

# THE ROCKET

1947

CARMEL HIGH SCHOOL

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# FAIRMOUNT CLEANERS

*“FOR THOSE WHO CARE”*

Tel. 5516

Corner Hammond & 13th Street

Bangor, Maine

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We respectfully dedicate this issue  
of "The Rocket" to our beloved  
friend and principal,  
**JOSEPH J. DEVITT**

# THE ROCKET

*Published by the students of Carmel High School*

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CARMEL, MAINE

MAY, 1947

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## ROCKET STAFF

Standing—D. McGown, B. Garland, R. Leonard, N. Verrill.  
Sitting—P. Robinson, V. Smith, M. Thompson, R. Dearborn, G. Day

## EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor  
Business Manager  
Alumni Editor  
Literary Editor  
Exchange Editor  
Joke Editor  
Local Editor  
Typists

Faculty Adviser

Marguerite Thompson  
Robert Dearborn  
Glennis Day  
Dorothy McGown  
Beverly Garland  
Norman Verrill  
Richard Leonard  
Glennis Day  
Patricia Robinson  
Verna Smith  
Marguerite Thompson  
Katie A. Moore

# School Directory

## SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

Bertha W. Carter

## SCHOOL BOARD

John Dean

Stanley Powell

Jerry Burns

## FACULTY

Joseph J. Devitt, Principal  
Mathematics, Science, Coach

Katie A. Moore, Assistant  
Language, History, English  
Dramatics

Barbara J. Drew  
Commercial, Coach

Dana P. Stevenson  
Junior High

## SPORTS

### Boys' Basketball

Captain, Richard Leonard

### Girls' Basketball

Captain, Glennis Day

## CLASS OFFICERS

### Seniors

President	Robert Dearborn
Vice President	Glennis Day
Secretary	Beverly Garland
Treasurer	Verna Smith
Student Council	Allen Newcomb
	Richard Leonard
	Dorothy McGown

### Juniors

President	Richard Newcomb
Vice President	Avis Weir
Secretary and Treasurer	Janice Emery
Student Council	Madeline Weeks
	Reynold Bridgham

### Sophomores

President	Janet Bridgham
Vice President	Edna Weir
Secretary and Treasurer	Joan Brown
Student Council	Gerald Verrill
	Ralph Turner

### Freshmen

President	Rodney Verrill
Vice President	Clayton Hand
Secretary and Treasurer	Barbara Merrill
Student Council	Clayton Hand
	William Palmer

## STUDENT COUNCIL

President	Richard Leonard
Vice President	Dorothy McGown
Secretary and Treasurer	Madeline Weeks



# The Faculty



JOSEPH JOHN DEVITT

*"Sure and steadfast."*

Born at Dorchester, Mass.; graduated from Boston Latin School; attended Boston College, B. S. in Ed. Bridgewater State Teachers' College, M. A. Boston University Graduate School; Teacher at Orono High School 1941-'45; Principal at Carmel High School 1945-'47.



KATIE ARMONELLA MOORE

*"Persistence perseveres."*

Born at Somerville, Maine; graduated from Cony High School, Augusta, Maine; Th. B. Gordon College, Boston, Mass.; Boston University Graduate School; attended University of Maine; Teacher at Fayette, Dayton, Otis, Woolwich, Maine; Social and Missionary Worker in Kentucky; Teacher at Islesboro High School 1943-'44; Teacher at Carmel High School 1944-'47.



BARBARA JEANNE DREW

*"Energy and persistence conquers all things"*

Born at Brewer, Maine; graduated from Brewer High School; Maine School of Commerce; Teacher of commercial subjects at Carmel High School 1942-'47.



DANA PAUL STEVENSON

*"Spare the rod and spoil the child."*

Born at Dixmont, Maine; graduated from Bangor High School; attended Eastern State Normal School, Castine; Summer course at Farmington State Teachers' College, Summer Course at Gorham State Teachers' College, Teacher at Newburg, Dixmont, Carmel Junior High 1945-'47.

# SENIORS

GLENNIS ARLENE DAY

Commercial Course

*"Jolly as they come."*

Second Honor Essay; Secretary 1, 2; Treasurer 2; President 3; Vice President 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Captain 3, 4; Junior Prize Speaking 3; Senior Play 4; "The Volunteer" 2, 4; Alumni Editor and Typist of "Rocket" 4; School Orchestra 1; Freshman Reception Committee 1.



ROBERT ELLWYN DEARBORN

General Course

*"Love one, love 'em all."*

Salutatorian; Senior Play 3, 4; Junior Prize Speaking 3; President 4; Member of Future Teachers' Conference 3; Decorating Committee for Graduation 3; Business Manager of "Rocket" 4.



BEVERLY LETTIE GARLAND

Commercial Course

*"Be good and you'll be happy."*

History; Freshman Reception 2; Junior Prize Speaking, third prize, 3; Volunteer Staff 4; Cheer Leader 2, 3; Senior Play 4; Property Mistress 2, 3; Student Council 2, 3; Secretary 4; Secretary of Forum 1; Exchange Editor of "Rocket" 4; Treasurer 1; Captain of Magazine Drive 4; Orchestra 1.



RICHARD CLAYTON LEONARD

General Course

*"Oh, what a basketball lad!"*

Gifts; President 1; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Captain 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Play 3, 4; Student Council 2, 4; President 4; Freshman Reception Committee 2; Local Editor of "Rocket" 4; Forum 1, 2; All Star Team of Central League 2; All Central Maine Guard 3, 4.





SAMUEL MILTON LEWIS

General Course

*"A smile and be on my way."*

Prophecy; President 2; Basketball 2; Junior Prize Speaking 3; Senior Play 4; Snow Carnival 2.



DOROTHY IRENE MCGOWN

College Course

*"The heart of happiness."*

Prophecy; Secretary and Treasurer 1; Forum 1, 2; Vice President 2; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Freshman Reception Committee 2; Junior Prize Speaking, second prize, 3; Student Council, Secretary and Treasurer 3, V. President 4; Senior Play 3, 4; Softball 3, 4; Literary Editor "Rocket" 4.



ALLEN L. NEWCOMB

General Course

*"He lies where happiness prevails."*

Will; Senior Play 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Student Council 1, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1; Junior Prize Speaking 3; Freshman Reception Committee 2; Forum 1.



NATALIE FRANCEL NEWCOMB

Commercial Course

*"Smiles the whole day long"*

Will; Secretary and Treasurer 1; Property Mistress of Senior Play 4; Freshman Reception Committee 2.



PATRICIA MARTHA ROBINSON

College Course

*"Oh, for a man six feet four."*

First Honor Essay; Student Council, President 3; Senior Play 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Junior Prize Speaking, first prize 3; Softball 2, 3, 4; Typist of "Rocket" 4; "The Volunteer" 4; Magazine Drive Captain 3.



VERNA IRENE SMITH

Commercial Course

*"Sails on a sea of bliss."*

Third Honor Essay; Junior Prize Speaking 3; Senior Play 4; Treasurer 4; Typist of "Rocket" 4; "The Volunteer" 4.



MARGUERITE ELAINE THOMPSON

College Course

*"Those who strive succeed."*

Valedictorian; Junior Prize Speaking 3; Senior Play 4; Softball 3, 4; Editor and Typist of "Rocket" 4.



NORMAN WALTER VERRILL

General Course

*"Life is but a struggle."*

Presentation of Gifts; Basketball 3, 4; Baseball 1, 3, 4; Joke Editor of "Rocket" 4; Junior Prize Speaking 3; Senior Play 4.



# EDITORIALS

## NURSING

America needs competent nurses to take care of its thousands who are sick and to help its millions keep well.

Nursing offers opportunity for constructive service, adventure, responsibility, and advancement. Never has competent nursing service been in greater demand than now. Never have well-qualified young nurses had so many positions waiting for them. They are eagerly sought for in the public health nursing field and for government, civilian and hospital nursing services.

Most of the positions are for newly-graduated young registered nurses, to give bedside care to the sick and to safeguard the health of families. They need experienced nurses who have broadened their preparation through post-graduate study and have qualities of leadership. They must have a liking for study to keep up with the advance of medical science.

The period of preparation commonly known as "training" usually covers three years, and includes study and class work as well as nursing practice in the hospital, known as clinical work. Through classes you learn wherein sick people differ from well; what symptoms are typical of the various diseases; how medicines act; how people may be protected against illness. Just as in any school, you are expected to prepare assignments and to pass examinations related to practice on hospital wards. There you give care

—nursing care—to actual patients, under the supervision of registered nurses. In this way your eyes, your ears and your touch are trained to detect the slightest change of condition; your hands are trained to be quick, sure and gentle; your mind is trained to be alert and to relate cause with effect.

In this practice you are dealing with real patients. You will therefore be expected to assume a certain amount of responsibility. Your work with patients is supervised, but the patients' nursing care and comfort are to a large extent in your hands. Because of this responsibility you will be expected to balance your off duty activities so that you will keep yourself at a high point of efficiency.

Dorothy Palmer '48

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## EDUCATION

This fall we are all settling down for a year of school work. We are learning how to study again. Some of us are having a hard time to get back to the old grind and are finding it difficult to keep our marks up to where they were last year. We know that for many of us these four years of high school are the last chance we will ever have to obtain an education. It is true that a few will go on further to college, commercial school, and maybe a boy or two will enter a trade school, but the most of us will probably get just an ordinary, every day job where we might not even have to use our education.

I think we should all study hard to make the most of our opportunities. Oh, sure, I believe in having a good time and in participating in all the school functions possible, but I still think we should study hard and get the most out of our every chance.

Many men, when they are discharged from the service, are given the chance to go to college if they obtained rank enough during high school to do so. But if they didn't work hard enough to obtain satisfactory rank, they cannot have this opportunity and will be unable to get the good job that they might have had. Probably the most of them regret a situation like this, and I'm sure I would, too.

Thirty or forty years ago you were considered well educated if you had been through eight years of grammar school. Now you have to have at least a high school education if you are to get any decent job at all. In a few years it will probably be necessary to have a college education in order to get one of the better jobs, so, Young America, make the most of your opportunities.

Marguerite Thompson '47

### NONE OR SOME

I called, but he said "None." It is disappointing, but what can I expect? Time after time the same "none"—well, it is true. It is all my fault. I will go home and remedy it right away.

So I stroll out and walk a little

more rapidly than usual. My thoughts wander. I cannot keep them on a subject. I keep on until I come to my home.

It's good to be in where it is warm. It didn't seem as if the wind were blowing as hard a few minutes ago. Of course it never seems as bad if one has something on her mind.

If I'm to succeed I must do it and do it now.

My next move is to get my paraphernalia together. I suppose, although I hate to admit it, it is all my fault because I have to hunt for this and that.

One often wonders if it is worth one's while. Time will tell. Now isn't that aggravating! I'll have to stop and wash it out and all over this, too. This is the most exasperating thing. It never works when you really want it to work. Succeeded at last.

Now back out in the cold again, but at least it wasn't really so bad, and I've succeeded at last.

