

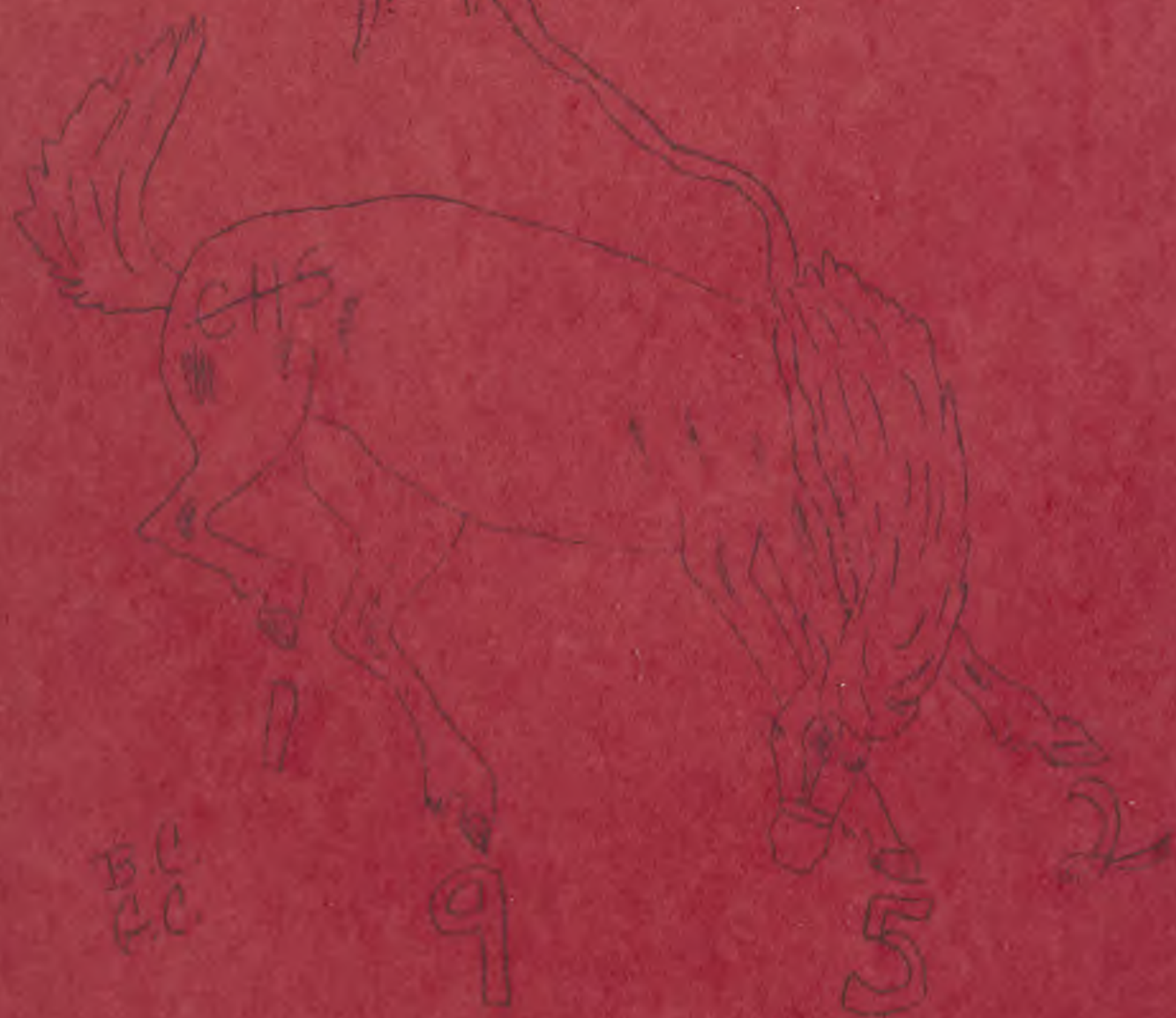
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1952

Carmel High School

Shokoko



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"I will go anywhere--provided it be forward."
David Livingstone

CARMEL HIGH SCHOOL CALENDAR

1951	Sept.	4	School opens	
		14	Freshman Reception	
		21	Sophomore Social	
	Oct.	12	Columbus Day	
		25-26	State Teachers' Convention	
	Nov.	2	League Spelling Contest at Hartland	
		12	Armistice Day	
		15-16	Round-Robin at Newport	
		22-23	Thanksgiving Day holiday	
		30	Basketball at Hermon	
1951	Dec.	4	Basketball--Hartland*	
		11	Basketball--East Corinth*	
		13	J V Basketball--Hartland*	
		14-31	Vacation	
1952	Jan.	1	Basketball at Brooks	
		3	J V Basketball at Brooks	
		4	Basketball at Corinna	
		8	Basketball at Newport	
		11	Basketball--Hermon*	
		16	Senior Play	
		18	Basketball at Hartland	
		21	J V Basketball--Corinna*	
		25	Basketball--Newport*	
		30	J V Basketball at Hartland	
	Feb.	1	Basketball at East Corinth	
		5	Basketball--Corinna*	
		12	Basketball--Brooks*	
	April	15-25	Vacation	
		9	Junior Prize Speaking	
	April	10	League Speaking Contest at Hermon	
		11-21	Vacation	
		23	Softball--East Corinth*	
		25	Baseball at Hartland	
		29	Baseball--East Corinth*	
	May	30	Softball at Corinna	
		2	Baseball--Corinna*	
		6	Baseball at Hermon	
		7	Softball at Hermon	
		8	Nat'l Honor Society at Corinna (League Initiation)	
		9	Baseball at Newport	
		13	Baseball--Hartland*	
		14	Softball--Hartland*	
		16	Baseball at East Corinth	
		20	Baseball at Corinna	
	June	21	Softball--Newport*	
		23	Baseball--Hermon*	
		27	Baseball--Newport*	
		1	Baccalaureate Sunday	
		4	Graduation Exercises	
		6	School closes	

* Home Games

DEDICATION

TO CARMEL AND ITS SCHOOLS

To the helpful spirit of cooperation, sports-
manship, and goodwill shown by so many of
the citizens and recognized by so many area
citizens, this 1952 edition of The Rocket
is respectfully dedicated.

SOMETHING ATTEMPTED SOMETHING DONE

"Something attempted something done". These words of Longfellow are applicable to the results accomplished by the C.H.S. students in publishing this issue of "The ROCKET".

It was no easy task for this student group of fourteen to undertake but by working hard we have at last produced another edition of our school annual.

This book is published with the idea of bringing the high school, its interests, and its needs before the minds of those whose assistance and very friendly help made our efforts successful.

The Editorial Board extends its thanks to all who so kindly aided in the publication of this volume of "The ROCKET". It also wishes to express its appreciation to those who have so generously advertised in our annual, for without these advertisements, its publication would have been impossible.

Bertha Mary Champion '52

A WORD OF DIFFERENCE

There is a great difference between the right word and one that is similar but all wrong. For instance, you can call a woman a kitten, but not a cat; a mouse, but not a rat; a chicken, but not a hen; a duck, but not a goose; a vision, but not a sight.

-- Chats (Clark-Sprague Printing Co.)

IT'S EASIER SAID THAN DONE

"It's easier said than done" is an old saying that makes one think about those duties of getting along with our neighbors.

So many people are known to think that once a thing is said, it is done. This is not true. One can say many things, but it is quite another thing to carry into action what he says.

We profess certain ideals, attitudes, and ways of thinking. We say we can do this or that, but the real test comes when we are forced to follow through on our "talk". This is where our statement comes true. It is easier said than done.

We can say we believe in Christianity, but do we practice it? We can say we aren't prejudiced toward another race, color, or creed, but when we find ourselves in close contact with them, we usually turn away. We say, and boast, that we can beat the strongest man in town, but can we?

If our teachers give us an assignment, we are quite likely to say that we can do this without any effort, but when we open our books and start on the work assigned, we find it is quite a strain, or at least we say so.

We say we are good citizens of our school, but when the temptation comes to throw that chalk, or punch the "guy" in front of you, we usually do it. It is certainly easier said than done.

Where can we prove this? We must always be careful what we say, and where and how we say it. Think before you speak. If you can back up what you wish to say then don't hesitate to say it, but always remember, action speaks louder than words. "It's easier said than done".

Edward Johnson '52

HOWARD S. MILLETT

"Being able to see ourselves as others see us is an attribute worthy of attainment."

Born at Albany, Maine. Graduated from Bridgton Academy, Bates College A. B., Boston University M. Ed. Teaching experience Winthrop High School 1935-36; Robert W. Traip Academy 1936-42; Prin. Eliot High School 1944; Headmaster Sunapee Central School 1944-46; Bangor High School 1946-48; Carmel High School 1952, Principal and Coach, Science and French.

LUCIAN O. SAVAGE

"Perfection, though never attained, is a goal worthy of our best effort."

Born at Chester, Maine; graduate of Newport High School, Beal Business College, Bangor Maine School of Commerce, and the University of Maine; B. S. in Ed. (Coml.); graduate work at University of Maine. Teacher at Morse Memorial High School, Castine High School, Foxcroft Academy. Teacher, Carmel High School 1949-52. Commercial subjects, School Treasurer, Girls' Coach, and Director of Music.

ELWOOD M. GRAY

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'Tis folly to be wise."

Born at Hartland, Maine; graduate of Hartland Academy; attended Bates College and University of Maine; B. A. in History and Government 1951; M. Ed. 1952. Practice Teacher, Old Town High School. Teacher Carmel High School 1952. English, Social Studies, Biology, Coach Junior Varsity basketball, Junior Prize Speakers.

ELEANOR R. CONEY

"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

Born at Bangor, Maine. A graduate of Brewer High School, Graduate of University of Maine with AB degree in English. Practice teacher, Bangor High School. Teacher at Carmel High School 1952. English, social studies, business arithmetic, National Honor Society, One-act play.

CHRISTIANA C. CHAMPION

"The nation that has the schools has the future."

Born at Columbia Falls, Maine. A graduate of Columbia Falls High School, Washington State Normal School, and A. N. Palmer School of Penmanship of New York; attended University of Maine and took private instruction in music and dramatics. Teacher Columbia Falls, Jonesport, and Millinocket Schools. Teacher Carmel High School 1950-52. Grade seven and eight, and coach of dramatics.



Mr. Savage



Mrs. Champion



Principal Millett

Miss Coney



Mr. Gray





Left to Right: (First Row) Mr. Millett; Constance Newcomb; Bradford Small; Richard Hawes; Marie Thompson; (Second Row) Lucille Harvey; Judith Johnson; Shirley Estes; Gordon Smith; Maurice Underhill; Kenneth Philbrook; Nedra Wilson; Myrna Garland.

STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council at Carmel High School consists of two members from each class, chosen by the members of the class, and a representative-at-large who is chosen by a popular vote of the students at a general assembly, and must be a member of either the Junior or Senior class. This year Bradford Small, a senior, was so elected.

Other members of the Council this year were Constance Newcomb, Marie Thompson, Richard Hawes, Maurice Underhill, Kenneth Philbrook, Nedra Wilson, Lucille Harvey, Myrna Garland, Gordon Smith, Maynard Brown, Gloria Murray, and Judy Johnson.

The first meeting was held on September 11, 1951, with Mr. Devitt, the principal, acting as chairman while the members elected officers. The officers are as follows: President, Bradford Small; Vice-president, Constance Newcomb; Secretary-Treasurer, Richard Hawes.

During the year the Student Council discussed activities of the recreation room, spending of school-earned money, purchase of warm-up jackets for the boys and girls basketball teams, and the awarding of school letters.

Bradford Small '52



Left to Right: (First Row) Constance Newcomb; Marie Thompson; Phyllis St. Louis; Richard Millett ; Edward Johnson Bertha; Champion; Inez Smith; (Second Row) Mr. Savage; Glenda Curbo; Francis Lavway; Bradford Small; Lawrence Lavway; Allan McGown; Marvin Graves; John Foster.

EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITOR IN CHIEF	Phyllis St. Louis '52
ASSISTANT EDITOR IN CHIEF	Constance Newcomb '52
BUSINESS MANAGER	Inez Smith '52
ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER	Bradford Small '52
PRODUCTION MANAGER	Marvin Graves '52
ART COORDINATORS)	(Glenda Curbo '52
)	(Bertha Mary Champion '52
SPORTS EDITORS)	(Boys--Richard Millett '52
)	(Girls--Marie Thompson '52
CLASSES EDITOR	Lawrence Lavway '52
LITERARY EDITORS)	(Edward Johnson '52
)	(Allan McGown '52
JOKE EDITOR	John Foster '52
EXCHANGE EDITOR	Francis Lavway '52
ALUMNI EDITORS)	(Marie Thompson '52
)	(Bradford Small '52
TYPISTS	Typing Class II
FACULTY ADVISOR	Mr. Savage



Left to Right: (First Row) Frances Colson; Marie Thompson; Constance Newcomb; Margaret Palmer. (Second Row) Miss Coney; Christel Pomeroy; Barbara Perry; Patricia Wark.

NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

Membership in the National Honor Society has expanded from five to twelve members. These members with Miss Coney as faculty advisor elected officers as follows: President, Constance Newcomb; Vice-President, Marie Thompson; Secretary, Frances Colson. Other members of the society were Margaret Palmer, Christel Pomeroy, Barbara Perry, and Patricia Wark.

A plaque was ordered this year on which members names will be engraved. This plaque is to be hung in the hall and will cost \$35. Society members have been earning money by a candy sale at school, and a food sale held at the library.

The society published a monthly newspaper and sent it to the boys in service. The boys have been very pleased with this newspaper full of town and school news.

The National Honor Society annual initiation is to be held at Corinna on May 8. One member from each school is to participate in the service, which will be sponsored as a Central Maine League Activity.

Constance Newcomb '52

LIBERTY

The other day while driving along the main highway, I saw on a big signboard the words "Those who lost liberty, appreciate it".

Here in the United States we don't seem to realize what it means to be able to live by the Four Freedoms. They are Freedom of Speech and Expression, Freedom of every person to worship God in his own way, Freedom from want, and Freedom from fear.

These are the Four Freedoms by which we live every day and which we seem to care so little about. The Persecuted Europeans would give almost anything to be able to live in a country where these Freedoms were present. That is the main reason why displaced persons are so anxious to come to the United States.

Although we don't seem to realize how much the Four Freedoms mean to us, in a time of need, such as wartime, America is always ready and usually is the first one to step in and help a country that is being conquered by aggressive nations. Such is being done now in the United Nation police action in Korea. While many people feel this action is unnecessary, perhaps even improper, it still reflects the love of the people of the United States for their Four Freedoms.

Liberty is a precious gem envied by many countries in the world today. Let us try to appreciate it more.

Bradford Small '52

POLITENESS

Politeness, as defined by Webster, means being courteous and possessing tact. It also means to me not only possessing these traits, but using them as well.

To many people, politeness is only a word with no meaning at all, or at least they act as if it had none. To those, no one else is important. They never even consider using tact; they find it much easier to be blunt even though it may hurt others' feelings. It is a very good thing that not many people have this attitude.

