Clara Lincoln Swan

The CHIEFTAIN



1940



The Measure Of

A Bank's Usefulness

A bank's usefulness to the community is measured by its ability to furnish dependable, efficient service, by its activity in making loans for constructive purposes, and by its readiness to cooperate with its customers in every way possible.

The various departments of this bank are operated for your convenience and use. We welcome every opportunity to be helpful in meeting your banking and credit needs.

Eastern Trust and Banking Company

2 State St. Bangor, Me.

Branches at

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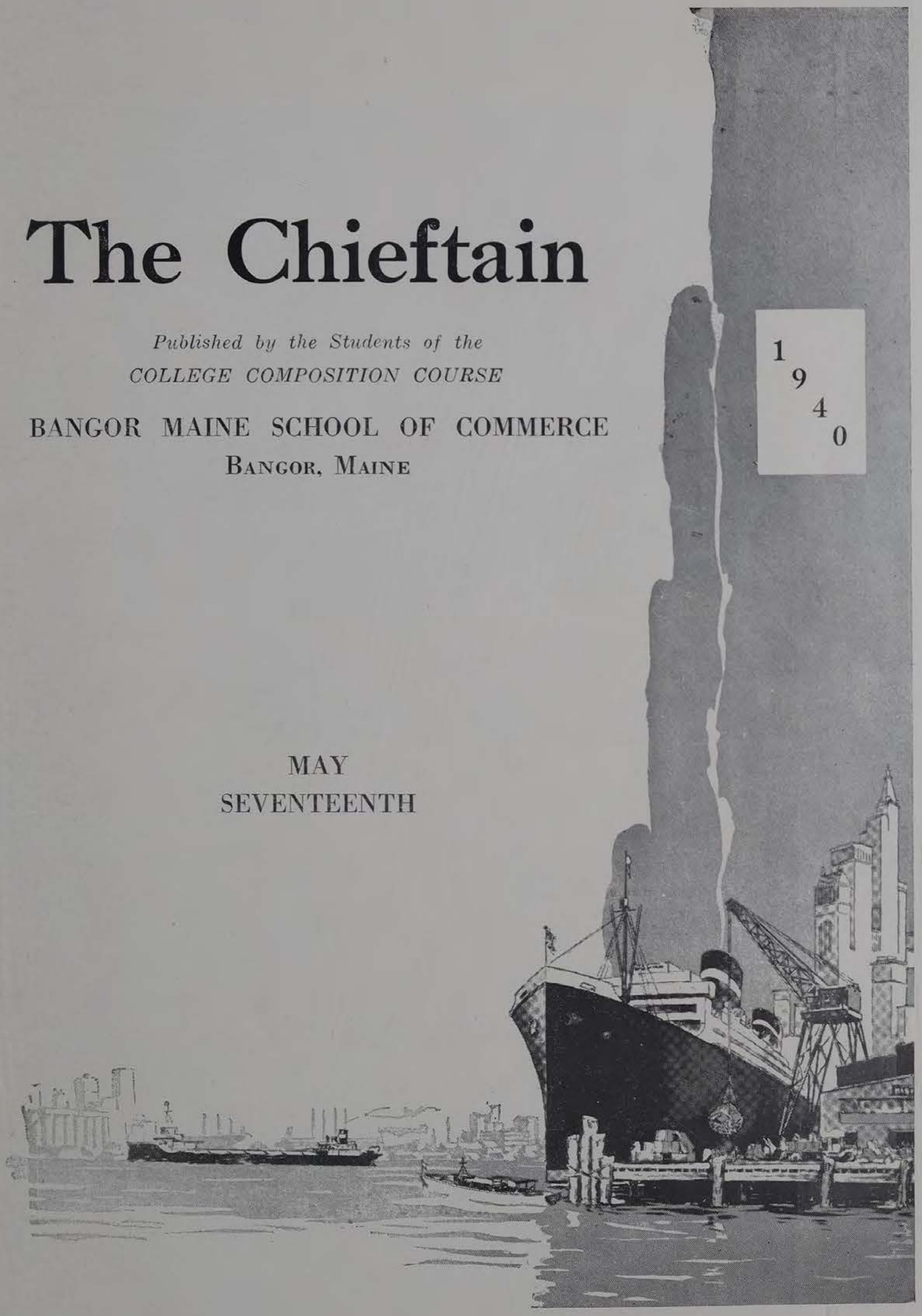
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The Chieftain

Published by the Students of the
COLLEGE COMPOSITION COURSE

BANGOR MAINE SCHOOL OF COMMERCE
BANGOR, MAINE

MAY
SEVENTEENTH





.... *To* ....

MRS. COVELL

Our Shorthand Instructor, This Issue of

THE CHIEFTAIN

Is Respectfully Dedicated.



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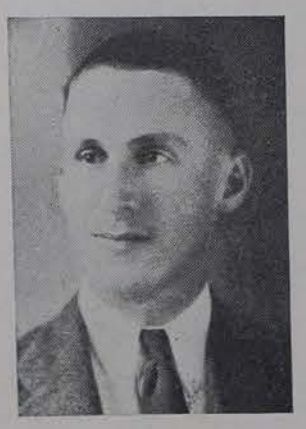
MR. HUSSON

Protege of Salem College
And an omnibus of knowledge,
Accounting, Math, and Law he doles with glee;
And his course in wit and rhythm
Keeps his "chilluns" laughing with him—
No, we won't forget you, "Chief" of M. S. C.



MRS. COVELL

She's our shorthand "la professeur,"
One word, *lovely*, will express her,
And her smile that stole a place in every heart:
While that panicky sensation
That she serves with her dictation
We will to our successors when we part.



MR. COVELL

Guardian Angel while we study,
Helper when our brains get muddy,
With a horrid knack for always feeling "fine,"
He's an "oh, so luscious penman"
With the tolerance of ten men—
And a store of business "info" that's divine.

FACULTY

MR. LUNT



Athletic, gay, and handsome,
With a grin worth a king's ransom,
He shows his "chicks" what business ethics is,
And believes that education
For the younger generation
Should serve a dose of sports with every quiz.

MISS TUOMI



She's both versatile and charming
With an I. Q. that's alarming,
And a knack for drama, College Comp., and Lit.,
Though she keeps the students working
And prevents each one from shirking,
She fills her every class with fun and wit.

MR. MORGRAGE



This faculty addition
Is a genial exhibition
In what successful business men should be;
His interest is advising,
In the art of advertising,
Those inspired young cherubs raised at M. S. C.

OUR NEW FACULTY MEMBER



MISS SWAN

Clara Swan, our new typing teacher and basketball coach, was born in Princeton, Maine.

Her high school days were spent in Brewer. After that, she took the normal course in our own Bangor Maine School of Commerce. She was graduated from here and went to teach in Mexico High School, Mexico, Maine. She taught there for two years and then moved to the Foxcroft Academy, where she stayed for three years.

Miss Swan attended the University of Maine for one summer session. Last year she received her Bachelor of Science in Commercial Teaching degree from the American International College.

Now she's back here; and we're very glad to have an alumna—and such a capable and versatile one—with us.

Miss Swan has three hobbies. Her favorite one, of course, is basketball. She is a good player and an excellent coach. She is also an ardent movie fan and has a scrapbook full of memories of student and teaching days.

Here's wishing you the best of luck, Miss Swan. We hope you like to be here with us as much as we like to have you.



Literary

OUR NEW BUILDING

For many years Commerce has needed new quarters, and the need has been increasing steadily with the development of extra-curricular activities and the broadening program of studies. Another reason that must not be overlooked is the increase in the size of the student body. Our school took care of its pupils quite easily ten years back when the number did not exceed 150 boys and girls.

It has been necessary to practice basketball at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium year in and year out, the girls two hours a week and the boys, three. This time has been inadequate to meet the needs of the coaches, and the teams have had to fight this handicap continually.

Our social program, which includes a dance once a month and two or three plays during the year have had to be provided for in foreign halls at considerable expense.

In our present building there is a lack of proper toilet facilities. Ventilation is a matter of the teachers' consciousness at the moment, and is governed solely by the opening and closing of windows. Artificial light is needed most of the time, due to the fact that natural light is barred by surrounding buildings and a poor arrangement of classrooms. As a matter of fact, our present building was never meant to be a school, and although much scheming was necessary to improve conditions, no amount of it could remedy the existing handicaps.

One can only marvel that the pupils of the fourteen years of our history have laughed it down and haven't recognized these difficulties as of any importance. They have made the best of them. They have gone their way, and Commerce lives with them in warm hearts. They knew of the many shortcomings, but chose to ignore them. Commerce is deeply indebted to their loyalty and friendship.

Our new building, long a dream, and now a reality, will appear on the brow of Park Street hill, overlooking the entire city. A beautiful location, with ample space for green lawns, trees, and hedges, was purchased in the heart of the city for the school site.

Every effort has been made to make it complete in itself. It will include a huge auditorium, capable of seating 600 people, fronted by an 18-foot stage. Here will be held the dances and plays, graduation exercises, addresses by visiting speakers, and other events of a social and educational nature.

Our gymnasium will include a playing floor 60 feet long by 32 feet wide, with ample bleacher room to seat 400 or 500 people if need be. Here the teams can practice daily and play their home games. Lockers have been installed for the players.

The classrooms meet the specifications of the State Department of Education governing sanitation, ventilation, and lighting. There are windows everywhere! Thermostatic control of heat will provide warmth when needed. There are twice the number of classrooms, none of which approaches our present main room in size. Room 1 has been much too large for teaching purposes over the years, but it has been "home" to many who will regret its passing.

There will be a guest room where visitors may wait in comfort. Previously they stood in the corridor awaiting their turn, shifting their weight from one foot to another and hoping for quick admission to the Principal's office. The teachers, too, will have a room of their own, which will add materially to their comfort and convenience.

The girls will have a private rest room. Smoking will be permitted to

(Continued on Page Seventy-Eight)

THE ORCHID

In the dusk of early evening, a lone desolate figure shuffled miserably along the crowded main street of a prosperous little city in western Pennsylvania. The nervous elbowing throng scarcely heeded the tired, wan, heart-sick features of Mike Adams; he was merely another unfortunate member of society to them —besides, they had worries of their own. On the other hand, Mike Adams cared less about them, or *would* have if he had been aware of their presence.

At the corner he stopped and leaned wearily against a parked automobile. Only one thought seemed to pierce the dullness of his brain:

Dead! Nan, beloved Nan, dead! Nan, who had been his only comfort, his one reason for living, his most cherished possession in a world that he hated now, because it was so lonely.

He dug out a soiled handkerchief and blew his nose. He wouldn't let himself cry again, because he didn't want pity; he wanted only the life that had been taken from him so quickly and without warning. Without the gentle companionship of Nan Adams, he felt lost and bewildered. He squeezed back the warm, wet feeling that welled up in his eyes and began to walk again. He'd been walking incessantly for two days, ever since the last throes of agony and death had torn her dear body into another world.

Mike Adams paused in front of McCrory's Flower Shop; his eyes caressed the display. In the exquisite beauty of a hundred colorful blossoms he could see her face, hungry, eager, radiant.

"And she loved flowers so much," he murmured, "so very, very much. She always had flowers when she wanted 'em; not like these, but flowers, anyway. Daisies, and violets, and lady-slippers—flowers to suit her taste, she used to have."

He choked down a sob. The fat, bald proprietor came close to the window, and Mike's eye fell upon the object which lay quivering in his palm. It was an orchid. Its deep, rich color contrasted strangely with the pastel shades in the profusion of flowers before him. The graceful, tapering lines seemed so regal, so ethereal, so distinguished.

In one impulsive instant, Mike wanted that orchid more than anything else in the world. He wanted it for her—as a last sacred gesture to her memory. He reached into his pocket and drew out forty cents. Forty cents for an orchid! Gulping down the overwhelming sadness in his breast, he turned from the window and wandered off into the dwindling crowd.

As he neared the Opera House, Mike absently watched an immense limousine slide smoothly to the curb. A colored chauffeur, looking comically like a part of the shiny vehicle of which he was lord and master, opened the door for the most repulsive excuse for a woman Mike had ever seen. A stiffly-waved head of henna-colored hair stuck proudly from a wrap of red fox; a white mask displaying crimson lips and heavily mascaraed eyes was her face. He watched her for a fleet second, and then his gaze fell upon something that trembled from the collar of her fur coat. It was an orchid—larger than McCrory's orchid, and much more beautiful. Mike's heart turned a somersault. His one desire was to tear it from the artificial, painted form which was now passing through the great double doors of the theater.

With one wild lunge he was after her, and milling with the highly per-

fumed mob in the lobby. His benumbed brain had not yet concocted a plan of getting possession of the flower, but he knew he would not leave without it. As he forced his way close to the red fox coat, he stumbled against it, and for a thrilling, glorious second, saw the orchid jerked loose from its place on the collar. He was on his knees in a flash, wildly groping, hauling at slim, silk-clad ankles, and tearing his fingers from under heavy, crushing feet. Then his hand fell upon the soft petals of the flower, and he was madly squeezing his way back to the door and out into the street. The orchid was tenderly and carefully pressed to his heart beneath his shirt. People watched him curiously, and he saw the door-man start imperiously toward him. But Mike was gone, melting into the evening throng and into the falling dusk.

* * * *

Soft evening fell silently and unheralded upon a lone, secluded grave, decorated by a faded bunch of meadow daisies. The tombstone was of wood, new white wood, choppily carved round at the edges. The ground was black and fresh around it, because the grave was new, too.

A fatigued and shabbily dressed visitor came there this night and knelt in reverence before the humble slab. From beneath his shirt he drew, of all things, an orchid—it was slightly crushed, but very beautiful in the dim light of the early moon. With trembling fingers he laid it tenderly on the mound, and didn't try to dam back the hot tears that welled up into his eyes.

"Nan," he whispered, "it's an orchid for you, Nan! Your first orchid. And I stole it, Nan, for you. But I *did* so want it, and *she* could buy another. You've never *had* an orchid, so I—"

He began to sob helplessly. He raised his head to the sky and prayed.

"Please, God, forgive me for stealing, but Nan would love it so!"

And at that moment the moon seemed to force its way out from behind its filmy covering and burst in all its mellow beauty upon the kneeling figure of Mike Adams. Even the wind was still, and the little form straightened up in relief.

"I think He heard me, Nan," he whispered, "and that means He ain't mad."

He pushed his curly hair back from his face, and, putting out a grimy hand, caressed and traced the crooked, poorly-drawn pencil-marks upon the wooden slab:

Nan Adams, Pet Goat of Mike Adams, Age 9. Died March 20, 1940

In Memorium:

"Here lies Nan Adams, gentle pet,
Who's here because she over-et—
Tender flowers for her were meant,
But never, never wet cement!"

KAYE FAULKINGHAM.

GOD BLESS AMERICA

The *March of Time* this month gave a brief history of that small, game nation of Finland.

Finland hasn't been a nation for very long. Only a few years ago she was under Russian rule. But by fighting desperately for the freedom she felt is the birthright of every Finn, this courageous nation freed her land of the Reds and their influence.

To gain this freedom Finland had to borrow money from the United States, as have many other nations. The difference lies in the fact that Finland paid the loan, even though she has limited resources.

The United States had much the same difficulty. She, too, had to fight for her freedom. But, being a larger richer country, she has been able to retain that birthright, while Finland has again been plunged into bloodshed to guard it.

The people of the United States complain about taxes and about the conditions of living here. They should be thankful they are not homeless in weather seventy degrees below zero.

Father Coughlin may preach; Kate Smith may sing; Benny Goodman may swing out; the Bangor Daily may be Republican, while Democrats are in power, but *We* are free. *God bless America!*

SHIRLEY J. BARKER.

SLOPPY CARDIGANS

"To slop or not to slop, that is the question; whether it is nobler to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous comments or to take soap against a maze of grime."

This is the song of many girls. To keep to the neat, smooth-fitting sweater or to wear the loose-fitting cardigan is one of the problems that face the world today.

One of the great disadvantages of the "sloppy cardigan" is the tendency to let it get dirtier and dirtier. They certainly look their name when the sleeves are pushed up and the bottom stretched down to one's hips. White sweaters usually get grimy because of the many times they are pushed up. Other colors get just as dirty, but they do not show so much as white ones.

Because of the few hours one has at home, the sweaters are not washed as often as they should be. There is nothing so heart-breaking as to see a once beautiful angora or cashmere sweater all matted and spotty. A little Lux and warm water will do wonders, and make the sweater look like new.

Regardless of how sloppy "sloppy cardigans" look, they are the most comfortable part of a girl's clothing.

BARBARA LIBBEY.

DEDICATION

Barbara Maxwell and Eleanor Lewis walked across the stage of the auditorium to receive their high school diplomas.

The two girls had been childhood playmates and had remained close companions all through high school. Their mothers who sat in the front row of the auditorium found that tears sprang to their eyes as the girls received their awards.

The day after graduation the two girls met and talked over their plans for the future. Barbara said that she had decided to go to a business college and become a private secretary some day. Eleanor had a deep dark secret to impart to her friend. Her plans for the future did not include business school. She was going to the city to study dancing. She had been taking lessons from a local dancing teacher and had discovered that she could go far in this field.

However there was not enough money at home to send her away to dancing school. She must first get a job and save enough for this purpose. So Eleanor got a job working in a Smithville department store while Barbara went to business college as she had planned.

Eleanor worked hard all day and practised dancing at night, but her plans were not working out very satisfactorily. The money that she had thought she was going to save slipped through her fingers and was used for everyday needs.

The strain began to show on Eleanor's delicate constitution. She was absent from work for weeks at a time with colds. A day came when Eleanor knew that she would not be able to go to work for a long time.

Barbara, her childhood friend, had just completed her course in business and was working in an office in their home town.

During Eleanor's illness Barbara visited her often and tried to think of some way to help her friend. But the doctors pronounced Eleanor's case a hopeless one, and at the end of six months Eleanor passed away.

Barbara's grief over the death of her friend was terrible to see. She knew that her friend's ambition to work for something too difficult for her to attain had been the indirect cause of her death. A thousand times she berated herself for not having persuaded Eleanor to choose another vocation.