Two weeks have passed and I still wondered if it was worth it, until one night the answer wasn't "None." I had succeeded. I had received a letter! I guess writing with my scratchy pen, and having it go dry, hunting for my stationery, spilling my ink on my mother's new placemats, and starting my letter over and over again was all fun now that I have received an answer.

Whoops! I almost forgot. Now I have a letter to answer.

Patricia Robinson '47



# LITERARY

## MR. ALPHABET

My story starts where most stories don't. Right in the middle of night. First, we see a lovely lake with the moon just rising and sending a pale glow over everything. First, we see only the beauty of it all, but as our eyes become used to the pale light we see a small figure beneath the low-bending willow trees. As we come closer, we see it is a small girl, perhaps of four or five. She sits there alone but, right over behind that tree—there is someone—and behind that tree, and that one—why, there's a tiny person behind every tree! Slowly they creep toward the little girl until they are right beside her. She doesn't even see them.

They stand there whispering among themselves. Then slowly a small man with tiny curling shoes, a great pointed cap and the roundest, largest stomach I've ever seen, steps forward. In a shaky, squeaking voice he asks the little girl her name. She turns so swiftly the little fellow jumps back, only to fall over a tiny stone. The little girl is very sorry and helps him up. She then exclaims, "Why, you're a fairy! I know you, my mummy tells me all about you." The little fellow agrees that he is and also that his name is Mr Alphabet. He wants to know what a little child her age is doing out alone by a lovely lake at this late hour.

The little girl looks worried and two large tears roll slowly down her cheeks. "I—I'm lost." The little Mr Alphabet tells her to stop crying and follow him. He opens a tiny door in a large tree and they

enter. The rest of the fairies scramble after them. They go down a long, dimly lighted pair of stairs, then a long gloomy tunnel until they are in Fairy Land.

At first the little girl can only stare. Of such things she'd never dreamed. Tiny rabbits hopping about, baby deer, birds of beautiful colors, and all around lovely flowers bowing to and fro. As they walk on a little farther they come to a scrambling, playful bunch of kittens. The little girl squeals with delight and tries to pick them all up. When the little man tells her she may have one, she picks out a gray one with great big blue eyes.

They go a little farther until they come to a large pink castle. All around it little fairies are playing and having a lovely time. When they enter, the palace is full of lovely flowers and seated among them is the tiniest, loveliest lady the little girl has ever seen. She goes forward and is introduced to the lovely queen. They talk for a long while and then the queen tells Mr Alphabet to take the little girl home.

The little girl sat up and rubbed her eyes! Why, she was in her own bed and it was morning. She ran down to her mother and asked her if she had been away last night. Her mother said, "Yes, that she had been missing for a while but when Daddy went out to look for her she was asleep on the porch with a kitten." Her mother wanted to know where she got the kitten. The little girl told her the fairies gave it to her but she wouldn't believe it. Her mother said she could keep the kitten, however, and the little girl named it Mr A, short for Mr Alphabet, you see. And even though nobody will believe the little girl, we know that it happened. Don't we?

Barbara Merrill, '50



## DOES IT PAY TO EXCHANGE NAMES?

It was announced in the assembly hall of the Grover Girls' School, Monday morning, that we would have three weeks vacation, beginning Saturday. All the girls were planning where they would go and what they would do during vacation. As far as I knew, my weeks were going to be spent at the Dorm, where I would fix my summer clothes, but most of the girls were going away, even my roommate, Bonny. Gee! It certainly would be lonesome without her.

She was going to spend her vacation in the same old place, up in the mountains, but this time she was going to stay with an uncle and aunt she had never seen before.

On Friday I received a telegram from Uncle Ted, the only uncle I had never seen before, saying that he wanted me to spend my vacation with him on an island.

That night in our room my roommate and I decided to change names with each other and go to see each other's relations. So on Saturday morning we started. The scenery on the way to the mountains was beautiful. I had expected to see a small cottage but to my surprise I was taken to a large place where all conveniences were used.

When I reached the house I was taken to my room, where I changed my clothes. I then went to the seashore to find my cousin. I found her on the beach with two boys, one of whom was going to entertain me. On our way back to the cottage we decided to go to town to a dance that night. We talked for a few

hours and went to get on our evening dresses.

We left the house about 8:00 o'clock and had a wonderful time until we were on our way home and we were in an accident. We were all taken to the hospital by the police and remained for nearly two days. While I was there I received a telegram from my roommate saying she was having a fine time and was engaged to marry my cousin. She also said she had given her own name by mistake.

My real name was discovered when the police investigated the accident. After we were able to go home the people did not remind me of my name. They seemed to be pleased to have even a friend of my roommate's.

I had a wonderful time in the end but I advise no one to try to change his name or to be someone else.

Dorothy Palmer, '48

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## MY HUNTING TRIP

On a bright Monday morning in November I started out hunting. What was I hunting for? Oh, I don't know, I was just hunting.

It was about 6 o'clock and the sun was just coming up. I started up through the cart road that led to the big forest. The frost was still on the ground and as my feet swept through the grass I began to get colder so I started walking faster to keep warm.

Oh, yes, my gun. Well, I had my brother's twenty-two. It was quite a good gun, but without a good person to shoot it it wasn't of much use.

*Eleven*

I had only fired a gun about three times in my life anyway.

I kept walking and soon I was deep in the woods. I kept going farther and farther, following a path I had been over with my brother.

Now, I was alone in the woods. Was I scared? Golly, I don't know exactly.

Soon I came to a clearing and someone had cut a few trees there. I had walked for over an hour and had not seen a thing. So I sat down on a little knoll and leaned up against a tree to rest a while.

All of a sudden I heard a noise in the bushes. I looked in the direction of the noise and there stood the biggest and prettiest deer I had ever seen.

I walked up to the deer and said, "Hello." Of course he couldn't talk, but he looked at me just as much as if to say, "Well, hi there, how are you?" I rubbed his neck and patted his head for a long time. He looked at me again and I knew he wanted to say that he must go. So I said "Good-bye," and he nodded his head and ran off through the woods.

I looked all about me and then saw my gun. I realized then I was supposed to shoot the deer instead of talking to him.

While I was thinking the matter over in my mind I saw a gray squirrel in a tree. I grabbed my gun and took aim and fired. I hit the squirrel and killed him. I went to where he lay on the ground. I picked him up and thought of what a cruel thing to do. I dug a little hole and buried him. While I was doing this I was crying just as hard as I could cry.

Well, folks, that was all a dream.

When I woke up the tears were running down my face. The sun was high in the sky and my stomach told me it was time for dinner. So I jumped up and hurried for home, with nothing but the gun and a red face to show my mother and dad my luck at hunting.

Janice Emery, '48

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## BIG BEN

This story takes place on the plains of Wyoming during the early 1800's.

Big Ben was a horse. He was one of the last of America's wild horses. He was the leader of over five hundred mares. He was strong and big, with a body of reddish gold and his mane and tail were almost pure gold. He was a handsome thing to see with the sun flashing on his body as he ran through the valleys and over the hills, followed by his band of mares.

Big Ben was the admiration of all the Indians. They had tried every way possible to catch this wonderful stallion, but he had always eluded their traps.

It was in the year 1802 that John Paine, a scout and trapper, chanced to cast his eyes upon Big Ben. It was in the evening of June 16, that John Paine stepped out of the woods on a high bluff and looked down into the prettiest valley he had ever seen. There in the middle of the valley beside a small brook feeding and drinking was a large herd of horses.

As he scanned the herd he glanced further down the valley and saw Big Ben standing at a bluff al-

most as high as the one he was standing on. John Paine stood watching admiringly at the golden body that shone in the last rays of the setting sun. Right then and there he made up his mind that Big Ben would be his before the summer was over.

That night John built a small shelter on the bluff sufficient to keep out the rain and cold, for although it was summer, it got cold at night in the mountains of Wyoming. The next day he went about trying to figure out how to catch Big Ben.

That night he saw a lone Indian ride out of the woods on the same bluff about two hundred yards away and stand looking over the herd. The Indian suddenly turned and saw John sitting there quietly with a smile on his face. Finally, John broke the silence by saying, "He's a beauty, isn't he?" The Indian walked slowly over toward John, with a smile on his face. He said, "My people try to catch him many time, but him too smart. My name Red Feather, my tribe live far away." John asked him to have some supper and the way Red Feather ate he couldn't have eaten for a week. After supper Red Feather told John all about the times his tribe had tried to catch Big Ben and his herd.

Weeks passed and John and Red Feather tried every way possible to catch Big Ben and his herd, but never succeeded. Finally, on the second of November, when it was starting to get cold, John and Red Feather stood side by side and watched Big Ben bring his herd down the valley to feed and drink. As Big Ben stood on his bluff, John and Red Feather said almost together, "Good-bye, old man, and may you never be caught." As each one went his way they heard Big Ben neighing as if to say, "Well, you had a good time trying, come again and we'll play the game again."

Richard Newcomb, '48

## STAR REPORTER

It happened on Fifth Street. You know, that short, narrow little street connecting the residential and the business section of the city. It's a short cut hardly ever used except by someone who is in a hurry. I was in a hurry to get to the banquet in honor of "Women in Politics" or something like that. I was out to pick up a bit of gossip for the "Morning Star," the paper for which I was a reporter.

I happened to be the only person to witness the brutal manslaughter of that bent old man crossing the street. It was during the noon lull of business that a powerful black sedan swooped around the corner and struck the man, killing him instantly.

The car drove up beside me and stopped. A voice from the open door said, "Get in. We want you to show us where the police station is."

I didn't have time to protest or think when I found myself in the presence of four of the roughest looking men I had ever seen. I politely gave them the directions, but they didn't seem to hear, because they drove swiftly by the street I had pointed out. I had supposed they wanted the police in connection with the old man's death, but evidently not. Suddenly, I realized what was happening. I was being kidnapped. I tried to think of some way of getting out but, I couldn't, so I decided to wait for an opportunity.

In a few minutes we stopped before an expensive looking hotel in the suburbs of the city. I was ushered in with a warning not to make any suspicious movements. We entered a room on the third floor. It was full of men. They all stopped talking when we entered.

Then I realized I was in the presence of the most ruthless and smartest gang in five states, the Tom



Rickey Gang. The papers were full of their doings. The chief had put our best reporters on the case. So far, they had found nothing about the gang.

You can realize my happiness to be on the inside of the whole thing. I had not thought about fear. My only thought was, "What a story for our paper. This ought to get me the position of Star Reporter if I could bring about the arrest of the gang. Perhaps I could get better jobs than collecting gossip from the Women's Club."

After hearing the facts the leader said, "We'll have to get rid of her. You know the rules. We'll do it after the meeting."

I was frantically searching my mind for a way out. I let my face drop in a very simple expression, which wasn't very hard to do because my face naturally fell in those lines. Experience had taught me that it was smarter to appear dumb. Suddenly I had an idea. I was desperate, I would try anything, no matter how simple. When no one was looking, I put my finger way down my throat, which, of course, made me sick. One of the men shoved me across the hall into the bathroom. As he closed the door and locked it, I heard the leader say, "Of all the luck."

