HUSSON LEDGER

JUNE, 1956 — HUSSON COLLEGE, BANGOR, MAINE — VOLUME 30, NO. 4

GOOD LUCK, SENIORS!

President's Column

The Indian who goes into the woods with five arrows is better off than the Indian with but one—generally speaking. He has more ammunition for the adventures ahead, he is better equipped.

So it is with the student who develops his talents. The more he studies, the more he applies himself, the wider his interests, the better prepared is he for life's adventures. Education is one of the tools he must fashion, an arrow for his quiver. Without it the hunting will be poor.

It so happens that never in our history has each individual's education meant so much for the nation. The Communists are producing more scientists, engineers, and trained personnel than are we. In the slave state the individual is nothing, the state everything. The individual is told what to do and he does it. He has no choice. And Russia keeps her classrooms full.

If we are to destroy this enemy we must do better the things that we do, the things that we learned in the classrooms of our choice,—in the schools and colleges of our choice. The American way must be better than the Russian way. Each of us must be better than our Russian counterpart, no matter what may be the field of interest.

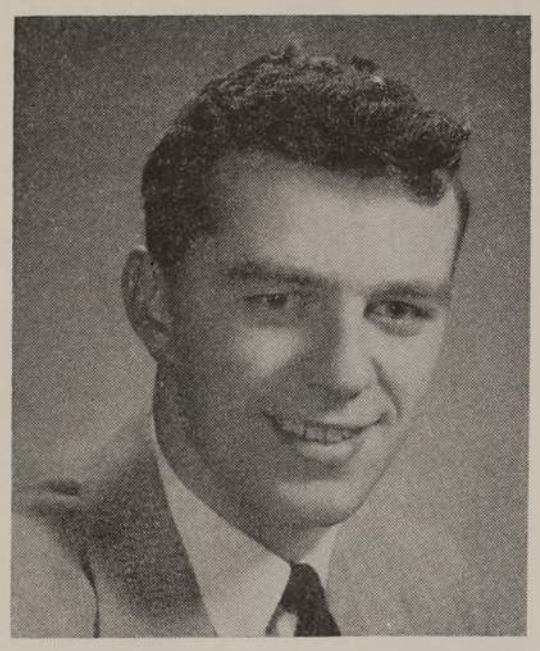
Russia can be beaten only in the classrooms of the nation's schools. We must have the fastest flying plane, the largest cruising submarine, the biggest bomb, the most know-how. Our leaders have told us this. Because someone studied and stayed with his books, the great destroyer polio has been overcome. Because someone studied, the jet plane travels faster than sound. Because people stayed in classrooms as long as they could, because they studied hard and long, new words and phrases are appearing in our daily language—words like nuclear fission, breaking the sound barrier, atomic research, univac, terramycin, aureomycin, sulphur drugs, penicillin—the list is inexhaustible. Nature is yielding fantastic secrets to the probers, to students who study and search for answers.

Since we must have the know-how to stay ahead of our enemy in every phase of human activity, we ask ourselves "whence comes this know-how, this intelligence?" And the answer is that it must come from the classrooms. Our people must stay in them longer. More must go to college. It must be books, not bullets; classrooms, not cartridges; study, not submarines. Man's search for truth, and for facts, must be intensive and ceaseless. When the students in our schools insist on more and more education, then America builds strength and power that cannot be assailed. This is the way it must be, and in God we put our trust to inspire our efforts in this direction.

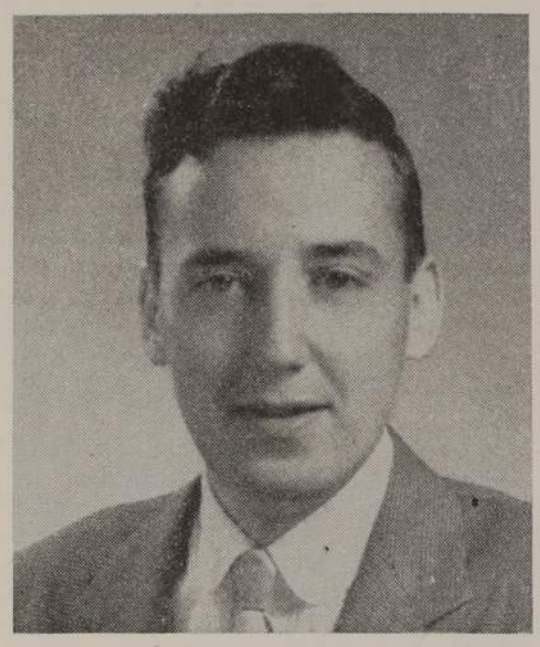
To every boy and girl in school today, at all levels, your country has this to say, "Stay in school. We need all your talents. We need the greatest contribution you are capable of making. We will survive only if our citizenry is informed and competent. No matter your field, be the best you can be in it. Our survival depends on you and the educative

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CLASS OFFICERS



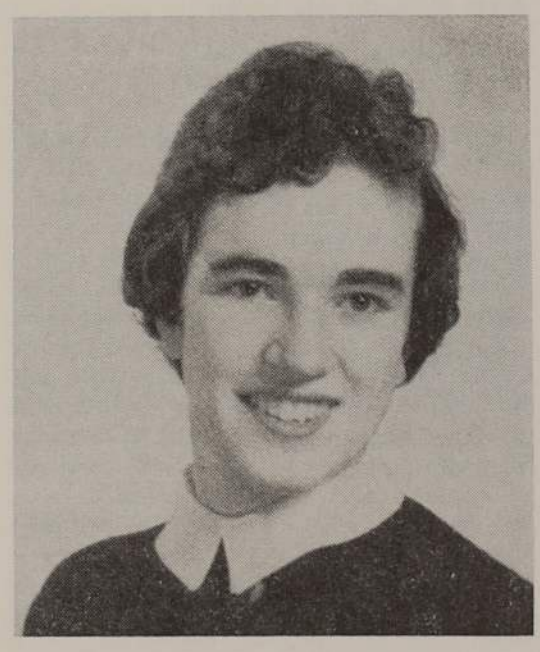
PRESIDENT
"Larry" Richard



VICE-PRESIDENT
"Phil" Gerow



SECRETARY
"Connie" Richard



TREASURER
"Bev" Farnsworth

At a recent meeting of the one hundred prospective graduates of the Class of 1956 at Husson College, the class officers were elected.

Candidates for the office of President were George Morse of Mexico, Laurence Richard, Mattawamkeag, and Howard Simpson, Sanford. Laurence Richard was elected and will welcome the parents and friends at the commencement exercises. Richard will be graduated in Business Education and plans to teach and coach this coming fall. He is an outstanding basketball and baseball man. He was elected "Chief-for-a-day" in the 1955 campaign. He is affiliated with Mu Sigma Chi and Kappa Delta Phi fraternities, and former president of the Men's A. A. and a member of the Student Council. Richard is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Richard of Mattawamkeag. He is married.

Nominated by the committee for the office of Vice President were Benjamin Blodgett of Bucksport, Lawrence Eaton, Ellsworth, and Philip Gerow of Bucksport. Gerow is the vice president and is in charge of the graduation committees. Gerow will be graduated in Business Education and will teach and do extra-curricula work in school publications and dramatics. Gerow is currently President of Kappa Delta Phi Fraternity, is a member of Mu Sigma Chi and has been the bookkeeper for the Student Council Store for three years. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs Maurice Gerow of Bucksport.

Running for the office of secretary were Nancy Getchell of Bangor, Gail Jones of Hartland and Constance Richard of Mattawamkeag. Elected to the position was Constance Richard. Miss Richard is a member of the Executive Secretarial department. She has been at Husson two years. She is co-captain of the 1956 Girls' Basketball team. She is Treasurer of Pi Rho Zeta Sorority and was recently awarded an "outstanding member" pin by the National office. She has served as President of the Women's Athletic Association and is a member of the Student Council. Miss Richard is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Richard of Mattawamkeag and a sister to Laurence Richard, the class president.

Candidates for the office of Treasurer were Beverly Farnsworth of Bangor, Roberta Gardiner of Presque Isle, and Roger Howard of Augusta. Miss Farnsworth was elected Treasurer. Miss Farnsworth will be graduated from the one-year Secretarial program She will be working for the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company after graduation. Miss Farnsworth was head cheerleader, is a member of the Student Council and Women's Athletic Association. She is affiliated with Pi Rho Zeta Sorority. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Farnsworth, Bangor.

BACCALAUREATE

The class of 1956 will hold its Baccalaureate service at Husson College Auditorium on Sunday, June 3, at 7 p. m. The Reverend E. Charles Dartnell of the Brewer Methodist Church will deliver the sermon. Miss Dorothy Huston of Bangor will be the soloist. The line of March will be led by President Husson and the faculty. Richard Scribner of Easton is the Marshal. The ushers will be Harold Moore, Ellsworth, Gary and John Rioux, Limestone, Wayne Wadman, Brownville Junction, Robert Cimbollek, Bangor, and David Cronin, Bangor.

Music will be furnished by Hugh Jameson on his electric organ.