From these thoughts, the desire was born in Barbara to help other young people. In choosing their vocations others must avoid the mistake that her childhood girlfriend had made. She would dedicate the rest of her life to serving her fellow brothers and sisters.

Today Barbara is a national authority on advising young people who are faced with the problem of choosing a life work. Barbara had chosen this noble means of dedication to her friend who had passed on.

LILLIAN ROLNICK.

FRESHMEN

Is there anything funnier, more pathetic, or more wonderful than a freshman of a high school?

Freshmen are being initiated into their adult life, but they haven't yet assumed the burdens which will be theirs later.

As a rule a freshman is characterized by a bewilderment at this new life. He has been shoved rather abruptly from the sheltered, friendly atmosphere of the primary school into one which is inclined to be indifferent and slightly cruel. This cruelty is only a testing of the new student. Before he is accepted by the group, he must be tried and found worthy. He must be a "good sport"; he must be able to "take it."

A freshman is lovable and pathetic. He wanders from room to room the first few days of school trying to adjust himself to his new environment. To see a new student walk timidly into a class room where he doesn't belong, to see him blush when the class laughs delightedly at his embarrassment, to see him turn and go dazedly into another room makes me feel a little like crying—and a little like laughing, too. He is very eager to please and very uncertain of how he is going to do it.

There is a sort of respect and reverence in his attitude towards the upper classmen. When he is told to do anything, he feels it his duty to obey. Of course, this mood passes before long, but it is evident for several weeks.

The subjects are altogether different from any the freshman has studied before. He is introduced into the mysteries of English Literature, Chemistry, Bookkeeping, and he is overwhelmed. Therefore, he studies. This, too, is a prominent characteristic of freshmen. They study and worry about their studies.

Usually freshmen are anxious to recite and are fearful of erring. The more sophisticated members of the school are more languid and bored in classes.

If freshmen only knew—they are in the most honored of positions. Everyone loves a freshman.

SHIRLEY J. BARKER.

* * * * * *

AN ALLEY EPISODE

I was passing through Westfield one night in 1936 when I decided my car should be lubricated. Leaving my car at a garage, I proceded to look for a restaurant.

A strong wind blew my hat between two houses and I dashed in pursuit of it. Because of the wind it was impossible to light matches, and I soon became discouraged with my futile search and was ready to abandon my Stetson when a blood-curdling screech froze me in my tracks.

For a reason unknown to me now, I started cautiously in the direction of the sound. A moment's walk brought me to a heap in the middle of the narrow alley. A low moan was faintly audible from the man's lips. There was a knife in his chest. It had cut a deep gash, from which blood flowed profusely.

I then became aware of a thin beam of light coming from a shack on my right. Whenever I stood directly in the path of the beam, I heard a swishing sound.

I tried to think what the sound might be. I lifted the body to my shoulders and laboriously made my way to the street and thence to a nearby house, where I telephoned the police and ordered an ambulance.

I told the police my story and asked them to investigate the strange

sound. Their investigation revealed that the victim was an old retired scientist. With the use of an electric-eye beam, he had constructed a device which would throw a knife with great force.

The police, however, were unable to determine whether it was a case of suicide or whether the old fellow was testing his invention and stepped in the path of the beam accidentally.

THORNTON PARSONS.

—B. M. S. C.—

WHAT I WOULD DO IF I HAD PLENTY OF MONEY

Of course I want it understood that this is strictly from an imaginary point and not from experience.

About the first thing I should do would be to go out and get a bottle of Coca Cola and a Milky Way bar. While this was disappearing, I should determine my next move.

I should then climb aboard my jalopy and head for the Buick dealer. (Now that I'm in the money, I can buy a real car). If the salesman should ask me my occupation, I should just reply, "I'm a retired business man now seeking the joys of life." He would probably demand some proof before I could get the car. Then I should just flash a couple of thousand-dollar bills before his eyes and action would soon start. Of course I should accept nothing short of a 1940 "Special" fully equipped in every detail, including a push-button radio with foreign reception.

My next move would be to purchase a house trailer and start for the World's Fair. I could go to bed when I wished, get up, eat, and do whatever I wished at any time.

When I finally arrived at the Fair, I should purchase an all-round ticket and see everything. I should also collect all the souvenirs possible since that is one of my hobbies.

And, oh yes, there would be some consolation in being able to drive up to a gas station and say, "Fill 'er up," instead of having to say, "Well, I guess a coupla' gallons will do."

Yes, I can imagine what fun it would be; but after all, money isn't everything.

DONALD NEALLEY.

—B. M. S. C.—

Heroism

In the town of Silver that morning in May,
The mine train's driver was dead,
And the train on a grade with an open switch,
And a dynamite car ahead.
The crew at work saw no danger for them,
But the switchman, old Billy McLane,
Threw the switch that stopped the onrushing cars,
Though he'll never switch cars again.

CHARLES MITCHELL

To the Finest- swellest-
Grandest coach, Teacher, and
Friend a gal could ever ask for —
Clara Lincoln Swan

Kaye Faulkingham

Just one of the
brood
!!!



KAYE FAULKINGHAM
Winner of the First Prize in the Yearbook Contest

Black-Out

Black-out in Europe—
Someone started it at dinner,
And I put in my oar,
"It must be awful."
"Yeah," said Dad, "just waiting gets monotonous."
And then I tried to eat my salad, but I saw
A million horrid things spring up before me:
A town in inky blackness,
Smoking, bleeding from a raid,
Waiting, breathless, for another.
A hundred war-torn homes,
Once at peace, like yours and mine.
A hundred mothers, praying, crying, wondering,
Clasping to their hearts all the frightful war had left—
Thus far.
Half-crazed girls clutching, clinging to the lifeless
Mutilated bodies of their sweethearts.
Frightened children, hunting, hunting, hunting
For a face they know.
Men and women tearing up hugs junks of wreckage—
Looking for dead, buried too soon.
Women sweating, straining in dirty hospital camps,
Trying to patch up useless bodies
Into something strong enough
To tote a gun.
People lifting blankets that have just been lowered,
Seeking out a face resembling that which went away.
The shrill, incessant screeching of the distant shells,
The rumble of the never-ceasing war.
Waiting, waiting for the blow.
Praying for the whir of planes,
The flashing of the bombs,
The roaring, deafening crash,
And peace at last.
Praying for it, lest a torn mind crack
Beneath the strain
Of silence.
Sitting there among the dead and dying—
Waiting.
"Monotonous?" I murmured.
"Yeah, it sure must be."

KAYE FAULKINGHAM.

Second Prize in the Yearbook Contest

Why?

I.

There in the battlefield he lay;
He gave his life for a worthy cause.
Yet how worthy, divine, or true
Can we call these endless wars?

II.

Curse the men that planned these things
That take the life of honest men.
May the good Lord strike them from the earth,
If such a thing is to come again.

III.

Since the world's dark ages, such was this;
The poor man dies in vain.
We fought before for eternal peace,
Must we do our work again?

CHARLES MITCHELL.

—B. M. S. C.—

Third Prize in the Yearbook Contest

An "If" for the Student

If you can keep your pens and pencils,
When all about you are losing theirs
And blaming it on you;
If you can sit two in a seat
And get your lessons too;
If you can keep from day dreaming,
Don't give way to dreaming in school,
And yet don't know too much nor look too wise;
If you can have a little fun,
And not make fun your master;
If you can think and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can overcome both A and D
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can hear the lessons you've spoken
Twisted by an instructor so to make a trap for you,
Yours is the school and everything that's in it,
And what is more—you're a Student, my son!

MARION RIDLEY.

Fourth Prize in the Yearbook Contest

PSYCHOLOGY FOR CHILDREN

I think that every mother and every father should take a course in Psychology. Of course parents have been endowed with natural instincts which tell them how to manage their children, but a course in Psychology would make things far easier and would help them get much better results.

Last week I decided to prove this theory and paid a visit to my next-door neighbors. The family consists of the father, the mother, and two girls. Barbara is four years old and Lucille is six. The four of them were sitting down to their noon-day meal when I walked in.

As an outsider, I had an opportunity to sit and watch the children from an altogether different point of view than that of the parents of the children. The first thing I noticed was the peculiar way that six-year-old Lucille was acting. She left the table and swayed back and forth in front of me like a ballet dancer while I stared unbelievingly. It soon dawned on me, however, that she had recognized in me a new audience for whatever antics she was capable of performing.

Her mother called her to the table to eat her dinner and she went reluctantly. I noticed that she toyed with her food and ate very little. The action began when the younger of the two, Barbara, expressed the desire to drink her milk out of a blue glass that her mother had bought especially for her. At this point I happened to look at Lucille, and I noticed a gleam of mischief in her eyes.

While I watched her fearfully, she demanded that her mother give *her* Barbara's blue glass to drink her milk out of. Her mother looked at her in amazement, and I surmised that a spanking for both children was on its way. At this point I decided to intervene. I sat down at the table and exclaimed loudly that *I* wanted to drink *my* milk out of the *green* glass over on the shelf. Both children stared at this newcomer who had taken the center of the stage away from them. It did not take them long to regain their equilibrium, however, and one child wanted to drink her milk from the green glass while the other wanted to drink hers out of the blue one.

Again I hold forth that the use of a little psychology when managing children can help to smooth over many of the rough places in life.

—LILLIAN ROLNICK.

Fifth Prize in the Yearbook Contest

LACK OF COURAGE

Prosperity was back. That is for seemingly everyone but Jack. Jack was that shabbily dressed man stumbling along through the dismal fall of rain, toward the intercity bridge.

Inside Jack, everything was turmoil and disorder. No food, and discouraging voices were the cause of all this. The voices saying, "Sorry," "Wrong training," "Can't use you," "No experience," "No openings," and a host of others which sounded apologetic only to those who said them.

The bridge loomed ahead, dark and dreary in the moonless, rainy fall night, and the man's head looked toward the heavens briefly, hesitated and then looked again at the rain streaked sidewalk.

Nearing the center of the bridge Jack's steps faltered and turning toward it, he grasped the rail, cold and clammy from the biting air. Why hesitate, for down below swelled the murky waters of the river, under which all this choas and tumult would end. Was it lack of courage or ——?

A screech of rubber and a woman's piercing scream rent the dismal air. A crash! The bridge shook from the impact. A car against the further curb. While on the other side—a gaping hole in the rail.

Snapped from the trance in which he was living, Jack heard a splash from far below, saw the old man start toward the hole, and remove his shoes. The next minute his own shabby shoes were off, and he sprang across the pavement which separated him from the old man and his outflung arm sent the man reeling backwards. Then he felt a rush of air and then the shock, as his body hit the icy water. Down, down, and then his hand closed around what felt like a piece of metal. It was a door handle and weakened from shock and lack of food Jack tore at the door. "I must not weaken now!" The air inside his tortured lungs was fast becoming foul. Then the door was open and he was inside tugging at the form. How black———!!

A white ceiling greeted Jack's eyes as they slowly allowed sunlight to filter into his hazy brain. "How do you feel?" Jack turned his head to see an elderly man sitting by the side of the bed. Now he remembered—the crash, the hole in the railing, and this was the man he had struck away from the hole.

"I'm sorry—," began Jack, but the old man silenced him with a wave of his hand.

"You needn't apologize," said the old man, "as you probably saved my life, since not being able to swim and dazed from the bump on the head, I should have drowned without a doubt. My car skidded on wet pavement and careened into the car approaching. Not seeing any help I started to go after the occupants of the car, but you sent me reeling before I could jump. By the time I had recovered, several cars had stopped and when I related what had happened, they quickly went for help. The occupants of one of the cars found a boat and reached the spot as you and the girl were going down for another ducking. Oh! she's all right. Now I represent the ———."

Jack was in a turmoil again. A happy turmoil! Did he say a job!! Hey! Wait a minute!

RICHARD MORGRAGE.

Not Long But Soon

To mortal man Death is a wanton thing,
A hated curse whose sharpest bite is fear;
And Man's whole inner being strives to steer
His lump of clay far from the haunting sting;
And when he hears the dreaded whirring wing
And see the shadow, knowing Death is near,
He begs for time, perhaps a month--a year--
To save the clay to which we Earthlings cling.
Why worship clay, oh Mortals? Just beyond
I know a better place where spirits meet;
Where men of dreams have no restraining bond
And Beauty lingers in herself complete:
There God alone rules and Peace does respond
With but the sacred thought: "Kneel at His feet."

VAUGHAN ELLISON.

—B. M. S. C.—

Death As a Song

Oh, tell me, please, why men still fear to die.
To me it seems to be a place for peace.
When bound by love, no fear with us should lie
For mortal sin and hate for men should cease.
This world of ours is full of life and fun,
But when we've done away with all these schemes,
We should be glad to leave it to our son,
And let him live to carry out our dreams.
Oh, why not think of death as a sweet song
That tells us of the happiness to come?
If we should do this, we could not go wrong,
For life and death would be a happy sum.
When you fear death, remember God is near
And He will be with you throughout your fear.

JUNE M. DWYER.

GRADUATION NIGHT

Shakespeare, or whoever it was who said that about "parting being such sweet sorrow" or something like that, sure had the right slant on things—only I can't see where the "sweet" part comes in. Here I've been waiting three years for this night, and now that it's come, I wish I'd brought that hanky as my mother told me to.

What is it that makes it seem so solemn, anyway? Maybe it's all these beautiful flowers (all those fines I paid helped buy them, too, I bet) or maybe it's the orchestra playing so softly and kind of slow; or perhaps it's all the parents and relations and friends out there in the audience, who have come to see the graduation of the person they've worked so hard to put through school. This is almost as important for them as it is for us, I guess, but not quite, of course.

But I guess maybe most of all it's seeing here together all the kids that I've known so long, in these blue caps and gowns, and realizing what they stand for. It just doesn't seem possible that this is probably the last time I'll ever see them all together like this, these kids that I've worked and played with one year, two years, and some of them even three years.

There's Quint Gray, looking solemn for a change—never thought I'd see him that way. And there's Larry Davies, gazing after that good-looking blonde. I don't know how the Dramatic Club and the Fraternity could have gotten along without him. Gordon Cook, a swell sax player, but he certainly hated shorthand—Ellen Daisey, the best penman in the whole school—Ardis Woodbury, always busy doing something for somebody —Beryl Crosby and all her energy— Jimmy Buck, star athlete and regular guy—Bud Foss, as swell as he is tall —Ruth Kelliher, tiny but tireless— Mary Tremaine and her typing papers—Esther Gott and her great disposition. And these are only the ones who've stuck it out together for these three years. Gee! What a great bunch! I sure will miss them!

Three years, and it seems like three months, the time has flown so. That first year was fun, but hard, too. It was so different from high school. I was lucky all right in getting a job correcting shorthand transcripts, but didn't I hate having to stay late at night working on them! I'll always remember especially the Christmas Dance that year, the first dance I ever went to. Dana Kennedy was Santa, and it was so funny watching him try to hold that pillow in place while he was giving out the presents. Getting initiated into the Sorority was something I could never forget —especially that horrible onion that we had to wear around our necks, and nobody would get near one of the poor initiates for a week afterward! The boys outdid themselves that year in the Frat Frolics, especially with the time element. I never sat still so long before in my life! But everyone agreed that it was fun just the same. I liked the Cabaret Dance and the May Formal best that year, I think.

Then came vacation, which meant work for me, and before I knew it the second year had begun and brought with it Sorority activities, the Dramatic Club, plays, and dances, and basketball, and orchestra, and the hiking club, and public speaking, and ring raffles, and classification games, along with all those new courses, and studying, and quizzes, and exams, and passing, failing, and new friends, and new ideas—oh, it was a great year!

With the coming of the third year, we Normal Course students had plenty to take up our time, what with observing and practice teaching along with our regular work; but we still kept up with all the otner activities. We couldn't get along without them. The Boston trip with the

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THE GREAT BEYOND

In amazement I gazed around me. Was I dreaming or had I gone completely insane!

The room which I had just entered was decorated completely in pastels. The walls and ceiling were a soft azure blue, the light fixtures were masses of soft white material, seemingly suspended from nothing; the rug was snowy white and as soft as clouds. All the furniture was a faint blush pink.

But what startled me most was the fact that although I knew many of the people sitting around, I also knew they had all been dead for some time. At my right, near enough to touch, was my aunt Gini. Beside her was the doctor who had pulled me through all my illnesses and imaginary illnesses until he had passed on.

I tried to get their attention. I spoke to them, but they kept on talking. I leaned over and tapped my aunt on the arm. She looked directly at me, but not a glint of recognition came to her face.

"Funny," I heard her say, "I thought someone touched me. I must be having another attack."

I walked farther into the room, but my friends and the others didn't even look up as I passed by.

"It's time for the show, folks."

I turned to the voice and saw a very old lady sitting by a contraption much like a radio. From the back, however, a mirror rose about two feet in the air. Although several people were clustered around, I could see no reflections. Everyone was gazing intently in the mirror; so I did too.

Just then my aunt asked the old lady to turn to Oakfield and see what her sister was doing. The woman snapped a button and a blur began to form in the mirror. As it grew plainer, I recognized my sister standing by my bed at home. What in the world was she doing there?

Aunt Gini began to cry. I stared harder at the bed, and to my horror I saw my own figure lying on the bed. I screamed but nobody glanced my way. Aunt Gini went on sobbing. Doctor said, "If I were there that girl would not be so near death. I could snap her out of it in a few hours." I ran to his side and tried to make him see me, but it was no use. He watched the mirror, tears streaming down his wrinkled cheeks.

"There's May! How she must be suffering! They were sending Shirley to a business school to train to teach."

Now, I thought, Mom will wake me up and will laugh about my dream of the Great Beyond. But she didn't waken me. She sat down by my side and placed her hand on my head.

I opened my eyes and looked at her. Then I looked around the room. No pink furniture, no blue walls, no white rugs were to be seen. It must have been a dream.

"Thank God! She's passed the crisis. Now she'll be all right."

"Go to sleep, Shirley. All you need now is sleep and nourishment."

I closed my eyes again, but could not sleep. Had I really been so near death? Was that why they couldn't see me? Because I had not quite lost all life? Had I truly had a glimpse into the Great Beyond?

