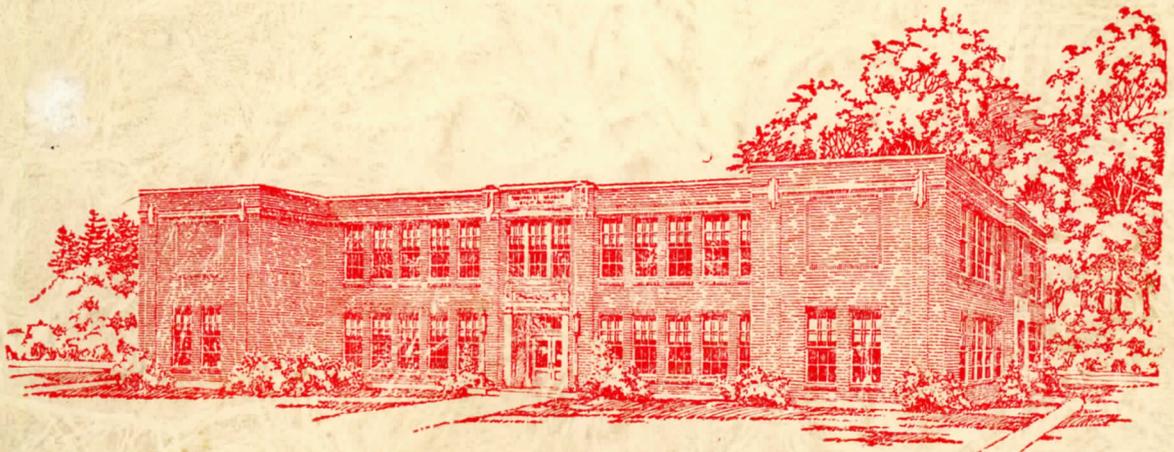


The Nemetic

1944



*Arthur W. Schupp 6-11-40
Completed June 1942*

THE PEMETIC

Edited by the Junior Class

of

Pemetic High School

1944

Southwest Harbor, Maine

Dedication

*We, the class of 1944, in
appreciation of
your untiring work, jolly
companionship, and genuine
friendship, respectfully
dedicate this yearbook
to you, Marion Waterman.*

THE PEMETIC

PUBLISHED BY THE JUNIOR CLASS OF PEMETIC HIGH SCHOOL

EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE PEMETIC

<i>Co-Editors</i>	{	ELSIE ROBINSON
		DOUGLAS NORWOOD
<i>Business Manager</i>		JACKIE HOWELL
<i>Literary Editor</i>		PAULINE KREBS
<i>Activities Editor</i>		CAROLYN WEBSTER
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<i>Advertising</i>	{	JACKIE HOWELL
		BOB MILLS
		BOB BARTLETT
<i>Exchange</i>	{	HELEN WOODS
		BENNY NOYES
<i>Faculty Advisor</i>		MARION WATERMAN

The staff wishes to express its appreciation to Miss Kennard for her invaluable assistance.

PUBLIC OPINION

There are in my opinion three classes that make up the course of *Public Opinion*. But first you say that you want a good definition of those two words. An excellent definition is this, "a gathered conception of a person or a thing that is held without positive proof." How true that is. Because without that positive proof a conception considered to be true in the individual's sight is very often false.

The first class or court of public opinion is made up of those people who have nothing better to do than to "pick-a-part" the doings of persons or things. These are usually the narrow-minded people of a community or a country. In time a community would cease to exist if the jury of this court was to start turning the wheels which now make it exist with those qualities of prosperity and great advancement into the more civilized world.

Some say that things might go too easily if this class was erased, but yet there are some very good traits in this class that are overlooked and there is no wonder why they are overlooked with the rulings that are ordered by their judges.

Court number two is made up of those people who are the interested people of a
(Continued on Page 33)

LOOKING AHEAD

Ever since the beginning of time, man has tried to improve his habitat in the world. Not only has man made many daring attempts, but he has also sacrificed his life and the lives of others to attain modernism.

The world of tomorrow will be built on yesterday's knowledge, and the knowledge that is being explored and put to use today. The future promises countless things which a lot of people have not had time or do not care to think about. There are also people who think only of the future and care nothing of today. Still there are far too many of us who think nothing of tomorrow but think only for today. The slogan of many people is "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow never comes." But tomorrow does come, and it's not too soon at any time to look forward to it. There are tomorrows stretching ahead in countless years, but the ones who will get the most out of these tomorrows are the far-sighted people of today. The person who lives from day to day might soon find himself without a tomorrow ahead. He fills his days with a large number of small tasks but puts off the big ones which are of the greatest importance to his welfare. "I'll do that tomorrow," he might say. He should remember, "Don't put off until tomorrow what you can do today." In this way he will be facing an eventful today and a brighter future.

ELSIE ROBINSON,
Co-Editor.



FACULTY

Seated, left to right—Lucille Gledhill, Betty Brooks, Beatrice Hanson.
 Standing—Adelaid Newcomb, Carroll Ronco, Marion Waterman, Thomas Bowden,
 Edith Kennard.

The Faculty

Principal Carroll B. Ronco, B. S.
 Chemistry, geometry, math and science.
 Home town: North New Portland, Maine.

Was graduated from Central High School and Gorham State Normal School. Attended University of Connecticut.

Before coming to Pemetie he taught at Mt. Desert High School and two years in Connecticut.

In one short year Mr. Ronco has earned the respect and admiration of the whole student body. We hope that he'll be our principal for many more years.

George T. Bowden, Jr., B. S.
 Industrial Arts.

Home town: Bar Harbor, Maine.

Prepared at Bangor High School, Washington State Normal School, University of Maine and the Rhode Island College of Education.

Previously taught at Brewer High School and East Greenwich High School, R. I. Basketball coach and freshman class advisor.

Mr. Bowden is very patient and has the marked ability to get along with people. As the result of his efforts we are able to have new stage properties.

Elizabeth A. B. Brooks.
 Junior High.

Home town: Bangor, Maine.

Was graduated from Bangor High School and Farmington Normal School.

Previously taught at Sebec, Oxford, Norway, Phippsburg, and Skowhegan, Maine. Seventh grade advisor and supervisor of the library.

Although she's the midget of the faculty she has plenty of pep. It was with reluctance that we bade her farewell this spring when she joined her husband who is in the armed forces.

Beatrice A. Hanson, B. S., M. A.
 Language, Histories, and Social Problems.
 Home town: Brooks, Maine.

Prepared at Brooks High School, Oak Grove Seminary, Farmington State Nor-

(Continued on Page 34)

Class of 1944



Geraldine Dalzell—"Gerry"

Commercial

Assistant Property Manager Senior Play 4; Interclass basketball 2, 3; Home Ec. Club 1; Art Club 2; Volleyball 2, 3; Committees 2, 3, 3.

What do pin curls mean to you? For Gerry it means another Friday night dance. We wonder if she would be as interested if the Coast Guard weren't there. Her sunny disposition has been a great addition to our class.



William Farrar, Jr.—"Bill"

General

Bar Harbor High School 1, 2, 3; Senior Play 4; Joke Editor Pow-Wow 4; Basketball Manager 4.

Bill came to us this year from Bar Harbor. He took the job as the basketball manager and did a grand job. May you always be as successful in everything you attempt.



Lyle Frost—"Frostie"

College Preparatory

Calais Academy 1, 2, 3; Class Prophecy 4; Senior Play 4; Vice President 4; Junior-Senior Jamboree 4.

He appears to be the shy and quiet member of the Senior Class but we all know he isn't. His interests seem to be in the Junior room. With your sunny smile we know you'll go places in the Air Corps.



Alberta Hodgdon—"Berta"

College

Salutatorian; Secretary of class 4; Prize Speaking 3; Senior Play 4; Assistant Activity Editor Pow-Wow 4; Class Reporter 4; Interclass Basketball 2; War Stamp Committee 3; Home Ec. Club 1; Art Club 2; Volleyball 2, 3; Committees 1, 2, 4; OOPS 4.

Berta can't have her man until the war is over because he is in the Navy, but she's going to help bring him home more quickly by catching sabateurs. May you be successful in your ambition to be an F. B. I. agent.



Louise Hodgdon—"Lou"

General

Class Will; Class Treasurer 4; Air Raid Warden 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Home Room Reporter to Pow-Wow 3; Interclass Basketball 2, 3; Home Ec. Club 1; Art Club 2; Volleyball 2, 3.

When the first of the month rolls around, Louise is always on the job trying to collect class dues. We wish her better luck in her career as a nurse. She has helped us a lot and we will miss her.

Mildred Hutchins—"Millie"

General

Interclass Basketball 1; Home Ec. Club 1, 2; Volleyball 1; Committees 4.

Have you noticed that lonesome look in Millie's eye since Freddie joined the Merchant Marines, We've enjoyed having you with us and we wish you loads of happiness.



Vivian Johnson—"Viv"

General

Prize Speaking 3; Pemetie Staff 3; Volleyball 2, 3; Committees 2, 3, 4; Physical Education Exhibition 2.

Here's the most congenial member of the Seniors. We can't imagine what school would be like without her cheery "good morning" and contagious smile. May you always be as happy as you are now.



Barbara Lawson—"Barb"

College

Class History 4; Literary Editor of Pow-Wow 3, 4; War Stamp Committee 3; Home Ec. Club 1, 2; Science Club 1; Art Club 2; Committees 2, 3, 4.

Barbara doesn't have a lot to say but what she does say is worth listening to. We hear her evenings are well-spent entertaining servicemen. May you always be as successful as you've been in Pemetie.



Perry Lawson, Jr.—"Perry"

General

Student Council Representative 3, 4; Senior Play Stage Manager 4; Pemetie Staff 3; Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Science Club 1; Volleyball 2, 3; Committees 3, 4; Junior-Senior Jamboree 4.

Look for a group of girls and there you will find Perry, our class Cassanova. But just wait until he gets his Air Cadet uniform! His greatest ambition is to have a good wife. May you succeed.



Virginia McIntire—"Ginny"

Commercial

Class Prophecy 4; Vice President of Class 1, 2; Air Raid Warden 4; Prize Speaking 3; Senior Play 4; Statistics Editor of Pemetie 3; Reporter for Pow-Wow 2, 3; Activities Editor of Pow-Wow 3; Interclass Basketball 2, 3; Home Ec. Club 1; Art Club 2; Volleyball 3; Committees 1, 2, 3, 4.

Who's this with the twinkling eyes and infectious grin? Why that's Ginny! She's always ready for a good hike and she has done a lot for our class. Thanks a lot, and the very best of luck to you in your ambition to become a stenographer. But don't sit on your boss' knee!





Thomas H. Newman, Jr.—“Tommy”

General

Junior Scholarship Award 3; Student Council President 4; Air Raid Warden 2, 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Business Manager and Advertising Manager of Pemetec 3; Mimeographer and Business Manager of Pow-Wow 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Interclass Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Magazine Contest Manager 4; Science Club 1; Volleyball 2, 3; Committees 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Gifts; Junior-Senior Jamboree 4.

Here's the Bing Crosby of our class. Tommy not only sings but is our class humorist and all around athlete as well. We know you'll keep your pals in the Navy happy.



Clarence Pettigrove

General

Interclass Basketball 3, 4.

No wonder Clarence has such a harem of girls. Who wouldn't fall for anyone this good looking. Don't let your pipe get the best of you! We wish you loads of luck.



Elsie Reed

Commercial

Valedictory; Junior Scholarship 3; Awards 3; Student Council Representative 4; Student Council Treasurer 4, Air Raid Warden 4; Advertising Manager Senior Play 4; Assistant Editor of Pemetec 3; Pow-Wow 3; Art Club 2; Volleyball 3; Committees 1, 2, 3.

Elsie is always ready for a good argument and she can certainly hold her own. She has always been the studious member of our class and we are certain she will “Win-fields” of success.



Charlotte Sawyer—“Char-Char”

General

Student Council Representative 1, 2; Vice-President of Student Council 3; Air Raid Warden 3, 4; Prize Speaking 3; Pemetec Staff 3; Pow-Wow Staff 2, 3, 4; Special Editor of Pow-Wow 2, 3; Varsity Basketball 1; Interclass Basketball 1, 2; Cheer Leader 1, 2, 3, 4; Magazine Contest Leader 1, 2; School Play 4; Home Ec. Club 1; Volleyball 2, 3; Class Prophecy.

Don't judge Char by her size. She may be our class midget but she has been a diligent worker and a great asset to us. We know she'll be a happy “Gal” in future years.



Constance Spurling—“Connie Lou”

General

Class Secretary 2; Treasurer 1; Air Raid Warden 3, 4; Advertising Manager of Pemetec 3; Around School and M'Lady Dictates Editor of Pow-Wow 3, 4; Interclass Basketball 1, 2; Property Manager Senior Play 4; Home Ec. Club 1; Volleyball 2, 3; Photography Club 2; Committees 1, 2, 3, 4.

We wonder why Connie is always looking for the mail? We'd love to censor some of her many letters. She is always willing to help and has a smile for everyone. Good luck, Connie.

Sheila Spurling—"She"

General

Class Treasurer 3; Senior Play 4; Home Ec. 1; Volleyball 2, 3.

Sheila seems very interested in the morale of our boys, especially in the Coast Guard. We know she keeps them happy because she's always entertaining the class with her steady stream of jokes. May you always be as carefree as you are now.



Dorothy Stanley—"Dot"

Commercial

Class Gifts; Secretary Class 3; Property Manager Senior Play 4; Alumnae Editor of Pemetie 3; Girls' Sports Editor of Pow-Wow 3; Assistant Property Manager of School Play 4; Volleyball 2, 3; Committees 4.

Here's the one member of our class that is sure of her man. May we present Mrs. Warren Stanley. Dot has been an earnest student and true classmate. We wish you all the happiness possible.



Pauline Thurston—"Poppy"

Commercial

Farewell Address 4; Class President 2, 3, 4; Student Council Representative 3; Student Council Treasurer 3; Air Raid Warden 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Editor-in-Chief of Pemetie 3; Assistant Editor 2, and Editor-in-Chief of Pow-Wow 2, 3, 4; Magazine Contest Leader 4; Home Ec. Club 1; Volleyball 3; Committees 4.