BANQUET

The class banquet will be held Thursday evening, June 7, 1956 at the Penobscot Hotel at 6:30 p. m. Philip Gerow of Bucksport will be the toastmaster. Dr. Garland A. Russell of the University of Maine will be the speaker. His topic will be "Smile A While". Class president Laurence Richard and Mrs. Richard will be at the head table in addition to the speaker and President and Mrs. Husson. Over 140 members and guests will attend.

Tea

President and Mrs. Chesley Husson will entertain the class members at a tea Wednesday afternoon at their home. The women faculty and faculty wives will assist Mrs. Husson. The Husson residence will be very well appointed for the tea.

Ledger Staff

Editor .....Rinette Levesque
Assistant Editor.....Barbara DeBeck
College Veteran's Club.....Gail Everett
W. A. A......Beverly Farnsworth
Hiking .....Ruth Thompson
Bowling .....Jackie Courtney
Girls' Basketball.....Edna Osnoe
Cheerleading .....Ruth Thompson
Boys' Basketball.....Leona Beal
Boys' Bowling and M. A. A......Nancy Grant
Pi Rho Zeta.....Marion Piper
Mu Sigma Chi.....Dorothy Huston
Kappa Delta Phi.....Norma Gray
Chieftain .....Ann Pelkey
Student Council.....Janice Smith
Roving Reporter.....Eleanor Wiley
Dramatics .....Lucy Stark
Glee Club .....Carolyn Bray
Jokes.....Winona Chesley, Judy Sawyer
F. T. A. .....Beverly Kane
Boiler Room.....Jean Langevin
Lounge Chit-Chat.....Marilyn Leavitt
Cupid's Column.....Marilyn Leavitt
Circulation .....Nancy Dunton

Wanita Borello, Judy McEwen, Ann Fletcher, Juanita Goodrich, Wanita Hazeltine, Marilyn Leavitt, Marilyn Sheer, Mary Lewis, Glennis Cronkite, Judy Gooch, Sue McKenzie

President's Column

(Continued from page 1)

processes. You must not fail your country in the hour in which the clouds of Communism can be seen in so many directions."

As the year approaches its end I hasten to pay my compliments to the entire student body. Many things have happened which are etched permanently in my memory. Our Christmas assembly was one and your thoughtfulness on that occasion which so delighted our young man from Korea, the pageant by the Glee Club, Reverend Dartnell's several appearances, the Thanksgiving and Christmas remembrances for two families, my birthday, the basketball trophies and splendid records of both the boys' and girls' teams, the great number of names on the Dean's List, the busy days, the happy hours —there is no limit. As your President I am proud of you, of what you are and what you promise to become. I give the world our graduates this year secure in the conviction that they will contribute much that is good and much that is needed. Our good wishes attend them all.

Never in our history have we faced such an avalanche of enrollments. We have long replaced those who will be graduated this year. It is now a conservative estimate that close to 600 applicants will seek admission next fall. Without increased accommodations many young people are going to be disappointed. Just when our country needs more trained men and women in all pursuits, our colleges aren't able to house those who would benefit by further education. Hundreds are being turned away. It's a distressing situation and America must awake to the problem and give every student his chance to attend college. All boats are lifted by the tide, and it would be unfortunate indeed, to admit only the superior students into the ivory towers and to close the doors to the less able.

As for those of you who plan to return next fall, your places are reserved. We will consider no interruption of your program regardless of your standing—if, of course, you have passing grades. We will serve those who apply first (first come, first served) rather than wait for superior minds only. We may be criticized for such a policy, but school is a life situation, and abilities should vary as they do in the world outside. The race will always go to the swiftest, so nothing odd appears in this policy governing admissions. Every person who has a reasonable chance of success in our college program will be given the opportunity to try.

If you have brothers and sisters in high school, who have their sights on some college, or university, no matter how many years hence, advise them to begin negotiations NOW. There are many such who will never have the chance to attend college unless they enroll several years ahead. It's serious business and it's sound advice to start applications for admission immediately.

My last words are contained in this phrase: "A diamond is a piece of coal that stuck to its job". All of you, in school and at work, listen well. Your value as coal is little, as a diamond, it's precious. Mother Nature works hard to produce her diamonds. There are great pressures and temperatures. Just stick to the job, accept the pressures, and mayhap your day will come. I believe it. My good wishes atttend you in the days ahead. The hands of my friends keep my door knob bright. I like it that way. Come anytime.

Cordially,
"Chief"

Commencement

Exercises will be held at the Brewer Auditorium on State Street, Friday at 10:00 a. m., June 8, 1956. The class will march in to "Pomp and Circumstance" played by Hugh Jameson on his electric organ. Commencement speaker will be Dr. Leonard Joll, leading Connecticut educator and former Kappa Delta Phi National President. Degrees will be awarded to twenty-eight graduates and terminal course diplomas will be awarded to sixty-eight graduates.

President Husson will make the annual awards in Shorthand and Typewriting.

Ushers for Graduation Exercises will be Thelma Sennett, Pittsfield, Ida Wilson, St. George, Farolyn Wilson, Dover-Foxcroft, Darthea Hubbard, Hartland, Sheila Artus, Milo, Winona Chesley, and Gail Everett, East Corinth, and Janice Moody, Union.

Springtime

Spring sketches sea and sky,
Seeks silent, sleeping swallows;

Dewdrops draped on daffodils
Do a dazzling dance at dawn.

The rare robin redbreast
Rules river and rill.

Frail, fragile fingers
Free forgotten flowers.

Languid, lulling lakes
Lure all life along.

Tall, tapering trees
Toil tireless and true.

Sweet smelling spring
Slips silently in.

Jeanette LePage

Dramatic Club

The Dramatic Club has been busy the past few weeks rehearsing two, one-act plays for Open House, April 28. The custom has been to present a three-act play to parents and friends. However, this year we decided to remind people of the work involved in producing a play. The first play, BOX AND COX, was presented in production with only a few rehearsals. It starred Shirley Bachelder, Lee Ware, and Lawrence Sheilds and was directed by Richard Dyke.

The second play, BOY MEETS FAMILY, represented the finished product after weeks of rehearsal. Jane Stark and Richard Dyke had the leading roles backed up by Shirley Bachelder, Farolyn Wilson, Betty Rideout, Paul Bilodeau, and Dana Dow. The audience seemed to like the new idea, and the plays were a success.

Plans to go to Green Lake, May 20, for the annual outing, are being made. All members are invited, and we are sure it will be a success.

TO OUR HUSSON GRADUATES

Dear Graduate:

The cost of printing and mailing the Husson Ledger is fast becoming too burdensome to continue without help. Thus, it is that you are given an opportunity to become a paying authority to transfer such a balance, if any, to the Building Fund. We are facing crowded conditions for a long time to come, and plans for expansion are fast taking shape. Thus, indirectly, each of you could be contributing to the proposed new building by becoming a subscriber to the Husson Ledger.

If you know of any graduate who is not receiving the Ledger, please send the name and address to us. We want everybody to "get aboard" and help this dream of a new building, cafeteria, and dormitories come true.

A list of the subscribers will appear in a later issue of the Ledger. Be sure that *your* name is on it.

Many, many thanks.

"Chief"

Dear Mr. Husson: I enclose $2.00 for my subscription to the Husson Ledger. Please donate any monies left, after expenses, to the Husson College Building Fund.

Name: .....

Address: .....

Class of 19.....
Please mail to Husson Ledger, 157 Park Street, Bangor, Maine.

"Chief" and Secretary For A Day



"Gussie" Johnson, Don Dorr, "Chief" Husson

GLEE CLUB

The Husson College Glee Club is now rehearsing for graduation. We will sing "A Tribute to Sigmund Romberg," a medley of the showman's hit tunes.

A small part of our Glee Club was present to sing at Open House. We sang "Rosemarie," "The Rosary," and "Oh Dear, What Can the Matter Be."

The school year is coming to a close now. We have had fun putting on pageants and entertaining the students and the faculty. We hope you have enjoyed our songs and shows.

Freshman Philosophy

The more you study, the more you know,
The more you know, the more you forget.
The more you forget, the less you know.
So "Why Study?"

* * *

Waitress: "Will you have pie, Sir?"
Diner: "Is it customary?"
Waitress: "No, it's apple."

* * *

Little Johnnie came home dejected from his first day of school. "I ain't going tomorrow," he told his parents. "Why not?" his parents replied. "Well, I can't read, I can't write, and they won't let me talk so what's the use?"

ALUMNI NEWS

Donald E. York of Millinocket has been elected treasurer of the Great Northern Paper Company.

York joined the firm in 1934. He became assistant auditor in 1949, assistant controller in 1954 and assistant treasurer in 1955.

York is a member of the various Masonic bodies and of Anah Temple in Bangor, president of the Hillcrest Gold Club, a director of the Millinocket Building Association, a member of the Millinocket Budget Committee of the Katahdin Federal Credit Union and an officer of various subsidiaries of the Great Northern Paper Company.

As treasurer, York will be located at the administration building in Millinocket.