As soon as I heard the key turn, I pulled the ugly grimace from my face, and tried the window. It was open. I wondered why they hadn't thought of the window. They probably thought I was too dumb. I climbed rapidly down the fire escape and ran to the nearest phone booth and called the police. In a few minutes the street was swarming with police. They soon had the whole gang who had evaded capture for two years.

It was one o'clock when I arrived at the office of the "Morning Star." I had to get back to get the story in the morning edition before our rival, "The Sun," got the news. While the headlines were being set

up, I typed the story which was the biggest scoop our paper had had for years, and which graduates me to a big time reporter.

Kay Richardson, '48

## THE THOUGHTS OF SILAS GREENE

It was a lovely spring morning when Norma and Dot started on their trip. Because it was such a lovely day they both put on cool white dresses. They started out with a singing heart, prepared to have a wonderful time!

They are riding along in the country, enjoying the beautiful scenery. Suddenly they have a flat tire! They have to get out and change the tire. Soon their white dresses are streaked with grease and grime.

On a hill stands a tumble-down cabin. Refuse is strewn around. Three very thin goats are grazing on the lawn. As they are not tied they may wander as they please. They could easily run away, or get run over, if they should wander into the road.

Hanging on the porch are some men's clothes. They are in much need of mending. Seated on the porch is Silas Greene, the town's bum. Sleeping beside him is his hound. Silas is not very old. He has bright red hair and is considerably stout. He is sitting comfortably with his dirty stockinged feet on the rail. This is the way you usually find him. He contentedly puffs on a pipe. He cares not that the yard looks like a junk pile, or that one side of the porch has completely caved in.



He idly watches the girls. As he does, a chain of thought runs through his mind.

"Silly girls, doin' it all wrong. 'Nough tools to build a new car! A gen'lman would do it for 'em seeing as they're girls. But who wants ta be a gen'lman? Much easier ta sit and watch. Hmph! The high-faluting things keep sendin' angry looks to the house. Can I help it if the grass grows taller? Nature does that. Why that hound o' mine eats like a horse and looks like a sparrow. Sky looks like rain. Hope not. Rain comes through the roof too easily. Patched it twice; lame for a week after. People say I'm lazy. They just don't understand I ain't well. They often send over baskets of food. That's very helpful. Girls are getting angry now. That's foolish of them. They should take it easy, like me for instance. Well, they got it fixed at last; now I won't have any more excitement."

The girls drive off, leaving Silas Greene to his pipe and thoughts; they think none too well of him. And here I will leave him, too—.

Barbara Merrill, '50

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### MY PUP

Once I had a little pup,  
Who was as cute as he could be.  
He did everything that was wrong  
And always pestered me.

Sometimes he was very good,  
And did what he was told;  
Other times he was so bad  
I had to scold and scold.

But no matter how I scolded him  
He'd do it over again;  
Then I'd have to get a stick  
And get rather rough with him.

Joan Brown, '50

### THE SEASONS

The birds begin to come  
When it is time for spring;  
They start to build their nests,  
Then we hear them sing.

When school lets out,  
And summer comes our way,  
The trees are covered with leaves,  
And children go out to play.

Autumn is the prettiest time of year;  
The leaves turn a golden brown;  
Then Jack Frost comes our way,  
And the leaves start falling down.

Maine winters are always very  
pretty,  
The white snow covers the ground,  
And school is in full swing,  
And snow birds are all around.

Janice Emery, '48

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### FRESHMAN DAY

We went to school so early  
All dressed in back-side pants,  
Sophomores plastered us with lip-  
stick  
And made us jump and dance.

You should have seen the boys,  
With nail polish on their toes,  
Their mothers' housecoats and  
pajamas,  
Displayed charm and grace  
untold.

But with all of this it's lots of fun  
To start our freshman year,  
Twenty-six kids and all good sports,  
Don't we deserve a cheer?

Margaret Smith, '50

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Timmy: "Buddy, why is it you  
never take a girl out from Carmel?"  
Buddy: "Well, it's like making a  
pie. It takes a lot of dough and  
plenty of crust."

## POEMS

### BLUES IN POEMS

Did you ever write a poem  
When you didn't feel in the  
mood?  
Every time you start a thinking,  
In walks someone to intrude.  
If I were ever a writer,  
I would find it easy then,  
But look at me, I feel so foolish,  
Simple like, you know within.  
Take it easy, Miss Moore,  
Careful, do not rank me close,  
And realize I'm not a poet,  
But a high school girl at most.

Ruth Brown, '50

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### CLOUDS

Funny clouds up in the sky,  
Floating lazily by.  
How your shapes do startle me,  
Sometimes an animal, sometimes  
a tree.  
I wish that I might be up there,  
And use you for a flying chair.  
I like to see the things you see,  
I think I'd be a wiser me.  
Oh, How I wish that someday I  
Might float lazily through the  
sky.

Richard Newcomb, '48

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### WINTER TIME

The earth is oh, so pretty,  
The ground is covered white;  
The sun is high up in the sky,  
It makes the snow so bright.  
The hills are high and icy,  
Where the kiddies like to slide;  
They run and jump upon their sleds  
As down the road they glide.  
The streams and brooks are frozen,  
We hear the sleigh bells chime;  
Which all adds up to fun we have,  
In the good old winter time.

Marguerite Thompson, '47

*Sixteen*

### MY PREVIEWS

Many the time I remember  
When my soul was sad and  
weary,  
When my friends were happy and  
laughing,  
But my world was cold and  
dreary.

I sit in my room and wonder  
What the years ahead will hold,  
What longings, yearnings, sorrows,  
I am yet in life to know.

The fire is dying to amber,  
The room is growing cold,  
I dream and then I slumber;  
The years are making me old.

Oh, no, it is not true, I cry,  
Keep sparkling youth alive,  
Don't grieve and cry over your  
sorrow,  
Keep life, oh, don't let it die.

Kay Richardson, '48

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### INSPIRATION

I needed an inspiration,  
But it just wouldn't come;  
It didn't come during vacation,  
Or after school begun.

I tried to write a poem  
To save a little time,  
But when I went to read it,  
It just didn't rhyme.

I thought and thought,  
But thought in vain,  
And then in desperation  
I finally signed my name.

Patricia Robinson, '47

# LOCALS

## JUNIOR PRIZE SPEAKING

Junior Prize Speaking this year was a little unusual. With eighteen pupils in the class, tryouts were held on February 6 and 7, with Rev. and Mrs. Smith of Carmel as judges. The unlucky nine were: Evelyn St. Louis, James Newcomb, Madelyn Weeks, Janice Emery, Kathleen Richardson, Jacqueline Morse, Marilyn Thompson, Richard Newcomb, and Avis Weir.

The unlucky nine made their appearance at the Town Hall, March 13, and greeted by a full house of relatives and friends. The girls were dressed in evening gowns with small corsages of white carnations.

The boys wore dress suits with white carnations in their lapels. The speaking began at 8:00 P. M. After five had spoken, Evelyn St. Louis sang "An Old Fashioned Song," accompanied by Glennis Day. The other four then spoke.

Richard Newcomb presented Miss Moore, our local adviser and coach, a gift on behalf of the Junior Class, to show their appreciation for the time she had sacrificed to make this Junior Prize Speaking a success.

The grand event of the evening was when the judges returned with the final verdict. Miss Avis Weir took the spotlight for first prize, followed closely by Richard Newcomb for second prize, and Evelyn St. Louis was close on his heels for third prize. The judges said that this was one of the closest Junior Prize Speaking Contests they had ever witnessed to pick three speakers from.

Dancing followed with Reid Hand orchestra. Refreshments were also served.

A. Weir, '48  
R. Newcomb, '48

## HONOR ROLL

The following pupils have been on the A honor roll. The A honor roll is awarded to those who have an average of 95 or more for the ranking period.

Robert Dearborn '47	4 periods
Marguerite Thompson '47	4 periods
Patricia Robinson '47	1 period
Dorothy Palmer '48	1 period
Rodney Verrill '50	1 period

The following is a list of those pupils who have been on the B honor roll. This honor is given for an average of 85 or better.

### Freshmen

Ruth Brown	3 periods
Clayton Hand	4 periods
Frederick Luce	1 period
Barbara Merrill	1 period
Gladwin Smith	1 period
Margaret Smith	1 period
Rodney Verrill	3 periods
Sally Marcho	2 periods
Bettina Norris	1 period
Florence Stewart	2 periods

### Sophomores

Effie Gatcomb	1 period
Ralph Turner	2 periods

### Juniors

Lorraine Brown	4 periods
Janice Emery	2 periods
Betty Hawes	4 periods
Dorothy Palmer	2 periods
Kathleen Richardson	1 period
Marilyn Thompson	4 periods
Shirley Ray	2 periods
Avis Weir	4 periods

### Seniors

Glennis Day	4 periods
Beverly Garland	3 periods
Richard Leonard	2 periods
Dorothy McGown	4 periods
Patricia Robinson	3 periods
Verna Smith	3 periods

Seventeen



## FRESHMAN RECEPTION

As is the custom, the Sophomores took the green Freshmen in hand and gave them a lively initiation at Carmel High, September 20, 1946. Excitement was keyed high as these silly, green freshmen paraded around the school with faces smeared and blotched with lipstick and giant strings of carrots hanging around the neck, as ornaments.

At noon the Freshmen were escorted to the village by their superiors, the Sophomores. Here they played games such as Ring Around the Roses, Drop the Handkerchief. Again they were marched back to the high school by their escorts, the Sophomores.

That evening the parents and friends of Carmel High were invited to the town hall for the Freshman Reception, which was held at 8:00 P. M. The fun began when each Freshman was required to perform some stunt that his superiors requested. Following the program there was dancing and refreshments. The reception ended at 11:00 P. M. According to most everyone's opinion they all had a grand time. "Perhaps you had better ask the Freshmen."

R. Brown, '50

## GIRLS' PHYSICAL EDUCATION

A girls' physical education program was carried on last fall. The classes were held twice a week out of doors. The girls participating were divided into squads and each squad elected a squad leader. Each month a new squad leader was elected.

The program for each class period consisted of exercises, games, and relays. A point system for scoring each squad was used.

After observing several methods of physical education instruction, this class was conducted as nearly as possible as if numerous facilities were available.

*Eighteen*

## BOYS' PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Last year an outdoor physical education program was inaugurated to ensure some active participation in organized athletics by all students able to take part. This year, in a somewhat expanded program, under the direction of Mr. Devitt and Mr. Stevenson, the boys met for two fifty-minute periods each week during the fall and spring months. After a ten-minute period of compulsory calisthenics, the boys divided into groups for various games. Among the activities offered were touch football, baseball, softball, badminton, volleyball, soccer, medicine ball, and foot races of various types.

## MAGAZINE DRIVE

In November this year our magazine drive was held under Robert Sprague of the Curtis Magazine Company. A total of \$40.13 was raised. With this money we helped to get black-out curtains for the main room. The two teams were led by Richard Newcomb and Beverly Garland.