Another type of person is the one who feels that being polite depends upon his mood. If they feel like it, they are polite; if not they aren't. These are the people who possess the traits of being polite but often do not use them. All of this type would be much happier if they realized that politeness isn't something to be used only occasionally.

Please turn to next page

POLITNESS (Cont.)

There is also another type of person with reference to politeness. This is the person who is always polite. No matter how they feel or what their mood is, they are polite to everyone. Not only are they polite to the big people, but also to the others. They make everyone feel important and respected. These are the people that make the world a better place in which to live. They are the best liked; they are the ones that are really happy.

Of these three types of people which are you classed under? Which would you prefer to be classed under?

Glenda Curbo '52

CLEAR THINKING

Clear thinking is very important today in everybody's life, but there are a large number of people who do not think clearly.

Immigrants who come to America bring the ways of life, the customs, and the traditions of the country from which they came. Their children follow their ways of living, their ideas and customs. If the parents fled to America to escape religious or political persecution, the children will share their parents' hatred for that land. They don't think for themselves, but follow their parents' views.

Parents' political views are often adopted by children. The faith which children have in the wisdom of their parents leads them to accept the same political party.

Occupations of parents create different points of view. The working man makes comments at home about his job. The rest of the family hears this and believes it. They take it for granted that it is the truth, whether it is or not.

Parents build up the children's religious background. Clear thinking is important along this line. The children go with their parents to the church attended by the family. They grow up in that faith, having some knowledge of its creed, but knowing very little as to why they believe as they do. To them, it is the only right thing to do. They should stop and think for themselves.

Do you really think, and, if you do, is it clear thinking based on knowledge rather than just emotion? If people think for themselves, work out their own problems, and not let the other fellow do the work, they will get along a lot better in life.

Phyllis St. Louis '52

HOW THE COMMUNITY HELPS TO BUILD CHARACTER

The community helps to build character by its influence upon our conduct. Some explanations of our conduct can be grouped under the general heading of environment--the surroundings in which we live or work. The first thing a child does is to imitate his elders.

Fear also influences our conduct--physical fear of somebody strong or fear of disapproval or ridicule. In some situations a boy may learn to smoke or indulge in some other harmful practice because he is afraid to be different from a certain gang.

Public opinion is the attitude of the majority of people who think at all about a particular subject. Sometimes a small group will make a great deal of noise and deceive themselves or others into thinking that the disturbance they make represents their real importance.

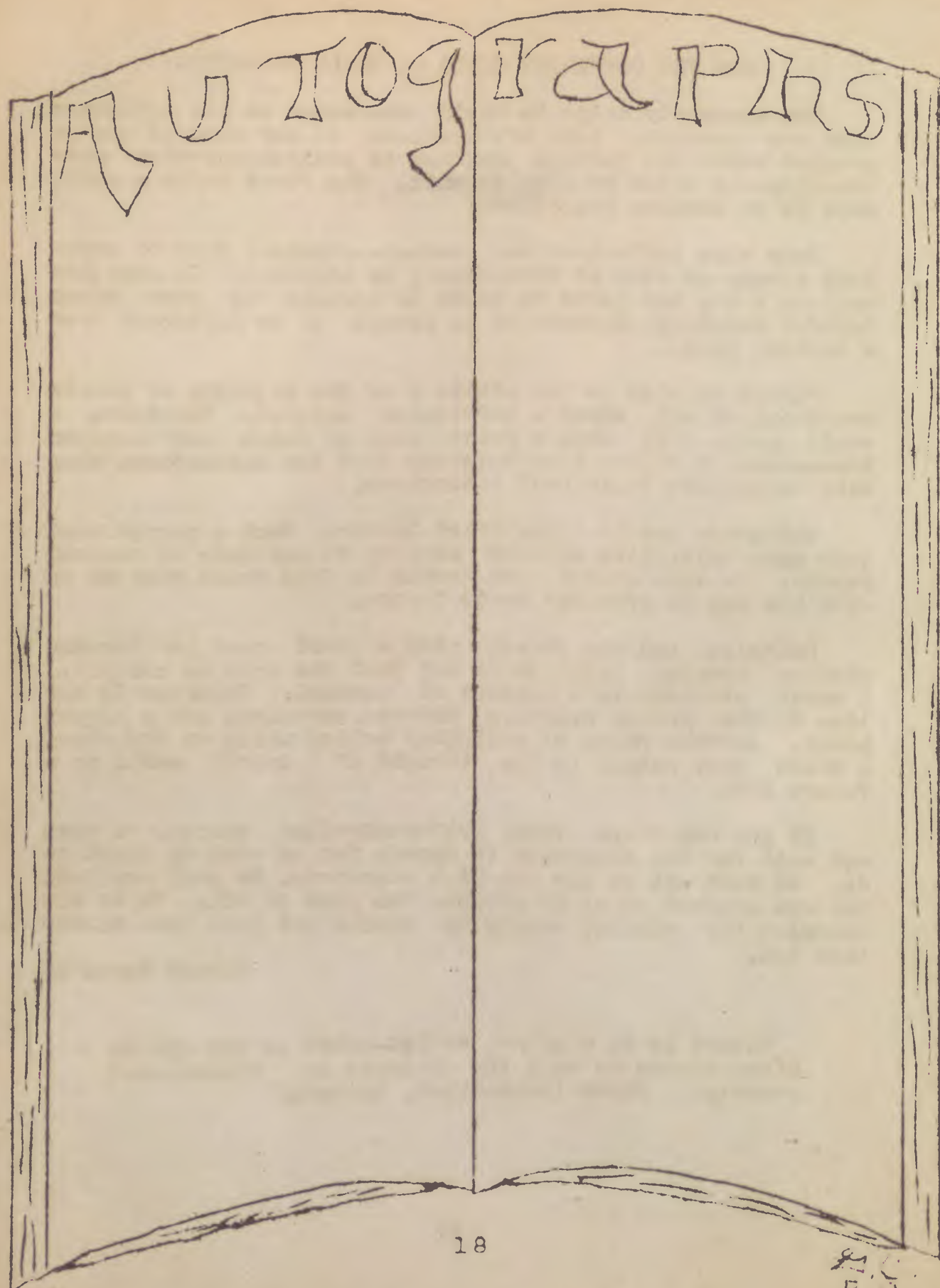
Not every one is a qualified leader. Such a person must have much initiative and the ability to persuade or command people. He must expect some people to find fault with him or with the way he proposes to do things.

Religion and the church play a great part in forming peoples' ideals. Religion is not just the same as morality. A moral standard is a measure of conduct. Religion is our idea of the proper relation between ourselves and a higher power. Another phase of religious belief which we find among a great many people is the thought of a spirit world or a future life.

If you and I are free, self-controlled people, we must not wait for the community to decide for us what we ought to do. We must set up our own high standards. We must regulate our own conduct so as to promote the good of all. We do set examples for others; surely we should set good ones rather than bad.

Robert Morse '55

Nature is an original artist--that is why she so often scorns to copy the pictures on flower-seed packets! Joker (Copenhagen, Denmark)





"Johnny"



"Texas"



"Gravin"



"Connie"



"Cherry"



"Rockie"



"Laddie"



"Flip"



"Chubby"



"Jud"



"Rommy"



"Dick"



"Bud"



"Jip"

LAWRENCE ROBERT LAVWAY "Chubby" COMMERCIAL COURSE

"Rocket Staff" 4; Stage manager Senior Play 4.

PHYLLIS DORIS ST. LOUIS "Flip" COMMERCIAL COURSE

Editor-in-chief of "Rocket Staff" 4; Class Gifts; Secretary and Treasurer of class 3; Vice-president of class 4; Junior Prize Speaking 3; Senior Play 4; One-act play manager 3; Freshman Reception 2; Basketball 1,2,3,4; (co-captain 4); Softball 1,3; Cheerleading 3,4 (captain 3); Physical Education Leader 2,3,4; Glee Club 1,2,3; Marshal for Baccalaureate and Graduation 3; Operetta 3.

ALLAN JUDSON MCGOWN "Jud" COLLEGE COURSE

Class Gifts; "Rocket Staff" 4; Basketball 1,2,3,4; Baseball 1,3,4; Junior Prize Speaking 3, (second prize for boys); Student Council 1,2,3; Senior Play 4; Track 2.

MARIE EVELYN THOMPSON "Tommy" COLLEGE COURSE

First Honor Essay; Vice-president of class 1,2,3; Junior Prize Speaking 3; Senior Play 4; One-act play 2,3; Glee Club 1,2,3; Spelling Contest 3; Basketball 1,2,3,4; National Honor Society (Vice-president 3,4); Operetta 3; Student Council 4; Freshman Reception 2; Biology Award 2, Physical Education Leader 2,3,4.

RICHARD HULBERT MILLETT "Dick" GENERAL COURSE

Class Prophecy; Basketball 4; Baseball 1,2,3 4; League Spelling Contest 4; Boys Chorus 4; Senior Play 4; "Rocket Staff" 4.

INEZ BLANCHE SMITH "Zip" COMMERCIAL COURSE

Basketball 2,3,4; (co-captain 4); Softball 2,3,4; (co-captain 3); Business Manager of Magazine Campaign 4; Business Manager of "Rocket Staff" 4; Girls' State 3; D.A.R. Candidate 2; Physical Education Leader 2,3,4; Class Prophecy 4; Senior Play 3,4; Freshman Reception 2; Prompter Junior Prize Speaking and Graduation 3; Operetta 3.

BRADFORD ARTHUR SMALL "Brad" GENERAL COURSE

Second Honor Essay 4; "Rocket Staff" 4; Basketball 1,2,3,4; Baseball 1,2,3,4; Dirigo Boys' State 2; Track 2; Student Council 2,3,4; (Vice-president 3, President 4); League Spelling Contest 2; Junior Prize Speaking 3.

HISTORY OF CLASS OF '52

The class of '52 began their high-school days in the year of '48 with seventeen members. Meeting early in that school year, the class elected the following officers: President, Constance Newcomb; Vice-president, Bradford Small; Secretary and Treasurer, Marie Thompson; Student Council, Lillian Weeks and Allan McGown. The initiation and reception sponsored by the sophomore class was a bit trying during that day, especially with our onion necklaces and uncomfortable "long Johns". So far we had not been a busy class, having sponsored a school assembly as our only activity. Janet Harvey and Lillian Weeks represented the class as cheer leaders that year. Participating on the girls' basketball team were Phyllis St. Louis, Constance Newcomb, and Marie Thompson, with Allan McGown, Bradford Small, and John Foster on the boys' team.

On the day that our school opened for our second year at Carmel High School, we found that we had lost two of our members, but had gained three new people to our sophomore class. This year the following were elected as class officers; President, Constance Newcomb; Vice-president, Marie Thompson; Secretary, Lillian Weeks; Treasurer, Janet Harvey; Student Council, Allan McGown and Bradford Small. The class held its Freshman reception as customary. Again this year as last, Janet Harvey and Lillian Weeks were cheerleaders. On the Girls' Basketball team were Marie Thompson, Constance Newcomb, Phyllis St. Louis, Dolores Jessen, Inez Smith, and Bertha Mary Champion. On the boys' team were Bradford Small, Allan McGown, John Foster, and Marvin Graves.

We returned to school the following year, finding that our class had now decreased to fifteen. We had lost five and gained one. The class elected its officers on September 12, 1950, with Constance Newcomb, President; Marie Thompson, Vice-president; Phyllis St. Louis, Secretary and Treasurer; Allan McGown and Bradford Small, Student Council. There were eight of our class participating in the annual Junior Prize Speaking. They were: John Foster, Bradford Small, Allan McGown, Marvin Graves, Constance Newcomb, Marie Thompson, Phyllis St. Louis, and Bertha Mary Champion. Constance Newcomb and Bertha Mary Champion won first and second prizes respectively for the girls, and Marvin Graves and Allan McGown were winners for the boys. Constance and Marvin represented Carmel High School in the Central Maine League Speaking Contest held at East Corinth. The following members of the class of 1952 have participated with a great deal of success in the sports of the year: Constance Newcomb, Phyllis St. Louis, Marie Thompson, Inez Smith, Marvin Graves, Allan McGown, and Bradford Small. Members of the class have acted in the one act play, worked on the magazine drive, and assisted in all school activities.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '52 (Cont)

Our graduating class now has fourteen members, having lost three and gained only one. Participating on the basketball teams this year were: Phyllis St. Louis, Glenda Curbo, Constance Newcomb, Marie Thompson, Inez Smith, Allan McGown, and Marvin Graves, Bradford Small, and Richard Millett.

This was our last year at Carmel High School. In October we were very sorry to lose our highly respected principal Mr. Devitt, who had so faithfully worked with us during our school years at Carmel High. Taking his place was Mr. Millett from Dixmont. We have worked hard to make a good showing for the undergraduates. During the year we have been kept quite busy with various activities such as our senior play, "Bashful Mr. Bobbs". We also sponsored a Lone Pine Mountaineer show. Our last activity was the publication of our yearbook, "The ROCKET".

Bertha Mary Champion '52

MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION CLASS OF 1952

CLASS COLORS Maroon and White

CLASS MOTTO "In ourself the future lies".

CLASS FLOWER White Carnation

CLASS MARSHAL Lucille Philbrook

CLASS ADVISOR Miss Coney

CLASS PARTS:

VALEDICTORIAN Constance Newcomb

SALUTATORIAN Glenda Curbo

FIRST HONOR ESSAY Marie Thompson

SECOND HONOR ESSAY Bradford Small

PROPHECY Richard Millett, and Inez Smith

HISTORY. Bertha Mary Champion

GIFTS. Phyllis St. Louis and Allan McGown

WILL Marvin Graves

SENIOR STATISTICS

25

Name	Nickname	Favorite Expression	Favorite Song	Noted for	Intentions
Richard Millett	"Dick"	But Gosh Dada!	Won't you come home Bill Braley	Laughing	Go Shopping
Marie Thompson	"Tommy"	Oh, I think I shall	Air Force Blues	Driving Ability	Skip Country
Allan McGown	"Jud"	Oh, I dunno	I Want a girl	farming	Become a farmer
Phyllis St. Louis	"Flip"	That's Right	Somebody loves me	Writing letters	Go to New Hampshire
Lawrence Lavway	"Chubby"	Funny fellow	The Thing	Deafness	Oh hum Another day
Constance Newcomb	"Connie"	And How	Undecided	Acting Ability	Become an Actress
Bradford Small	"Braddy"	Don't	Fancy Free	His way with women	Athletic Director
Inez Smith	"Zip"	Oh, for gosh sakes	On Top of Old Smokey	Commercial Work	To go to Penn.
Marvin Graves	"Gravin"	Why! I say!	So long, Its been good to know yuh	Being late at school	To join the Air Force
Glenda Curbo	"Tex"	Oh! it looks so funny!	Deep in the Heart of Texas	High Honors	return to Texas
Edward Johnson	"Eddie"	Gee Yes!	My heart cries for you	dancing	open a dance hall
Bertha Champion	"Poochie"	Hey Ma?	Stein Song	her shortness	To go to college
John Foster	"Johnny"	I didn't do it!	I want to go where you go	Smash ups	To run his fathers store
Francis Lavway	"Chipoy"	I guess so!	I'll walk alone	quietness	stay single



Left to Right: (First Row) Phyllis St. Louis; Bertha Mary Champion; Christel Pomeroy; Glenda Curbo; Inez Smith; Marie Thompson; Constance Newcomb. (Second Row) Mrs. Champion; Marvin Graves; Bradford Small; Allan McGown; Richard Millett; Edward Johnson.