Dear Miss Swan:

I have signed a contract to teach at White Plains High School, White Plains, New York. It is a three year high school with about 1,800 students. The business department is a dream in comparison to some of the departments I have taught in.

Sincerely yours,
John W. Daigle.

BERMUDA

Miss Virginia Blood, a 1953 Husson graduate writes:

Get yourself a cup of coffee, a pack of cigarettes, and sit down for a LONG spell of reading, because I am about to start in giving you the highlights (the printable ones) of my trip to Bermuda. Oh, it was a ball from drizzly start to drizzly finish. It began with snow and ended with snow; at least the weather was consistent!

March 30: The day dawned, snow, rain, drizzle, and fog. Such miserable weather to be packing and running around doing last-minute errands in eager anticipation of a trip to Bermuda. But we appreciated Bermuda all the more for the evil weather at this end. The day dragged; but the busses finally left at 2 p.m. for Logan Airport where we hoped to fly to Bermuda. Honestly, with 72 students and 4 chaperones, you have never seen such a mountain of baggage as we dumped into the lobby of the Pan American Airlines building. Some of these kids had 65 and 85 pounds of luggage, and we were allowed 44 lbs. maximum!!! However, they pooled the whole business, so lighties like me (37 lbs.) helped lots. We arrived at Logan at 3:15 and we sat, and sat, and sat, and sat, and sat. Finally, one DC-6 loaded with 62 and took off at 6:45. We, who were left, waited some more. At 7:10 a Stratocruiser loaded the remaining of us aboard and we were airborne. That was fine. But we were starving. We finally were served dinner, aloft, at 9. I could have eaten 10 dinners at that hour But the flight was the smoothest I have ever taken, and exactly three hours later we set down in warm, sweet-smelling Bermuda. Oh, it was just sheer heaven, the warm air, the sweet smells of the flowers, the stars overhead, and the fact that we were finally there. Of course, Bermuda is an hour ahead of Boston time, so it was 11:30 when we headed for the Customs House. Fortunately, the man was sleepy (or something) for he rushed us slam-bang through, and we were piling into busses (a la Bermuda, that is, where six people make a bus load) for the Princess Hotel in Hamilton. It was a weird ride. 'In Bermuda, as in England, the cars all drive on the left-hand side of the road, the wheels are on the right-hand side of the car, and no one is allowed to drive over 20 miles per hour (this my Dad would love as did I). When we arrived at the Princess there was the mountain of baggage all over again. However, we registered, went to our room, and compared notes on the trip down. All three of us (chaperones) were in the same room, a lovely, big sunny room looking out over the harbor of Hamilton. We fell into bed about 3:30—exhausted, but so excited and happy.

March 31: The day was sunny, warm, and exquisite when I awakened at 7:15, starved. I just couldn't believe the flowers, smells, and sun that enveloped everything. The place really grabs you. I breakfasted at 8 with the Dean, Barbie, and Leonie (the other two Lasell chaperones), then we went to the bike shop where the bikes were waiting for us to pick them up—English models with baskets on the front, and delightful tinkly Bermuda bells. Well, to my dismay, I found that bike riders were also expected to ride on the left-hand side of the road, signal at all turns, and obey all traffic signs, otherwise the cop presented you with a ticket!!! We biked all over Hamilton that forenoon, with me hanging over every flower garden, photographing them like mad, oh-ing and ah-ing over the lovely homes and wonderful smells. We came back to the hotel for lunch, ravenous. During lunch it poured outside—one of Bermuda's frequent rain showers—but by the time we had finished eating, the shower had cleared and the sun was again shining. That was the one and only shower we experienced during our entire stay on the Island. And the temperature was around 75° all the time. In the afternoon, we went to the tennis stadium and watched the championship matches between Pancho Segura and Tex Hartwig, Pancho Gonzales and Tony Trabert. They were superb. Of course, Gonzales won, but little Tony Trabert turned in a fine exhibition of professional tennis. It was queer. The courts were wet from the shower, so they sprayed the surface with gasoline and set the whole thing afire. The moisture burned off completely; then they took brooms and brushed off the black crust. In the evening we took a ferryboat ride around the Hamilton Harbor, and visited the various hotels. They are lush. This being my night on duty to check in the kids, I tumbled into bed at 3:15—three kids missing—darn back doors in hotels.

April 1: Easter Sunday in Bermuda. The day was glorious. I got up and went with the Dean to an eight o'clock service at St. John's Parish Church, which was Church of England, but a small, lovely little place. The inside was white stucco, the pews and woodwork were of the famed Bermuda cedar, and how it smelled. There were the usual flowers, millions of them everywhere, banking everything. It was a lovely service, colored and white people mixing freely and equally in their quest for religious teaching. When we left the Parish, I stopped short in my tracks. There was a cemetery, and every casket resting above the ground, encased in white marble, each one completely covered with flowers. Bermuda is a coral reef, and the people just cannot dig down into the stuff. I have slides of the place, if they come out, that is. We went back to the Princess for breakfast, and changed into the usual Bermuda shorts, sneakers, and tee-shirts. Then off for more bike riding until lunch. Since the other two chaperones (Barbie and Leonie) were not up yet, I biked around to the Invurerie and Belmont Manor Hotels by myself and back. After lunch Barbie, Leonie, and I took a ferry to the Belmont Manor and headed toward Gibbs Lighthouse, the highest point on the Islands which is some 967 feet above sea level. It was all uphill, so we walked as much as we rode. At the top we climbed nearly 400 steps to get to the top of the lighthouse, but the view from up there was worth every puffing step. But the pay-off was at the foot. The lighthouse keeper tried his darnedest to get me to stay the rest of the afternoon with him, then go out for the evening. He really did work hard at striking up something, too. Guess this just proves that all lighthouse keepers are lonely, even in Bermuda. I left with the other two! We arrived back at the Princess at 6, completely bushed. Dinner this Easter night took TWO HOURS in the hotel dining room, because over 600 people were served! In the evening we went to the Bermuda Room in the hotel and saw slides together with a lecture on Bermuda and The Holy Land, which were lovely. Finally hit the sack about midnight; how good that bed felt. I had changed mattresses with another Lasell gal earlier in the afternoon, mine had been too soft and hers too hard, so we traded. No bed is ever too hard for me.

April 2: The weather was the usual—sunny, warm, and very fragrant. I cannot ever forget that Bermuda air—laden with all sorts of flower fragrances. You just never smell plain air, you smell perfume all the time. I was up at 7:30 as usual. I just couldn't miss a single minute of this fabulous place, and besides I was always so blasted hungry that I woke up anyway. The Dean was up every morning too, so I breakfasted with her. But this morning I got derailed on the way to the dining room. There came a toot of boat whistles and everyone made a mad dash for the patio in back of the hotel, me included. That toot meant that the Queen of Bermuda (the big liner we were sailing back to New York on) was coming into port. Oh, she was magnificent. I have pictures, you'll see. It was worth postponing breakfast for a half hour. This forenoon I went shopping around Hamilton. It was fun nosing around the shops, especially all that lovely doeskin fabric for which Bermuda is so famous. Yes, I bought some—about $28 worth. You know how I go hog-wild over fabrics. I also bought Calypso records. Oh, that music! Wait till you hear those!!! After lunch we all went over to Elbow Beach to see the afternoon shindig of College Day at the Beach. What a mob of screaming, howling college boys and girls. We toured the lovely beach, the Elbow Beach Hotel, listened to the Calypso Band, and came back to the Princess for dinner. Oh yes, we had tea nearly every afternoon in the hotel reception room. A delightful practice after you have been out in the open all afternoon. In the evening I collapsed into bed; I was having back trouble from too much biking. The others went to Swizzle Inn and had to be smuggled into the place because it was after hours and the Inn was closed.

Are you still with me? Did you ever see anyone cram so much into a week? It was now or never, so we did everything anyone suggested. We had a ball, as you can see as you read along.

April 3: I do not for the life of me see how the weather remains so perfectly lovely day after day. Our luck had to run out sometime, but it didn't in Bermuda. I had breakfast again at 8 with the Dean, bless her heart. She was just the most. Well, we just couldn't ever find another person to equal her; we all adore her.