Because of the drive being held so late in the fall and so much interest in basketball, our drive wasn't so successful as the previous year. We are hoping next year we can get more people reading by selling our magazines.

## WHAT MAKES—

Richard Leonard have freckles?  
Janice so small?  
Roger McGown to tall?  
Robert Dearborn's hair curl?  
Pat so mischievous?  
Buddy such a flirt?  
Marguerite so studious?  
Glennis so happy?  
Miss Drew so strict?  
The Seniors sophisticated?  
The Juniors jolly?  
The Sophomores silly?  
The Freshmen foolish?  
Miss Moore give tests?  
Timmy walk home with Dot?



## EIGHTH GRADE



Standing—N. Brown, R. Hand, E. Garland, R. Philbrook, K. Hand.  
Seated—K. Preble, M. Verrill, W. Wilson, C. Johnson, R. Fox.

### A WINTER DAY

I was walking down an icy road,  
On a cold December day;  
The wind was blowing fiercely  
And the skies were turning gray.

The snow had started to fall,  
And the roads were drifting fast;  
The cars were going slowly,  
As they were going past.

Everything was getting white,  
As the snow was swiftly falling;  
Now the bluejays were in sight,  
And I could hear them calling

As I started back, along the road  
The drifts were very deep;  
And it was getting very cold,  
Surely the bears must be asleep.

When I reached home, out of the  
storm;  
Out of the wind and snow;  
I thought of the birds that couldn't  
get warm,  
Fluttering to and fro.

Carolyn Johnson  
Eighth Grade

## OUR CLOCK

Our little clock is very old,  
Grandpa says, it will never be sold.  
It used to belong to a man named  
Gus,  
But now it belongs just to us.

Our old clock runs every day,  
And never strikes for more pay.  
It's always on the shelf,  
It stays there by itself.

It never goes to town,  
And it never wears a frown.  
At night it is a wonderful sight,  
To see that clock shining like a  
light.

Rexford Fox  
Eighth Grade

## OLD MAN WINTER

Old Man Winter comes with a rush,  
He blows the snow in and out the  
brush.  
He freezes up the river very hard  
and clear,  
So we can go skating without any  
fear.

Old Man Winter is an awful man,  
He goes to earth to freeze up the  
land.  
He likes to freeze your Ford up  
tight,  
So you can't, by any means, start  
the day out right.

He likes to pile the snow up deep,  
And then he laughs as he makes it  
sleet.  
He likes to see men sand the road,  
And to see a truck tip over and spill  
its load.

And then comes spring when every-  
body sees  
Warm sunshine and busy bees.  
Old Man Winter puts up a dreadful  
fight,  
But has to give in, for spring is  
right.

Norman Brown  
Eighth Grade

## SLIDING

Three little boys went out to slide,  
On a cold and wintry day.  
Down the long, steep hill they went,  
Shouting all the way.

Up the hill they go again,  
To take another slide.  
Down they come like a flash,  
All three side by side.

The sun has set behind the hills,  
And homeward they must run.  
Slipping and sliding as they go,  
And talking of their fun.

Mary Verrill  
Eighth Grade

## What Would Happen If:

John Foster got to school on time?  
Carolyn Johnson didn't comb her  
hair every morning, recess, and  
noon?

Norman Brown didn't know his les-  
sons?

James Harmon didn't draw pictures  
in school?

Mary Haskell forgot to giggle?

Wallace Wilson forgot to wave his  
hair?

Marie Thompson forgot her dinner?

Edward Johnson got his arithmetic  
done?

Mr. Stevenson forgot to come to  
school?

Constance Newcomb lost her  
freckles?

Mary Verrill  
Eighth Grade

## SEVENTH GRADE



Standing—J. Harmon, W. Day, E. Johnson, A. McGown, B. Small, M. Graves.  
Seated—J. Foster, C. Newcomb, M. Thompson, M. Haskell, R. Purvis.

### IN OUR ROOM WE HAVE—

A Brown, but no white.  
Only two Hands, but several feet.  
A Fox, but no wolf.  
A Harmon, but no harmony.  
A Small, but no large.  
A Day, but no night.  
A Grave, but no cemetery.  
A New-Comb, but no old comb.  
A Garland, but no mistletoe.  
A Philbrick, but no philbrook.  
A Preble, but no pebble.  
Two Johnsons, but no Van.  
Two Marys, but no happies.  
An Allen, but no Fred.  
A Wallace, but no Willis.  
A Thompson, but no Richardson.  
A Robert, but no robot.  
A John, but no jack.

Constance Newcomb  
Seventh Grade

### BASKETBALL

Basketball is my favorite sport,  
To all the games I go,  
Whether it is clear and bright,  
Or the air is filled with snow.  
I think our boys are the best team  
That a little school could own,

They've had the most successful  
year,

That Carmel has ever known.  
Marie Thompson  
Seventh Grade

### THE SHOP

It's fun to work in the shop! Ho!  
Ho!

But when it comes time to sweep  
Most everyone in the shop I know  
Makes a mad dash for his seat.  
Mr. Stevenson says, "Aha, not a  
peep?"

Allan! Marvin! Come in here and  
sweep."

There's grunting and groaning but  
in a while

They both go right in with a big  
happy smile.

They each grab a broom and go  
right to work.

Mr. Stevenson is here; it's no time  
to shirk.

They are both large boys, they puff  
and they wheeze,

They are thinking of rank cards,  
hoping B's and not D's.

Bradford Small  
Seventh Grade



## FRESHMEN



Back row—S. Brown, C. Morse, A. Hand, E. Young, G. Smith, W. Palmer.  
 Second row—B. Norris, V. Day, C. Hand, I. Watts, R. McGown, F. Stewart, R. Verrill, M. Smith, R. Brown.  
 Sitting—N. Hawes, V. Stevenson, B. Merrill, S. Marcho, S. Dunton, J. St. Louis, D. Noyes.  
 Kneeling—L. Marcho, E. St. Louis, F. Luce.

Rodney Verrill—"A swell basketball player."

Eugene St. Louis—"Small but energetic."

Stanley Brown—"Striving to get a date."

Sally Marcho—"My! How bashful."

Lloyd Marcho—"Short but rugged."

Barbara Merrill—"Oh, that smile."

Bettina Norris—"Quiet as a mouse."

Clayton Hand—"Can he waltz!"

Charles Morse—"Oh, how sleepy."

Velma Day—"Oh, those starry eyes."

Margaret Smith—"Quiet, but watch her."

Jeanette St. Louis—"Jumpy as a rabbit."

Gladwin Smith—"What a singer!"

Donald Noyes—"Likes to be mischievous."

Vera Stevenson—"Watch her dance."

Ruth Brown—"Bashful, but so cute."

Stella Dunton—"Already taken."

Alton Hand—"Watch out for him, girls."

Natalie Hawes—"Loyal to her classmates."

Frederick Luce—"Answers every question."

Roger McGown—"He knows his maps."

William Palmer—"A troublesome little boy."

Florence Stewart—"Persistent and persevering."

Iver Watts—"Can she play the piano."



## SOPHOMORES



Standing—R. Turner, L. Peters, J. Verrill.  
Sitting—E. Weir, E. Gatcomb, J. Brown, C. Luce, J. Bridgham.

Janet Bridgham—"A puzzle to my!!!"  
the boys."

Ralph Turner—"Happy as the  
day is long."

Gloria Garland—"She is always  
around."

Gerald Verrill—"Watch his face  
turn red."

Joan Brown—"Big things come  
in small packages."

Edna Weir—"She's flagged down  
many a man."

Cora Luce—"Snippy, but oh,

## JUNIORS



Back row—J. Newcomb, R. Newcomb, O. Larrabee.  
 Second row—M. Thompson, M. Stevenson, D. Palmer, D. Hart, S. Ray, J. Morse,  
 K. Richardson.  
 Sitting—E. St. Louis, M. Weeks, J. Emery, L. Brown, A. Weir, B. Curtis, B. Hawes.

Reynold Bridgham — “Conquer whom you can.”

Lorraine Brown—“Out for fun.”

Betty Curtis — “Oh! that chuckle.”

Janice Emery — “Little but mighty.”

Delmont Hartt—“Give me liberty or give me death.”

Betty Hawes—“Short but sweet.”

Richard Newcomb — “Never a dull moment!”

James Newcomb — “Small but witty.”

Dorothy Palmer—“Bashful, but oh my!!!”

Shirley Ray—“Oh, what a gal!”

Evelyn St. Louis—“Red hair plus the temper.”

Mabelle Stevenson—“Determined to get what she is after.”

Marilyn Thompson — “Faithful and persistent.”

Kathleen Richardson—“She finally found her prize.”

Madelyn Weeks — “Cute and liked by a special someone.”

Avis Weir—“She’s happy as the sunshine.”

Jacqueline Morse—“She’s lovely, she uses Pond’s.”

## SENIOR PLAY



Standing—S. Lewis, N. Verrill, A. Newcomb, R. Leonard, R. Dearborn.  
Sitting—P. Robison, D. McGown, M. Thompson, V. Smith, B. Garland, G. Day,  
Miss Moore, Coach.

## THE SENIOR PLAY

Our Senior Play this year was "The Calamity Kids," by Jay Tobias. It was presented Nov. 15, 1946, at the Carmel Town Hall.

The cast was as follows:

Mickey Starr	Richard Leonard
Midge Starr	Dorothy McGown
Emily Hoskins	Glennis Day
Hezekiah Hoskins	Robert Dearborn
Bonnie Blue	Patricia Robinson
Brad Rivers	Norman Verrill

Gideon Garvey	Allen Newcomb
Opal Ludlow	Beverly Garland
Lorraine Ludlow	Marguerite Thompson
Elmer Ludlow	Samuel Lewis

Our English teacher, Miss Katie Moore, directed the play, and Natalie Newcomb was property mistress.

A dance followed with music by Deacon Hand's orchestra. Refreshments were also sold.

Marguerite Thompson, '47

## STUDENT COUNCIL



Back row—R. Turner, G. Verrill, A. Newcomb.  
Second row—Mr. Devitt, Adviser, E. Garland, W. Wilson, C. Hand, B. Small, W. Palmer.  
Sitting—O. Larrabee, M. Weeks, R. Leonard, D. McGown, A. McGown

The student council has enjoyed a very active year. Under the aggressive but thoughtful leadership of President Richard Leonard and Vice-President Dorothy McGown, it has been possible for this group to direct and supervise all student extra-curricular activities during the year. The council has exerted a strong influence in the development of the proper attitudes of good school citizenship among the students.

### LEAGUE PRIZE SPEAKING

The League Prize Speaking Contest was held April 4, 1947, at East Corinth Town Hall. The towns taking part were East Corinth, Hartland, Newport, Corinna, Hermon, and Carmel.

Carmel held second place for the girls. Beverly Garland spoke "The Highwayman," by Alfred Noyes.