—B. M. S. C.—

I Live

I live to regret,
Some regret to live,
I live to forget,
Some forget to live.
I live to regret
The things I've said and done.
Some regret to live
Because life is not all fun.
I live to forget
The sorrows and wrongs done me.
Some forget to live
Because life's joys aren't free.
I live to mend my flaws.
What are you living for?

MARION RIDLEY.

THE MAIN ROOM

May it Linger in our Memories

The main room of the Maine School of Commerce is a very large study hall seating about one hundred and thirty students. The most important character in the room is Mr. Covell, with that famous sober expression on his face and a "fine book" in his hand. When Friday afternoon rolls around, things begin to get exciting. Mayo and Doble provide a good part of the chatter, Mitchell and Welch, the jokes, and Carpenter and Eaton, the love interest. Oh, yes, the adding machines add to the busy atmosphere.

The best examples of penmanship papers are hung up on the walls around the room. The hope of attaining this honor makes students struggle harder to become good penmen.

In the center of the room is a line of posts. These are great aids to people who don't want to study. All you have to do is get a seat behind one of those posts, and you won't be getting an invitation to go up to visit Mr. Covell.

Full-length windows take up the entire left wall of the room, while a blackboard covers the front wall. In the righthand corner of the room is a piano which is most popular during the period set aside for lunch. On the piano is a statue or rather part of a statue of the Winged Victory.

On the right side of the room is the door to the girls' cloakroom. Next in line are Room Nine and Room Eight. These room numbers have a special meaning to individuals of the student body. To some these numbers mean Law and Shorthand classes, while to others they mean Arithmetic and College Composition classes.

Next to the door that opens to Room Eight is the front entrance to the main room. Countless boys and girls have entered this door for the first time not knowing what was in store for them! It is safe to say that they were not disappointed in what they found. We shall pass through this door in June for the last time and we shall be sorry not only for ourselves but for those future students who will never see the old main room at 27 Columbia Street.

—B. M. S. C.—

The Night Watchman

What does he think—the night watchman,
When along the city streets
He totters, lantern in wrinkled hand,
And wearily repeats,
"Eight o'clock and all's well,"
And nods to all he meets?

"And all is well," he laughs in scorn,
"What cruel untruth I speak,
Today I lost my wife—oh God,
Where dwells the joy I seek?"
He calls again and stumbles on
To the river, cold and bleak.

"'Eight o'clock and all's well,"
His voice grows strained and small,
He hears the chimes of a distant bell,
As the waters rise and fall,
Then smiling, grim, he slides beneath,
And the waves close over all.

From the surface of the river,
As the waters rose and fell,
Came a cry that will live forever,
"Eight o'clock and all's well!"

—KAYE FAULKINGHAM

OPINIONS AND REMINISCENCES OF THE SENIOR NORMALS

As I sit here, feet propped comfortably on my study desk, typewriter balanced on one knee, I am prepared to immortalize for posterity what seem to me to have been the most important items of interest at M. S. C. for the past few years.

The disagreeable items of the years gone seem surrounded with a hazy mist. The many occurrences which then were very trying now cannot be accurately recalled. It is just as well, one does not like to be reminded of such things. Isn't it remarkable how the more pleasant things predominate in the memory?

Opening day was a unique experience. A stranger in a strange environment surrounded by strange faces. This feeling of awe soon waned as friendships began to be formed. A boy from Eastern Maine became pals with a fellow from Central Maine. A girl from Aroostook and a boy from the coast became sweethearts. And so the evolution continued. Representatives from hundreds of localities were merged into one group with similar ideals.

Each year saw a change of personalities. Each year saw new groups of intimate friendships formed. Each year saw gladness and sadness. It is interesting to note that this cycle of life will be continued after we have made our exit. But when we return, we shall read in the group then present, ourselves of the years of today.

* * * * * *

On my way back from school that first day, somewhere along the way I took a left instead of a right turn, and in a very short time I was hopelessly lost. Stupid of me, wasn't it? But I consoled myself with the thought that any stranger might easily become lost in a city of Bangor's size! After wandering blindly around for fifteen or twenty minutes, however, I was put on the right trail again by a kindly lady of whom I asked directions.

That night I wrote a woeful, tear-spotted letter to my mother, the theme of which was: "Oh, how I Wish I were *Home!*"

Three or four weeks passed. 'Tis said that it is the privilege of every young lady to change her mind, and I am no exception. It now gives me a guilty feeling to think that the foregoing were once *my* thoughts! Those unfamiliar faces had seen on my first day here were now familiar faces, and I might add that they were the faces of some very friendly and likeable creatures. Today I regard many of them as very close friends. They made me forget my loneliness and gave me the feeling that M. S. C. was truly a very fine school. I now considered myself indeed fortunate to be enrolled as one of the "apples" in Mr. Husson's barrell of students.

Parties, games, fines, plays, hikes, dances—yes, and studying too—what happy days I have spent here! What wonderfully good times I have experienced! The perfect friendshops I have made.

What ever I do or wherever Life's path shall lead me, I shall carry with me always the memory of my three years at M. S. C. To insure the memory doubly, reminders such as *Commerce Chatter, Chieftains,* scrap books of M. S. C. newspaper clippings, souvenirs such as Fraternity Frolics and play programs, gifts from the Sorority-dance Christmas tree, napkins from Sorority picnics, trinkets collected during the Boston trip, masques from the Hobo Ball, and many others will always keep the memories fresh and enable me to relive those happy years.

* * * * * *

If I had my three years back again, I'd try to be an ideal student for

Miss Tuomi by getting my regular work in on time and not keep her chasing me for work not yet passed in. I'd want to do my duty by Mr. Lunt, too. I never could remember what instructions he had given and I always had to ask him once or twice more. Mr. Husson was always reminding me that a lady wouldn't take two stairs at a time when coming to school at a business college. I used to have the "darnedest" luck, too—whenever I felt like singing or whistling, some business man was sure to be in the office and hear my off-key notes. Alas! Mr. Covell, I think, has wasted a lot of good paper on those foolish old fine slips. As long as the rest of the room was quiet and everybody else was working, I don't see why I couldn't whisper—just a little bit. And when I used to find out in class that my transcripts hadn't been corrected and that I couldn't test, I thought Mrs. Covell was being unfair. But she wasn't. I was the one who was wrong. Besides she had the papers to prove it.

If I had my three years at the beginning now, I wouldn't do all that. It caused too much work for all. I'd never forget to get my tardy slips signed and to get excused before I left the building. What a chump I was. The teachers have been more than fair with me. That's what makes me feel so very "short" at this time.

* * * * * *

My studies were pursued with all seriousness, and that is what gave me most of my enjoyment (with the exception of that terrible Public Speaking course) as I can truthfully say that I liked to study and especially when I had a definite goal to reach.

* * * * * *

To my way of thinking, the most outstanding thing here at Commerce is the caliber of our faculty. Their ability, personality, and interest is appreciated by every student. To us they are friends both individually and collectively.

* * * * * *

If M. S. C. should grow and one day become one of New England's leading business colleges—as undoubtedly it will—I will proudly say, "That is the school I attended!" But if circumstances should operate in the opposite manner, and M. S. C. should go out of existence and become practically unheard of by the future generation, I shall still be loud in my praise of the institution that was *"My school."*

* * * * * *

Keep up the good work, M. S. C. and I shall send my grandchildren and great-grandchildren to you for a business education.

MYSTERY IN PHILLY

As I alighted from the train at the Philadelphia railway station, a loud clamor greeted my ears. A large crowd of people milled about the train. A few buildings nearby were swaying back and forth, and automobiles jumped up and down as they were driven along the streets.

I was completely at a loss to know what this meant. Utterly dismayed, I asked a young man what had happened. He leered at me in a disgusted manner and walked away.

At this time I saw several men seated upon the shoulders of some members of the huge gathering. They waved their hats at the crowd, which excited this group (of morons, I was sure) into a frenzy.

I grabbed a newsboy by the shoulder and asked him what caused the great disturbance. He merely held up a paper with screaming headlines. I was taken aback at what I read and shouted "Impossible!" as I gave him a coin.

I was greatly relieved, however, to find the explanation. It seems that the Philadelphia Phillies had captured the National League pennant.

THORNTON PARSONS.

Death

Death must hold more lovely things
Than just the dark and sad it brings.
There must be hidden beauty there,
For death alone; it is not fair.
There must be gold up in those clouds
To set off all those dismal shrouds.
There must exist a finer place
Where people there can always face
The tenderest love and the warmest hearts,
And, where they shall be apart
From all the pains this earth does bring.
Yes, death must be a lovely thing.

This powerful mystic beauty, death,
Stirred our hearts like the last drawn breath
Of the cool night breeze at close of day,
It took a valued friend away.
It plucked him from our very sight,
And on the silent wings of night
It swept him with it, on its flight.
He's gone to rest where all's eternal peace,
Where all heartaches, pains and sorrows cease,
Where joy the live long day will bring,
Yes, death must be a lovely thing.

MARION RIDLEY.

This poem was written in memory of Herbert Gray, a classmate, who died as a result of a fall received while climbing a mountain in the Glacier National Park in Colorado.

—B. M. S. C.—

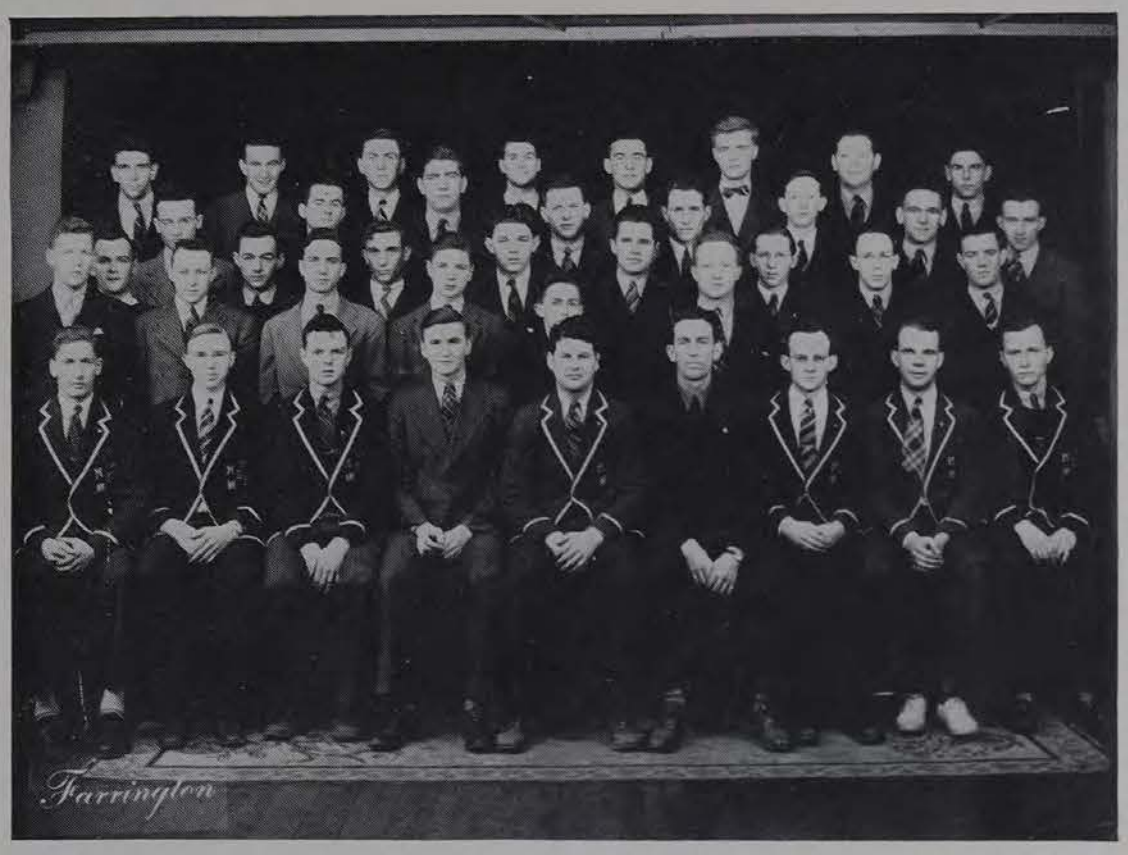
And a Loon Laughed

Around me stretched a wide expanse of black,
Disturbed but by the whisper of a breeze
And tiny, fairy, star-reflected lights,
Which gamboled in a mad attempt to tease
The blackness of the shore-line. High above,
The star-filled dome was but a background for
A cardboard moon, bewhiskered by a cloud—
And, feeling strangely small, I watched in awe.
The night was still, but for the constant drip
Of water from my oar, and for the sound
Of swelling sea upon the bow, that ruled
The swaying of my boat. I stared around
In eager searching, as the wailing cry
Made by a lonely loon, came from my right
And chilled my soul; while at my left
A maniacal answer filled the night
With mystery I could not fathom then,
Or ever hope to know. The line that hung
A-quiver from the boat-side caught my eye,
And, wiggled in a mad confusion, flung
From side to side by some fantastic power.
It brought me upright, all enchantment gone.
The night, the sky, were only setting for
A drama. Throbbing with a madness, born
Within me, carefully I played the line—
Now letting out, now easing in, until
The silver, flashing, gasping, finny prey
Was at my feet, a lovely, five-pound thrill.
The sea, mysterious and vast no more
Slid by on wings beneath me, as I plied
My oars and made for darkened shore,
My chest expanded with a giant pride.
I beached the boat, and grasped the slip'ry prize
Which founded all the breathlessness that burned
Within me. Then I felt a thousand eyes
Upon my back, and, wondering, I turned.
A thousand diamonds sparkled there, and seemed
To grin, or wink with mischief at my plight,
The moon so strangely slid behind a cloud
It seemed to hide a smile, while to my right
A loon cried—or laughed?

KAYE FAULKINGHAM.

AUTISM





MU SIGMA CHI

On October 3, 1939, the Mu Sigma Chi Fraternity held its first meeting. Three officers from last year were still present. They were Lawrence Davies, president; Millard Foss, vice-president; and James Buck, treasurer. LeRoy Derby, last year's secretary, was succeeded in office by Quinton Gray. At the meeting an invitation from Mr. Husson to meet at his home was accepted. Any gathering at 59 Savage is always a success. This was no exception.

On November 1, the third regular meeting gave consideration to the admitting of new members. The initiation committee, consisting of James Buck, chairman; Wendall Marr, Lawrence Davies, Harry Collins, and Liston Lewis was appointed.

On November 8, seventeen boys were voted memberships, thirteen of whom were accepted. These boys all had acquired the combined scholastic and participation average necessary for membership. Their initiation was held at a local Grange hall where an enjoyable evening was had by those of us not on the "receiving end." The formal initiation was preceded by the best supper ever enjoyed by a fraternity gathering.

January 3, 1940, being the first meeting of the new year, was devoted to electing new officers. These were: James Buck, president; Millard Foss, vice-president; Quinton Gray, secretary; and Halbert Stevens, treasurer. They have carried on efficiently all year. It was at this meeting that the fraternity made arrangements to contribute its share to the social life of the school. A committee consisting of Arthur Derby, chairman, Hal Stevens, Henry Dircksen, Harry Collins, and Stan Logan was appointed to make arrangements for the January dance.

The second annual initiation was planned on February 14. Thirteen names voted on and eleven were accepted. This initiation was held at a local dance hall under the direction of Clarence Weatherbee, L. W. Davies, Harry Collins, and Raymond Nichols. The supper was in charge of Gordon Cook and Quint Gray.

On March 6, we first gave consideration to the popular Fraternity Frolics. Arrangements were made to present the show on March 28, but because of the Easter holiday, the show was postponed to April 4.

(Continued on Page Eighty)



Miriam Steeves

EPSILON TAU EPSILON

The year 1939-40 began October 3 when we had our first meeting and elected the following officers:

President.....Beryl Crosby
Vice-President.....Florence Clifford
Secretary.....Ina Anderson
Treasurer.....Shirley Drew
Marshal.....Mary Tremaine

(It was necessary to vote four times to choose for Marshal, Mary or Shirley Barker.)

The season has been just one big thing after another. After just two meetings we wound up in a party—"a hamburger feed" it was, at Ruth Kelliher's cottagt at Verona. Mrs. Husson and Miss Swan were present, as well as a flock of members. (And can Miss Swan fry good hamburgers!) And can Quint eat 'em.—You probably are wondering how any boys rated a Sorority party, and a lot of other people were wondering the same thing. Can we help it if it took Quint Gray, Lawrence Madden and Jimmy Buck to get us there?

Before October was over, we had decided to have the Christmas Dance, had received invitations to the homes of Mrs. Husson and Miss Tuomi, had started reading a novel, and were well on our way to many good times.

On November 14 we enjoyed a very delicious spaghetti supper at Mrs. Husson's. Besides playing games and having Miss Tuomi read our palms (we had to stop her when she told so much truth about us), we were fortunate in seeing part of Mr. Husson's fine coin collection. We certainly had a grand time.

After 38 bids were given out and initiation passed on, our roll call had reached the "50 mark." Mary Tremaine accommodated us with the use of her home for our initiation.

We were pleased to send Miss Elizabeth Collins a gift before she journeyed on to her new job. We received a most interesting reply from her.

The annual St. Nick's Dance of December 21 was a huge success—with good ole Santa and *all* the trimmings.

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Arthur R. Gerber
Newport, Me.



DRAMATIC CLUB

One of the most entertaining organizations at the Maine School of Commerce is the Dramatic Club. A word of praise should be given those who participate and give up their leisure time for the plays.

A few years ago a rule was made that anyone wishing to join the Club would either have to earn a part in a play, or sell a certain number of tickets to receive membership.

The officers of the Dramatic Club this year are:

President.....Shirley Drew
Vice President.....Beryl Crosby
Treasurer.....Mary Tremaine
Secretary.....Sherwood Herring

The first activity of the year put on by the Dramatic Club was the Hobo- Masque Ball on November 2. This took place at the Roseland Ballroom with music by Paul Monaghan and his Orchestra.