After breakfast, Barbie, Leonie, and I went into a huddle. We had a long tour outlined that we wanted to cover, a circle around Harrington Sound which included the Aquarium, Tom Moore's Tavern, the Caves, the Perfume Factory, Devil's Hole, Angel's Grotto, and the coral reefs, oops!, forgot the race track. Barbie wanted to go by taxi, I wanted to bike, and Leonie didn't care. We were stalemated. Guess who won—finally. ME. We biked—about 25 miles all told. It was fabulous. I forgot to order a box lunch at the hotel, of course, so I bought cold meat, a loaf of bread, and apples (15c apiece), and we picnicked. At the Aquarium we saw all the fish native to the waters around Bermuda, and there were some ugly, evil looking fish. I was glad they were behind glass. Also there was a zoo attached, interesting but small (no goats). Tom Moore's Tavern was very picturesque. The inside was cedarwood and decorated with verses Tom Moore had written on some of his frequent visits to the Tavern. We had a beer apiece and tried to buy the glasses, but the bar tender refused to sell them. However, the cute old thing grinned devilishly and told us that we were all carrying nice, LARGE bags that day. We took the glasses with us when we left! also we took his picture. Wait till you see him; he was a darling—a real rogue. The Perfume factory was interesting. We watched them making perfume from the Easter Lily and the Passion Flower. I didn't buy any perfume because I was allergic to all of it. The Caves were pretty, but very similar to other caves we had seen, with the lime formations making interesting patterns as it dripped for countless ages. Devil's Hole was a deep hole with huge, ugly fish caged inside. You could drop bait down and watch them fight for it. I didn't care for that too much, I enjoyed them more behind the glass at the Aquarium. Angel's Grotto was a pretty pink stucco eating place; it was decorated like the Island theme. We found many interesting things to photograph on this trip. The most unusual thing that we noted as we biked around the Islands was the friendliness of the natives. The native population is two-thirds colored and everywhere we went they hailed us, chatted, were so friendly, and appeared so happy that we loved Bermuda. This is a far cry from the Boston atmosphere! We arrived back at the Princess in time for tea with the Dean, then I hit the bed for a quick nap before dinner. In the evening we tried to go to Smuggler's Lair to see their floor show, but the place was sold out. We tried the movies, but the show didn't begin until Wednesday night. The Talbert Brothers were in the Jolly Roger Room at the Princess, but there was such a crowd that we couldn't get anywhere near the door. Finally we quit and wrote letters, cards, called Room Service and had a party in our room. We never gave up, you see. I went in on duty for my second and last night. Of all the fellows that tried to pick us up as we were sitting in the lobby checking in the kids. Why we could have any number of dates, but they just didn't look interesting after pumping a bike all day long. I got to bed around 3:15 or so. This was a day, but I was getting the most glorious tan out of the whole thing, and the craziest bleached hair. At this point I had run into but two walls on our bike jaunts. These Bermuda roads are so narrow, the cars go both ways, and when you see how close it is, the only thing left is to run into a wall. I did. Black and blue marks!!!!

April 4: The day began as usual, sunny, warm, fragrant, breakfast with the Dean, and then we got ready for the excursion trip

(Continued on page 4)

F. T. A.



Bob Tremblay

Election of officers was held Thursday, May 10. Elected were: President, Robert Trembley; Vice-president, Janice Moody; Secretary, Beverly Kane; Treasurer, John Rioux; Chaplain, Joe Daigle; Public Relations Officer, Gary Rioux; Student Council Representative, Clarence Thompson.

The Future Teachers of America welcomed a very distinguished guest speaker last month; Mrs. Louise B. Miller. Her speech, which was on "parliamentary procedures," answered our many questions in regard to rules and regulations of conducting meetings, and bylaws of clubs. After her speech, there were discussions, and she answered many important questions. Her presence was greatly appreciated by members of F.T.A.

We have accomplished much this year in F. T. A., and we are all looking forward to it next year.

Bermuda

(Continued from page 3)

around the entire Bermuda Islands on the Chauncey Depew, which the City of Hamilton was giving the college kids. All food and beverage was provided for free. I had to go to the doctor with a student at 9:30, because she fell off a motor bike and busted her little finger. We then ran for the boat, which was making ready to take off for the cruise. It was such fun, and very smooth We toured around Somerset, and the U. S. Naval Station, then on around the islands to St. George. St. George is the oldest section of Bermuda with streets such as Shinbone Alley and Petticoat Lane. It is quaint, with narrow streets, and the White Horse Tavern; with its brick floor. Such a fabulous place. There is also the oldest church in Bermuda with the inside completely of cedarwood. Anyway, we got off the Depew and got onto busses for Fort Catherine. The roads were so narrow that if we met a car the car had to back up. At the Fort, the Gombey Dancers performed. They are a troup of native dancers, dressed in intricate, colorful costumes, with masks over their faces, crowns on their heads, and the top of the crowns filled with tall ostrich feathers that extended about 3 feet up into the air. I have pictures. They danced to drums and a flute played by natives. They were exciting. Then there was more Calypso music, and Gombey dancers again, after which we took busses back into town to see a bit of St. George. It was only a little, because it was nearly time to sail for home. The Monarch was in port, which is a sister ship to the Queen of Bermuda. Also Kindley Air Field, U.S., is located there, so the whole place is buzzing with action. Upon our return to Hamilton we piled into busses again, which took us to the English Military Garrison where the Duke of Cornwall's band did precision marching, and we watched them perform their retreat and sundown exercises. Back to the Princess for dinner. The food was delicious, such huge meals, so many courses, and the little colored girl, Louise, who waited upon us, kept piling more food onto the table. The whole thing is beyond description. In the evening we went to the Coral Island Club to Smuggler's Lair, a night club affair, which was decked out to resemble a pirate smuggler's den or lair. It was very well done, and quite authentic. Some of the chaperones had Smugglers' Nooses, but I had a highball. Then on came the floor show. It was the best I have ever seen. I laughed until I cried, and my stomach was sore for a couple of days after. If you have ever seen me laugh, you know what I mean. First, there was the Esso Steel Band, six pieces, native, who played on the tops of Esso oil drums cut off at various depths. The tops were dented in, and they played with marimba mallets. They were terrific. We could have listened to them all night. But the funniest couple of loops called Tony and Eddie came out. They did take-offs on juke box tunes. They did Bing Crosby and Mary Martin, Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, the Medic, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, and many others. The were sooooooooo funny. We wanted to stay and see the late show, but they wouldn't let us because they sold all the tables for each individual show, and you couldn't stay over. It was a great night—all in all.

April 5: The day began sunny and warm; and I breakfasted alone—the one and only morning. After breakfast, I went touring by myself. I did some last-minute shopping, then visited the Bermuda Library, the Customs House, the Post Office, the Fire Station (only one engine), the Police Station (only from choice) (not from force), the Parliament Buildings, the Bermudiana Hotel, the Big Cathedral, Church of England, St. Theresa's Catholic Church, and back to the Princess for lunch. In the p. m. the sun went in and it got quite cool. This was the first day that the sun wasn't real brilliant. This was also the day of the Bermuda Floral Pageant, the Island Rose Bowl Parade, a lovely spectacle There were 48 floats in all, done in lovely Bermuda flowers, with the Easter Lily blossoms predominating. The U. S. Navy float was the last in the parade and the jeep went on the blink so the boys had to push it. There were local high school bands and majorette groups that marched between the floats to break up the sameness and add a bit of diversity. But they were lovely, and made the Rose Bowl Parade all the more real. We had reserved grandstand seats for this, all complimentary from the City of Hamilton. On the way back from the Pageant Parade, Louise, our waitress, was waiting with her baby to show us. The little girl was 16 months old, and the cutest little colored baby. They are so cute. We had tea in the hotel, then dinner, which we had around 7 each night. After dinner we all went to our rooms to pack for the departure next day. After we had finished packing, the Dean came in and treated us. We sat around and talked half the night with her, for none of us wanted to call it a night and go to bed, neither did we want to leave the next day.

April 6: The day was lovely for the last day in Bermuda. Had my breakfast with the Dean, then we finished packing, tagging luggage, doing all errands for her, went to the doctor with the broken-finger gal for the last time, and finally took a last sunning back of the hotel at the pool. Gary Merrill and Kim Hunter were out there shooting a picture called "The Bermuda Affair" which some of the Lasell kids got paid for taking bit parts in. Must see it when and if it ever hits this part of the country. After lunch, I went to the boat in my Bermudas and sneakers to await the arrival of the kids and give out tickets at the Customs desk. I found my cabin, which was a nice little single, even though it was way down on E Deck. The bed was nice; the cabin was elegant. The steward was extremely English, as were all the ship's personnel, since the Furness Line is English. At three sharp the Queen pulled away from the dock at Hamilton, the band was playing "Auld Lang Syne" on the pier, and the kids that were taking the late plane were waving like mad. We had 31 students with us, plus Barbie and I. We had tea at four, then toured the boat, a floating hotel literally. Dinner was with three other passengers who had come down on the cruise and stayed right on the boat for the return trip. I had smoked ox tongue for dinner and fresh fruit for dessert. When the waiter brought the fruit, there was at least 10 lbs. of various kinds of fresh fruit, and he insisted that I take the most of it to my stateroom. I was thankful for it before the evening was over, as I got hungry. During the evening there were things planned, like Bingo, dancing, stories by Sam Levenson, the comedian on TV; but the payoff was when the captain announced that clocks would be retarded a half hour during the night!" I went to bed early, bushed.