## VOLUNTEER



Standing—Miss Drew, Director.  
Seated—B. Garland, V. Smith, G. Day, P. Robinson

## THE VOLUNTEER

This year the "Volunteer" staff has been organized in the form of an office practice class. The office practice class has been for students who have taken the commercial subject qualifying them to become members of the class.

The officers for the class are: President, Patricia Robinson; Vice-President, Verna Smith; Secretary, Glennis Day; and Treasurer, Beverly Garland.

The office practice class is a credited class which also publishes the

"Volunteer" as an extra project. Each time the school paper is published, a different member of the class edits a different part of the paper. The paper sells for five cents a copy.

The office practice class also has a school store in which pencils, notebooks, ink, etc., are sold.

Last fall the class sponsored a penny carnival to earn money to buy supplies for the store.

All money earned in this organization is being saved to buy the school a new mimeograph.

## WOODWORKING SHOP



Left to right—E. St. Louis, R. Verrill, C. Morse, E. Young, R. McGown, S. Brown (directly behind Roger), A. Hand, C. Hand, F. Luce, L. Marcho, W. Palmer, D. Noyes, G. Smith.

A workshop, sponsored and supervised by Dana P. Stevenson, has been added to the curriculum of Carmel High School.

This year, workshop was offered to all freshman boys as well as to all Junior High students.

The shop is much better equipped since Mr. Stevenson purchased several new machines, including a 10" floor type tilting arbor saw, a turning lathe with a complete assortment of chisels, and a bench grinder. As soon as funds are available a thickness planer and a jig saw will be purchased. Also we should like to have another lathe or two.

Despite our lack of equipment and lumber, we are having a lot of fun and learning something that has never before been offered in Carmel High School. At the present time the boys of the freshman class are making bird feeders for the Carmel Garden Club.

We wish to extend our sincere appreciation and thanks to the Carmel Garden Club for its donation of \$20.00, to Merville Foster for his donation of \$10.00, and to Mark McGown for the use of his electric motor.

R. Verrill, '50  
G. Smith, '50

## LABORATORY



Back—D. Hartt, J. Newcomb, Mr. Devitt, Teacher.

Front—A. Newcomb, R. Newcomb, J. Emery, D. McGown, M. Thompson, A. Weir, P. Robinson, M. Thompson.

This year the people of Carmel decided quite definitely that the high school should be permitted to offer the same type of laboratory chemistry that is provided in the larger school systems. The cost of the minimum quantity of essential supplies was estimated at \$175.00. This sum was secured through the joint efforts of the Carmel School Benefit Association and the Carmel Garden Club.

The ten boys and girls who com-

prise the class are doing excellent work. They are conscientious and painstaking with their experiments. It is the belief of the instructor that by the end of this year they will have achieved the twofold aim of laboratory chemistry: first, a knowledge of correct, elementary laboratory techniques; and second, a more acute appreciation of the relationships between the familiar substances of life than can be acquired through the use of textbooks alone.

## CHEER LEADERS



E St. Louis, M. Weeks.

A basket, a basket, a basket boys,  
You make the basket, we'll make  
the noise.

We've got the rhythm, we've got  
the jazz.

Look at the team that Carmel has!

T-E-A-M, team, rah!

T-E-A-M, team, rah!

T-E-A-M, team, rah!

Team, team, team,

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Carmel!

Take it down,  
Take it down,  
Take it down to the floor.

Bring it up,  
Bring it up,  
Bring it up some more.  
Throw it in the basket,  
See what you can do.  
C. H. S. Good for you!

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### CARMEL SONG

Fight for old Carmel;  
Carmel must win.  
Fight to the finish,  
Never give in, rah, rah, rah!  
You do your best, boys,  
We'll do the rest, boys,  
Fight for old Carmel High!



## GIRLS' BASKETBALL



Back row—J. Morse, I. Watts, Coach Drew, P. Robinson, D. McGown.  
Second row—J. St. Louis, D. Palmer, G. Day, A. Weir, J. Brigham.  
Front—J. Emery, B. Curtis

In September, soon after school began, Miss Drew called a meeting for girls interested in basketball. Thirteen girls reported. These girls worked industriously and willingly to prepare themselves to be good basketball players. Practically every evening, regardless of weather, all thirteen girls reported. The cooperation shown by the girls was outstanding.

The first game of the season was played with the Alumnae on November 20. Carmel High won this game by a score of 29-26. Glennis Day and Janice Emery tied for scoring honors, with twelve points each.

This year, as in previous years, there was a Round Robin held at

Newport. Our girls' team played against Hartland and East Corinth. We tied with Hartland, and East Corinth won over us.

Winterport journeyed to Carmel to play us in a non-league game. The Winterport girls proved too strong for us and handed us our first defeat of the season by a score of 29-19.

On December 6, we played our first league game against Hartland. Our girls really showed that they were ready to play this game. Carmel High won this game by a score of 30-24. And incidentally, Carmel High girls was the only league team to defeat the league champions of 1946-47.

Hampden Academy came to Carmel on December 10, to play a non-league game. We proved too strong for their team and won 27-18.

In December, our team met with misfortune. "Pat" Robinson was ill on that night, and Janice Emery was to be in the hospital at 9 P. M. in preparation for a tonsillectomy the following morning. The girls couldn't seem to make their shots count, although the guards did a splendid job of keeping Newport from scoring. The final score, which looked more like a baseball than a basketball score, was 10-9.

Our first game following our Christmas vacation was against Corinna at Carmel. Janice was still unable to play and, although Janet Bridgham filled the position very successfully, Corinna was much too strong for us and won by a score of 29-14. Hats off to Miss Clifford, forward of Corinna. Corinna should be proud of you.

Our journey to Hermon in January was our next downfall. We never will know quite what was wrong that night. The guards can be proud, however, as Mrs. Gilmore, the referee, told Miss Drew that Carmel High School had one of the best guard sections she had ever seen. They were good sports, good players, and worked as a team. Hermon defeated us by a score of 17-14.

On the very cold night of January 10, we traveled to East Corinth. For the first half of the game the Carmel girls were completely outplayed in every respect, by a team that hadn't won a single game. Miss Drew did some shifting for an experiment. "Pat" Robinson was shifted from guard to forward and scored twelve points. We ended the game with a tie score of 34-34.

We next went to Orono to play the sister team of the "Red Riots." This team also proved too strong for us and we fell in defeat, 24-21.

Newport visited Carmel next. Al-

though the score, 15-13, doesn't sound very large, every member of the squad had a chance to participate in the game.

On January 31 we took a trip to Corinna which proved to be a rather costly one. We were given our greatest defeat of the season. The score was 41-30. One by one our first string players were fouled out of the game until we had a team with practically no experience playing the game.

Hermon next came to Carmel, and all that didn't happen at Hermon happened on the night of January 4. Playing as a team throughout the game, the Carmel girls won by a score of 33-18, and practically all members of the squad had a chance to play.

East Corinth then journeyed to Carmel to play their return game. We again hit a winning streak and defeated the Academy by a score of 34-31.

We closed the season in Carmel Town Hall against Orono. The score for this game was 19-19.

This year the girls voted to receive numerals instead of school letters. Those who received numerals were: forwards Janet Bridgham, Cora Luce, Glennis Day, Captain, Janice Emery, Betty Curtis, Avis Weir, and Jeanette St. Louis. The guards are: Dorothy McGown, Patricia Robinson, Dorothy Palmer, Jacqueline Morse, Iver Watts and Bettina Norris.

Carmel High scored 400 points against 396 scored by our opponents. Although this year was far from a successful season, the team was a great improvement over last year's team. With a record of seven wins, eight losses and two ties, may the team look forward to a big season in 1947-48.

We wish also to thank Mrs. Mark McGown for the towels she gave to the girls' team and also wish to thank Miss Moore for selling tickets at our home games.

Coach Drew

## BOYS' BASKETBALL



Standing—R. Verrill, G. Verrill, A. Newcomb, D. Hartt, N. Verrill, R. Bridgham, R. Newcomb.

Seated—Coach Devitt, Capt. R. Leonard.

Seated on floor—J. Newcomb.

Trophies—Eastern Maine; Central League; State of Maine; Central League Tournament.

This season, 1946-1947, has been a banner one for the Carmel High School basketball team. In September, seven of last year's lettermen, Reynold Bridgham, Captain Richard Leonard, Allen Newcomb, James and Manager Richard Newcomb, Gerald and Norman Verrill, reported to Coach Devitt for pre-season practice. The squad was strengthened further by two new recruits, Delmont Hartt and Rodney Verrill. These nine comprised the first team throughout the season.

Six others, all freshmen, made up our second team: Frederick Luce, Clayton Hand, Roger McGown, William Palmer, Eugene St. Louis and Gladwin Smith.

Our first game, with the Carmel Auto Rest Bears, was not impressive. We were defeated by a score of 24-35. Then we easily overcame the Winterport High School quintet, 35-19. Traveling next to Orono, we bowed to the Red Riots, 25-38.

Our first league game, against Hartland at Carmel, was a close



one and we lost by two points, 32-34. Hampden and Newport were our next foes and we triumphed to the tune of 49-17 and 31-16. Winterport High School now secured retribution by a score of 26-30. Our second league opponent, Corinna Union Academy, succumbed by a score of 44-21.

Next came three decisive road games, with Hermon, East Corinth, and Hartland. We won all three, by scores of 37-33, 31-26, and 35-27, respectively. This marked the first time in three years that East Corinth Academy had been defeated on its own floor. The tilt with Hartland established the Carmel Bobcats definitely in first place in the race for the league championship.

At the Bangor Auditorium we dropped in basket for basket with the Bangor High School J. V. team until the last five minutes of the game. At this time the fifteen men employed by Bangor began to tell against the five we used throughout the game, and the final whistle found Bangor out in front, 27-35.

The next five games were victories over Newport, 35-18; Corinna, 41-28; Hermon 50-38; East Corinth, 51-18; and Hampden, 55-27. The East Corinth encounter was our last league season contest, and by winning it we became possessors of the Central Maine League Championship.

At the Central League Tournament at Newport on Thursday, February 13, we won the preliminary game against Hartland Academy, 45-23. On Friday, February 14, we defeated Hermon High School for the third time this season, 40-30, to annex the tournament

title. After this game, Captain Leonard received two trophies, one for the championship of the league, the other for winning the tournament. Coach Devitt was given silver basketballs to award to the team members. Two Carmel boys were named by the coaches and officials to the All Central Maine League Team, Richard Leonard as guard and Rodney Verrill as forward. Each was awarded an additional silver basketball for this achievement.

Once again the Bobcats tried to conquer the Auto Rest Bears, and once again the Bears were able to prove their mastery. The score was 27-48.

As one of the five teams selected outright for the Class C Eastern Maine Tournament at Brewer, Carmel waded through all opposition and was awarded the trophy for the championship of Eastern Maine on Saturday, March 1. All members of the first team and Coach Devitt received gold basketballs. The Thursday morning game with Harrington High School was close, 26-25. Friday evening's game with the pre-tourney favorites, Jonesport High School, Washington County champions, was a decisive victory, 53-35. The final game on Saturday with Oakfield High School was a closer contest, 37-29.