The first play of the year, presented at the Dorothy Memorial on December 7, was *Tish* by Alice Chadwick. The cast gave an excellent performance and it was thought to be one of the best plays ever put on by the Dramatic Club. Tish was afflicted with a very bad cold but that didn't hinder her romantic moments with Lem nor her mixing in everyone's business. Inez Morgan's stuffing had everyone nearly in hysterics, especially the way it hung over the edges of her chair, but that didn't prevent her flirting outrageously with Lem, even after she'd spurned his offer of marriage. Someone rushed the lines along so fast that Barb Libbey was cheated out of her pet line. Barb Smith's Dr. Denton pajamas brought down the house. The following people participated:

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COMMERCE CHATTER

The Commerce instrument of communication made its spasmodic appearance during the school year of 1939-40 with its first publication at Thanksgiving.

The year's work was administered by Editor-in-chief Quinton E. Gray from Prospect, and Lawrence W. Davies from Bangor, Asst. Editor.

We feel that these issues have been a great help in getting students acquainted. The "Who's Who" column by Shirley Drew of Bangor and Ellen Daisey of Millinocket has served to let the student body know the past, present, and future hopes of their fellow classmates.

The gossip or slander column, "The Snoop," and "Walter Winchell, Jr.," were handled by Avis Robertson, Belfast and Mary Waugh, Washburn, for the former and Editors Gray and Davies for the latter. Some of the personalities mentioned in these columns at times felt abused and held grudges. It now is all in the past and everyone is happy. Everything was intended in the spirit of fun.

News of our athletic ambassadors was put forth by Ina Anderson of Thomaston, for the girls, and Hale Joy of Ellsworth for the boys.

Florence Clifford, Garland, with her fluent style of writing, handled our editorial department, setting forth ideas and suggestions for the betterment of all.

Attempts at humor were made in the joke column by Beryl Crosby of Bangor.

What little music news we published was written by Raymond Orcutt of Ashland.

An important group who have cooperated with us are the typists. Their work has been appreciated greatly. Many thanks to them.

Social news was complied by Mary Tremaine of Bangor. This embodied reports of our many interesting dances and parties.

The cover designs, as well as the pictures and lettering within the issue, were made by Barbara Drew of Brewer who was always ready with something new and original.

Everything considered, the year has been successful though at times things were a bit trying, especially the tendency to put things off later than the last minute.. Good luck to the Chatter Staff of next year!

SOCIALS

The Social functions at M. S. C. started October 5, with the King of Swing, Paul Monaghan, and his orchestra, at the dance sponsored by the Men's A. A. There was a record crowd and everyone was in the mood for dancing and getting acquainted. We saw many new faces and renewed our friendships with the old. We only hope that all our school parties will be as successful as this one.

The second party of the year took place in the Roseland Ballroom on November 2. This party, sponsored by the Dramatic Club, called out all the hobos of M. S. C. (even Mr. and Mrs. Covell). Everyone had on his worst costume and with a mask and all we had quite a time identifying each other. A prize was given for the best costume. Ruth Coombs took the prize for the girls with a costume made of burlap bags with nails for buttons. George Thibodeau, dressed as a hobo in an old pair of trousers and a swallow-tail coat, won the prize for the boys. George Thibodeau and Ruth Coombs also won the prize waltz, while Barb Libbey and Quint Gray captured the jitterbug contest prize. The "Skootch Dance" was another feature which brought many a laugh from everyone, and Miss Tuomi alternately worried and amused people with her palm-reading.

The next party of the year was a Card Fest which took place November 16 at M. S. C. The W. A. A. were the sponsors. There was a good crowd and everyone enjoyed himself. Prizes were awarded Bud Foss, Mrs. Anna Ross, John Eddy, Helen Curran, Priscilla Ross, Alice Lampher, Barbara Drew, Charles Ross, Jr., Florence Clifford, Annie Arsenault, and Edwin Mason.

The Christmas dance was, as usual, given by the sorority and was held December 21 at the Anah Temple Hall on Columbia Street. Charlie Ross was official Santa Claus, and he had a gift for everyone. We were all happy, especially with the thoughts of next week's vacation.

Mu Sigma Chi ran a successful dance January 23. Paul Monaghan and his band were the merry-makers and did they do their stuff! There was a good crowd and we are sure everyone was happy.

We have had several assemblies during the year. The first assembly was held on a Wednesday afternoon in October, during which four moving pictures were shown. These films were brought to the school through the efforts of E. L. Merriman of the New England Telephone & Telegraph Company. The first film showed each part of the telephone and how it is put together. The second movie, "Communication," showed various tools used in the telephone business and the efficiency with which each is applied in cases of emergency. "A Hurricane Challenge" was the third and most interesting, which showed the damage done by the hurricane of over a year ago. The main point was to show cooperation of telephone companies in all states. "A New Voice for Mr. X" was the title of the last movie.

We had another assembly in March which was very interesting. Movies were shown illustrating how sugar cane is raised, the way it is harvested, and the final process of refining.

MEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The first meeting of the Men's A. A. was called by last year's president, James Buck. Officers for the year were elected as follows: James Buck, President; Millard Foss, Vice-president; Hale Joy, Secretary; and Ceylon Kingsbury, Treasurer.

Plans were begun immediately to sponsor the first school dance of the year. Under the auspices of the committee chairman, Arthur Derby, the dance was one of the most sucessful of the season.

As Coach Gattrell looked over basketball prospects, he noticed eight or ten rather shabby-appearing uniforms. As a result, at the next meeting of the Men's A. A., it was decided to purchase ten new uniforms for the varsity hoopsters. This is the largest undertaking the Association has ever shouldered at one time.

The remainder of the year the Athletic Association has done little but sit back and boast of the pair of fine records of M. S. C.'s men's basketball teams.

—B. M. S. C.—

WOMEN'S A. A.

The Women's Athletic Association is divided into two groups, basketball and hiking.

The women interested in these sports met in October to organize for the coming year.

Since that time, the Women's A. A. has been very active. Besides the heavy basketball schedule, a card fest, a ring raffle, and a classification game have been conducted. New basketball suits and warm-up jackets were purchased with the proceeds.

The following girls hold the offices of the organization: President, Beryl Crosby; vice president, Ina Anderson; secretary, Virginia Webster; treasurer, Iris McFarland.

ATHLETICS





HOCKEY LOG

A Men's A. A. meeting was held on a Wednesday for the benefit of hockey. Coach Owen Osbourne spoke at this meeting, telling his plans for a hockey team and all those interested to report at practice the following week. At first practice, the ice on the river was covered with snow, and after clearing, it was very rough. The hockey season threatened by bad ice on the river, we decided a hockey rink would be necessary for us to schedule games with other teams. This matter was placed before Mr. Husson. He started our new rink by giving us boards to build the sides, Coach Osbourne located a place, and we had the privilege to build this rink in a field close to the Webber Motor Company on Hammond Street.

Coach Osbourne took charge of the construction, and the hockey players worked in building the sides when time permitted. By the first of January the rink was completed, thanks to Coach and Nickerson, who worked very hard to give us a rink that we could call the M. S. C. Hockey Rink. This rink also included a small house for our team and visiting teams to change into their hockey equipment. Late in January, lights were installed so that we could play at night.

Now that the ice is gone and there will be no more hockey for another year, the men who enjoy their hockey so much can only talk over last year's season and look ahead to the prospects for next year. And the prospects look good, too, for already there is talk of new uniforms and new equipment. There will be a better team, too, because the men who will be coming back next year will carry with them this year's experience.

SCHEDULE FOR 1939 AND 1940

Where Played		Date	Op.	M. S. C.
Away	Rockland	Jan. 7	7	3
Away	Camden	Jan. 13	3	5
Home	Rockland	Jan. 17	5	3
Away	Bapst	Jan. 21	0	3
Home	Camden	Jan. 27	3	5
Home	Brewer	Feb. 5	3	13
Home	Bapst	Feb 7	0	11
Home	Brewer	Feb. 12	3	9
Away	Madison	Feb. 14	1	6
Away	Camden	Feb. 17	1	0
Away	Hebron	Feb. 26	7	1
Home	Bapst	Mar. 4	1	4

SCORERS IN ORDER

1. Orcutt
2. Sawyer
3. Morgrage
4. Buck
5. Welch

LETTERS

Orcutt, Sawyer, Buck, Goode, Welch, Eaton, Mallett.

Best of luck with future teams. Hale Joy



BOYS' VARSITY BASKETBALL

Because of the omission of football, M. S. C. got an early start down the basketball road this year. Around the first of November, our coach, Pete Gattrell, issued a call for basketball men. About thirty-five eagerly responded, and practice soon got under way. After the first night of practice, most of the boys were ready for bed, and I do mean bed. Coach Gattrell seemed to have picked up quite a knowledge of calisthenics somewhere, and before we even saw a basketball, two weeks were spent in limbering up. Oh, yes, after two weeks of running, duck-waddling, relay races and other exercises, some were wondering why they had ever left home. But looking back we can now realize that it was for our own good; so we hold no grudges.

Next in line came shooting and passing practice. After about a week of this we began to ease into some short scrimmages, some of these being with teams around the Y., but most of them with out own teams. By that time the main squad that had reported had been cut into three squads—the Varsity, the Junior Varsity A, and the Junior Varsity B.

In the first cut the following boys were on the varsity squad: J. Buck, D. Giggey, P. Giggey, B. Mackay, H. Joy, S. Peterson, H. Stevens, D. Glencross, L. Lewis, and C. Leland.

Coach Gattrell's idea was to have two teams equally as strong so that he could use a shifting system. But as the season progressed, a new varsity squad had to be arranged because of losing some of the first-string men. The making over of the squad saw J. Buck, B. Mackay, D. Giggey, P. Giggey, H. Joy, S. Peterson, H. Homer, T. Floros, E. Chambers, and D. Coffin in varsity suits.

Our regular schedule started November 28 and continued through to the last of February. Mentor Gattrell deserves much credit for the list of games that he obtained. We had three out-of-state trips that gave much pleasure (ask the boys). The first of these was a four-day trip into Massachusetts; the second, a two-day trip to Canada; and the last was a two-day trip to New Hampshire. May we call a time out long enough to express our thanks to Pete and the Chief, who made these trips possible?

Many things happened during the year, but space permits only the most important; so here they are: Besides having the best record for the last four or five years, we also came close

(Continued on Page Eighty-Eight)



BOYS' J. V. BASKETBALL

This year because of the large number of boys reporting for basketball, Coach Gattrell planned to have two J. V. teams, each playing quite a few games. After the first varsity squad had been picked, the remaining boys were separated into two teams, the J. V. A. and J. V. B. After some of the boys from the J. V. A. were taken on the varsity squad, the A. and B. teams were more or less combined. By this procedure, most of the boys on both A. and B. were enabled to play at least a part of every game.

Not to be outdone by the varsity in straight wins, these two J. V. teams proceeded to go through their entire schedule without a loss. The only thing left for us to say is, "Congratulations, boys, you did swell."

Their victories included wins over the following teams:

Bangor T. S.
Brooks H. S.
Sullivan H. S.
Orono J. V.'s.
La Grange H. S.
Carmel H. S.
Blue Hill H. S.
Pemetic J. V.'s.
Washington Academy

Following are the boys who received letters for J. V. basketball: W. Marr, B. Hartford, S. Logan, A. Derby, W. Hamel, and O. Marden.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Early in October, M. S. C.'s new girls' coach, Miss Clara Swan, took a squint at the score or more recruits that tumbled out for basketball, turned a little white around the gills, and wondered vaguely where to begin. There were short ones, tall ones, fat ones, skinny ones, green ones, from practically every part of the good old Pine Tree State, almost every one with a different conception of this game—basketball. Well, where she began, or how she did it, remains her own precious secret, but by the middle of the season, Coach Swan was fervently murmuring that she wouldn't swap *one* of her M. S. C. Squaws for *any* man's gold.

With a schedule of 21 games, some of them played three in succession, we came up against some of the best girls' teams in the state—teams made up of gals who've played together since grammar school, and who knew all the tricks in the trade. Brewer, Fairfield, Brownville Junction, Ricker, and Stearns all met their match in the fighting green-clad Commerce team that didn't stop giving its all until the last whistle blew. Maybe those flashy satin suits that made such a hit at all the home games had something to do with it; who knows?

The second team can't be ignored by any means, with two victories out of three games, namely Blue Hill and Gilman. Little Betty Cook fooled 'em with a swell display of grit and fight, while Mary Rokel, high scorer, Ina Anderson, Katie Russell, Virginia Webster, and Rosie Tuck went right to town on all three floors. Four varsity squad members, Glenna Ward, Beryl Crosby, Faye MacDonald, and Kaye Faulkingham, also did their bit in the second team games.

A few unforgettable incidents might be listed, as the delightful eat-fest after the game at Northeast Harbor, Rosie's haunting lullabies in the back of the beach-wagon, the coffee and doughnuts at Luchini's, the multi-colored suits at Blue Hill, and, last but not least, Barrel's puny puns.

Coming back to the varsity, we take the liberty of mentioning some of the high spots of the trips and some of the low-down we've scraped

(Continued on next page)



up on the illustrious personnel. We knew that versatile Captain Eleanor Libby and Kaye Faulkingham wavered from forward to guard and from guard back to forward, but whod's have thunk that star-guards Mitchell and Mayo would worm-turn on us and start popping 'em in, out there at LaGrange. And speaking of Mitchell, we'll never forget those luscious chocolate cakes her Mom sent us down, or the grand time we had at the Mitchell abode at the end of the season. (Yum!)

The Calais trip was another one of those things—with Barrel and Cookie slinging the puns, Quint and Arlene (Manager) Vose keeping the gang in stitches, and a peachy time had by all. The Alumnae game was one of the strangest ever witnessed, with Coach Swan, Whelpley, Burns, and a half-dozen whizzing around, swapping places, and taking all the time-outs they could get their hands on to keep from breaking under the strain. In spite of their flashy long shots, a 22-22 tie score showed 'em that old age is hardly competition for youth, even though experience is a great teacher. Cora Scott, our gold-mine forward, saved the day more than once, piling up the score to a win at Southwest Harbor, and Coomb and Pipes, the inseperables, shot the one-handed points.

The fateful trip to Stearns High will long haunt the dreams of nine members of the varsity squad. Coombsie without a suit; Cookie's car (?) with a flat and no jack; 7:30 in Millinocket and Coach without a team; a veritable slaughter of both teams on a blood-spattered field; a five-point defeat; a frozen radiator and ten miles of up-hills; a broken bumper and Red lugging water for the radiator in a pint pitcher; and at length we rolled in, half frozen and dead on our feet, at 2:00 Saturday A. M.

The Belfast trip was about the most thrilling of all, both M. S. C. teams taking the honors with 1 and 2 point margins. The girls' game was as fast and hard-fought as any played. The grand finale was a "fill 'er up" at Whitcomb's Restaurant afterwards.



THE HIKING CLUB

The Hiking Club was organized early in the year under the supervision of Miss Swan. Thirty-seven members enrolled and from these thirty-seven members were elected two captains—Barbara Drew and Olive Blodgett.

During the fall, many hikes were enjoyed, but during the cold weather they seemed to be limited. The most enjoyable hikes seemed to be in the evening and on Sunday.

The one outstanding hike for the season so far is the fourteen-mile hike to Brewer Lake.

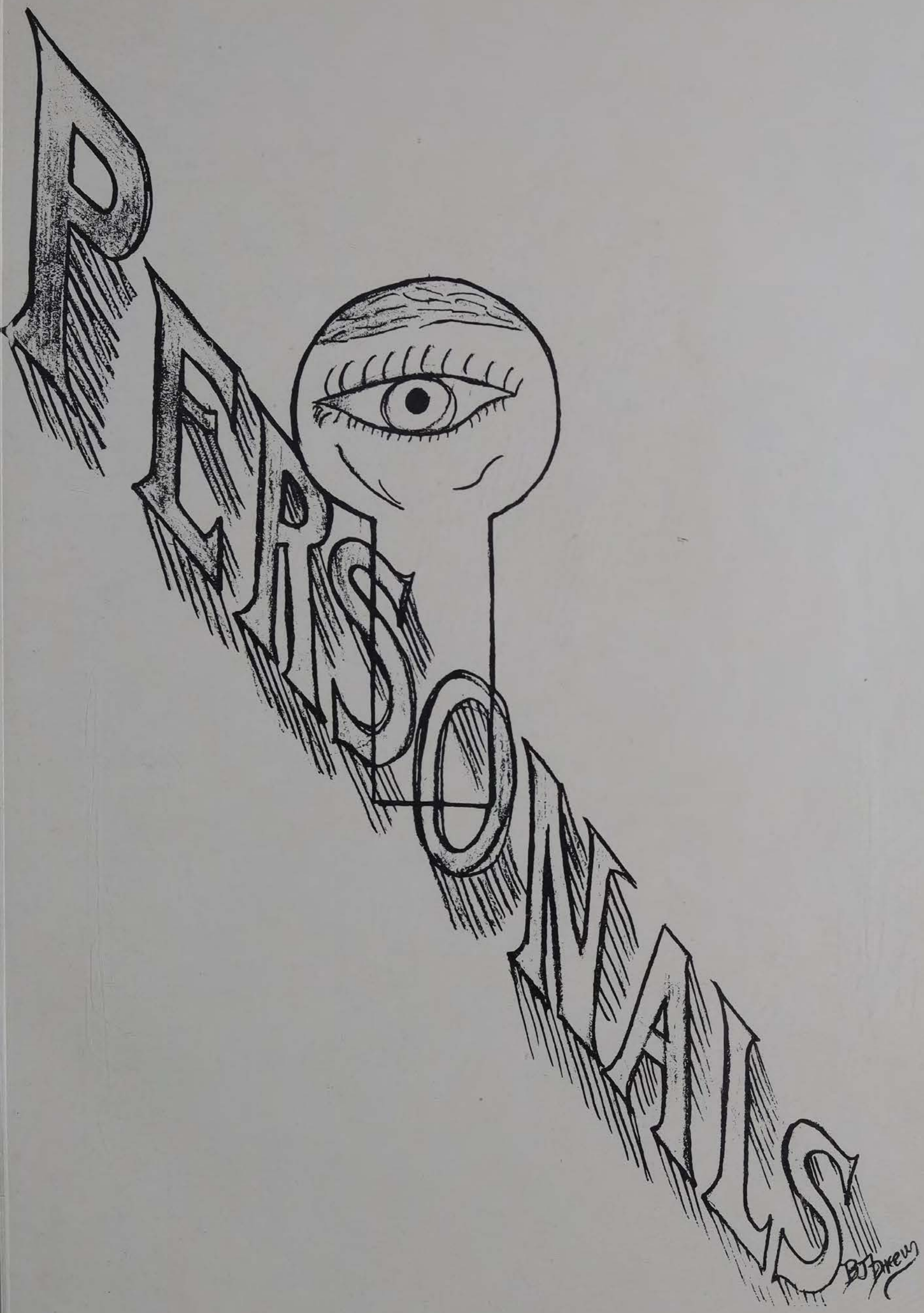
Below are some of the different places hiked:

Eastern Maine General Hospital.
Hammond Street Carline.
City Waterworks.
Airport.
Penny Hike.
Brewer High School.
Prout's Dog House in Hampden.
Kenduskeag Avenue.
Brewer Lake.
Brewer.
Outer State Street.

