls? She started out to be a teacher, but finally settled for a Jr. Sec. diploma. Best of luck, secretary Staples!



MARION JEANNE STEPHENS—*"Jeanie"*

10 Second Street, Derby

*Administrative Secretarial*

Activities: Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1, 2; *Chatter* Staff 2; *Chieftain* Staff 2, Editor-in-Chief. Awards: Penmanship, Business School and Advanced Certificates; 20 and 40-period Filing Certificates; International Bookkeeping Certificate.

*"A great pilot can sail even when his canvas is rent."—Seneca*

Like ice cream and cake, so Jeanne and Charlotte. Yeah, even stick together when walking home with Uncle Sammie's nephews! And have you seen her abode. Um! Like "Jeanie", it's tops; incidentally, that's the kind of career we foresee for you, Jeanne. May we add Jeanne is M. S. C.'s little "Busybody," always lending a helping hand. Best of luck to you!



ALICE P. STEVENS Lee

*Normal*

Activities: Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1, 2, 3; Women's Athletic Association 1, 2, 3; Basketball 1; *Chieftain* Staff 1; *Chatter* Staff 2, 3.

*"True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself."—Chesterfield.*

Alice is one more of the third-year normals who left us to fill a teaching vacancy. Her pet pastime, outside writing to "Ronny," is dancing, and like her feet, you'll find her eyes and smile usually dancing. You're doing all right in your work, Al, and here's wishing you the best of everything.





EVALYN TAPLEY—*"Evie"* Bangor

*Normal*

Activities: Epsilon Tau Epsilon 3; *Chatter* Staff 3; *Chieftain* Staff 1.

*"Silence is more eloquent than words."—Carlyle*

Ummm! Nice! "Gentlemen prefer blondes"—but both boys and girls alike like "Evie" here at M. S. C. We used to see "Evie" once in a while while Don attended school, but now she's settled right down to her job of being a school marm and, by the way, kids, she's "right on the beam" when it comes to teaching. "Evie" showed us all what a swell sport she is when she was initiated into the sorority, but, heck, that's just one of the fine qualities which compose this "Blonde Bomber."



CHARLOTTE GERTRUDE THOMAS—"Charl" Monson

*Stenographic*

Activities: Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1, 2. Awards: Penmanship, Business School Certificate; 20-period Filing Certificate.

*"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman."—Shakespeare.*

Another one of our "shorthand sharks" is this Monson miss. She's smart, that Thomas gal. Must be nice, and she does it so-o-o-o naturally! Charlotte's quite the one for dancing, just notice her at the school dances and she's at 'em all, the dances we mean. She usually "palsies" around with her "Siamese" twin, Jeanne, but once in a while she strays off with a nephew of Uncle Sammie's. That shorthand ability is sure to bring you through with banners waving, Charlotte!



WINIFRED TWIGG—"Winnie" 243 Forest Avenue, Bangor

*Stenographic*

*"The cheerful live longest in years and afterwards in our regards. Cheerfulness is the offshoot of goodness."—C. N. Bovee.*

"Oh, the lady in red—," that's what we mean when we speak of Winifred. She's got the snappiest red outfit, which goes just "hunky-dory" with that long black hair which is always curled so nicely. Have you noticed that nice car awaiting outside for someone—don't get your hopes up girls, it's Winnie's husband waiting for her. Lots of luck to you on your new job!



ALICE WARREN 235 Elm Street, Bangor

*Administrative Secretarial*

Activities: Epsilon Tau Epsilon 2; *Chieftain* Staff 2; *Chatter* Staff 2. Awards: Penmanship, Business School and Advanced Certificates; International Bookkeeping Certificates; 20 and 40-period Filing Certificates.

*"A mind at peace with all below,*
*A heart whose love is innocent."—Byron.*

If someone comes rushing in late to class, out of breath, and smiling, you know it's Alice. Maybe we'll have to tip John about staying so late. Looking into our crystal ball, we see two things for you—a good job because of that personality plus, and wedding bells because of that Maine man. Whichever it is, or maybe both, we just know you'll be successful.



BYRON WEATHERBEE—"Barney" Lincoln

*Business Administration*

Activities: Mu Sigma Chi 1, 2.

*"He lives to build, not boast."—Savage.*

Byron loves to take walks, providing there's a member of the fairer sex by his side, and he seems to prefer blondes. Fussy, eh? His favorite pastime outside of hiking around Bangor and the neighboring towns is chewing gum. Rather a hard hobby to have in these times. Seems to me some office is going to be rather lucky in getting this one for a bookkeeper as he's done several sets, and is always at the desk discussing the subject. Here's to you and bookkeeping!

CONSTANCE MARY WELCH—"Connie"
178 Knox Street, Millinocket

*Business Administrative*

Awards: Penmanship, Business School and Advanced Certificate; 20 and 40-period Filing Certificates.

*"Knowledge once gained casts a light beyond its own immediate boundaries."—Tyndall.*

Connie has served M. S. C. and the bookkeeping students well as a corrector. She has accepted her responsibility in this capacity as any master meets his duties. Connie kinda goes for a certain M. S. C. soldier—and by all outward signs he kinda goes for her, too. As you enter the world of opportunities, may you reach the highest stepping stones of success!



HELEN MARJORIE WEST—"Lin" Stockton Springs

*Junior Secretarial*

Activities: Women's Athletic Association 1; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1.

*"Good nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty."—Addison.*

"Still water runs deep," they say and we believe that is so very true in your case, "Lin". You seem very calm, cool, and collected about school, but seems to me, a birdie once said that you delight in teasing poor "Margy". Now is that right? Tch, tch, tch! We also understand that you enjoy swimming and reading, and besides your school activities, and home work, you must be busy. We want to be the first to wish you the best of everything, do you mind?



BARBARA WOOD—"Barbie" 656 State Street, Bangor

*Junior Secretarial*

*"Worthy things happen to the worthy."—Plautus.*

"I dream of 'Barbie' with the light brown hair"—says who? We dunno, which one it is yet, Barb, do you? When you roll those big blue eyes at them, we bet for a second they're lost, too. Ummmmm! She likes to do just about everythin', dancing, golf, swimming, bowling and most anything that's fun and will make her giggle. Wouldn't it be nice if you could get an office job down to Castine, Barb? No matter where it may be, we see you doing your best!



MARGARET BURNETT—"Barney" 428 Hammond Street, Bangor

*Stenographic*

Activities: Dramatic Club 1, Secretary 1; Basketball Tournament; Tennis 1; Women's Athletic Association 1.

*"Life without laughing is a dreary blank."—Thackeray.*

"Barney" is another of the Bangor girls who favored Commerce with her presence, to say nothing of that cute little giggle. She always comes to the school dances and with a man—rare thing these days, my friend. She's quite a gal for dancing and bright polish, we gather upon observation. With your witty speeches, and glowing personality, we can't help forseeing a bright future for you. We're rootin' fer ya, so—best of luck!

PAYMAH M. DE BECK—"Raye" Franklin

*Stenographic*

*"Look beneath the surface; let not the several quality of a thing nor its worth escape thee."—Aurelius.*

It's DeBeck and Hardison, or Hardison and DeBeck, in school and out of school, alone or with soldiers. Yeah, though not many know it, a little birdie saw them at the Bowling Academy not long ago with men in khaki. But, this is written about two, *them,*—nevertheless, that's the way it is, you know one, you know the other, etc. Anyway, "Raye", your quietness has a quality about it that makes us wish we knew you better. It's sure to mix well with your commercial knowledge when you enter the business world.

MARJORIE ELLIS—"Marj" Stockton Springs

*Junior Secretarial*

*"Silence is a friend that will never betray."—Confucius.*

You've been rather a quiet young miss around school, "Marj", and we're sorry to say we don't know you as well as we wish we did. There's something about quiet people that we all like as there are so very few of them around. "Silence is golden", so you need not worry about not being the "noisy type"! Anyway, "Marj", we do want to wish you just the very best of everything to make your life a success!

M. PATRICIA FERRY—"Pat" 54 Garland Street, Bangor

*Junior Secretarial*

*"Silence is the perfected herald of joy."—Shakespeare.*

Here's another one of our Commerce girls who has a shadow. Ferry and McAloon are as well-known a pair, as Astaire and Rogers, or Romeo and Juliet, only this couple are both of the fairer sex. We can't help noticing the easy, carefree, but neat hairstyle you always wear, Pat. It's nice, and so is the creator of such! May you find success in your chosen work!

HELEN ARLENE HARDISON Bar Harbor

*Stenographic*

*"Dignity is like a perfume: those who use it are scarcely conscious of it."—Queen Christina of Sweden.*

Helen hails from that famous summer resort of Bar Harbor—a "Belle From Bar Harbor"! Since you've only been chummy with your better half, we haven't the goods on you, as yet. We do know that as a student you're "on the home stretch", and that your cheerful countenance will get you far!

BERNICE LEIGHTON—"Queenie" Dennysville

*Normal*

Activities: Women's Athletic Association 1, 2, 3; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1, 2, 3; Hiking 1; *Chatter* Staff 2, 3; *Chieftain* Staff 1. Awards: Penmanship, Business School Certificate; International Bookkeeping Award Certificate.

*"The only way to have a friend is to be one."—Emerson.*

The sorority members, especially, missed "Queenie" this second semester and her love for playing "Hearts" at the meetings. After this half year at teaching, we're sure you're successful in another thing besides keeping the Queen. "Ain't it queer" what card playing can make a girl say to herself—stop blushing "Queenie", for we won't tell on you.

RENA J. LEMIEUX—"Nonie" 369 Katahdin Avenue, Millinocket

*Junior Secretarial*

Activities: Women's Athletic Association 1, Treasurer 1; Bowling 1; Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1; Hiking 1.

*"As merry as the day is long."—Shakespeare.*

This Millinocket maiden can be seen dashing through the rooms and around the corridors, humming to herself with a ready smile on her face to greet you. She was picked as treasurer for the W. A. A. right off the bat—just goes to show ya that we all know "good stuff" when we see it. And another thing which put her in "our eyes" was her excellent showing of good sportsmanship at the sorority initiation. These qualities spell S-U-C-C-E-S-S for Rena, that's sure!

GERTRUDE OLIVE LITTLEFIELD—"Gertie" 53 Bradbury Street, Old Town

*Junior Secretarial*

Activities: Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1; Women's Athletic Association 1; Basketball 1. Awards: 20 and 40-period Filing Certificates; Tournament Basketball.

*"They're only truly great who are truly good."—Shakespeare.*

Certainly we'll never forget "Susie from Squaw Hollow", at the initiation of the E. T. E. new members. "Gertie" showed us what it means to be a good sport and take a lot of the ribbing that goes with such antics. She also showed us what a girl with plenty of pep and jump can do towards helping win the girls' tournament. A possessor of such vitality can't help succeeding so—more power to you, "Gertie"!

GERTRUDE LOUISE MacFARLAND—"Trudy" 6 Roberts Square, Bar Harbor

*Stenographic*

Activities: Women's Athletic Association 1, 2; Hiking 1, 2; *Chatter* Staff 1; *Chieftain* Staff 1. Awards: Penmanship, Business School Certificate; 20-period Filing Certificate.

*"Content in happiness."—Fuller.*

We just can't help calling this shorthand corrector "Gertie", although she doesn't like it, preferring "Trudy". Her Maine interest seems to be in a certain man named Bob, who is certainly a "lucky guy"—those of us who know her so well can vouch for that. Your willingness to help others will get you far in life, "Gertie", so best of luck!

RITA McALOON—"Mac" 47 Market Street, Bangor

*Junior Secretarial*

*" . . . kindness lives beyond the memory of he who gives."—Guest.*

Although you seem rather quiet around the school rooms, we bet that your side-kick, Ferry, might have something more to say about that. We like your sporty clothes which are always worn in a business-like manner. We are wishing you luck to go along with your friendly personality in seeking a job!

HARRIET MORRIS Beech Hill Pond, Ellsworth Falls

*Stenographic*

*"But I am constant as the morning star."—Shakespeare.*

"Hattie" is one of those precious few who always have their studying done, and what's more she knows what she's studied, that's more than a lot of us can say. She always has something to say in Law class while we sit back and listen with interest. Must be nice to be able to face a teacher with the right answer on the tip of the tongue. Don't get the idea that she's a bookworm though, as she's far from it—just natural, kids, that's all. Your cheery smile will be missed at Commerce next year, Hattie, but some office staff will be on the receiving end. Here's to you and your future work!

BEULAH ALICE OAKES—"Boats" Limestone

*Stenographic*

*"They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts."*
*—Sir Philip Sidney.*

"Boats" is another one of our quiet Commerce gals, but she gets far in her studies, so maybe more of us should try it. Hailing from way up in Aroostook County, Limestone, to be exact, Beulah has said that she will regret leaving B. M. S. C. Commerce will miss this little "busy bee" too, so the feeling is mutual. In your secretarial work, may we wish you the best of luck in all that you undertake.

MADELINE ELEANOR O'DELL—"O'Dell" Lincoln

*Junior Secretarial*

Activities: Women's Athletic Association 1, Vice-President 1; Basketball Manager 1. Awards: 40-period Filing Certificate; Penmanship, Business School Certificate.

*"To him whose elastic and vigorous thought keeps pace with the sun, the day is a perpetual morning."—Thoreau.*

"Dark entrancing eyes, tum da de de dum"—have you noticed them—vereee pretty eyes, very! Does beat all how that gal can make those shorthand outlines so fast! They tell me she's quite a live wire over to the place where she hangs her hat—the "Stewart House". Your eyes betray you, "O'Dell", we knew it! By the way, we saw "his" snapshot and—not bad, not bad! We're wondering who'll be the lucky employer of this smart student. Never can tell. Best of luck, though, whoever it may be, or whatever you may do!

ANN M. VIOLETTE Millinocket

*Junior Secretarial*

Activities: Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1; Women's Athletic Association 1.

*"Whate'er my task, be this my creed;*
*I am on earth to fill a need."—Guest.*

If you see someone shaking with laughter, leave her alone, as it's Ann just having the time of her life. Does beat all how much pleasure she derives from just having a good old laugh. Ann just loves going to school and we think she feels the same way about her sorority meetings, as she seems to have such a good time at them. "Laugh and the world laughs with you," Ann, so if you can just remember that, life won't seem half as bad at times. Wish we could do the same. Oh, yes, and Ann collects pencils, too. A busybody, but the world just loves 'em.

THELMA M. WATSON Van Buren

*Normal*

Activities: Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1, 2, 3, President 3; *Chatter* Staff 3; *Chieftain* Staff 1.

*"Wisdom resteth in the heart of him that hath understanding."—Bible.*

Thelma is another one of our third-year normals who has been out teaching this year. A little birdie told us that you're a "born teacher", but we guessed that when we noted the orderly and efficient way you acted as president of the sorority. By the way, Thelma, are you still able to manage those "extended" vacations, now that you're teaching? Good luck to you always in whatever you do.

MANLEY STEPHEN WEBB — 91 Elm Street, Newport

*Business Administration*

Activities: Men's Athletic Association 1; Mu Sigma Chi 1.

*"Honest good humor is the oil and wine of a merry meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that where the jokes are rather small, and the laughter abundant."—Washington Irving.*

Manley is one of the very few boys in school who have reached their 120 speed in shorthand. "Wonder boy Webb", that's him when shorthand is in the offering. Manley's quite a man for fooling with the girls, teasing 'em, I guess you'd call it, but they must love it as they keep it up. And what do you know, chilluns, he has never received any "pink slips" in his mail box so far this year, and this is too late for him to get any now. He's real proud of his record and we can't blame him. Since he now works in the State Police office, he's getting wonderful training for his chosen vocation. He's doing very well at it too, we hear. That's the boy, Manley!

BEVERLY WILKS—"Bev" — 372 Broadway, Bangor

*Junior Secretarial*

Activities: Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1.

*"Wisdom giveth life to them that have it."—Old Testament.*

If "Bev" only had blonde hair maybe she'd go for Veronica's hair style even more than she does. Maybe you don't think she has a job just to keep track of "Goody" and Jean both! They're usually together and in the gym, all three of them. Since "Bev" is one of our "up and coming" students, we have put a lot of faith in her ability to go far in the business world. She'll not let us down—not "Bev".

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# - - Autographs - -

# In Memoriam

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KATHLEEN HARDY

1942



# LITERARY

# Annual Literary Contest

(Entries were judged by the faculty of
BANGOR MAINE SCHOOL OF COMMERCE)

## AWARDS

*First Prize*—We, The Women ..... By RUBIE GREENLAW

*Second Prize*—To Satisfy the Appetite ..... By BARBARA CARR

*First Honorable Mention*—Heritage of Bravery .....
..... By BARBARA CARR

*Second Honorable Mention*—Jungle Moon .....
..... By CATHERINE KITTREDGE

## WE, THE WOMEN

We are the crew of the ships that sail
  Toward the ocean of victory;
We are the ones who must never fail
  In commanding our ships at sea.

We are the hope of the years ahead,
  When our vessels are docked once more.
We are the strength that's behind our men
  As they fight on a foreign shore.

Ours are the heads that must be held high
  When our boys will go marching on;
Ours is the love that shall never die
  But will help keep their spirits strong.

Faith in our country, in men we love,
  In a land where we all are free,
Faith in our future, in God above,
  These are ours as we drift at sea.

We are the women, we'll carry on
  While they fight somewhere over there.
We shall be brave when all hope seems gone,
  We will show them how much we care.

Justice shall triumph, and joy will come,
  And our hearts will be happy then.
Peace shall reward us for work well done,
  When our boys shall come home again.

*Rubie Greenlaw '43.*

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## TO SATISFY THE APPETITE

New York is a dense, dusty, hard-to-penetrate city. Its tall, impersonal buildings catch up the glare of the sun and hurl its rays straight at you. Everywhere people are dashing, car tires are screaming, children are squalling, dirt is flying, people are bargaining, and even I am running in circles, thought Mary Malborough. Mary was twenty, pretty, and the family bread-winner. She couldn't remember when she and her mother had not always been the same—tired, and patient, and striving. Mary was sick of striving. She was just plain sick and tired of being shoved around in all this heat and dirt, and she was tired, too, of moving from one squalid two-by-four flat to another. It wasn't exactly the kind of existence she dreamed of living and she was sure her younger brother, Jack, didn't like it, either. But just as with thousands of other middle-class families, there didn't seem to be anything either Mary or Jack could do to better the situation.

All day long while Mary worked, she tried to puzzle some way out; however, there seemed to be none. At night Mary solemnly wound her way home, only half hearing the blare of radios and the street noises. Climbing the stairs to their flat, Mary fell into her old habit of guessing at each landing what the Smiths or the McGees or the Masons were having for supper. Somehow the smell of supper cooking made her feel better and she laughed at herself for even wishing for a different life. This, she decided, as she opened the door, was her life.

Jack looked up from reading the "Sports" section of the evening paper, "Hi, Mary! Anything new?"

It was his usual evening question, Mary realized, and she replied with an attempt at gaiety, "No, Jackie, nothing newer than the McGee's daily food problem."

But Jack didn't respond to her mood. He replied bitterly, "It can't be any worse than ours!"

Just then their mother called, "Supper's ready children, and, Jack dear, please turn off the radio until after supper; my head's splitting."

Impatiently, as youth always moves, Jack snapped the radio off and flung down the paper to wash for supper.

Soon, Mary appeared in the kitchenette, and leaning across the table, kissed her mother's warm, tired face.

"Well, darling," her mother asked as she served Mary and Jack, "do you feel any better now than you did this morning? Really, you looked quite ill when you left for work, child. Heaven knows this heat is enough to make a body ill, but when fall comes we'll get a little relief."

"Yes, Mother," Mary replied, "it does seem to be getting hotter every day and the summer has only begun."

"You said it," Jack agreed vigorously, "I'd like to have a good ole swimming hole to jump into to cool off like I was just reading that Rowe Le Maggir had when he was a kid. Right in his own back yard! I'm beginning to think I'd like to live in the country myself, the farther in the better. 'Way up in Maine would suit me just fine."

Mary and her mother laughed at this confession and then they continued eating in silence.

Finally the table was cleared and the dishes washed and put away. Then the family settled down and listened to the radio, as they did almost every night. It was too hot to do anything else. Jack turned the dial to his favorite quiz program and they all relaxed to try to beat the quizzers to the answers.

After answering nearly every question, Jack said disgustedly, "Gosh, when you listen just so long to those quiz programs, the answer just falls out of the sky to you!"

