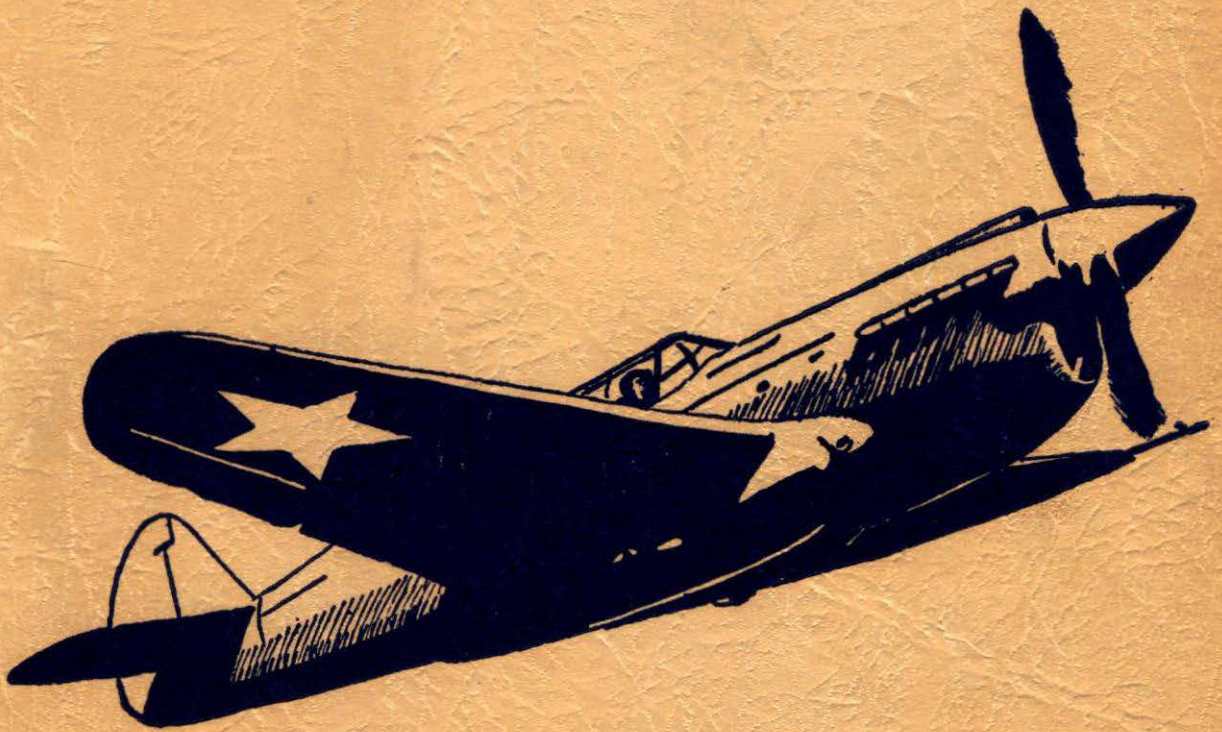


The Year Book
of
Chelmsford High School



1944

Sallie (Swallow) Delmar

Class
"43"

THE YEAR BOOK
OF
1944



Edited by the Students of
Chelmsford High School

To our former teacher and friend

Captain Donald Herbert Fogg

We dedicate our year book

In this world of confusion, perplexities, and disillusionment, we are not privileged to meet many thoroughly sincere and conscientious people. We fortunately have known such a one in Captain Fogg. He had a warm and human quality of homeliness and closeness to his native soil, a sensitivity to fine feelings, a genuine devotion to whatever was honorable and righteous, and like all ingenuous and modest souls, a candid belief in the goodness of God's world and of his fellowmen. While we can think of no one who would have been less attracted by the glamour of soldiery, neither can we think of anyone who would have marched more steadfastly at the call of duty into the face of the worst that war can conjure up.

The memory of such a man warms and comforts us. We observed him travel on life's common way among us, and we know that when the adventure of life led him into strange countries and incredible situations, and ultimately into the Valley, he still walked in serene and cheerful godliness.



CAPTAIN DONALD HERBERT FOGG, U. S. A.