Here is a gal with personality plus. Pauline has been an active member of our class and always willing to help. Keep up the good work, Pop, and you'll be a success.



Elizabeth Tracy—"Betty"

General

Jonesboro High School 1, 2, 3.

Betty came to us from Jonesport. We wonder how she keeps all her dates straightened out. How about a little first-hand information? With her bright smile and sunny disposition we know she'll succeed.



Eugene Walls—"Gene"

General

Interclass basketball 3, 4; Volleyball 3, 4.

It looks like the worm has turned. We've been hearing rumors about our class woman-hater. Do you deny it, Gene? We are sorry you couldn't finish school with us but Uncle Sam's need was greater. We wish you the very best of luck.



 SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

A group of shy but eager students totaling forty-two enrolled in the Freshman class at the beginning of the year. We elected for class officers, Leonard Reed, President; Virginia McIntire, Vice-President; Mary Trask, Secretary, and Connie Spurling as Treasurer. The Student Council members were Charlotte Sawyer and George Dolliver. Betty Miller and Pat Wright represented us in the one-act play that took them to Bowdoin and then to South Portland. We did not have any social affairs other than a hike to Long Pond but spent this year in getting acquainted.

We found ourselves at the opening of school a group of students ready to begin another year, a year as Sophomores. We started out with our elections of class officers. Those elected were Pauline Thurston for President; Virginia McIntire for Vice-President; Connie Spurling for Secretary; and Paul Dornfeld as the class Treasurer. George Dolliver and Charlotte Sawyer were re-elected as the Student Council representatives.

For the first time we began to take an active part in the publication of the Pow-Wow.

Again Pat Wright and Betty Miller represented our class in dramatics. Pat took the part of Betsy Erwin in the Senior Play and Betty held the role of The Baroness in the one-act play. Also Pat participated in the Junior Jamboree.

In the Curtis Magazine Drive Virginia McIntire received first place for girls. The runners up were Geraldine Dalzell, Betty Miller, and Elsie Reed.

As Juniors the year was filled with plenty of activities for everyone of us. We lost a number of boys who enlisted in the armed forces. Those who left us were George Dolliver, Charles Gilley, Paul Dornfeld, Harold Soukup, and Leonard Reed.

After Teachers' Convention all the male

sex turned their eyes toward the Junior room. We wonder what they were so interested in. Their admiration proved to rest on two new members who came to spend the remainder of the year. They were Mary and Ellen Gallagher, twins from Augusta, Georgia.

We were at this time taking active part in the publication of the Pemetie with Pauline Thurston as the Editor-in-Chief. We had many interruptions due to the epidemic of the mumps but finally succeeded in getting the material off the press.

Those who made the finals in Junior Prize Speaking were Virginia McIntire, Vivian Johnson, Alberta Hodgdon, Betty Miller, and Charlotte Sawyer. Betty won second prize.

We elected as class officers this year, Pauline Thurston, President; Wenonah Phippen, Vice-President. Dorothy Stanley, Secretary; and Sheila Spurling, Treasurer. The Student Council members were Pauline Thurston and Perry Lawson.

We ended this happy and eventful year with a get-together at Seawall. The picnic was topped off with a game of baseball.

Then began our last year of work with a lot of fun included. Betty Miller left us to go to Portland for the remainder of the school year.

We elected the class officers as follows: Pauline Thurston, President; Lyle Frost, Vice-President; Louise Hodgdon, Treasurer; and Alberta Hodgdon, Secretary. The class representatives were Elsie Reed and Perry Lawson.

Tommy Newman has played on the basketball team for the last two years, and now is President of the Student Council.

This year we put on our Senior Play "Spring Fever," under the faithful direction of Miss Kennard. It proved to be a great success both by a large attendance and an added profit to our treasury.

(Continued on Page 34)



Front row, left to right—Mary Gordius, Charlene Dow, Natalie Reed, Elsie Robinson, Jackie Howell, Pauline Krebs, Phyllis Farley.
 Second row—Henry Ward, Joe Lawlor, Benny Noyes, Helen Woods, Elizabeth Closson, Carolyn Webster, Faculty Advisor Edith Kennard.
 Third row—Doug Norwood, Bob Mills, Leonard Mayo, Bob Bartlett, Edwin Lawson.
 Absent when this picture was taken were Gertrude Butler and Alice Carpenter.

Junior Class History

President.....PAULINE KREBS
Vice President.....JOE LAWLOR
Secretary and Treasurer.....JACKIE HOWELL
Student Council.....ELSIE ROBINSON
 BOB MILLS

When the present Junior Class enrolled as Freshmen, it had thirty-seven members. Before the year was over it was able to boast of thirty-eight. Bob Bartlett had joined us in December.

It was clear from the very first that the class of '45 had a lot of potential power. Members managed to make themselves seen and heard even when lowly freshmen. That year Bob Hamlin and Doug Norwood had important parts in the One-Act Play, "The Dictator Visits His Mother."

Carolyn Webster and Clyde Higgins were Pow-Wow reporters.

Elsie Robinson, Wesley Reed, and Bob Hamlin participated in the Junior Jamboree. Elsie Robinson spoke in the Junior Prize Speaking Contest.

Leonard Mayo, Horace Boynton, Lawrence Closson, Benny Noyes, Bob Mills, and Joe Lawlor played on the Junior Varsity Basketball team.

There were thirty-six Sophomores when school opened in 1942. Jackie Howell joined us later.

The members of the Sophomore Class continued to prove their merit singly and in groups.

Two boys, Bob Hamlin and Bob Mills, played on the Varsity Basketball team.

Natalie Reed, Benny Noyes, Wesley Reed, and Bob Mills were appointed Corridor Wardens.

Bob Hamlin and Carolyn Webster sold war stamps.

Pauline Krebs won first prize in the Prize Speaking Contest. Other sophomores, Joe Lawlor, Doug Norwood, and Bob Hamlin, took part in the finals.

(Continued on Page 35)



Front row, left to right—Merle Reed, Roger Pinkham, Vernon Lovejoy, Chester Lawson,
Second row—Marguerite Smith, Eva Staples, Helen Lawson, Arlene Dolliver, Thelma
Lawson, Juanita Hodgdon, Thelma Davis, Leola Knowles, Mildred Lewis, Alyce
Colson.

Third row—Edith Farley, Gladys Dornfeld, Margaret Joyce, Lucille Faulkinham,
Elaine Pettigrove, Rosemarie Kelly, Gaynell Pomroy, Vivian Newman, Faculty
Advisor, Beatrice Hanson.

Fourth row—Robert Harper, Seth Harper, Raymond Robbins, Stan Hamblen, David
Benson, Paul Hinton, Joe Trask, Perry Murphy, Philip Moore.
Absent when this picture was taken was Rosie Reynolds.

Sophomore Class History

President.....LESTER RADCLIFFE
Vice President.....PHILIP MOORE
Secretary and Treasurer.....JUANITA HODGDON
Student Council Members.....

ELAINE PETTIGROVE and DAVID BENSON

Last year fifty members enrolled in this class as Freshmen. They took little part in the activities at school, with the exception of three members, David Benson, Merle Reed and Stan Hamblen, who went out for basketball. They had many good times together, though, on hikes, skating parties, picnics, and parties here at school.

This year thirty-three of the original fifty members remained. There were three new members, Philip Moore, Eva Staples, and Robert Harper.

The class has been much more active this year. Paul Hinton, David Benson, Stanwood Hamblen, Philip Moore, Lucille Faulkingham, and Marion Worcester all had parts

in the cast of "Growing Pains". Paul Hinton and David Benson also were in the Senior play, "Spring Fever".

Stan Hamblen, David Benson were active during the basketball season, taking part in many games.

A number of the members of the Sophomore Class have been assigned duties as assistants to the Juniors who are on the Pow-Wow staff.

The Senior Corridor Wardens have been replaced by Raymond Robbins, Vernon Lovejoy, Marguerite Smith, Arlene Dolliver, and Lester Radcliffe.

Joe Trask received the second prize in the Speaking Contest this year.

Phil Moore, Dave Benson, and Stan Hamblen participated in the Junior-Senior Jamboree.

Stan Hamblen is a charter member of the OOP Club.



First row, left to right—Clifford LaCount, Joe Stanwood, Bobby Emmott, Lester Alley.
 Second row—Carol Bessie, Katherine Wentworth, Linnie Carter, Ruth Gott, Barbara Thurlow, Jeannette Lawson, Eleanor Farley, Lernice Martis, Gwendolyn Lovejoy, Arlene Mitchell.
 Third row—Olive Trask, Barbara Mayo, Carolyn Morrill, Rhoda Dam, Rosamond Benson, Dorothy Dolliver, Patricia Adams, Betty Norwood, Esther Hopkins, Gloria Farley, Mildred Leighton.
 Fourth row—Faculty Advisor, Thomas Bowden, Kenneth Reed, Mervin Alley, Everett Hamblen, Stanley Bennett, Douglas Beal, Harry Tracey, Ronald Pomroy, Leonard Gilley, Neal Rich.
 Not present when this picture was taken: William Dow.

Freshman Class History

President..... ROSAMOND BENSON
Vice President..... STANLEY BENNETT
Secretary..... BETTY LOU ROBBINS
Treasurer..... CLIFFORD LaCOUNT
Student Council Members.....
PATRICIA ADAMS, BOBBY EMMOTT

Leonard Gilley represented the class in the annual prize speaking contest.

Joe Stanwood made us all proud by winning the Ping Pong Tournament.

Stanley Bennett and Joe Stanwood participated in the Junior-Senior Jamboree.

The freshman class started the year with an enrollment of forty-one. Since then two have left, leaving thirty-nine. Our class was represented by four members who enlisted in the Crop-Corps and returned just in time for the first six weeks' exams.

A welcoming party was given to us by the sophomores on October 7. We enjoyed an evening of games and dancing and later returned the compliment with a costume party on November 19.

We were very proud to have been represented in Varsity Basketball by Joe Stanley, Malcolm Bagley, Leonard Gilley, Edward Gilley, and Bobby Emmott, all of whom saw action on the team.

A QUIET SUMMER DAY

The sun is bright,
 The breeze is soft,
 The fragrance of flowers
 Seems to float from aloft.
 The bees are humming
 In our flower beds
 The birds are singing
 Far above our heads.
 The ocean is calm
 The boats sail by.
 Sea gulls are calling
 With their shrill, joyous cry.
 We make plans for a picnic
 On the sand by the bay.
 It's so peaceful and still
 On a quiet summer day.

ROSAMOND BENSON, '47



Front row, left to right—Juanita Dorr, Edith Worcester, Barbara Kenney, Jocelyn Bessie, Hilda Norwood, Edrie Turner, Phyllis Herrick.
 Second row—Arthur Moore, Clarence LaCount, Katherine Benson, Marilyn Carroll, Mamie Reynolds, Jimmy Richardson.
 Third row—Faculty Advisor, Adelaide Newcomb, Billy Searles, Vance Frost, Ralph Stanley, Richard Allen.

Eighth Grade History

President.....JOCELYN BESSE
Vice President.....EDITH WORCESTER
Secretary.....MARILYN CARROLL
Treasurer.....JAMES RICHARDSON
Student Council Members.....

.....BARBARA KENNEY, RICHARD ALLEN

At the beginning of the year the eighth grade had an enrollment of eighteen pupils. We had three new members, Vance Frost of Cooper, Maine, and Arthur Moore of Quoddy Village, Maine. Douglas Larabee came later from Gardiner, Maine. Flora McGaven, who started with us at the first of the year has moved away.

The eighth grade has given quite a few parties during the year.

Marilyn Carroll represented our class in the Prize Speaking Contest.

Our home room reporter on the Pow-Wow is Katherine Benson.

We had a small Christmas Party in our home room with Miss Newcomb.

Our Valentine Party was held in the English Room with Miss Kennard.

ATLANTIC OCEAN

I love to walk beside the Atlantic
 And watch the foam and spray
 I love to gaze at the islands
 Rising from Bluehill Bay.

I love to gaze at the water
 When the wind is blowing hard
 And see it dash against
 The rocks and then subside.

I love to watch the gulls and hawks
 As they dive to catch their prey;
 I love to watch the lobster buoys
 That dot our beautiful bay.

I love to be on the water
 With sky above and water below
 Watching the coming and going waves
 Watching, as they came and go.

BETTY LOU ROBBINS, '47



Front row, left to right—Bobby Jackson, Alton Mitchell, Sabin Hutchins, Ralph Sawyer, Walter Lewis, Richard Fennelly, David Bartlett, Keith Alley.
 Second row—Louise Dolliver, Donna Hamblen, Leah Phipps, Gertrude Dunbar, Ann Whithers, Rosamond Berry, Margaret Hutchins, Jane Norwood, Ramona Boynton.
 Third row—Harold Robbins, Nancey Jellison, Barbara Noyes, Jeannette Fennelly, Beryl Abbott, Bernice Beal, Ruth Stanley, Faculty Advisor Betty Brooks.
 Fourth row—John Phinney, Leslie King, Wilbert Terry, Roland Stanley, Lawrence Sinclair, Gilbert Lewis, Bobby Turner, Thomas Fennelly, Graeme Trask, Charlie Fahey.
 Absent when this picture was taken were Marjorie Spurling, Virgil Hooper, Joseph Pinkham.

Seventh Grade History

President.....NANCY JELLISON
Vice President.....LAWRENCE SINCLAIR
Secretary.....RUTH STANLEY
Treasurer.....BARBARA NOYES
Student Council Members.....
ANN WHITMORE, GILBERT LOUIS

At the beginning of the year our class had an enrollment of thirty-eight members. Virgil Hooper from Blue Hill was the only new one. He and Herbert Crocket left during the year, leaving an enrollment of thirty-six.

Our class is represented on the Pow-Wow by Keith Alley and in the library by Ann Whitmore.

A party was held in our room with Mrs. Wilcomb at Christmas and with Mrs. Brooks on Valentine's Day. Together with the Freshmen and the Sophomores, the Seventh

grade gave a party to the rest of the school, as we were the classes with the lowest percentage in buying Defense Stamps.

In order to urge our class to buy more War Stamps, it was decided to have a contest in our room. There were two teams: "The Minute Men" and the "Stamp Tigers". The winning team was given a party at the end of May.