"Attention, everyone!" the announcer commanded. "We wish to report that the Fluffy Duffy Foods organization is conducting a nation-wide contest. There will be three prizes; first, one thousand dollars in cash and a trip to Bermuda; the second, five hundred dollars and a trip to New York; and third, a trip anywhere in the New England States. Get the rules for this contest at your nearest grocer."

"Jeepers!" Jack exploded, "I wonder what kind of contest it is?"

"Sounds worth a try, doesn't it?" Mary queried.

"Boy, you bet! I wonder what time it is? Oh, heck, though Mr. Donahue closes at 6:30 p. m. and it must be past 7:00, anyway. But the first thing tomorrow morning I'm going down and get a copy just for the heck of it. What do you say if we try it together, Mary?"

His mother smiled secretly, as Mary consented, because Jack was well aware that Mary could write beautifully and she would be rather handy in case it was something to write.

After listening to all the programs that are projected over the air-waves, the Malboroughs went to bed with visions of $1,000 bills and trips to the ends of the earth dancing before their tired eyes.

The dawn of the next day promised to match the intense heat of the day before, but this did not daunt Jack any, for before breakfast he hurried down to Mr. Donahue's and obtained the contest rules. They were, he discovered, the usual thing. But then, he argued, the Fluffy Duffy Food Products Inc. was a good company and, since both he and Mary understood plenty about food problems, they at least stood as good a chance as anyone else in the 48!

Mary agreed with everything Jack said, for she could easily see that this was one way to get him out of the dumps at least, and it was just as good as anything else to relieve her boredom, too.

They worked every night for a week on "Why I Like Fluffy Duffy Foods," and, much to Mary's amazement Jack even wrote a song about it! Finally, the night before the contest closed, they sent in the topic completed, and because Jack had grown so fond of his song, he sent it in, too. Every night, returns from the contest were eagerly awaited. Then it was announced in the papers

that Thursday night would be the night!

Thursday night found Mary, Jack, and Mrs. Malborough waiting, half expectantly, half prepared for disappointment, beside the radio. The first prize went to a Mrs. Macentire of New Orleans.

"Gee, the lucky dog," Jack admitted grudgingly.

Then the second prize was announced, and it, too, went to someone else.

"There goes our trip to Bermuda and $500," Mary exclaimed, and added jokingly, "I guess we'll just simply have to be satisfied with your trip to Maine, Jack."

She had no sooner said this than the radio announcer said, "Now for the third prize. This entry took our eye at once for the originality shown, especially in the song accompanying it. Hereafter, the song will be used for advertising purposes. It was written by Jack Malborough of New York City."

"Yippee!" Jack yelled. "We go to Maine."

Everyone sat dumbfounded for a moment, and then at Jack's "Well, what's the matter, don't you want to go to Maine?" they came to life and breathlessly marveled at their good luck.

After all arrangements had been taken care of, the family left, still in a pleasant haze, for Maine.

Their first glimpse of Maine was even more than they had wished for. They had taken a boat, and, as it pulled into the harbor, they saw neat cottages forming straight rows from the harbor to the three or four large stores that formed the center of the downtown section. The cleanliness and absolute sincerity of the whole place struck them first, and later as they came to view the calm courage of the people, it too awakened an unusual feeling inside them. It was like an urge to create, or protect a creation, this new will of theirs, inspired by unaccustomed simplicity which, they soon realized, really made the wheels go around.

"It's a funny thing," Jack remarked one day, "how this town and the people sort of grow on you. It isn't much to look at on the surface, but when you see all the determination and vitalness underneath, it gets you. We've only been here a few weeks, but already it is more like home than home is."

"Go on, Jack," his mother teased. "You know that it isn't those intangible things which appeal to you; it's this new way of cooking and new things to cook, that please you."

"That's just one other thing to add to it, Mother," Mary exclaimed. "Why everything here is so new and clean and refreshing. I wish—I just wish that we could stay here always!"

At that point, old Herman Andrews walked in. He was an old sea captain and one of the best. It had often been his habit of late to relate tales of this coast town and the sea that relentlessly beat upon its shores to these "New Yawkers" who seemed so friendly and interested. Now he picked up Mary's last words and challenged, "An' why couldn't ye do jist that, I ask?"

To Mary, it seemed to come out of the air, and she slowly turned around and asked. "I wonder—could we?"

"Well, why not?" Herman asked. "All of us here live by the same means you do in New Yawk. There are jobs here, same's anywhere else."

This blunt statement was revelation to the Malboroughs, and immediately they set about to secure the means of staying in their newly found haven. To their astonishment, even when they had actually become established in their adopted town, it still held the same stirring awakeness for them. The change from uncertainty to deep peace and new life, caused a lump to rise in Mom's throat as she said to Mary and Jack while they were enjoying their Sunday dinner, "You know, I think I'll paint a sign

saying, 'Come Here To Relieve Hunger'," and Mom meant hunger two ways.

*Barbara Carr, '44.*

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## HERITAGE OF BRAVERY

Through mist and rain and fog and sleet and all
The weird and eery shrieks of the gull's call;
Encircled by a death wind whispering low
That above a cruel sun sent blistering woe;
Through this unpromising fate he made them sail,
So that to reach this land they would not fail.

No clear and charted course did he possess—
Not even by hope of return was blest—
His only knowledge of that far away land
Was stories told of gems and golden sand.
Just where it was or how he'd find its shores—
Not he nor crew knew where their ship would moor.

Their faith in God above sent them straight on
Always in hope of land by the next dawn.
At night they tossed and turned with heat and cold;
At day they fooled their hearts by actions bold,
And soon not even faith in God was there
To calm their fears and ease their grief and care.

With tortured souls and wasting minds it came—
The day it seemed that they had sailed in vain.
To die would bring to them a pleasant rest
They thought. But soon they found that they were blest,
For bordered by sky and ocean they saw our land,
Salvation! God bless the spirit of this brave band!

*Barbara Carr, '44.*

## JUNGLE MOON

The silent moon glides in—
And bathes the green-mist shrouds,
With a flash of silver
Where the mountains reap the clouds;

Yonder by the waterfall
Silver lightning gleams,
For there leap water's fish
Who crowd the winding streams;

A distant night bird calls—
Little ones hold their fright—
Even the queenly moonbeams
For a moment, hide their light;

Below in the darkened forest
Only the monarchs stalk,
And breezes softly whisper
While little monkeys talk;

The silent moon speeds on—
And life gives honored rite,
To the Queen of the Jungle
She reigns throughout the night.

*Catherine Kittredge, '44.*

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## M. S. C.

Commerce school is a grand old place
With a chance to learn at a reasonable base.
There is love and laughter and plenty of fun
Which all students miss when they are done.

The morning classes are sometimes behind
As we rush through the door in the nick of time.
With sleep in our eyes and an armful of books,
We studied last night you can tell by our looks.

The sound of the piano reveals that it's noon
And kids from their lunch are back very soon.
To write out their spelling and then to dance
There isn't a person who would miss the chance.

Then someone spies Winnie and begins to yell,
"Come up and play 'Margie' before the bell."
But it isn't complete until Frank comes in
To join her in playing his violin.

We start to dance and the music grows loud
And the first thing we know we have quite a crowd
Of boys and girls and teachers too,
We hope to have Husson before we're through.

The basketball team can do its stuff
If they have Miss Swan to give them a puff.
You can hear her cheering above the rest
To the boy on the team who has done his best.

The cheerleaders too will shout with glee
When we get a basket, or two, or three.
And the rest of the crowd comes joining in
We support our teams until they win.

Boys are few and far between
And very bashful until they meet Jean.
She seems to make a hit you know
The rest of the girls don't stand a show.

So a course at Commerce is worth very much
Besides the work our fun adds a touch.
To ease the burdens and cares of the day,
Here's hoping you may all see it this way.

*Clara Kinney, '44.*

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## RATIONING DREAMS

Makes me sick, makes me sick, to hear them reporters an' radio talkers preach about what we must sacrifice for them boys in the service. Gad alive, but it's all I hear from the time I start snorin' till the time when the alarm goes off—save this, an' don't use that, go without this, and give that, What kind of men hev we gut fightin' fer us anyhow thet wants so dern much? What do they care about us poor folks here at home goin' with scarcely any pleasures at all, an' you take a man of my age, after he's hed two cups of coffee every mornin' fer, well nigh on ta 60 years, an' then they shut him down to jest one measly cup a day, well, it's purty hard thing to take. An' another thing, always hed 2½ teaspoons of sugar in every cup I drank, an' what should they do but take that away too, or maybe it's the other way 'round—the sugar an' then the coffee. Don't make no difference 'cause I miss 'em both. An ya know what, ya know what I hev been thinkin'—some man in Congress or some of them government persitions out there, gut to wantin' his pictures stuck aroun' an' he's the one who started this darn gas rationing. How in the name of the Statue of Lib'ty does the gov'ment think people are goin' to enjoy themselves with this miserable old war goin' on if they don't let a man go out an' ride aroun' an' think things over? Far's I can see, don't make no difference whut letter of the alfbet you gut, unless yer a red-blooded Democrat an' gut a gov'ment persition, yer might jest as well put yer car into hibernation. Hibernation, that's the word fer it, the gov'ment wants us jes to stay at home, look at four walls, an' sit there an' drool fer a cup of coffee with 2½ teaspoons of sugar in it. An' fer the luv of a bald-headed baboon, if you've gut anything left to make yer coffee in, yer one of the precious few. Some little brat called the other day an' imagine the brass of that little mite, wantin' me to give up all the tin I hed an' to save fats from cookin' an'—guess she'd hev taken my false teeth hed I offered 'em to 'er. Guess I told that young upstart a few things. Hain't that jes like the gov'ment, sending kids out beggin' 'stead of comin' down here like a man an' telling us poor people here back home whut they want out there in Wushin'ton? Which reminds me, since we've been pinched on our gas, why did the Pres'den' of this country use up so much on his trip way out across the globe, when he could hev invited Mr.

Churchill to the White House. Maybe tain't Buckin'hem Palace, but it's darn good 'nough fer Mr. Churchill to use to smoke in. Mebbee Mrs. Roos'vel' wus at a Girl Scout meetin' so there wus no one to receive him, seems funny to me. Prahaps Mr. Roos'vel's gettin' some more rationing ideas from Mr. Churchill. But, tain't right fer an old man to—have to—go without — h-i-s — t-w-o—a-n o-n-e—h-a-l-f—c-u-p-s——

P. S. In case you folks are wondering who the dreamer is and who is the "tell-all," I will now impart with my knowledge. The dreamer is Old Grampa Johnson as the scattered settlers of Lamoine call him. Though his hair has grayed and "he ain't what he used to be," he still dreams of his cherished youth and the days of the World War II, with its rationing, which is now but a bitter memory to a terror-freed world. And I, I am that funny little fellar who bothers you all and would bother you lots more, heh, heh, heh—I'm "Subconscious," and what's more, you've all got one of my brothers in you, so beware of what you dream as I just love being a little "Tell-all."

*Alice Ramsdell, '43.*

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## BACK FROM THE DEAD

The day did not dawn cold and clear as it always does in the story books, for if it had, I probably would not have this tale to relate. Instead, the day was muggy and uncomfortable, as only a lukewarm winter day can be, and I was prepared to spend it as I did every Sunday during the winter months, at the nearby skating rink.

During luncheon my brother began his regular Sunday discourse, to which no one, least of all myself, at whom it was aimed, listened. It usually consisted of all the reasons and alibis he had thought up in the past week as to why I ought not be allowed to accompany him to the pond. He must have known it was useless, but for the sake of his boyish pride he felt obliged to take some stand.

The meal finally over, I prepared to set forth, an operation which unfailingly lasted from a half to three-quarters of an hour, during which I pulled on as many pairs of heavy socks as could be stuffed in my skates. After these came the bulky blue ski pants, and to top it all off, I put on a red hunting shirt, a white skating sweater, and over it all, a bright plaid mackinaw with cap to match. With two pairs of mittens and skates in hand I was ready to start out, with no fear whatsoever of being cold.

I walked to the rink slightly behind my brother, so no one, as he put it, would know I was with him, and now as I think of it, I don't think I blame him, for I represented a ridiculous figure in my bundlings.

At our arrival at the rink, our program never changed. I sat patiently by while my brother tugged and pulled at the lacings on his skates, for John's motto seemed to be, "After me, you come first." The putting on of my skates was a sketchy affair, one was always laced so tight that all circulation of blood to that foot ceased, and the other so loose that it was possible for me to take the skate off without even unlacing it. This over I was on my own.

I stood for a few minutes watching the more proficient skaters whiz by, and then started on my own precarious journey around the cleared space on the stream. I seldom ventured to the middle, for it was there the BOYS held reign. The BOYS were a group of young men who darted, raced, and chased each other about, and I dared not trespass into their kingdom. Occasionally one of them, spurred on by my brother, would bear down on me like a dive bomber coming at its objective, and then swerve, missing me by the nearest possible margin,

and after each attack I stood rooted to the spot for some five minutes, paralyzed with fear.

An hour later found me about a third of the way around my course, for once I had completed a circle of the rink I was through for the day, and sat shivering, waiting for John to come to take me home. Suddenly I was taken by a rare fit of courage and I struck out bravely for the middle of the pond. I skated with my head down, watching the wobbly progress of my feet and when I lifted it to see where I had arrived, I froze to the spot. For I was right in the midst of those BOYS and they were in the midst of a game of Coram. I was twin to a piece of petrified wood, for had my life depended on it (and I think it did) I could not have moved. I stood there and dazedly watched them circle and dash about me. And this is where the importance of the muggy day comes in. The warmth of the sun had made the ice rather soft in spots, and I was in one of those spots, and had been there, too frightened to move for about ten minutes. As I stood there, my skate blades sank into the ice and I found that my skates were firmly imbedded in the ice, and as I looked up to ask for a little aid I received it, but unexpectedly, for one of the BOYS, losing control of himself, fell and hit me. I went down like a sack of flour—and I didn't get up.

When I was finally brought back to my senses and had opened my eyes, I discovered it was late, for it was dark, very dark; in fact, it was pitch black. I heard my mother's voice beside me and asked her to turn on the light. I heard her gasp of surprise as she haltingly told me that the lights were on. I blinked several times, but not a gleam of light pierced that terrifying darkness which, like a blanket, seemed to envelop me.

I lay there and caught the quiver that my mother tried to keep out of her voice as she called the doctor, and I was frightened. I pushed at that unseen something before my eyes and I attempted to rub it from my eyes, but it did no good. Then, like a light coming through the darkness it came upon me that I was blind, and I wanted to die. I sobbed quietly but stopped quickly when I heard my mother bringing the doctor. After a thorough examination he gave his verdict. When I fell I hit the back of my head and injured some unnameable nerve there, and until the pressure on the nerve ceased I would be totally blind. This, he said, might take five minutes or five hours, and to wait was the only remedy.

For three hours I remained in that unknown world, not knowing or caring when night fell. My brother crept silently in and sat beside me on the bed trying to comfort me in his own boyish way, and to atone for what he thought himself to be to blame. During those minutes I became closer to my brother than I had been at any time in my life, and from that time on he was the most important factor in my days, and all I did, I did first to please him, and then the others. At intervals he held a match at a safe distance from my eyes as the doctor had prescribed. Finally, when I had decided that this blanket was going to keep me in its folds forever, the sharp light from one of the matches pierced the dense fog. I had arisen from the dead.

*Mary McEachern, '43.*

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## WAR AND MORE WAR

We can always have too much of almost anything; we might even become bored with happiness. If every day were brilliant with sunshine, would it become monotonous to some individuals? Probably, and so we hear said, "War, war, and war. I'm sick and tired of hearing that word. The only thing I can see to do is dig a hole and crawl in it."

Yes, indeed. That is just what that

type of individual should do. It is by this devastating war, our future will be reckoned and governed. Therefore, should we be interested, or care what may happen to this glorious land of ours?

Of course we *must* care, we *must* be interested, and we *must* do and give our all. Some of us do not approve, whole-heartedly, of the practices of this present administration, yet we have enough love and faith in America to give our utmost for an ultimate victory. This is not the day nor the hour for divided opinions.

In the World War I, the United States sacrificed the pride of this Nation for the high cause of democracy, civilization, and humanity against the ruthless and destructive hand of autocracy. Today we are once more defending the same principles from the hands of dictatorships.

History seems, in a sense to be repeating itself. And we all sputter and say, "Thought World War I was a war to end all wars, yet here we are, at it again." So, as you pass along the streets of any city, town, or countryside, you will notice in some windows tiny flags.

This piece of cloth, the borders of red, the fields of white, and the stars of blue and infrequently a gold star, is very small and insignificant in its first appearance, yet what a story it foretells! The history of a nation! It is our Service Flag.

"The patent office records show that on November 6, 1917, Mr. R. L. Queisser of Cleveland, Ohio, was granted a patent for a flag with a red border, a white center, and bearing two blue stars in its field. Mr. Queisser was Captain of the Machine Gun Company of the Fifth Ohio Infantry during its service on the Mexican border. Because of an injury, he retired from service. He tells that at the beginning of the war he thought of two sons who were to be mustered forth, and it was in their honor that he designed and adopted the use of this flag. When the patent was granted, the agreement was that one-half of all the net profits should be set aside for the benefit of the Red Cross."

The above quoted paragraph is the history of our Service Flag, a token of sacrifice and patriotism. Each blue star is a representation of the love which each boy has shown his country. They have gone that we might retain the freedom for which our forefathers so bravely fought. Yet of the boys who are treading foreign soil, sacrificing on their country's altar their hopes, advantages of an education, and pleasures, we know some will not return. These are our gold stars, showing our love for those who made the supreme sacrifice.

Our reverence and love, joy and sorrow for them are deep and ever-flowing, keeping us ever mindful of our duty and devotion to this land we love.

And as the breezes whisper one to another may we wipe away our tears (it is a difficult task) for our boys did not go into the depths for this, but gave their lives nobly and gladly, passing on to us the lighted torch that we may in turn, in life's final hour, pass it on to another to keep the eternal flame forever burning and keep LIBERTY FOREVER GLOWING.

*Dorothy G. Cammic, '45.*



Phoebe



Mr. Stanton



Goodie



Charlotte



Iva



Mrs Covell



Alma



Millie and Gertie Allen



Merle



Barb Carr and C. Dempsey 1930



Veda



Chief!

Personalities Then and Now

MSC



Alice Warren 3 years



Elaine



Bathing Beauty



Ariel

# AMERICA! AMERICA!

It is a land of high ideals and aims,
Of mountains steep, and long and level plains.
'Tis young, 'tis clean, 'tis free!
It is a land of faith, of hope and homes,
Of spired steeples high, and rounded domes.
GOD SHED HIS GRACE ON THEE!

And too, it is the land of ice-cream cones,
Of circuses and fairs and jangling phones.
Forever may it be.
'Tis full of spring, of love and laughter gay,
Of soundly sleeping nights and light of day.
GOD SHED HIS GRACE ON THEE!

It is the land of challenge and of dare,
Of cities crowded and of meadows fair.
To fame it is the key.
It is the land of fear, of hate and pride,
Where rich and poor are standing side by side.
GOD SHED HIS GRACE ON THEE!

*Barbara Carr, 43*

# WHAT THE GIRLS ARE WEARING

Every year thousands of young people crowd the college campuses all over the United States. In September, play time comes to a close and we must resume our studies in whatever college we may find ourselves, so here we are all back again, or in the case of many of us we're attending college for the first time this fall. Whichever it is, it hasn't taken any of us co-eds very long to get into the swing of things. We have already started treading the well-beaten path from Court Street to Maine School, gathering in rooms for special meetings, and wearing out our precious shoe leather scuffing around at socials and stag dances.

In addition to shoe leather being "precious," we have found that too many other things fall into that same classification, and even beyond that point, to the stage where they just are no more. So don't be too particular about the style of your footwear, just make sure it fits and can be worn on almost any occasion. Since, with our return to college, we had to give up for the time being at least, our longings and dreams of being WAACS or WAVES we got together and decided that there must be other ways of helping our country at this time.

If you have listened carefully you've already stumbled upon one idea. That's right—Clothes. Along with sugar, coffee, tea, and tires, we've had to give up those smooth skirts with oodles of pleats, wool linings in our coats, patch pockets, and French cuffs. Wear your jackets just a little shorter. It all saves material. Of course by this time, even a child knows that silk and nylon stockings are has-beens, so save one pair of your treasured silks, left over from the last war, for best.