SENIOR PLAY

The annual Senior Play was presented on January 16, 1952 at the Carmel Town Hall. The play entitled "Bashful Mr. Bobbs", a three act comedy, was coached by Mrs. Christiana Champion, assisted by Mr. Elwood Gray. Both are members of the Carmel High School Faculty. We wish to thank them for their help which made the play a success.

Included in the cast were:

Katherine Henderson	Glenda Curbo
Fred Henderson	Allan McGown
Mrs. Wiggins	Phyllis St. Louis
Obadiah Stump	Richard Millett
Mr. Robert Bobbs	Bradford Small
Marston Bobbs	Marvin Graves
Frances Whitaker	Inez Smith
Rosalie Otis	Marie Thompson
Jean Graham	Bertha Mary Champion
Celesta Vanderpool	Constance Newcomb
Julie	Christel Pomeroy

The play was also presented at Dixmont Grange Hall on January 23 to get money for the Senior Class trip.

Marie Thompson '52



Left to Right: (First Row) Lucille Philbrook; Christine Noyes; Christel Pomeroy; Robert Libby; Sylvia Judkins; Margaret Palmer; Frances Colson. (Second Row) Gary MacDonald; Honore Bryant; Maurice Underhill; Alice Fitzsimmons; Richard Hawes; Ella Lanphier; Dale Richardson; Verne Bubar.

CLASS OF 1953

September 4, 1951, found two former classmates, Clyde Baker and Marjorie Norton not with us. In the second semester Robert Purvis moved to Scarborough, and Alice Fitzsimmons returned from Winterport High School. Three new members, Sylvia Judkins, Verne Bubar, and Gary MacDonald joined the class.

At a class meeting held in September, we elected the following as officers: President, Robert Libby; Vice-President, Christel Pomeroy; Secretary and Treasurer, Sylvia Judkins. Student Council representatives were Richard Hawes and Maurice Underhill.

Junior Prize Speaking was held on April 4. The class was represented in basketball by 4 boys and 4 girls; in the National Honor Society by 3 girls; and in the chorus by 1 girl and 1 boy.

Margaret Palmer '53



Left to Right: (First Row) Amber Brown; Freda Marcho; Kenneth Philbrook; Nedra Wilson; Donald Preble; Barbara Perry; Charlene Creighton. (Second Row) Blanche Thibeau; Carolyn Leeman; Virginia Ross; David Richards; David Preble; Richard St. Louis; Patricia Wark; Eleanor Carleton; Dorothy Batchelder; (Third Row) David Dunton; Wayne Donaldson; Maynard Hawes; Galen Lewis; Maurice Dunton; Cleon Lawrence; Robert Noyes; Myron Larrabee.

CLASS OF 1954

In September our first class meeting was held, and the following officers were elected: Donald Preble, President; Clifford Purvis, Vice-President; Barbara Perry, Secretary-Treasurer; Nedra Wilson and Kenneth Philbrook, Student Council. In November, when Clifford transferred to Scarborough High School, Virginia Ross was elected Vice-President.

On September 14, the Freshmen were initiated, and in the evening, they were guests of honor at a reception in the town hall. Other activities of the Class of '54 include the purchase of class rings in October, and a sophomore party planned for the spring semester. Class members participating in basketball include 6 girls, and 8 boys; in National Honor Society, 3 girls and 1 boy; and chorus, 5 girls and 2 boys.

Barbara Perry '54



Left to Right: (First Row) Gloria Overlock; Jean Hawes; Chloe Lewis; Lucille Harvey; Joan Carter; Priscilla Parsons; Lewean Stone; Myrna Garland; Dianne Hand; Sally Goodell; (Second Row) Nancy McKeen; Elaine Speed; David Smith; George Morse; Sydney Judkins; Harvey Smith; Robert Lanphier; Carlene Lord; Norma Speed; (Third Row) Lyle Richardson; Howard Millett; Kenneth Bubar; Charles Collins; Malcolm Estes; Arnold Smith; Robert Creighton; Gordon Martin; Robert Morse; Harvard Brassbridge; Colby Palmer; Kenneth MacDonald.

CLASS OF 1955

On September 17, 1951, the Class of '55 elected as class officers the following: Priscilla Parsons, President; Lewean Stone, Vice-President; Joan Carter, Secretary-Treasurer, Myrna Garland and Lucille Harvey, Student Council.

Freshman Reception, sponsored by the Class of '54, was held on September 14, 1951. During the day, the girls wore their hair in pigtails, old grain sacks as blouses, and blue jeans; while the boys wore ribbons in their hair, short pants, and shingles on their feet. The reception that night held in the town hall was much enjoyed. The sophomore social was sponsored by the Freshmen.

There were 7 girls and 8 boys on the basketball squad, 9 girls planning to participate in softball, 11 boys to report for baseball, 16 in the combined choruses, and 3 on the cheering squad.

Joan Carter '55



Left to Right: (First Row) Forest Ray; Gloria Murray; Terrance Armstrong; Joan Hawes; Douglas Small; (Second Row) Herbert Dean; Carlene Dunton; Nancy Newcomb; Shirley Estes; Richard Kimball. (Not Pictured) Barbara Shaw; Maynard Brown.

CLASS OF 1956

The class officers for the 1951-52 school year were elected as follows: President, Terrance Armstrong; Vice-President, Joan Hawes; Secretary, Gloria Murray; Treasurer, Douglas Small; Student Council, Shirley Estes and Maynard Brown.

Activities for the year included parties on Christmas, St. Valentines, and St. Patrick's days. The eighth graders are planning to take a trip near the end of the year. To obtain money for this trip, tickets were sold on a box of candy, thus making four dollars and fifty cents. The eighth grade has collected about 1500 pounds of scrap paper which will be sold to further their class trip plans.

Terrance Armstrong '56



Left to Right: (First Row) Richard Estes; Regina Parsons; Gerald Richardson; Douglas Perry; (Second Row) Gordon Smith; David Briggs; Judith Johnson; Nita Wakefield; Barbara Haskell; George Curtis; Kenneth Palmer.

CLASS OF 1957

On September 17, 1951, the class of '57 elected as class officers the following: Gerald Richardson, President; Douglas Perry, Vice-President; Regina Parsons, Secretary; and Richard Estes, Treasurer. Judith Johnson and Gordon Smith were elected to the Student Council.

The Seventh Grade was quite active this year. On the last Friday before school closed for Christmas vacation, there was a Christmas Party. They also held a Valentine's day party on February 14, after which they attended a movie. On March 17, 1952, they held a St. Patrick's day party. In addition to these fun parties, they have also worked in collecting over 600 pounds of paper.

Gerald Richardson--Gordon Smith '57

UNDERCLASSMEN WANT ADS

1 9 5 3

HONORE BRYANT: A nice fat bank account.
VERNE BUBAR: To own the Etna Hotel.
FRANCES COLSON: A letter from Howard every day.
RICHARD HAWES: To be able to make more money cutting wood.
SYLVIA JUDKINS: To go to Boston University.
GARY MACDONALD: More A's for French work.
DALE RICHARDSON: A chance to run his father's Amoco station.
MAURICE UNDERHILL: To be able to make the kids laugh in English.
CHRISTEL POMEROY: A chance to see a certain boy.
LUCILLE PHILBROOK: More letters from a certain fellow.
MARGARET PALMER: More A's and less work.
CHRISTINE WILKS: A new 1952 Ford convertible.
ALICE FITZGERALDS: A place to dance the Charleston.
ELLA LANPHEAR: To be a nurse at the E. M. G. H.

Honore Bryant '53

1 9 5 4

DOROTHY BATCHELDER: All the boys chasing her.
AMBER BROWN: Nerve enough to say "Bonjour" to Mr. Millett.
ELEANOR CARLETON: An engagement ring from Maurice Duntun.
CHARLENE CREIGHTON: A free muscle-building course.
WAYNE DONALDSON: Three times his share at hot lunch.
DAVID DUNTUN: To lift 200 pounds over his head.
MAURICE DUNTUN: The money for an engagement ring.
MAYNARD HAWES: A math book with good figures in it.
MYRON LARPALEE: A chance to stay home from school.
CLEON LAWRENCE: Long, straight hair.
CAROLYN LEEHAN: A date for some Saturday night.
GALEN LEWIS: To go in the Navy as soon as possible.
FREDA MARCHE: A date with Richard alone.
ROBERT NOYES: Strength to throw to second base.
BARBARA PEEPY: Ability to remember to bring French book to class.
KENNETH PHILBROOK: A date he is scared to ask for.
DAVID PREBLE: A still that can produce 85% alcohol.
DONALD PREBLE: A few more blond chicks.
RICHARD ST. LOUIS: A Ford that will go over 88 down hill.
DAVID RICHARDS: A blonde crew-cut.
VIRGINIA ROSS: Mr. Gray to keep on flirting with her.
PATRICIA WARE: A starring role in a Broadway show.
NEDRA WILSON: The date K. P. is scared to ask her for.

Donald Preble '54

UNDERCLASSMATES WANT ADS (Cont)

1 9 5 5

HARVARD BRASSBRIDGE: To be the smartest student in the class.
KENNETH BUBAR: To get 100 in French.
JOAN CARTER: A blond with a crew hair cut.
CHARLES COLLINS: To be a floorwalker in a department store.
ROBERT CREIGHTON: An opportunity not to attend school.
MALCOLM ESTES: A course in being friendly with teachers.
MYRNA GARLAND: To win the world's next beauty contest.
SALLY GOODELL: All A's on her rank card.
DIANNE HAND: To become an important movie star.
LUCILLE HARVEY: To have pretty blond hair.
JEAN HAWES: To sit and dream all day.
SIDNEY JUDKINS: To be able to write notes faster.
ROBERT LANPHIER: To become more talkative.
CHLOE LEWIS: To sing for the rest of her life.
CARLENE LORD: To be at school each day.
KENNETH MACDONALD: To sit behind someone smart in civics class.
GORDON MARTIN: To become the Speaker of the House.
NANCY MCKEEN: Roller skating season to begin.
HOWARD MILLETT JR.: Carolyn to do his algebra.
GEORGE MORSE: To become the world's richest man.
ROBERT MORSE: To become a second Babe Ruth.

Joan Carter '55

1 9 5 6

BARBARA SHAW: Someone to take her to dances.
FOREST RAY: Someone to help him get over the lovesick blues.
NANCY NEWCOMB: Herbert to make eyes at her.
MAYNARD BROWN: Some shoe strings to untie.
JOAN HAWES: To write more notes to Robert Creighton.
HERBERT DEAN: To be the mechanical genius of the class.
GLORIA MURRAY: A boy to ask her for a date.
DOUGLAS SMALL: Someone to help him push Lillian Libby around.
SHIRLEY ESTES: Get Sawin Millett to like her often.
TERRENCE ARMSTRONG: Time to go roller skating more often.
CARLENE DUNTON: Help in becoming tall, dark, and handsome.

Terrence Armstrong and Douglas Small '56

1 9 5 7

GORDON SMITH: A new rattle to play with.
JULIETH JOHNSON: A nice looking boy friend.
REGINA PARSONS: David Briggs on a string.
RICHARD ESTES: A lot of trucks to play with in school.
DAVID BRIGGS: A new doll to play with.
GERALD RICHARDSON: A little toy gun to play cowboy with.
GEORGE CURTIS: A new colt to bring up.
NITA WAKEFIELD: More time to read comic books.
KENNETH PALMER: More time to draw pictures.
BARBARA HASKELL: More time to write notes.
DOUGLAS PERRY: More time to do his studying.

Gerald Richardson and David Briggs '57

CHRISTMAS PARTY

On December 14, 1951, the Student Council of Carmel High School sponsored its annual Christmas program.

The activities consisted of a movie "Naked City" presented in the forenoon; and a Christmas party, with a tree, in the afternoon.

Refreshments were served with the girls bringing cakes and cookies, and the Student Council buying ice cream which was served by Constance Newcomb, and Marie Thompson, members of the Council.

Presents were distributed by Marvin Graves, Santa Claus, and Bradford Small and Allan McGown who were his helpers. A good time was enjoyed by all.

Members of the general committee were Bradford Small '52, Maurice Underhill '53, Constance Newcomb '52, Marie Thompson '52, Richard Hawes '53, and Marvin Graves '52.

Richard Hawes '53

TELEVISION ASSEMBLY

Last fall the Freshman class at Carmel High was very enthusiastic in their discussion of television. Finding it difficult to get all of the important facts, the class thought it would be a good idea to have a speaker come and speak to the whole school.

Mr. Samuel Henderson of Newburg, manager of W. G. U. Y. and W. G. A. N., and employed in Television Research for The Gannett Publishing Company, was asked to appear before the student body.

Mr. Henderson told some very important and interesting facts which helped a great deal. Some of the facts presented by Mr. Henderson were that it would be about two years before television would reach this area; that ten-year old motion pictures were now being used extensively on television programs; that it will cost less to use microwave relay stations because these stations can work automatically, and won't need constant attention--a visit once every three weeks would be sufficient; and that Bangor will probably have television before Portland, as the application for a license for Bangor was in before Portland's application.

Chloe Lewis '55, introduced the speaker and expressed the school's appreciation at the close of the question and answer period.

Chloe Lewis '55

MAGAZINE CAMPAIGN

On September 11, 1951, Rogert Sprague made his annual visit to Carmel to encourage the students to sell Curtis magazines to earn some very easy money.

The school was divided into two teams, each group having three grades. Inez Smith was chosen General Manager of the campaign; Bertha Mary Champion, captain of grade 12; Christel Pomeroy, captain of grade 11; Barbara Perry, captain of grade 10; Joan Carter, captain of grade 9; Terrance Armstrong, captain of grade 7.

With everyone showing fine school spirit, our group went over its quota of \$500 by \$3.70, and made a net profit of \$139.34.

Grade 8, spent one afternoon eating ice cream by the pints, Terrance Armstrong's team having earned this privilege by collecting a higher percentage of subscription dollars per pupil than any other team.

There were many prizes given away to the nineteen high salesman. Forest Ray, high salesman, received a Carmel High School coat; Donald Preble, second highest salesman, received a basketball; and Douglas Perry, third highest salesman, received a Paker "21" fountain pen.

The profit was used to buy new warm-up jackets for the girls' and boy's basketball teams.

Inez Smith '52

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

The physical education program in Carmel High School was under the direction of student leaders, supervised by Mr. Millett and Mr. Savage. Mr. Gray will assist in the supervision when the program is resumed in the spring.