Plans have been made for many more short hikes, picnics, and most of all an over-night hike—some real fun!

As several girls have hiked nearly forty miles, the required number of miles before receiving a letter, many letters will be awarded at the end of the hiking season.

The present members are as follows: Barbara Drew, Olive Blodgett, Alice Lanpher, Constance Beals, Trudell Chambers, Anna McNeil, Florence Webster, Margaret Nichols, Ina Anderson, Helen Alexander, Beatrice Belanger, Melba McNeill, Virginia Webster, Dorothy Hatch, Virginia Mitchell, Iris McFarland, Edna Davidson, Marylyn Cox, Ruby McKenney, and Jerry Ramsdell.


PERSONALS
BJ Drew

GRAY'S ELEGY

(With Due Apologies)

On a Little Street in Singapore I met a fellow called *The Snake Charmer.* His favorite dish was *Clarinet Marmalade* while his brother, *The Shiek of Araby,* who lived in a small *Chinatown,* insisted on *The Lady in Red.* Her favorite flower seemed to be a *Honeysuckle Rose.* After bidding *Good-Bye* to this part of the country I saw a *Sunrise in Siam* while *Posing* in the *Twilight in Turkey.*

Traveling in my airplane, *Stardust,* I soon reached *America,* glided out of *My Blue Heaven* and landed somewhere *Between 18th and 19th on Chestnut Street.* I heard someone saying, *"Keep Your Sunny Side Up,"* and it was none other than *Sweet Georgia Brown.* Alas, *My Prayer* had been answered. She was clothed in a dress that was *Deep Purple* in color. Her *Hot Lips* met mine and soon she was *Whispering, "Oh Johnny, Stop! It's Wonderful!!"*

Suddenly I saw someone *In the Gloaming* and said timidly, *"Don't Look Now But Isn't That Your Husband?"* She answered coyly, *"No, No, A Thousand Times No! Now It Can Be Told."* The someone turned out to be *The Little Man Who Wasn't There* when it came to *Making Love With a Guitar.* That afternoon we had *Cocktails for Two* and went *Stomping at the Savoy.* The *Drummer Man* in the orchestra stole the show with his *Symphony in Riffs* that seemed to me nothing but a plain *Crescendo in Drums.* We took a short *One O'Clock Jump* across the street to chew on *A Sentimental Sandwich.*

After this we went *Strolling Along* home. This was the *Starlit Hour* and to show my love I tried to *Shake Down the Stars.* Those *Three Little Words* she whispered were sweet music to my ears.

It was *Three O'Clock in the Morning* when she murmured, *"Show Me the Way to Go Home."* I answered, *"It's a Wonderful World* but *What's the Matter With Me?* I'm just getting *In the Mood."* She immediately replied, *"Oh Promise Me* you won't *Let Yourself Go."* "Well," I replied, *"If I Had My Way* we could just say *Mr. and Mrs. Is the Name."* Naturally she won out; so I left her at her *Penthouse on Park Avenue.* We shared *A Kiss in the Dark* and as I left she said, "My telephone number is *Bryant 709* and my address will be found on page *720 in the Book.*

I reached my *Home Sweet Home,* stepped into the house, and when I slammed the door, *The Sky Fell Down.* Was it my *Imagination? Could Be!* I decided *to Get Out of Town* while I was still *Footloose and Fancy Free* 'cause *No Strings, No Connections* isn't the way *The Object of My Affections* sees it. Anyway, I'm more or less tangled up in *Polka Dots and Moonbeams.* So long folks, and many happy *Memories of You.*

QUINTON GRAY.

Personal Tragedy

A dance tonight!
I hopefully cried,
And just as I did
A poster I spied,
A pretty white sign
With letters that read,
"Forget that old adage
Early to bed,"
Go home and get dressed,
Then come to the hall
To enjoy the Firemen's
Annual Ball,"
I read it again
To be sure I was right
About the sign,
And the dance that night,
Sure enough,
There was a dance
Home I ran,
Jumped into my pants.
The thought of a dance,
Made me full of zest
So I slipped on a shirt,
And put on my vest.
As I laced up my shoes,
What next, thought I,
I combed my hair,
My gosh! my tie,
I rushed to my room,
And put it on,
Then quick as a wink,
My coat I did don,
Down over the stairs,
With a terrible clack,
Tripped over the dog,
Ow! my back.
On to my feet, I hastily rose,
Put on my scarf,
And the rest of my clothes.
Then out into the cold,
I finally went,
Ready to dance,
Till my head was bent,
I took two steps,
On that slippery ice,
And then I went down,
Not once, but twice.
Once more I got up
Onto my feet,
Those falls had bent me,
Yet I still wasn't beat.
To the hall, I quickly sped,
Only to find a sign,
Which read:
"Band unable to reach the hall,
Call off the Annual Firemen's Ball."
After all the trouble I'd had
That night,
This horrible news just couldn't
Be right.
To the chief of the department,
I finally went,
Only to find a note had
Been sent.
I'm not quite sure,
But I think it said,
All of the ochestra,
Sick in bed.
So there's the tale of my
Dreadful plight,
Which ended in going to
No dance that night.

HALE JOY.

—B. M. S. C.—

On Socks

It happened on a stormy night,
This tale I tell of yore;
The daughter of old Squire Grime
Was turned 'way from his door.

Quoth Grime, "You can't come back again
Until you promise give
To give up wearing knee-length socks
As long as you shalt live.

When Isabella Took a Ride

'Twas in the year of ninety-two
When Columbus and his men
Took Isabella for a ride
And called it just a spin.

The first-mate sat and watched his men
And Isabelle grew frantic
She knew that if the crew got tight
They'd never cross the 'Lantic.

FORDY

Fordy is a jolly fellow. He sputters along over bumps, up hills, down hills, and doesn't seem to mind a bit. When he is overloaded he groans a little, but he keeps right on going.

He's nourisnment isn't given to him in large quantities because he really does not need much. As long as the indicator bounces he's good for another mile or so.

He doesn't take a bath very often, because he figures that it will rain soon anyway.

He is the source of much amusement as well as much controversy. Everyone laughs when he sees him coming but no one refuses to take advantage of him. His good nature is renowned. He'll take anyone anywhere and not have it put him out in any way. Everyone clamors for the use of him; for when he is not around someone always needs him.

The winter is a hard time for Fordy. He freezes up, and his battery wears out; he is in general poor health. His eyes are bad; therefore he stays in many nights. He loses most of his popularity in the winter for he is a hard person to get along with. He loses his side curtains and catches all the snow that blows in around his window. He can't carry as many people in the winter as he could in the summer because his little back seat is too cold. The only advantage he has over other people of his race is the ability to keep from bumping into trees and getting stuck in the snow.

Summer or winter, he is my best friend although many times he has played tricks on me and made me walk.

Would you like to meet Fordy?

—B. M. S. C.—

The Hit Parade

Little Fraternity Pin.....M. Stephenson
Two Loves Have I.....J. Buck
It's Funny to Everyone But Me.....H. Joy
The Little Man Who Wasn't There, L. Lewis
I Got Rhythm.....C. Titcomb
One, Two, Three Kick.....D. Glencross
Mr. Ghost Goes to Town.....
.....Chief (Frat. Frolics)
Faithful Forever.....
.....B. Mackay and M. O'Connell
I Ain't Got Nobody.....Q. Gray
Ya Got Me.....Mr. Covell
Hector, the Garbage Collector.....Janitors
Sweetheart of M. S. C......B. Libbey
This is My First Affair.....H. Eaton
Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.....Boys' Room
I've Got My Eyes on You.....Mr. Covell
Scatterbrain.....C. Ross
You're a Lucky Guy.....G. Luckey
I'm Just Wild About Harry.....V. Roberts
Waiting at the Gate for Katy.....H. Joy
Show Me the Way to Go Home.....Cookie
In Love With a Beautiful Nurse.....T. Rice
Jimmy Had a Nickel.....J. Buck
I'm a Killer-Diller.....G. Thibodeau
What Have You Got That Gets Me.....M. S. C.

M. S. C.

We Drew a Goode deep breath . . . Hale, Joy! With the Townsend Act in September we Gott a Carr (two in fact, an Austin and a Nash), a Butler, three Cooks, a *Chambers*-maid, and a Harry Collins. And the Goode Lord Towle us it was a Luckey day with Mallet Tippin' a victory—an un*Marred* Patten. These Perley days are Shur like a Weatherbee in a Rosebush, Tish! Tish!

The *Homsteaders Fossed* us Tremaine after *Tear*ful midyears foreclosed by a Morgrage. No Merchant Banks to draw Bucks from and none from *Home*-r-er, it meant no Mower Welch rarebit, but Beans and Rice and *Kip*ered Herring!

We were green with envy to see such notables as King Sbury, Queen Elizabeth, Prince Elbert, and Lady Priscilla, but Lady Optimist Cox her head on one side and bids us "S*bruce* up." So *Mary*ly we sing a Carol, for Wil-lett no schedule Tuck us down-Ward.

Great Scott! This may be our Swan song unless we Hatch up an Alley-by for our J. B. Bryant & Co. sets are Nealley Gray with Ashes.

ANDERSON AND CLIFFORD.

—B. M. S. C.—

Pet Sayings of Pet People

"Holy Old Smuckering"..... D. Giggey
"Question, Please"..... J. Buck
"Here 'tis"..... M. Stephenson
"To a greater or lesser degree"..... R. Lunt
"Woodcock, come to desk"..... Mr. Covell
"Pardon me all to h . . ."..... Cookums
"Hale, where's Bruce?"..... M. O'Connell
"But Definitely"..... P. Clement
"Connie Did it"..... C. Leavitt
"Happy Turkey"..... B. Libbey
"Hi! Chicken"..... A. Woodcock
"Oh! Oh! Wow!"..... E. Chambers
"So help me"..... T. Dempsey
"I'm coming, Virginia"..... W. Marr
"Whut?"..... S. Peterson
"Phooey on Dooey"..... R. Hagerman
"What's that"..... B. MacDonald
"Mind Ya!"..... M. Waugh
"Listen Soaks . . . I mean Folks . . ."..... "Chief" Husson
"You slay me"..... E. Gott
"Oh! Gosh"..... T. Chambers
"My Golly"..... P. Pipes
"Oh Dear"..... B. Cook
"Fuddedud"..... R. Washburn
"Gee Whiz"..... A. Lanpher
"Hi Hags"..... N. Lewis
"When do we eat?"..... D. Coffin
"Oh, Mr. Doolee"..... A. Webber
"Shucks"..... A. Derby
"Hi Ho Silver"..... R. Coombs
"Had an aunt that way once"..... R. Sawyer
"Let's play 500"..... H. Stevens
"Hello, Blossom"..... G. Luckey
"So what."..... O. Blodgett
"I'll be trotten"..... E. Jewett
"Twiddle Dee Dee"..... D. Smith

LUSCIOUS LIMERICKS

There was a young man named Covell,
Who hadn't a heart, I could tell.
He sat there at times
Just writing out fines
And putting them on the school bill.

—B. M. S. C.—

There was a young fellow named Glen
Who was so nice looking, Ah then!
With the girls he scored all
At the Fireman's Ball.
Just ask him and he'll tell you when.

—B. M. S. C.—

There was a young fellow named Stan
Who was as big as a van.
He played basketball
And that was not all
With girls, just imagine—you can?

—B. M. S. C.—

There was a young man named Marr
Whose mind did stray very far.
But he had to play pranks
When he took home his ranks
And showed them to his Ma and Pa.

—B. M. S. C.—

There is a young lady named Faye
Who comes from far up Houlton way.
She has a nice smile,
And tries all the while
To make her friends happy and gay.

—B. M. S. C.—

There was a young lady named Libbey
Who practiced the art of ad libbing.
'Nto English she burst,
The wrong words came first,
And she won herself a good ribbing.

—B. M. S. C.—

There was a young gent named Derb,
To him the strange thoughts occurred.
To Buck and to Gray
He said, "Now let us pray
That we never get left on the curb."

—B. M. S. C.—

There was a young fellow named Peter
Who always with Paul liked to teeter.
Said Peter to Paul
Watch out or we'll fall
And that always is hard on the seater.

—B. M. S. C.—

There was a teacher named Swan,
For basketball she was certainly born.
Her ideas were supreme,
For building a team
And the girls all tried to respond.

—B. M. S. C.—

Forgiveness they say, is divine
But I think it must be a line,
For when someone feels tough
And starts to get rough,
A. Covell just slaps on a fine.

—B. M. S. C.—

There was a young fellow named Gray
Who always was laughing and gay
He had friends galore
And made more and more.
Please tell us your secret some day.

SLIGHTLY FOGGY

After Rip's long sleep he got along well with his wife because she wasn't around.

—B. M. S. C.—

In Business Letters Class, discussing selling points for motor oil—"An extra quart a mile."

—B. M. S. C.—

Her curls are tangible (tangled).

—B. M. S. C.—

I will bisect the angels.

—B. M. S. C.—

After visit to State Hospital, one student's report read, "One patient had a bad case of prognosis."

—B. M. S. C.—

Ptyalin is the enzyme from the *Slavery* glands that works on starch.

Turbinate (referring to bones in the nose) means to stop. Must have a cold in the nose.—Ed.

—B. M. S. C.—

O'Henry introduced "surprised" endings for the short story.

Eleanor Libby (in her physical education theme): "To keep in good health, inhale and exhale, once a day, and do gymnastics."

—B. M. S. C.—

Lawrence Davies (in English class): "Milton was a blind poet who wrote *Paradise Lost*. When his wife died, he wrote *Paradise Regained*."

Miss Tuomi: (In English Class) "Madden, what is the plural of sheep?"

L. Madden: "Lambs."

—B. M. S. C.—

The left ventricle is the chamber from which the blood leaves the body.

—B. M. S. C.—

Chicago is almost at the bottom of Lake Michigan.

—B. M. S. C.—

A vacuum is an empty space in Rome where the Pope lives.

—B. M. S. C.—

Nicotine is such a deadly poison that a drop of it on a dog's tail would kill a man.

—B. M. S. C.—

In the Seventeenth Century traveling was very romantic, as they had no roads only bridal paths.

—B. M. S. C.—

Artificial perspiration is the way to make a person alive when they are only just dead.

—B. M. S. C.—

Magna Carta provided that no free man should be hanged twice for the same crime.

—B. M. S. C.—

A student in a Spelling Exam: "I comes before e when e comes last."

We wish to present the following motion pictures — all smash hits, played by the stars we know and love:

—B. M. S. C.—

"Chief" Husson.....The Great Ziegfield
Barbara Libbey & Quint Gray.....
.....Broadway Melody 1940
Stan Logan.....Way Down East
Kaye Faulkingham & "Hail" Joy.....
.....Love in Bloom
Hal Stevens.....No More Ladies
Stan Peterson.....Magnificent Brute
Gertrude Allen.....Naughty Marietta
Franz Kneidl.....The Wizard of Oz
Charles Ross.....The Mighty Barnum
Bob Welch.....Kid Millions
Hollis Eaton.....To Mary With Love
Ruth Washburn.....Little Princess
Pete Gattrell.....Life Begins at Forty
Rose Eola Tuck.....One Night of Love
Florence Clifford.....Bright Eyes
Mr. Lunt.....Are We Civilized
Mr. Covell.....College Humor
Von Ellison.....The Great Victor Herbert
Iris McFarland.....Little Miss Muffett
Oscar Marden.....Count of Monte Cristo
Don Glencross.....Cowboy From Brooklyn
Lloyd Ewer.....My Son, My Son
George Thibodeau.....The Light That Failed
Katherine Russell.....The Farmer's Daughter
Rita Mayo.....Gone With The Wind
Francena Doble.....First Love
Margaret O'Connell.....It's a Date
Arthur Derby.....The Thin Man
"Tennessee Tooters".....Music in My Heart
Connie Leavitt.....Bad Little Angel
Barbara Smith.....Congo Maisie
"Boys Ballet".....On Your Toes
Cookie.....Remember The Night
Lorraine Verrow, Imogene Getchell.....These Glamour Girls
Liston Lewis.....Too Busy to Work

—B. M. S. C.—

Dana Giggey said something bright in class. Here it is: "Peering out of the porch window, Bangor could be seen across the Penobscot River.

He also dangled: Walking across the parlor rug, the Queen Anne chair can first be seen.

—B. M. S. C.—

Mary Tremaine (in English class): "And then Robert Louis Stevenson got married and went on his honeymoon. It was then that he wrote *Travels With a Donkey.*"

—B. M. S. C.—

With a Nod Toward Shakespeare

All's Well That Ends Well—Basketball Season.

—B. M. S. C.—

Much Ado About Nothing—Gordon Cook.

Merchant of Venice — Coca-Cola Machine.

—B. M. S. C.—

Midsummer Night's Dream — A Long assembly.

—B. M. S. C.—

Anthony and Cleopatra — Bruce Mackey and Margaret O'Connell.

—B. M. S. C.—

Romeo and Juliet — James Buck and Barbara Libbey.