On Staurday, March 8, accompanied by about half of the population of Carmel, we journeyed to Lewiston to meet Pennell Institute of Gray, Western Maine champions, for the state championship of Maine. During the first half the outlook for Carmel was not promising, for Pennell led us 5-10 at the



quarter and 12-23 at the half time mark. During the final sixteen minutes, however, our boys showed their caliber and truly earned the title of Champions of the State of Maine by tying the score at the official's time out and winning the game during the last four minutes, 38-35.

That evening Carmel was the scene of one of the greatest celebrations of its history. The church bells rang, torches were ignited along the roadsides, a bonfire was lighted in the town square, and approximately seven hundred people gathered at a dance at the Town Hall in honor of the victorious Bobcats.

Since then the squad has been the guests of the State Tournament Committee at the Class A playoff in Orono, has attended the New England Championship Tournament at Boston, has been received by His Excellency, Governor Bradford of Massachusetts, His Honor, Mayor Curley of Boston, His Excellency, Governor Hildreth of Maine, and been entertained royally at a banquet prepared by a committee of townspeople.

The coach would like to take this opportunity to express his sincere gratitude to the people of Carmel and neighboring towns for their fine cooperation and support, without which a championship team would have been imposisble. He would like also to pay tribute to the fine spirit of sportsmanship, cooperation and self-sacrifice displayed at all times by the nine equal members of the finest basketball team on the State of Maine's schoolboy courts.

Coach Devitt

## LETTERS TO BASKETBALL BOYS

56 Sixth Street  
Bangor, Maine  
March 3, 1947

Dear Mr. Devitt:

I should like to add my congratulations to the many others which you have been receiving since Saturday. Your team was marvelous!

I wish you the best of luck at Lewiston next Saturday.

Sincerely yours,

Hector Hebert

---

Augusta, Maine  
March 10, 1947

Coach Joseph Devitt  
Carmel High School  
Carmel, Maine

Dear Coach Devitt:

Please extend my congratulations to the members of your basketball team for their outstanding performance of Saturday in winning the State Class C basketball title.

It was an honor richly deserved, a championship that came to a team that just wouldn't be beaten. The victory is indeed a fine tribute to your coaching and the spirit of your players and fans.

Sincerely yours,

HH/mw

Horace Hildreth

*Thirty-five*

Augusta, Maine  
March 13, 1947

Mr. Joseph Devitt  
Carmel High School  
Carmel, Maine

Dear Sir:

I wish to extend to the Carmel High School basketball team and subs as well as yourself to be my guests at the State House to attend a morning session and have dinner with me.

Yours truly,  
Mark McGown

---

Hermon High School

Hermon, Maine  
March 13, 1947

Dear Joe:

I'd like to extend my congratulations to you and the boys on the new honors you have obtained which have culminated such a fine season.

Not only have you done yourself proud, but you have shown that pretty good basketball is played in this part of the state.

Sincerely,  
Larry Dwyer

---

Searsport, Maine  
March 3, 1947

Dear Sir:

As a fan and a former player on the Brooks High School championship teams, I wish to extend congratulations to your team for winning the "C" tournament at Brewer.

Wishing you the best of luck at Lewiston, I remain,

Yours truly,  
Everitt E. Maddocks  
Mgr First National Stores

*Thirty-six*

Jonesport High School

Jonesport, Maine  
March 5, 1947

Prin. Joseph Devitt  
Carmel, Maine

My dear Mr. Devitt:

Congratulations on winning the tournament. You certainly must feel proud of your boys. Your gain was our loss, but in losing we feel that we lost to a team of fine players and sports.

The team and myself wish you success in games to come, and trust we may have the pleasure of playing your team again.

Yours in Sports,  
Allen B. Chesterton

---

Lee, Maine  
February 25, 1947

Mr. Richard Leonard, Captain  
Carmel High School Basketball  
Team  
Carmel High School  
Carmel, Maine

Dear Richard:

Mrs. Dingley and I have watched the progress of the Carmel basketball team with great interest and pleasure. We congratulate you upon your successes, and wish you good luck in the coming tournament. We are sure that you boys have conducted yourselves as good sports, and that you will represent the school with honor this week.

Sincerely yours,  
Fred R. Dingley

---

Hello, Joe:

Congratulations on your winning the Class C tournament. I heard the games over the radio. You have a swell team. Hope you take the State. Good luck; keep the boys pepped up.

George A. Gonyar  
Orono, Maine



Harold Worthy of Governor's Council, Gov. Hildreth



James M. Curley, Mayor of Boston





LEWISTON  
Receiving State Championship Plaque, Class "C"



State Championship Team





**BREWER**  
Receiving Trophy of Championship of Eastern Maine



**BREWER**  
A Play in Championship Game



**BREWER**  
A Play in Championship Game



**LEWISTON**  
A Play in Championship Game





A Championship Play



Cheering Group





**BREWER**  
A Championship Play—R. Leonard, All Star



R. Verrill, All Star



Basketball First String



Mascot  
of Basketball Team



N. Verrill



G. Verrill



## PERSONALS

### THE FRESHMAN CLASS

First, we'll have Ruthie,  
The smartest of our class,  
We surely wish that we were her,  
As she's the one who'll pass.

Next in order comes Barbie,  
A cute little kid,  
Who has her High School lessons,  
As in Grammar School she did.

Now comes Stella  
With a smiling face,  
She has got her lessons  
And will help us win the race.

And fourth on this list comes Vera,  
Who dislikes her math,  
And we really don't blame her,  
We all do it so rash.

Now comes Jeannette,  
A smiling, happy one,  
Who has to walk so very far,  
And sometimes has to run.

And here is Florence,  
Our stunning blonde,  
Who loves to do her science,  
Of which she is so very fond.

And here is Iva, when out in a storm  
And she needs an umbrella,  
May she be upheld  
By a handsome young fellow.

Now comes Margaret,  
A cute little girl,  
Who doesn't care much for studying  
But ah! how she wants those  
permanent curls.

And here is Sally,  
And Sal should she be named,  
As is the modern saying,  
A nickname leads to fame.

Bettina is a fat girl,  
Who lives on a yellow farm,  
She walks to school each morning,  
With her books under her arm.

And now comes Alton,  
The first of the boys,  
Who does so much laughing  
We think he needs some toys.

Here is Stanley,  
A cute little lad,  
We all call him "Dimples,"  
Which makes him very mad.

Now comes Lloyd,  
Who likes the looks of the cars,  
We don't know which he likes the  
best,  
But we think he likes the stars!

Here is another, Charles,  
Who gets to school on time,  
Who tells so many jokes,  
And makes them come in rhyme.

And now it's Fred,  
A fair looking boy,  
Who hates to come to school,  
Although it is a joy.

And now is Donnie,  
So stingy and mean,  
Who takes the girls' candy  
And makes them all scream.

And now if it isn't Clayton,  
Who likes the girls so well,  
We hope he gets a good one,  
So that he won't have to sell.

Now we'll have Eugene,  
Who whispers so much,  
If he doesn't stop soon,  
We'll see him on a crutch.

Here is William,  
We know him best as Bill,  
He is a noted wrestler  
With a strong and happy will.

Now is Everett,  
So quiet and slow,  
He very seldom talks,  
In our manner you know.

Now comes Roger,  
Who doesn't have far to walk,  
We hope that he completes his  
course  
And be a sailor at the dock.

Now comes Gladwin,  
The tease of the class,  
And with the rank he's getting  
Should turn out a very smart pass.

Now comes Velma,  
A cute little chap,  
She's tall and blonde,  
And isn't too fat.

Last of all comes Rodney,  
We don't know just what he'll be,  
But we hope that sometime  
In the future we shall see.

Now you've heard about our class,  
Large, but not ignored,  
And if you didn't like this poem,  
You must have just been bored.

Natalie Hawes, '50

---

## THE JUNIOR CLASS

We all like Avis  
And she likes Earl,  
No matter how long a day is  
She's always a good girl?

We all like Betty Hawes,  
She's quite a gal,  
When it comes to typing  
She is our pal.

Our center guard  
Is Dotty Palmer,  
And we all know  
That no one can harm her.

One of our guards  
Is Jacky Morse,  
She has a new diamond  
And she is her own boss.

Maddy is a cheerleader,  
She has a lot to do,  
For to her dear Landy  
She wants to be true.

Our Lorraine Brown  
Is quite a jitterbug fan,  
Some day she will surprise us,  
And come up with her man.

Marilyn is very smart  
And acts very bashful,  
She likes a certain boy  
By the name of Junior Haskell.

We have one boy from Etna,  
He is Orland Larrabee,  
He hardly ever says a word  
And is as quiet as can be.

Shirley Ray and Mabelle Stevenson  
Are two of a kind.  
They like to go to Dixmont,  
But is something else in mind?

Of Carmel's pupils,  
She's one of the best.  
This is Betty Curtis,  
Jolly like the rest.

Big hearted and jolly  
Is our Delmont Hartt.  
When it comes to teasing  
He does more than his part.

Evelyn is a red head  
And Leslie is her dear,  
He takes her to the ball games  
So he can hear her cheer.

Jimmy is a little boy,  
He doesn't have much to say,  
But when it comes to basketball,  
Boy, can that guy play!

We have another pupil,  
Who doesn't have much to say,  
Her name is Kathleen Richardson,  
But we all call her Kay

Janice is small and cute,  
Her teeth are white and chalky,  
Everyone seems to know  
She's crazy over "Hocky."

Carmel has a junior lad,  
His name, I guess, is Billy.  
The girls all think he's quite a boy,  
And he thinks they're all silly.

Last but not least  
We have Romeo Dick,  
He's always the one  
The Carmel girls pick.

Madelyn Weeks, '48  
Janice Emery, '48

---

## THE SENIORS

First comes Beverly, the oldest of  
the class,  
Who is also fond of books,  
But when it comes to a looking glass  
She worries about her looks.

Now comes Richard, a nice sort of  
lad  
With freckles on his nose,  
When he walks a mile up the road,  
I bet Maddie knows where he  
goes.

Here is Dotty, a jolly girl  
Who can make all of us laugh,  
She comes to school each morning,  
And tells about her black and  
white calf.

Next there's Timmy, with wavy  
black hair,  
Who lives down on Woodpecker  
Hill,  
And we all know that he likes Dot,  
He used to and he does still.

Now there's Marguerite, so tall and  
slim,  
She's jolly but true to her man.  
She doesn't think she can drive a  
truck,  
But in Levant, I bet she can.

Glennis is a red haired girl,  
To Earl she tries to be true,  
But when it comes to doing so,  
We wonder, don't you?

Buddy is a jolly lad,  
He's always making a date,  
But when he goes to get the girl  
He makes her wait and wait.

Now there's Patricia, so quiet and  
sedate,  
A Chevrolet is her favorite car,  
And when we're choosing the  
smoothest road,  
Pat says, "North Carmel, by far."