April 7: I stayed in my bunk until lunch time. The steward brought crackers and pills, and all sorts of things, bless his heart, but it just had to wear off; so I stayed put. In the afternoon I went topside, and reclined in a deck chair under a blanket until time for the turtle races, when I went down to A Deck Lounge. After those were over, we had tea. I collected a bag of soda crackers, some apples, a blanket, and went to the ship movie, which turned out to be "The Conqueror," a lousy picture with John Wayne masquerading as Ghenis Khan, of all things. It was about as Mongolian as a Maine lobsterman trying to pass for a first-nighter at the Stork Club in New York City. Dinner that night was steak, lovely and rare, and sooooo delicious. Clocks were retarded another half hour during the night, so we eventually got back onto New York time. In the evening we packed for docking the next morning, had room service bring us a snack (which was for free), and talked awhile before climbing into our snug little bunks. I like those bunks almost as well as I loved the bicycles in Bermuda. I do so wish I could have brought both back with me, but both are quite out of the question. However, I did form a strong attachment for both. Woke up sometime in the middle of the night to hear glass crashing, my luggage, camera, and book sailing around the room, and me half out of the bed. We hit some sort of a storm. I gathered another blanket, rolled onto my stomach, and went back to sleep—that is how much it bothered me.

April 8: We awoke at 6:30 and got dressed, for breakfast was at 7. We made breakfast all in good time, paid the various tips around the boat which were for the kids, then finished packing and sent our luggage off. We sat around A Deck until 9 when the Queen tied up at the Cunard Pier in New York. Imagine, we left 75° weather in Bermuda and outside in New York it was snowing, and down to about 28°. It couldn't happen to a dog, but we were freezing by the minute. We docked, cleared the boat, and went into the Customs Shed and waited. I couldn't find my bags, then I couldn't find the official with the top half of my Declaration Sheet, then I couldn't find a porter to take my bags to the taxi stand which was down on another floor. The Customs Officer was funny, he wanted to know how big Morrill, Maine, was, where it was, if I knew anybody in Machias (he had an Army buddy from there), and after all that he just put customs stamps on my things and didn't open anything. Anyway, by the time we had our taxi and got ourselves together, it was 11 a. m. and we headed for Grand Central Station. The first train out of there, that we could get our luggage on with us, was at 3!!! We sat around until 3, only to find the train so jammed that I stood up from New York to New Haven, for all the airlines were grounded because of the storm and nothing but the trains were running. At New Haven they dumped us onto the platform and there we stood in the wind, snow, and cold waiting for them to bring six more cars from a siding. We were frozen stiff, the cars were cold, not a very nice trip. Besides, we had nothing to eat since breakfast, except a cup of coffee. We pulled into Boston at 8:30, and hunted for a place to eat. Did you ever try to eat in South Station? It is like a barn, only a crumby old cafeteria, with the stools at the counter. We gulped our food so fast that we both nearly died of indigestion. After collecting our luggage, we caught a taxi for Auburndale, only to have the driver relate his tales of being in Panama during the Army days, and how he brought back a boa constrictor as a pet! We finally got to Bancroft House at 10:30, after arriving in New York at 9 that morning—and it only takes THREE HOURS to fly clear down to Bermuda. Sometimes there just isn't any rhyme nor reason to the way fate does things. Believe me, after we had related all our exploits to our housemates, showed them all our treasures, played all our Calypso records, and dug a hole to our beds, we didn't even mind the famous Bancroft squirrels that always rattle during the night in the walls around us.

At this point, we are still relating our vacation, sporting our tans, my sun-bleached hair, and dreaming of going back some day. Bermuda is a lovely place. The things that stand out most in my mind are the fragrant smells, the lovely flowers, and the friendliness of the people. I wish everyone, who likes to travel, could go and spend a vacation there. I was very fortunate to have gone as a Lasell chaperone, but I couldn't have had any better time if I had earned the money and gone on my own. Of course, I cannot begin to relate the fun we had; I hope my pictures come out well so that each of you may have a chance to at least get a peek at this glorious Island.

If you are still with me at this point, I thought of all of you, sent cards, and wished that you were along, but that just doesn't happen. Let me hear from you, even though you haven't a Bermuda vacation to tell about. Whatever you are doing will be interesting to me, because you are always interested in your friends' doings. I've exhausted you enough for this time.

Bye, Bye,
Gini

Welcome, Stranger



Hilda Hances

Hilda Hances came to our school this last quarter from Venezuela. The school and students are most happy to welcome her and hope that her days here at Husson College will be days of happiness.

Hilda is a very attractive girl and has made many new friends here at school. She attended the May Ball and we feel certain that she had a good time.

Before Hilda came to Husson, she attended Saint Michael's College in Burlington, Vermont. She decided to attend a business college, and we are most happy that she chose Husson. We have no news of her being engaged, but should this happen, you'll be the first to know!

Chit-Chat

Well, here we are coming to the close of another school year. It seems that the girls in the lounge just got to know each other and now many of them will be graduating.

Perhaps the greatest topic of discussion in the lounge lately has been that of "love and marriage." Everyone seems to have the fever. Just about every day someone comes in with an engagement ring or a fraternity pin. Marilyn Merritt, a new addition to the lounge, came to school the other day with a beautiful ring. Congratulations, Marilyn, from all of us. Nancy Dunton and Nancy Blanchard have also decided to join the select group of engaged women.

Gee, I never see Sheila Artus in the lounge anymore. What do you suppose is keeping her out in the gym so much lately? Carolyn Bray seems to be quite occupied with the University of Maine. Are you planning to get your Master's Degree, Carolyn? By the way, congratulations on becoming the "Sweetheart of Mu Sigma Chi."

Everyone sure seems anxious for exams to roll around. I guess we all want to hurry and get them over with. I wonder if Mary Lewis is still counting the days until June 15. How many more days, Mary? Did I hear that Connie Richard was on time for Shorthand class one time last week? You're getting better all the time, Connie. All the girls in the lounge would like to salute you, Connie, for being chosen "Belle of the Ball." You certainly deserved it.

It certainly has been loads of fun knowing all of you girls, and to those who are graduating this year, may you have a very successful future.

A mother, who had a son in the service, spent many tedious hours knitting him three socks. Finally she completed her task and sent the package. A few days later she received a letter from her son with the puzzled question, "Mom, why three socks?" His mother hastily sent the reply, "I sent it for the other foot that you told me you had grown since I saw you last."

QUEEN OF MAY -- CONSTANCE RICHARD

HER ESCORT -- LOUIS MAROON



May Ball

Approximately 110 couples danced to the music of Sammy Saliba and his Southernnaires on the night of May 2 in Commerce Hall. Gowns were all fluffy and beautiful. The men looked exceptionally striking in their suits and dinner jackets. The hall was decorated in blue and white with silver stars sparkling in the golden moonlight. The stage was decorated with a sky of blue and many stars shining. The white fence was covered with garlands of *real* Red Roses, the Sorority flower.

The Queen's corner was an arch of white, decorated with green and red roses and ivy. The tall baskets of gladioli brought stateliness to the scene.

Candidates for the Queen of May—or Belle of the Ball—were Mary Fortier, Unity, Marilyn Leavitt, Old Town, Constance Richard, Mattawamkeag, and Thelma Sennett, Pittsfield. These four girls were chosen by written ballot by E T E members as the girls most wanted as real life sisters. Miss Constance Richard was crowned Belle of the Ball by Mr. Husson. She was presented a jeweled Sorority pin by the Chapter. Her escort, Louis Maroon, danced her out on the floor to lead the Coronation Waltz. Lou and Connie were photographed and pictures of the Belle and her court were made by and appeared in the News and Commercial.

Mr. and Mrs. Husson, Mr. and Mrs. Merrill and Mr. and Mrs. Foss were patrons and patronesses for the dance. Other faculty attending and *noticed* dancing at intervals were Mr. and Mrs. Curran, Mr. and Mrs. Donahue and Miss Bradford.

To avoid that run-down feeling, my advice to you is stay on the sidewalk.

Mothers and Daughters

The Mother-Daughter Banquet was held Good Friday in the main dining room of the Penobscot Hotel with over one hundred twenty present. Dr. Garland Russell of the Department of Education of the University of Maine was guest speaker. Dr. Russell is a very eloquent speaker and his words were enjoyed by all. Miss Mary Fortier of Unity was toastmistress and her pleasant and affable manner kept all at ease. Seated at the head table were Miss Fortier and her mother, Dr. and Mrs. Garland Russell, Diana Wyman, President of the Sorority and her mother of Winn, President and Mrs. Husson, and Miss Thelma Sennett, Vice President and her mother, Mrs. Bickford of Pittsfield, and Miss Elizabeth Kierstead of Presque Isle.

Miss Wyman extended the welcome to the mothers and guests and Mrs. Bickford responded for the mothers. President Husson expressed his satisfaction at the gathering of mothers and daughters and guests.

The mothers, grandmothers and guests were presented corsages by their daughters.