In activity period during Christmas week, skits were put on by all six classes. Ruth Stanley, Gilbert Louis, Wilbert Terry, Ralph Sawyer, and Ramond Boynton were the main characters in our class. The rest of us were in the choir, which sang in the skit.

Before Christmas, Mrs. Brooks went to Denver, Colorado, to see her husband, who is in the Army. Mrs. Wilcomb from Hull's Cove took her place.

... Literary ...

MAD HOUSE

As the waves dashed rhythmically and monotonously on the wide, smooth beach, the many bathers and picnickers could never be aware of the terrible conflict that was at that moment taking place in the cozy, cape-cod cottage just several yards away on Echo's Point.

The living-room which could have been neat as a pin, ten minutes ago, was now nearly a shambles. The modern Egyptian lamp was on the floor, its remains scattered into a thousand pieces. Sheets of music were lying askance on the piano as if pushed aside by a discouraged player. The lace sets on the stuffed chairs were ruffled and very recently frayed. What struggle had upset this peaceful home? What is that? Blood on the doorsill! This evidence looms larger and larger before our eyes. Fear and suspicion bring tingling chills up a spine, and then curiosity overwhelms these emotions. Shall we slip on silent feet into the next room?

The conflict is over. Tabbycat has caught her mouse.

ELSIE REED, '44

HAPPY YEARS AT PEMETIC

Our four years are nearly over
And it is with deep regret
We part from schoolmates and teachers
And daily problems that we've met.

Sometimes I've felt downhearted
And thought I'd never make the grade,
But now that it's most over
I more than feel repair.

We are going to miss our school days
And through life we'll often say,
"I wish we were back at Pemetic
Where our hearts were young and gay."

VIVIAN JOHNSON, '44

MY HOBBIES

I guess nearly every one has a hobby of some sort. Most people prefer quiet restful hobbies such as stamp collecting, button collecting, etc.; but personally I prefer something a little more active. I prefer something out-of-doors where I can breath the clean, fresh air and feel the cool breezes blowing through my hair. I like nothing better than to shoulder a pack and start out alone or with one or two others, into the wilderness for a few days, a week, or even a month. It gives me a deep sense of satisfaction to stand breathless on some high mountain peak and look off into the seemingly endless expanse of lakes, rivers and other mountains stretched out below me.

I said that I liked nothing better than to shoulder a pack and hike into the wilderness—well, that still holds but hiking no preference over canoeing. I would just exactly as soon put that pack into a canoe and start off through nature's thoroughfares. What a thrill one gets when the silence of the river is broken by the thunder of fast water ahead steadily growing louder until finally you sweep around a bend and come into view of what lies ahead! At first it appears to be only a mass of boiling white water but as you get closer you begin to see a way through. Instinctively, you reach for your pole thrust under the seat behind you, at the same time shouting directions to your bow man. You are now standing up in the stern of the canoe with your pole braced and ready for the first lunge. At a seemingly terrific rate of speed you come down upon the first of the hazards, a huge brown boulder. You shove your pole into the rocky bottom and push with all the strength in your body. Your bow man digs frantically.

The canoe swings nearly broad side to the current and you shoot by the first boulder with less than an inch to spare, only to find yourself heading straight for more. Cold sweat begins to form on your forehead as you plant your pole and pivot the canoe into a right angle turn. Again you lunge and again the canoe leaps ahead. Finally you shoot between two more ugly boulders, bounce over the two-foot waves at the bottom and then you shoot into the still water below. Breathing a deep sigh of relief, you take a few seconds' rest and you're headed for more.

I wouldn't dare to say which I prefer—hiking or canoeing. I guess it doesn't make so much difference. They are both out-of-doors and both provide plenty of thrills. Whether I am clinging perilously to a mountain cliff, shooting through a stretch of white water or lazily lying in front of a blazing campfire, I love it and I can truthfully say "It is my hobby."

BOB MILLS, '45

THE STORM

The fire in my stove burned lazily and warmed the single room of our cabin, while outside the rain presided. The rain dropped from the tops of the tall Norway Pines, among which the cabin lay, and pattered merrily on the roof. The wind blew through the tops of the same trees, and quite often I heard a large branch break and fall heavily to the ground. Although it was only mid-afternoon, Eugene, my pal of the woods, had lighted the oil lamp. Its light was really appreciated in the darkness of the storm. Suddenly something flitted by the window, and then there was a scratching noise in the woodshed. Upon investigation we found that two small owls had taken refuge from the storm, under the woodshed roof.

Yes, it is a bad storm that drives wild creatures from their natural homes.

LYLE FROST, '44

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Couple months ago, Moosehead Ed an' me was paddlin' down Emeros Lake. 'Twas a bright spring afternoon and not a breeze was stirrin' so we was makin' good time.

We was wantin' to get to Rattail Point before dusk. So puttin' all our energy into paddlin' we wasn't payin' much attention to anything else.

Presently we was in the dark. I turned to Ed and said, "What happened?" Ed shook his head, "I dunno, maybe an eclipse."

I was inclined to agree, then a croak issued from over to the left. I turned and spied some distance away a frog sittin' on a lily pad.

I pointed it out to Ed. He turned to me and spoke low-like, "Sure 'nough, we're in that bullfrog's shadow."

"May as well get to paddlin' if we want to git to Rattail Point," I replied.

That frog musta been a big fella, cause to git outa his shadow, it tooked jest fifteen minutes.

LEONARD GILLEY, '47

MOUNT DESERT

Mount Desert is an island
Along the great Maine coast.
Tourists come and go each year
To a place of which they boast.

The island is a vacation land,
Which beauty does embrace.
Trees and lakes and flowers
Live on its immortal face.

Tourist camps are scattered
All over her great coast.
Sun and air are plenty
And to tourists we are hosts.

Now many years have come and gone
And tourists and home folks have met
And vowed this beautiful island
Is a place that they won't forget.

TOMMY NEWMAN, '44

REVENGE ON JERRY

It's a cold, bleak day on the southeast coast of England. In the officers' mess all is quiet except for an occasional request for different dishes. There seems to be a shadow over us. I can't rightfully say any one thing is the cause for the quietness, but one thing has made us more sober today. Last night one of our Wellingtons, the "Fire Fly," went out over Cologne. It didn't come back. It's funny how that ship had so many narrow escapes but always got back. Two members of the crew were my closest buddies.

Tonight we are waiting, tense and unrelaxed for our orders to pay a call on Jerry and to settle a score with him. A few of the fellows are making a weak attempt at trying to be cheerful. It's no use. Here comes the flight chief now. I guess this is it, boys. Our target is Cologne, where our buddies were lost. A sickening feeling comes into the pit of my stomach. I have to fight hard to keep it from getting the best of me just as I've done dozens of times.

We make for the lorry as fast as we can in our heavy flying suits. Our plane, the "Chiper," looms up dark and huge as the lorry swings around the end of the runway. The ground crew is going over last minute details before the take-off. The control truck nearby will soon give us the signal to start. My hands are cold with sweat. Our ship is lucky, but so was the "Fire Fly" except for that last fateful trip. Is this our last trip. Only God can answer that. All too soon the crew chief gives us the order to board. The control truck's light turns green, we are off, to come back again?

I take a good long look at what has been home to me for the past months before I get down to my navigator's duties. All is quiet except for the argument between the gunners about their best girls. As we gain altitude, it becomes colder. Thoughts would turn home, but we know our duty is here; and the quicker we finish this job the

quicker we'll be home.

Suddenly the co-pilot shouts, "Messerschmitts below!" We turn to get into position to fire. As I look out, I can see the outlines of two enemy planes. Our rear gunner is getting his sights on Jerry. Perhaps this will even the score for our buddies of the "Fire Fly." He opens fire, but about this time Jerry opens fire too. The pound of tracer bullets is all around. There's a shout from the gunner's compartment. One of the German planes is a mass of flames. The other has turned back.

We are nearing our target. The earth below is illuminated with flares the pathfinder crews have dropped.

The wireless operator is adjusting the bombsight. There goes the load of incendiaries and high explosives. Searchlights are raking the sky for us. Shells are exploding all around. An anti-aircraft shell bursts near our right wing, throwing us into a vertical bank. Our pilot, tense and dazed, pulls the stick the way he's supposed to. The altimeter whirls; the order to jump is on his lips, but just then the engines heave an extra blast, and we pull out of the dive. I can see down through a hole in my compartment made by a stray shell. Have our gas tanks been hit? A tracer hits the port wing. Is that wing soaked in gasoline? It's goodbye for us if it is. A tiny glow is near the tip. The pilot is asking for two volunteers, one to crawl out on the left wing to balance while the other crawls out on the other wing to put out the tiny glow which is all the time growing larger. The wireless operator has volunteered to crawl out on the left wing. I guess I'll crawl out on the right wing. My life isn't worth any more than that of any other member of the crew.

I tear two canvas covers and soak them in fluid from the fire extinguisher. Out through the hatch we crawl, slowly and carefully. On gaining a footing on the wing I have to punch holes to get a good grip on the framework. I pull out one cover, but

the wind tears it from my hand immediately. I am more successful this time. The soaked canvas is doing the trick. The wind is tearing we off the wing. My grip is loosening. My fingers are numb—. Somebody is pounding me off the wing. My grip is loosening. I must have been unconscious, for I was so numb I don't remember getting inside the hatch.

I hear the wireless operator calling the office at the station getting permission to land. Below, the station is bright under the rising moon.

I wish I were home tonight, but we have a job to finish first. A few more missions completed like tonight's chalked up on our records and then home.

PATRICIA ADAM,, '47

A TRUCK DRIVER'S LIFE

At night the trucks begin to roll,
And you're a little tired,
But yet you know to fall asleep
Would mean that you'd get fired.

The trucks they roll through many towns
The throttle to the floor,
You've need for lots of worrying,
For troubles come galore.

You make a stop in Moody's
For a bite to eat,
For here there's no neglecting you,
And prices aren't too steep.

In just about six hours
You hit the Portland pier,
The barrels are unloaded
The homeward trip is near.

Time has gone by pretty fast,
Daybreak is in sight.
You know that you are drowsy,
For lack of sleep last night.

You stare out at the road ahead,
And there are times when you see two.
Then you roll your window down,
And let the wind blow through.

The coolness of the morning air
Won't let you go to sleep.
Until you roll your window up,
It's colder than a jeep.

At last you're back at Harper's,
Another day ahead,
But all that you can think about
Is home and that soft bed.

TOMMY NEWMAN, '44

SUSIE

I can remember when Mom's car was bright and new. Then it whizzed along proudly and effortlessly with a barely audible purr its only sound. The color, a lustrous grey, was a new shade, and there were few vehicles that could compare with our chunky, happy sedan.

Our Dodge is no longer the beauty it was. It isn't happy now at all, just old and terribly tired. It bears three mile trips faithfully, trying hard not to drop pieces of itself along the way. No one knows if the original purring still exists, for the multitude of other noises which accompany the slightest jar or vibration drowns out any mild sound. The creaks and growns tell with what supreme effort the machine stays in a compact form.

For three years the car has been used as a truck to carry leaky milk bottles, juicy pies, and numerous quantities of groceries. This has not improved the appearance of the once smooth, spotless interior. There are dark spots of various shapes and sizes on the dusty upholstery. The floor mats have long since disappeared and yellow cardboard, the only new, fresh part of the automobile, lines the floor. A remnant of a straw seat-cover, worn completely through at the driver's seat is draped over the front seat.

Susie, as the exhausted heap is sometimes called, has never been in a major accident. Yet it has acquired so many dents and lumps that it gives the impression of being a potato's cousin. A sagging fender has been replaced by an almost equally saggy, dull red one which makes the contraption look a little different from ordinary heaps.

You could never see yourself now in smiling doors, for the doors are the Dodge's oddest part. They threaten to lead a revolt against Susie's long servitude. After opening as we creep along, they seem ever ready to jump off their rusty hinges. When this happens, the long struggle will be over. We'll lay our battered car in a quiet junkyard, proud that it still stands out among fellow cars and sorry that its final day had ever to come.

PAULINE KREBS, '45

THE STRANGER

The sun was rapidly sinking behind the snow-covered hills and night was quickly coming. Tucked between the cold-looking, New England hills was a tiny cabin. One would have thought it uninhabited except for a thin wisp of smoke slowly rising from the chimney. Far down the road was some late straggler trying to get to his destination before the black night descended upon him.

Inside the cabin a man and his wife were just sitting down to their supper when a knock came at the door.

"Open the door, Anna," the thin-featured man said to his wife.

Nervously she obeyed. Visitors were not common here, especially at this time of day.

A strange, tall, young man in a sheepskin coat entered the room. His beard was stubbly and he walked with great weariness. When he took off his hat Anna and Karl noticed a blood stained bandage around his head.

Finally with a sigh the man spoke, "I have travelled far today and I am tired. Have you a room for a stranger to sleep in to-night?"

Karl looked at his wife, but her back was turned. "Why—," he began, "I guess we could manage to fix up a place for you."

"You are kind," murmured the stranger.

"Have you been travelling long?" asked Karl.

"For two days and nights," he replied.

"Aren't you afraid of running into those German pilots who escaped from prison up in Canada? I heard that officials captured some of them as they tried to cross the border, but most of them got away."

"No," the stranger replied with a queer smile. "I don't think they will cause me any trouble."

Karl gave him a quick glance.

"You are suspicious, my friend," the stranger said, and with that broke into rapid German.

Anna and Karl only looked at him blankly.

"You do not understand German? Ah, you are only pretending. I was sure I had come to the right place," and he smiled again but his smile quickly died as Anna and Karl continued to stare at him.

At last Karl spoke, "How did you manage to get here without getting caught?"

"I don't know. I remember very little—," he said, touching the bandage. "Except that I killed a farmer to get these clothes. I was sure this was the place."

Suddenly Karl made a move but the stranger was faster. The shot was deafening in the room. Anna screamed and ran to Karl but he was not hurt.

The stranger stood up, his Luger held ready in his hand. He spoke in a gloating way, "There is a plane—I will give you directions for finding it. You must help me get away."

Karl was silent for a few moments and then he said slowly, "I will get the plane here, but how do you know that I won't go to the authorities? You would be shot down."