Group leaders for the boys were: Grades seven and eight, Richard Hawes; Grade 9, Dale Richardson; Grade 10, Bradford Small; Grades 11 and 12, Edward Johnson; auxiliary, Maurice Underhill. Leaders for girls were: Grades 7 and 8, Phyllis St. Louis; Grades 9 and 10, Inez Smith, Grades 11 and 12, Constance Newcomb; auxiliary, Marie Thompson. Non-participants remain with Miss Coney and Mrs. Champion.

Activities consisted of baseball, softball, volleyball, football, track, horse shoes, and badminton.

Francis Lavway '52



Left to Right: Robert Morse; Dorothy Batchelder; Miss Coney; Constance Newcomb; Richard Millett.

LEAGUE SPELLERS

The League Spelling Contest was held at Hartland Academy, November 2, 1951, with Carmel High School, Hartland Academy, Newport High School, Corinna Union Academy, East Corinth Academy, and Hermon High School participating.

Hartland won the contest, and Carmel placed second in the ratings. Representing Carmel were Richard Millett '52, Constance Newcomb '52, Dorothy Batchelder '54, and Robert Morse '55. Carmel's Richard Millett was runner up with Corinna's Jane Quimby, who was announced champion speller from the six towns.

There were twenty-four students participating in the contest, four from each school and town. The first one to misspell a word took a seat, and was given the number twenty-four; the second, twenty-three, and so on down the line. The school and student with the lowest point won the contest.

The judges were Miss Eleanor Coney, Carmel; Mrs. Bernice Pinkham, Corinna; and Mrs. Vernon Bolster, East Corinth.
Robert Morse '55



Left to Right: (First Row) Frances Colson; Margaret Palmer; Alice Fitzsimmons; Sylvia Judkins; (Second Row) Mr. Gray; Maurice Underhill; Richard Hawes; Robert Libby; Dale Richardson. Insert Gary MacDonald.

JUNIOR PRIZE SPEAKERS

Carmel High School Junior Prize Speaking was held at Carmel Town Hall, April 9, 1952 with six participants. Speakers included Sylvia Judkins; Alice Fitzsimmons, third prize winner; Gary MacDonald, first prize winner; Margaret Palmer, second prize winner; Dale Richardson; and Frances Colson. Richard Hawes and Maurice Underhill were unable to speak due to illness. Speakers were marshalled to the stage by Lucille Philbrook to the music of the "March From Aida" played by Chloe Lewis of the class of '54.

The program included several selections by the Carmel High School Chorus directed by Lucian Savage of the faculty. Ushers were from the junior class and included Ella Lanphier, Christel Pomeroy, Verne Bubar, and Christine Noyes. Honore Bryant '53 was prompter.

(Please turn to next page)

Junior Prize Speaking (Cont)

The judges for the speaking contest were Clarence Pratt, Hermon High School; Mrs. Reuben Naugler, Newport High School; Mrs. Bernice Pinkham, Corinna Union Academy.

Awards were presented by Elwood M. Gray of the Carmel High School faculty who coached the speakers. Presentation of a gift from the class to Mr. Gray was made by the class President Christel Fomeroy.

The Program included: June Night, Sylvia Judkins; Big Parade, Richard Hawes; Mrs. Schnickelfritz On The 4 O'Clock Train, Alice Fitzsimmons; Eyes, Gary MacDonald; Moon Light Bay and By The Light Of the Silvery Moon, Chorus of Carmel High School; White Lilacs, Margaret Palmer; It's A Wise Brother Who Knows His Own Sister, Dale Richardson; Nydia, The Blind Girl, Frances Colson, Brotherly Love, Maurice Underhill; Make Believe and Steal Away, Chorus Carmel High School.
Margaret Palmer '53

D.A.R. CANDIDATE

In February, 1952, Mr. Millett asked each student in the senior class to vote for three girls who they thought were good citizens in the school, qualified as a D.A.R. Candidate. The senior class elected Phyllis St. Louis, Marie Thompson, and Inez Smith. The faculty then voted on the girls and chose Inez Smith as the candidate.

On March 7 Inez and her mother went to the YWCA in Bangor where they were guests of honor, along with twelve other girls and their mothers, of the Frances Dighton Williams Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Bangor. Here each girl was awarded a D.A.R. Good Pilgrimage Award pin.

The schools represented were Bangor, Bar Harbor, Hermon, Millinocket, Lincoln, Hampden, Ellsworth, East Millinocket, Bucksport, Brewer, Belfast, and Carmel.

At the end of a very enjoyable afternoon all enjoyed tea.
Inez Smith '52

TWO OF A KIND

"What kind of bridge does your wife play?"

"Judging by the cost, I'd say it was toll bridge."

White Plains, N. Y., Reporter-Dispatch

STUDENT and FACULTY Leaders' Autographs

Girls' State Representative

High Speller

Boys' State Representative

D. A. R. Candidate

MAGAZINE CAMPAIGN

ONE-ACT PLAY

General Manager

Captain of Grade 12

Captain of Grade 11

Captain of Grade 10

Captain of Grade 9

Captain of Grade 8

Top Salesman

Coach

JUNIOR PRIZE SPEAKERS

First Prize Winner

Second Prize Winner

Third Prize Winner

Coach

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

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Left to Right: (First Row) Charlene Creighton; Carlene Dunt-
ton; Joan Hawes; Judith Johnson; Shirley Estes; Patricia
Wark; Myrna Garland; Dianne Iand; Sally Goodell; Nancy New-
comb; (Second Row) Mr. Savage; Virginia Ross; Nancy McKeen;
Carlene Lord; Nita Wakefield; Barbara Perry; Carolyn Leeman;
Sylvia Judkins; Alice Fitzsimmons; Eleanor Carleton; (Third
Row) Regina Parsons; Barbara Haskell; Gloria Murray; Jean
Hawes; Chloe Lewis; Gloria Overlock; Priscilla Parsons; Lu-
cille Harvey; Blanche Thibeau.

GIRLS' CHORUS

A Girls Chorus of twenty-six members was formed last September under the direction of Mr. Savage.

This group has met once a week during activity period. As yet, they have made only one appearance. This was at the Senior Play, where they sang selections, namely: "Moonlight Bay" by Wenrick; "Down Yonder" by Gilbert; "It's No Secret" by Hamblem; "Make Believe" by Kern; "Because of You" by Wilkinson; "Cold Cold Heart" by Williams.

Recently, twenty of these girls were selected to participate with several of the members from the boy's chorus. This selected group will meet twice a week during activity periods as a combined chorus, when they will practice their selections for Junior Prize Speaking, Baccalaureate, and Graduation.

Bertha Mary Champion '52



Left to Right: (First Row) Harvard Brassbridge; Douglas Small; Gerald Richardson; Richard Estes; Douglas Perry; Charles Collins; Kenneth MacDonald; Wayne Richardson; (Second Row) Mr. Savage; Galen Lewis; Cleon Lawrence; Sidney Judkins; Richard Millett; Maurice Underhill; Robert Libby; Richard Kimball; Terrance Armstrong; Gordon Smith.

BOYS' CHORUS

This year's boys' chorus was organized in September, 1951, with twenty members, and Mr. Savage as director. Near the end of February, 1951, several of the boy's were selected to participate in a combined chorus while those remaining joined Mrs. Champion's music appreciation class.

The combined chorus will meet twice weekly to prepare music for Junior Prize Speaking, Baccalaureate, and Graduation. Music being prepared include Wenrick's, "Moonlight Bay", Kern's "Make Believe", Watson's "Little David Play on Yo' Harp", Adam's "The Holy City", Youman's "Tea For Two", and, Malotte's "The Twenty-Third Psalm".

Sidney Judkins--Gordon Martin '55



Left to Right: (First Row) Miss Coney; Constance Newcomb;
(Second Row) Dianne Hand; Myrna Garland; Patricia Wark.

ONE-ACT PLAY

The one-act play selected this year for the league contest was the drama "Gray Bread", by Jean Latham. The play was presented at Corinna on March 7, 1952 in league competition.

The cast of "Gray Bread" was as follows: "MOTKA", a child of the village, Dianne Hand; "RIGA", a woman 90 years old, Constance Newcomb; "SOLDA", her daughter, Patricia Wark; "YOLANDE", Solda's daughter, Myrna Garland. Action was placed in a peasant cottage a long time ago.

The cast of "Gray Bread" wishes to thank their coach, Miss Coney, for the time and effort she gave to them to make the play a success.

Constance Newcomb '52



Left to Right: (First Row) Howard Millett, Jr; Malcolm Estes; Colby Palmer; Robert Noyes; Kenneth Bubar; (Second Row) Mr. Gray; Wayne Donaldson; David Preble; Arnold Smith; Maurice Underhill; Robert Libby; Robert Creighton; David Richards; Maynard Hawes; David Smith.

JUNIOR VARSITY BASKETBALL

Last fall Principal Millett called for all boys interested in junior varsity basketball to report to Mr. Gray who had been chosen coach. A squad of fourteen boys reported for practice. Since then three boys left the squad, but all others finished the season.

The squad consisted of: Juniors--Robert Libby, and Maurice Underhill; sophomores--Wayne Donaldson; Robert Noyes; Maynard Hawes, David Preble; and Manager David Richards; freshman--Colby Palmer, Arnold Smith, Russell Smith, David Smith, Malcolm Estes, Robert Creighton, Kenneth Bubar, and Sawin Millett. Robert Libby and Sawin Millett were elected co-captains by the team.

The scores of the games played were as follows:

Carmel	9	v.s	Hartland	42	Carmel	21	v.s.	Hermon	13
"	16	v.s	Hermon	35	"	20	v.s	Hartland	37
"	11	v.s	Corinna	16	"	26	v.s	Hampden	33
"	35	v.s	Brooks	29	Sawin Millett--David Richards				

BOYS' BASKETBALL (Cont)

Donald Freble was "Six Shooter" champ and Richard Hawes was foul shooting champ. Bradford Small and Richard Millett were tied for second in both events. The experience and confidence gained should be invaluable to the boys in years to come.

The team is losing three seniors from the starting lineup, but Coach Millett is looking forward to a more successful season next year.

The schedule and scores for this year are as follows: Carmel 29, Hermon 57; Carmel 38, Hartland 59; Carmel 43, E. Corinth 57; Carmel 28, Alumni 52; Carmel 30, Brooks 44; Carmel 39, Corinna 38; Carmel 31, Newport 55; Carmel 42, Hermon 58; Carmel 35, Hartland 55; Carmel 28, Newport 47; Carmel 30, E. Corinth 50; Carmel 40, Corinna 50; Carmel 44, Brooks 40.
Richard Millett '52

GIRLS BASKETBALL (Cont)

After a few practices, we held a meeting to elect as co-captains, Ines Smith and Phyllis St Louis; and as manager, Honore Bryant.

The girls enjoyed another successful season winning seven out of ten league games played, and tying one score with undefeated Corinna Union Academy.

The squad would like to take this opportunity to express their appreciation to coach Savage for all his time and effort in making this 1951-52 basketball season a success. They also would like to thank Mrs. Champion, who accompanied them on all games, for helping to make this season even more pleasant.

The scores of the games are as follows: Carmel 56, Hermon 20; Carmel 48, Brooks 40 (non league); Carmel 44, Corinna 51; Carmel 36, Newport 47; Carmel 45, Hermon 17; Carmel 37, Hartland 31; Carmel 45, Newport 31; Carmel 49, East Corinth 26; Carmel 43, Corinna 43; Carmel 43, Brooks 17 (non league).
Marie Thompson '52

Happiness is a form of courage--Waltbrook Jackson



BOYS' BASKETBALL

Left to Right: (First Row) Allan McGown; Bradford Small; Marvin Graves, Captain; Richard Hawes; Dale Richardson. (Second Row) Kenneth Philbrook; Donald Preble; Russell Smith; Richard Millett; Coach Millett; Maurice Dunton; Richard St. Louis; David Dunton; Howard Millett, Jr., Mgr.

Last fall Mr. Devitt started basketball practice sessions. Early in October, he accepted a position with the State Department of Education, so by the time Mr. Millett assumed his duties, practice sessions were well along. A week or so before our first game with Hermon High, uniforms were issued to the following boys: seniors--Bradford Small, Allan McGown, Marvin Graves, Richard Millett; Juniors--Dale Richardson, Richard Hawes; sophomores--David Dunton, Donald Preble, Richard St. Louis, Kenneth Philbrook, Maurice Dunton. Late in the season, Russell Smith, a freshman joined the squad.

A junior varsity squad was organized in an effort to give more boys a chance to play. Mr. Gray was coach, and all boys who were not on the varsity squad were eligible to play on this team.

This year Coach Millett held elimination contests to choose two boys to represent the school in the "Six Shooter Contest" sponsored by the Bangor Daily News and held at Bangor, and the foul shooting contest sponsored by the Portland Sunday Telegram and held at Orono.

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Left to Right: (First Row) Edward Johnson; Marvin Graves; Bradford Small; Dale Richardson; (Second Row) Richard St. Louis; Donald Preble; Allan McGown; Richard Hawes; David Dunton; Kenneth Philbrook.

BASEBALL 1 9 5 1

The scores of the games do not show the Carmel High squad as a winning team in numbers, but they are a very successful team as far as sportsmanship and good spirit is concerned. This spirit, plus hard work, will, in the end, produce game winning teams.

The 1951 schedule and scores follows: Carmel 11, E. Corinth 12; Carmel 1, Newport 3; Carmel 4, Hermon 5; Carmel 2, Hartland 15; Carmel 0, Corinna 3; Carmel 2, E. Corinth 3; Carmel 9, Newport 23; Carmel 2, Hermon 12; Carmel 2, Hartland 22; Carmel 8, Corinna 12; Carmel 2, Alumni 7.

The players were: David Dunton 1st B; Marvin Graves---C, RF; Richard Hawes--P, LF; Edward Johnson--RF; Allan McGown--1st B, LF; Donald Preble--C, RF; Clifford Purvis--P, SS; Kenneth Preble--2nd B Capt.; Robert Purvis--CF; Dale Richardson--3rd B; Franklyn Robinson--P, LF; Bradford Small--P, SS, 1st B, 3rd B, LF, RF.

The 1952 baseball schedule follows: April 25, Carmel at Hartland; April 29, Carmel at E. Corinth; May 2, Corinna at Carmel; May 6, Carmel at Hermon; May 9, Carmel at Newport; May 13, Hartland at Carmel; May 16, Carmel at E. Corinth; May 20, Carmel at Corinna; May 23, Hermon at Carmel; May 27; Newport at Carmel.