We dashed around frantically at the end of the summer, and practically stripped department stores of wool sweaters—especially pastels, and then managed to eke out of our budget some plain or plaid skirts to match. We seem unable to get away from skirts and sweaters, but then, who wants to? We would all be willing to live in them. The "Sloppy Joe" is still tops with us as long as the wool lasts. Our skirts are a bit different from last year, being confined as we are from four to six pleats. As far as jackets go, camel hair has first place, with corduroy running a close second.

At first we didn't think that we were going to be able to exist without silk stockings, but some angel in heaven took pity on us, and what dressing table now does not boast a bottle of liquid stockings. In fact, we like them so well, we aren't planning on giving them up even when the war is over.

With our hearts and eyes all more or less focused on draft camps, it is only natural that Army overcoats, raincoats, sailor dresses and overseas caps should win honors in our wardrobe.

Hats, except for those stunning navy blue ones with the light blue trimmings, haven't quite mustered up enough courage to creep out of the hat box, but they should anytime, and you'll see feathers galore at practically every angle on those crazy shapes of felt that women call hats.

Velvet bows attached to combs seem to me to be just the thing to add that air of sweet sophistication that is every co-ed's dream. They are even being substituted for hats on occasions.

Don't let the fashions frighten you. They are all for the best; at least that's what we should try to make ourselves believe, every time we put on our garb to venture out into this brisk fall air.

*Mary Blanch, '43.*

# FLAKY

(Written for Children)

Flaky is a little snow fairy. She is so tiny that if you could catch her and put her in a thimble, she would not be able to see out over the top.

Flaky lives with her mother and father in a wee house high in an old oak tree. The tree is right by the side of the road and Flaky has lots of fun watching the funny man creatures and their queer machines ride by. Her mother always tells her to be careful not to go too close to the edge of the limb, but sometimes Flaky is a naughty little fairy and doesn't mind very well.

One morning while Flaky was playing, she saw a funny crawling machine down below. It threw the snow cut of the road high into the air. Flaky is a very nosey little fairy, so she leaned way over to see better.

"Whee!" squealed Flaky, "how funny!"

She leaned over a little farther to see more. Poor Flaky! She fell, plunk! right off the limb. Down, down, down she went. She went so fast it took her breath away. Finally she landed with a thump into something soft and woolly. It was the hat of the man who was driving the funny machine. She made such a light landing that the man didn't know she was there. He thought it was a little bit of snow falling from a tree.

After Flaky got her breath she started to peek around. Boy! She was moving! This was fun. She stood up and tried to keep her balance. After a while this was nō fun, so she tried standing on one foot and then the other.

"Woo! Woo!" shrieked Flaky. "I'm a great big train. Woo! Woo!"

Just then a gust of wind came along and blew Flaky off the hat. She floated and tumbled through the air. After a few minutes the wind got tired and had to rest, so Flaky landed in some soft snow in a ditch. Gee! It was cold. Flaky thought she'd freeze. Her little fingers were so cold she started crying. She cried and cried until it seemed as if her little heart would break.

Just as Flaky was about to give up, she heard someone thump, thump, thumping up the street. It was a tall man. He went by Flaky and started along the walk toward the house. Flaky ran behind and jumped into his pant-cuff. The man opened the door and stepped into a pleasant, warm room. While he was taking off his coat, Flaky jumped out of his pant-cuff and ran over to the fireplace. The fire was burning brightly and made Flaky feel nice and cozy. She got so warm it made her drowsy and in no time at all she curled up in a little ball and was sound asleep.

When Flaky woke up it was dark out of doors. She heard loud squealing and giggling. Three little girls were dancing around a big tall tree. There were pretty, sparkly balls and shiny rope on the tree.

"Gosh, Daddy, do you think Santy will like it?" asked the tiniest of the three girls.

"'Course he will," piped up the second girl. "He always likes our trees."

"Come on, girls, it's time to go to bed." said the daddy. The three little girls went merrily up the stairs, and Flaky could hear them laughing some more while they were putting their nighties on.

After a few minutes everything in the house was quiet. Flaky crawled out of her corner and went over to the tree to see it better. People were so funny. They took trees in the house and stuck things all over them. She'd never heard of that. She would ask her mother when she got home.

This made Flaky homesick. How was she to get out of this house? She didn't like it. It was dark. She wanted her mummy. Flaky started crying again. She cried and cried.

"What's the matter, Flaky," asked a tiny little voice. "Are you lost?"

"I want my mummy," screamed Flaky. "Boo hoo! Boo hoo! I'm afraid. I can't find my way out of here. All the doors are shut."

"Don't be afraid," said the little voice. "I am Creepy Mouse. I'll take you out. Just climb on my back and hang on tight."

Flaky climbed on the little mouse's back and he scooted into a hole in the floor.

"It's so dark," wailed Flaky.

"Don't be afraid," said the mouse. "After this, I think you will be a wiser little girl and not lean over too far when you are out in your yard playing."

Creepy Mouse hurried all the faster. Soon he came to the outdoors. He gave a squeaking little yell.

"What do you want?" asked a sleepy voice.

"Flaky is lost," answered the mouse, "and I thought maybe you would wake up and take her home, little Snow Bird."

"O. K.! O. K.!" said Snow Bird, "But you know what I think of little girls who are bad and do what their mothers tell them not to. Let them get lost and find their own way home, I always say. But if you ask me, Creepy, I'll do it. Get on my back, Flaky. I'll have you home in a jiffy."

Flaky jumped off Creepy Mouse and got onto Snow Bird's back. Up he flew, to Flaky's house. All the lights were on. Her mother and father were so worried they could not sleep. They had called the little snow police to help them find Flaky.

Flaky opened the door and ran into the house. "Mummy," she yelled, "here I am. I'm cold and hungry and scared."

Flaky's mother and father were overjoyed to find her again. They were so glad they forgot all about her being naughty. They gave her supper and tucked her into her clean, small bed.

"Gosh, Mummy, I'll never be bad again," said Flaky, in a weak little voice.

And soon she was fast asleep.

*Jeanne Stephens, '43.*

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## "WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE"

I had been standing in front of a newsstand and had been trying to decide upon some one magazine to purchase. After standing there a few minutes and not coming to any satisfactory decision, I thought of the idea of going over to the library. There I could enjoy the quiet of the reading room and have at my disposal all the latest magazines, and free of charge. Little did I know of the entertaining afternoon that I would spend, which I wish to tell you about now.

I went into the reading room where the magazines were. I had soon picked out a couple of the latest ones I wished to read. Naturally, I look at only one at a time, but I have found from past experience that it is better to take more than one, if you want to see them both the same day.

While I was polishing my glasses, preparing for a nice afternoon of reading, my eyes began to wander around the room until they rested upon a man, who from all appearances was a professor of some kind, and could well be classified under the heading of "Bookworm." He seemed to be very intent on his work, and was probably looking at some research material as he had several thick, well-bound books spread around him on the table. He thumbed a few pages, paused, scratched his head, then wrote furiously as if he wanted to get the idea down on paper before it slipped from his mind. A few more pages were thumbed, and

then time out for some more thinking. This time the pause was longer and he went into that famous pose of "The Thinker," wholly absorbed in his work. Suddenly, as if prodded by a branding iron, he came out of his trance and again started to put the result of his "solo consultation" down on paper. A noise disturbed me, and my eyes moved in the direction from whence the noise had come.

Three girls of high-school age were giggling themselves into the room, trying unsuccessfully to muffle their laughter with their "bunny" mittens. They went along to the magazines and since they were near me, I noticed that they picked up a *Motion Picture*. Had I not seen the name of the magazine, it would have been very easy for me to guess what type of literature they were scanning. Between giggles I heard them sighing and babbling over such notables as Gable, Boyer, and Power. I knew that they must have passed some pictures of the female stars, but being girls, they paused only a moment to look at them, but really went into "swoons" when they came to a Hollywood hero. "Mere children," I mused to myself as I craned my neck to see Spencer Tracy as they turned the page.

At another table in a corner sat a very elderly man who sported a tobacco-stained moustache styled after that of Theodore Roosevelt's. He was reading a newspaper, and by resting his chin on the table was able to note every comma and period that occurred in the article. His nose had possibly shrunk in size since his glasses had been fitted, as they were down fully an inch from where they should have been on his nose. After a while he looked up, using the rim of his glasses as a level for his eyes. As he looked over the tops of them, my eyes followed his gaze and we both watched the over-dressed flighty bit of femininity which came through the door.

By over-dressed, I mean her face, as she was as highly painted as an Indian warrior preparing for battle. Everything about her face was highly affected. Her eyes were only able to open half way because of the heavy weight of mascara on them. Her eyebrows had long since left her from constant plucking and were replaced by two uneven arched lines of eyebrow pencil. Her cheeks each supported a 10c package of 5 & 10 rouge in some unbecoming shade, and her lips, which were probably suffering from want of air under a heavy coat of lipstick, were outlined to give the impression of a big mouth. Her head was topped by a heavy crop of tightly-curled blond hair. I believe the color of her hair was the only natural thing about her countenance.

She sat down at the nearest table—oh, no, not this one, she took a table in the middle of the room near two men, one of whom was the professor I have mentioned before. As she model-walked herself past me, my nose went right into the air following the scent of her heavily-perfumed body. She pulled out a chair and with a nonchalant air, threw her pocketbook, which could easily have been mistaken for a Fuller Brush man's suitcase, onto the table. She adjusted herself into the chair so as to be able to be at a position where she could keep one eye on her reading material, and one on some unsuspecting male. Having "affected trouble" with her nose, she took out a frilly handkerchief and dabbed at her nostrils at the same time using her eyes to scrutinize her audience and get her bearings.

After a while she was ready to do some reading, and I was waiting rather impatiently to see what she would choose for her reading material. She walked down to the front of the room, taking her time so that others could not help but notice her. She stopped at the "pigeon holes" where she began the task of looking for something to "read." Apparently the magazines there were not her

"type" or perhaps she was a frequent visitor at the library and had already read these. I shall have to give her the benefit of the doubt, but I could picture her reading only *True Story* or some such disgusting literature. Finding nothing there, she went along to where the other magazines were lying in the bound covers of the library property, and started gathering up an armful for herself. As I suspected, the first one she chose was *Esquire*. She picked up a *Look*, a style magazine, a movie magazine with Clark Gable's picture nicely colored on the cover, and *Time*. The latter I gathered must be to make an impression and not because she wanted to read of the world events as she was interested in no other world but her own.

She flounced down into her chair and started with *Esquire*. Apparently the editor had slipped up in that month's edition as she turned page after page without stopping to look at the contents. She looked up—I followed her gaze and it was on—the old man in the back of the room. He was having as hard a time to concentrate on his newspaper as she was having with *Esquire*. After a few minutes she began to get restless and deciding the reading room to hold no promise for her, she gathered up her magazines, together with her belongings, and walked over to the rack. As she walked out of the room, I held my breath for fear the poor thing would bump into a side of the door, for she went out as she came in—looking for those who might be looking for her.

I looked around me at the others, and noted that all had been enjoying themselves as much as I. The old man was resting his head in his hands, his eyes almost on his cheekbones as a result of trying not to "miss a trick."

I looked at my watch—Afternoon had fast slipped away to greet Dusk. Certainly I had wasted this afternoon, but it had been very entertaining. Surely no magazine showed such vivid pictures, but what had I learned from this flighty "actress" who had robbed me of an afternoon of reading? The more I thought of her, the more disgusted I became and the trite old phrase, "What fools these mortals be" rushed into my mind. Yes, "What fools these mortals be!"

*Alice Ramsdell, '43.*

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## PET ECONOMIES

People and their pet economies! We all have them, but they never seem to amount to anything except to drive our friends to distraction.

I know a doctor who gets into his car and drives a mile and a half to save ten cents on a package of his favorite brand of tobacco, never stopping to consider the fact that gas, oil, and wear and tear on his car probably cost him slightly more than his savings.

I also know a lady who saves a teaspoonful of this and a teaspoonful of that, honestly believing that she will use them for supper some night, thereby saving the cost of a meal, and the only thing that comes from it is that she has a mess to handle when she does her weekly defrosting.

Then I'm sure we all know the woman who, when being caught in a rainstorm, trudges stolidly home rather than spend a quarter on a taxi. The next morning she probably has to send her coat to the cleaners, her shoes to the cobbler's for new lifts, to say nothing of her hat, which is spotted and limp and looks as if the cat had slept on it.

And the string savers! Now this is an economy that one can really work at. String collecting can be made into quite a hobby. Short string, long string, clean string, dirty string, brown string, white string, tough string, sleazy string. There's just no limit to the variety of string one can acquire. What good is it? Well, it

helps to fill up that extra drawer space you have in the pantry. Why use it? You can always buy a ball of twine at Woolworth's. The string you save is either too short or not heavy enough, anyway.

Saving boxes is another way to cut down expenses. They serve as a convenient filler for that hall closet. These boxes come in handy when you need something to put a birthday present in. What if you do have to cram the cover down or stuff paper around the gift to stop it from rattling?

Button, button, who's got the button? Remember the game you played when you were a child? There never was a scarcity of buttons to play with, because practically *everyone's* pet economy is saving buttons. They save plain buttons and fancy buttons, big buttons and little buttons. People save buttons over a period of years. Have you ever looked into a button saver's basket? If you'll allow me to use a trite expression, some of the buttons have been saved since "the year one," and would be as much out of place now, as a "handle-bar" mustache.

People and their pet economies!

*Anonymous.*

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## IS LIFE WHAT YOU MAKE IT?

It has been stated that "Life is what you make it." How often have I heard that! My memory fails me when I endeavor to recall the number of times it has rung in my ears. Until recently I had never thought very seriously upon that subject. I merely accepted the statement as true and lived accordingly. But I have within the last year changed my mind and I now think that the person who first uttered those words must have been an exception. The statement is probably right to a certain extent, for naturally each individual plans his life and the fruitfulness of it depends on the goal he has set for himself. But, on the other hand, there are unforeseen and unplanned-for events that change the course of our whole life. We do not always desire these things that come our way, but we are forced to accept them. Life is like that. We cannot dodge them and retain the confidence of ourselves and the admiration of others.

There are a number of reasons why I have changed my outlook on life. Perhaps the greatest influence is an experience I have just recently gone through.

I met a girl during my early childhood who was soon to become my best chum. I was ten years old when we first became acquainted; she was eight. From then on we were inseperable. For nine years we attended the same parties, schools, church—we were as one. People looking on noticed our devotion to each other and we became known as "David and Jonathan." Through high school we shared each other's sorrow and happiness. Then graduation day came and we both received our reward for four years of hard work. We all realized that day that it would mean a parting for most of us, but little did I realize that for me it meant separation from one who had been part of my life for so many years. The day after graduation I left home and when I returned a few months later, she was no longer my Jonathan nor I her David, for she had decided on matrimony as her career. I didn't follow the narrow, worn shore path to her home any more; I never wanted to. There was no one there to give me the old familiar greeting or no listening ear for my secrets and latest plans. She not only had changed her life but also unconsciously changed the plans of my own life. She was happy but I was stunned with a terribly empty spot in my heart. We are still "true-blue" friends but it will never be the same again. I still have fun; still have friends, but

there is a place in my life that can't be filled. Would I have planned it this way? Never! Is it selfishness? Perhaps.

Now I, who have looked forward to being twenty and a college girl, find myself wishing I were back in my carefree childhood days, playing mud pies on the rocks of the shore or climbing the beams of the old smoke-shed.

Maybe Hitler is partly responsible for my feelings. How this war has changed our lives! Surely we didn't plan it this way. It is heartbreaking to go back to my home town. The old friends have all left for defense work which the war has caused a demand for, and to see a boy whom you spent your school days with is a rare occasion. They are many thousands of miles away fighting—many of them, perhaps, never to return.

It seems that I have entered into an entirely new world and everything is too strange for me to cope with. I realize that things must change, for again, this is Life. But these changes have an effect on our lives and perhaps unknowingly even to us.

Maybe I have taken the wrong slant on life and maybe there is a chapter in every girl's life when she experiences these new thoughts and emotions. I hope in my case it is the latter. I do not think that life is dull nor do I think it is all disappointments, but I honestly believe that it is definitely *not* what *we* make it.

*Thelma N. Alley, '45.*

## PURCHASING A DIAMOND

The young man walks briskly past the jewelry store looking neither right nor left. A little way past he slowly turns and saunters more nonchalantly by. With an indifferent air he gazes into the window at the jewelry twinkling on the velvet cloth. Again he turns and walks away, seemingly engrossed in deep thought. No, I guess this young man is not going in—but wait! He has turned back and is entering the store. He moves quietly up and down the aisle looking first at one thing and then at another. The ever-attentive clerk follows close by, answering his questions, of which he seems to have an inexhaustible supply. Now he approaches the diamond case.

"I suppose you sell quite a lot more diamonds now than you did before the war."

"Yes, we do."

"I'll bet your best customers are service men."

"Indeed, they are. So many are getting married before they go overseas."

"Diamonds are getting hard to buy, aren't they?"

"Yes. It is getting practically impossible now, due to all the shortages."

"One should buy one now if he intends to get one, shouldn't one?"

"Yes. I think one should."

He then gazes over to the show case on the other side of the aisle. After a moment or two he again turns back to the diamonds.

"What one would you like if someone bought you a diamond?"

"I like them all, but my favorite is this one," and she proceeds to take a diamond out of the case.

"It is pretty, isn't it? I like that, too. Try it on and let me see how it looks."

The girl then places the ring on her finger and proceeds to hold it beneath a light.

"Golly, that looks swell on. D-d-do you think another girl would like it? I have a friend I thought I might buy one for," and immediately the young man turns a brilliant red.

"I think any girl would love it."

"I g-g-guess I'll take it then."

And the young man buys the diamond.

The next young man walks briskly up the street and, after pausing to glance in the window, proceeds into the store. Indeed, this young man seems to know what he is going to

buy. He walks up to the sales clerk and very importantly states:

"I would like to purchase a diamond. I want nothing but the best, mind you, nothing but the best!"

The clerk begins bringing out the trays of diamonds and placing them before him for inspection. Each one to the young man is "too small" or "too inexpensive." Finally the clerk narrows it down to a tray of the largest and most beautifully set diamonds the store can bring forth. After a strenuous hour of eliminating the diamonds that he doesn't like, he decides there aren't any that he does like. The only thing left is to have one made to order.

Then comes a long session with the jeweler. Every setting and every loose diamond is brought from the safe. For another hour the jeweler places each stone first in one setting and then in another. Nothing seems to strike the young man as "just what I had in mind."

Then he decides to look again at the first diamonds he was shown. Another hour goes by. Finally, he finds "just the one I have been looking for." The diamond is the first displayed to him.

Here comes another young man down the street—but this one has a girl on his arm. Both are unaware of those around them. They keep looking into each other's eyes with the look that spells l-o-v-e, and every few steps he gives her a girder-crushing squeeze. The diamonds in the window catch the girl's eye and they move over to glance starry-eyed at the display. He looks down at her and murmurs something to which her answer is a surprised cry and a very affectionate, lingering kiss. Then they, too, turn and walk, although "float" is the better word, in the store. When seeing a break in the looks and affectionate hugs, the clerk approaches and asks if she might help them. The boy gallantly says:

"Yes, we want to buy a diamond."

"Oh, darling," says the girl, and "darling" proceeds to get another kiss. The diamond trays are again set forth and at the conclusion of the embrace they gaze with wonder at the display.

"Which one do you like best, darling?"

"I like them all, sweetheart."

"Isn't there one you like best, sweetness?"

"No, there isn't, honey."

And so it goes until finally a ring is agreed upon and they walk, still in the haze, out the door. The girl is a proud owner of a diamond and the boy has his girl.

These are the three types of men who do not know the correct way to buy a diamond. Now let me show you the young man that does.

This young man walks briskly up the street and into the store. He does not glance into the window for he knows what is there. The window, he knows, contains beautiful and perfect diamonds because he has chosen a jeweler with a reputation for the best.

He enters the store and when a clerk approaches, he states his mission. After placing the tray before him, he carefully selects the ring that he considers the most beautiful and most suited to his pocketbook. Then he takes the ring to the jeweler who tells him the merits of it, the merits being karats, durability, beauty, etc. When the young man is convinced he has the best, he makes his purchase, paying strictly cash in fitting with his character. He leaves the store the owner of a perfect and suitable diamond.

Yes, this young man knows how to buy a diamond—but have you ever been in love? When you do and after you have bought your diamond see which type you are. I advise you to follow the young man who knows how, but if you do, stop and ask yourself, "Am I really in love?" You could be, but more often you aren't.