—B. M. S. C.—

Love's Labour's Lost—Bob Hartford.

—B. M. S. C.—

Twelfth Night—Elbert Prince.

—B. M. S. C.—

Two Gentlemen of Verona — Bob Welch and Tom Dempsey.

Loads of Love & Stuff
Barb Libbey

Girl Popularity Contest Winners



BARBARA LIBBEY
Bangor
Normal Course
Miss 1940
Best Dancer
Second Choice for
Best-Looking Girl

Thanks for all you've done for me. Barrel



FRANCES BANNON
Bar Harbor
Stenographic
Best-Looking Girl
Most Ladylike



BERYL CROSBY
East Hampden
Normal Course
Most Likely to Succeed
Wittiest



RITA MAYO
Brewer
Junior Secretarial
Second Choice for
Wittiest



ELEANOR LIBBY
Hartland
Normal Course
Best Athlete

I can't wait 'till next year to wrestle for your title again"
Lib

Boy Popularity Contest Winners



Remember me to "Patrick"
Best Wishes
Jimmy

JAMES BUCK
Milo
Normal Course
Mr. 1940
Girls' Choice for Brother
Best Athlete
Tied for First Place as
Best-Looking Boy



MILLARD FOSS
Jonesboro
Normal Course
Most Likely to Succeed
Second Choice for Brother



HARRY COLLINS
Robinson
Business Administration
Tied for First Place as
Best-Looking Boy
Second Choice for Mr. 1940



BRUCE MACKAY
Winter Harbor
Full Commercial
Second Choice for
Best Athlete



Happy memories of those swell basketball trips (not including the fouls).
Always,
Quint.

QUINTON GRAY
Stockton Springs
Normal Course
Wittiest
Best Dancer

CONTEST WINNERS

BARBARA LIBBEY
Bangor
Normal Course
Miss 1940
Best Dancer
Second Choice for
Best-Looking Girl

FRANCES BANNON
Bar Harbor
Stenographic
Best-Looking Girl
Most Ladylike

BERYL CROSBY
East Hampden
Normal Course
Most Likely to Succeed
Wittiest

RITA MAYO
Brewer
Junior Secretarial
Second Choice for
Wittiest

ELEANOR LIBBY
Hartland
Normal Course
Best Athlete

MARY TREMAINE
Bangor
Normal Course
Boys' Choice for Sister
Third Choice for
Best-Looking Girl

DOROTHY TEAR
Old Town
Stenographic
Girl Vagabond

VIRGINIA ROBERTS
South Brewer
Stenographic
Second Choice for
Most Ladylike

ROSE EOLA TUCK
Bangor
Stenographic
Man Hater

E. FAY McDONALD
Houlton
Stenographic
Second Choice for
Best Dancer

JAMES BUCK
Milo
Normal Course
Mr. 1940
Girls' Choice for Brother
Best Athlete
Tied for First Place as
Best-Looking Boy

HARRY COLLINS
Robinson
Business Administration
Tied for First Place as
Best-Looking Boy
Second Choice for Mr. 1940

MILLARD FOSS
Jonesboro
Normal Course
Most Likely to Succeed
Second Choice for Brother

QUINTON GRAY
Stockton Springs
Normal Course
Wittiest
Best Dancer

BRUCE MACKAY
Winter Harbor
Full Commercial
Second Choice for
Best Athlete

GEORGE THIBODEAU
Eastport
General Course
Second Choice for
Best Dancer

DARRELL BRYANT
Farmington
Business Administration
Third Choice for Brother

CHARLES ROSS
Bangor
Business Administration
Boy Vagabond

LAWRENCE DAVIES
Bangor
Normal Course
Most Gentlemanly
Second Choice for
Most Likely to Succeed

FRANZ KNEIDL
Bangor
Business Administration
Woman Hater

FACULTY CHOICES IN POPULARITY CONTEST

Miss 1940
BERYL CROSBY

Mr. 1940
LAWRENCE DAVIES

Best Girl Dancer
BARBARA LIBBEY

Best Boy Dancer
QUINTON GRAY

Sister
CATHERINE MACASKILL

Brother
JAMES BUCK

Vagabond Girl
IMOGENE GETCHELL

Vagabond Boy
CHARLES ROSS

Wittiest Girl
RITA MAYO

Wittiest Boy
GORDON COOK

Best Girl Athlete
ELEANOR LIBBY

Best Boy Athlete
JAMES BUCK

Most Ladylike
CATHERINE MACASKILL

Most Gentlemanly
GEORGE THIBODEAU

Man Hater
ROSE EOLA TUCK

Woman Hater
QUINTON GRAY

Best-Looking Girl
BARBARA LIBBEY

Best-Looking Boy
JAMES BUCK

Girl Most Likely to Succeed
BERYL CROSBY

Boy Most Likely to Succeed
LAWRENCE DAVIES

STUFF

WE HAVE

Rice, but no milk
Marr, but no pa
Buck, but no doe
Chief, but no squaw
Waugh, but no guns
Swan, but no water
Smith, but no anvil
Cook, but no chef
Rober(ts), but no burglar
Chambers, but no kitchens
Ell(ison), but no house
(Gar)land, but no main land
Bark(er), but no growl
Ruby, but no pearl
Polly, but no parrot
Cliff, but no hill
Virginia, but no Carolina
Bob, but no bounce
Rummy, but no Stewy
Hale, but no rain
Peter(son), but no Paul
Gig(gey), but no wagon
Marr, but no scar
Liston, but no quiet

—B. M. S. C.—

Commerce

Commerce, my heart salutes you;
Commerce, I think you're grand;
"Brave Men Seek Careers"
And down through the years,
You always lend a hand.

Commerce, throughout the ages,
Commerce, long may you reign;
Throughout generations,
Leading the nations,
From Washington to Maine.

Commerce, my heart's best wishes;
Commerce, long live the Chief!
You'll ever keep growing,
Education's seeds sowing,
Is my wish and belief!

—FLORENCE CLIFFORD.

—B. M. S. C.—

Just Punishment

'Twas the night before midyears'
And all around town
Not a student was sleeping
Whose ranks were way down.
The streets were deserted, the movie shows too.
In hope that a miracle would pull us all through.
The ones who had studied
From worry were free.
But stars in the heavens, shine down on poor me!
I studied and fretted, but cramming's no go.
And this is the seed that I'm trying to sow:
Study, dear students, will always erase
That dull, empty void in your cranial space.

Lest We Forget

Shall we ever forget:
Mr. Covell and his fines?
"Chief" and his jokes?
G. Luckey and his acrobatics?
M. Stephenson and her post cards?
W. Marr and his false tooth?
R. Emery and his "Blackie" laugh?
B. Drew and her drawings?
Q. Gray and his cider?
B. Hartford and Gainsborough Street?
H. Joy and his "Liberties?"
S. Barker and the "Pink Seat?"
Miss Tuomi and her everlasting Movies?
B. Foss and his dignity?
P. Giggey and his hair?
S. Peterson and gym class?
C. Weatherbee and the history of Bangor?
Study periods and the Coca-Cola machine?

THINGS

Sappy Similies

He's such a pessimist he would look for bones in animal crackers.

He looked like an accident going someplace to happen.

She's so argumentative she won't even eat anything that agrees with her.

You ain't got nerve enough to have a toothache.

She's so homely she could sue her parents for damages.

—B. M. S. C.—

Barbara Libbey (out in the water): "Jimmy! Jimmy! Come quick!"

Arthur Derby (on shore): "Hurry up, Jim, she's drowning!"

Jimmy Buck (white-faced and panting): "Don't give up, darling. Here I am."

Barbara: "Look, Jimmy! A water-lily!"

—B. M. S. C.—

"It's a fine day," said the barber.

"It is," agreed L. Davies (about to be shaved).

"What do you think about the foreign situation?" Asked the barber.

"The same as you do," replied Lawrence.

"Look here!" exclaimed the barber. "How on earth do you know my opinions?"

"I don't," replied Lawrence, "But you have the razor."

Confucius say:
Teachers do not appreciate us, but depreciate us.
Confucius say:
Chewing gum in school may gum up the works.
Confucius say:
A rolling stone gathers no moss, but a quiet mouse always stay in same corner.
Confucius say:
Student who copies to get ahead will have to borrow *a head* to get a job.
Confucius say:
A rose in bloom may fade way,
But knowledge gained will forever stay.

INA ANDERSON.

—B. M. S. C.—

L. Lewis: I've got a ring in my head.

E. Chambers: That's because its empty.

L. Lewis: I don't suppose your head ever rings.

E. Chambers: No.

L. Lewis: That's because it's cracked.

—B. M. S. C.—

First German: "I see in the paper that it's going to rain."

Second German: "I understand the price of butter is going up."

Third German: "If you guys are going to talk politics, I'm going home."

—B. M. S. C.—

Hartford: "I bet you can't name a place I haven't been."

Marr: "Hartland."

K. Russell: "That isn't a place; that is a disease."

MORE STUFF

The Haunted House

The house was old and haunted,
There were ghosts—you could tell,
And every night at twelve o'clock
The wind would blow and swell.

There were ghosts along the doorway,
There were goblins on the stairs,
And round the house and on the roof
The witches rode in pairs.

—B. M. S. C.—

The more you study the more you know
The more you know the more you can forget
The more you can forget the more you do forget
The more you do forget the less you know
So why study!

—B. M. S. C.—

Lewis: "Could you give me a quarter to get where my family is "

Husson: "Sure. And where is your family?"

Lewis: "At the movies."

—B. M. S. C.—

Dana Giggey humming to himself:
"Ruth rode in my cycle car,
In a seat in back of me—
I took a bump at fifty,
And rode on Ruthlessly."

—B. M. S. C.—

B. M. S. C.

B is for Bangor; a Queen City it rates.
M is for Maine, the finest of states.
S is for school and scholarship, too.
C is for Commerce. You'll love it; we do.

—B. M. S. C.—

Miss Tuomi: "Peterson, wake up and pay attention."

Peterson: "Am I asleep?"

—B. M. S. C.—

Quint Gray: "Mmmmm! There's honey on your lips."

Fay MacDonald: "Bee hive yourself."

—B. M. S. C.—

A vital ingredient of common sense is a sense of humor.

—B. M. S. C.—

"When I was a boy of fourteen my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have the old man around, but when I got to be twenty-one I was astonished how much the old man had learned in seven years."--*Mark Twain.*

—B. M. S. C.—

Marr: "Well, goodnight; I hope I haven't keep you up too late."

McKenney: "Not at all. I would have been getting up soon anyway."

—B. M. S. C.—

Peterson: "Why has my hair got so much electricity in it?"

P. Giggey: "Because it is connected to a dry cell."

MORE THINGS

Mr. Husson: "Are you learning anything, Lewis?"

Liston Lewis: "No, I am listening to you."

—B. M. S. C.—

Mother uses cold cream,
Father uses lather,
My girl friend uses powder,
At least that's what I gather.

—B. M. S. C.—

P. Giggey: "What would you say if I were to throw you a kiss?"

Avis Webber: "I'd say you were the laziest boy I ever saw."

—B. M. S. C.—

Peterson: "Do I have to read that story I wrote?"

Mr. Covell: "I guess you'll have to. I wouldn't even attempt it."

—B. M. S. C.—

K. Russell: "What's the funniest feeling you ever had in the dark?"

L. Lewis: "Going up stairs and taking the top step twice."

Johnny, the Cardshark

They saw the card slipped from the pack,
Saw it slide to the floor.
He ran before they caught him, but
They'd get him yet, they swore.

Now Johnny he lies dead and cold
And narrow is his grave.
His wife lies close because she tried,
In vain, his life to save.

—B. M. S. C.—

POME

Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear.
Fuzzy Wuzzy had some hair.
Fuzzy Wuzzy lost his hair.
Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn't fuzzy—wuzzy?

POME

Wabbits has the quaziest face.
Oo'd be shocked if oo but knew.
The dwedful things that wabbits do—
Wots a times!

POME

Ooey Gooy was a worm,
A juicy worm was he.
He hopped upon the railroad track,
The train he did not see—
Ooey Gooy!

—B. M. S. C.—

FROTH

Girls' faults are many,
But boys have only two;
Everything they say,
And everything they do.



7:30 A. M. Grin



"Cookums"



Shirley, So Young?



"House Maids"



Who is She, Bill?

Thanks for all the help. Hope to see you next year.
Best of Luck, always
"Bill"



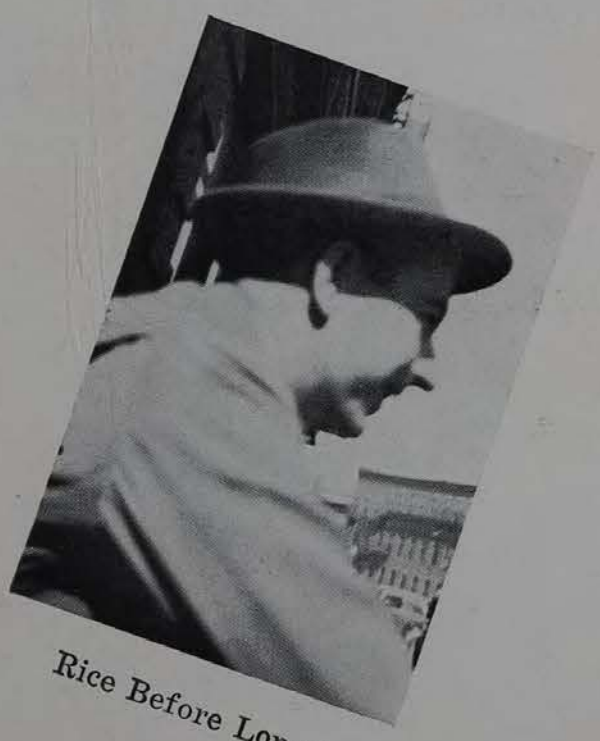
"Ferdinand" MacAskill



Dignified Editor



Good View of the Campus



Rice Before Long?



Find Gertie

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Best Wishes to a swell sport
A. Florence

Here's hoping your future career is a great success
Mary Tremaine

To one of the best Sports I've ever known
Continued Success
"Ruthie"

ALUMNI

Class of 1937

Cynthia Adams — Bangor Gas Light Co.

Rena Adams—Instructor at Houlton High School.

Fletcher Alley—Instructor at Sherman High School.

Lily Anderson—Office of Lawyer Epstein, Bangor.

Henry Austin — Manager, Socony Gas Station, Ellsworth.

Frances E. Averill—Office, Freese's Dept. Store, Bangor.

Milton Bailey—Armour Fertilizer Co., Presque Isle.

Woodrow Bailey — Instructor, Brewer High School.

George E. Baker—R. R. Retirement Bureau, Boston.

Boyden Bearce — Fort Shafter, Hawaii.

Fremont Bishop—Cafritz Realtors & Builders, 14th & K Streets, Dist. 9080 Washington, D. C.

Eleanor Bissell—Instructor, Hallowell High School (Mrs. John Fuller).

Naomi Blake—Sec's. to Principal, Mary Snow School, Bangor.

Leland Brown—Bookkeeper, Chevrolet Sales Service, Oakfield.

June Burrill—Old-Age Pension Office, Lincoln.

Edward Campbell—Great Northern Paper Co., Millinocket.

Eleanor Coffin—Office of Steward & Dunham, Bangor.

Marguerite Cochran—Mrs. Foster Marley, Brewer.

Clinton Cormier — Hugh Conner Coal & Wood Co., Brewer.

Charlotte Culley—Portland.

William Curran—Instructor and Coach at Cherryfield Academy.

Geraldine Demont—Civil Service, City Hall, Old Town.

Gordon Dubey — Civil Service, Honolulu, Hawaii.

Guy Leonard, Jr.—Cashier of Coca Cola Bottling Co., Bangor.

Daniel Marr—Employed at Dexter, Maine.

Robert McAvoy—Eastern Maine Grain, Belfast.

Helen McDonald—Bangor Hydro-Electric Co.

Herschel McIntosh—Bookkeeper to Mr. Perrington, Houlton.

Paul McKenney—Bangor Daily News.

Edward McNeil—Farm Security Office.

Austin Miller—Instructor, Waldoboro High School.

Donna Mills—Stearns High School, Millinocket.

Dorothy Morgan—Mrs. Raymond Barnes.

William Morrison—Rapaport Tire Co.

Goldie Morse—American Peat Co., Cherryfield (Married).

John Moulton—Liberty National Bank, Ellsworth.

Adelma Paschal—Mrs. Maynard Sawyer, Patten.

Lloyd Patten — Social Security, 2824 Frederick Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland.

Edward Pooler—Office of Gulf Refining Co., Brewer.

Kathleen Rideout—Mrs. C. Llewellyn Spencer, 402 Hammond Street, Bangor.

Mary Roberts—Office of R. B. Dunning & Co., Bangor.

Anthony Rogers—Attending the University of Maine.

Frances Rogers—Office, Bangor Hydro-Electric Co.

George Ruston — National Cash Register Co., Bangor.

Lucian Savage — Morse High School, Brooks.

Maynard Sawyer—Instructor, Patten Academy.

Mary Shaw — Mass. Mutual Life Insurance Co., Bangor.

Lena Shur—Chas. Bernstein, Ins.

Dorothy Sirles — Attending the University of Maine.

Genevieve Smith—Hartwell Coal Co., Bangor.

Gordon Smith—Wilson & Co., New London, Conn.

Patricia Smith—Bangor Service Bureau (Married).

Willard Starbird—Employed at Dexter, Maine.

Frances Steeves — Bookkeeper, Remick Auto Co., Bangor.

Gerald Stevens—Emple Knitting Mills, Bangor.

Lois Stinson—Attending University of Maine.

Kathleen Tewksbury—Simmons & Hammond Mfg. Co., Bangor.

Ralph Thompson—Cole's Express, Bangor.

Margaret Turney—Byer Mfg. Co., Orono.

Frances Twitchell—Office of Matthews Bros., Belfast.

James Twitchell—Office of Chief of Staff, Washington, D. C.

Harriette Verrow—C. H. Rice Co., Bangor.

Carline Watson—Instructor, Freeport High School.