Richard Millett '52



Left to Right: (First Row) Charlene Creighton; Marie Thompson; Margaret Palmer; Christine Noyes; Inez Smith; Phyllis St. Louis; Constance Newcomb; Nedra Wilson; Lucille Philbrook; Freda Marcho; (Second Row) Honore Bryant; Lucille Harvey; Nancy McKeen; Carlene Lord; Myrna Garland; Joan Carter; Glenda Curbo; Patricia Wark; Priscilla Parsons; Lewean Stone; Carolyn Leeman; Barbara Perry; Alice Fitzsimmons; Coach Savage.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The 1951-52 basketball season opened in November with 22 girls reporting to Coach Lucian Savage. Girls reporting, and their positions were:

L. F.	Constance Newcomb	'52	L. G.	Margaret Palmer	'53
	Christine Noyes	'53		Barbara Perry	'54
	Patricia Wark	'54		Carolyn Leeman	'54
	Priscilla Parsons	'55		Carlene Lord	'55
R. F.	Phyllis St. Louis	'52	R. G.	Inez Smith	'52
	Frances Colson	'53		Glenda Curbo	'52
	Lucille Philbrook	'53		Lewean Stone	'54
	Myrna Garland	'55	C. G.	Marie Thompson	'52
C. F.	Nedra Wilson	'54		Freda Marcho	'54
	Charlene Creighton	'54		Lucille Harvey	'55
	Joan Carter	'55		Nancy McKeen	'55

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Left to Right: (First Row) Charlene Creighton; Lucille Philbrook; Margaret Palmer; Constance Newcomb; Inez Smith; Phyllis St. Louis; Nedra Wilson; (Second Row) Coach Savage; Alice Fitzsimmons; Honore Bryant; Patricia Wark; Frances Colson; Christine Noyes; Barbara Perry; Carolyn Leeman. (Not in Picture) Helen Richards.

SOFTBALL 1951

Softball practice started early last April with fourteen girls reporting for practice. The squad elected Inez Smith and Margaret Palmer as co-captains, and Honore Bryant as manager.

Girls participating and their positions were as follows: Catcher--Lucille Philbrook, Christine Noyes; Pitcher--Nedra Wilson; First base--Inez Smith; Second base--Margaret Palmer; Third base--Charlene Creighton, Alice Fitzsimmons; Short Stop--Constance Newcomb; Center field--Phyllis St. Louis, Lucille Philbrook; Left field--Helen Richards.

The schedule for 1952 is as follows: April 23, East Corinth; April 30, at Corinna; May 7, at Hermon; May 14, Hartland; May 21, Newport.

Marie Thompson '52



Left to Right: Myrna Garland; Lucille Philbrook; Nedra Wilson; Christine Noyes; Phyllis St. Louis.

CHEERLEADERS

Early in the fall, the Student Council held its regular meeting to elect cheerleaders for the 1951-52 season. There were many girls who participated in tryouts, but the same squad as last year was chosen. Elected were Phyllis St. Louis, Lucille Philbrook, Christine Noyes, Myrna Garland, and Nedra Wilson.

Shortly after the election, these girls went to work practicing old and making up new cheers.

The same uniforms were used this year as last year except for the addition of sneakers instead of saddle-shoes.

The squad enjoyed cheering at all games and hopes future cheerers have successful seasons in years to come.

The Cheerleaders



Left to Right: (First Row) Priscilla Parsons; Shirley Estes; Joan Hawes; Nancy Newcomb; Lucille Harvey.

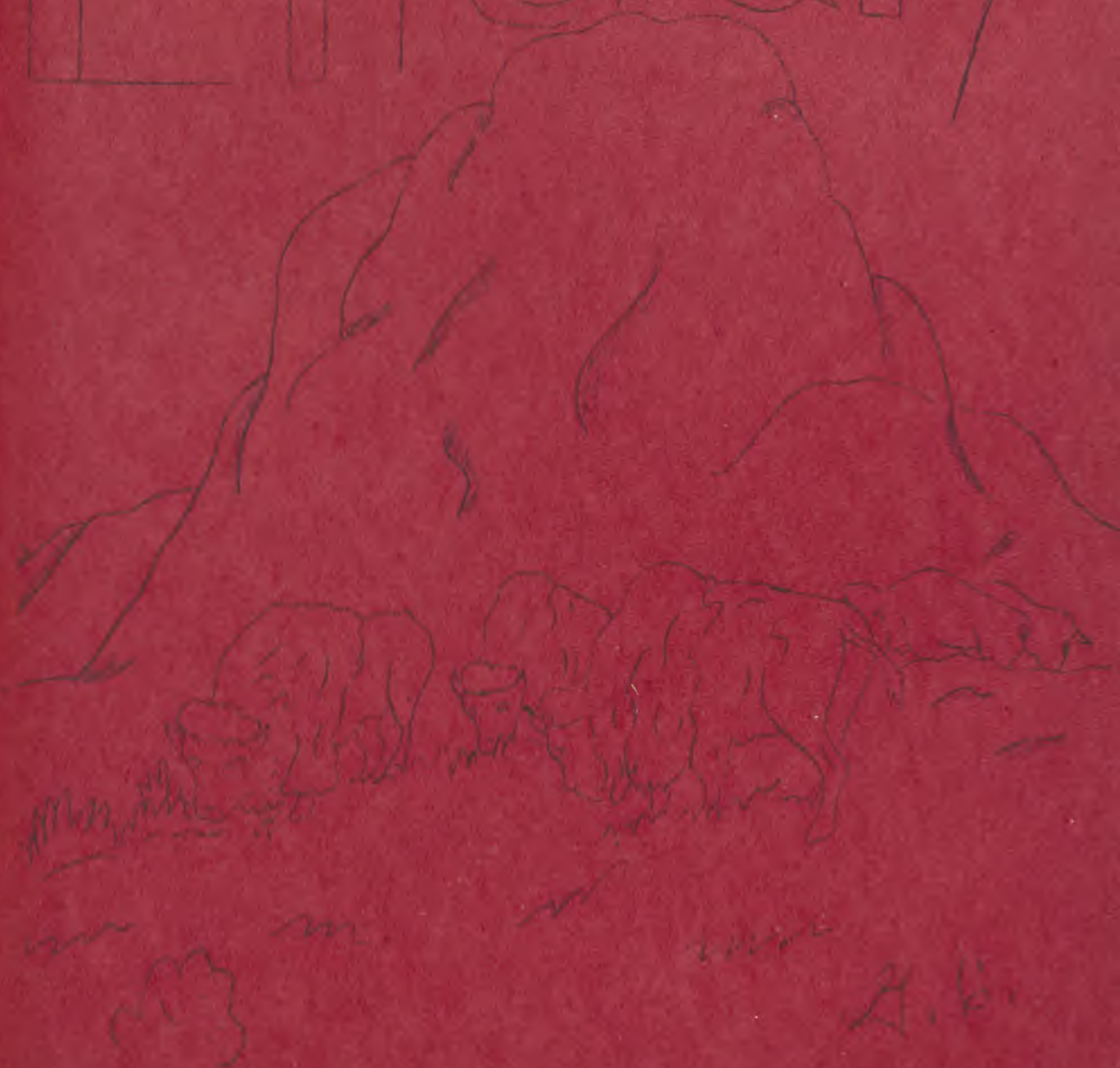
JUNIOR VARSITY CHEERLEADERS

The Junior Varsity Cheerleaders, a volunteer group of school-minded students of Carmel High School met early in the fall and decided to practice cheering. They began trying out their old cheers, later introducing new ones. They practiced very hard because they wanted to do as well as their high school rivals. Choosing as their uniforms, maroon skirts with gold blouses, they enjoyed cheering for the girls at every home game.

The girls thank Mr. Savage for making it possible for them to attend some of the out-of-town games, and they certainly appreciate his understanding, encouragement, and friendliness toward their group. They also extend their thanks to Mrs. Ray, Mrs. Bishop, and the mothers who made the uniforms.

Junior Varsity Cheerleaders

LITCHARY



A.B.

THOUGHTS IN PASSING

The night was dark and dreary
As I walked along the shore
And thought of how I loved the sea
And would forever more.

The waves dashed high against the rocks
And made a mournful sound;
I planned to jump into the sea
To be lashed around and 'round.

My heart beat fast as the tide came in
Pounding along the shore;
My plan to die then ceased to be
That I wanted to live, I was sure.

I left the shore and returned to my room
In the cottage on the bay;
I knew my desire to live would grow
With the dawn of the oncoming day.

Constance Newcomb '52

I WONDER

On March 14 in '62,
I wonder what I'll be doing.
Will I be in the Wacs or Waves,
Or sitting home sewing?

Or maybe I'll be a stenographer,
And sit on the boss's knee;
Or maybe, just perhaps of course,
A banker's wife I'll be.

Wouldn't that be marvelous
Have nothing to do, but play.
Or sit around the house and loaf
While others work all day.

Of course it's just an idle dream,
And never will come true,
But still it's something to think about,
And you bet I'm going to, too.

Christine Noyes '53

People who fly into a rage always make a bad landing.
—Will Rogers, quoted by Walter Winchell

MAINE

You spell it M-A-I-N-E;
It's the home of you and I.
Beside it lies the ocean deep,
And above, the clear blue sky.

Maine also has its fish-filled lakes,
I cannot name them all,
Surrounded by hills and mountains,
And evergreen, big and small.

It's where the deer are plentiful
And hunted every fall,
Where Katahdin rears its lofty peak
And looks out over all.

In summertime the tourists come,
For a week, a month or day.
Some call Maine a backward state,
But it's here I want to stay.

Bradford Small '52

A SENIOR'S FAREWELL

When the dawn breaks bright and clear,
And the songs of birds I hear,
Then from out of bed I spring,
Don my clothes and everything,

Eat my breakfast like a flash;
Then right through the door I dash,
For I'm gaily on my way,
As there is a school to-day.

There we gather for fun and play,
If the teacher's stay away.
We are Senior's young and gay,
Soon it will be graduation day.

That will be a sad goodbye,
And I fear that I may cry,
Leaving classmates here today,
As I start life's rocky way.

Bertha Mary Champion '52

THE BABY IN THE BASKET

As I was walking home from town,
One dark and spooky night,
A Basket on our doorstep
Appeared in full-pledged sight.

I lifted up the blanket,
And there before my eyes,
A baby in a basket--
Would mother be surprised!
I ran into the hallway,
But mother wasn't there;
I looked out in the pantry
And finally upstairs.

I listened for a moment,
And thought I heard a shout;
Was it the baby I had saved
When someone left it out?
No, it was coming closer,
There were footsteps in the hall,
Oh-it had to be my mother,
To hold the tiny doll.

Oh yes, it was my mother;
Her eyes were full of joy.
Had she seen the babe already?
Had she held the tiny toy?
As she stepped into the bedroom,
She said these words to me;
"The baby in the basket
It sleeps so peacefully."

So she kept the little darling,
And it grew to be eighteen.
And was the cutest fellow,
This world has ever seen.
The children all adored it,
And laughed with joyous glee
To see our little monkey
As he climbed from tree to tree.
Alice Fitzsimmons '53

Fears are the only thing that multiply faster than rabbits.
Hal Boyle

MAINE

Maine is the dearest place of all,
It's very pretty in the fall.
The mountains are so very high,
They almost touch the bright blue sky.

The roads are as level as can be;
They twist and twine around the sea.
The clouds seem covered white with snow,
As swirling through the sky they go.

In the summer tourists come;
To get a cabin they have to run.
The view I know it is the best,
'Cause people come to watch and rest.

The fields and hills are so very green,
The tourists love to see the scene.
As to their homes from Maine they go,
A love of Maine to friends they show.

Sally Goodell '55

THE LITTLE OLD MAN

As I was walking down the street,
This little old man I chanced to meet,
His face was fair and seemed so kind
With never a worry or fear on his mind.

His clothes were poor but yet looked neat
As slowly he strolled down the street;
The small brown hat upon his head
Showed streaks of gray through hair once red.

His coat of green was worse for wear,
But the clean white shirt had not a tear;
His long black trousers were sewed with a patch,
And his dark brown shoes were neither matched.

The smile on his face would offset his clothes;
As people passed by and compared him with those
Who were wealthy and sad, 'stead of happy and free,
Which would you choose, between those people or he?

Marie Thompson '52

ANYTHING

The thing I like best is anything
That you can really like;
But the best thing of all is nothing,
Which is much to my delight.

Anything is everything
When only your love is near you;
But nothing is never anything
When you catch your love near Lou.

My father I call most anything;
He's kind, he's sweet and true;
But my mother, I call her everything,
Because she helps me when I'm blue.

My brothers and sisters are nothing
They're always wasting their time;
But my brother-in-law has everything,
Even a couple of dimes.

Joan Carter '55

IN MY PRIME

When I was young and in my prime,
I dated young gals all the time.
I never married any of them,
Since nary a dress had a seven inch hem.

When I was young and in my prime,
I always took gals out to dine.
I bought them nice food and good wine,
And told them all that they were mine.

Now that I'm old, not in my prime,
I've seen no gal in a whale of a time,
'Cause I have no money not even a dime
And have lost everything including my mind.

Lewis Judkins '55

SPRING

Carefree March is here at last;
The struggling old winter is nearly past;
Robins chirp, the bluebirds sing
For the wonderful joy that's in the spring.
When young boys start to roll marbles again,
You just can't deny this surely is spring.

Richard Hawes '53

BACK AND FORTH

A lot of folks say back and forth,
Which is really quite a scare;
You never can go back, you see,
Before you first get there.

Now I would say, go forth and back
Without the least despair;
For I had rather say things right,
Than be a millionaire.

So my advice to you, my friend,
Is when you're feeling blue,
To stop and think before you say
Words that are not true.

Kenneth MacDonald '55

KOREA

It's only a small country in a very far off place,
And it's only just a fraction of Asia's populace;
But it's where our boys have fought and died,
Known misery and pain,
And others now lie quietly, ne'er to return again.

Why should we fight in a far off place, in a land so
far away?

The answer, 'cause if we didn't there, we'd have to
here some day.

So, as we go to bed each night, and as we rise each day,
Let's say a prayer for the boys over there, in Korea
far away.

Bradford Small '52

FOREST FIRES

In the early fall
When leaves are beginning to turn,
You hear the blue jays call,
As the leaves you rake and burn.

Friends always seem to gather 'round,
To watch the bright sparks fly;
Some rise, some drift, some fall to the ground,
While others go to the sky.

Oh! Such a pretty sight,
But dangerous is the fire;
It causes lots of people fright,
As the flames go higher and higher.

Chloe Lewis '55

MY LITTLE BOY

The sky was dark and cloudy,
The street lights were aglow
As I hung up my telephone,
Beneath the mistletoe.

In my home the lights shown dimly,
As they did that very morn,
As I lie in bed I'm thinking,
"At last my boy is born."

He was such a little fellow,
Only weighed about three pounds,
And he lay in his tiny bed,
Never making any sounds.

The doctor rushed right over,
And he tiptoed to my bed,
He gave a very quiet sigh,
As he felt my baby's head.

He then felt of his little heart,
As I looked up and cried,
He told my husband and myself,
That our little boy had died.

Once again in our home so sweet,
We still feel all alone,
I often kneel and thank God above,
Because I know Bob has a wonderful home.
Phyllis St. Louis '52

SPRING

Spring is here in a hard winter's wake.
Now the grass, the trees, and the flowers will take
A long lost beauty of the summer before,
And to us will seem sweetest of all out of doors.

You can have your fall, with the good harvest time,
Turkey, pumpkin, and corn seem to rhyme;
But spring with the flowers and the birdies so dear
Is to me the most beautiful time of the year.