"I must take that risk but your risk will be greater. Your wife will be in that plane, Karl," the stranger answered.

"No-no-no!" screamed Anna.

"You can't—," Karl began.

"You will get the plane," the stranger spoke quietly but firmly.

Karl turned away and shrugged his shoulders. There was nothing he could do but obey.

Karl left at dawn the next morning. The day passed slowly for Anna with the stranger following every step she took and watching everything she did.

At sundown a plane circled above the cabin and landed in the little clearing nearby.

The stranger ran out pulling Anna after him. He greeted Karl, "You did well, my friend. You will be rewarded. Come, Anna, it is time for us to leave."

"Wait," called Karl, "leave my wife out of it. I will fly you to your destination."

"You!" the stranger exclaimed.

"Yes. Don't you understand? We have to be so careful about our identity. We are your friends."

Anna was with them now, talking rapidly in German. Suddenly his smile vanished. The stranger had a pair of handcuffs in his hand in place of the Luger. They snapped once over Anna's wrist and then over Karl's.

"We have been sure of you for weeks," said the stranger. "The F. B. I. will certainly be glad to see you."

ARLENE DOLLIVER, '46

CLASS OF '44

I shall tell you a tale of Pemetie High
As the facts were given to me.
In nineteen hundred and thirty-eight
The institution came to be.

The new building to house this school
Was built of good red brick.
The building was long and wide;
The walls were tall and thick.

Classes have come and classes have gone
And, of course, there will be many more.
But never again will there be a class
Like the class of forty-four.

We are happy, we never worry,
Nothing troubles us much.
If Tommy Newman's hopes come true,
We'll go through life as such.

All through our high school years
We've been busy as bees in a hive.
We thank our lucky stars we're not
In the class of forty-five.

The boys of our class are anxious
To fight for the Red, White and Blue.
And soon you'll hear about the things
That Pemetie lads can do.

Tomorrow we will graduate
Without a tear or sigh,
But deep in our hearts there will always be
A thought for Pemetie High.

LYLE FROST, '44

THE CHANGE

Down the street the old man went
With lagging steps and shoulders bent.
Past the warehouse and down to the wharf
To watch the steamships shoving off.

And as he watched them against the sky,
His thoughts drifted back to days gone by,
When he was captain of his own good ship.
Oh, how he wished he could make one more trip!

Before the mast with the wind in his face,
Heading out of the harbor for some far off place;
With cotton from Texas or lumber from Maine
Going to England, France or Spain.

Scuppers awash in the billowing sea;
Great mountainous waves on an ocean so free.
No sound of engines, no odor of coal;
Just the flap of the sails and the smell of their folds.

"But those days are gone," the old man said,
"The sailing vessels with their beauty; both have
fled."

And there was a tear in his eye as he turned away
And left the steamers going out of the bay.

RAYMOND ROBBINS, '45

WINTER IN THE WOODS

It is a cold, quiet evening in the woodland.
Snow has fallen all day but now in the quiet
of the evening the snow has ceased sifting
through the trees and the woods are still and
beautiful. The moon shines down on the
dunes of snow and makes a million diamonds
sparkle. In the distance a barking is heard
as a fox has been disturbed in his winter's
den. Then all is silent again. Once in a while
a faint plop is heard as an icicle drops from
a limb into the soft snow. The trees cast
gaunt shadows upon the snow giving the
woodland a mysterious yet peaceful aspect.
Evergreen trees stand about loaded with
snow, their branches touching the ground.
A brook is frozen for the winter and dark
snow covered stones adorn the middle of it.
A breeze sighs in the stillness and some snow
drops from the evergreen trees. Some of the
trees creak a little and then silence again
settles over the woodland.

ELSIE ROBERTSON, '45

THE REQUIEM

"Pay your rent or out you go, and this is your last warning, Monsieur Clarent!"

With this parting comment the landlady, a large, buxom woman, haughtily withdrew from the room, closing the door firmly after her.

The victim of the lengthy tirade which had preceded this parting thrust, was an aged man who was sitting in an antiquated room in a Paris rooming house, before a low fire in a fireplace.

The most striking feature of Monsieur Clarent was his long tapering fingers, which, unlike the rest of his wrinkled skin appeared to be very smooth and supple, as they played with his loosely knotted cravat.

After sitting silently for several minutes lost in thought, he rose with a sigh and moved to a grand piano placed against an adjacent wall. For months and months he had been working on a requiem to leave in memory of himself, for he felt that he was soon to die. The shadows of the room were deepening with the growing twilight, and he lighted a lamp as he sat down to play the music he had written. He became more and more agitated as he played on and finally in the middle of a phrase he seized the music and, in a rage he tore it to shreds. He took his cape and left the room, to walk slowly along the streets of Paris toward the Seine.

Monsieur Clarent stood on a bridge over the Seine gazing moodily down at the water far below. Slowly he became aware that he was not alone on the bridge. He peered intently through the gloom, and saw a man and a woman, who were evidently quarreling violently. Soon the man strode away leaving the woman leaning against the bridge, crying bitterly.

As Clarent watched, the woman climbed to the very top of the railing of the bridge; and with a last heart-rending cry, jumped into space and fell to the river far below.

What could he do? There was surely no hope of saving her, for the current was very swift and the bridge a high one.

No, Monsieur Clarent did not try to save her, for now he was staring intently into the black void beneath him, where the woman had disappeared. He had been stunned at first by this tragic incident, but now he had an inspiration. When the woman jumped, he had followed her body with his eyes until it had disappeared in the great despair and sorrow that she had felt. He was for a moment plunged into the very darkest depths of despair that the woman had felt in her tragic life.

He had been inspired by the great tragedy; and as he rushed back to his room through the black night, he already heard the music surging through his head, music of poignant sorrow and fragile beauty.

All night long he worked feverishly at the piano; and when the first rays of light began to steal through the sky, he had at last finished the requiem, a requiem that would truly live for centuries after he had died, for he knew that it was truly great.

He started to play what he had written from the beginning, and as he neared the end he played slower and slower, and so softly that the sound was scarcely audible.

At the last chord of the requiem he fell forward, and the music was ended with a tremendous discord.

PAUL HINTON, '46

SKYSCRAPERS

Skyscrapers, standing proud and high,
Sharply outlined against the sky.
Your heads are crowned with wreaths of clouds.
About your feet are rushing crowds.
If you but had the gift of speech,
The tales you could tell; the lessons teach,
Of happiness, crime, sin, and pity,
You silent guardians of a mighty city.

ARLENE DOLLIVER, '46

WINTER PLAYTIME

The snow is falling all around,
It covers trees, and lakes, and ground.
Young folks with skis, and sleds, and skates,
Are all out playing on the lakes.

They all flash by in every shade,
From pink and red, to blue and jade.
But at last as darkness falls,
The children run as mother calls.

JOCELYN BESSE, '48

SUBWAY

Confusion, that was the word for it. There I stood squarely in the middle of this mad house of pushing people, shouting newsboys, and howling babies. Everyone seemed to be going somewhere and everyone seemed to be in a hurry. Why couldn't they relax and take it easy? There was no fire. But why should I worry about them? I had problems of my own to deal with. I had to be at the hotel in two hours. How could I ever find it in all this hubbub? Should I take a taxi? No, I'd heard disastrous rumors about taxies. How about the subway? I had also heard rumors about the subway, but nevertheless it sounded like fun, and anyhow it only cost a dime. This fact alone decided it and off I went to find the nearest subway entrance. This I found to be no small task. I walked up the stairs trying to observe all of various and numerous signs and trying to follow the equally numerous arrows that seemed to be pointing in every direction. Finally, after not too much difficulty, I found my station and boarded the train. ZOOM-SWISH, we were off. Well, at least my body was off. I doubt if the rest of me had left the station yet. At first we dashed along on top, and I had a delightful view of the city; but then we thundered into the tunnel, like a rat into a hole, and my view consisted of the black walls of my under-surface route.

Suddenly we stopped, well at least the car stopped—most of the occupants went on for another ten feet or so. The doors clattered open, and everyone tried to get on and off at the same time. Should I get off here? I didn't know so I elbowed my way out for a look-see. No, I didn't think this was it so again I boarded the car. Evidently others had come aboard also, because there wasn't much room; in fact, there wasn't any room. I felt like an elephant in a dog house. A man on the other side of the car scratched his back and twenty people said, "Ah", believe me it was that crowded. I rode along past a few more stations. It seemed as though I must be nearly there. Again I got off. No, I wasn't there yet so again I pushed my way aboard and thundered on for a couple more stations. I was beginning to get used to it now. I didn't even mind not breathing any more.

At last I arrived—yes, it was really my station. Now if only I had the strength to get up to the street! I took a deep breath of good clean smoke and dragged myself to the street level. Once in the crisp air above I slowly began to revive and get some of my senses back. I looked around and lo and behold I was standing directly in front of the hotel. Gee, those subways are wonderful.

BOB MILLS, '45

SNOW OF AGES

The snow is falling softly,
It covers the dead, brown grass
Just like the snow of ages,
Has covered the dim past.

The people know of little
That happened years ago
Because the snow of ages
Covers the past so no one will know
Of the little things that happened
In the years of long ago.

MARILYN CARROLL, '48



Front row, left to right—Doug Norwood, Elsie Robinson, Tommy Newman, Elsie Reed, Perry Lawson.
 Second row—Elaine Pettigrove, Richard Allen, Bob Mills, David Benson, Patricia Adams, Ann Whitmore.
 Third row—Barbara Kenney, Bobby Emmott, Bobby Jackson, Faculty Advisor, Marion Waterman.

Student Council

The Student Council has completed an active year with the help and guidance of Miss Waterman.

The Council membership, chosen from the Student Assembly, consists of two representatives from each class; the president and vice-president are chosen by the Student body, from the Senior and Junior classes respectively.

President.....TOMMY NEWMAN
Vice President.....DOUG NORWOOD
Secretary.....ELSIE ROBINSON
Treasurer.....ELSIE REED

Seniors

Perry Lawson Elsie Reed

Juniors

Robert Mills Elsie Robinson

Sophomores

David Benson Elaine Pettigrove

Freshmen

Patricia Adams Bobby Emmott

Eighth Grade

Richard Allen Barbara Kenney

Seventh Grade

Gilbert Lewis Ann Whitmore

The first task the Student Council undertook was getting the Defense Stamp Sales started. The Council elected a committee which got the sales right under way. They are Bobby Mills, Elsie Robinson and Doug Norwood. The Council also sponsored a skit program put on by the classes with a \$5.00 prize for the best one. This prize was awarded to the Junior Class. A Ping-Pong Tournament was held in the gym which determined the school "Champ". Joe Stanwood won the contest and was awarded a medal. Movies sponsored by the Student Council have been put on in the gym nearly every Wednesday during activity period. There has been a stamp party sponsored by the Council and a School Song Contest; the first prize winners of which were Pauline Krebs and Carolyn Webster; second prize winners were Joe Stanwood and Robert Emmott.

Through a vote of the Student Council, the school has organized a chapter of the National Honor Society. Students of the upper two classes who have an average of

(Continued on Page 33)



Seated, left to right—Natalie Reed, Connie Spurling, Pauline Thurston, Virginia McIntire, Louise Hodgdon.
 Standing—Charlotte Sawyer, Tommy Newman, Doug Norwood, Principal Carroll Ronco, Benny Noyes, Elsie Reed.

Corridor Wardens

If you were to enter Pemetit High between classes, you would find, posted at various intervals, students wearing armbands labeled "Warden".

These wardens are on duty to keep order in the corridors between classes. Some of the rules the students are asked to follow are:

1. Keep to the right, always.
2. Don't run.
3. Maintain single file on stairs and do not crowd.
4. Do not leave class rooms until the second bell sounds.

These rules are very important and should be observed by *everyone*.

The wardens from the Senior class were given honorable discharges the first of March, and new wardens from the Sophomore and Junior classes were inducted.

Those named as wardens since the picture was taken are: Arlene Dolliver '46, Vernon Lovejoy '46, Lester Radcliff '46, Raymond Robbins '46, Marguerite Smith '46, Pauline Krebs '45, and Carolyn Webster '45.

THE VOICES OF CHILDREN

The stars in the sky will glisten,
 The sun will always shine,
 The voices of children at play,
 Will echo all through time.

The children will grow up and marry,
 And time will fade fast away,
 But still the voices of children
 Will echo through the day.

MARILYN CARROLL, '48

Miss Waterman was recently stopped in Bangor for driving through a stop sign and was given a ticket calling for her appearance in traffic court the following Monday. She went at once to the judge, told him that she had to be at her classes then, and asked for the immediate disposal of her case.

"So," said the judge sternly, "you're a schoolteacher. That's fine. Madam, your presence here fulfills a long-standing ambition for me. For years I have yearned to have a schoolteacher in this court. Now," he thundered, "you sit right down at that table over there and write 'I went through a stop sign' 500 times."



Front row, left to right—Stan Hamblen, Joe Stanwood.
 Second row—Bob Bartlett, Philip Moore, Bob Mills, Charlotte Sawyer, David Benson,
 Rhoda Dam, Marion Worcester.
 Third row—Jocelyn Bessie, Lucille Faulkingham, Pauline Krebs, Paul Hinton, Carolyn
 Webster, Doug Norwood, Katherine Benson.
 Fourth row—Dorothy Stanley, Henry Ward, Carol Bessie, Coach Beatrice Hanson.

Growing Pains

The all-school play, "Growing Pains", was presented early in the year under the direction of Mrs. Beatrice Hanson. The cast, a large one, was made up of members from nearly every class.

The story is that of the McIntyre family—Professor and Mrs. McIntyre and their problems in safely bringing their children, George and Terry, through the delicate age of adolescence.

Terry, who is accustomed to playing with the boys, suddenly finds she is not wanted by them and cannot understand their indifference. It is difficult for a tomboy to live up to the standards set by civilization for a teen-age girl but Terry finds this is the only way to win the admiration of Brian, her main interest.

George, too, is faced with the problems of growing youth. It is a serious blow to him to have to take the plainest girl in town to his own party when he prefers the company of Prudence Darling.

But all ends well and the two young people successfully overcome the obstacles thrust before them in the act of "growing-up."