Sam Lewis is a witty lad,  
To be jolly is his delight.  
We wonder if he has a girl  
And goes out every night.

Now comes Verna from Etna,  
She'll be a mechanic, we know,  
So if anything goes wrong with your  
car,  
She can fix it and make it go.

Here's Robert Dearborn, our class  
Romeo,  
He likes to tease the girls.  
His hair is so curly and prim on top,  
Bob, do you have **natural** curls?

Now is Natalie, last but not least,  
Who studies hard all day,  
And when the boys call at night,  
It's up around Natalie's way.

Glennis Day, '47  
Patricia Robinson, '47

---

Dickie: "Can you keep a secret?"  
Gerry: "Yes, what?"  
Dickie: "I'd like to borrow some  
cash"  
Gerry: "Don't worry, I'll pretend  
you never told me."





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## THE SOPHOMORES

First on our list is Edna,  
Who lives over the five road way,  
And when Horace's truck goes over  
that road,  
We know she'll be happy and  
gay

Now is Gerry, a red headed lad,  
He's bashful and shy, you know,  
But when Janet walks by his side,  
His face is all aglow.

Gloria is a studious girl,  
She likes to drive a Ford,  
But we bet if "Kip" weren't there  
She certainly would be bored.

Now Ralph is a bashful guy,  
He blushes from ear to ear,  
But he winks at the girls on the sly  
So he has nothing to fear.

We spoke of Janet before,  
But she deserves a verse of her  
own,  
She's a little girl, not very big,  
I wonder who walks her home?

Now comes Cora, known to all as  
"Sis,"  
Who lives way down the lane.  
She flirts around all the boys,  
But waits for bigger game.

Joan likes an eighth grade boy,  
That you can plainly see.  
Now if we aren't too bold, we say  
His name is Wallace Lee.

Glennis Day, '47  
Patricia Robinson '47

Delmont and Pat studying chemistry.

Delmont: "He will not ask that question because it isn't in the outline."

Pat: "You can never tell what that man will do"

Definition:

Chagrin—A fleet of armed war ships.

## WANTS

Richard Newcomb—A chance to tease Miss Moore.

Delmont Hartt—A date with Ruth Brown.

James Newcomb—To grow a few inches taller.

Lorraine Brown—A new boy-friend.

Betty Curtis—A new temper.

Mabelle Stevenson—A boy-friend with a car

Glennis Day—A written permit to chew bubble gum in school.

Joan Brown—A certain black haired boy from the eighth grade

Gerry Berrill—An Eversharp for writing notes to the girls.

Marilyn Thompson—A voice that can be heard

Ruth Brown—Something to keep the boys from teasing her.

Edna Weir—Someone to straighten our her boy problems.

Dot McGown—A strict diet.

## LOST AND FOUND

LOST: Richard.

FOUND: Behind the door.

LOST: Edna.

FOUND: Horace's truck.

LOST: Dot's bubble gum.

FOUND: Miss Moore's waste basket.

LOST: Pat's bangs.

FOUND: On Connie Newcomb.

LOST: Glennis' heart.

FOUND: ? ? ? ? ?

LOST: Beverly's dignity.

FOUND: Surprise party.

LOST: Red convertible.

FOUND: Gloria's dooryard

LOST: Buddy Newcomb

FOUND: Frawley's drug store.

LOST: Seniors' hopes.

FOUND: Diplomas.

Freshman English answer given in a test:

"The principal word in the predicate is Mr Devitt. The principal word in the subject is Mrs. Devitt."

## WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF:

Lloyd Marcho was tall?  
Roger McGown was short?  
Margaret Smith couldn't smile?  
Janet Bridgham didn't lose her temper?  
Rodney Verrill didn't tease Ruth?  
Clayton Hand couldn't tell jokes?  
Natalie Hawes lived nearer to school?  
Charles Morse kept his hair combed?  
Delmont Hartt left the girls alone for five minutes?  
Verna Smith didn't go out every Tuesday night?  
Alton Hand acted his age?  
Eugene St. Louis lost his red hair?  
Glennis Day couldn't giggle?  
Patricia Robinson's bangs grew out?  
Bobby Dearborn got a B?  
Beverly Garland returned from lunch on time?  
Janice Emery gained fifteen pounds?  
Ruth Brown was hard to tease?  
Miss Moore never gave a zero?  
Mr. Devitt forgot to give a Chemistry test?  
Miss Drew didn't get excited at basketball games?  
Jerry Verrill couldn't flirt?  
Gloria Garland couldn't drive a certain car?  
Bill Palmer wasn't quiet?  
Marilyn told us about her boy friend?  
Dorothy McGown and Norman Verrill didn't fight?  
Lorraine Brown couldn't go to Hampden to a dance?  
Billy Bridgham couldn't get the back seat of the school bus for basketball games?  
Ralph Turner didn't blush?  
The class found out who wrote these?

Miss Moore: "Who was Christopher Columbus?"  
Joan: "I don't know."  
Miss Moore: "Who do you think he was?"  
Joan: "A man."

A sawyer after sawing with a very dull saw, exclaimed: "Of all the saws I ever saw saw, I never saw a saw saw as that saw saws."

Sam: "You know my mother beat my father up the other day."

Beverly: "How did she do it?"

Sam: "Well, she got up an hour earlier than he did."

Gerry: "Miss Drew, what do we have in 'Junior Business Training?'"

Miss Drew: "What I assigned you."

## US SOPHOMORES

We are the sophomore class,  
Of us there's very few,  
What makes the difference  
As long as we go to Carmel High School?

Last year we started high school  
And did our work with zest.  
Now we are the sophomores,  
Who always do our best.

Janet: "Miss Drew, what does 'frugal' mean?"

Miss Drew: "Look it up."

Janet: "I won't have to; I know now."

Miss Drew: "What does it mean?"

Janet: "Look it up."

Glennis to Kay: "What is it that you wiggle the tail and its nose will run?"

Kay: "Goodness, I don't know. What does?"

Glennis: "Well, it's the little pump outside your door."

Landy: "How come you are going steady with Dot, Timmy?"

Timmy: "She is different from most girls."

Landy: "How come?"

Timmy: "She will go with me and other girls won't."



1 Page 1



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## SENIORS

We're a bunch of jolly seniors,  
As happy as can be,  
We have no worries,  
But feel so good and free.

There's a tremendous lot of work  
That just has to be done,  
And when we finally graduate,  
We'll think a victory has been won.

Marguerite Thompson, 47

### Initials of the Junior Class

J. E. E.—Joy ever easy.  
D. J. P.—Dark joyous princess.  
B. E. H.—Be ever happy.  
S. L. R.—She likes rufflers.  
E. E. S.—Encourages every step.  
M. I. S.—May I smile?  
R. M. N.—Rich manager now.  
K. E. R.—Kindness ever rules.  
B. L. C.—Beautiful lovely curls.  
M. V. W.—Maybe very wise.  
J. L. M.—Jasper loves Morse.  
A. A. W.—Always a wishing.  
D. E. H.—Deviltry every hour.  
M. E. T.—May ever trust.  
L. E. B.—Lover ever beams.  
R. W. B.—Rampageous wolf boy.  
J. R. N.—Just right now.

### Initials of the Sophomore Class

E. F. W.—Eddie flirts willingly.  
G. J. G.—Goes just grand.  
J. N. B.—Joy never breaks.  
R. E. T.—Ready every time.  
J. M. B.—Joy may bring  
C. M. L.—Comes my lover.  
G. L. V.—Great lovable voice.

### LOOK OUT FOR:

A certain dark haired freshman girl. Buddy Newcomb.

A car owned by a boy through school. Edna.

Those boys who like to tease. Ruth.

Those bead-snakes in school. Kay and Edna.

That red-headed sophomore boy. Dorothy Palmer.

*Fifty-two*

A certain dark-haired boy. Jacqueline.

The short freshman boy. Shirley.  
So many girls when you are sliding. Gladwin.

Those "Readers' Digest" reports. Betty Curtis.

All those girls' pictures. Sam.  
That cute little cheer leader. Landy.

That freshman girl. Billy.  
That dark-haired eighth grade boy. Joan

That guy of yours. Glennis.

### DOES EVERYONE LIKE:

The girls in slacks and sailor suits?

The boys who are so bashful?

Richard's pretty curls?

The snakes that joined high school?

Junior and Senior English together?

The boys who push the girls in snow banks?

To ride on the bus instead of walking?

To see Kay blush so often?

Certain study students during Bookkeeping class?

To see the SENIORS get through school?

Teacher: "Does a cat wear wool, fur or feathers?"

Pupil: "What! Haven't you ever seen a cat?"

First pupil: "Lay down, Spot."

Second Pupil: "You'll have to say 'Lie down, Spot,' that is Miss Moore's dog"

Miss Drew: "Alton, why don't you behave for once?"

Alton: "What, do you want me to break my New Year's resolution?"





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1937



Glennis (scratching her ear):  
"What's in my ear?"  
Beverly: "Your finger."

---

(Delmont jumping to touch the light in the hall.)

Mr. Devitt: "What are you trying to do?"

Delmont: "I'm trying to throw the ball into the basket, but the basket isn't there."

---

Mr. Devitt was giving his baseball team a brief quiz.

Mr. Devitt to a sub: "If the bases were loaded and a man came up to the bat, what would you do?"

Sub: "I'd slide farther down the bench to get a better look."

---

### The "Ests" of the Freshman Class

Tallest	Roger McGown
Shortest	Eugene St. Louis
Fattest	Bettina Norris
Skinniest	Sally Marcho
Smartest	Ruth Brown
Oldest	Florence Stewart
Youngest	Eugene St. Louis
Slowest	Donald Noyes
Quietest	William Palmer
Scariest	Velma Day
Wittiest	Alton Hand
Neatest	Natalie Hawes
Jazziest	Gladwin Smith

---

Have you ever seen:

A door step up close to a building?

A red brick walk down the road?

A horse fly in the barn?

Butter fly on the table?

A kitchen sink?

A peanut stand upright?

---

Ralph, don't make love  
By the garden gate.  
Love may be blind,  
But, brother, I aint!

*Fifty-four*

### WHAT I WANT

I want to be a senior,  
And with the seniors stand,  
A fountain pen behind my ear,  
And a notebook in my hand.

I wouldn't be a president,  
I wouldn't be a king,  
I wouldn't be an angel,  
'Cause angels have to sing.

I just want to be a senior,  
And never do a thing.

P. Robinson, '47

---

### What Our Senior Initials Stand For

G. A. D.—Giggles all day.

V. M. S.—Vim makes smiles.

P. M. R.—Pulls many ropes.

S. M. L.—Such mirthful lines.

B. L. G.—Builds large grades.

M. E. T.—Many earnest tries.

R. E. D.—Reaches every desire.

R. C. L.—Right clever lad.

N. F. N.—New fads now.

D. I. M.—Darkness into mirth.

N. W. V.—No woman's voice.

A. L. N.—All late nights.

---

We were having basketball practice and Mr. Devitt blew the whistle and said: "Buddy, leave the floor."