Dale Richardson '53

Discontent is the first step in the progress of a man or a nation.
Oscar Wilde:

MY BOOK OF BORES

There are some people who simply bore me. There are some at school, and almost anywhere in public. It is sometimes quite embarrassing to meet them on the street. These people are the ones not apt to have many friends, and if they do have some, no doubt the so-called friends are bores, too.

Take Marge, for instance. You may be out taking a walk on some nice afternoon, when who should pop out of the middle of nowhere, but this little lass. First she relates all the latest gossip and even exaggerates a little, then gets your opinion on certain matters, (and that is where you have to be careful what you say), and then goes on to tell someone that you said something that you really had no idea of saying. This is one gal who is going to find she isn't as popular as she thinks.

Another one who is terribly boring is "Daffy Della". She may make some wise crack about some of your nicer friends and yet her chums are those who any normal person wouldn't be caught dead with. She is always borrowing something of yours and returns it whenever she pleases, but you just try to borrow something of hers and she'll cook up some excuse in a hurry so that you can't take it.

Now don't get me wrong. The girls aren't the only ones who do all this. The boys are in on it, also.

Take "Droopy Dan". In his own opinion he is a whiz at basketball and is constantly bragging. But get him on a ball floor and he will run a mile. People who brag certainly won't get anywhere in this world of today. That's a cinch.

Last but not least comes the "talkative type." This may be either a boy or girl. There are quite a few who may find this is one of their main faults.

If they're not telling their troubles they are talking about someone. And there's no stopping them once they get started.

If you should happen to hear them talking about you when they think you're not around, you might as well let them continue because if they're talking about you they are giving someone else a rest.

Eleanor Carleton '54

THE IMAGE

Time: 2:00 Monday Morning, November 3, 1951

Place: Korea

Name: Captain Reggie Langley, 6th Regiment, United States Army.

We had just received the news that General MacArthur had been fired. Wow! What a surprise. Hearing this news made me so upset I didn't eat breakfast. Tomorrow the new General Ridgway would command us.

Well, I went near the front lines from there on. Fighting! Cursing! Praying! Sweating! Thank God I'm here and not you.

The sun was up early this particular morning. I got up, shaved, dressed, and went to swallow a tablespoon of food. Then I went for my orders. Bang! I was ordered to go to the machine guns on the front lines and load each one of them. This was the most dangerous assignment I'd ever had. I was scared, so I knelt and prayed to this unknown friend of everybody's. Christ. I prayed he'd spare the boy going with me, and I prayed he'd also spare me. I also asked him to take care of my wife and little girl at home in Ottawa, Canada.

It came 9:00, 10:00, 11:00; still there was no let up of heavy gun fire. Finally at 3:00 the smoke of guns lessened. "Now", said my commander. Yes, it was now that I'd meet death. I took 3, 4, 5, 6, steps and I was about ready to turn around and go back when I saw the most shocking thing I'd ever seen. There, in the smoke of gun fire I saw the image of God. He told me to go and load the guns. He said he'd answer my prayer.

Now, I believe very much in Christ as I am home with my wife and little girl. We have our hour session of prayer each day.

Patricia Wark '54

Quite often when a man thinks his mind is getting broader it is only his conscience stretching.

(Marathon (Wis.) Times)

SO I HAD TO DANCE

I was always a very plain girl with just plain brown hair and blue eyes. There wasn't a shine to my hair or a sparkle in my eyes. They were just hair and eyes nothing special or dreamy and to top off my plainness I was shy and bashful. There was only one thing I could do, and that was to dance. I loved to dance. But of course no one would dance with me! I was just a plain Jane. But I could dance better than any girl on the floor.

One special Saturday night I got ready as usual for the dance that was in town. I knew I wouldn't dance much, but I loved to watch the others.

About the middle of the evening I saw a boy from school come into the hall. He was a swell kid and could dance quite well. But of course he wouldn't ask me to dance. He was tall, dark, and handsome. He must have been about six feet two. What a nice couple we would make, I thought.

At about the last of the evening I was just about to give up my thoughts of ever dancing with him, when I looked up. He was coming over towards me. Me! I got nervous, and then I realized that this was what I had been waiting for all evening. I looked up and smiled. He smiled back and said, "May I have this dance." So, I had to dance.

Freda Marcho '54

THE CLUNK

A POET

I've got a car,
And is it swell!
When you see me coming,
You may hear a bell.

The main color is gray,
With trimming of red;
There is some chrome
Up over your head.

When I go by,
It may rattle and knock, -
And before I know it,
The motor may balk.

Some day if you want,
And have the time,
I'll take you for a ride,
And it won't cost you one dime.
Allan Mc Gown '52

I'm a poet
And don't know it.
My feet show it;
They're "LONGFELLOWS".
Richard Millett '52

SUMMARY

After reading this bunk
You'll agree its just junk
And throw it away
Forever and a day.
Richard Millett '52

FIGHTING A FIRE

A fire! Oh! Oh! Whatever shall I do? There I was all alone, and in my bare feet. The dusk of the evening cast its black mantle over the earth. The dreadful silence, and the slight of the shadowy, foreboding, and murky forest sent a shiver up and down my spine.

With my feet I tried to stamp out the little patches of bright red flames, but no sooner would I put out one when another would spring up someplace else. It was no use; I could not extinguish them. They seemed like little demons taunting me. I was desperately afraid they would reach the forest. I grew panicky, and started to scream. Never had I experienced such utter terror! Then suddenly it was all over. Whew! I sat bolt up right in bed. I had been dreaming. My forehead was damp with perspiration, although the sheets were cold and clammy. Dazed, I got up, staggered to the window, and closed it.

I was certainly glad that was over with. Experienced authorities say that a dream is only a flash of a matter of seconds, but to me this dream seemed more like a matter of years.

Dorothy Batchelder '54

A NARROW ESCAPE

The night was dark and clear, and the only sound was the steady hum of the car's motor. The happy teenagers in the car sang in a carefree way, their heads bobbing back and forth keeping time with the lively music on the radio. Jim, the boy who was driving, stepped down a little harder on the gas. The car shot forward with a shrieking whistle of the tires. They did not see the approaching car coming forward until it was too late. The crash took place so fast that they did not have time to steer out of the way of the black sedan approaching.

When the crash was over, the formerly happy teenagers climbed out. They were not badly hurt, and neither were the passengers in the black sedan. But they all said that when they go driving together again, they will be more careful and not have to rely on a narrow escape, because they always want to be a group of happy teenagers, not a sad group that did not use their head while driving.

Carolyn Leemon '54

OUT CAME THE TOOTH

Yes, I had a whopping tooth ache! It ached so badly I could hardly stumble around. I planked myself down in a chair in the living room and tried to think of a way to get the blooming tooth out. All of a sudden it boomed into my head, a good idea, and I would try anything.

I dashed out of the house like a streak of lightning. Maybe this wouldn't work, but it was worth a try. I was running as fast as I could go when I saw what I was looking for, the town bully! I must get him to fight me, but if he knew that I wanted him to knock my tooth out he wouldn't do it because he would rather see me suffer than do anything I wanted him to do.

I stood around and sassed him for about five minutes, and the war was on. There were a few rights and lefts, and I was seeing white black birds. Well, I guess he didn't hit the right spot because when I opened my black eyes and felt of my pain-streaked jaw, my tooth was still there. Well, I started hobbling toward my last resort, the dentist!

As I hobbled into his chair, he told me that I looked as if I'd been dragged through a knothole. I replied that I felt it. He tugged and pulled, and I screamed for help, but the tooth would not come out. After a short, but painful, time the dentist screamed at me, telling me he just could not get the tooth to let go. He gave me five dollars for the damage on my jaw and sent me stumbling and staggering home.

As I rounded the bend in sight of my home, I was feeling much better after the quiet walk, but my tooth still ached. I gave a bound and leaped the fence surrounding my home. As I did, I caught my pants leg on one of the picket fence posts. This upset me, and I went sprawling on the ground, knocked my battered and bleeding jaw on a rock, and what do you know---OUT CAME THE TOOTH!

David Dunton '54

"When a politician inquired about public sentiment in a rural community, one of the natives replied: 'Still goin' strong--there were 16 cars parked in my lane last night'."

Quoted by John A. Williams

BABYSITTING!

"Babysitting!" What a gruesome thought when one would much rather be at a basketball game rooting for the team, or at a school dance, or maybe roller skating.

From seven until eleven, nothing but trouble, trouble, trouble, and even double trouble--that is, when you are caring for the twins, Robert and Roberta. While you are recovering from one mishap, little Robert may have decided to play Cowboy and Indians. "Ouch!" Whoever invented those bows and arrows should be shot before he gets anymore crazy ideas.

Crash! Bang! Gracious! There goes Mrs. Jones' favorite lamp onto the floor. "Oh, brother, what will I do now" is all you can manage to say.

A sudden cry from the kitchen brings you to your senses and you hurry to see what could possibly be the cause of the sudden outburst. But---more trouble. The baby has left his ball on the floor, and you go flying across the living room, scramble to your feet, and finally reach the kitchen. Oh, no! Little Roberta has decided to get a lunch because she's hungry! She's knocked the pan of hot water off the stove and burned her hand.

After a half hour or so you have finally succeeded in getting her calmed down. She's not hungry anymore and is quite contented. Thank your lucky stars!

Realizing that you've had your share of trouble for the evening, you put the children to bed and relax in peace until Mr. and Mrs. Jones return.

But the twins aren't the only ones that you take care of. There may be the bossy little boy from next door who wants the "firstest and mostest" of everything, or the youngster (monster) who seems jet propelled, or the irritable pest who is quick to take offense and cry. You are apt to be called upon to be mother, playmate, teacher, and chief picker-up after them, all rolled into one.

But no matter which you take care of, when "mom" and "pop" return and ask, "Were the children good?", your usual reply is, "Oh yes, very!"

Why should we tell these little white lies? After all, mothers and fathers know what little devils their children are! Don't they!!! I don't believe that can be answered.

Eleanor Carlton '54

DISPLAY WINDOW

Day in and day out we stand here, facing the streets filled with hustling and bustling shoppers, laborers, business men, and many other people.

All of these people wear wreathes, not the wreathes one sees at Christmas time, but the wreathes or expressions worn on their faces. Among those that we see nearly every day are the scowling, the frowning, and the red faces due to the hot summer days and the hurly-burly of the city.

Occasionally some of these people, mostly teenagers and women stop to admire us. I don't mean to brag, but we must be very pretty and smart looking, judging of course from the many many envious and longing glances which we receive every day. I am dressed in silk, lace, and satin. My friends say clothed likewise. Oh, yes indeed, we see many things, my friends and I, because you see we are dummies in a window fashion display.

Dorothy Batchelder '54

PERSONALITY IN HATS

Hats! The most fascinating things for a women and the most expensive for a man. Hats can be lovely, and hats can be frightful. There is nothing more colorful than a hat bar at Easter time and nothing more amusing than a man helping his wife to choose her new Easter bonnet.

I recall being in the millinery department of a large store on a busy Saturday afternoon during the Easter rush. I found myself among hats of every color, size, and description. There were hats of every type--little saucy hats; high dignified hats, hats that were very feminine, and hats of the masculine type, hats that resembled a flower garden, hats with feathers, and hats that were indescribable.

As I stood there amazed among all these beautiful hats, I found myself watching a young couple choosing her new hat. It was very plain to see how amused the gentleman was. I could hear the wife say as she tried on a very stylish blue straw covered with flowers, ribbon, and veiling, "Look, darling, isn't this simply stunning? Don't you love it?" The young man just nodded. She selected another hat. This one was plain but pretty. When asked how it looked, the gentleman again nodded, but his attention was across the aisle where a spinster lady was trying on teen-agers hats. The young lady kept selecting hats with the same result each time until she was exhausted and out of patience.

Finally they left, she with no hat. No doubt later she would be back, alone, to purchase her new Easter hat.

Barbara Perry '54

FAMILY SUPERSTITIONS

One Sunday afternoon I was sitting in an old chair with my legs flung limply over the side, trying to get comfortably arranged to cut off a ragged finger nail, which I had nervously chewed off. Grandmother spied what I was doing, and quickly, before I could wink an eye, she shouted in anger, "Do not cut your nails on Sunday; you will do something you are ashamed of before the week is over." My! but this surely was a new one to me. Quickly and curiously I put the scissors away, wondering where grandmother got all these ideas. This continued for nearly six or seven months. She wouldn't even sweep the floors after dark, nor would she go under a ladder. And imagine this! One day we were riding along slowly, planning to visit my aunt, when zoom! across the road ran a black cat. Would we continue to make our visit? No something would happen. Slowly going approximately ten miles an hour, we finally reached home. Grandmother went to bed early that night. Probably she was afraid a mouse or something would cross her path.

Grandfather and I sat comfortably in the living room reading. Finally he spoke up with a sadness in his voice, "We have to do something about your grandmother. She's been driving me crazy for the past months with these silly superstitions." Quickly I had an idea flash into my head.

The next day I begged grandmother to go for a short walk with me. Finally she gave in. I suggested while we were walking along we would look for some bright colored rocks which we could put in the gold fish bowl. Slowly we walked along still watching the road carefully for pretty rocks. I kept trying to edge grandmother toward a ladder. Of course she didn't have the least idea I would let her walk under it, and talking rapidly and enjoyable to keep her eyes on the road still watching for rocks. Finally (wiping the perspiration from my forehead) we had walked under the ladder, and were still walking at a very slow pace. Grandmother jumped with a start and with a sparkle in her eyes. She had spied a ten dollar bill at about three feet ahead. Then I told her we had walked under a ladder and she quickly changed her mind about all these silly superstitions.

Arriving home I called Grandfather into the other room and told him how our scheme had worked. Turning he started from the room. He said in a very low, clear voice, "It was worth the ten dollars."

Nedra Wilson '54

THE NOISE IN THE BUSHES

Riding along over the plains toward my vacation spot, I suddenly heard a noise beyond me in a small wooded area about a mile long and a half mile wide. As I am a sheriff, even if I am on a vacation, I felt it my duty to investigate. I may be famous, but my beautiful white horse "Beauty" is just as famous as I am, if not more so, because of his excellence in helping to catch outlaws.

I headed towards the bushes, and, my goodness, what should I see but a man ready to shoot another in the back. I ran and jumped at him, and at the same time somebody jumped and grabbed me. I yelled, "HELP". I struggled for quite some time with this person, who, after a while, finally tied and gagged me. This was only the second time in my ten years as sheriff that I had ever been beaten.

A short time later, it seemed like hours, my legs and arms ached terribly. In fact I ached all over. Just at this time someone came and untied me and removed the gag. I looked up, and whom should I see but Rex Allen. I had been on a movie set, and was I embarrassed! The producer told me that my struggle with Jim (as he called the man) had been within camera range. He said it was so good and didn't spoil the picture any that he had left it in and changed the script. The reason Jim had gagged and tied me was that they were afraid I'd spoil the picture. Thank goodness I hadn't. Well, I guess that's all, except I enjoyed a very pleasant vacation as guest of Rex Allen on his ranch.