The complete cast is as follows:

<i>Prof. McIntyre</i>	Paul Hinton
<i>Mrs. McIntyre</i>	Carolyn Webster
<i>Terry</i>	Charlotte Sawyer
<i>George</i>	David Benson
<i>Brian</i>	Bob Mills
<i>Hal</i>	Bob Bartlett
<i>Omar</i>	Philip Moore
<i>Dutch</i>	Joe Stanwood
<i>Mrs. Patterson</i>	Pauline Krebs
<i>Elsie Patterson</i>	Jocelyn Besse
<i>Prudence Darling</i>	Alice Carpenter
<i>Patty</i>	Katherine Benson
<i>Jane</i>	Marion Worcester
<i>Miriam</i>	Rhoda Dam
<i>Sophie</i>	Pauline Krebs
<i>Pete</i>	Doug Norwood
<i>Police Officer</i>	Stanwood Hamblen
<i>Vivian</i>	Lila Faulkingham



Front row, left to right—Elsie Robinson, Alberta Hodgdon, Geraldine Dalzell, Elsie Reed, Louise Hodgdon, Pauline Krebs.
 Second row—Perry Lawson, Pauline Thurston, Dorothy Stanley, Virginia McIntire, Doug Norwood, Henry Ward, Coach Edith Kennard.
 Third row—William Farrar, Lyle Frost, David Benson, Paul Hinton, Tommy Newman.

Spring Fever

In January, the seniors produced their annual class play under the direction of Miss Edith Kennard. This activity was highly successful both from the dramatic and financial point of view.

This year the play chosen was "Spring Fever," by Glenn Hughes. The story centers around the students of Brookfield College, their professors and their relatives. Ed Burns, a chemistry student, uses his room as a lab and experiments with a substitute for dynamite, continuously interrupting scenes with his explosions. Vic Lewis is an art student who uses the living room as his studio and the wrong person for his model. Howard Brant, a senior, types frantically at a terms paper in zoology which he must get in on time if he is to graduate. Lou Herron, a young journalism student, frequently comes in to use the typewriter and to see Ed. Anna Purcell, Howard's "heart interest", and another student has forgotten to reserve rooms for her parents whose arrival adds fat to the fire. Howard's Aunt Maude appears on the scene unexpectedly and im-

mediately thinks of a scheme to help Howard graduate. Everyone is drawn into the whirl of complications. The play is packed to capacity with highly humorous episodes.

The cast presented Miss Kennard with a locket in appreciation of her cooperation. Also contributing to the success of the play were Pauline Krebs, prompter; Perry Lawson, stage manager; Dorothy Stanley and Geraldine Dalzell, property managers, and Henry Ward, sound effects.

The characters in the play were as follows:

<i>Ed Burns</i>	Tommy Newman
<i>Lou Herron</i>	Elsie Robinson
<i>Vic Lewis</i>	David Benson
<i>Anne Purcell</i>	Pauline Thurston
<i>Vivian George</i>	Louise Hodgdon
<i>Howard Brant</i>	William Farrar
<i>Aunt Maude</i>	Alberta Hodgdon
<i>Mrs. Purcell</i>	Virginia McIntire
<i>Mr. Purcell</i>	Douglas Norwood
<i>Mrs. Spangler</i>	Sheila Spurling
<i>Prof. Bean</i>	Paul Hinton
<i>President Dixon</i>	Lyle Frost



Front row, left to right—Elsie Robinson, Pauline Thurston, Keith Alley, Tommy Newman, Jackie Howell, Doug Norwood.
 Second row—Charlotte Sawyer, Connie Spurling, Virginia McIntire, Katherine Benson, Helen Woods, Pauline Krebs, Carolyn Webster, Alberta Hodgdon, Barbara Lawson, behind Charlotte Sawyer is Leonard Mayo.
 Third row—Faculty Advisor, Marion Waterman, Joe Stanwood, Henry Ward, Bob Mills, David Benson, Bob Bartlett, William Farrar, Natalie Reed.

The "Pow-Wow"

POW-WOW STAFF

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	PAULINE THURSTON
<i>Ass't Editor</i>	ELSIE ROBINSON
<i>Business Manager</i>	TOMMY NEWMAN
<i>Ass't Business Manager</i>	JACKIE HOWELL
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<i>Ass't Activities Editor</i>	PAULINE KREBS
<i>M'lady Dictates</i>	CONNIE SPURLING
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<i>Art Editor</i>	LEONARD MAYO
<i>Advertising Manager</i>	DOUGLAS NORWOOD
<i>Mimeograph</i>	{ TOMMY NEWMAN BOB MILLS

The Pow-Wow is edited by Seniors and Juniors for the first half of the year, and by Juniors and Sophomores for the last half,

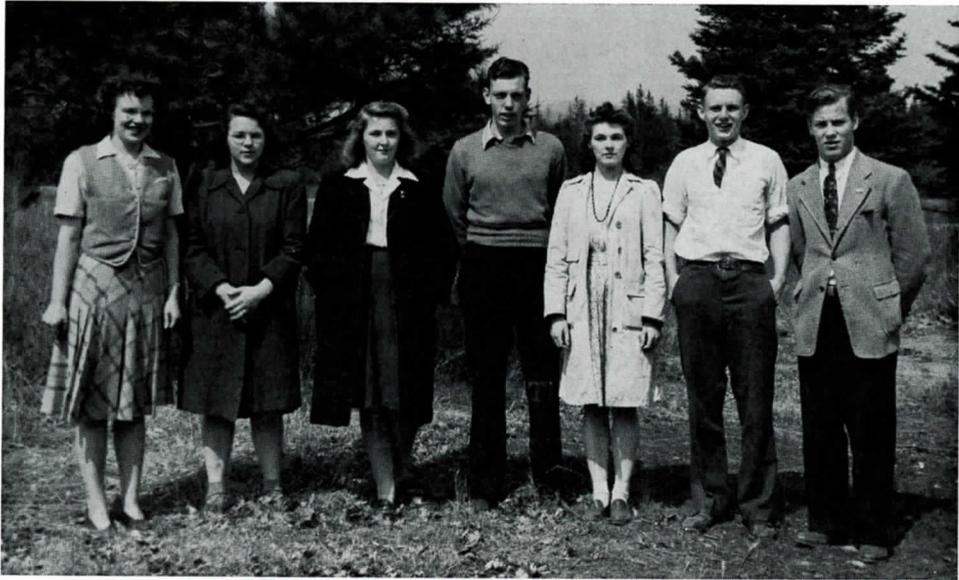
under the supervision of Miss Waterman.

The staff changed in March to release the seniors for the work of planning for graduation. This also introduced the Sophomores to the work so that in the fall the staff will be already organized and ready to start work at the beginning of the school year.

Circulation this year has been about two hundred copies monthly. The price has been kept at five cents as the staff issued eight copies instead of seven.

By exchanging papers with other schools through the National Exchange, we have found many new ideas for making our paper a greater success.

The staff wishes to take this time to thank those in school and outside of school who so willingly support our paper and to express appreciation to Miss Kennard for her cooperation with the literary department.



CHARTER MEMBERS OF THE OOPS

Reading from left to right: Miss Waterman, Pauline Krebs, Carolyn Webster, Bob Bartlett, Elsie Robinson, Bob Mills, and Lyle Frost.
Not present in the picture are Jackie Howell and Stan Hamblen.

OOPS!

On one bright afternoon this spring a group of Pemetie students met in the commercial room with Miss Waterman to organize an outing club. The purposes of this club are:

1. To take advantage of the various opportunities provided for by the Acadia National Park.
2. To promote interest in photography, mineralogy, biology, etc., and
3. To train the members in self-discipline and independence.

A constitution was drafted by a committee consisting of Bobby Mills, Elsie Robinson, and Perry Lawson. A group of interested students voted on and accepted the constitution. At the same time the group chose the name OOPS, for the club. Application blanks were made out and students who wished to join were given the oppor-

tunity. The Charter members are as follows: Lyle Frost, Elsie Robinson, Bobby Mills, Jackie Howell, Pauline Krebs, Carolyn Webster, Bob Bartlett, and Stan Hamblen. Miss Waterman was elected faculty advisor.

At three a. m., on Sunday morning, May 21, ten exuberent members of the OOPS—Lyle, Elsie, Jackie, Bob Mills, Pauline, Carolyn, Alberta, Clarence, Joe T., and Miss Waterman started out on the first official hike of the club.

After waking Joe from a sound sleep, we traveled briskly to Long Pond, where we filled our water jars and began the beautiful ascent to the top of Beech Mt. This was one of the most enjoyable parts of the trip. We had a clear view of McKinley and that region. Upon reaching the peak we found that we were ahead of the sun and had to wait for about a half hour for it to come up.

(Continued on Page 31)



Seated, left to right—Malcolm Bagley, Bob Mills, Tommy Newman, David Benson, Joe Stanwood.
 Standing—Coach Thomas Bowden, Merle Reed, Leonard Gilley, Leonard Mayo, Benny Noyes, William Farrar, Stanwood Hamblen.

Basketball

Pemetie started its basketball season with a team comprised mostly of underclassmen. We had various practice games with the Navy and Coast Guard teams and a more extensive inter-school schedule than last year.

Our first game was at Ellsworth where we fought hard but were defeated 39-14.

The second game of the season was played at Gilman. We played a nip-and-tuck game but they proved to be just a little too good for us at that time. At the final gun they led 32-26.

Our return game with Ellsworth proved their superiority for again we were trounced by a 56-28 score. We're looking forward to next year, Ellsworth.

Next we journeyed to Bar Harbor, where we put up a good fight, but against a better team which defeated us 61-26.

We went into the second game with Gilman with high hopes but hopes proved to be not enough. We took a 10-4 lead in the first quarter but failed to hold it. The final

results were 22-28 Gilman.

Our first victory was one of those games in which first one team is ahead and then the other. The crowd was standing in the bleachers a good part of the time. They were happy Pemetie fans who left the gym that night after we had defeated Blue Hill 39-36 in a fast game.

Our next game was again with Blue Hill, this time in their gym. During the first three quarters the home team led by a small margin. We were not to be outdone, however, and in the third quarter the Indians came through and again defeated the red and white, this time 36-32.

We were the host to Bar Harbor at the next game and although our morale was excellent we were defeated 57-31.

We finished off the season with another game with Gilman. This time we were out for blood. In an exciting game with a close score we came through victoriously with a score of 28-23.

Thus ended another basketball season—

six losses and three wins. Although the season was short and our victories comparatively few we received much valuable experience and are looking forward to a better record next year.

The summary of the individual points scored is as follows:

T. Newman	66	Points
J. Stanwood	66	"
B. Mills	63	"
M. Reed	18	"
D. Benson	14	"
M. Bagley	7	"
L. Mayo	6	"
B. Noyes	5	"
L. Gilley	2	"
E. Gilley	0	"

Total Points Scored.....247
 Total points scored against us 364

OTHER SPORTS

After the interschool basketball season was over, there was inter-class competition in the gym. Students and teachers excitedly watched the Junior Team defeat all its opponents and become the school champion.

The gym was opened for activities many afternoons. Sometimes there was basketball practice for the girls under the direction of Miss Newcomb. Sometimes a variety of attractions drew students. It was not uncommon to see ping pong tables, the high bar, the volley ball and badminton nets, and the rings all being employed at the same time.

In the spring there was again activity on the ball field where many softball enthusiasts entered into the well known spirit of "the old ball game."

PING PONG TOURNAMENT

This year the Student Council sponsored a ping pong tournament in which a large number of students participated.

The girls' matches were short but very well played. In the final game Pauline Krebs defeated Carolyn Webster to become champion of the girls.

In the boys' matches there were many bitter struggles. Joe Stanwood was announced champion after defeating Joe Lawlor.

In the final game of the contest Joe was victorious over Pauline and was proclaimed champion ping pong player of Pemetie.

CHEER LEADERS

Our cheer leaders, Charlotte Sawyer, Alice Carpenter, Katherine Benson, Lucille Faulkingham, Marion Worcester, Barbara Kenney and Mamie Reynolds, deserve three cheers for the moral support they have given to the boys on the Pemetie team. They followed up all the games and led the cheering sections in their favorite yells. Charlotte will be leaving us this year, but we hope the rest will be back with us pitching in for a wonderful cause.

OOPS!

(Continued from Page 29)

We had a disappointment when we found that it was coming over Cadillac Mt. instead of out of the ocean as we had hoped. Nevertheless it was a beautiful scene.

By this time the OOPS were becoming quite hungry so we descended to the parking grounds behind Beech Cliff and soon learned that we had among us an expert cook—Bob Mills. He was assisted by Lyle who cooked an egg for himself and let the rest burn up. We enjoyed oranges, coffee, bacon, and eggs. After cleaning up and taking a few pictures of the group, we climbed to Beech Cliffs. It was now about seven a. m. This was the most beautiful view that we saw during our whole trip. Here fatigue overtook us and we whiled away many peaceful moments at the top of the bluff, idly gazing at the surrounding countryside. Finally we began the descent—a tired but happy group. We lagged into town about ten o'clock contented with the fact that we had all had a wonderful time and that this was only the first of many worthwhile trips to be made by the OOPS.

1944 JAMBOREE

The juniors and seniors of Pemetie are a thrifty group of boys and girls and continuously on the alert for any means of increasing the funds in their class treasuries. The student body of Pemetie is a fun-loving group and every-ready to entertain anyone who cares to heed their antics. The desire to earn money and the love of acting were two motives behind the 1944 Jamboree.

The junior and senior classes elected a committee to plan the program. Tommy Newman served as chairman and Elsie Robinson, Charlotte Sawyer, Carolyn Webster, and Bob Mills were assistants. Many long meetings were held in the commercial room and other students who had suggestions joined the conference and from them came the skeleton program. Then work began in the gym. Many afternoons the crooners of Pemetie spent going over and over their songs, the Tumblers of Tinkertown practiced their stunts, and Mephisto counted pretty ladies before many unseen audiences.

As time drew near to produce the program there was more activity in Room C—the seniors spent their spare time lettering and painting posters which portrayed their favorite acts, other members of the cast, cutting and painting the stars to be used as decorations on the stage.