(This letter was one of the last letters written by Captain Fogg to his wife, Mrs. Donald Fogg.)

March 19, 1943

Dearest,

I discover that there is a possibility that mail will go out at least to Service Company and maybe further if I just write it so I thought you'd be interested to hear from me. The radio to which a couple of my boys have listened is supposed to have announced in America where we are—the First Division—and I suppose you are imagining the strangest things. Really, it was a beautiful maneuver and sore feet was the most serious complaint of anyone. And it did rain just afterwards.

We find ourselves near a town which is definitely an oasis in the desert—terminus of camel caravans and with all the romance of the ancient East. The only trouble is that the caravan business "ain't so good" now, and there are lots of camels looking for work and they crop up in the strangest places. As you round a bend in a mountain gorge, you may find a tuft of grass, and over it, stretching eight or ten feet off the ground is a spindle legged specimen with his long nose in the middle of it. He can't do anything really fast, but he manages to lift his head and coil up four feet of neck and fix you with that suspicious grin that is exclusively a part of the camel family picture. His nose is up and his bug-like huge eyes are sticking out on the corners of his head. I remarked to Lt. Mosbacher that if I ever went out in my back yard at home and saw such an apparition, I would know that I was going crazy—or had delved too deeply into the cider barrel. I have described only the head. The rest of the beast looks like a horrible mistake.

I was in the midst of the usual letter when suddenly told to get ready to move—an occurrence that is becoming altogether too frequent on these moonlit nights. And so into battle.

I am going to put in a pen picture of the thing because it was so weird and unreal. Since my pen is dry (like everything else here) I will have to call it a pencil picture and let it go at that.

We moved up to the line of departure during the night as reserve battalion and parked in a somewhat dry river bed. At about 7:30 A.M. we were instructed to lead the battalion to a new reserve position further forward behind some hills. So we moved forward well spread out and began to get fire (small cannon and rifle) from the front where nothing was supposed to be. It was too far to answer with any degree of accuracy, so "galloping L" went into a battle formation and went on. Before we got within a thousand yards, the white flag went up and the three battalions closed in on about 700 Italians.

We pushed them off to the rear and continued forward. There was some confusion, but next night found the whole and the third battalion on a high hill overlooking a wide long plain. High hills rose sheer on either side of the valley and there was a little vegetation trying to get a foothold here and there throughout the valley. Occasionally shells would come over just to keep us alert to the fact that the desert waste out front was inhabited, and as the light faded, I could see flashes from guns skilfully hidden in the transverse draws way down the valley. The job of digging holes, feeding, and so forth took up most of the night, and toward morning it was apparent from noises in the plain that something was up. Motors moved in the valley and funny noises hard to make out could be heard. Regt. sent word that a reconnaissance

unit was going down but that wasn't complete reconnaissance. At 5:00 A.M. shelling started apparently between tanks in the valley, and beautiful streams of white and pink tracer bullets dashed across the landscape. After awhile this ceased, but before daylight I was in my hastily constructed observation post with my trusty field glasses and telephone—also rifle and ammunition.

As the curtain of smoke and fog rose in the valley, a sight met my eyes such as is met by few eyes in the world today—a complete panzer division prepared to attack, at least that much. They were lined practically bumper to bumper the length of the road and moving into individual assembly groups on the plain. For some reason our artillery didn't develop this most beautiful of targets, possibly to avoid obscuring it till they found the combat vehicles—tanks, etc., and they milled around out there in the most orderly fashion imaginable. You could pick out captured American jeeps and half tracks, white desert half tracks marked 2, 3, 4, and 6, German tanks and some of American make—all dashing into little packs preparatory to attacking. Then artillery came. An artillery officer jammed himself and telephone in beside me and started directing the fire of his cannon. My mortars started looking for targets—they expended (profitably I believe) about five hundred rounds.