Charlene Weed—Instructor, Harmony, Maine.

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Frank Wyman — Arctic Spring Water Co., Bangor.

Richard York—Kalamazoo Stove Co., Bangor.

Class of 1938

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Linwood Blair—U. S. Navy.

Gertrude Bradstreet—Furbush & Furbush, Hartland.

Rovena Bragdon—419 East 73rd Street, New York City.

Barbara Bridgham—Farm Bureau Office, Machias.

James Brown—Pembroke.

Loeta Brown—Investors Syndicate, Bangor.

Wynona Brown—Bangor Ice Co.

G. Stanley Carson—Office of Fox & Ginn, Bangor.

Marguerite Clark—Interstate Fur Co., Manchester, N. H.

Arthur Colwell—Hancock, Maine.

Althea Crowell—Fox & Ginn, Bangor.

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Hadley Currier—American Realty Co., Ashland.

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Mary A. Divney—Farm Security, Belfast.

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Lurlene Folsom—H. R. Hinkley Boat Corp., Southwest Harbor, Me.

Alton Ford—Employed in Ellsworth.

Alice Hackett—Office of Bangor Hydro-Electric Co.

June Hatfield—Merrill Trust Co., Bangor.

Jacqueline Houghton—Office of Eastern Mfg. Co., South Brewer.

Madeline Jones — Mrs. Robert Kiah, Brewer.

Dana Kennedy—Instructor at Gilman High School, Northeast Harbor.

Vaughn Kinney—Eastern Trust & Banking Co., Bangor.

Phyllis Knorr — Old-Age Assistance, Bangor.

Hilda LaBarge—Bank at Bucksport.

Marjorie Leavitt — Comptroller's Office, Augusta.

Julian Leighton—Nissen Banking Co., Bangor.

Charles Lufkin—Attending University of Maine.

Lizzie Nickerson — Secretary to Faculty Manager of Athletics, University of Maine.

George Niles—Employed in Nashua, N. H.

Barbara Parkman—Mrs. Metchell.

Robert Patterson—S. A. Maxfield Co., Bangor.

Pearl Pelletier—American Woolen Co., Old Town.

Mabel Phinney—Office of Emple Knitting Mills, Bangor.

Carolyn Quimby—Married.

Clifford Rowell—Bookkeeper to L. A. Savage Co., Bangor.

Helen Rowell—Eastern Furniture Co., Bangor.

Claire Sanders — Secretary at Winslow Hall, University of Maine.

Anna Samways — Merrill Trust Co., Orono.

Barbara Tewksbury — Office at Freese's Dept. Store Bangor,

Eleanor Thorne—Office at Border Express, Bangor.

Maxine Watts—Married.

June White — Washington State Normal School, Machias, Maine.

Vincent Wilcox—Pine State Tractor Co., Bangor.

Inez Wood—Instructor at Brownville High School.

Vincent Wood — Bangor Daily News.

Alfreda Mackin—Alumni Office, University of Maine.

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Frances McAllister—Dept., Secretary of State, Augusta.

Jeannette Merrill—Mrs. Ancil Pennell, Newport.

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Hazel Andrews—Eastern Mfg. Co., South Brewer.

Newell Avery—Office at Charles Haywood Co., Bangor.

Burton Bagley—Merrill Trust Co., Old Town.

Frances Banks—Eastern Mfg. Co., South Brewer.

Pauline Bemis—Mrs. Walter L. Tufts, Jr., 30 Western Ave., Biddeford, Maine.

Hazel Benn—Instructor and Coach at Hodgdon High School.

Lucille Bradley—Office of Atwood Motor Co., Bangor.

Barbara Burns — Instructor at Pemetic High School, Southwest Harbor.

Frederick Butterfield — American Optical Co., Bangor.

Hope Chase—Married.

Pauline Clark—Theological Seminary, Bangor.

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Elizabeth Cowing — Personal Finance Co., Bangor.

Arline Craig—Highway Motor Co. 810 Hammond Street, Bangor.

Ernest Davis—Civil Service, Baltimore, Md.

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LaRoy Derby—Instructor at Dennysville High School.

Shirley Dodge—Bar Harbor Banking & Trust Co., Bar Harbor.

Carroll Earle—Office of Cole's Express, Bangor.

Eva Finch—Office of Caldwell-Sweet Drug Co., Bangor.

Esther Gass—Office, WABI.

Richard Genthner—Instructor at Erskine Academy, R. No. 6, Augusta.

Margaret Gillis — Instructor at West Paris High School.

Ruth Gillis—Instructor at Somesville High School.

Pauline Goodwin — Merrill Trust Co., Bangor.

Catherine Gould — Office of City Manager, Brewer.

Rebecca Gould—Philco Shoe Co., Bangor.

Wilmont Griffin—Accountant at Sears-Roebuck Co., Bangor.

John Hamlin—Webber Oil Co., Bangor.

Margaret Hathorne—Merrill Mortgage Co., Bangor.

Louise E. Hilton—Penobscot Home Service, Bangor.

Eleanor Hopkins—Border Express Bangor.

Hazel Howard—Instructor at Sangerville High School.

Richard P. Kendall—Office of Coles Express, Bangor.

Cleo King—Webber Oil Co., Bangor.

George Kirk—Office of Handy's Express, Bangor.

Andrew Laughton—Lancy House, Pittsfield.

Marie Lowe—Gorham Paint Co., Bangor.

Ivan Mallett—Bookkeeper at Lincoln Trust Co., Lincoln.

Claude Morneault—Office of C. H. Rice & Co., Bangor.

Jeanne Morneault—Instructor at Madawaska Training School.

Ellen MacIntosh — Osteopathic Hospital, Fifth Street, Bangor.

Margaret McCafferty — Bangor Service Bureau.

Harriet McNair—Bangor Service Bureau.

Mary Parker—Food & Drug Dept., Washington, D. C.

Linwood Patten — Bookkeeper, Mulvany Sign Co., Bangor.

Estelle Phillips — Instructor at South Paris High School.

Ruby Rafford — Aroostook Development Asso., Bangor.

Geraldine Ramsdell — Merchant's National Bank, Bangor.

Elizabeth Richardson — Secretary to Principal, Junior High School, Bangor.

Violet Rolnick—Interstate Home Furniture Co., Bangor.

Helen St. Clair — Merchants National Bank, Bangor.

Carleton Scott—General Electric Supply Corp., Bangor.

Natalie Smith—Farm Bureau Office, Machias.

Cecil Spencer—Bookkeeper, Maine Tire Co., Bangor.

Muriel Starbird—Office of Lawyer Ballard Keith, Bangor.

Ruby Thibeau—Office of Emple Knitting Mills, Bangor.

Velina G. Thibeau—Sears Roebuck & Co., Bangor.

Clarence Thorne—Katahdin Trust Co., Island Falls.

Edith Wescott—Secretary to Supt. of Schools, Livermore Falls.

Beryle D. Whidden—Bangor Egg Co.

Isabel Whitcomb—Bank at Belfast.

Evelyn Worthen—Alumni Office, University of Maine.

Graduating Class of 1940

Students who will be graduated in June, 1940, or soon thereafter—

ALLEY, ELIZABETH H. — Winterport

Administrative Secretarial

Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award.

BAILEY, CLIFFORD EARLE — Bangor

Business Administration

McIntosh Proficiency Award 1.

BANNON, FRANCES MARY — Bar Harbor

Stenographic

Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award, 20-Period Filing Certificate.

BRYANT, DARRELL EDWARD — Farmington

Business Administration

McIntosh Proficiency Award, Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award, Mu Sigma Chi; 20-Period and 40-Period Filing Certificates.

BUCK, JAMES WALTER — Milo

Normal

President Men's Athletic Association 2, 3, Baseball 1, 2, 3. Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award I, II, Teacher's, Football, 1, 2, Mu Sigma Chi, President Mu Sigma Chi 3, Chieftain Staff 2, Basketball 1, 2, 3, Co-Captain Basketball, 2, 3. Capt. Baseball 1.

CLISHAM, WILLIAM JAMES — Bangor

Salesmanship

Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award, I, II.

COFFIN, DALTON HENRY — Ashland, Maine

Business Administration

Junior Varsity Basketball 1, 2, Baseball 1, 2, Business Penmanship Award I.

CROSBY, BERYL ORISSA — East Hampden

Normal

Marshal ETE 2, Dramatic Club President 2, Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award I, II, Women's Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, President Woman's Athletic Association 2, Vice-President Dramatic Club 3, President Epsilon Tau Epsilon 3, Chatter Staff 2. Recorder, 2nd Office Asst., Dept. Corrector 1 and 2.

DAISEY, CORA ELLEN — Millinocket

Normal

Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award I, II, 20-Period Filing Certificate, Co-Captain Hiking Club 2, Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Women's Athletic Association.

DALTON, HARRY JAMES — Brewer

Business Administration

Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award I, Hockey 1, 2, Mu Sigma Chi.

DAVIDSON, EDNA GERTRUDE — Bridgewater

Junior Secretarial

Epsilon Tau Epsilon, 40-Period Filing Certificate.

DAVIES, LAWRENCE WEBBER — Bangor

Normal

Chatter Staff 1, 2, 3, Chieftain Manager 2, Men's Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award I, II, Teacher's, Mu Sigma Chi 1, 2, 3, Vice President 2, President 2, 3. 20-Period Filing Certificate, 40-Period Filing Certificate.

DERBY, ARTHUR RAYMOND — Newport

Business Administration

Dramatic Club 1, 2, Men's Athletic Association 1, 2, Mu Sigma Chi 1, 2, Basketball 1, 2, 20-Period Filing Certificate, 40-Period Certificate.

DREW, SHIRLEY JUSTINE — Bangor

Normal

Chatter Staff 1, 2, 3, Epsilon Tau Epsilon 1, 2, 3, Treasurer 2, 3, Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, President Dramatic Club 3, Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award I, II, Editor-in-Chief Chieftain 1.

EATON, HOLLIS M. — Northeast Harbor

Salesmanship

Dramatic Club 1, 2, Hockey 1, 2, Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award I, II, Mu Sigma Chi,

FAULKINGHAM, KATHERINE MARIE — Bangor

Dramatic Club, Basketball, Play, Penmanship Award I.

FLOROS, THEODORE GEORGE — Bangor

Business Administration

Men's Athletic Association 1, 2, Jr. Varsity Basketball 1, 2, Co-Captain 2, 20-Period Filing Certificate, Mu Sigma Chi.

FOSS, MILLARD EUGENE — Jonesboro

Normal

Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award I, II, Junior Varsity Basketball 1, 2, Mu Sigma Chi, Vice President 2, 3. Men's A. A. 3 years, V. P. one year, McIntosh Certificate; Literary Editor Chieftain 1 year, Commerce Chatter 1937-8.

FRAZIER, ALICE LOUISE — Hermon

Junior Secretarial

Epsilon Tau Epsilon.

GIGGEY, PERLEY HUTCHINS — Masardis

Business Administration

Mu Sigma Chi, 1, 2, Basketball 1, 2, Football 1, Baseball 1, 2, Men's Athletic Association 1, 2.

GOTT, ESTHER BELLE — Hancock

Normal

Basketball 1, Women's Athletic Association 1, Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award 1, Epsilon Tau Epsilon.

GRANT, JEANETTE CAROLINE — Harrington

Stenographic

GRAY, QUINTON EVERETT — Prospect

Normal

Baseball 1, 2, Chieftain Staff 2, Editor-in-Chief Chatter 2, 3, Mu Sigma Chi, Secretary 3, Men's Athletic Association 1, 2, Student Corrector 2, Treasurer 2, Orchestra 1, 2, 3, MacIntosh Proficiency Award, Dramatic Club 1, 3.

GRIFFIN, WILMONT VAUGHN — Hampden
Administration
Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award 1.

HARRIMAN, GEORGE HENRY, JR. — Ellsworth
Business Administration

HOBART, VIRGINIA CLAIRE — Dennysville
Epsilon Tau Epsilon, 20-Period and 40-Period Filing Certificates.

KELLEHER, BARTHOLOMEW HARRIS — Orono
Salesmanship
Mu Sigma Chi, Men's A. A.

KELLIHER, RUTH INEZ — Bangor
Normal
Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award I, II.

KNEIDL, FRANZ ARLINGTON — Bangor
Business Administration
Mu Sigma Chi, Men's Athletic Association, Baseball Manager.

LEAVITT, CONSTANCE RITA — Old Town
Stenographic

MACASKILL, CATHERINE F. — Jackman
Junior Secretarial

MCCAFFERTY, MARGERET ROSE — Lincoln
Stenographic
Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award I.

MCDONALD, ELIZABETH FAYE — Houlton
Stenographic
Basketball, Epsilon Tau Epsilon, 20-Period Filing Certificate Dramatic Club, Penmanship, Certificate, Zaner-Bloser I.

MALLETT, LLOYD W. — Lee
Salesmanship
Junior Varsity Basketball 1, Baseball, Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award I.

MCINNIS, MARGARET — Ripogenus Dam
Junior Secretarial
Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award I, Epsilon Tau Epsilon.

MCLELLAN, WILFORD FOLLETT — Woodland
Salesmanship
Mu Sigma Chi.

MITCHELL, CHARLES MANELY, JR. — Blanchard
Salesmanship
Hockey 1, 2, Mu Sigma Chi McIntosh Proficiency Award, Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award 1.

MORGAN, INEZ BELLE — Brewer
Stenographic

MORNEAULT, CLAUDE — Bangor
Business Administration
Hockey.

MOWER, MARY — Cambridge
Junior Secretarial

NASH, JULIA LOUISE — Bangor
Junior Secretarial

NEALLEY, DONALD LESLIE — Hampden Highlands

Full Commercial

McIntosh Proficiency Award 1, Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award 1.

RICE, THOMAS COLLINS — Bangor

Salesmanship

Baseball 1, Basketball 1.

ROBERTS, VIRGINIA LOUISE — South Brewer

Stenographic

ROKEL, MARY — Bangor

Junior Secretarial

Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Dramatic Club, Basketball.

ROLLINS, VIRGINIA LOUISE — Greenville Junction

Administrative Secretarial

Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award I, II, Epsilon Tau Epsilon, 20-Period Filing, Assistant Editor of Chieftain 2.

ROLNICK, LILLIAN — Bangor

Stenographic

20-Period and 40-Period Filing Certificates.

ROSS, PRISCILLA — Bangor

Junior Secretarial

Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award, Epsilon Tau Epsilon.

SAWYER, CHARLES EASTMAN — East Corinth

Full Commercial

Vice President of Men's Athletic Association 1, Baseball 1, Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award I, Mu Sigma Chi, Hockey 1, 2.

TOWNSEND, EMMA J. — Bangor

Normal and Junior Secretarial

Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award, 20-Period Filing Award, 40-Period Filing Award, Epsilon Tau Epsilon.

TREMAINE, MARY WADSWORTH — Bangor

Normal

Chatter Staff 1, 2, Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, Women's Athletic Association 1, Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award 1, Treasurer Dramatic Club 2, 20-Period Filing Certificate.

WARD, GLENNA MAY — Limestone

Stenographic

WASHBURN, RUTH MARILYN — Dover-Foxcroft

Junior Secretarial

Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Dramatic Club.

WAUGH, MARY ELIZABETH — Washburn

Stenographic

Women's Athletic Association 1, Basketball 1, Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award 1, 20-Period Filing Award, 40-Period Filing Award, Chatter Staff 2, Cheftain Staff 2, Epsilon Tau Epsilon.

WEBSTER, FLORENCE JOYCE — Limestone

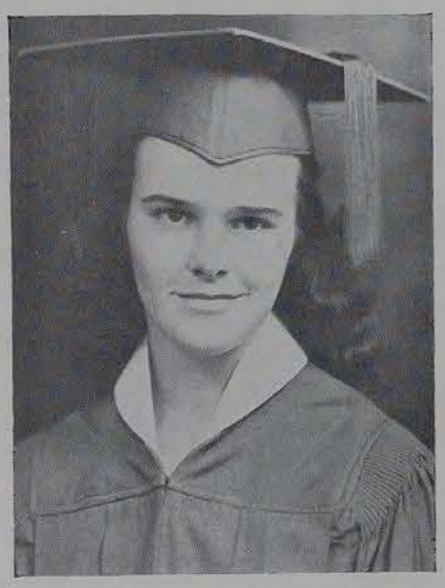
Stenographic

Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award 1.

WOODBURY, MURIEL ARDIS — Northport

Normal

Zaner-Bloser Penmanship Award I. II, Epsilon Tau Epsilon, Chieftain Staff 1. McIntosh Certificate.