*Alice Warren, '43.*

# AMERICANISM

"Americanism" is a popular word today. It summarizes and symbolizes all that is best and wholesome in our national character. It embraces our patriotism, our characteristic straightforwardness, and our love of fair play as a nation. It is one's Americanism or lack of it that determines whether or not a man is a loyal citizen. Americanism stands for undivided allegiance and unwavering adherence to true American principles. Americanism knows neither fear nor favor, but demands equal rights, equal privileges, and unbiased justice for all, from the highest and most powerful to the lowliest and the weakest.

America has long been the "melting pot" of the world. We have laid great stress on the claim that America could fuse the races of the world into a new race, typically American, but upon trial this idealism was not a complete success.

Many men have preached the doctrines of Americanism and expounded its principles to the American people. Writers, orators, statesmen, men of high ability—all have attempted to impress it upon our national conscience, but with varying degrees of success.

Upon the scene of struggle for a deeper and inner realization of Americanism came one brilliant American, Theodore Roosevelt, the greatest exponent of Americanism. We cannot all achieve careers like that of Roosevelt, nor can we begin to accomplish the many and noble acts he did, yet his life offers, probably the best example of the finest and highest ideal of Americanism or American citizenship.

We can, however, be like him if we endeavor to follow in the footsteps of his daily life. It showed plainly qualities of straightforwardness, loyalty, and courage. And, in my mind, these are the outstanding characteristics of a true American.

Theodore Roosevelt was but one of the many true and loyal Americans. However, we must make or strive, shall we, say, to make this type or mode of life 100 per cent. A nation can never be victorious if there is discord within it. This is a difficult period, but there have been periods just as trying. Even during those former years of turmoil, the spark of Americanism still glowed like a torch supported from "on high." This same celestial light was with Washington and his gallant men at Valley Forge, it went with the men into the blazing inferno of Gettysburg, and it was with their grandsons in the Forest of the Argonne. Today this same spark or symbol is burning brightly wherever our boys go.

Today the American whose heart is not stirred by a sense of gratitude is not fit to call himself an American. Our faith and hope must go far beyond the obvious.

We have been at war a little over a year. We have come to realize in full measure that this is a war of survival or we might use, Empedocles' theory, or rather his words, "The survival of the fittest."

There is not room on this earth for conflicting ideas, such as totalitarianism and its like. Refer back to the history of the United States about the time of the Civil War. During this particular period Abraham Lincoln said that this country could not remain part slave and part free, and so it is with the world. It is then, indeed, a fight to the finish. We are not going to say if we win—we are going to win. In this battle every American will show his Americanism to the fullest extent. He will give his strength, money, and blood if need be. He shall not count the cost, for freedom is priceless. We each one love liberty so much we are ready to fight and to die that it will not perish from this earth.

In my final conclusion of Americanism, I want to or rather desire to say, it is not something that can be

seen or felt, it is something deep within which truly makes Americans different from all other races. My prayer for each American is:

"May God give us the vision to see beyond the present into the future, and then when the hour of victory is here, may we be just and impartial in all we do."

This, indeed, would show our Americanism and prove to all that Americanism is something noble and glorious; something of which to be proud. When others will say: "Always heard a lot about them Yankees. Boy, am I glad I found out for myself. You know they really aren't a bad lot at all, pretty swell bunch." Then we will have given our full measure of devotion.

*Anonymous.*

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## HONESTY

The word "honesty" is so commonly used that few of us realize the full meaning of it. We say a man is "honest as the day is long," meaning many of us are truly "honest as the day is long"? We may be honest so far as other people's property is concerned, but are we always honest in other ways?

For instance, there's the person who has acquired a habit of staying out late nights. He usually comes in with the milkman, grabs a few hours of sleep, wakes up at the very last minute, hastily gulps an unnourishing breakfast and dashes to work. He manages to drag through the day, and that evening he's at it again. This goes on all week and by Saturday night he's so tired he hopes it will rain on Sunday so he can stay home from church and sleep. If it doesn't rain, he finds some other lame excuse and stays home anyway. Is this man being honest?

Now let us consider the girl who is "clothes conscious". She must have all the latest fashions in dresses and hats and shoes, but she never can spare the money for a trip to the dentist or the doctor. She keeps saying, "I'll take the money for that next week". And so it goes on week after week, until the loses her teeth or becomes seriously ill. Isn't this another form of dishonesty?

The boy or girl who goes to school has so many ways in which to be dishonest. Wasting study periods is one of them. It's so much more fun to spend forty minutes in the gym or lounge than it is to study. This time wasting leads to copying other student's work. Copying leads to "flunking" examinations which in turn wastes Dad and Mother's hard-earned money. Did you ever think of this in terms of dishonesty?

Then there is the student who stays home on the slighest pretext. Upon arising he may not like the weather, or maybe he stayed out too late the night before. He manages the process of dressing and wanders reluctantly down to breakfast, all the while trying to find some reason why he shouldn't attend school. His mind is a busy workshop, but it is busy in the wrong way. The thoughts going through it may be like this:

"Gosh, I'm so tired. Guess I won't go to school. Wonder if I'd miss much. Still, I shouldn't miss "Ec."; liable to have a test in it. Aw! what the heck! I hate the darn stuff anyway. Got a test in "math" but I can make that up. Guess it's raining out. If it is I'm not going anyway. Maybe I'd better go, but I don't feel so hot."

And so he stays home, passing the hours in an aimless fashion, reading a little, sleeping some, listening to the radio, or just sitting. A good day gone to waste. If this isn't dishonesty, what is it?

The girl who lets the rest of the committee do all the work, the boy who plays ball for the grandstand,

rather than for the other members on his team and for his school, the student who cuts classes to sit around "swapping yarns" with other students. Are they dishonest? Yes, of course they are.

You've met people who are "always belittling," haven't you? They seem to be geniuses in the art of tearing other people down. Of course they do it in a nice, friendly sort of way. When someone compliments you on doing a thing particularly well they very sweetly say, "Oh yes, but then she does *everything* well. When I get to be Joan's age I hope I'm as clever as she." Or it may go like this, "You're always so well groomed, but then, you have so much money to spend on clothes and hairdos and things. Poor little me. I'll be glad when I start working so *I* can have money to spend." This type of person always waits until there is a third person present. The result is spoiled if someone isn't around to hear the remark. To me this is an outstanding form of dishonesty, one that makes me wish my fingernails were four or five inches long and that I wasn't too much of a lady to use them.

At the present time we hear people saying, "Begging, begging, every time you turn around someone's asking for money or something. It costs so much to live under present conditions I just can't give. Oh well, 'Charity begins at home'." Little do they stop to think that if they don't give now they may not have a home from which to begin their charity. These people are the ones who go strutting around (after everything is all over and we have won) saying, "Yessah, we certainly wiped them right off the map. The dirty rats."

I could go on and on, but what's the use? People have always done these things and probably always will. We just have to grit our teeth and hope that others are clever enough to figure them out.

*Jeanne Stephens, '43.*

## SUNRISE

The night is dying—there's a hint of the day,
There's a flush in the sky, so fair, so sweet,
One thinks of those lovely flowers of May,
That hide in the leaves beneath feet.

Deeper and brighter the colors play,
There's pink, purple, gold, and blue,
If put upon canvas, some would say,
That painting to nature can't be true.

But only those of the city street,
With all of its turmoil and strife,
That miss the scenes to me so sweet,
And think it not true to life.

I pity the poor of the crowded mart,
With never a breath of God's pure air,
Who live their lives with a withered heart,
A lack of those things that are free and fair.

Indeed, I pity the poor rich man,
Who was once a rollicking country boy,
And cannot he readily understand,
That I have the gold and he the alloy.

*Catherine Kittredge, '43.*

## CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night before Christmas and time for all good children to be in bed. And "Randy" much to her disappointment, must be tucked in. "Mommy" starts the lengthy task of preparing her for bed.

"Come, Randy, bedtime."

Not wanting to miss anything that might happen on this eventful night, Randy replies, "Why do I have to go now?" Then noticing the knowing glance from her father says, "Aw right, I'll go. I'll be a good girl so Santa will come to see me like he does all good girls."

(Following is a lapse of time of approximately an hour during which tooth paste can't be found and the bathroom light switch is up too high for a little girl of four years to reach. Where did she leave her pajamas this morning?)

"I can't find them anywhere, Mommee. Oh, I got 'em. Why did I

put them under the bath tub?"

Properly attired for bed, washed, and with one foot in her tiny bed, Randy comes out with, "I'm hungry!"

Back to the kitchen for a glass of milk but nothing more in spite of much teasing. Once more along the "beaten path" and once more settled down, only to have Mother ask, "What did you forget?"

"Oh!" And bouncing up on her bed, Randy "squats" her fat little self on her knees, folds her hands, and proudly says without any help her night prayers.

"When I go to bed at night,
I know that God is near.
He will keep me safe and snug
And nothing need I fear.

He will protect me in the dark
And guard me in the day,
And though I fall, I can't be hurt
If I will live His way.

For God will guide me when awake
And watch me while I sleep,
And I will be good for His sake
And His Commandments keep."

"God bless Mommy, Daddy, Randa Jean, and everybody else! I almost forgot, didn't I, Mommy?"

"Yes, you did, Honey, now be a good lady and go right to sleep and it won't be long before it's Christmas and you can get up and open all your packages as soon as you are awake in the morning."

(Silence)

"Mom-mee."

"What, dear?"

"What's Christmas? Is it Santa Claus? And you said you'd tell me a story."

"All right, Mother will tell you the story of Christmas. Would you like that?"

"Uh-huh."

Seating herself on the edge of the bed, Mother proceeds.

"Many, many years ago away in Jerusalem, there lived a man by the name of Joseph and a very nice lady by the name of Mary. Mary was such a good lady and all the rest of the people except Joseph were so bad that God decided to send the infant Jesus to Mary that he might some day grow and teach these people the ways of God. The king Herod learned of this and was very angry so he ordered all children up to the age of three to be killed because he was envious. That is why Mary and Joseph had to run away to Bethlehem. They couldn't find any place to stay so the little infant, Jesus, was born in the manger in the stable of Bethlehem. It was very cold and all the animals were around. The good mother made many sacrifices to have the people saved on this earth. The wise men heard of the birth of their new King and brought him many presents. Do you know how they knew the way? They followed the star of Bethlehem just like the one on Mommy's Christmas tree, only this one was up in the sky. The Christ child was born on the feast of the Nativity and that is why we call it Christmas and celebrate and honor this day every year. There were shepherds tending the sheep in the fields and they came to see the newborn child. Everyone came and loved him because they knew that he was their Saviour. So you must love him just as Mommy and Daddy do. And remember, Honey, that Christmas isn't just Santa Claus but it really is the day that Jesus was born. Now be a sweet child and go right to sleep, won't you?

"I'm tired and sleepy and tucked
in my bed.
My teeth have been brushed and
my prayers have been said.
I know that God guides me
wherever I go,
So I'll go to sleep now and not
be so slow."

Goodnight!
Goodnight!
Goodnight!

*Veda Morin, '45.*

## SKYLINES

If I were to mention the skyline of a large city, what would immediately be your mental picture? To some it would be a very dull subject. Some might imagine it to be massive structures marring the horizon like so many steps. But to me it is like the fulfillment of a childish dream, especially, is this true after Iris has drawn her purple curtains about the earth, shrouding it in complete blackness. If you were to watch, the lights would begin to blink on and off, twinkling in the inky blackness of night, and it would seem as if these lights were dancing unsuspended on the night breezes.

Youth particularly loves and admires the cheerful glow of these shining lights. Many a young boy or girl has been known to leave his native home and surroundings to go to a far-off city, where the lights twinkle continuously along the skyline. They have become an inspiration of comfort and cheer, and becoming so much a part of American life that we deeply miss their warm and cheerful rays today. For these same golden gleams have been the cause of horrible devastation. For this reason our illuminating lights are rapidly vanishing. In this world of strife and chaos, we are witnessing the loss of the glamour and brilliancy which has formerly been so familiar to us.

The changes are going to be many. Even at this present time, our Eastern and Western seaboards have lost their twinkling brilliance. No more are incoming ships welcomed by these beams of comfort and security, as they sparkle on the waves. Instead, in its place reigns only total blackness. Even the ocean itself seems to miss their steady glow as it mournfully beats high upon the black rocky ledges and echoes back the sound of the deep voiced ocean. The sailor's friend, the lighthouse, is completely blacked out. No longer are the lighthouses a friendly beacon in the darkness.

To many of us who knew and loved these glowing embers, their loss is a deep regret.

This is a dark prospect but possibly it isn't as dark as it seems on first presentation. We hope not anyway. Let us hope as the Holy Christmas Season comes nearer, that the lights will blaze and glow radiantly in the heart of every American. They must glisten twice as brilliantly in our hearts as formerly to balance the darkness outside. Then too, let us remember that it is neccessary to defend our ways of peace, so in years to come these lights will again shine and send forth their message of peace and joy.

*Dorothy G. Cammic, '45.*

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## Coming of Spring

Raindrops swiftly falling
Out of an azure sky,
Replace the tiny snowflakes
That bid the world goodbye.
They bring the scent of summer,
Of flowers, grass, and trees.
Of sunshine, clean and wholesome,
Of a balmy summer breeze.

Even birds begin to flourish
And feather their tiny nest,
To bring sweet song and gladness
To the time we all love best,
The children's happy laughter
Throughout the day does ring,
Their gleeful childish voices
Add to the joy of Spring.

*Edyth Hurlburt, '43.*

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## MEDITATION

The flames licking around the logs in the fireplace, the crackling of the wood as it burned, and the cheery warmth of the fire served as the perfect spot to bring out that meditative mood in her. Sitting there looking unseeingly into the flame, she was once again living over her experience of four months previous. It was,

without a doubt, the strangest thing that had ever happened to her in her eighteen years.

If anyone had told her that she was going to meet "him" in that particular way, she would have laughed amusedly and replied, "Nonsense, things like that happen only in stories, certainly not to a plain ordinary girl like me. Why, nothing different ever happens to me." She would have been right—then. Nothing "different" had ever come into her life. It had been the same old thing, same friends, faces, duties, recreation. Yes, the same routine, day in and day out. But what could one expect from a small town such as she had always lived in. A pleasant, friendly town it was, to be sure, but one simply did not associate the word "excitement" with it.

But things had changed for her. Whether it was all for the best remained to be seen, but they had changed nevertheless. As she sat musing, her mind wandered back to the month of June. The thirteenth (was that supposed to be unlucky?) she had returned her graduation gown to the school, packed her high school diploma tenderly away and left for the city. Here she had found work and saved her money with the hopes of furthering her education, thus making her place in the world.

Meditating but briefly on her pleasant summer's work, her mind skipped to the second week in September when she had bidden farewell to her new friendships and associations, boarded the train for the city where she would make her home and attend college. Then it had happened! It was a strange meeting but one that was evidently planned by Fate. The train had been crowded that day, with only two vacant seats in the coach; one being beside her, as another girl had left at the last station. It was this seat that he had taken. He had paid no attention to her at first, his interest being on a time table he held in his hands. She had an interesting article in the latest *Reader's Digest* she was reading, so it had not mattered particularly to her whether he wished to notice her or not. But silence had not reigned long and soon they had been chatting like two old friends. She had found out much about him; he was from a small town, too; had just completed a course in Civilian Pilot Training and was now on his way home for a few days before leaving for another flying school. To become a good pilot was his ambition and he had not tried to conceal the fact. They had talked and exchanged information concerning themselves, then all too soon the train had reached its journey's end. His father had been waiting at the station for him and he had introduced her to his "Dad". Then their ways had separated.

She had not seen him since but his letters had never stopped. "And some day," he had written, "And some day . . ."

The fire was no longer licking the logs; there was no longer a cheery blaze; nothing but the dying embers. But she did not notice for her eyes were seeing only into the future when she would some day pick up those broken threads.

*Thelma N. Alley, '45.*

## WHAT A TASK

What's the date? February 23! My gosh, that smells like a due date for a theme. Well, there's nothing like getting things done on time. That's my motto, but just on time, nothing to spare. Somehow I never can do my work up ahead or at least in plenty of time. The "night before" I can always be seen scurrying around cramming to get things done. It seems that when I do get an ambitious streak, which is very, very seldom, it always turns out wrong. I remember when I did my shorthand assignments ahead for almost a

month, only to return to school that Monday to have the books changed. Things like that discourage any little ambitious streak that I might have. I have even known myself to just forget it all with the "I'll-do-it-in-the-morning" attitude and go to bed. The next morning finds me wondering why in heck I didn't do it the night before. Maybe I get up and do it and maybe I don't, mostly—I don't.

Speaking of getting up, don't I hate to get up mornings and I hate getting to bed just as much. I've heard people say how much they stay awake all night and twist and toss and turn until finally, it is time to get up. But you know, once I am in bed, I *Sleep*. It takes a lot to get me there and it takes a lot more to get me out. Nothing short of a "derrick" would suffice. Then, too, there are some people who have nightmares or walk in their sleep but not me, I'm completely unaware of what might be going on. I do believe that if my home were on fire I wouldn't wake up. You know, it must be an awful feeling to wake up with fire all around you.

Think of it! Yet, there are so many fires now. Aren't you just a wee bit suspicious of their origin? Of course I know there are some people who are too ready to pounce on the animal, Sabotage, but just the same, there are many more fires than there should be.

Yes, and there are some who are not ready enough and should be. I can't help thinking that we aren't in there 100 per cent. There aren't enough of us that realize what we are really up against.

Oh, yes, my theme! Now let's see. What on earth shall I ever write about? Tuesday night is such a swell radio night. That Bob Hope is such a riot! Good Heavens! I should have done this theme ages ago and should be studying my Biology now. Why did I have to go home this week-end? Of course I couldn't have written this theme over the week-end, there aren't any pencils and paper in Guilford.

Say, I wonder who is winning that basketball game tonight. I would like to have seen Guilford play for the championship. But that's my fate. I guess that they will lose just as quick whether I'm there or not. Besides Brownville Junction is too tall for the Guilford team.

Biology! It's going to kill me. I never did care for much along that line. I really don't see any value in taking it, although I know there's a possibility of my learning something from it. Something is bound to sink in after a while. "Tactile fingers are forever learning." I wonder why Mrs. Bowron asked us to think about that. I never stopped to think what a wonderful job man is doing to civilize the world, why man is so far above beast. Do you suppose we are descendants of a fish? Look how man has developed, he stands erect, has the opposable thumbs, and a highly-developed brain. That makes me think. Where's the diagram of the heart of that fish that I am supposed to be studying?

Good gravy, it's midnight! No theme written, no Biology studied, no nothing done, but—I can always get up early in the morning and do it.

—*Anonymous.*

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## CIVILIAN DEFENSE

Civilian Defense is a term which two years ago was brought to the attention of the American people. Taking our cue from England, we decided not to wait until war had struck before mobilizing civilians to protect their homes. People in America felt that they should be prepared for emergencies in case of bombing, etc. We learned the value of such preparedness from England's suffering and experience.

In the fall of '41 Civilian Defense was organized under plans set up in each state by Mayor LaGuardia who had been appointed Chairman of National Defense by President Roosevelt. Under this plan each state has its chairman as does each county. Each community has two chairmen for the men and one chairman for the women. These chairmen registered volunteers for different training. Women joined such classes as airplane spotters, canteen, first aid, nurses' aid, and home nursing, while the men had auxiliary policemen, auxiliary firemen, air raid wardens, etc. to choose from. Then observation posts were set up with volunteers to record and report any plane sighted. In this way all over the country citizens and individuals were prepared to act in case of emergency.

As time went on the Office of Civilian Defense saw the need for preserving food on a larger scale than ever before; that all food grown should be saved for future individual use and also to supply our armed forces, for in the meantime December 7 had arrived and with it Pearl Harbor, plunging us into war. Canning Centers were set up all over the state and housewives were urged to bring their garden products to these centers. Here the food was canned with or without the help of the giver and one of every two cans of food canned was turned over to the government.

A short time ago, a new phase of Civilian Defense called Civil Service Corps was organized for the purpose of reaching further and more closely into each and every home. Under this we have the Neighborhood Plan which is active in cities all over the state.

The Neighborhood Plan is organized with a chairman for the city as a whole; the city is divided into zones which have a zone leader who in turn appoints a block leader. The duty of the block leader is to go into each home in her block carrying correct information concerning the major drives which the state, under the Civilian Defense, is launching. (Examples of these various drives are the recent scrap drive and tin drive, the outstanding salvage or savings being that of fat, tin, and nylon stockings . The block leader explains in each home the correct way to prepare tin cans for salvage and just when, where and how they will be collected. They also find volunteer workers in families who, perhaps, have not signed up with Civilian Defense because they do not know just where they could be of best service. The block leaders take these persons' names and turn them over to the zone leader who then turns them into the Civilian Defense office. As time goes on there will be more calls for volunteer workers, giving these people an opportunity for service.