Then the attack started. To the tune of heavy shelling around half tracks climbed the hills into our positions and discharged their load of men. This took us by surprise but not entirely. My own position was not touched, but the next company had a hand to hand battle with hand and rifle grenades and managed to burn up eight half tracks and defeat the attack. Meantime the tanks were maneuvering around and suddenly all extraneous vehicles pulled out. Sitting in the middle of the plain were something like two hundred tanks in groups. And those groups sat there all day as though crippled. Repair tanks came up to some and repaired and towed away tanks right in artillery range and with shells falling around. At 4:00 P.M. planes came down over our artillery. As the last plane dropped its bombs, it let loose a siren with a weird note and from one of the tanks came a flare and the whole plane started to move. Tanks started to come in and infantry sprouted all over the plain. They moved in, in a line at our flank—again missing L Co. in their attempt. A diversionary attack on the other flank did succeed a little, but some of the most vicious shelling I have ever seen actually blew those soldiers off the map, knocked out tanks and frustrated the attack. When darkness set in the thing quieted down, and by daylight the following morning there were no Germans in front of us. Now we're wondering if they are ever coming back. At present the chief irritating factor is sand, and the sun is beginning to get pretty savage. But the thing I want most is a good bath, clean clothes, a house to sleep in with a bed—and maybe a nice long ocean voyage. But everything is all right and we are doing our job. I suppose it is foolish to hope to come back till it is over. Too much to be done here.

I suppose it's just nice and warm with little showers, birds singing, grass growing, some mud, and cheery little voices playing in the back yard by now.

Keep going, Julia. You have a lot of work to do and quite a responsibility, but you have no idea how much pleasanter it is right there at home than any place else you could be—particularly North Africa.

Give my love to the children and tell them I'm proud they are so good to their mama.

Love,

DON

Military Record

Captain Donald Herbert Fogg

COMPANY "L" 18th INFANTRY
FIRST DIVISION, U. S. ARMY

- | | | |
|--------------|---------|--|
| 1908 | Feb. 3 | Born in Orrington, Maine |
| 1931 | June | Received commission as 2nd Lieutenant in U. S. Army upon graduation from University of Maine |
| 1937 | | Received commission as 1st Lieutenant |
| 1937
1938 | | Staff Officer in C.C.C. Camps at Savoy, N. Y., and Fort Devens, Mass. |
| 1939 | | Commanding Officer of C.C.C. Camp at Belchertown, Mass. |
| 1941 | June | As a Reserve Officer, called into active service in the U. S. Army; assigned to the First Division, 18th Infantry, stationed at Fort Devens, Mass. |
| 1942 | May | Commissioned Captain and was in command of Co. "L" until the time of his death. |
| 1943 | April 5 | Cited for gallantry in action during the battle of El Guettar in North Africa. |

SILVER STAR

"For gallantry in action in North Africa. Capt. Fogg's brilliant leadership and fearless tactics under heavy enemy fire during an assault upon an enemy strong point resulted in numerous casualties to the enemy and the taking of several prisoners. His bold actions enabled the successful completion of his company's difficult mission."

PURPLE HEART

Awarded for Military Merit and for wounds received resulting in his death.

University of Maine—A.B. and M.A. Degrees

- | | | |
|------|----------|--|
| 1943 | April 23 | Died in North Africa at Mature. Buried at Beja.
Promotion to the rank of Major approved at the time of his death. |
|------|----------|--|

Mr. Fogg, former teacher, was reported "killed in action" after our last publication had gone to press.