There were many sudden inspirations and numerous last-minute changes in the program.

Much originality and talent was displayed; the actors succeeded in keeping their audience in laughter throughout the performance.

Stanley Bennett should receive due credit for his patient hours of practice with the singers and Mervin Alley, for his able assistance back stage.

The cast wishes to express its appreciation to Miss Waterman for devoting a great deal of her time and energy in the production of the Jamboree.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

Thanks for the memory
Of your great attendance
To our little show
We hope that you liked it
For it shows how little we know
We thank you so much.

Thanks for the memory
Our sympathies to you
For being here tonight
Although we've had a little fun
We hope you'll sleep alright.
We thank you so much.

Thanks for the memory
Although this is April
Our year's not over yet
But you can bet your ration book
It's a night we won't forget.
We thank you so much.

Thanks for the memory
Although you might have paid
A lot to see this act
We do not like to worry you
But try and get it back.
We thank you so much.

Thanks for the memory
Of this lovely evening
Of this fun filled fight
There is nothing left for us to do
But to wish you all good night
We thank you so much.

TOMMY NEWMAN, JR., '44

PRIZE SPEAKING

Prize speaking preliminaries were held March seventeenth in the auditorium. Mrs. Brooks, Miss Kennard, and Mr. Ronco were judges. Mrs. Hanson very graciously gave her time as coach to the thirteen students speaking. Eight students were chosen for the finals. During the next week speeches were rehearsed and polished. Wednesday afternoon a preview for the grade school children was given.

Friday evening, March twenty-fourth, the finals for Prize Speaking were held. Students speaking that night were Marilyn Carroll '49, Leonard Gilley '47, Joe Trask '46, Pauline Krebs '45, Joe Lawlor '45, Natalie Reed '45, Elsie Robinson '45, and Carolyn

Webster '45.

Those who took part in the preliminaries but not in the finals were: Edith Worcester '49, Elizabeth Norwood '47, Joe Stanwood '47, Mary Gordius '45, and Bill Farrar '44.

Pauline Krebs won the first prize, a gold medal, and later represented Pemetie at the Spear Prize Speaking contest in Bangor. Joe Trask won second prize, a green gold medal, and Carolyn Webster won third prize, a silver medal. A musical interlude was furnished by Mrs. Hanson and Paul Hinton.

DEFENSE STAMPS AND BONDS

Defense stamps and bonds were put on sale October fifth with a committee of three elected to take charge of the sales which have been held every Tuesday. The committee consisted of Robert Mills, Elsie Robinson, and Douglas Norwood, Chairman, all Juniors. Sales for the year have averaged around fifty dollars a week.

On December seventh a campaign was held with a result of over \$300 sold in both bonds and stamps.

To date, this year we have issued over some thirty bonds with a face value of over \$1,100. And also to date \$1,642.95 has been accounted for from stamps. Our percentage has had an average of over ninety per cent for each month giving the school the right to fly under the American flag the Minuteman Flag which was awarded last year to this school.

A way in which to progress the percentages of classes was voted on by the Student Council. This bill stated that the three losing classes should have a party for the three classes with the highest percentages. So far two parties have been digested.

STUDENT COUNCIL

(Continued from Page 24)

85% or over, and who excel in leadership and character are eligible for membership. Sophomores with the same qualifications are elected to be probationary members.

The Student Council has been of much help to the school and has helped to encourage and supervise many school functions.

PEMETIC SONG

Parents started it,
 Teachers are part of it,
 Students make it glow.
 Pemetie High has no equal;
 Everyone ought to know.
 The years ere are flowing;
 Our honor is growing.
 News soars swiftly to all;
 News of Pemetie's victories.
 Our school never will fall.
 There's where we'll leave behind
 The gladdest days we'll ever find
 Round up the girls and boys
 And give a cheer together.
 Time to shout it. Be noisy about it!
 No need to urge us more.
 Pride for Pemetie High School
 Always will make us roar.

PATRICIA KREBS and CAROLYN WEBSTER, '45

EDITORIALS

(Continued from Page 4)

community, the real backbone of a community. These are the ones that give a care what is to happen and what is do be done, how it is to be done, why it is done, when it is done, and where it is to be. This court has both bad and good faults which are expressed in conversation. Also this court has a few persons who have a mind of their own. They call them independent individuals. The judges of this court are good. There are a lot of people who are deaf and dumb in this court.

Court number three is the last court and is usually made up of the younger generation of people and they don't 'give a hang' about what happens. They are content and mean to stay that way. They are a happy-go-lucky bunch of young people who want to enjoy their life. They do, too. This court is a name only.

These are the courts which put us up for trial and either use us good or they give us a rotten deal. What a man does and how he does it, why he does it, when he does it, and where he does it is what makes him in public. Obviously we have to be very careful of what we do no matter where we are. A good motto for this is "Think first, act afterwards."

DOUGLAS NORWOOD, '45

FACULTY

(Continued from Page 5)

mal School, and the University of Maine. Dramatic coach of the play "Growing Pains" and the public speaking coach. Sophomore class advisor.

Most of us have enjoyed two years of Mrs. Hanson's companionship, and we assert that there are few teachers who are as capable of making students look forward to a class as she. Her ability as a coach and teacher make her an asset to Pemetie.

Edith C. Kennard, B. A.
English.

Home town: Bangor, Maine.

Was graduated from Bangor High School and the University of Maine.

Previously taught at Clinton, Hampden, and Strong, Maine.

Faculty Advisor for Commencement, and director of the Senior Play. Junior Class Advisor.

It takes stamina to control the spirited Juniors and to teach six classes of English. Miss Kennard has not only proved her worth in this respect but also as a grand friend to all of us.

Ralph H. Long, B. S.

Algebra, math, and radio code.

Home town: Southwest Harbor, Maine.

Was graduated from Waltham High School, Waltham, Mass., and Bates College. Prepared at Harvard and Boston University.

Previously taught at Pemetie in 1934.

Coach of Softball League.

Although he is a late comer to Pemetie, Mr. Long has already impressed us with his jovial nature. We never get tired of hearing his numerous jokes and stories about Australia.

Adelaide L. Newcomb, B. S.

Home Economics.

Home town: Norway, Maine.

Prepared at Norway High School and Farmington State Normal School.

Girls' Basketball coach and eighth grade advisor.

Miss Newcomb is ever-ready to help us make costumes and prepare refreshments whenever they may be needed. She always has a smile and pleasant greeting for everyone.

Marion R. Waterman.

Commercial.

Home town: Auburn, Maine.

Was graduated from Edward Little High School and Auburn Maine School of Commerce.

She came to Pemetie in 1941.

Advisor of Student Council, The Pemetie, The Pow Wow, The 1944 Jamboree, The Outing Club, The Corridor Wardens, and The Senior Class advisor.

Here's one of the busiest members on the faculty. She's always willing to lend a hand when there's any work or play to be done. With her aid we have accomplished much.

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

(Continued from Page 10)

We have all taken our turn at making sandwiches at recess time. In December we put on a baked bean supper at the Odd Fellows Hall which proved to be a complete success.

With the Juniors we produced the 1944 Jamboree of which Tommy Newman was one of the Masters of Ceremonies. Lyle Frost and Perry Lawson also had major parts.

In the Curtis Magazine Drive, Pauline

Thurston was the girls' captain and Tommy Newman was the general manager.

The class parts were announced in assembly and they are as follows: Elsie Reed, Valetorian; Alberta Hodgdon, Salutatorian; Barbara Lawson, Class History; and Pauline Thurston, Address to Undergraduates. Others who received class parts are Virginia McIntire, Lyle Frost, and Charlotte Sawyer, Prophecy; Dorothy Stanley, and Tommy Newman, Presentation of class gifts; and Louise Hodgdon, Class Will.

One more class outing was held and that was a Hare and Hound Chase led by four members of our class. Fifteen eager and energetic people started out following the trail of crepe paper. Finally, after three hours of trudging we found our last streamer, tied on the Elmwood Cafe door. There set our leaders in the middle of a delicious steak supper. The evening was spent by a class trip to the movies.

Lyle Frost is the only senior to be a charter member of the newly organized Outing Club.

The last few weeks were busy ones spent in making plans for graduation and also in numerous class outings. We were all looking forward eagerly toward graduation but it is with reluctance that we must say farewell to our fellow students, our teachers, and our school.

DOROTHY STANLEY, '44

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

(Continued from Page 11)

This year when school opened there were empty spots in our class. Bob Hamlin, Wesley Reed, and Henry Bickford have given up school to join the armed forces.

The junior year is notoriously the busiest year in high school, and this energetic class has been busier than the busiest. There were few school activities that did not have a junior participating.

Carolyn Webster, Pauline Krebs, Alice Carpenter, Bob Mills, Bob Bartlett, and Doug Norwood had parts in "Growing Pains". Doug Norwood, Elsie Robinson, and Pauline Krebs later took part in the senior play, "Spring Fever".

Juniors, Benny Noyes, Leonard Mayo and Bob Mills, were active members of the Basketball team.

The following juniors acted as Corridor Wardens: Benny Noyes, Natalie Reed, Doug Norwood, Carolyn Webster and Pauline Krebs.

Doug Norwood is Vice-President of the Student Council.

Pauline Krebs and Carolyn Webster won first prize as co-writers of a school song.

Juniors also competed in the Ping Pong Tournament. Pauline Krebs was declared the girl champion of Pemetic.

The War Stamp Committee consisted of Elsie Robinson, Doug Norwood, and Bob Mills.

The Prize Speaking contest was won by Pauline Krebs. Carolyn Webster received the third award. Joe Lawlor, Elsie Robinson, and Natalie Reed also spoke in the finals.

The juniors also were active as a class. They started the year with a moonlight hayride, followed it almost immediately with a gala banquet at the R. & H. Lunch, followed this with a skating party, and finished the year with another hayride and a multitude of picnics.

In April the Juniors and Seniors collaborated to produce a Junior-Senior Jamboree, which proved to be a great success.

The whole class extends its appreciation to Miss Kennard for her cooperation and encouragement. Her efforts have been tireless, and her help invaluable.

The following are charter members of the OOP Club: Jackie Howell, Bobby Mills, Elsie Robinson, Pauline Krebs, Carolyn Webster, and Bob Bartlett.

SENIOR STATISTICS

<i>Name</i>	<i>Noted For</i>	<i>Likes</i>	<i>By-word</i>	<i>Age</i>	<i>Pastime</i>	<i>Advice</i>
Geraldine	Staying out late	Dancing	Oh, my gosh!	Just right	Listening to radios	Take a trip to Indiana
William	Speaking ability	Something sweet	By George!	Thoughtful	Listening to music	Be a professor
Lyle	Making eyes	A Junior	Is that right	Sleepy	Fishing	Be a Lieutenant, A. A. C.
Alberta	Roller skating	"Dole" pineapple	Oh, heck, who cares?	Sweet 16	Driving a car	Get a Life Insurance
Louise	Blonde hair	"Law-son"	Ain't you awful!	School girl	Laughing	Be a Nurse
Mildred	Quietness	"Snow"	No, I haven't!	Diamond	Waiting for a phone call	Start a hope chest
Vivian	Good nature	Peaches	Are you kidding?	Gay	Teasing	Keep smiling
Barbara	Poetry	Lots	Joy, Joy!	Grown-up	Entertaining Eddie	Love 'em and leave 'em
Perry	Athletics	Arguing	Who do you think you are?	Woolfish	Listening to Dot's stories	Have a cool "skate" in the Summer
Virginia	Frankness	Blue eyes	For goodness sakes!	Reserved	Writing Letters	Don't be so serious
Tommy	Singing	Impersonating	Don't I love me!	Dizzy	Flirting	Go on the radio
Clarence	His grin	Blondes	Don't be foolish!	Draft	Sleeping	Watch that smile
Elsie	Studying	Dogs	My land!	Sensible	Cross-word puzzles	Don't study so much
Charlotte	Style	"Gals"	Be good!	Jivey	Being with "Gal"	Join the Navy
Connie	Oversleeping	Bill	I'm not fooling!	Jitterbug	Filling a hope chest	Be a good wife
Sheila	Talking	Air Mail letters	I'm serious!	Hectic	Teasing the boys	Grow up
Dot	Giggling	Married life	Oh, fubby dub!	Anniversary	Waiting for telegrams	Build your dream house
Pauline	Cooperation	Marines	My goodness	Date	Collecting medals	Control that blush
Betty	Always smiling	Brown eyes	Well!	Romantic	Being with Freddy	Make up your mind
Eugene	Blushing	Baseball	Hey, you!	Adolescence	Telling stories	Don't forget "a girl in every port".

THE 1944 FLEET

Admiral.....	Miss Waterman
Tugboat.....	Elsie Reed
Troop Transport.....	Clarence Pettigrove
Barge.....	Betty Tracy
Battleship.....	Virginia McIntire
Lifeboat.....	Tommy Newman
Submarine.....	William Farrar
Subchaser.....	Sheila Spurling
P. T. Boat.....	Connie Spurling
Aircraft Carrier.....	Pauline Thurston
Destroyer.....	Louise Hodgdon
Cruiser.....	Alberta Hodgdon
Destroyer Escort.....	Perry Lawson
Mine Sweeper.....	Lyle Frost
Y. P. Boat.....	Charlotte Sawyer
Freighter.....	Mildred Hutchins
Picketboat.....	Geraldine Dalzell
Cutter.....	Dorothy Stanley
Buoy Tender.....	Barbara Lawson
Gun Boat.....	Eugene Walls
Mine Layer.....	Vivian Johnson

FALL RAIN

The lightning flashed, and the thunderbolts roared,
The rain clattered down on the cabin board,
The squirrels and the rabbits, deer and quail
Sought shelter from the oncoming hail.

A scratch at the door, and what do you think!
A rabbit dashed in; her eyes all a-blink.
And under the tree, just outside the house
Huddled three little fawns, still as a mouse.

The clashing rain stopped; the sun beamed again.
The animals scurried away from men.
And from the barnyard came Chanticleer's call.
This is our picture of rain in the fall.

ELSIE REED, '44

His wife determined to cure him of his bad ways, and with the aid of a sheet and an electric torch transformed herself into a fair imitation of a ghost. Then she went to the drunkard and shook him.