Buddy: "What for?"

Mr. Devitt: "For a foul."

Buddy left the hall and about ten minutes later came back with a fowl and said: "Do you think she is big enough for ten men?"

---

Miss Moore looked up one day and saw a scholar with gum in his mouth and his feet in the aisle. Miss Moore said disgustedly: "Take your gum out and put your feet in."

<i>Pupil</i>	<i>Hobby</i>	<i>Past-time</i>	<i>Song</i>	<i>Hangout</i>	<i>Ambition</i>
Robert Dearborn	Collecting lipstick	Sleeping	"Oh, Buttermilk Sky"	Richie's Station	To win a girl
Natalie Newcomb	Collecting notes	Writing letters	"I Love You For Sentimental Reasons"	On the porch	To drive a Plymouth
Allen Newcomb	Breaking hearts	Playing basketball	"Stardust"	Frawley's Drug Store	To be a sailor
Emuel Lewis	Building wagons	Hiking	"Along the Nevaho Trail"	Frankfort Road	To be a Forest Ranger
Arna Smith	Collecting thumb tacks	Riding	"Doing What Comes Naturally"	Pilot's Grille	To be a mechanic
Annis Day	Day dreaming	Chewing gum	"When they cut down the Pine Tree"	On a gum bubble	To be a champion gum chewer
Merly Garland	Collecting matches	Sitting with Jimmy	"Anniversary Song"	Home	To conquer James the Great
Man Verrill	Driving tractors	Tinkering	"You Are My Sunshine"	McGowns	To own a tricycle
ard Leonard	Tying flies	Walking with Maddy	"So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed"	The DeSoto	To own a scooter
Dorothy McGown	Buying goldfish	Blowing bubbles	"Always"	Just around	To be a nurse
Patricia Robinson	Painting	Taking tests	"To Each His Own"	In a Chevrolet	To win a certain one
Marguerite Thompson	Collecting paper dolls	Writing to a certain friend	"Oh, But I Do"	Haskell Hollow	To learn how to drive Percy's truck
Reynold Bridgham	Teasing	Day dreaming	"Put Your Arms Around Me"	In town with Del.	To be a senior
Lorraine Brown	Parking	Waiting for Hike	"Give Me A Little Kiss"	Hike's Car	To be a dancer
Betty Curtis	Taking care of children	Giggling	"It Ain't Gonna Rain No More"	Anywhere	To be a teacher
Janice Emery	Reading	Walking to the village	"He's My Guy"	Carmel	To be a novelist
Delmont Hartt	Teasing girls	Working on his Nash	"No One Knows"	Bangor	To be on his own
Betty Hawes	Singing	Eating	"Remember Me"	Brann's Corner	To be an Actress
Richard Newcomb	Stopping the clock	Making speeches	"Give Me Five Minutes More"	Bradford Hotel	To be President
James Newcomb	Studying	Looking innocent	"Smoke Gets In Your Eyes"	Scolly Square	To be tall
Dorothy Palmer	Horse back riding	Fixing Hot Dogs	"I want to be a Cowboy's Sweetheart"	M Bar C	To own a lunch room
Shirley Ray	Gardening	Errand Girl	"Don't Sweetheart Me"	Chateau	To carry lunch to school
Evelyn St. Louis	Cleaning house	Hunting up John	"An Old Fashioned Song"	John's Ford	To be an Opera Singer
Maybelle Stevenson	Farming	Milking	"When I Get You Alone night"	To-Dixmont Corner	To do as she desires
Marilyn Thompson	Shopping	Staying home	"Home Sweet Home"	Garland's Store	To take more subjects
Kathleen Richardson	Dolling up	Telephoning	"Nobody Knows"	North Carmel	To get rich quick
Madelyn Weeks	Making dresses	Being with Richard	"I Don't Care Who Knows It"	The DeSoto	To be big
Avis Weir	Moving	Escaping accidents	"Way Down Upon the Swanee River"	Earl's Filling Station	To be a doctor
Jacqueline Morse	Sports	Reading funny books	"Let Me Call You Sweetheart"	Jasper's Truck	To keep house

# ALUMNI

## CLASS OF '35

Bernice Cochrane Donaldson, Etna.  
Mary Collins Moir, Connecticut.  
Beverly Harvey, Carmel.  
Audrey Hichborn Preble, Carmel.  
Ida Levenseller, Levant.  
Ethel Lawrence Hughes, Winter Harbor.  
Dorothy Purvis Tozier, Bangor.  
Lawrence Ray, U. S. N  
Martin Smith, Portland.

## CLASS OF '36

Opal Bradford Smith, Carmel.  
Gladys Crosby Emerson, California.  
Myrtle Elston, Hartford, Conn.  
John French, New Hampshire.  
Helen Kelly Worcester, Carmel.  
Wentworth Knowlton, Portland.  
Helen Lavway Willey, Carmel.  
Delton Lawrence, Winter Harbor.  
Fred Worcester, Brunswick.  
Bertha Ray Mitchell, Portland.

## CLASS OF '37

Jane Bubier Thayer.  
Howard Bowen, Jr., Pennsylvania.  
Arlene Craig Sawyer, Bangor.  
Effie Higgins.  
Muriel Luce Rowley, Massachusetts.  
Raymond Small, Connecticut.  
Ruth Smith Doble, Bangor.  
Kathryn Sprague, Carmel.

## CLASS OF '38

Cecil Bradford, U. S. M.  
Violet Eaton Greene, Portland.

## CLASS OF '39

Harold Bickford, U. S. A.  
Newton Dyer, Sangerville.  
Goldie Eaton, Bangor  
Dorothy Kelly Hanson, Bangor.  
Rodney Patridge, Brunswick, Me.  
Flossie Trundy Badger, Dover, Me  
Muriel Walsh, Bangor.

*Fifty-six*

## CLASS OF '40

Ethel Cookson Newcomb, Massachusetts.  
Mildred Crosby, Bangor.  
Clyde Emery, New Hampshire.  
Lawrence Hibbard, Etna.  
Stanley Powell, Carmel.  
Margaret Purvis Robinson, Massachusetts.  
Mary Rogerson Palmer, Newport.  
Dorothy St. Louis La Rochelle, Bangor.

## CLASS OF '41

Elizabeth Bickford, Washington, D. C.  
Selder Bickford, Kennebunkport.  
Evelyn Crosby, Bangor.  
Robert Hasey, Bangor.  
Walter Leonard, Carmel.  
Roger Pendleton, U. of M  
Marion Smith Bell, Carmel.

## CLASS OF '42

Bertha Bickford Bryant, Etna.  
Juanita Bowen Leeman, Stetson.  
Priscilla Clukey Blanchard, Bangor.  
Louise Downs McLeod, Carmel.  
Ruth Higgins Commis, Massachusetts.  
Sheldon Hughes, Pittsfield.  
Carlton Luce, Carmel.  
Barbara McGown, Carmel  
Marion Palmer, Nurse, Bangor  
Norman Powell, Husson College, Bangor.  
Virginia Richardson, Carmel.

## CLASS OF '43

Crawford Carter, Jr., U. of M.  
Charles Harris, U. of M.  
Clarence Herrick, U. S. N  
Claire Leonard, Carmel.  
Leon St. Louis, Carmel.  
Clement Richardson, Carmel.  
Reginald Tenan, Carmel.  
Charles Sheldon, Carmel.  
Paula Sheldon Garland, Carmel.  
Eleanor Rogers, Bangor.



### CLASS OF '44

Lancy Carter Christie, Brunswick.  
Jennie Cookson, Bangor  
Perry Crabtree, North Carolina  
Elsie Hand, Bangor.  
Eula McGown Littlefield, Bangor.  
Lawrence Morse, Carmel.  
Rosalie Philbrick, Brewer.  
Earl Richardson, Carmel.  
Ray Small, Carmel.  
Reba Smith Johnson, Presque Isle.  
Hilda Stewart Malcolm, Etna.

### CLASS OF '45

Mildred Carson, Carmel.  
Alice Curtis, Bangor.  
Verna Curtis, Bangor.  
Earl Elsemore, Carmel.  
James Emery, Carmel  
Ralph Harris, A. U. S.  
Gail Higgins Lovely, Carmel.  
Cecil Lewis, U. of M.  
Kathryn Preble, Princeton, Maine.  
Kathleen McGown, Husson College.  
Lena Murray Pray, Carmel.  
Warren Noyes, Carmel.  
Myra Stevenson Harris, Newport.  
Virginia St. Louis, Washington,  
D. C.  
Rena Smith, Portland.

### CLASS OF '46

Grace Curtis, Bangor.  
Muriel Crosby, Bangor.  
Francis Garland, Husson College.  
Naomi Larrabee, Corinna.  
Charlotte Harris, Bangor  
E. Elizabeth Severence, Etna.  
M. Helen Severence, Bangor.  
Harold St. Louis, Carmel.

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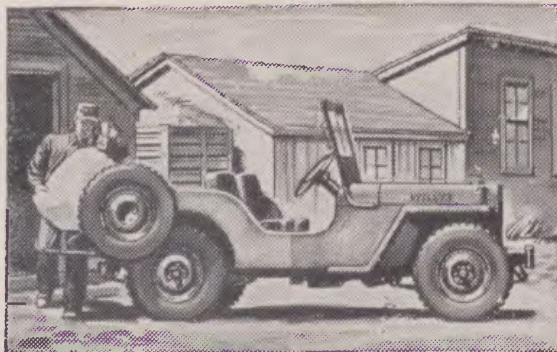
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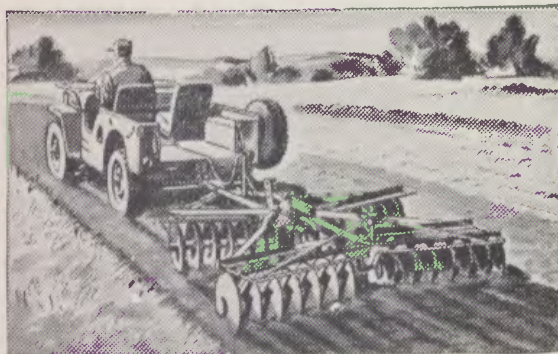
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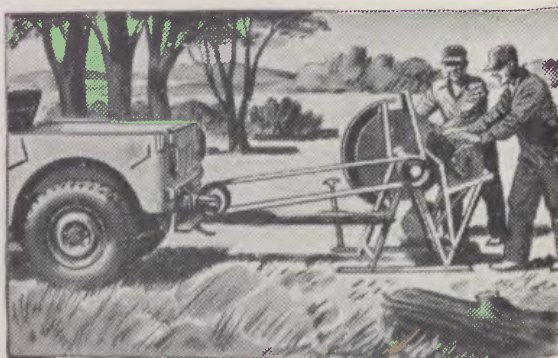
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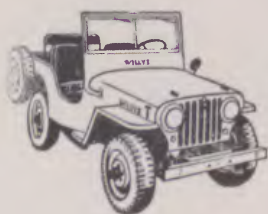
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