The purpose of the Neighborhood Plan is to arouse more enthusiasm and cooperation on the home front.

At a recent meeting in Bangor, Mrs. Donald M. Payson, member of the Council of Civilian Defense at Augusta, and Mr. Summerfield, head of State Salvage Committee, spoke to a large number of volunteers on the Neighborhood Plan in connection with the war effort.

The opinion as voiced by these authorities is that this is a war of not just *man power*, but a war of *man power* and *equipment*, and until every single person in the United States saves every bit of salvage, a quick victory will not be ours.

So come on Americans and let's double our efforts. If the Government is willing to help us, we should be more than willing to help ourselves and at the same time help those sons who are over there!

*Thelma N. Alley, '45.*

## RACIAL PREJUDICE

Why must the word "alien" carry a stigma?

One night a few weeks ago, I was invited to spend the evening at the home of friends. Nine other people were present. The conversation drifted to war and in the midst of a heated argument on rotten politics and the present trend of battle, someone jokingly remarked, "Better be careful of what you say. Joan is an alien, an enemy alien at that, French and Bulgarian you know." A deathly, pregnant silence descended upon the group. One dynamic word, alien, dropped jokingly among friends, spoiled what had started to be a pleasant, enjoyable evening. The unfairness of this made me wonder. Every day, all over the country, similar incidents must be taking place.

The United States of America! These words fill the hearts of people all over the world with hope, courage, faith. With the help of the United States they mean to gain freedom from the vicious shackles which are slowly strangling everything they hold sacred. But how can they be helped if shortsighted, prejudiced opinions run riot among the very people they look upon as their saviours? Such things must be put aside. They are the most powerful weapons that the spies and saboteurs of our enemies can use against us.

What is America made of but foreign blood? From the Pilgrims who landed on Plymouth Rock to the last European refugee we have foreign blood. All came to find the same things—freedom and opportunity. The quiet, hard-working Swedes and Finns, the quick-tempered, free-hearted Italians and Greeks, the stolid Russians and Germans, the fast-talking, fun-loving French, the courageous, merry-faced Chinese, the cool, calculating English, all make up the huge population of kind-hearted, easy-going America. What place has racial prejudice in a country like this?

Each American should remember that at some time in the past his ancestors too were aliens. Some of us were unfortunate enough to be born in some other country. A few, a very small percentage of aliens, are not loyal citizens, but most of us would lay down our lives for the country we now call home. A man's nationality or religion should never be held against him. It is his heart and mind that should be judged; not the country from which he came.

The next time you meet an alien try to be lenient. Maybe he is an alien like me, an alien who loves the American way of life, an alien who loves hot dogs and ice cream, whose heart swells at the sound of President Roosevelt's voice coming over the air waves, whose eyes and throat fill when he sees "Old Glory" waving majestically from her lofty throne, who has two brothers serving with the American armed forces, and who thinks American soldiers, sailors and Marines are the finest bunch of boys who ever walked this battle-scarred world we live in.

*—Anonymous.*

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## MAINE

O, Pine Tree State, we salute you,
You're on the Nation's most northeasterly edge,
May we sing and admire and love you,
While your fame o'er the country is spread.

Your purple peaked mountains are crested,
With Nature's white garlands so fair;
May your beauty be never harmed or molested,
For no scenery elsewhere can compare.

Through days of gloom and depression,
We'll always have faith and proclaim—
There is no State in the Union
So rugged and healthful as Maine.

*Dorothy G. Cammic, '45.*



# OUR ALLY

"This is not the beginning of the end but it is the end of the beginning." These significant words were given in a speech by Winston Churchill, Prime Minister of England, on the day the American troops invaded the continent of Africa.

Winston Churchill is greatly loved and trusted by the people of England; he is greatly respected by the people of the Americas. He is known to all the people all over the world. Our own President Roosevelt and he are very intimate friends. Think of the situation that would arise if this were not so! It is absolutely necessary that allies be friends. They must stick together. England is our ally as well as are precisely twenty-five other countries. Here, I should like to insert the words of our great American statesman to whom the United states owes its liberty, and I quote the words of Benjamin Franklin when I say:

"United, we stand—divided, we fall."

How true those words are! I need not go on to explain them, for if you are a good American, you will know what they mean.

Let us analyze this sentence of Mr. Churchill's and try to determine just what he really meant when he said them.

"This is not the beginning of the end . . ."

Evidently Mr. Churchill believes that the war will last much longer and that the end is not even in view. He is trying to make the people of England realize that they shouldn't expect the war to be over within a few days. He is trying to make them see that they must stay right in there pitching harder than ever before—harder than they could ever have believed possible.

The people of England are doing a remarkably splendid job in this war. They are making an "all-out" effort for . . . —. The women have stood behind the men in a great way and have never failed to respond to the call of their country.

". . . but it is the end of the beginning."

Here, he is trying to say that we are through "monkeying around" and that we are "really going to town in a jolly ol' way." It has taken the United States months to get started but not that it has, Mr. Churchill endeavors to bring new hope to the populace of England. He is trying to tell them not to give up in their wonderful work. He is saying that help has come. It is not a one-man fight any more. We have help. Reinforcements have arrived!

Winston Churchill went on further in his speech to say:

"If anyone mentions payments for the Lend-Lease Act, we will put in our bill for fighting this war alone for a year."

That little island was first to try to break down the tyranny all over the world. It was the first to realize that unless Hitler were stopped, he would soon become unconquerable. It started with one ally—France—you know what happened to her—that left England all alone until the United States was forced to join in a struggle against world power.

Yes, we certainly owe a great deal to England for its wonderful courage and the great example it has set for the United States, and to you—Winston Churchill—we take off our hats! How true were your words.

*Veda Morin, '45.*







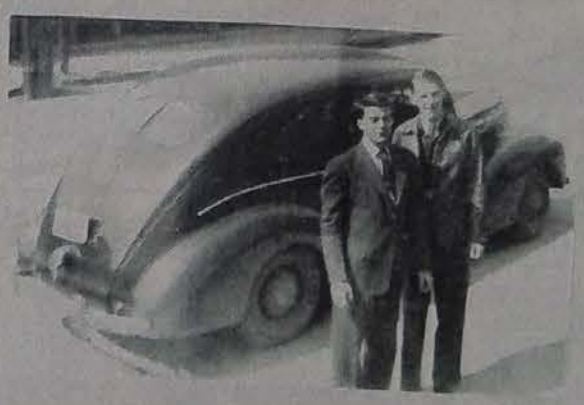


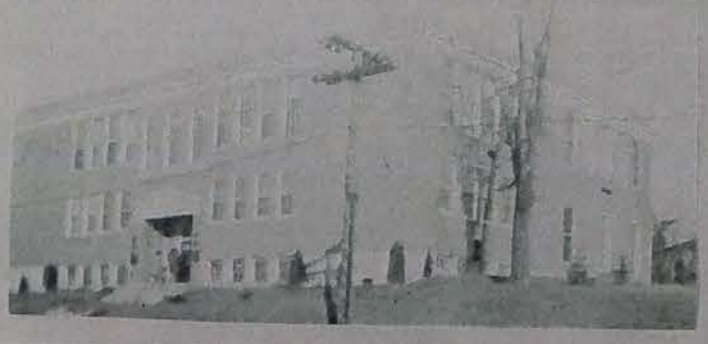


















# PERSONALS

# Popularity Contest

| | |
|---|---|
| *Miss Commerce* | HOPE TREMBLEY |
| *Mr. Commerce* | CLAYTON CUMMINGS |
| *Most Likely to Succeed* | |
| *Girl* | LUCIA SMITH |
| *Boy* | MANLEY WEBB |
| *Best Athlete* | |
| *Girl* | BARBARA ALLEN |
| *Boy* | CLAYTON CUMMINGS |
| *Most Ladylike* | LUCIA SMITH |
| *Most Gentlemanly* | KENNETH RAND |
| *Best-Natured* | |
| *Girl* | MILDRED ALLEN |
| *Boy* | ROLAND PLOURDE |
| *Sister* | JEANNE STEPHENS |
| *Brother* | ROLAND PLOURDE |
| | OTIS ST. THOMAS |
| *Best Dancer* | |
| *Girl* | ALMA PARLIN |
| *Boy* | ROBERT AMES |
| *Wittiest* | |
| *Girl* | ALICE RAMSDELL |
| *Boy* | HAROLD BURRILL |
| *Most Mischievous* | |
| *Girl* | MILDRED ALLEN |
| *Boy* | ROLAND PLOURDE |

# STUDENT CORRECTORS

*Typewriting*

Hilda Banks
Dorothy Cammic
Alice Stevens
Hope Trembley

*Shorthand*

Gertrude MacFarland
Constance Robertson
Evalyn Tapley

*Bookkeeping*

Hilda Banks
Constance Welch

*English*

Ruth Smith
Jeanne Stephens

*Junior Business Training*

Harwood Steele
Otis St. Thomas

*Arithmetic*

Merle Finley
Helene Staples

*Spelling*

Marjorie Buck
Rita Crandall
Mary-Ellen Michaud

*Penmanship*

Alston Bell
Esther Smith

*Filing and Secretarial Studies*

Veda Morin

*Janitor's Assistants*

Robert Ames
Harold Burrill
Newton Dyer

## How Else Could You Say It?

Restless as the tip of a cat's tail.—Mary McEachern.

Totem-pole patience.—Mrs. Bowron.

Upright as an exclamation point.—Kenneth Rand.

Helpful as throwing a drowning man both ends of a rope.—Harwood Steele.

She came into the room as if it were a fortress she had stormed.—Alice Warren.

Remote as a portrait.—Annie Harvey.

He's all sail and no anchor.—Stan Johnson.

Words long enough to run as serials.—Jack Duncan.

She is a long stalk of loveliness.—Ruth Latty.

It will always remain among my unforgetablia.—B. M. S. C.

She patted a yawn to extinction.—Edyth Hurlburt.

Restless as a rumor.—Margaret Burnett.

Beginning to cut his pinwhiskers.—Harold Bell.

As inquisitive as an X-ray.—Hope Trembley (in biology).

As nervous as a candle flame.—Harriet Morris.

Sentimental as a baby's shoes.—Connie Robertson.

As private as a grave.—"Chief's" office.

As silent as a man being shaved.—Virginia Sullivan.

Jubilant as a flag unfurled.—Pat Wright.

A mirthquake of laughter.—Ann Violette.

His opinions were as hardened as his arteries.—George Vardamis.

As changeable as a dollar bill.—Audrey Flannery.

He has a very low boiling point.—Robert Treworgy.

She was tired far into the future.—Thelma Alley.

A duck's back sort of conscience.—Alice Hallowell.

As subtle as the "b" in subtle—Phoebe Speed.

Her eyes punctuate everything she says.—Alice Stevens.

As gaunt as a totem pole.—Tommy Lynch.

She drowns her ideas in a stream of words.—Helen Maguire.

Their companionship had changed from prose to poetry.—Carr and Shirley.

The typewriter pecked sharply like a hen after corn.—Dottie Cammic.

She looked like a lovely lamp unlighted.—Barbara Bryant.

As silent as a sundial.—Bethel Porter.

A white velvet frock hanging in the closet waiting for her to give it curves.—Bea Less.

Every time she looked at him she saw him with her heart.—Jean Thompson.

They touched glances as they might have clicked glasses.—Morin and Ames.

He put his problems aside for a brainy day.—Ariel Edwards.

She's very cosmeticulous.—Beverly Wilks.

Tick-tock quiet—Kathryn Etter.

He tells everything he can get his ears on.—"A little birdie."

It was more than a smile, it was a little sonata in three movements.—Mrs. Covell.

She tossed a yeasty word into the conversational dough.—Alma Parlin.

Their eyes made reckless remarks to one another.—Plourde and Lugdon.

Gracious as the dip of a dancing wave.—Lucia Smith.

Her words were cushioned with laughter.—Rena Lemieux.

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## Lost and Found

Lost—Time. If anybody has seen any flying around unclaimed, it's most valuable, so please keep it till we all can have some.

Found—A new moron joke, and finder will give same to anyone who will laugh after it's told.

Lost—A good night's sleep studying for bookkeeping exam. Should anyone find this, please leave it in penmanship class so that owner may have full benefit of it.

Lost—All the arithmetic pad answers I never had. Will appreciate finder to return same but with the answers. Reward.

Found—One person perspiring in Room 1. Will tell secret for a budget in typing.

Lost—????? gallons of gas between 143 Broadway and a certain house on Madison Street.

Found—On bottom of a seat in typing room—A wad of "Snap-Guarantee" gum. Owner must present proof of dentures and pay for this ad to recover property.

Found—On final exam paper—"shrink, shrank, skunk." Originator please explain.

---

Esther Smith: "Golly, people who live in England must be awful fat."

'Igy" Palmer: "Why, how's that?"

Esther Smith: "Well, I just read a piece in this paper which says 'A society lady of England lost 2,000 pounds last week.' "

---

*Try to put well in practice what you already know; and in so doing you will, in good time, discover the hidden things you now inquire about. Practice what you know, and it will help to make clear what now you do not know.*

Husson College Archives



Helen Hardison: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Raymah DeBeck: "No, who teaches it?"

---

Mr. Husson and Harold Bell, out duck hunting on Harold's first hunt. Harold shot a duck and it fell on the ground dead.

Mr. Husson (excited): "Boy, you got him!"

Harold: "Yes, but I might as well have saved the ammunition for the fall would have killed him anyway."

---

Connie Robertson's version—

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Sugar's scarce,
And so are boys!

---

Angry Parent: "Why were you kissing my daughter in that dark corner last night?"

A. Fedorchuk: "Now that I've seen her in daylight I sort of wonder myself."

---

Clayton Cummings: "Show me a tough guy and I'll show you a coward."

Darrel Hurd: "Well, I'm a tough guy."

Clayton Cummings: "Well, I'm a coward."

---

Melissa Lugdon: "Are you yawning?"

Gertrude Littlefield: "No. I'm giving a silent Indian war whoop."

---

"Jo Reed (after basketball practice): "How do you work that shower?"

Barbara Allen: "Easy. Turn it on! If you turn red, it's too hot. If you turn blue, it's too cold; and if you turn white, you needed the bath."

---

Tommy Lynch: "What would you say to a girl who's so nervous that when she's frightened she jumps into the nearest man's arms?"

Bob Treworgy: "I'd say 'Boo'!"

## "WE" OVERHEARD 'EM SAY IT

Elmer Hammons—"With all the girls in defense plants, it's hard to get a date. They don't want to go out for a time any more. They want time and a half."

Connie Coombs after having moved into an apartment: "Saving coffee is easy if you just use the old bean."

Wally Ford—"My tires aren't so good. The air has begun to show through."

Alice Stephens to Evelyn Tapley—"An intelligent girl is one who knows how to refuse a kiss without being deprived of it."

Harold Burrill at frat party—"Why do they put so many holes in Swiss cheese when it's the Limburger that really needs the ventilation?"

Mr. Stanton in American History class—"Nowadays the ocean seems to be a large body of water entirely surrounded by trouble."

Harold Tewksbury after basketball practice—"A clever man tells a woman he understands her; a stupid one tries to prove it."

Newt Dyer after seeing Carmen Miranda in a recent movie—"The rhumba is where the front of you goes along nice and smooth like a Cadillac, and the back of you makes like a jeep."

Mr. Covell in Business Organization class—"The only way for you to get the job above you is to study your way out of the job you have."

Mrs. Bowron in class—"A lot of thin people look pretty good."

---

Janitor, in boiler room: "Hear you have had an addition to your family."

Mr. Stanton: "Yes, two."

Janitor: "Twins?"

Mr. Stanton: "No, a baby girl and my wife's mother.

---

*Ideals are like the stars—we never reach them, but, like the mariners on the sea, we chart our course by them.*

---

Beulah Oakes: "Conductor, at what end shall I leave the trolley?"

Conductor: "It doesn't matter; it stops at both ends."

---

Charlotte Salisbury to "blind" beggar: "It seems to me that you can see."

Begger: "Oh, well, in these days competition is so great that even a blind man must keep his eyes open."

Miss Swan (in bookkeeping class): "Harold, how far are you from the answer?"

Harold Burrill: "About five seats."

---

On Ariel Edwards' examination paper: "A passive verb is one in which the subject is the sufferer, such as: 'He was married to her.'"

---

Rita McAloon to Pat Ferry: "What I can't understand is how the ant ever earned its reputation for industriousness considering the number of picnics it attends."

---

Howard Steele: "Do you think it's right to punish folks for things they haven't done?"

Mrs. Bowron: "Why, of course not!"

Howard Steele: "Well, I didn't do my Public Speaking."

---

*Why not call Japan the LAND OF THE RISING SCUM?*

---

Ida Green: "I've changged my mind."

Audrey Flannery: "Well, does it work any better?"

---

*Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,*
*Or a trouble is what you make it.*
*And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,*
*But only how did you take it?*

---

Alice Hallowell: "Did ya hear the one about the Scotchman who was run over by a beer wagon?"

Evelyn Prouty: "No, what is it?"

Alice Hallowell: "For the first time in his life the drinks were on him."

---

Mr. Bean: "I've been thinking, my son, of retiring next year, and leaving the business to you."

Charlie: "There's no hurry, is there, Dad? You go ahead and work a few years more, and then we can retire together."

Doctor: "I'll examine you carefully for $10."

G. Vardamis: "All right, and if you find it, give me half."

---

Mrs. Bowron in Biology class: "Miss Cammic, what is the spinal column?"

Dottie: "It's a string of bones in your back, and your head sits on one end, and you sit on the other."

---

Clair Shirley: "Why does a dog hang out its tongue while running?"

Barbara Carr: "To balance its tail."

---

*Self-confidence is when a woman with big ears is sure everyone is looking at her pretty ankles.*

---

Mr. Husson: "Say, mister, what's your name?"

Laurel Adams: "I don't know."

Mr. Husson: "You don't know?"

Laurel: "No sir, I'm not myself today."

---

Eleanor O'Dell: "Did you read about the man who drank varnish?"

Jennie Bowden: "Yeah! And the poor fellow never saw his finish."

---

Make my bathtub a bomb
My sink a torpedo;
And I hope to God
They hit Hirohito.

---

Elaine Rumill: "Why does a small cavity feel so large to the tongue?"

Dentist: "It's just the natural tendency that the tongue has to exaggerate."

---

Mrs. Covell: "How do you like your new street?"

Miss Swan: "Oh! Is that a street? I thought they were putting in an irrigation system."

---

Have you heard about the patriotic worm who tried to join the apple core?

## OUR HIT PARADE

Miss You—All boys in the service from B. M. S. C.
Here Comes the Navy—Olga Ingraham.
What I Want To Say—Mr. Husson at presentation of birthday gift.
That Brother of Mine—Alma Parlin.
This Day—Graduation.
Sweet Thing—Pat Connelly.
That Soldier of Mine—Marjorie Buck.
My Dream of Tomorrow—Armistice.
Alone and Lonely—Barbara Wood.
By Beloved Is "Rugged"—Hilda's beau.
By Lo Baby Bunting—Mr. Stanton.
Wedding Bells—Don and Evelyn.
My Little Cousin—Priscilla Franck.
Better Not Roll Those Blue, Blue Eyes—Connie Robertson.
I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good—Irene Goodrich.
This Is No Laughing Matter— Mary McEachern.
Practice Makes Perfect—Mr. Covell in penmanship class.
Oh Look at Me Now—E. T. E. Initiates.
It All Comes Back To Me Now—Ruth Junkins after brief form quiz.
I Don't Want To Set the World On Fire—Ariel Edwards.
Oh, Johnny!—Helene Staples.
You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby—Evalyn Tapley.
The One and Only—"Chief" Husson.
Please Think of Me—Right answer in Law exam.
Don't Get Around Much Any More—Belles of M. S. C.
Love in Bloom—Alice Warren.
I Like Mountain Music—Clayton Cummings.
Me and the *Moon*—Alice Ramsdell.
Playmates—Lugdon, Parlin, and Littlefield.
He Wears a Pair of Silver Wings—Thelma Alley.
Dear Old Pal of Mine—Miss Swan and Miss Bradford.
Jim—Priscilla Greeley.
Why Don't We Do This More Often—Have vacations.
There's Something About a Soldier—Marjorie Stinchfield.
I Don't Want To Walk Without You—McAloon and Ferry.
Elmer's Tune—O. Ingraham.
Always In My Heart—Commerce.
I'll Get By—Alice Warren as the Fat Lady during initiation.
Together—Bob and Veda.
I Hate To Lose You—B. Weatherbee as he throws away his gum.
In My Solitude—Bertha Simpson.
Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone—Request of any girl leaving the lounge.
G'Bye Now—Graduates.
High on a Windy Hill—B. M. S. C.
How Can I Go On Without You?—Barb Allen without her pen in penmanship.
Ain't Misbehavin'—Barney Burnett.
Dawning—Hope in bookkeeping class, 20 minutes after Miss Swan has explained the problem.
Billy Boy—Ruth Smith.
Walking the Floor Over You—"Daddy" Stanton.