"Whash that?" murmured the toper.

"Saten," came the reply in a sepulchral tone.

"Shake handsh, old horsh. I married your sister."

SENIOR INITIALS

What They Stand For

- S. M. S.—Sheila Misses (her) Sailor.
- G. A. D.—Gerry Adores Dancing.
- D. P. S.—Dot Prattles Steadily.
- P. M. T.—Pauline Misses Tommy.
- E. D. J. T.—Elizabeth Does Jus T right.
- G. E. W.—Gene Eyes Women.
- W. J. F.—William Jokes Freely.
- R. L. F.—Robinson (is) Lyle's Fancy.
- V. H. M.—Virginia Has Many (friends).
- M. R. H.—Millie Rates High.
- T. H. N.—Tommy Hurries (to) Norwood's Cove.
- A. E. H.—Alberta Eagerly Helps.
- L. E. W.—Louise Enjoys Hiking.
- V. I. J.—Vivian Is Jolly.
- B. E. L.—Barbara Easily Laughs.
- P. L. L.—Perry Likes Ladies.
- C. B. P.—Clarence Babies (his) Pipe.
- E. V. R.—Elsie Volunteers Readily.
- C. L. S.—Connie Loves (to) Sleep.
- C. C. S.—Charlotte (is) Claimed (by a) Sailor.

Bob Bartlett: "Didn't you say that if I got sort of sociable to the judge, that he'd fix matters up for me?"

Lyle Frost: "Sure—how did he react?"

Bob B.: "Yes—he reacted all right. I said 'Good morning, Judge—how's the old boy today?'"

Lyle F.: "Didn't he take kindly to that?"

Bob B.: "Why, the old codger said, 'Fine, ten dollars!'"

As the two lads had been with him for quite a while, the captain of the British sailing ship thought it was time one at least was promoted.

So he called up the one he thought the smarter and began putting some questions to him.

"Where's the mizzenmast?" he asked presently.

"Dunno, sir!" was the reply. "How long has it been mizzen?"

AWARDS

Athletic Medal

Agnes Robinson '42	Southwest Harbor
Francis Stanley '42	Southwest Harbor
Edward Bowden '43	Southwest Harbor

Activity Medal

Peter Benson '42	Seawall
Peter Benson '43	Seawall

Alumni Award

Agnes Robinson '42	Southwest Harbor
Peter Benson '43	Seawall

Junior Scholarship

Phyllis Roberts '42	Southwest Harbor
Philip Gilley '42	Southwest Harbor
Barbara Somes '42	Southwest Harbor
Tommy Newman '43	Seawall
Beatrice Miller '43	McKinley
Elsie Reed '43	McKinley

Winners of Lurvey Medal

Lewis Gray '24	Seal Cove
Henry Wass '25	Southwest Harbor
Kenneth Lord '27	Southwest Harbor
Harry Bunker '26	Sultons
Idabelle Worcester '28	Southwest Harbor
Carolyn Gott '30	Southwest Harbor
Rachel Carroll '31	Southwest Harbor
Olive Jordan '32	Southwest Harbor
Mildred Nice '33	McKinley
Russell White '34	Southwest Harbor
John Rich '35	Bernard
Edward Higgins '36	Bernard
Harold Rich '37	Bernard
Richard Black '38	McKinley
Arthur Kittredge '39	Tremont
Hobart Reed '40	McKinley
Marilyn Benson '41	Bernard
Clayton Reed '42	McKinley
Philip Gilley '43	Southwest Harbor

Junior Prize Speaking Winners

Ruthetis Morrill '41	Southwest Harbor
Dorothy Robinson '42	Southwest Harbor
Pauline Krebs '43	Seawall
Pauline Krebs '44	Seawall

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The "Boreas", Bingham High School, Bingham, Maine.

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 Malcolm Stanley, Army, Overseas.

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 Harold Rich, Navy, Overseas.
 Malcolm Bennett, Army, Gulf Field, Mississippi.
 Harvey Sawyer, Coast Guard, Portsmouth, New Hampshire.
 Harold Worcester, Navy, Virginia.

Class of '38

Zelma Boynton, Marine Corps, California.
 Ben Hamblen, Southwest Harbor, Maine, Honorable Discharge.
 Nina Stanley, WAC.
 Hershell Leighton, Army.
 James Wooster, Navy, Overseas.
 Theodore Closson, Army, Hawaii.
 Jack Bennett, Army, California.
 Hershell Norwood, Army, England.

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David Harding, New York.
 Harry Gordius, Army, Williams Field, Arizona.
 Leon Hamblen, Army, England.
 Morrill Bergeron, Army, Overseas.
 Charles Sawyer, Army, Hawaii.
 Conley Worcester, Army, Texas.
 Stanwood Hamblen, Coast Guard, California.
 William Harding, Camp Murphy, Florida.

Class of '40

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 Foster Sullivan, Navy, New York.
 Fredrick Berry, Army, Fort Bragg, North Carolina.
 Charles Bennett, Army, Overseas.
 Edward Holmes, Army, South Carolina.
 Carl Hardy, Jr., Army, New Jersey.
 Nahaum Kelly, Navy, Bar Harbor, Maine.

Crosby Mills, Army, Pacific.
 Hobart Reed, Army, Georgia.
 Bradford Sawyer, Army, Overseas.
 Wilbur Seavey, Army, Overseas.
 Emery Smith, Army, California.
 Robert Soukup, Navy, Overseas.
 Frank Gilley, Army, Maryland.
 Victor Dam, Army, Overseas.

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 Maurice Robinson, Army, Salmon Field, Louisiana.
 Shirley Phippen, Army, Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

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 Arthur Reed, Navy, Norfolk, Virginia.
 Perley Stanley, Merchant Marines, Overseas.

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 Loren Allen, Army, England.
 Peter Benson, Army, New York.
 William Dornfield, Navy, Overseas.
 Philip Gilley, Jr., Navy, Willowbrook, Penn.
 Edward Lewis, Marines, Overseas—Pacific.
 Winston Stewart, Army, Nashville, Tenn.
 Edward Bowden, Army, New York.
 Donald Worcester, Army, New York.
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 Eleanor Goodwin, Mrs. Russell Murphy, McKinley, Maine.
 Elizabeth Hamblen, Bernard, Maine.
 June Hamblen, Southwest Harbor, Maine.
 Hilda Pomroy, Mrs. Howard Merchant, Jr., West Tremont, Maine.
 Mary Richardson, Mrs. Bradford Wilcox, Southwest Harbor, Maine.
 Phyllis Roberts, New England Deaconess Hospital, Boston, Mass.
 Dorothy Robinson, New England Deaconess Hospital, Boston, Mass.

Zelma Sawyer, Worcester, Mass.
 Olive Seavey, Mrs. Gerald Hubbs, Bernard, Maine.
 Barbara Somes, New England Deaconess Hospital,
 Boston, Mass.
 Maxine Stanley, Mrs. Howard Blanchette, Manset,
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 Audrey Whitmore, Farmington State Normal School,
 Farmington, Maine.

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 Inez Lawson, Machias Normal School, Machias,
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 Barbara Pettigrove, Bernard, Maine.
 Clayton Reed, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.
 Agnes Robinson, Farmington Normal School,
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 Francis Stanley, Portland, Maine.
 Doramay Terry, Married, Portland, Maine.
 Ruby Wood, Connecticut.
 Nathan Walls, California.

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Marilyn Benson, Mrs. Bowden Marshall, Kansas
 City, Mo.
 Ronald Burgess, Married, Southwest Harbor, Maine.
 Russell Dolliver, Married, Manset, Maine.
 Lucy Hutchins, Gardiner, Maine.
 Ava Maria Jones, Boston, Mass.
 Barbara Kelley, Farmington Normal School,
 Farmington, Maine.
 Isabelle Lawson, Mrs. Raymond Forand, Seal Cove,
 Maine.
 Rachel Lawton, Mrs. Kingsley Cunio, Manset,
 Maine.
 Ruthedis Morrill, Manset, Maine.
 Bernice Morse, Portland, Maine
 Celeste Reynolds, Mrs. James Harkins, Manset,
 Maine.
 Lucie Robinson, Florida.
 Elaine Rumill, Washington, D. C.
 Claire Vincent, Maryland.
 Leslie White, Married, Connecticut.

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 Avis Bounton, Portland, Maine.
 Audrey Mayo, Southwest Harbor, Maine.
 Donna Bickford, New York.

Annable Dam, Mrs. Conley Worcester, Texas.
 Dorothy Gott, Mrs. Robert Hendricks, West Tremont,
 Maine.
 Onnolee Gott, Mrs. Earnest Campbell.
 Priscilla Thurston, Portland, Maine.
 Virginia Roberts, teaching, Stratton.
 Charlotte Stanley, Mrs. Clayton Black, Camden,
 Maine.
 Frida Young, Mrs. Jack Dougherty, Bangor, Maine.

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 Ohio.
 Prudence Benson, Mrs. Elmer Beal, Southwest
 Harbor, Maine.
 Eloise Hodgdon, Mrs. Miles McIntire, Jr., West
 Tremont, Maine.
 Arthur Kitteredge, Westerly, Rhode Island.
 Rosemary Lawlor, teaching at Islesford, Maine.
 Alecha Leonard, Portland, Maine.
 Mildred Phillips, Mrs. Frank Chalmers, Portland,
 Maine.
 Mary Bennett, Mrs. Lionil Madore, Southwest
 Harbor, Maine.
 Paul Robinson, married, Southwest Harbor, Maine.
 Francis Chalmers, married, Portland, Maine.
 Barbara Dolliver, Seawall, Maine.
 Enola Gilley, Portland, Maine.
 Virginia Webster, West Tremont, Maine.
 Mary Lou White, Maine General Hospital, Portland,
 Maine.

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 Ida White, Mrs. Boynton Stanley, Southwest
 Harbor, Maine.
 Eleanor Mayo, New York.
 Phyllis Seavey, Mrs. Paul Beal, Ellsworth, Maine.
 Barbara Latty, Mrs. Charles Sawyer, Jr., McKinley,
 Maine.
 Mary Wallace, Mrs. Lawrence McKee, Connecticut.
 Mildred Roberts, teaching, Oakland.
 Faith Whitmore, Mrs. Ralph Ramsdell, Southwest
 Harbor, Maine.
 Helen Crocker, Connecticut.
 Charlotte Turner, Mrs. Harvey Sawyer, Bernard,
 Maine.
 Richard Black, McKinley, Maine.

Class of '37

Girland Robinson, married, Connecticut.
 Muriel Foss, married, Bath, Maine.
 Sally Phumphery, Mrs. Elmer Orcutt, Florida.
 Pauline White, Southwest Harbor, Maine.
 Charlotte Stanley, teaching in Monhegan, Maine.
 Alton Lewis, married, Randolph, Mass.

Leola Gott, Manchester, Conn.
 Rhoda Murphy, Mrs. Richard Hamor, Town Hill, Maine.
 Ruth Bulger, Mrs. Howard Flewelling, Manset, Maine.
 Lissie Hamblen, Mrs. Robert Mallinson, Bernard, Maine.
 Helena Gott, Mrs. John Higgins, Bar Harbor, Maine.
 Elizabeth Gray, Mrs. Clayton Holt, West Tremont, Maine.

Class of '36

Jimmie Dolliver, California.
 Vera Beal, Mrs. Maurice Rich, McKinley, Maine.
 Cecil Dorr, married, Southwest Harbor, Maine.
 Clinton Foss, in the Service.
 Francis Gray, teaching in Portland, Maine.
 Robert Hall, Bangor, Maine.
 Edwin Hamblen, married, Bernard, Maine.
 Wilber Hamblen, married, Northeast Harbor, Maine.
 Luther Herrick, Hartford, Conn.
 Edward Higgins, married, Massachusetts.
 Royce Jordan, married, Southwest Harbor, Maine.
 Carolyn Hodgdon, Mrs. Calvin Dolliver, Manset, Maine.
 Clark Lawton, married, Southwest Harbor, Maine.
 Priscilla Mitchell, Mrs. Joseph Trafton, Southwest Harbor, Maine.
 Celestis Leonard, Mrs. William Mordaunt, Portland, Maine.
 Marion Norwood, Mrs. Merrill Mordaunt, Gardiner, Maine.
 Andrew Parker, married, Manset, Maine.
 Cecil Reed, married, New Britain, Conn.
 George Sawyer, married, Bernard, Maine.
 Norma Stanley, Mrs. Wilfred Bunker, Cranberry Isle, Maine.
 Marjorie White, Mrs. Irvin Farritt, Southwest Harbor, Maine.

CHUCKLES

There was a terrible crash as the train struck the car. A few seconds later, Mr. and Mrs. crawled out of the wreckage. Mrs. opened her mouth to say something, but her husband stopped her.

"Don't say a word," he snapped. "I got my end of the car across. You were driving the back seat and if you let it get hit, it's no fault of mine."

Bill: "Speaking of facial characteristics, do you know that I was once taken for President Roosevelt?"

Will: "And a man once mistook me for the Kaiser."

Bob: "That's nothing; a few weeks ago an old school chum of mine stepped up to me on the street and remarked, 'Holy Moses, is that you?'"

We have just learned of a teacher who started out poor twenty years ago, and retired with a comfortable sum of \$50,000. This was acquired through industry, economy, effort, perseverance, and the death of an uncle who left her an estate valued at \$48,999.37.

"Did any man ever kiss you before I did?" Tom asked.

"Yes, dear."

"Tell me his name, that I may thrash him."

"I'm afraid, dear, that he would be too many for you."

Mr. Ronco: "The sausages you sent me were meat at one end and bread crumbs at the other."

Butcher: "Quite so, sir. In these hard times it is very difficult to make both ends meat."

Joe Lawlor, drinking chocolate milk during recess: "Well, Bob, the milk today came from a brown cow."

Bob Bartlett, half asleep: "Huh! Oh! I thought it came from Clark."

In U. S. History Class:

Mrs. Hanson: "We will now study about the war between Mexas and Texaco."

Miss Waterman: How are you progressing with your typing lessons?

Charlene Dow: Wonderful. I can make twenty-two mistakes a minute.

Barber: Will you have anything on your face after I've finished shaving you, sir?