Girls attending with mothers, grandmothers and guests were Shirley Bachelder, Belfast; Winnifred Bailey, Oakfield; Mary Fortier, Unity; Nancy Getchell, Bangor; Darthea Hubbard, Hartland; Janice Moody, Union; Constance Richard, Mattawamkeag; Carol Rollins, Bradford; Thelma Sennett, Pittsfield; Diana Wyman, Winn; Vena Roberts, Wesley; Madalyn Jordan, Ellsworth; Doreen DeMerchant; Presque Isle; Gail Jones, Hartland; Farolyn Wilson; Dover-Foxcroft; Audrey Johnson, Robbinston; Dorothy Abbott, Bar Harbor; Marion Adams, Cherryfield; Gayle Arnold, Bangor; Sheila Bradstreet, Lincoln; Carolyn Bray, Rockland; Winona Chesley, East Corinth; Beverly Farnsworth, Bangor; Anne Fletcher, Brewer; Judith Gooch, Bangor; Nancy Gray, Dark Harbor; Nancy Hames, Lincoln; Sylvia Hanson, Bradford; Wanda Hazeltine, Ripley.

Rachel Hill, Dover-Foxcroft; Dorothy Huston, Bangor; Beverly Kane, Surry; Leone Lassell, Ellsworth; Marilyn Leavitt, Old Town; Suzanne McKenzie, Newport; Arlene Magee, Camden; Judith McEwen, Houlton; Edna Osnoe, Medway; Patricia Pelkey, Old Town; Joanne Philbrick, Fairfield; Marion Piper, North Anson; Marilyn Sherer, Northeast Harbor; Janice and Lorraine Smith, Brownville Junction; Lucy Stark, Winterport; Lois Tate, East Corinth; Juanita Thompson, Milo; Nancy Wells, New Vineyard; Eleanor Willey, Fort Fairfield; Ida Wilson, St. George; Miss Bradford and Miss Swan.

National Awards

Miss Clara L. Swan, sponsor of the Epsilon Tau Epsilon Chapter of Pi Rho Zeta International Sorority awarded seven national pins for outstanding service to the local chapter. The recipients were Diana Wyman, Winn, currently President of the ETE Chapter; Shirley Bachelder, Belfast, present corresponding secretary; Constance Richard, Mattawamkeag, active Treasurer; Janice Moody of Union, Editor-in-Chief of the 1956 Chieftain; Mary Fortier, Unity, Advertising Editor of the 1956 Chieftain; Darthea Hubbard, Hartland, 1956 Picture Editor; Rinette Levesque, Upper Frenchville, Editor of the Husson Ledger. The annual "frosh" award made to the freshman girl who contributed most to the chapter her first year was presented to Nancy Wells of New Vineyard.

OFFICERS HONORED

On the eve of March 23, 1956, a party with fancy refreshments ("at no cost" to members) was held. The gym was set up with card tables, pretty table cloths, candlelight, etc. On this night the Chapter itself honored its officers and its members. The retiring officers were honored for the outstanding work and faithfulness to the ideals of the Sorority. Diana Wyman, President was presented with a jeweled Pi Rho Zeta pin, containing eighteen pearls. The other officers, Thelma Sennett, Vice President, Shirley Bachelder, Secretary, Constance Richard, Treasurer, Rinette Levesque, Sergeant-at-Arms, Mary Fortier, Parliamentarian, Janice Moody, Member-at-Large, received miniature pin guards, symbolic of the offices held by them, to attach to their Sorority pins.

Special gift awards were made to the Ledger Editors, Rinette Levesque and Barbara DeBeck, and to Janice Moody, Editor of the Chieftain. These girls were also presented with checks from Husson College for the work done on the school publications. The girls then turned the checks over to the Treasurer.

Miss Madalyn Jordan received a special award for the work "over and above the call of duty" on the Chieftain. Without her help, the Chieftain would never have been "put to bed".

Editor pin awards and Husson pencils were presented to the Chieftain Staff by Miss Swan. These were given by the Student Council.

Editor pins and the Husson "H" were presented to the Ledger Staff. The last two editions were edited by the Secretarial Students of the group.

New Chapter

Thirty-seven of this year's roster will return to Husson in September. It was decided to organize a new chapter of Pi Rho Zeta in order to have smaller groups and to give all freshman girls more of an opportunity to work and take an active part in Sorority. All degree students, from all departments, will continue as the Epsilon Tau Epsilon Chapter. The one and two year students will form a new chapter, have a new house. The National office will submit possible combination of Greek words. Miss Bradford will return to the Sorority fold again as advisor of the new chapter. All large features such as the Sorority Minstrel, Mother-Daughter Banquet and May Ball will be held jointly. The two chapters will meet the same nights and work together.

HONOLULU??

In the year of 1956-57 National Convention will be held in Honolulu. It is hoped that representatives of the Husson Chapters of Pi Rho Zeta will be attending. All profits earned next year will be so directed!

COLLEGE FUND

April 2, 1956

Mrs. Joan L. Hamlin
Milo, Maine

Dear Joan,

This letter is to testify that Epsilon Tau Epsilon chapter of Pi Rho Zeta International Sorority of Husson College, Bangor, Maine, has opened a savings account in trust for your son, David Michael Hamlin.

This Sorority has deposited $50 for the year 1956, and for the next eighteen years will make deposits in the account so that at the end of that time David will have an amount of cash in the sum of $1,000 for his education.

When David has been graduated from high school, the Pi Rho Zeta treasurer will withdraw the money for David. This fund is established out of respect to your husband and David's father, Ernest M. Hamlin. We here at Husson thought a great deal of him.

The Sorority is happy to make this small contribution to a former member.

Sincerely,
Pi Rho Zeta

CLS:sb

Girls' Bowling

Elizabeth Kierstead had the highest average in bowling this year for the girls. Liz had an average of 95.2. Janice Gray came in second with an average of 92.1. Trophies will be given to these girls for their outstanding scores.



"Liz" Kierstead

Janice Gray



Medals will be given to Elizabeth Kierstead for having the highest single score of 119, and to Dorothy Abbott who had a single score of 112.



"Dottie" Abbott

C. V. C.

On April 25, 1956, the C. V. C. wound up its final project, "A Spring Fair," in true festive spirit. Bingo, baseball throwing, penny pitching, dart throwing, and ping pong all led to a carnival atmosphere, which always puts people in the mood to spend money and enjoy themselves.

Jung No Rhee (Joe) is the new Husson College ping pong champion, as he defeated Ken Paradis for the title.

The door prize, a beautiful cake donated by Mrs. Bob McCarver, was won by Carol Bassett.

Everyone joined into the competitive spirit and helped make it a truly enjoyable and profitable evening. The C. V. C. wishes to express its thanks for the cooperation of those who helped make this carnival a success. Thanks are also extended to President David Dukes and the Student Council for the donation of $11 from their Chinese Auction. This donation and the proceeds from the Spring Fair are slated for the Club's first project next year.

CUPID'S COLUMN

Engagements

Mary Ellen Bouchard to Louis Mavor, both of Madawaska

Nancy Dunton, Stonington, to Frank Ferreri, Meriden, Connecticut

Ruth-Mary Hall, Brewer, to James Pooler of Brewer

Marilyn Merritt of Caribou to Charles Hogan of Bangor

Marilyn Elwell, Sherman Station, to Robert Somers, Patten

Robena Burrill, Orono, to Carlton Sproul, Bangor

Marriages

Elizabeth Kneeland, Greenville, to Loren Ritchie, Greenville

Janet Littlefield, Stillwater, to Frank Leathers, Corinna

Emily Ranlett, Camden, to Joseph Farmer, Millinocket

Births

Mr. and Mrs. John Goodness, a daughter, Vickie Sue

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Falvey, a daughter, Irene Elaine

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Mortenson, a son, Jay Mark

Not long after Mr. and Mrs. Blandy's only daughter and her family had moved to a distant state, their only son left for the Army. As he drove away, his mother turned to her husband and said tearfully, "You are all I have left, now."

"Darling," he replied consolingly, "I'm all you had to start with."

BOILER ROOM

There seems to be a quite subdued atmosphere in the Boiler Room. Falvey has gone back to sleep, Don Dorr has vowed never to get in front of a crowd again, and with the final examinations in view, everybody seems to be trying to outguess the teachers.

Along with the aforementioned, Spring has sprung on the outdoorsmen. Fishing has captivated the Boiler Room scene and from the size of the fish that have "gotten away" already, by June 1st, we should have some new records made. (minus the use of a "Delier" of course).

Pen Notes:

To S. V. S.—Statistically—you had the original.

To L. R.—Quebec—The city of Enchantment.

Taken on the whole, this has been the best year yet for the Boiler Room. At one time or other, all male members of the school have gotten in the act. One last note to have with you the coming summer vacation—Please! Bring new material for next fall!

KAPPA DELTA PHI

The climax of an eventful year for Husson College's chapter of Kappa Delta Phi came last week as Lambda Chapter won the President's Cup at the National Convention.

At the Hotel Touraine the annual Convention began with a banquet in the "Surry" Room followed by the election of National Officers. The awards were presented and the meeting adjourned upon completion of the Convention address "The Challenge of Special Education for the Mentally Deficient."

The week-end began for some members of Lambda Chapter late Thursday evening when one carful wanted to get a head start on the gay festivities. With Gerry Castonguay at the wheel, Gerry McInnis, John Rioux, and Ray Martin started wending their way toward Boston shortly after the B & A Train arrived from Presque Isle with Mike O'Donnell, A. S. T. C. representative. Friday morning found Joe Daigle's car loaded to the hilt as it left the city of Bangor with Joe, Phil Gerow, Danny Hastings, Norman Williams, and Bill Plummer.