---

## PUSH-BUTTON RADIO PROGRAM

Push—
"Bringing you up-to-the-minute news direct from—"
Push—
"'South of the Border, down—"
Push—
"one flight of stairs, where we're introducing the latest, most vivacious shades of—"
Push—
"Fool 'Em false teeth, for that natural look, for that—"
Push—
"sweetheart's birthday—'Sweets for the Sweet', and she'll—"
Push—
"knead the dough until the lard is all worked in—"
Push—
"your head. This aspirin clears up the stuffiness you get when—"
Push—
"Rudy Vallee croons the popular new love song, 'For Me and My—"
Push—
"aching feet that will soon be relieved with one application of—"
Push—
"Burma Shave. Try it the next time you need a clean, smooth—"
Push—
"Mother-in-law, or any other member of your family who has—"
Push—
"just come back from the war front. This is all the war news, so we bid you good-night."

---

Soldier: "I dreamed last night that I proposed to you. What is that a sign of?"

Ruth Morrill: "It's a sign that you've got more sense when you're asleep than when you're awake."

---

Miss Roberts (who had been given very undone steak at a local restaurant) : "I said 'Well done,' waiter."

Waiter: "Oh, thank you, ma'am! It's not many people who give us praise."

Personnel Management Class—

Professor Dow (lecturing on perseverance): "He drove straight toward his objective. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but hurried forward. Nothing could turn him from his course. All who crossed his path did so at their own peril. What would you call such a man?"

Evalyn Tapley: "A truck driver."

---

Bob Treworgy: "My uncle has twelve medals—he won them during the last war."

Clara: "He must have been a great sharpshooter."

Bob Treworgy: "No, a great crapshooter."

---

CAN YOU GUESS 'EM?

It has no end,
It has no start,
Just give it a center
And you've got a tart.

Doughnut

They ride you along
With the greatest of ease,
But the government says
"No, no," on these.

Auto tires

It goes around
Your lady friend—
If it's not attractive
It might offend.

Picture frame

---

Jack Duncan, as any man, says to himself before he goes out, "What shall I say?"

Norma McNeil, as any woman, meditates, "What shall I wear?"

---

Bright student wishes to inform Mrs. Bowron—

This is the way to write a thoroughly angry business letter: "Sir, my typist, being a lady, cannot take down what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot write it. You, being neither, can guess it all."

Bernice Leighton: "What is your favorite book?"

Thelma Watson: "It has always been my bank book—but that is lacking in interest now."

---

*Defeat isn't bitter if you don't swallow it.*

---

Miss Bradford in beginners' shorthand class: "The difference between the right word and the almost right word is the difference between lightning and the lightning bug."

---

Mrs. Bowron in Public Speaking: "Mr. Thomas, you missed my class yesterday, didn't you?"

Ken: "Not in the least, mam, not in the least."

---

Helene Staples, musing to herself after having taken her final bookkeeping exam: "Oh, what is so rare as an 'A' in June."

---

Mr. Covell: "Did you pass your examination?"

Byron Weatherbee: "No, but I'm almost at the top of the list of those who failed."

---

*The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we appear to be.—Socrates.*

---

Norma McNeil: "How far down do you want to sit?"

Barbara Wood: "All the way of course."

---

Irate Father (to Kenneth entering at 4 a. m.): "What does that clock say?"

Kenneth Rand: "Tick-tock! Tick-tock!"

---

H. Steele: "Say, Darrel, what's that book you're reading?"

Darrel: "What Twenty Million Girls Want."

"Super": "Lemme see it. I wanta see if they spelled my name right."

Traffic Cop: "I'm sorry, Miss, but I've got to tag your car. You know what this means."

Miss Swan: "Certainly. Now I have to chase somebody else and tag them, and then they're it."

---

A few years hence:

Veda: "When first we were married, you were only too glad to wash up the dishes."

Bob: "I know, but we only had two dishes then."

---

*We read of the ancient dark ages*
*With a smug and a slightly raised brow,*
*But dim-outs and black-outs have brought us,*
*Right back to the dark ages now.*

---

Jeanne Stephens: "I have to walk home alone tonight."

C. Thomas: "What are you afraid will happen?"

Jeanne: "Nothin', darn it."

---

Miss Roberts overheard this in her own home—so, it must be the truth. The rug said to the floor: "Don't move, I've got you covered!"

---

Mussolini is crying because he's behind the 8-ball. Ever since the war started he's been behind a screwball . . . He reminds us of the window cleaner who lost out when he stepped back to admire his work . . . The way we hear, Mussolini is ill. So it's Ill Duce now. He should stay in bed and keep his head for a few days.

---

Mrs. Covell: "Run out and see if you have some champagne, dear—the butcher and his wife are dropping in for the evening."

---

Mr. Spear: "I hope you won't encourage your friend in his attentions. I fear he is too easy-going."

Ruth Spear: "Oh, Father, he isn't easy-going at all. I yawned a dozen times last night before he took the hint."

"Rolly": "Remember that hurricane we had a few years ago?"

"Lug": "Yes."

"Rolly": "Forget it—Remember Pearl Harbor!!!"

---

*"Guard well your spare moments. They are like uncut diamonds. Discard them and their value will never be known; improve them and they will become the brighest gems in a useful life."—Emerson.*

---

DID J'A EVER

Did ja ever see a penny serenade?
Did ja ever see a horse fly?
Did ja ever see a cow hide?
Did ja ever see a barn dance?
Did ja ever see a board walk?
Did ja ever see a track meet?
Did ja ever see a cigar smoke?
Did ja ever see cross roads?
Did ja ever see a stove pipe?
Did ja ever see a barn swallow?
Did ja ever see a frame work?

---

Robertson: "I just bumped my crazy bone."

Ramsdell: "Comb your hair different and it won't show."

---

Georgia Blodgett: "I had an awful fall last night. I was unconscious for eight hours."

Connie Welch: "Where did you fall?"

Georgia: "I fell asleep!"

---

Edna Daggett: "My brother has two hundred people under him."

Virginia Sullivan: "Gosh, he must be a big shot. What does he do?"

Edna: "He mows lawns in a cemetery."

---

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

Latest Commerce Student: "Flu."

---

That Maine Guy: "If I asked you to marry me would you say yes?"

G. MacFarland: "Would you ask me to marry you if I said I would say yes if you asked me?"

## OUR COMMERCE STUDENTS IN FUTURE YEARS!!

*(As seen by Jean Thompson)*

We are now looking ahead to about nineteen fifty-eight,
When all of our boys will have chosen their mate.

First we bring you our own Tommy Lynch,
Who thought Iggie could help him in any pinch.
He is now a lawyer with plenty to do,
And Iggie is helping by being true.

Next we have Otis St. Thomas, our little man,
Who has chosen "Lug" to be at his right hand.
They are making good in their business career,
And to "Otis" we find "Lug" very dear.

We find two Presque Isle "Spuds" together,
Jack and Spud Duncan are like sunny weather.
Jack has improved his shyness a bit,
If you don't believe me this play will prove it.

The two Barneys of our school are making good,
They are Weatherbee and Burnett as you must have understood.
Newspaper reports are right up their alley,
They own a cute home down in the valley.

Stan Johnson has taken Hopie for his bride,
And in each other they show their pride.
They live an ordinary kind of life,
And Hopie makes Stan a good wife.

Another couple are Marj and Wally Ford,
And Marj really considers Wally her "lord."
Marj is interested in high social standing,
And to dear Marj, Wally is always commanding.

Next we bring Goodie, who is quite a surprise,
She is Iggie's and Tommy's maid in disguise.
Her skin has darkened quite a lot
Perhaps the summer sun is too hot.
(Remember?)

---

Miss Swan, passing back bookkeeping exams: "All of you, your examination papers remind me of Quebec!"

E. Leavitt, in a curious tone: "Why do you say that?"

Miss Swan: "Because it was built on a bluff!"

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

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

---

Winifred Twigg: "What happens when a body is immersed in water?"

Helen West: "The telephone rings."

---

Mr. Stanton in Jr. Bus., discussing par value: "What is meant by 'par'?"

Manley Webb: "Oh, he's the guy who pays all the bills."

---

*Did you hear about the little moron who went to see the veterinarian, because he was as nervous as a cat?*

---

Little Roy Husson tried to get the early morning religious services over the radio. He dialed for about ten minutes without success and finally exclaimed:

"Daddy, all I can get is the silent prayer."

---

If Little Red Riding Hood lived today,
The Modern Girl would scorn 'er.
She only had to meet one wolf,
Not one on every corner.

---

B. Weatherbee: "I would lay the world at your feet."

R. Latty: "I wouldn't care for it, in its present mussed up condition."

---

Mrs. Goodwin, checking over her grocery bill, found this item: "One tom cat, 15 cents." Indignant, she called up her grocer and demanded to know what he meant by such a charge.

"Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Goodwin," he replied, "that's just an abbreviation for tomato catsup."

---

Paul Estabrook was bragging about his eyesight, and Kenneth Rand about his hearing.

Paul: "See that fly walking on that barn away over there?"

Ken: "No, but I can hear the shingles rattle as it walks along."

## IMAGINE!!

Jack Duncan with lessons unprepared.
Jeanne Stephens making someone else do all the work.
Alice Ramsdell not talking.
Miss Swan with Veronica Lake hairdo.
Wally Ford walking to school.
Rubie Greenlaw without hair decorations.
Mr. Husson not blushing.
Hilda Banks angry.
Jerry Cole with straight hair.
Bernice Leighton as one of Sally Rand's troupe.
Kenny Brown not taking pictures.
Don Stone as a Fuller Brush salesman.
DeBeck without Hardison.
Alma Parlin as a little homebody.
Clara Kinney a lot over five feet.
Esther Smith as a peroxide blonde.
Marjorie Stinchfield without a soldier.
Ralph Ewings as a jitterbug.
Thelma and Bernice not on speaking terms.
Miss Swan passing up a game of Hearts.
Barbara Allen missing basketball practice.
Pat Connelly with a boyish bob.
Mr. Husson snapping gum.
Harold Tewksbury as a woman hater.
Irene not in the gym with Darrel.
Catherine Kittredge not wearing any pins.
Elaine Rumill not receiving a lot of letters in the mail box at school.
Elizabeth Henderson being noisy.
Lucia Smith playing boogie woogie stuff on the piano.
Otis St. Thomas as a tobacco auctioneer.
Miss Bradford not putting in some witty words at the sorority meetings.
Florence Leighton taking the 30-inch stride of the army.
Elizabeth Henderson and Alice Perkins being separated for more than three minutes.
Marjorie Ellis as a Baby Snooks, with Jack Duncan as "Daddy".

---

Mr. Burnett: "Has our daughter read 'What Every Girl Should Know'?"

Mrs. Burnett: "Yes, and she sent seven pages of suggestions to the author."

---

Hazel Delano: "What is a snuff manufacturer?"

Rosalie Gonya: "A man who goes around putting his business in other people's noses."

---

*It's not how much we have, but how much we enjoy, that makes happiness.*

Velma Morse: "Nothing ever happens on Swan's Island, but what you hear makes up for it!"

---

In a gay and carefree mood, Merle Finley called Newt Dyer at 2:00 in the morning.

Merle: "I do hope I haven't disturbed you, Newt."

Newt: "Oh, no, that's quite all right. I had to get up to answer the phone anyway."

---

Mr. Husson: "I don't look 30, do I, dear?"

Mrs. Husson: "Not now! You used to!"

---

Mrs. B. in English: "John, I want you to correct this sentence: 'Girls is naturally better-looking than boys.'"

John LaPoint: "Girls is artificially better-looking than boys."

---

*A man's worth to society should be judged by what he does when he doesn't need to do anything.*

---

Drifting from the lounge: "Of course I wouldn't say anything about her unless it's good—Boy! Is this good!"

---

Soldier: "May I have the last dance with you?"

Charlotte Thomas: "Big boy, you just had it."

---

Who said it??????

My mother is always having trouble with either my father or the furnace. Every time she watches one, the other goes out.

---

Marjorie Buck, in English Lit. class preparing essay: "What do they call those tablets the Gauls used to write on?"

Rita Crandall: "Gaul stones."

---

Ma Marden: "What did you say?"

Alice Perkins: "I don't know, I wasn't listening."

## MOVIES OF B. M. S. C.

Seven Days Leave—Stan Johnson home for a week-end.
Shadow of a Doubt—Brief Form Quiz.
Who Done It—Window in Room 1.
Behind the 8-Ball—Charlie Dempsey.
They Got Me Covered—A new boy at Maine School.
Eyes in the Night—Mary McEachern.
For Me and My Gal—Treworgy and his love.
Between Us Girls—"Loungers."
Desperate Journey—Icy steps at M. S. C.
The Hard Way—Normal course.
Somewhere I'll Find You—Helen Maguire looking for bookkeeping error.
Keeper of the Flame—Girls back home.
Street of Chance—Exam time.
You Were Never Lovelier—Ruth Latty.
The Invaders—Faculty.
This Above All—Diploma.
Take a Letter Darling—Secretarial students.
Suspicion—Arithmetic pads.
Happy Go Lucky—"Millie" Allen.
The More the Merrier—Cheering section at games.
It Ain't Hay—Rank sheet.
Gone With the Wind—Third-year normals.
Foreign Correspondent—Venetia Duty.
Slightly Dangerous—Those "pink" slips of paper.

---

*Have you heard about the Scotch couple that got around the liquor buying problem by telling each other to sleep tight.*

---

Miss Bradford: "Have any trouble naming the baby?"

Mr. Stanton: "Not at all. We've only one rich relative of her sex."

---

Gwennie Ayers: "What is a good mental exercise."

Mary Blanch: "Jumping at conclusions."

---

Hiram: "How be ya, Ebenizar, seen Pa around? He ain't been round fer quite a spell."

Ebenizar: "Ya, seen him down to the barn."

Hiram: "What's he a-doin' thar?"

Ebenizar: "Hangin' himself."

Hiram: "Did you chop him down?"

Ebenizar: "Naw, he weren't daid yet."

*The men who have succeeded are men who have chosen one line and stuck to it.*

---

C. Robertson: "Ah, but love is grand. My feet are on the ground, and my head is in the clouds."

R. Smith: "Oh, pull yourself together."

---

A sideline of information from the "Chief" in Salesmanship Class.

Social contact is making your company feel at home, even though you wish they were."

---

### EAVESDROPPING—

One drop of ink to another drop of ink: "Pa's in the pen finishing out a sentence."

Otis St. Thomas seen painting a sign for his father: "Anyone found near my chicken house at night, will be found there next morning."

We learn courageous action by going forward, whenever fear urges us back. Jean Thompson was asked how she learned to skate, to which she replied, "Oh, by getting up every time I fell down."

---

### RECOMMENDED BOOKS

Les Miserables—8:30 classes after school dance.
We Took to the Woods—E. T. E. camping trip.
Three Musketeers— Priscilla, Rolande, and Violette.
Gone With the Wind—Nylons.
The Storm—Rush at noon time.
This Is My Best—Penmanship Specimen.
The Old Curiosity Shop—Lounge.
The Mysteries of Paris—John LaPoint.
Treasure Island—Those lengthy vacations.
Little Women—Greeley, Haines, Stephens, and Trembley.
The Crisis—Mid-year exams.
Alone — A 100 paper in Bookkeeping Methods.

---

### SILLY SIGNS

Traffic Sign in Penn. village: "Slow, No Hospital."

Burma Shave Sign: "Hardly a soul is still alive who passed on a hill at 75."



# ATHLETICS and ACTIVITIES




*First row, (left to right):* Juanita Reed, Elizabeth Palmer, Hope Trembley, (Captain), Gwendolyn Ayers, Barbara Allen.
*Second row:* Miss Swan, (Coach), Mildred Allen, Gertrude Littlefield, Melissa Lugdon, Alice Ramsdell, Eleanor O'Dell, (Manager).

# GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Coach Swan issued the call for basketball early in November. A large group of girls came out for the first practice. The first week this work began to dwindle, and with many an ache or pain in a muscle here and there, the basketball lovers kept at it.

The girls were unfortunate because there was no possible way to travel, and fortunate that they stuck together and had an opportunity to play.

At the first of the season suits were issued to: Barbara Allen of West Enfield, Margaret Marden of Freedom, Juanita Reed of Northeast Harbor, Eleanor O'Dell of Lincoln, Hilda Banks of Bangor, Hope Trembley of Old Town, Gwendolyn Ayers of Charlotte, Elizabeth Palmer of Bangor, Alice Ramsdell of Columbia Falls, Alice Stevens of Lee, Barbara Wood of Bangor, Mildred Allen of Bangor, Helen Peasley of Charlotte, Mary Blanch of Lubec, Frances Roberts of Bangor, and Gertrude Littlefield of Old Town made up the entire squad.

Illness and teaching caused many of the group to leave. Miss Swan was busy filling in the sudden gaps between games.

The following is a record of the schedule of the season 1942-1943:

| | M. S. C. | Opp. |
|---|---|---|
| Alumnae | 25 | 15 |
| Alumnae | 16 | 20 |
| Hampden Academy | 21 | 12 |
| Higgins Classical Inst. | 34 | 22 |
| Alumnae | 21 | 19 |
| Totals | 117 | 88 |

In addition to this schedule as a team, the girls played two inter-school games. The Green team trimmed the White, 23-20, and the House of David trimmed the Old Maids, 35-23.

Hope Trembley was elected Captain for the year. Eleanor O'Dell has served most faithfully as Manager.

The girls who will be rewarded with Indianheads and MSC letters and certificates are:

*Forwards*

Barbara Allen, West Enfield
Jo Reed, Northeast Harbor
Melissa Lugdon, Howland
Gertrude Littlefield, Old Town
Mildren Allen, Bangor

*Guards*

Gwendolyn Ayers, Charlotte
Hilda Banks, Bangor
Elizabeth Palmer, Bangor
Alice Ramsdell, Columbia Falls

*Captain*

Hope Trembley, Old Town

*Manager*

Eleanor O'Dell, Lincoln.

Mrs. Chesley H. Husson entertained the girls at the Husson residence. Spaghetti was the main dish and an evening of fun was enjoyed. Mrs. Bowron and Miss Bradford of the faculty were present. Miss Bradford and Alice Ramsdell were prize winners. The girls all wore corsages of pinks and forget-me-nots. Oh, yes—Chief Husson kept an eagle eye over us all.

The Plourde family of Bangor most graciously entertained the girls with the boys' team. Spaghetti was plentiful. "Hearts" was the prevalent game. The highlight of the evening was the cigars the boys were smoking to impress the girls with their superiority! Supermen—all of them. (However, St. Thomas, Lynch, and Johnson just couldn't make the grade the next morning.)

High scorer for the season was Melissa Lugdon with 86 points. B. Allen scored 52 and Jo Reed scored 44.

## GIRLS' TOURNAMENT

Last year for the first time a Girls' Tournament was held at Bangor Maine School of Commerce. It was so successful that another was held this year.

The teams in this tournament are made up of our Varsity members and others who have and have never played.

The teams competing and the players are listed:

| *Angels* | *Devils* |
|---|---|
| Hallowell | Littlefield |
| Flannery | Collins |
| Collins | Carr |
| French | Ferry |
| Ayers, Capt. | Warren |
| Wood | Palmer, Capt. |
| *Ruffians* | *Mugs* |
| Reed, Capt. | Lugdon, Capt. |
| Marden | Allen, M. |
| Morin | Larlee |
| Burnett | Salisbury |
| Levitt | Less |
| Smith, L. | Palmer |
| *Cough Drops* | *Squaws* |
| Allen, B., Capt. | Parlin |
| Smith, E. | Littlefield |
| Bell | Kinney |
| Ramsdell | Wright |
| Wilks | Trembley, Capt. |
| Hurd | Larlee |

Scores for games as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Ruffians | 22 |
| | Cough Drops | 29 |
| 2. | Angels | 9 |
| | Devils | 6 |
| 3. | Cough Drops | 14 |
| | Angels | 10 |
| 4. | Mugs | 13 |
| | Squaws | 33 |
| 5. | Cough Drops | 16 |
| | Squaws | 22 |

During this tournament the Cough Drops lost their Captain, Barbara Allen, through injury. Because of this, to make the teams more evenly selected, some people played on two teams.