Mr. Bowden: It doesn't seem likely.

A Harvard lad was showing a young visitor from the R. A. F. the sights of Boston. The tour included, of course, the Bunker Hill Monument. "This is where Warren fell, you know," he explained. The English flier shaded his eyes and looked up to the top of the monument, "Nasty drop. Killed him, I take it."

A Tennessee Society lady's daily routine was rudely interrupted recently by army maneuvers. As her car approached a bridge that she crossed twice a day from and to her home, she was halted by a sentry. "You can't drive across this bridge, lady," he said firmly. "It has just been blown up."

The lady looked at the untouched bridge and then at the sentry, shrugged her shoulders in despair, and got out of her car to mull over the situation. At this point another soldier came into view. "Officer," she inquired, "can you tell me one reason why I can't drive my car over this bridge?"

"Lady," he answered soberly, "I can't tell you anything at all. I have been dead for three days."

Archibald Percival Reginald Earl decided one evening to call on his girl.

Together they talked of their "kith and their kin."

He said, "May I kith you," and she said, "You kin."

Bob Mills was hurrying to school, and as he hurried he prayed, "Dear God, don't let me be late—please, God, don't let me be late."

Just then as he ran he stumbled, and exclaimed, "Well, you don't need to shove!"

"And do you know anything about religion?" queried the missionary.

"Well, we got a little taste of it when the last missionary was here," replied the cannibal chieftain.

"For beating your wife, I will fine you \$1.10," said the judge.

"I don't object to the dollar," said the prisoner, "but what is the 10 cents for?"

"That," said the judge, "is the Federal tax on amusements."

Elwell Trundy: "There is \$10 gone from my cash drawer, Merle; "You and I were the only people who had the keys to that drawer."

Merle Reed: "Well, s'pose we each pay \$5 and say no more about it."

Bob Mills was reading the following sentence in English class: "Mr. Vinselburg, Mr. Schimmler, Mr. Schmaltz and Mr. Heindrigburg met at the home of Mr. Schaltzenheimeo to discuss a campaign for new members."

Bob stumbled to Schaltzenheimer then blurted out, "A Bund meeting!"

Miss Newcomb: Why is it that a black cow gives white milk which makes yellow butter?

Helen Woods: Probably for the same reason that blackberries are red when they are green.

What with the price of eggs going up, we weren't at all surprised to hear a young mother at the market say: "Joe, you carry the baby and let me have the eggs. You might drop them."

Bob Mills: "Did you go to the post office?"

Miss Kennard: "Yes."

B. Mills: "Will you mail this letter for me?"

Mr. Ronco: Scientists say that mosquitoes weep. Is that true?

Mary G.: It's possible. I've seen a moth ball.

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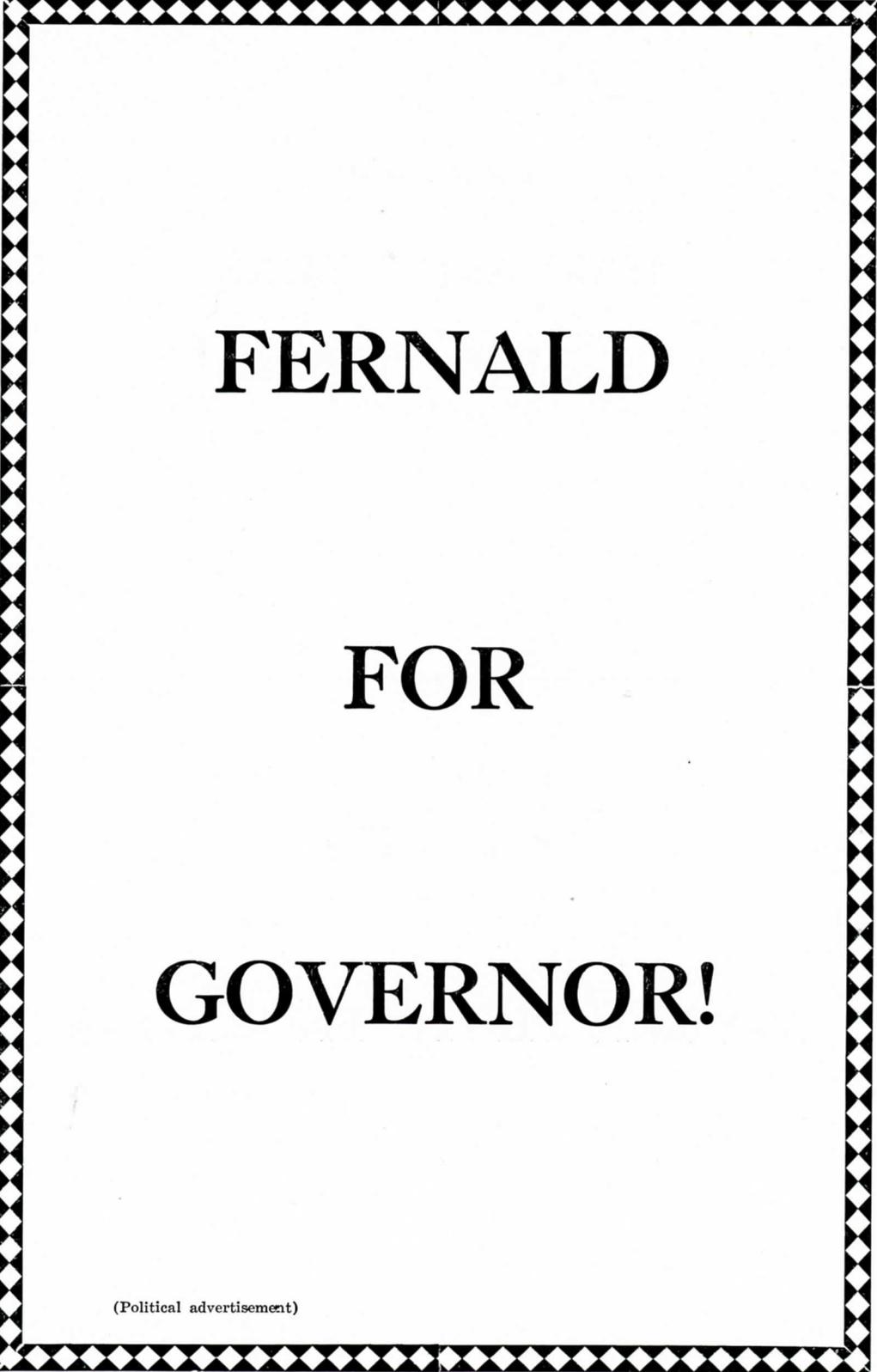
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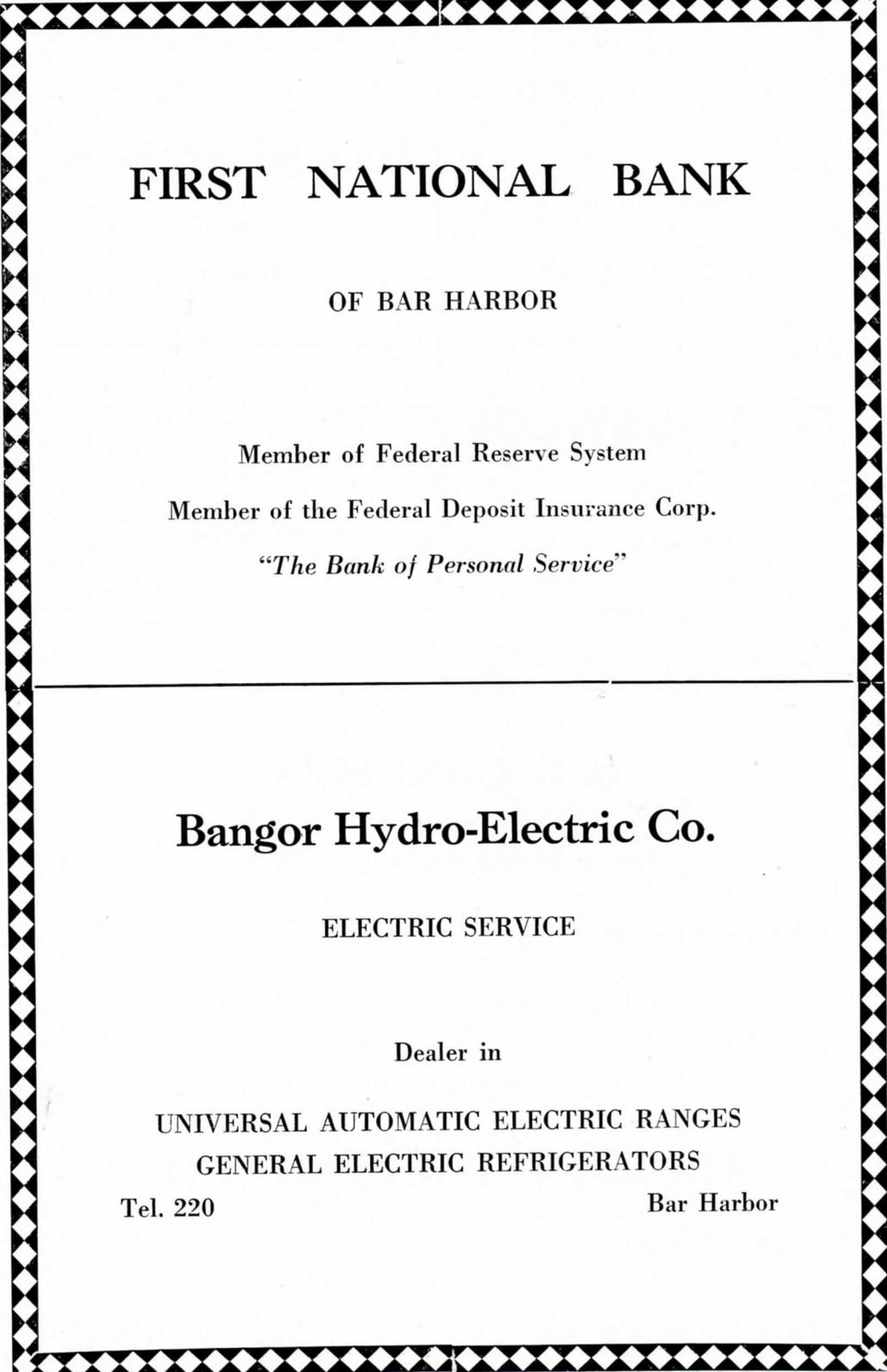
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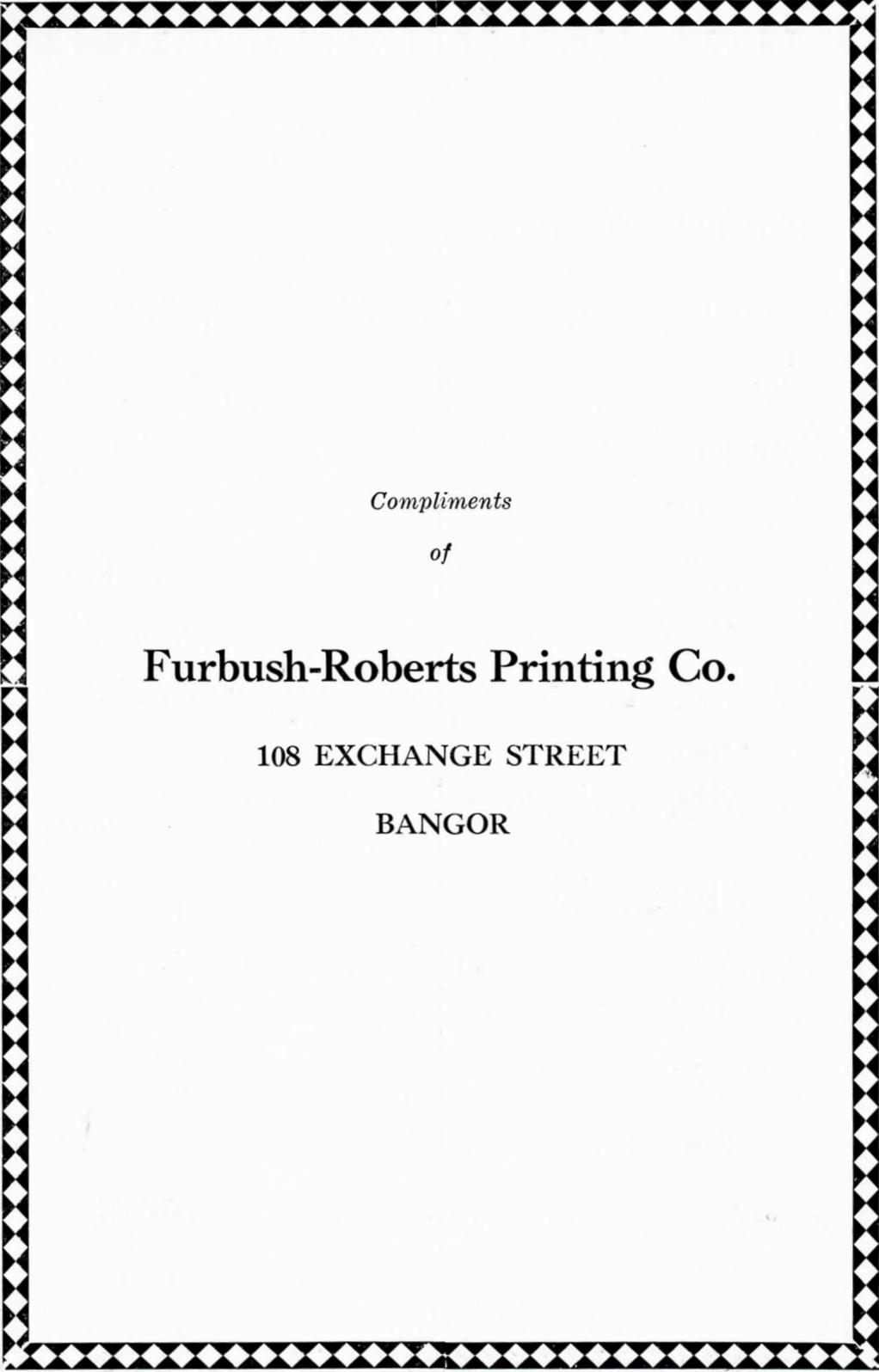
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