The third car to leave carried Hugh Hamlin, Archie Doucette, Reginald McKenney, and Gerald Holmbom. Last, but not least, to leave were Gerard Picard, Clarence Thompson "Spook" Diedrichsen, Bob Tremblay, and Jim Sylvester.

Baseball was the cry for the majority Friday afternoon and our presence at the game must have been a good omen for the "Sox" cause they won the game Friday. Friday afternoon also found those not interested in that game, climbing to the top of the Customs House Building to get a better look at the city. Riding from the first to the twenty-fifth floor by elevator was quite a ride but not half as bad as the one we took in the jet plane at Cinerama. Those members who planned to attend Sunday's game, took in Cinerama during Friday afternoon.

In the evening, the Boston theater was filled with those fresh from baseball. The hardy souls enjoyed the show but some of the weaker men found the bobsled ride, the skiing, and the jet plane ride just a little above their stomachs capabilities.

After the show, members ventured over to the Touraine where other chapters were staying. After letting them know that Husson was around, we came back to the Manger and had a party on our own.

Saturday morning we had a "ball." We went shopping in the famous "Filene's Bargain Basement." There we received a liberal education in the fine art of "bargain grabbing." People who took time out to notice us probably think us crazy for just standing and watching the "polite" (?) ladies shop for bargains. We weren't long in getting started, however, in grabbing for ourselves. If you haven't noticed yet, some of us came out with quite "keen" bargains in the form of shirts, jackets, slacks, sweaters, and, of course, those "crazy-mixed-up hats."

Following the shopping spree, we got ready for the banquet. Right after the banquet and meeting, we separated for points yonder. Gerry Castonguay headed for Melrose, and Joe Daigle and Danny Hastings headed south of the border into Conn.

Saturday evening some of us enjoyed the theater production of "Shangri-La" while still others saw "Meet Me in Las Vegas" or "Helen Crane". After the shows, we celebrated our winning with a good olde "Gab-fest" at the hotel. Some of the Farmington Chapter joined the crowd but they couldn't stand the pace set by Lambda Boys.

Sunday morning we arose early and attended Mass at St. Mary's Church. After eating a hearty breakfast, some of the boys, because of "Studying" left dear old Boston.

After Castonguay returned to Boston, his troupe left for points north. Because of the games being rained out, the rest decided to leave in the afternoon. By seven, Boston no longer had any sign of the Fraternity boys.

The trip was by no means completed. We still had to drive home. Valle's Steak House in Kittery found five members giving "Thelma, the cheerful, courteous, and friendly waitress" a hard time. If Gerow or Daigle didn't need this or that, then Plummer, Williams, or Hastings did. We thoroughly enjoyed the hour spent there—and we were so full we knew about it for hours afterwards.

Early Monday morning found all the members crawling into bed ready for a night of much needed sleep, but thankful, just the same, for the opportunity of taking the trip.

Whenever any member passes the trophy displayed on the lockers across from the office, their thoughts will wander back to the happy weekend spent in Boston. From all of us who went, we cordially wish every member of Kappa Delta Phi to attend next year's and every year's convention to come.

V. A.

Peacetime veterans with no war service are *not* entitled to Veterans Administration hospitalization without service-connected disabilities.

The statement was released today by Myles P. Cronkite, Officer-in-Charge, VA Office, 96 Harlow Street, Bangor, Maine, in answer to numerous inquiries.

He said the only conditions under which peacetime veterans may be admitted to VA hospitals are:

1. If they were discharged under conditions other than dishonorable, for a disability incurred in line of duty; or

2. If they are receiving VA compensation for a service-incurred or service-aggravated disability.

Cronkite said peacetime service, for the purpose of VA hospitalization, is any period of service that occurs before or after a war as defined by the Congress.

Generally speaking, peacetime service for VA hospitalization falls between the following dates:

November 12, 1918 (when World War I ended for all except a few) and December 7, 1941 when World War II is deemed to have started.

December 31, 1946 (when World War II ended except for a few) and June 27, 1950 when the Korean conflict is deemed to have started.

January 31, 1955 when the Korean conflict ended, to the present time.

Cronkite said veterans who served only during the foregoing periods are considered as peacetime veterans for purposes of VA hospitalization, and therefore may be admitted to VA hospitals only if they meet the eligibility requirements established by Congress for these veterans.

Special eligibility requirements apply to peacetime veterans who have been *retired* from active service, Cronkite said. He advised these veterans to check their eligibility status with VA should they need hospitalization.

MU SIGMA CHI

Mu Sigma Chi held its annual show on Wednesday, May 9, in Commerce Hall.

The proceeds were to go for the Quebec trip, which has been scheduled for the weekend of May 25, and the building fund.

Taking part in the show were: Phil Gerow, Larry Shields, George Fenno, Spook Diedrichsen, Dick Dyke, Larry Richard, John Rioux, Jung No Ree, Bong Ho Park, John Goodness, Tony Picard, Ben Blodget, Frank Leathers, Ken Leeman, Gary Rioux, Gerry McInnis, Raymond Barclay, Millage Small, Arthur Clavet, Ed Brown, Howard Hawes, Norman Knapp, Neil Dolan, Kenneth Carlson, Matt Williams, Bob McCarver, Bill Mace, Louis Peters, Bill Goggin, Keith Veazie, Ed Street, Bill Plummer, John Edgerly, Jean Daigle.

The Sweetheart of Mu Sigma Chi was Carolyn Bray from Rockland. Carolyn is a freshman and is taking Executive Sec.

"Sweatheart"



Carolyn Bray

A boy writing home to his mother: "Ma, I'm coming home on a furlough!"

The answer from his mother: "Now Son, I hate ta' cross ye but you come home on a bus or a train like any other ordinary boy would!"

* * *

Farm for Sale: If purchased before the next hurricane, a barn will be included.

* * *

A small porcupine was taking a morning walk. Suddenly he stepped back into a cactus plant and asked: "Is that you, Ma?"

* * *

He: "Why do you always play the same piece?"

She: "It haunts me."

He: "It should you've murdered it often enough."

* * *

When he threatened to drive her over a cliff, she laughed. She knew the cab was yellow.

Kinney Duplicator Co.
Distributors for
A. B. Dick Products
Royal Typewriters
G-F. Steel Office Furniture
Maine Made Impression Papers
State Street Bangor, Maine
Phone 8441

Robinson's Barber Shop
95½ Center Street
Bangor, Maine

Basketball Banquet

The Boys' Varsity, Boys' J. V. team, Girls' Varsity and Cheerleaders were entertained at Husson College by Mr. Husson. The "Chief" gave the girls and boys, who wear the green and gold to battle, a lobster feed with all the fixin's. (Some of them preferred chicken salad.)

Dr. Rome Rankin of Maine was guest speaker. Mrs. Rankin came to dinner with him. Gary Rioux was emcee. Brother John Rioux represented the J-V team at the head table and presented Coach Don Dorr with a gift from the boys. Clif Kuchinski spoke for the Varsity (or should I say "shook") and gave the popular "Del" a gift from his men. Connie Richard and Diana Wyman represented the Girls' Varsity and presented Coach Swan with a gift from the girls.

Certificates were presented to Veterans on all squads and letters and certificates were presented to the newcomers.

Letter winners for 1956 are:

Boys' Varsity—Clif Kuchinski, Hal Moore, Richard Moore, Louis Hill, Frank Dawes, Joe Gould, George Albert, Bill Foster, Ed Street, Larry Stanchfield, Louis Maroon, David Young, Earle Harvey, Bob Cimbollek, Richard Stacey, Dana Dow.

Girls' Varsity—Sue McKenzie, Audrey Johnson, Janice Smith, Marion Adams, Janice Moody, Beverly Fish, Edna Osnoe, Connie Richard, Sheila Artus, Dorothy Abbott, Barbara DeBeck, Jane Stark, Judy Sawyer, Lorrain Smith, Jeannette LePage, Lucy Stark, Gail Everett, Nancy Wells, Winona Chesley, Judy McEwen, Diana Wyman.

J. V. Ball—Jim Ugone, John Rioux, Keith Veazie, Bob Elwell, Gary Rioux, Sterling Wilson, David Dukes, Al Lewis, Tom Graves, Arthur Richards, Ken Paradis, Donald Dorr.

Cheerleading—Mary Heath, Emily Randlett, Ann Fletcher, Gayle Arnold, Juanita Thompson, Marleen Cohen, Beverly Farnsworth.

Champions All

The Boys' Varsity received beautiful green and gold jackets with an appropriate emblem, signifying "State Champions of the Small Colleges," from President Husson. "Chief" Husson, Student Council, Pi Rho Zeta Sorority, a Tag Day and a Benefit Dance brought forth the needed money for the jackets. Congratulations to the wearers. Thanks to you who contributed.

TEACHERS ALL!

Jake Goss is going to teach at Greenville and be assistant coach of football. He plans to run a top line in the winter as a sideline, Fishin' and huntin', too!