The winning team consisted of Capt. Hope Trembley, Alma Parlin, Doris Larlee, Clara Kinney, Patricia Wright, and Gertrude Littlefield.

These girls will be awarded silver basketballs during a future assembly.

High scorers for the tournament were Esther Smith, with a total of 28 points, and Alma Parlin close behind with a score of 24.

## COACH SWAN SPEAKS

Coaching basketball is a fascinating pastime. The coach becomes better acquainted with the members of the team, and they in turn know their coach. There is a live-or-die spirit that keeps the group together—faithful to each other, this school they represent, the principal and instructors.

A team is a group of individuals who work as one. This year I (as lowly coach) have been most fortunate in having a team which worked as one unit.

A good team learns to lose as gracefully as it wins, even though it is often a bitter thing. A good team plays cleanly, is courteous to the opposite teams, and to the referees. A good team takes orders from a coach and obeys them without showing disapproval.

At first call a large number of players report for basketball. After the first night of exercises and Swan, the number grows smaller and smaller.

M. Hope Trembley of Old Town and Boston was elected Captain for the season. To me she is "Hopeless" most of the time. That's my favorite nickname for her. It implies nothing! She is a second-year student of the Normal Department, a student corrector, member of Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Dramatic Club, and the Women's Athletic Association. "Hopeless" covers her section of the court so fast that I get dizzy watching her. She is a fine guard and never lets me down. When I tell her to stop someone six feet tall from shooting, she does it one way or another. And she has the guiltiest look when she has a foul called on her! She will return another year if the State Department doesn't send her out to teach. (Maybe she'll join the Navy!)

Hilda M. Banks of Bangor filled my center guard berth until she went to Winterport to teach. Hilda is known as "Rugged" to us all. The name tells all. "Rugged" is a third-year Normal, student corrector, member of Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Dramatic Club, and President of the Women's Athletic Association. Since February she has tried the teaching ability out on the poor children in Winterport. (The reports are very favorable, however.)

"Rugged" has come a long way in her guard position, this being her third year as a regular. Center guard is the hardest berth on a girls' team, if a team is using zone defense. A center guard is forever on the alert. She has a center section to guard from the center line to the basket, and in addition, it is her job to stop any forward who has tricked her guard. "Rugged" does all this—a 3-in-1 guard. My hat's off to you, "Rugged". I'll miss you and I wish you loads of success in your teaching and coaching.

Two years ago Columbia Falls sent to us a girl who knew absolutely

nothing about basketball. Alice Ramsdell decided she would play basketball, and play she did. During her first year she played on the team that won the Girls' Tournament. This year she has served most faithfully as a guard. To my belief, Alice was Tournament this year. She wasn't the outstanding player in the whole on the winning team, but her sportsmanship, playing spirit makes her tops—Alice is an excellent stenographer. She is a member of Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Dramatic Club, and Women's Athletic Association. She plays the piano well, and won her bowling letter this year. If there's devilty on foot and Ramsdell's nearby, enough said.

Most people know the geography of Maine very well. I wonder if you have heard of Ayer's Junction in Washington County. (It's almost as large as Princeton!) This town gave me one of the best guards a coach ever had. Gwendolyn Ayers is a stenographer of no mean ability. We had the pleasure of initiating her into Epsilon Tau Epsilon. She is an active member of the Women's Athletic Association. "Gwen" is a small bundle of defense, and wonderful things come wrapped up in small bundles. She has filled Banksie's center guard position very capably and is A No. 1. Much to her surprise at a recent assembly she was awarded a silver basketball. This award was given to the player who improved the most this season. Congratulations, Gwen, and many thanks for your contribution to M. S. C.

Elizabeth Palmer of Bangor completes my guard section. "Iggy" is the shortest guard I had this season, but her height did not keep her from being a cog of defense in our machine. She put her heart into her playing and always got the best of her opponent.

"Iggy" is a member of Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Dramatic Club, the Women's Athletic Association, and is Head Cheerleader. Thanks, "Iggy," for being so grand a sport.

In my forward section I have a player who has an undying love for Athletics. Barbara Allen hails from West Enfield. She attended Howland High School. "Barbie" will graduate a stenographer, and her ambition is to be one of Uncle Sam's WAVES. She will be if determination has anything to do with it. Barbara belongs to the Women's Athletic Association. She plays tennis and won her letter in basketball and bowling. This season Barbie has come through in many a tough spot. She is one of a team, never an individual star. Too, I can't put into words what Barbara does to a team and gives to her school. She was awarded a silver basketball for being the most aggressive player and the spark plug of this year's team. Barbie, remember the good times and the "House of David." Thanks for standing so much from a crabby old coach.

In the forward section Melissa Lugdon of Howland and Juanita Reed of Northeast Harbor teamed up with Allen. "Lug", to us all, is high scorer, the thinnest, the one who kept the floor dusted and a grand forward. We owe much to "Lug" for her ability as a team worker and the baskets that popped in from all angles—when you least expected them. She is a member of Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Dramatic Club, and Women's Athletic Association. "Lug," I'll miss you and I know you'll happily miss my quiet little speeches I used to deliver!

Juanita Reed is known as "Jo." Jo hopes to be one of Uncle Sam's WAVES, along with Barbara. The pair would cause many calm streams to ripple!

Joe is a member of Epsilon Tau Epsilon, and the Women's Athletic Association. Jo has most capably filled the center forward post. She gave signals and no one ever could figure them out. (Even Lug and Barb were baffled at times.) Jo is a long

(Continued on Page 88)




*First row (left to right):* Charles Dempsey, Clayton Cummings (Co-Captain), Otis St. Thomas (Co-Captain), Stanley Johnson.
*Second row:* Thomas Lynch, Robert Treworgy, Mr. Stanton, (Coach), Roland Plourde, Robert Ames.

# BOYS' BASKETBALL

November 18 marked the opening of our 1942-43 basketball season, when thirteen boys answered the call for practice. In more ways than one it was to be a long hard year.

After about three weeks of conditioning and practice, John Bapst, last year's Eastern Maine Champions, provided the curtain raiser. The close score of 38 to 36 showed promise, but it was a case of not sufficient time to adjust ourselves to real team play.

The second game, with Old Town, brought to light a real scoring threat when Harold Tewksbury, our center, caged ten baskets and two fouls for a total of 22 points. This wasn't enough, however, to put us out in front, and the final score was 39 to 49.

The U. S. Army took Tewksbury from us and with a revised combination Commerce lacked the scoring punch to take over Brownville Junction, although a fine defensive unit was uncovered.

In our only overtime game of the season Maine School broke into the win column by tripping Bangor Theological Seminary 33 to 31. Tommy Lynch held individual scoring honors

but he was closely pressed by Otis St. Thomas, who was doing yeoman service at guard.

January 12 saw the addition of Ralph Hartley to our squad and in our second tussle with John Bapst his sparkling play was one of the bright spots in another defeat.

The high-stepping N. H. Fay High School of Dexter, playing superb basketball, were able to add another loss to our record, but again the willingness and courage of Commerce were outstanding.

Setting aside our policy of playing only school teams, we next met the Coast Guard from the Y. M. C. A. At last we hit our stride and every man added to our winning score of 39 to 20.

With the coordination and unity of play displayed in the Coast Guard game promising big things in the future, Commerce again did its part in contributing three of its key players to the armed service. Harwood Steele, Ralph Hartley, and Alston Bell left for their respective destinations to give their effort to a more urgent cause immediately after our game with the Maine Freshmen.

Once more our combination was broken up, but the team overcame this obstacle and in one of the most exciting games of the year added Orono High School to our list of victims, 51 to 49. This, however, marked the farewell appearance of Merle Finley, who had been playing excellent basketball all season. Going into the Old Town game decidedly short-handed, we lost by our largest score to the Redmen.

Gasoline rationing forced the cancellation of our games with Higgins and Dexter, so, through the efforts of Mr. Lawrence Furrow, physical education director at the "Y," an intercity league was formed which helped to fill out our depleted schedule.

In the first game with the Coast Guard the Commerce Indians again demonstrated their ability and, doing some sharpshooting of our own, won 46 to 29. The John Bapst Yankees, however, pinned a 52-39 defeat on us the following week.

February 13 saw the invasion of strong Higgins Classical Institute, fresh from a win over the Maine Frosh. On the basis of comparative records, H. C. I. was favored to win by a large score. Rising to a brand of basketball which topped all previous efforts, Commerce forced the visitors to their utmost to eke out a five-point win, 27-32. Playing a large part in a fine game was Robert Ames, a former Higgins student and player.

Orono, returning with a revamped lineup, made the score even in our series with them, and then Hermon provided us with a spirited game and a victory.

The Y. M. C. A. league had provided wins over the Elks and Y. M. C. A. teams, and also a win over the league leaders, the Mystery Five. This last put us into a tie for first place, which was to be played off later.

Revenge for a prior defeat was gained on Brownville Junction, 30 to 29, in a game featured by the scoring of Roland Plourde in his new position at forward.

Championship of the city was lost, in a nicely-played game at the "Y," to the Mystery Five, 30 to 36. The young Bangorites carried too many guns for us. This virtually marked the end of our staying power as we lost the next two games by one point to Hermon High School and Bangor Seminary.

Closing a season of ups and downs, but never "outs," on March 12, three of the remaining seven members of our squad received their notices from Uncle Sam to report for induction into the service of their country. Charles Dempsey, Roland Plourde and Robert Treworgy answered the call.

Highlighting the season was the fact that we possessed on our squad the leading scorer in Eastern Maine, Clayton Cummings, with just an even 300 points.

(Continued on Page 88)




*Left to right:* Elizabeth Palmer, Olga Ingraham, Charlotte Salisbury, Clara Kinney.

# CHEER LEADERS

At the beginning of the year it seemed as if we would have a big cheering squad, but it dwindled down to four, these being: Elizabeth Palmer, from Bangor; Clara Kinney, from Belfast; Charlotte Salisbury, from Brewer; and Olga Ingraham, from Bangor.

Jackets were taken from the moth balls and megaphones jumped from a box as we set up our cheering squad with Miss Bradford as instructor.

The cheers of last year used again were:

*Commerce the Long Way*

*Indians the Long Way*

*Team Cheer*

And, of course, the good old Indian War Dance, this year assisted by two Injan Boys howling in the center.

New cheers made by the squad were:

*The Victory Cheer*

*The New Team Cheer*

*1—2—3—4*

And *It's a Bird—It's a Plane—It's Superman!*

Cheering victories and downcast defeats were felt by all as we cheered our way down the basketball calendar. We didn't have a chance at any trips (as of years before) but never having gone on one, we know not what we missed.

With our thanks to Miss Bradford for instructing us and Miss Swan for urging us on at the games—we remain:

*Elizabeth Palmer*
*Clara Kinney*
*Charlotte Salisbury*
*Olga Ingraham*



*First row (left to right):* Elizabeth Palmer, Eleanor O'Dell, Rena Lemieux, Hope Trembley, Ruth Smith, Alice Ramsdell, Clara Kinney, Thelma Alley.

*Second row:* Esther Smith, Priscilla Greeley, Mildred Allen, Rolande Franck, Helene Staples, Ann Violette, Elaine Rumill, Ruth Morrill, Margaret Marden.

*Third row:* Alice Hallowell, Constance Robertson, Charlotte Salisbury, Juanita Reed, Barbara Allen, Evelyn Prouty, Gwendolyn Ayers, Clara Swan.

*Fourth row:* Gertrude Littlefield, Olga Ingraham, Melissa Lugdon, Velma Morse, Ruth Latty, Priscilla Franck, Violette Cyr.

## WOMEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The Women's Athletic Association met for the first time this year on September 30. The following officers were elected:

*President*.....Hilda Banks
*Vice-President*.....Hope Trembley
*Treasurer*.....Rena Lemieux
*Secretary*.....Ruth Smith
*Scribe*.....Alice Ramsdell

A dance was sponsored by this organization on November 19. This has been the only activity so far this year which the Association has put on.

Since the election of officers in the fall our President, Hilda Banks, was sent out to teach. In her absence, Hope Trembley was elected President and Eleanor O'Dell, Vice-President.

Basketball, hiking, bowling, and cheerleading were the activities for which letters were given this year.

The basketball team met with many difficulties because of gas rationing, and were unable to play the usual heavy schedule of games. However, they ended the season with a very successful intramural tournament.

In the very near future the Association expects to sponsor a card game to "wind up" the year's work.

# MEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

At the beginning of the school season this organization for boys participating in sports started off with a bang, but Uncle Sam stepped in and took its members one by one until finally there weren't enough to be active.

Last fall we had football at Broadway Park. Work was begun on the lot adjoining the school to clear it and make it good enough for baseball and football practice. Many plans for more sports were made for indoors and out, but the war made it almost impossible.

The Wendall Marr trophy, awarded each year to the boy most active in sports and scholastic ability, was not awarded because there was no one duly worthy.

The following were registered members this year:

D. Stone
H. Steele
A. Bell
K. Thomas
A. Edwards
N. Dyer
J. Duncan
C. Dempsey
A. Bean
D. Hurd
R. Plourde
M. Webb
M. Finley
H. Tewksbury
R. Treworgy
C. Shirley
O. St. Thomas
G. Vardamis
A. Fedorchuk
W. Ford
H. Burrill
W. Sawyer
K. Browne
H. Bell
E. Hammons
K. Rand
S. Johnson

## OUR COUNTY'S FLAG

Our country's flag, it waves—
  Though stained by traitor's hand—
O'er the soldier's grave
  And through our native land;

It spreads abroad its stripes—
  It ripples in the breeze—
Traitors may yet acknowledge rite
  To it, on bended knees;

Oh, may they see their wrong—
  Before the time is late,
And round the gallant banner throng
  To mourn their former fate;

War takes our noblest men—
  It stains our country's name—
Those who went, their life to lend,
  Hide not their face in shame;

Awake our men, awake—
  Unto your country's call,
We need your arms and strength,
  Our country shall not fall.

*Catherine Kittredge, '44.*

## TERROR IN THE NIGHT

The master of your mind creeps in
  As dusk turns out its light,
And spreads its bloody shadows
  With terror in the night;

The inky curtain grasps you
  And strokes your straining eyes,
The wolf's chill moan is sounded
  A frenzied rise, then dies;

The choking wind is halted
  And silence pounds your ears,
And every dying minute
  Lives a million years;

Scores of doubting shadows
  Fleet across the room,
And every sound is echoed
  As hollow as a tomb;

When fear slowly slumbers
  The grey melts into light,
And now the black is lifted
  With terror in the night.

*Catherine Kittredge, '44.*




*Front row (left to right):* Juanita Reed, Esther Smith, Marjorie Buck, Constance Robertson, Alice Ramsdell, Hope Trembley, Esther Levitt, Frances Roberts.

*Second row:* Jeanne Stephens, Thelma Alley, Rena Lemieux, Charlotte Thomas, Irene Goodrich, Elizabeth Palmer, Gwendolyn Ayers, Helen Maguire.

*Third row:* Ruth Spear, Melissa Lugdon, Priscilla Franck, Mary-Ellen Michaud, Miss Bradford, Beverly Wilks, Ruth Smith, Georgia Blodgett.

*Fourth row:* Miss Swan (adviser), Mrs. Bowron (adviser), Helen West, Violette Cyr, Evelyn Prouty, Gertrude Littlefield, Alma Parlin.

*Fifth row:* Dorothy Cammic, Ann Violette, Ruth Junkins, Margaret Marden, Rolande Franck, Florence Leighton, Alice Warren.

# EPSILON TAU EPSILON

Another school year rolled around, the Sorority met at Mrs. Bowron's, and the officers for the year were elected:

| | |
|---|---|
| *President* | Thelma Watson |
| *Vice-President* | Constance Robertson |
| *Secretary* | Marjorie Buck |
| *Treasurer* | Lorna Pinkham |
| *Marshal* | Hope Trembley |
| *Scribe* | Constance Coombs |

On an October Saturday morning the beach wagon was in front of M. S. C., showing a mass of faces either on top of or under pillows, pans, and food. This was the beginning of a happy week-end at Pushaw. Arriving there at noon, the cottage was at once put in order (but only once, mind you). After eating the first meal, some girls read, some walked, and some *attempted* to go boating. Beans, pickles, rolls, coffee, milk, and what have you, called the girls back for the night meal. The evening's highlight was a table surrounded by "Queenie" Leighton and her card friends, playing "Hearts." Hopie spent the evening at angles on chairs, chandelier (!), and lamp stands trying to get a picture of Mrs. Bowron. At eleven, everyone grouped around the fire and sang. Then at one, everything was quiet except for

the odd giggles, noises and such coming from the top floor. It seemed that Alice Ramsdell was in a comical mood, so much so that she made Hilda, Gerry and Pearl shake the bed until Miss Swan thought it was coming through the floor. Sunday dinner at the Banks's cottage will never be forgotten by the girls.

Though the girls enjoy laughing, they also have a serious mood. This was proved when they invited all the girls of the school to hear Chaplain Fellows from Dow Field speak.

In Commerce Hall the night before Christmas vacation the music rang out until twelve o'clock. You see, the sorority was furnishing fun for the school by a dance with the Southernnaires' music.

Twice a year our sorority initiation bestows the coveted honor of membership on girls of M. S. C. after the newly-picked candidates are sent through their initiations. Before Christmas vacation, bids were issued and they were returned after the new year. Shivering and shaking, the pledgees appeared in Room 8 on Monday to get directions for Tuesday. The faces got longer and longer as Miss Swan went on and on with the list of "musts." Among the things the pledgees had to do were: wear their hair in small braids all over their heads; wear their clothes backwards; wear no make-up; have one eye blackened; wear earrings with streamers; have a finger on each hand bandaged; wear bright nail polish; and wear white shoes and black stockings. What a cute bunch they were on Tuesday! Even the straight-faced students of the school had to smile. Recitations were unique as each girl got up and began with "Yes, ma'am, I'll do my best," and ended with "Amen." Tuesday was mild compared to Wednesday, Red Letter Day. Each girl was garbed in an individual creation of whom just a few are mentioned. Iggy Palmer used all her merchant marine's clothes to represent a fisherman. Gertie Littlefield looked like an honest-to-goodness Indian and carried out the theme of her dress as she did a war-dance in a classroom. Polly Collins was "Minnie the Moocher on the Loose," and Velma Morse was "Time To Retire" in her nightgown, curlers, and cold cream. She spiced up (?) the classes with an occasional stretch and yawn. Irene Goodrich was a baby with her bonnet and bottle. Evelyn Tapley was a "Toughie" with lipstick smeared all over her face. Poor Alice Warren was embarrassed to death as the fat lady. All day long the pledgees were kept on the alert—singing, dancing and doing almost anything in the classrooms.

Again in March girls were put through the same type of thing. It was worth it, though, wasn't it girls?

In February, the sorority girls decided to have another dance. Led by Alice Ramsdell's inspiring patriotic fervor, the girls invited the sadly-neglected Coast Guard. Committees made elaborate plans for refreshments, music, decorations, and games. Excitement ran wild for two weeks preceding the big event. About a week before the dance we were informed that the Coast Guard could not attend. Disappointed but not defeated, we asked the soldiers from Dow Field, and to make sure there would be an ample supply of men, thirty-four were invited. Little did the men realize there were only twenty-eight of us. The long-awaited day came—the weather was well below zero. (Remember?) For the safety and protection of all concerned, the affair was postponed until February 24. The sorority girls did themselves justice that night. We all came looking as glamorous and dignified as possible. The dance was scheduled to begin at eight, so most of us made entrances between 8:15 and 8:30, to find that the floor was crowded with three soldiers. Although the expected number of soldiers did not come, the night was not entirely un-

(Continued on Page 87)

# MU SIGMA CHI

The first annual meeting of Mu Sigma Chi was held on November 2, 1942. The purpose of the meeting was to organize and to elect new officers for the coming year. These officers were: Newton Dyer, President; Alston Bell, Vice-President; Harwood Steele, Secretary; and Ariel Edwards, Treasurer.