Ella Lanphier '53

TOO LATE

The clock struck 11:00 o'clock; in an hour Dave Jackson's life wouldn't be worth two cents. Dave was in prison, the death house in fact. He'd been caught two months before with the Clyde Shank Gang after a watchman had been killed at Ed's Warehouse on Walter Street. Dave was a respectable person, well liked, and well known by almost everyone in town.

The minutes were ticking away. Dave was taken to the warden's office, put under the lights, and questions were flung at him right and left. "Who are you covering up? Why were you there?" For fifteen minutes that went on; then back to the cell he went. He looked bad; he was pale. Supper came, the last supper. What was in it? Not much, only three sandwiches and a glass of milk.

Please turn to next page

Too Late (Cont)

With eight minutes to go, the lights went dim; only a trial test of the chair. He heard footsteps coming to his cell, and in came Warden Snuke, who told Dave he still had a slim chance. Two guards came. There wasn't much time left. Down four cell blocks they went, into a small room. Dave was seated. The Priest gave the last rites, then on went the clamps. The lights dimed. Dave knew nothing about that though.

Then footsteps were heard coming fast down the corridor, and in burst a guard. "Oh, I'm too late, aren't I? Shank just confessed that Dave had nothing to do with the Colson murder."

Donald Preble '54

WE LOST OUR WAY

One bright and sunny July morning three of my pals, Jack, Bill, Tom, and I steamed out of Rock Tooth Cave.

Our boat, the Susie Ann, was a lobsterboat about forty feet long with a fifty horsepower motor. She wasn't in the best of shape but she was good enough for us. We decided we would go over to Pirate Island to explore a bit.

Pirate island was a lonely place with no one living there. It was a rocky, hilly island of about fifty acres. It was about thirty nautical miles out to sea from Rock Tooth Cave.

We steamed along at about thirty knots an hour. Soon we were there. We docked at an old tree stump, and then scrambled on to the island.

We had roamed around the island for two or three hours when a storm came up. We dashed back to Susie Ann and scrambled aboard. We backed her down, and pointed her bow toward Rock Tooth Cave. We had not gone far when the storm became worse. Susie Ann listed forty-five degrees to star board. A box tumbled from a cupboard and smashed our compass.

We tried to keep her on the right course, but the ever-changing waves and wind took us of it. Susie Ann was not well equipped for such storms. We floundered around for five or six hours not knowing which direction in which to go. All we could do was try to keep the bow pointed into the waves so they would not hit us broadside and roll us under.

The storm finally stopped, and the bright sun shone a gain. We then got to the mainland by the sun's guidance, and got back to Rock Tooth Cave safe and sound.

Galen Lewis '54

THE SNOW STORM

On the first of December it was snowing very hard. The Mercury had dropped twenty degrees since morning. It was the worse blizzard we had had in five years.

Joe Mitchell, who was twenty-six years old, sat by the window watching the large snowflakes fall to the ground. He was wondering where his sister was now. He hadn't seen her for seventeen years when he and his father had moved to Alaska from Maine after their home burned. Joe's mother perished when she went into the burning house to get Linda, Joe's sister, whom they thought was in the house.

His thoughts were suddenly broken by the cry of a woman's voice. As Joe opened the door a young woman fell unconscious into his arms. He carried her over to the cot and tried to revive her. It was seven-thirty; his father would be home soon. He looked out the window and saw his father coming in the distance. He got his hat, and ran down to the barn to hitch up his dog sled. By this time Gene Mitchell, his father, had got down to the barn. He told his father to go and get a doctor quick because there was a sick young woman in the house. It was 4 hours before Gene got back with the doctor.

The doctor said there was little hope for her, but after months in bed, little by little, she recovered. When the doctor told her she was all right to go if she wanted, she said she had better go because she was looking for her father and brother who had disappeared seventeen years ago. "I was told that they moved up here to Alaska. My mother was burned to death when my home burned. She didn't know that the neighbors had rescued me."

Gene and Joe both spoke up at once. "Is it really you, Linda? We've finally found you." The long search for her father and brother had ended.

Amber Brown '54

WHY THE ONION CRIED

One day in the spring I decided to plant some onions. I was in a very good mood for planting, and had taken the horses, plowed a place, harrowed it, and marked it out.

These onions I was planting seemed so different that I had sort of a sorry, heartbreaking feeling about them. I picked up one, and tears began rolling off the onion. Oh, I felt so sad. I asked it why it was crying, but of course it didn't answer.

Please turn to next page

WHY THE ONION CRIED (Cont.)

It had cried so much it was getting all muddy, so I took it into the house, washed and wiped its face. I still felt sad, and so did the onion.

I took it to the mirror and told the onion that if he saw himself, he might stop crying. I put my face up to it to show I liked it dearly. I looked in the mirror and began to laugh. Come to find out the onion's strong scent was making me cry. My tears were falling on the onion and rolling off it, which made it look as though it were crying.

Chloe Lewis '54

PENNY

Penny was two years old. She had fluffy brown hair with a round face that shone like a star does at night. She was very lovable and sweet.

Every night she would cry until I put her in her little bed in the corner of the bedroom. In the morning, she would awaken me by climbing on my bed and pulling at my blankets.

When her breakfast was finished, she would run and play about the house until lunch.

After lunch, she always had a nap in her own little white bed, until it was time to run and jump about again. It was the same thing day after day.

Yes, Penny was very sweet indeed. I only wish she were a real child of my own instead of just a cat.

Christine Noyes '53

SCHOOL

School is an awful dreary place,
The torture chamber of the teen-age race.
Many times I've heard father say,
"I didn't go, and I'm sorry today".

He says it develops and broadens the mind.
If he were to go, I bet he would find
That it isn't so easy as it seems to be;
Perhaps it's too hard, but more likely it's me.
Sometimes it seems as if I'd never be done.
I work all the time and never have fun.
But seeing my father's much bigger than me,
And viewing the fact that we don't always agree,
I've a sneaking suspicion that I'll finish school,
But it won't do no good 'cause I'll still be a fool.

Christel Pomeroy

LEARNING TO DRIVE A CAR

Before I tell you about trying to drive a car, let me tell you about myself.

I am six feet tall, with hazel colored eyes, and black hair. I live in Bashful Bend, a town of about 16,000 people. They call it Bashful Bend because all of the girls are bashful.

Well, to get on with my story. It takes place in the year of 1905. My father had a 1901 Ford Coupe with the steering wheel on the right. Boy, what a car! It would do 30 m. p.h. on a level stretch. It was painted canary yellow, and, every time I looked at it, it hurt my eyes.

One day my father told me that I should learn to drive. I told him I was hoping he would let me drive the car soon. He said that he would let me try it next Sunday. I told all my friends that I was going to drive my father's car.

Well, come Sunday and I was already to "take off." The tank was full of gas, and the car was just waiting to go. I was to take it all alone; no one was to go with me. Boy, I sure was scared. I climbed into the car and got set for an exciting ride. Believe me, it was exciting. I had never driven a car before; so I didn't know what gear to start out in.

The car was in the garage, and I started it out in low gear. You should see the garage now. I finally got it out of the garage and headed down the road. I found where high gear was, put it in high, and away I went. The emergency brake was located on the outside of the car. I thought it was just a box out there to hold onto and I grabbed hold of it. Why, say, that Ford stopped so quickly that I flew over the front end and out of it like a bird. I got back into the car and like a fool let the brake off quickly. The tires spun so much dirt up from the road that it made quite a pile there, and the people of Bashful Bend call it Sidney's hill now.

Well, after I had ridden around for about two hours in second gear, I decided it was time to go home. I don't want to try to drive a car again unless I first take a few lessons. I think I will stick to a horse and buggy.

Sidney Judkins '55

MY FIRST HOME COOKED MEAL

I have been married for four months and haven't even cooked a meal yet, because I have been on my honeymoon for the last four months. I think I am going to have a little trouble in doing it too.

I was going to have the King and Queen of England for dinner. I am a very well known figure in society and have had quite a few kings and queens for dinner.

Well, I decided to have a really good meal for dinner. I thought that I would have porter house steak, with onions on the side, baked potatoes, peas, squash, turnip, and for dessert, pineapple and jam, two cherry pies, two apple pies, one pumpkin pie, and three graham cracker pies. I really wanted to give them a good meal, so I planned coffee and tea.

I had never prepared steak before, so I didn't know how to go about it. I fixed the steak roaster and put it in the oven. I was going to have baked steak. The potatoes I did know how to fix, so they went along all right.

The squash and turnips, however, didn't turn out well. I had the squash in one dish, and in the other, I had the turnip. Just then the phone rang. I dropped everything I was doing and went to answer it. After I had gone to answer the phone, I discovered it was not my number, so I went back into the kitchen where I continued to get dinner ready. By this time, I was so mixed up that I put the squash in with the turnip. Oh, what a mess that made. There wasn't anything I could do but cook them together, so I did. The peas came along fine except for the fact that when they finished cooking, they were as hard as bricks.

The pies, I didn't have such good luck with either. The peach pie got mixed with the apple pie, the graham cracker pie got mixed with the pumpkin pie and really made a mess. There wasn't any time to waste so I cooked them all together. When they got cooked, they simply turned out marvelous!

Now all this time I had forgotten about the steak that I had in the oven, when all of a sudden I began to smell smoke. I ran to the stove and pulled open the door. Whew; What an odor came out of that oven. The steak was burned black.

The King and Queen came and had dinner, and they never knew the difference in the food. Before I close my story, let me advise, never try to give a dinner for a King and Queen, it is a hard thing to do.

Lucille Philbrook '53

SAFE AT HOME

The night was dark and dreary,
The stars were shining bright,
The dogs and cats were howling,
On this cold December night.

The children were all sleeping,
And I was all alone,
As I waited quite impatiently
For my husband, "Brad", to phone.

Just then the phone began to ring,
I sat up with a start,
Scared at first, and then still more,
As the dogs began to bark.

I stepped swiftly to reach my phone,
In hopes it would be "Brad",
To tell me that he'd soon be home,
So I would not be scared.

But heavens no, it wasn't "Brad",
'Twas the police instead,
Who said that they had found my man
At the crossroad, cold and dead.

I quietly hung up my phone,
Then slowly went to bed.
I knew my "Brad" would not come home,
Oh no, for he was dead.

Never will I forget that night,
When I felt so much alone,
But I'm so thankful to this day,
That I was safe at home.

Phyllis St. Louis '53

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: "Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old questions are again upon you."

N. Y. Times Magazine

Britain's Lord Halifax attributes his success in speaking to a bit of advice given him by Winston Churchill. "It's quite simple," Churchill said, "A friend of my father's once told me: 'Say what you have to say and when you come to a sentence with a grammatical ending, sit down.'"

SCHOLASTIC HONOR ROLL

The following pupils have been on the A and B honor rolls for the first four ranking periods for the school year 1951-52. The A or High Honors roll lists those having an average of 95% or more; the B or Honors roll lists those having an average of 85% or more.

High Honors

Glenda Curbo '52	2 Periods
Marie Thompson '52	2 Periods
Constance Newcomb '52.	2 Periods
Myrna Garland '55.	1 Period
Joan Carter '55	2 Periods
Clifford Purvis '54.	1 Period

Honors

Class of '52

Glenda Curbo	2 Periods
Marie Thompson	2 Periods
Constance Newcomb.	2 Periods
Richard Millett.	1 Period
Bradford Small	3 Periods
Phyllis St. Louis.	1 Period
Inez Smith	2 Periods

Class of '53

Ella Lanphier.	2 Periods
Margaret Palmer.	4 Periods
Christel Pomeroy	3 Periods
Frances Colson	4 Periods
Sylvia Judkins	2 Periods

Class of '54

Eleanor Carleton	4 Periods
David Dunton.	3 Periods
Donald Preble	4 Periods
Virginia Ross	3 Periods
Blanche Thibeau.	3 Periods
Nedra Wilson.	1 Period
Amber Brown.	3 Periods
Barbara Perry.	4 Periods
Patricia Werk.	4 Periods
Carolyn Leeman	4 Periods
Cleon Lawrence	4 Periods
Dorothy Batcheldar	2 Periods
Freda Marcho	1 Period

EXCHANGES

We here at Carmel have read and enjoyed the annuals from other schools. Although we thought them all very nice and well planned, we have what we feel and intend to be constructive criticisms that we would like to make.

The Argonaut--Islesboro High School

We enjoyed your fine literary section, especially the idea of the authors signing their work. We would have liked more individual pictures.

The Ferguson--Harmony High School

We liked all of those pictures and jokes. The informal activity write-ups make for interesting reading.

The Chrysalis--Greenville High School

The advertisements with pictures were eye catching. A larger Literary section would have been wonderful.

The Rocket--East Corinth Academy

The information about the courses offered at your school added a lot to your book. A closer connection between the group pictures and the write-ups would have been very helpful.

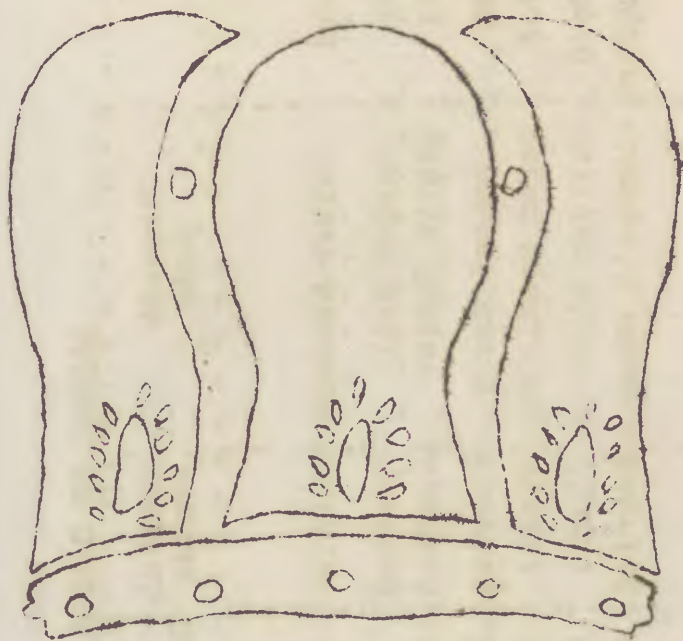
The Ripple--Hartland Academy

We liked the idea of having jokes mixed with the advertisements. A literary section would have been nice.

We wish to congratulate all for the splendid work on your books. We hope that you will continue the good work.