Larry Richard is to coach Varsity Basketball at Presque Isle High School. He is to teach Business Education, also.

Gerry Castonguay and Diana Wyman will take over the Business Education Department at Fort Fairfield High School. Diana is going to coach Girls' Basketball. Gerald is going to supervise the yearbook.

Karl Diedrichsen is to teach at Eastport High School in the Business Education Department. His extra-curricula activities will be determined.

Ernie Starbird will teach Business Education at Carmel High School. Probably he will be found in his old haunt on Saturdays—Columbia Market.

Rinette Levesque, Priscilla Ingraham, Betty Clukey have not yet decided which contract to accept nor which direction they wish to go!

Phil Gerow is going to take a 2-year contract with Uncle Sam.

Don and Barb Higgins are leaning for Florida, its sunshine and fishing. They plan to teach there!

Sportsmanship Award

WOMEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

AWARD

for

SPORTSMANSHIP

The Husson College Women's Athletic Association

presents this award to

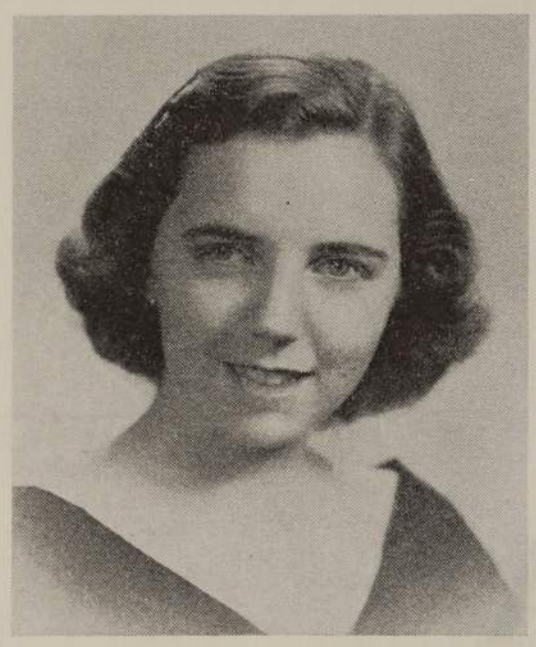
In recognition of her sportsmanship and contribution to the athletic program.

The members of the Women's Athletic Association strive to instill and maintain athletic ability, cooperation, fair play, respect for the challenge of competition and good will toward their fellow men.

..... has exemplified these qualities at work and at play and to her this award is presented.

WOMEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
HUSSON COLLEGE

The medal for Sportsmanship was presented to two girls this year, Co-Captains of the Basketball team, Sorority Sisters, and the 1955 and 1956 Belle of the Ball, Diana Wyman and Constance Richard.



Diana Wyman



Constance Richard

A blushing young woman handed the Western Union clerk a message containing only an address and the word "Yes."

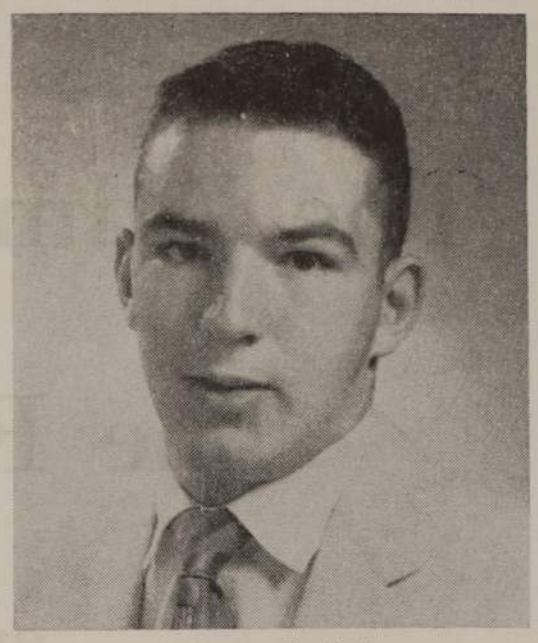
"You know you can send 15 words for the same price," said the man, helpfully.

"I know. But don't you think I'd seem too eager if I said it 15 times?"

* * *

A little girl's father fell asleep in his chair. Suddenly he began to snore. The little girl ran frantically to her mother and said, "Hurry Mummy, Daddy is boiling over."

DeGrasse Medalist



Bob Cimbollek

NELSON DEGRASSE AWARD

for

SPORTSMANSHIP

To the holder of this award, hereon inscribed

ROBERT CIMBOLLEK

The members of the Men's Athletic Association of Husson College, proudly present in the memory of an outstanding athlete NELSON DEGRASSE, this certificate for outstanding athletic ability, courage, and good sportsmanship. It has been and will always be, the Men's Athletic Association's aim, to keep alive in the minds of those who follow, the immortal image of a great American. We, who remain, proudly present our everlasting tribute to those whose standards can equal those of Nelson DeGrasse.

MEN'S ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
Husson College

BASEBALL

Coach Del Merrill's Baseball team got under way three weeks ago with approximately 40 participants, the finest group assembled in many years.

The members now include: Coach Del Merrill, Manager Paul Maroon, Ed Street, Lou Hill, Lou Maroon, Mac Kitchen, Bill Mace, Bob Cimbollek, Ed Tate, Earle Harvey, Gary Holmbolm, Dana Fenimore, Dana Dow, Dick Stacey, Gary Rioux, Dick Moore, Matt Williams, Bob Good, Bill Foster.

Having tough luck with the weather and having had very few outdoor practices, the team got the season under way against Colby Frosh at Waterville and is now prepping for the remaining schedule against tough competition.

Husson lost its first game against Colby 13-1 and now hoping to avenge that loss by winning the rest of the games.

Our first home game will be against Bangor High School. All other home games will be played at Bass Park on the Bangor Fairgrounds. Hope to see you all there to boost the team's spirit.

Schedule of coming games:

May 2—Colby Frosh, away	3:00
May 15—Maine Frosh, away	
May 16—Higgins, Bass Park	3:00
May 21—Farmington, away	
May 22—Higgins, away	
May 23—Maritime, Bass Park	2:00
May 24—Farmington, Bass Park	1:00

He: "Can you sing opera?"
She: "Of course!"
He: "Do you sing Faust?"
She: "I sing faust or slow, any kind you want!"

* * *

First Kangaroo: "Annabelle, where's the baby?"

Second Kangaroo: "My goodness! I've had my pocket picked!"

Information!

The Alumni files will be brought up to date during the summer. If you have any information concerning the address or change of names of any Husson graduate or former student, please forward to Husson College.

Mrs. Louise B. Miller
Husson College
Bangor, Maine

AWARDS ASSEMBLY

On Friday, May 26 1955, David Dukes, President of the Student Council, awarded the active students in the different college organizations. All deserving students of the Boys' Baseball, the Dramatic Club, the Glee Club, the Men's Bowling, the Girls' Bowling, were awarded letters and certificates.

Under the title of "Special Awards", Miss Swan gave the W. A. A. Sportsmanship Awards, and Girls' Outstanding Bowlers Awards. Dean Foss honored "Bob" Cimbollek with the Nelson Degrasse Awards and went on to give awards to the Outstanding Men Bowlers. Coach Merrill awarded the Pete Gattrell Award and then was honored with the presentation of the dedicatory issue of the Chieftain by Miss Janice Moody. Congratulations! Coach Merrill from the Editorial staff and student body.

Ending our Assembly on a "cheerful note", Miss Swan, (with the orders from our Prexy, of course,) declared a "dia de fiesta", "raja", "congé", (for those of you who read Spanish, Indian, and French, respectively).

He: "Can you carry a tune?"
She: "Certainly."
He: "Well, carry the one you just finished out in the yard."

* * *

Two Ohio boys driving through Tennessee found themselves lost in the hills with evening coming on. The road was deserted, but finally a figure appeared trudging toward them. Relieved, they stopped and asked, "Which way to Chattanooga?"

The man stared at them a moment, without replying, then he asked, "Whar you boys from?"

"Ohio."

"I thought so," he said. "Wall, you found it in 1863. Let's see you find it again."

* * *

A man fell from a three-story window to the sidewalk and, amazingly, landed on his feet unhurt. A crowd quickly gathered and a policeman bustled up and asked him the cause of the excitement.

"I don't know," he admitted, "I just got here."

* * *

City girl: "What a funny looking cow. Why doesn't it have horns?"

Farmer: "Well, Miss, there are several reasons. Some cows get their horns pretty late. Others get dehorned, and some breeds just don't have horns. But the reason this cow doesn't have horns is because it is a *horse*."

* * *

Definition of a door: Something kids get a bang out of.

* * *

When a woman driver sticks her hand out, you can be sure of one thing—the car window is open.

* * *

Pet shop salesman to lady customer: "You say the parrot you bought here yesterday won't talk? Did you give it a chance?"

The Administration

The Faculty

and

The Editorial Staff

WISH YOU

A

HAPPY VACATION!

HUSSON COLLEGE
157 Park Street
Bangor, Maine