A few weeks later bids to join the fraternity were sent to the following, who readily accepted (not knowing what was to come): Harold Burrill, Kenneth Rand, Jack Duncan, Merle Finley, Darrel Hurd, Manley Webb, and Robert Treworgy. These initiates, after their week of probation and "Red Letter Day," were ready for the night of horror at the hands of worthy fraternity brothers-to-be. The initiation, which ended with a buffet luncheon of sandwiches, coca cola and all the requirements of an excellent feed, was a huge success.

Shortly after this, on a suggestion from some of the members, a farewell banquet was planned for five of the members who were leaving to serve their country in the positions of teachers and soldiers. The dinner was served at the home of Mr. Husson, under the capable supervision of Mrs. Husson, who served a delicious meal of Maine lobsters with all the trimmings. Mr. Stanton gave a demonstration on the proper method of eating lobsters, for the benefit of some of the boys who had never eaten this wonderful food from our coast fisheries. The evening was spent playing "Hearts," our fraternity card game. Mr. Husson and Mr. Stanton were at each other's throats in the competition for the winner of these games.

As is customary, at the first meeting of the new year election of officers was held. Those elected were: Harold Burrill, President; Kenneth Rand, Vice-President; Jack Duncan, Secretary; and Manley Webb, Treasurer. A few meetings later the bids for new members were voted on and sent out. However, because of the war conditions at this time, they were not accepted by anyone.

On February 8, on a suggestion from Robert Treworgy, it was voted to sell chances on a school pin and pendant in the school in order to raise a little money for the fraternity. This proved to be a great success with the student body lending a very helping hand. High honors for raffle sales went to Bob Treworgy.

The Fraternity Frolics, which has been an annual event at the school for the past eleven years, will not be put on this year because of the shortage of men. As you know, many of our boys have been called to the colors and we in the fraternity have suffered along with other school organizations as our membership dropped lower and lower. But when we have seen this terrible crisis through, you can all be certain that Mu Sigma Chi will be back with the same brand of Frolics that you have been accustomed to seeing.



*Front row (left to right):* Elizabeth Palmer, Margaret Burnett, Hope Trembley, Marjorie Buck, Jean Thompson.

*Second row:* Melissa Lugdon, Robert Ames, Mrs. Bowron (director), Manley Webb, Irene Goodrich.

# DRAMATIC CLUB

We have our fun and we have our troubles—only this year we have had troubles in great abundance.

In September we, the remnants of last year's club, set about with great plans and expectations. *We* were to outdo any previous club by our bustle and activity. The first meeting presented a scene that would be pleasing to any thespian. We discussed plans for a new stage setting, talked of the plays we would present and of the great things we would do. We then really got down to business and held an election. Our "left-overs" from last year included Gloria Aucoin, Rita Crandall, Merle Finley, Alex Fedorchuk, Elmer Hammons, Frances Roberts, Hervey Stanley, and Hope Trembley. Frances Roberts remained as President and Hope Trembley as Secretary, and with our new election came Elmer Hammons as Vice-President and Rita Crandall as Treasurer. A reading committee consisting of Hope Trembley, Rita Crandall and

Elmer Hammons was appointed to review plays for our first annual presentation. And then our troubles really started!

Plans for the first dance were made and by all appearances this year really started out with a bang!

The reading committee sent for plays, and when the plays arrived so did the reading committee that night at Mrs. Bowron's apartment. There a hectic evening was spent as the committee read and read, until they could read no more. We then put our business aside and spent the rest of the evening socially (was that chocolate cake and milk ever so good!). The outcome of the meeting was the choice of a play entitled *Some Call It Love* (sounds good, huh?). Try-outs were held and we had an overwhelming number of girls appear for the parts, but when we came to the "male animals" only a few could even be found. (We even followed that current trend of drafting, but after all—our word is not law.) It was finally with a sigh of regret that we gave up our plans for a three-act play and decided to present one-act plays at our school assemblies.

The first play that was presented at an assembly was *Elizabeth's Young Man*. This play was not, however, a Dramatic Club production, although it was under the club's sponsorship. This play was directed by four of the normal students, Frances Roberts, Hilda Banks, Hope Trembley and Marjorie Buck. The participants of this play, mostly new students, were given membership to the club. Those new members participating in the production were Marjorie Buck, Hilda Banks, Olga Ingraham, Elizabeth Palmer, and Jean Thompson. (Remember "Bossy" throwing water on Elmer, the lunatic?)

Then Uncle Sam suddenly called one day and our Vice-President entered the Navy. Elections were again held and Merle Finley was elected to fill this vacancy.

On March 1, 1943, the play reading committee (after again wrangling hotly for a few hours) chose *The Kleptomanic* for the next play to be presented in assembly. In this play the names of the boys in school (what' left of them) were used for the names of married women in the play. The cast included:

Elizabeth Palmer.....Mrs. Thomas Lynch, Jr.
Hope Trembley.....Mrs. Stanley Johnson
Jean Thompson.....Mrs. Jack Duncan
Margaret "Barney" Burnett.....
.....Mrs. Byron Weatherbee
Melissa Lugdon.....Mrs. Otis St. Thomas
Marjorie Buck.....Mrs. Wallace Ford
Irene Goodrich.....Goody, the maid

A meeting of the club was held on March 10, 1943, and again (please believe us) we held election for officers. Frances Roberts and Merle Finley (no longer students) and Rita Crandall (now a promising secretary) had left vacant their respective offices. So-o-o-o, Hope Trembley, the Mighty Atom, was switched from Secretary to President, Iggy (short for Ignoramus) Palmer was trusted with the funds (ah, yes—we have some!), Margie Buck (Mrs. Wally Ford) was made the President's right-hand man, and Olga Ingraham was given charge of the records, but alas! she left us for the Penobscot Beef after one day's service.

So-o-o-o—my friend, *again* we had an election and now Margaret "Barney" Burnett is our venerable secretary. At present, we hope we will have no more elections, but one never knows, does one?

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Penn. Forest Fire Prevention sign, surmounted by a huge reproduction of a match: "This is the forest prime evil."

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Mortuary Advertisement in small town paper: "Ask Those Whom We Have Served."

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Midget Perfume—"Squeeze it and a little squirt comes out."

# COMMENCE CHATTER

This year the Chatter seems to have been kicked around more or less. Since the staff was composed mostly of third-year normals and these third-year normals, thanks to world conditions, were required to start teaching after the mid-year term, the Chatter staff, if you will allow me to use a trite German word, was "annihilated" during the first week of February.

Now, the Chatter is a very necessary part of the school year. It is the little booklet in which you read things about yourself that you thought were a deep, dark secret between you and your conscience. Oh, no, we could never get along without the Chatter. So the Secretarial Studies class became the official publishers. When Miss Bradford, the faculty adviser, informed us of this fact, we all beamed like first graders and said to ourselves, "Hooray, that'll be a few less vouchers, statements, and forms to fill in." Everyone in class received this with much enthusiasm. We all thought how easy it would be and the fun we could have. Why, a school paper would be just a "cinch" to publish.

The average student has a very vague idea of what putting out the paper means. When he receives his copy, he carelessly thumbs through it, skims through the jokes and gossip and any personal items that may interest him, finds how many times his name is printed and then throws the paper aside. Little does he realize the work, the type of work, the thought, the energy, the time behind each mimeographed sheet.

Let us start at the bottom and see what the procedure is in publishing the magazine. First, the faculty adviser must decide upon the columns that will appear and determine the number of pages devoted to each column. Next she divides the class into different sections for the staff, and then comes the job of collecting the material. This is no easy task, as it has to be secured from here, there, and everywhere. The material, when finally gathered, must be set up in columns on a master sheet before it can be cut on a stencil. Getting the typewriters cleaned for stenciling is rather a messy job but it has its good points. It was the only time during my typing class that a teacher let me get away with pounding all the keys with the first finger of each hand. The actual stenciling was a novel experience for most of us as a greater part of our group had never stenciled before. The typing room was a madhouse. Each student was banging away with all his might and the unfortunate bottle of correcting fluid flew around like spring-infected Cupid's darts.

After a great deal of labor the material was ready for the Mimeograph. This was where the fun really began. Everyone wanted to turn the handle, but since there is only one handle to a machine, the rest of us had to slipsheet or sort. That reminds me—have you ever tried to catch a frog? Just when you think you have it cornered, it leaps, leaving you disconsolate and alone. Well, that is how it was when Miss Bradford tried to have us all there at once to Mimeograph.

Did you know that there is something about a Mimeograph machine and fast-moving paper, especially in the winter, that generates electricity, and every now and then a student will be heard to yell, "Ouch! Did you hear that snap?" or "Wow! What a shock I got!"

The last and final step is assembling and stapling the sheets. Each section is put in the proper order on tables that are placed so that people can walk around easily gathering the copies in order. The sheets are then

stapled together and the booklet is ready for distribution.

A notice is then printed which reads, "The Chatter is ready. You may get your copy in Room 8." All the students dash madly down to get their copy and read how your slip fell off when you were boarding a streetcar, or about the time Mary dropped a string bean down her neck while attending a banquet.

The Chatter has an added feature of interest this year, "Letters From the Servicemen," and also their addresses. The staff has sent out approximately 100 copies of each issue to our boys in the service who are scattered over the country. Through this medium they keep in touch with school activities and their friends and also with their comrades, wherever they are. Many letters of thanks have been received from the boys in appreciation of our thoughtfulness. We hope that next year they will be back here to help us dig up and print the news and gossip.

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## Epsilon Tau Epsilon

(Continued from Page 82)

successful, because those present had a super time.

At the April 15 meeting of the sorority, Lieutenant Gilster of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps was guest speaker. Since each sorority member brought two guests, Commerce Hall was fairly well filled. After a most interesting and informative talk in which Lieutenant Gilster explained the four divisions of the WAAC, refreshments were served, Priscilla Franck gave several piano selections, and group singing was led by Alice Ramsdell. Tickets were distributed to those present for the WAAC Caravan which was held on April 19.

Because several officers received teaching or secretarial positions, it was necessary to elect a few new officers. The officers now are:

*President*.....Constance Robertson
*Vice-President*.....Alice Ramsdell
*Secretary*.....Marjorie Buck
*Treasurer*.....Elizabeth Palmer
*Marshal*.....Hope Trembley
*Scribe*.....Esther Smith

The *Chieftain* staff and the sorority together put on one of the most successful dances ever to be held at Commerce on April 9. The music was furnished by the University of Maine Bears, with a sizeable following from the college, who with our own students, seemed to be in a dancing mood under the mellow, romantic glow of the new lighting arrangement.

Spring nears as this goes to press and the girls are hoping to go on a camping trip again. There'll be more giggling, gossiping, and jabbering, but it's fun, isn't it girls, when you know you belong to an organization that can be proud of its achievements and all that it stands for? The friendships made in a sorority are often tied with mighty hands in Gordian knots that can't be broken. Many such have been made in ETE this year.

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Warning on a Cape Cod fence:
NO HUNTING
NO FISHING
NO NUTHIN'

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Home Owners! Attention! Is your tub worn out? Does it need new rings? Call in the Fickle Plumbing Company—We Run Hot and Cold.

## Girls' Basketball

(Continued from Page 75)

shot artist. She shoots fouls as easily as Clayt Cummings. Jo, it's been fun having you on the team. You've played well and many thanks to you for everything.

Of course, you all heard Mildred Allen of Bangor get up at the Sorority Party in the fall and tell how she was Coach Swan's "Star." She told a good story and to prove it she scored all the baskets for one team the next night. Millie is the one gal who can take it. All the girls and boys have kidded Millie until she should just about give up. Not Millie—she's my "Star" and a grand sport. You've added a lot to our fun and our team. I mean it.

Last but not least I wish to speak of a player who played forward and guard equally as well. Gertrude Littlefield is another Epsilon Tau Epsilon member and made a grand Indian at initiation. Gertie has a method all her own. She scares the other team into doing its worst. I don't mean maybe. Arms and legs always seem to be going in the opposite directions, but she gets what she's after. Gertie, you've helped in many a tight spot and furnished us with many a laugh. I appreciate it all. Thanks a whale of a lot.

At the first of the season Eleanor O'Dell came out for basketball. Illness forced her to drop out. She has served most faithfully as Manager to one swell team. Thanks, O'Dell, for doing all the dirty work. I realize what it means to a player of your ability to sit on the sidelines.

I want all who read this to realize that these girls were a team—not one thought herself better than the others.

It has been a most successful season. This group means a lot to me.

## Boys' Basketball

(Continued from Page 77)

Cummings and Otis St. Thomas, in recognition of their unselfish sportsmanship and team play were elected by their squad members to be honorary co-captains for the past season, an honor which they justifiably earned.

The following earned basketball letters:

1. Co-Capt. Clayton Cummings
2. Co-Capt. Otis St. Thomas
3. Robert Ames
4. Darrell Hurd
5. Robert Treworgy
6. Merle Finley
7. Alston Bell
8. Ralph Hartley
9. Thomas Lynch
10. Roland Plourde
11. Albert Bean
12. Charles Dempsey
13. Stanley Johnson
14. Harold Tewksbury

*The Season's Schedule*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dec. 8 | Commeree 36 | John Bapst | 38 |
| Dec. 11 | Commerce 39 | Old Town | 49 |
| Jan. 6 | Commerce 29 | Brownville Jct. | 34 |
| Jan. 8 | Commerce 33 | Bangor Sem. | 31 |
| Jan. 12 | Commerce 25 | John Bapst | 37 |
| Jan. 15 | Commerce 17 | Dexter | 28 |
| Jan. 22 | Commerce 39 | Coast Guard | 20 |
| Jan. 23 | Commerce 25 | Maine | 48 |
| Jan. 29 | Commerce 51 | Orono | 49 |
| Feb. 3 | Commerce 46 | Coast Guard | 29 |
| Feb. 6 | Commerce 23 | Old Town | 77 |
| Feb. 10 | Commerce 39 | Bapst Ind. | 52 |
| Feb. 13 | Commerce 27 | Higgins | 32 |
| Feb. 17 | Commerce 38 | Elks | 20 |
| Feb. 19 | Commerce 31 | Orono | 49 |
| Feb. 24 | Commerce 48 | Y. M. C. A. | 44 |
| Feb. 26 | Commerce 31 | Hermon | 24 |
| Mar. 3 | Commerce 48 | Mystery Five | 34 |
| Mar. 5 | Commerce 30 | Brownville Jct. | 29 |
| Mar. 10 | Commerce 30 | Mystery Five | 36 |
| Mar. 11 | Commerce 27 | Hermon | 28 |
| Mar. 12 | Commerce 40 | Bangor Sem. | 41 |

# TYPING SPEEDS

*Beginners' 10-Minute Tests*
*40 Words a Minute*

Cyr, Violette
Franck, Priscilla
Franck, Rolande
Leighton, Florence
Littlefield, Gertrude
Prouty, Evelyn
Smith, Lucia
St. Thomas, Otis
Violette, Ann

*Beginners' 15-Minute Tests*
*50 Words a Minute*

Cyr, Violette
Smith, Lucia

*15-Minute Tests*
*45 Words a Minute*

Alley, Thelma
Aucoin, Gloria
Ayers, Gwendolyn
Bell, Alston
Blodgett, Georgia
Buck, Marjorie
Bryant, Barbara
Cammic, Dorothy
Coombs, Constance
Cyr, Violette
Deveau, Dorothy
Duncan, Jack
Fedorchuk, Alex
Finley, Merle
Foster, June
Goodrich, Irene
Greenlaw, Rubie
Harvey, Annie
Haines, Dorothy
Hurd, Darrel
Ingraham, Olga
Kinney, Clara
Larlee, Doris
Latty, Ruth
Leighton, Bernice
Levitt, Esther
Lougee, Ada
MacFarland, Gertrude
Millett, Virginia
Morrill, Ruth
O'Dell, Eleanor
Palmer, Elizabeth
Philbrick, Betty
Pinkham, Lorna
Porter, Bethel
Rand, Kenneth
Reed, Juanita
Ramsdell, Alice
Rumill, Elaine
Smith, Ruth
Smith, Lucia
Staples, Helene
Steele, Harwood
Stephens, Jeanne
Stevens, Alice
Thomas, Charlotte
Treworgy, Robert
Twigg, Winifred
Violette, Ann
Webb, Manley
Welch, Constance

*Advanced*
*50 Words a Minute*

Alley, Thelma
Aucoin, Gloria
Ayers, Gwendolyn
Blodgett, Georgia
Buck, Marjorie
Cammic, Dorothy
Coombs, Constance
Cyr, Violette
Duncan, Jack
Fedorchuk, Alex
Goodrich, Irene
Greenlaw, Rubie
Harvey, Annie
Haines, Dorothy
Ingraham, Olga
Larlee, Doris
Latty, Ruth
Leighton, Bernice
Levitt, Esther
Lougee, Ada
O'Dell, Eleanor
Palmer, Elizabeth
Porter, Bethel
Ramsdell, Alice
Smith, Ruth
Smith, Lucia
Staples, Helene
Steele, Harwood
Stephens, Jeanne
Stevens, Alice
Thomas, Charlotte
Treworgy, Robert
Twigg, Winifred
Webb, Manley
Welch, Constance

*55 Words a Minute*

Blodgett, Georgia
Cammic, Dorothy
Coombs, Constance
Duncan, Jack
Fedorchuk, Alex
Goodrich, Irene
Greenlaw, Rubie
Haines, Dorothy
Larlee, Doris
Latty, Ruth
Lougee, Ada
O'Dell, Eleanor
Palmer, Elizabeth
Ramsdell, Alice
Rumill, Elaine
Stephens, Jeanne
Treworgy, Robert
Webb, Manley
Welch, Constance

*60 Words a Minute*

Blodgett, Georgia
Cammic, Dorothy
Goodrich, Irene
Larlee, Doris
MacFarland, Gertrude
Palmer, Elizabeth
Ramsdell, Alice
Rumill, Elaine
Stephens, Jeanne
Webb, Manley

*65 Words a Minute*

Palmer, Elizabeth
Rumill, Elaine

*70 Words a Minute*

Palmer, Elizabeth

## 20 PERIOD FILING CERTIFICATES

1. Bell, Helen
2. Blodgett, Georgia
3. Cyr, Violette
4. Duncan, Jack
5. Etter, Kathryn
6. Foster, June
7. Franck, Priscilla
8. Franck, Rolande
9. Goodrich, Irene
10. Greenlaw, Rubie
11. Junkins, Ruth
12. Kittredge, Catherine
13. Leighton, Florence
14. Levitt, Esther
15. Littlefield, Gertrude
16. MacFarland, Gertrude
17. Marden, Margaret
18. McEachern, Mary
19. Michaud, Mary-Ellen
20. Morse, Velma
21. Parlin, Alma
22. Porter, Bethel
23. Prouty, Evelyn
24. Rand, Kenneth
25. Smith, Esther
26. Smith, Lucia
27. Smith, Ruth
28. Spear, Ruth
29. Warren, Alice
30. Webb, Manley
31. Wilks, Beverly
32. Wood, Barbara

## 40 PERIOD FILING CERTIFICATES

1. Ayers, Gwendolyn
2. Blodgett, Georgia
3. Corliss, Eula
4. Cyr, Violette
5. Duncan, Jack
6. Etter, Kathryn
7. Franck, Priscilla
8. Franck, Rolande
9. Goodrich, Irene
10. Greenlaw, Rubie
11. Junkins, Ruth
12. Leighton, Florence
13. Levitt, Esther
14. Littlefield, Gertrude
15. MacFarland, Gertrude
16. Maher, Ferne
17. Marden, Margaret
18. McEachern, Mary
19. Michaud, Mary-Ellen
20. Morse, Velma
21. O'Dell, Eleanor
22. Parlin, Alma
23. Porter, Bethel
24. Smith, Esther
25. Smith, Lucia
26. Smith, Ruth
27. Spear, Ruth
28. Stinchfield, Marjorie
29. Warren, Alice
30. Webb, Manley
31. Wilks, Beverly

# PENMANSHIP CERTIFICATES

*Advanced*

1. Blodgett, Georgia
2. Cammic, Dorothy
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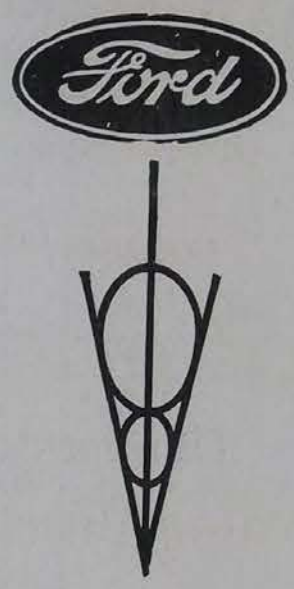
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