Space does not permit our commenting on all books received. We do, in addition to those listed above, exchange with the following schools:

"The Scroll"	Higgins Classical Institute
"The Breeze"	Milo High School
"The Trident"	Brewer High School
"The Sea Breeze"	Thomaston High School
"Moose-A-Bac"	Jonesport High School
"The Mirror"	Patten Academy
"The Morsonian"	Morse Memorial High School
"The Microphone"	Hermon High School
"The Sedan"	Hamnden Academy
"The Live Wire"	Newport High School
"The Muse"	Corinna Union Academy



H O N O R S
1951

Valedictorian Medal, Eleanor Smith; Salutatorian Medal, Helen Richards; Student of the year, Helen Richards; Reader's Digest Certificate, Eleanor Smith; Undergraduate Scholarship, Frances Colson; Bausch & Lomb Science Award, Norman Brown; Language Medal, Mary Verrill; Becker College Key, Eleanor Smith; Haddon College Key, Inez Smith; D. A. R. Good Citizen Medal, Eleanor Smith; Boy's Athletic Medal, Kenneth Preble; Girl's Athletic Medal, Mary Verrill; Spelling Champion, (Grade 7&8) Robert Morse; Biology Medal, Marie Thompson; Perfect Attendance, Kenneth Preble; Dramatic Medals, Constance Newcomb, Marie Thompson, Helen Richards, Christel Pomeroy, Patricia Wark, and Freda Marcho.

ALUMNI OF CARMEL HIGH SCHOOL

School
Name

1941

Walter Leonard

Marion Smith

Evelyn Crosby

Robert Hasey

Roger Pendleton

Sheldon Bickford

Elizabeth Bickford

1942

Marion Palmer

Louise Downs

Bertha Bickford

Juanita Bowen

Ruth Higgins

Priscilla Cluckey

Sheldon Hughes

Barbara McGown

Carlton Luce

Normon Powell

Vir. Richardson

Present
Name

Walter Leonard

Marion Bell

Evelyn Taylor

Robert Hasey

Roger Pendleton

Sheldon Bickford

Elizabeth Passen

Marion Higgins

Louise McLeod

Bertha Bryant

Juanita Leeman

Ruth Connis

Pris. Blanchard

Sheldon Hughes

Barbara McGown

Carlton Luce

Normon Powell

Deceased.

Marital
Status

Single

Married

Married

Married

Single

Single

Married

Married

Married

Married

Married

Married

Married

Single

Single

Single

Single

Single

Children

None

One

None

Three

None

None

None

Two

Three

None

Two

Two

Two

None

None

None

None

Permanent
Address

Carmel

Keene, W. H.

Phoenix Arizona

Etna

Carmel

Waterville

Washington, D.C.

Bangor

Carmel

Stetson

Stetson

Prinidada S. Amer.

Medford Mass.

Pittsfield

Carmel

Carmel

Carmel

Occupation

U.S. Navy

Waitress

Housewife

Poultry

U.S. Army

Factory Worker

Nurse.

Housewife

Housewife

Housewife

Housewife

Housewife

Housewife

Housewife

Bookkeeper

Lumberman

Teacher

Advanced
Study

Yes

No

No

No

Yes

No

No.

Yes

No

No

No

Yes

Yes

Yes

Yes

No

Yes

1943

Leon St. Louis	Leon St. Louis	Married	Two	Carmel	Repairman	No
Crawford Carter Jr.	Crawford Carter Jr.	Married	None	Etna	Mail Carrier	Yes
Charles Harris	Charles Harris	Married	None	Eastbrook	Forester	Yes
Elicena Small	Elicena Carter	Married	Two	Hermon	Housewife	No
Eleanor Rogers	Eleanor Smith	Married	One	Corish	Housewife	No
Charles Corson	Charles Corson	Married	None	Hermon	Salesman	No
1944						
Jenny Cookson	Jenny Jay	Married	Two	Newport	Housewife	Yes
Eula McGown	Eula Littlefield	Married	Three	Hermon	Housewife	No
Rosalie Philbrook	Rosalie Bouche	Married	One	Carmel	Housewife	No
Elsie Hand	Elsie Peavey	Married	Two	Carmel	Housewife	Yes
Perry Crabtree	Perry Crabtree	Married	One	N. Carolina	Unknown	
E. Richardson	E. Richardson	Married	Three	Carmel	Taxi Driver	Yes
Lawrence Morse	Lawrence Morse	Married	One	Newburg	Mechanic	No
Ray Small	Ray Small	Married	One	Carmel	Laborer	No
Reba Smith	Reba Johnson	Married	One	Virginia	Housewife	No
Hilda Stewart	Hilda Malcolm	Married	One	Plymouth	Housewife	No
1945						
M. Carmichael	Mildred Carson	Married	One	Carmel	Housewife	No
Alice Curtis	Alice White	Divorced	None	Carmel	Waitress	No
Verna Curtis	Verna Curtis	Single	None	Carmel	Waitress	No
Earl Elsemore	Earl Elsemore	Married	Two	Carmel	Laborer	No
James Elsom	James Elsom			Carmel		

Ralph Harris	Ralph Harris	Married	None	Hermon	USAF	No
Gail Higgins	Gail Lovely	Married	Two	Carmel	Housewife	No
Cecil Lewis	Cecil Allett	Married	One	Carmel	Housewife	Yes
Kathleen McGown	Kathleen Harris	Married	None	Hermon	Housewife	Yes
Lena Murray	Lena Piny	Married	Two	Newport	Housewife	No
Warren Noyes	Warren Noyes	Married	Two	Carmel	Trucker	No
Kathryn Preble	Kathryn Preble	Married	Two	Carmel	Housewife	No
Myra Stevenson	Myra Harris	Married	Two	Carmel	Housewife	No
Virginia St. Louis	Virginia Tracey	Married	Two	Bangor	Housewife	No
Rena Smith	Rena Seavey	Married	Two	Conn.	Housewife	Yes
1946						
Francis Garland	Francis Garland	Single	None	Carmel	Store Clerk	No
Muriel Crosby	Muriel Warren	Married	None	California	Housewife	Yes
Helen Severence	Helen Kirk	Married	One	Houlton	Housewife	No
Elizabeth Severence	Elizabeth Smith	Married	Four	California	Housewife	No
Harold St. Louis	Harold St. Louis	Married	None	Carmel	U. S. Army	No
Neomi Larrabee	Neomi Worthin	Married	Two	Corinna	Housewife	No
1947						
Beverly Garland	Beverly Garland	Single	None	Carmel	Beautician	Yes
Dorothy McGown	Dorothy Verrill	Married	One	Carmel	R. Nurse	Yes
Samuel Lewis	Samuel Lewis	Single	None	Carmel	U. S. Navy	No

Allen Newcomb	Allen Newcomb	Married	None	Carmel	U.S. Navy	Yes
Natalie Newcomb	Natalie Newcomb	Single	None	Carmel	At home	No
Glennis Day	Glenis McSorley	Married	One	Carmel	Housewife	No
Verna Smith	Verna Hand	Married	One	Etna	Housewife	No
M. Thompson	Marguerite Haskell	Married	Two	Levant	Housewife	No
Patricia Robinson	Patricia Robinson	Single	None	Unknown	Teacher	Yes
Robert Dearbon	Robert Dearbon	Single	None	Carmel	Minister	Yes
Normon Verrill	Normon Verrill	Married	One	Carmel	Trucker	No
1948						
Lorraine Brown	Lorraine Verrill	Married	Two	Carmel	Housewife	No
Janice Emery	Janice Clucky	Married	Two	Carmel	Housewife	Yes
Evelyn St. Louis	Evelyn Duntun	Married	One	Carmel	Housewife	No
Delmont Hart	Delmont Hart	Married	None	Carmel	Unknown	Yes
James Newcomb	James Newcomb	Married	Two	Carmel	Laborer	Yes
Dorothy Palmer	Dorothy Palmer	Single	None	Carmel	Bookkeeper	Yes
Kath. Richardson	Kath. Richardson	Single	None	Carmel	At home	No
Shirley Ray	Shirley Hitchborn	Married	None	Carmel	Unknown	No
Reynold Bridgham	Reynold Bridgham	Married	One	Carmel	U.S. Army	No
Angie Temple	Angie Fletcher	Married	Unknown	Dixmont	Housewife	No
Maybelle Stevenson	M. Overlook	Married	Two	Dixmont	Housewife	No

Betty Curtis	Betty Curtis	Unknown	None	Carmel	Housewife	No.
Marylin Thompson	Marylin Woodard	Married	None	Bangor	U.S. Navy	No
1949				Carmel	Nurse	Yes
Ralph Turner	Ralph Turner	Single	None	Carmel	Housewife	No
Barbara Coughlin	Barbara Coughlin	Single	None	Carmel	Emples	No
Gloria Garland	Gloria Soule	Married	None	Carmel	Emples Poultry	No
Joan Brown	Joan Brown	Single	None	Augusta	Packer	No
Jeannette Bridgham	J. Bridgham	Single	None			
Florence Stewart	Florence Malcolm	Married	None			
Edna Weir	Unknown	Unknown				
Gerald Verrill	Gerald Verrill	Single	None	Carmel	U.S. Army	No
Marjorie Wallace	Marjorie Wallace	Single	None	Lynn, Mass.	Office Mgr.	No
Beverly Buck	Beverly Buck	Single	None	Bangor	B. State Hosp.	Yes
1950						
Betty Davis	Betty Hurd	Married	One	Presque Isle	Housewife	No
Connie Harford	Connie Geary	Married	One	Carmel	Housewife	No
Sally Marcho	Sally Marcho	Single	None	Carmel	Tel. Operator	No
Margaret Smith	Margaret Cole	Married	None	Dixmont	Housewife	No
Fredddie Luce	Fredddie Luce	Single	None	Carmel	Unknown	No
Clayton Hand	Clayton Hand	Single	None	Carmel	U.S. Navy	No
William Palmer	William Palmer	Single	None	Carmel	Truck Driver	No

Eugene St. Louis	Eugene St. Louis	Single	None	Carmel	Air Force	No
Rodney Verrill	Rodney Verrill	Married	None	Carmel	Air Force	Yes
Gladwin Smith	Gladwin Smith	Single	None	Carmel	Baker	No
Velma Day	Velma Day	Single	None	Carmel	At home	No
Mary Verrill	Mary Verrill	Single	None	Carmel	Tel. Oper.	No
Eleanor Smith	Eleanor Smith	Single	None	Dixmont	Tel. Oper.	No
Helen Richards	Helen Richards	Single	None	Carmel	Nurse	Yes
Norman Brown	Norman Brown	Single	None	Carmel	Laborer	No
Frankie Robinson	Frankie Robinson	Single	None	Newburgh	Laborer	No
Roger McGown, Jr.	Roger McGown, Jr.	Single	None	Carmel	U.S. Army	No
Everett Garland	Everett Garland	Single	None	Carmel	Air Force	No
Kenneth Preble	Kenneth Preble	Single	None	Carmel	Student	Yes

SUPPRISED CONGRESSMAN

Recently I wrote a brief note to my Congressman, thanking him for voting for a piece of legislation I thought was especially good. I received the following reply:

"Your letter was both a surprise and a pleasure. I have represented your district for the past 13 years. In all that time yours is the first letter I have received in which a constituent actually thanked me for doing my duty as a legislator."

-Highways of Happiness, quoted in Quote

Jokes 1952

Truth is Stranger Than Fiction

Gary MacDonald believes that a lot of people are like Sanka Coffee with 98 per cent of all the active ingredients having been removed from the bean.

* * *

Glenda Curbo defines "horse sense" as that which keeps horses from betting on what people will do.

* * *

David Richards observes that the man who wakes up and finds himself a success, hasn't been asleep.

* * *

Richard St. Louis classifies a pessimist as a person who is seasick during the whole voyage of life.

He Changed His Mind

Mr. Gray: "Why Sidney, why haven't you been in church lately?"
S. Judkins: "My sister is learning to play the harp."
Mr. Gray: "What has that got to do with your going to church?"
S. Judkins: "I'm not so keen on going to heaven as I was."

Never Say Can't

Bradford Small: "Miss Coney, I can't---"
Miss Coney: "Bradford!, never say you can't. Nothing is impossible."
Bradford Small: "All right, but will you help me put this tooth paste back in the tube."

Unsatisfactory Job

Mother: "Are you the young man who jumped into the river and saved my little boy from drowning when he fell through the ice?"
Russell Smith: "Yes ma'm."
Mother: "Where's his mittens?"

Rough Use

R. Millett (clerk): "What kind of a toothbrush do you want?"
R. Hawes: "Give me a big one 'Dick', dar's ten in mah family."

Good Receipt

Marie Thompson says that making love is like making an apple pie. All you need is a lot of crust and some apple-sauce, then mix it with a spoon

Take What You Can Get

Miss Coney: "Should I marry a man who lies to me?"
Mr. Gray: "You don't want to be an old maid, do you?"

Big Profit

Maynard Hawes: "You can get all sorts of things from kissing."
Donna Simmons: "Yes, fur coats, diamonds, roadsters, and everything."

Big Boss

R. Creighton: "My brother is working with 5,000 men under him."
C. Palmer: "He is, where?"
R. Creighton: "Mowing lawns in a cemetery".

Is Zat a Fact

David Preble: "Do you know what?"
Donald Preble: "No, what?"
David Preble: "The greatest undeveloped territory in the world is right under your hat."

Shoo Fly.

David Duntton: "Why don't you shoo these flies?"
Tired Waitress: "Its quieter to let them run around barefoot."

He Must Be Sick

Dale Richardson: (visiting Richard in the hospital) "Do you know, old boy, that's a swell looking nurse you've got!"
Richard Hawes: "I hadn't noticed."
Dale Richardson: "Good Lord! I had no idea you were that sick!"

Typical Answer

Mr. Millett: "How old would a person born in 1894 be now?"
Maynard Hawes: "Man or Woman?"

Forgone Conclusion

Bertha Mary Champion: "You can't lend me ten dollars, can you?"
Glenda Curbo: "No, how did you know?"

Poor Vision

Constance Newcomb: "I'm looking forward to my 16th birthday."
Marvin Graves: "Aren't you looking in the wrong direction?"

It Pays to be Good??

Minister: "And what does your mother do for you when you've been a good boy?"
Forrest Ray: "She lets me stay home from church."

Rapid Calculation

Mr. Millett: "If I took nine of your fingers, what would you have?"
Barbara Perry: "No more music lessons."

A Wise Mother Knows Her Daughter

Mrs. Hawes: "I saw Richard trying to kiss your daughter."
Mrs. Marcho: "Did he succeed?"
Mrs. Hawes: "No."
Mrs. Marcho: "Then it wasn't my daughter."

Ignored

Working in a tin factory, Allan Mc Gown caught his coat in a revolving wheel and was whirled 'round and 'round until finally the foreman, Lawrence Lavway, managed to turn off the machine. Rushing to Allan, Lawrence cried, "Speak to me! Speak to me!" Allan looked up and replied, "Why should I, I passed you six times and you didn't speak to me."

He Paid Off

Freda Marcho: "What is drawing such a crowd to Edward Johnson's store?"
Jean Hawes: "He advertised that he would present each customer with a cigar lighter and a coat hanger."
Freda Marcho: "Did he really do it?"
Jean Hawes: "Sure!, he gave them each a match and a nail."

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Let Johnny Quirk Do Your Wheel

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Bangor

Maine

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And Will Do Our Utmost To
Merit Your Confidence And
Good Will.

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"Let George Do It!"

Bangor

Maine

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Maine

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Supplies

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'Everything For The Office'

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Maine

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Bangor

Maine

O. D. Kimball

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Maine

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Exchange

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