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Prizes and

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70 Words a Minute

Florence Clifford
Elizabeth Alley

65 Words a Minute

Helen Alexander

60 Words a Minute

Jeanette Grant
Stanley Logan
Marion Ridley
Mary Waugh
Florence Webster
Dorothy Demont
Vaughan Ellison
Doris Greene
Dorothy Hatch
Donald Nealley
Marion Pooler
Irene Homsted

55 Words a Minute

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Francina Doble
Margaret McInnis
Virginia Mitchell
Virginia Rollins
Catherine MacAskill
Rose Eola Tuck
Ruth Washburn
Robert Hartford
Phyllis Jordan
Ruth Morrison
Virginia Roberts
Linwood Patten
Arlene Willett
Margaret McCafferty
Inez Morgan
Trudell Chambers
Virginia Webster

50 Words a Minute

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Ruby McKenney
Mary Rokel
Katherine Russell
Frances Bannon
Betty Cook
Mary Davis
Henry Dircksen
Alice Frazier
Millard Foss
Dana Giggey
Reginald Hagerman
Quinton Gray
Julia Nash
Sherwood Herring
Liston Lewis

45 Words a Minute

Faye McDonald
Pauline Pipes
Barbara Roberts
Lillian Rolnick
Priscilla Ross
Eva Watts
Clifford Bailey
Carol Carr
Hollis Eaton
Ruth Elden
Katherine Faulkingham
Pete Gattrell
Perley Giggey
Barbara Libby
Milo Trafton
Robert Welch
William Clisham
Theodore Floros
Bart Kelliher
Franz Kneidl
Guy Luckey
Wilford McLellan
Thornton Parsons
Imogene Getchell
Joseph Garland
Wellington Hamel
Virginia McKenney
Ruth Morgan
Mary Mower
Margaret Nichols
Esther Rosebush
Eastman Sawyer
Halton Stevens
Josephine Thibeau
Arline Ward

Awards



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SHORTHAND

70 Words a Minute

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Glendon Bowden
Marylyn Cox
Mary Davis
Doris Greene
Nettie Guptill
Franz Kneidl
Constance Leavitt
Catherine MacAskill
Margaret McInnis
Winfield Marriner
Inez Morgan
Mary Mower
Thornton Parsons
Virginia Roberts
Edna Rothwell
Glenda Ward
Mary Waugh
Florence Webster
Julia Nash
Rita Mayo
Mary Rokel
Dorothy Hatch
Carol Carr
Dorothy Demont
Alice Frazier
Leroy Giggey
Jeanette Grant
Arelene Ward
Ruth Washburn
Francena Doble

90 Words a Minute

Frances Bannon
Maxine Bowley
Marylyn Cox
Nettie Guptill
Franz Kneidl
Constance Leavitt
Catherine MacAskill
Margaret McCafferty
Margaret McInnis
Inez Morgan
Thornton Parsons
Virginia Roberts
Edna Rothwell
Emma Townsend
Glenna Ward
Mary Waugh
Florence Webster
Julia Nash
Mary Rokel
Dorothy Hatch
Darrell Bryant

100 Words a Minute

Frances Bannon
Maxine Bowley
Marylyn Cox
Franz Kneidl
Constance Leavitt
Catherine MacAskill
Leroy Giggey
Arelene Ward
Ruth Washburn
Margaret McCafferty
Margaret Nichols
Virginia Webster
Katherine Russell
Helen Alexander
Priscilla Ross
Perley Giggey
Lillian Rolnick
Faye McDonald
Theodore Floros

80 Words a Minute

Frances Bannon
Glendon Bowden
Darrell Bryant
Marylyn Cox
Nettie Guptill
Franz Kneidl
Constance Leavitt
Catherine MacAskill
Margaret McInnis
Winfield Marriner
Inez Morgan
Mary Mower
Thornton Parsons
Virginia Roberts
Edna Rothwell
Glenna Ward
Mary Waugh
Florence Webster
Julia Nash
Rita Mayo
Mary Rokel

Dorothy Hatch
Alice Frazier
Margaret McInnis
Thornton Parsons
Virginia Roberts
Edna Rothwell
Emma Townsend
Glenna Ward
Mary Waugh
Florence Webster
Mary Rokel
Dorothy Hatch

120 Words a Minute

Marylyn Cox
Helen Martell
Thornton Parsons
Dorothy Hatch

140 Words a Minute

Thornton Parsons

150 Words a Minute

Thornton Parsons

FILING CERTICICATES

20-Period

Darrell Bryant
Pauline Clement
Arthur Derby
Doris Green
Dorothy Hatch
Stanley Logan
Mary Rokel
Foster Simpson
Eva Trefry
Lorraine Verrow
Mary Waugh
Frances Bannon
Lawrence Davies
Jacqueline Johnston
Phyllis Jordan
Adelbert Liscomb
Barbara Roberts
Wilfred Saucier
Barbara Smith
Albert Call
George Buck
Virginia Hobart
Prudence Howard
Faye McDonald
Lillian Rolnick
Eva Watts

40-Period

Edna Davidson
Virginia Hobart
Lillian Rolnick
Eva Watts
Wilma Clark
Lawrence Davies
Reginald Hagerman
Jacqueline Johnston
Adelbart Liscomb
Barbara Roberts
Wilfred Saucier
Barbara Smith
Darrell Bryant
Pauline Clement
Arthur Derby
Henry Dircksen
Pete Gattrell
Stanley Logan
Foster Simpson
Eva Trefry

BUSINESS SCHOOL PENMANSHIP CERTIFICATES

George J. Thibodeau
Foster Simpson
Halbert S. Stevens
Mary Rokel
Julia Nash
Mary Mower
Ruth A. Morgan
Virginia McKenney
Iris McFarland
Oscar L. Marden
Bruce Mackay
Halton MacDonald
Franz Kneidl
Liston Lewis
Henry Homer
Virginia Hobart
Perley Giggey
Theodore Floros
Kaye Faulkingham
Henry Dircksen
Edna Davidson
Ruth Coombs
Earle L. Chambers
Beatrice Belanger
Clifford Bailey

ADVANCED CERTIFICATES

Alice Lanpher
Marion L. Ridley
Harlan Megquier

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MU SIGMA CHI

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MILLARD E. FOSS

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FLORENCE CLIFFORD
Vice-President

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Secretary

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President

SHIRLEY DREW
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Our New Building

(Continued from Page Eleven)

boys and girls in rooms of their own should they elect to do so, although it will be forbidden on the campus.

Even the Coca-cola machine will be there!

There is much more to be said but space does not permit. It will be a school in which every Commerce student, past or present, may feel a justifiable pride and sense of proprietorship. Students who will come later will never be able to appreciate the growing pains that have been experienced in the pioneer years. The M. S. C. spirit is contagious and, passing along year to year, should assure the administration of continued success in its new home.

GRADUATION NIGHT

(Continued from Page Twenty-Three)

Sorority is the outstanding event of that year to me. What a time!—the games, Revere Beach, the shows, and museum, and China Town — how could I forget all that! The Dramatic Club plays were especially outstanding this year, and the banquet was fun, too.

Gee! What a change these three years have meant to all of us. When we began here, we were just high school kids most of us. But now the rough edges have been smoothed off, so to speak. We have been developed and trained; the best side of our personality has been brought out and improved; we have learned new ideas and ideals; we have met many new people and made many new friends; we have been taught to think for ourselves; we have acquired skill in various different fields; we have been trained to take our place in the world that we are entering tonight. But I'd better pay attention! Mr. Husson is getting ready to pass out the diplomas—I wish it were over. I like to be alone when I cry!

We express our gratitude to a
friend whose kindness
and cooperation
merit this
space.

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MU SIGMA CHI

(Continued from Page Thirty-One)

A large and appreciative audience was on hand when the Overture opened the sixth annual Fraternity Frolics. The selection was *Blues on Parade*. The orchestra consisted of such local talent as Cleo King, pianist; Gordon Cook and Alden Goode, saxophones; Ward Shaw, trumpet; and Quint Gray, drums.

Following is a resume of the numbers presented:

Number two: Ballet consisting of Bud Foss, Larry Davies, Quint Gray, Don Glencross, Jim Buck, and Art Derby.

Number three: Trumpet Quartet: Eastman Sawyer, Ralph Bearce, Henry Dircksen, and Ray Orcutt.

Number four: Impromptu Rhythm: Gordon Cook, James Buck, Hale Joy, Vaughn Ellison, and Quint Gray.

Number five: Tennessee Tooters: Southern music and solos by Charles Mitchell, Von Ellison, and Ward Shaw.

Number six: Eternal Triangle, consisting of Larry Davies, Tom Dempsey, Bob Welch, and Bub Chambers.

Number seven: Melodrama "Hearts and Flowers": James Buck, Wendell Marr, Gordon Cook, Hale Joy, George Buck, and Ray Emery.

Number eight: School song, words and music by Von Ellison.

Plans are now being made for the spring semi-formal dance. The annual trip to Boston is also being talked about with a great many anxious for the day to arrive.

The members are: C. H. Husson, R. B. Lunt, Lawrence Davies, Millard Foss, James Buck, Quinton Gray, Raymond Emery, Darrell Bryant, Linwood Patten, Wendell Marr, Perley and Dana Giggey, Charles Mitchell, Harry Collins, Liston Lewis, Henry Homer. Gordon Cook, Theodore Floros, Donald Nealley, Fred Butterfield, Wilfred Saucier, Donald

(Continued on Page Eighty-Four)

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MU SIGMA CHI

(Continued from Page Eighty)

Glencross, Wilford McLellan, Franz Kneidl, Bart Kealleher, Hale Joy, Halbert Stevens, William MacDonald, Clarence Weatherbee, Earl Chambers, George Buck, Stan Logan, Henry Dircksen, Sherwood Herring, Raymond Nichols, Eastman Sawyer, Hollis Eaton, Ralph Bearce, LeRoy Giggey, Ray Orcutt, Harry Dalton, Tom Dempsey, Robert Welch, Albert Call, Stanley Peterson, Harold Harding, Winfield Marriner, Alden Goode, and Vaughn Ellison.

EPSILON TAU EPSILON

(Continued from Page Thirty-Two)

Then came our Theatre Party in January. We saw "Gulliver's Travels" and exclaimed as much as any of the little tots.

Fifteen bids were sent out the second semester. Mrs. Grace Stuart was kind enough to let us have the initiation at her home. The highest membership for the year was 55.

At one of the regular meetings some home-filmed technicolor movies were shown. They included pictures of a trip along the Gaspt, Mount Katahdin, Cadillac Mountain, Niagara Falls, Washington, D. C., some other interesting scenic beauties, and some puppies. The colors were beautiful and the pictures were very well selected.

A dance in April, some picnics, another Theatre Party, and a Memorial Day Vacation Trip are in store for us yet.

More girls are wearing E. T. E. Pins than ever before, and there has been quite an interest in jackets. The new stationery is very appealing and popular. E. T. E. banners also are going strong. Even the Alumnae are wanting them. At regular intervals candy sales have been held. To make a grand ending for the year, all members will come together for a Banquet in the Spring.

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EPSILON TAU EPSILON

(Continued from Page Eighty-Two)

The roll call is as follows:

Miss Martha Tuomi, of Monson; Miss Clara Swan, of Brewer; Helen Alexander, Bridgewater; Elizabeth Alley, Winterport; Ina Anderson, Thomaston; Shirley Barker, Oakfield; Olive Blodgett, Belfast; Trudell Chambers, Brownville; Wilma Clark, Northeast Harbor; Pauline Clement, Winterport; Florence Clifford, Dexter; Ruth Coombs, Winn; Marilyn Cox, Lubec; Beryl Crosby, East Hampden; C. Ellen Daisey, Millinocket; Edna Davidson, Bridgewater; Francena Doble, Milo; Barbara Drew, Brewer; Shirley Drew, Bangor; June Dwyer, Oakfield; Ruth Elden, Dover-Foxcroft; Alice Frazier, Hermon; Esther Gott, Hancock; Dorothy Hatch, Brewer; Virginia Hobart, Dennysville; Phyllis Jordan, Ellsworth; Ruth Kelliher, Bangor; Alice Lanpher, Mount Desert; Nellie Lewis, Newport; Eleanor Libby, Hartland; E. Fay McDonald, Houlton; Iris McFarland, Ellsworth; Margaret McInnis, Kokadjo; Rita Mayo, Brewer; Virginia Mitchell, Brewer; Inez Morgan, Brewer; Margaret Nichols, North Anson; Pauline Pipes, New Limerick; Marion Pooler, South Brewer; Geraldine Ramsdell, Columbia Falls; Elisabeth Richardson, Bangor; Virginia Roberts, South Brewer; Mary Rokel, Bangor; Esther Rosebush, Bucksport; Priscilla Ross, Bangor; Katherine Russell, Fort Fairfield; Miriam Steeves, Hartland; Emma Townsend, Bangor; Mary Tremaine, Bangor; Ruth Washburn, Dover-Foxcroft; Eva Watts, Machias; Mary Waugh, Caribou; Avis Webber, Fort Fairfield; Virginia Webster, West Tremont; Ardis Woodbury, Lincolnville.

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DRAMATIC CLUB

(Continued from Page Thirty-Three)

Letitia Carberry, Tish	Beryl Crosby
Lizzie	Inez Morgan
Aggie	Barbara Smith
Ellen Leighton	Mary Rokel
Charita	Fay McDonald
Luther Hopkins	Sherwood Herring
Callie Hopkins	Ruth Washburn
Charlie Sands	Lawrence Davies
Bettina Trent	Ruth Coombs
Sheriff Lem Pike	Quinton Gray
Wesley Andrews	Vaughn Ellison
Denby Grimes	James Buck
Dorice Gaylord	Barbara Libbey

On March 14, the Dramatic Club members put on another excitable comedy. Considering the way some of the rehearsals went, Miss Tuomi called it a supercolossal success, the play, entitled *Janey's One-Track Mind,* was very interesting to those who attended. Again many extremely amusing things happened, especially Tommy Dempsey's giving one of his important lines backwards. Not so amusing was Virginia Webster's nosebleed which caused her to miss most of her appearances.

The following took part:

Janey Browne	Kaye Faulkingham
Muriel Browne	Fay McDonald
George Browne	Charles Ross
Mrs. Post	Ellen Daisey
Bummy Post	Priscilla Ross
Alice Harvey	Barbara Libbey
Stuart Hunter	Thomas Dempsey
Roger Wilson	Robert Welch
Annabelle Wilson	Margaret O'Connell
Tommy Meyers	Quinton Gray
Camilla Gibson	Barbara Smith
Luella Smith	Mary Carpenter
Myra Edwards	Marion Ridley
Kate Donovan	Virginia Webster
Honey Bates	Iris McFarland
Martin Richardson	George Thibodeau
State Trooper Harrity	Arthur Derby

For the second time the Dramatic Club is having a banquet to close the season. It is to be held at the Bangor House on the night before the Fraternity Formal.

During the past year we have held several meetings at the different members' houses in the evening. These were all attended with interest by the members. At these meetings

(Continued on Page Eighty-eight)

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DRAMATIC CLUB

(Continued from Page Eighty-six)

we read plays and discussed what kind of plays we should put on before an audience. We hope in another year to have these evening meetings more often and in this way to create a greater interest to those belonging to the Club.

At this time, we wish to express our sincere thanks to Miss Tuomi, one of the faculty, for her services rendered us in the past year.

The membership for this year is as follows:

Ina Anderson, Glendon Bowden, James Buck, Mary Carpenter, Florence Clifford, Ruth Coombs, Beryl Crosby, Ellen Daisey, Lawrence Davies, Thomas Dempsey, Arthur Derby, Shirley Drew, Hollis Eaton, Vaughn Ellison, Kaye Faulkingham, Quinton Gray, Sherwood Herring, Barbara Libbey, Fay McDonald, Iris McFarland, Inez Morgan, Margaret O'Connell, Marion Ridley, Charles Ross, Priscilla Ross, Barbara Smith, George Thibodeau, Mary Tremaine, Ruth Washburn, Virginia Webster, Robert Welch, *Honorary Member,* Mr. Husson.

BOYS' VARSITY BASKETBALL

(Continued from Page Forty)

to breaking the school record for straight wins. This record is twelve straight. We reached ten straight, but lost the eleventh to a strong Washington State Normal team. Another record was made when we beat the championship high school team of New Hampshire—Berlin.

So in summarizing the season we can consider it highly successful, with a total of twenty-one wins and six defeats.

Following is a list of the games played, and the boys receiving letters:

M. S. C.	22	Brownville Jct.	21
M. S. C.	20	Pemetic H. S.	21
M. S. C.	29	Mt. Desert H. S.	39
M. S. C.	23	Lawrence H. S.	45

(Continued on Page Ninety)

Shirley Drew, President
Beryl Crosby, Vice-President

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BOYS' VARSITY BASKETBALL

(Continued from Page Eighty-Eight)

M. S. C.	33	Gilman H. S.	26
M. S. C.	27	John Bapst H. S.	26
M. S. C.	45	Winter Harbor H. S.	43
M. S. C.	46	Mt. Desert H. S.	20
M. S. C.	46	Oak Bluffs, Mass.	25
M. S. C.	32	Edgartown, Mass.	28
M. S. C.	50	Tisbury, Mass.	15
M. S. C.	46	Brownville Jct.	39
M. S. C.	46	Bridgton Academy	67
M. S. C.	50	E. S. N. S.	27
M. S. C.	40	Winter Harbor H. S.	35
M. S. C.	34	Calais Academy	17
M. S. C.	35	U. of N. B., Canada	28
M. S. C.	50	Pemetic H. S.	42
M. S. C.	40	Groveton, N. H.	24
M. S. C.	36	Berlin, N. H.	35
M. S. C.	46	E. S. N. S.	25
M. S. C.	42	Gilman H. S.	34
M. S. C.	54	Dexter N. Y. A.	15
M. S. C.	39	W. S. N. S.	64
M. S. C.	25	Belfast H. S.	23
M. S. C.	57	Alumni	41
M. S. C.	45	Ricker C. I.	55

J. Buck, D. Giggey, P. Giggey, B. Mackay, H. Joy, H. Homer, E. Chambers, D. Coffin, T. Floros, and S. Peterson.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

(Continued from Page Forty-Three)

One of the biggest thrills of all was beating Brownville Junction by two points, after being defeated by them in November. This game was the Junction's only defeat of the season. The Brewer game was very exciting. After a poor showing at Brewer, the Commerce team held the Brewer girls to a one point victory at the "Y." The Brewer team is one of the best in the state and the score was 22-21 in their favor.

The girls won their last game as a team at Ricker, 16-14. It was hard fought and Ricker is usually the winner on her own floor. Ricker pinned a defeat on us in Bangor, so we reversed the table on them. Faye McDonald's folks entertained all of us at supper after the game. It was another trip to be remembered.

The girls have won thirteen out of twenty-one games played. Along with the victories and losses the team has made many friends, yes, some of

(Continued on Page Ninety-two)

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GIRLS' BASKETBALL

(Continued from Page 90)

them are referees. The girls have at all times fought for the colors they wore, and Commerce is proud to have them wear its colors.

Coach Swan hopes many will be back another year. Rita Mayo has left our folds for good. We wish her the best of luck.

At a Basketball Banquet the Varsity received their letters and certificates, and the Jayvees their letters.

Coach Swan presented Kaye Faulkingham a medal for cooperation, progress and spirit shown. She received this by vote of all players.

Ruth Coombs was awarded a trophy for winning the foul shooting contest and scoring the most points for the season.

Miss Swan was presented a fountain pen by the girls as an indication of their appreciation of her efforts and "good sport"-manship.

Eleanor Libby of Hartland led the team successfully and Arlene Vose of Whiting managed it in the same manner.

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