NAVY DEPARTMENT
BUREAU OF NAVAL PERSONNEL
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.
19 FEBRUARY 1944

Ensign George Rollins Knightly

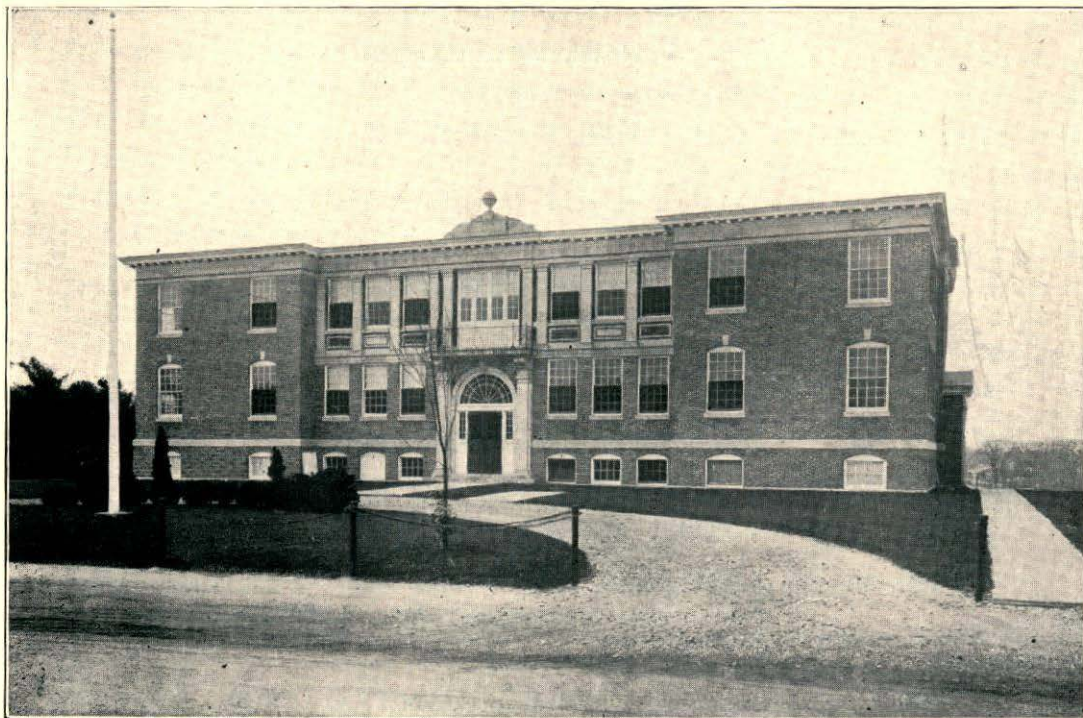
D-V (S), U. S. NAVAL RESERVE, ACTIVE

DECEASED

Re: Service of

-
- 1907 Apr. 15 Born in North Andover, Massachusetts.
- 1942 Aug. 11 Accepted appointment and executed oath of office as Ensign, D-V(P) in the U. S. Naval Reserve, to rank from 17 July 1942.
- Sept. 10 Reported to the Naval Training Station, Local Defense, South Boston, Mass. for temporary duty under instruction in armed guard duties.
- Oct. 3 Classification changed from D-V(P) to D-V(S).
- Oct. 3 Detached from the Naval Training Station, South Boston, Mass. and transferred to the Armed Guard School, Section Base, Little Creek, Virginia, for further temporary active duty under instruction.
- Oct. 29 Detached from the Armed Guard School, Section Base, Little Creek, Virginia and transferred to Armed Guard Center, Receiving Station, South Brooklyn, New York for active duty.
- American Area Campaign Medal.
PURPLE HEART
- Aurora College—A.B. Degree.
Harvard University
- Died: Presumptive 9 January 1944. Previously reported missing as of 8 January 1943. Officially reported to be missing in action as of 8 January 1943, having been a member of the Armed Guard and serving aboard the merchant vessel when that vessel was torpedoed and sunk off Dutch Guiana. In compliance with Section 5 of Public Law 490, as amended, death is presumed to have occurred on the 9th day of January, 1944.
- Place: Off Dutch Guiana—Atlantic area.
- Cause: Vessel torpedoed and sunk—Enemy Action.

Mr. Knightly, former teacher and coach, was reported "missing in action" at the time of our last publication.



CHELMSFORD HIGH SCHOOL

Chelmsford High School

*The pure, the beautiful, the bright
That stirred our hearts in youth;
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth,
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The striving after better hopes—
These things can never die!*

Selected—

Foreword

If ever the pupils of Chelmsford High School were graduated into a world of chaos, it is this group, the class of 1944, which will enter a world engaged in the most frightful debacle which history has ever recorded. Every nation in the world is plunged into war or is suffering the effects of war. People are enduring physical anguish and death, they are enduring the agony and concern for loved ones, they are even enduring mental conflict and uncertainty about the very issues for which they are sacrificing so much. Such confusion gives us to pause, as we come from the sheltered atmosphere of home and school. We feel the need of something to cling to, some constancy upon which to place our faith and our sure reliance.

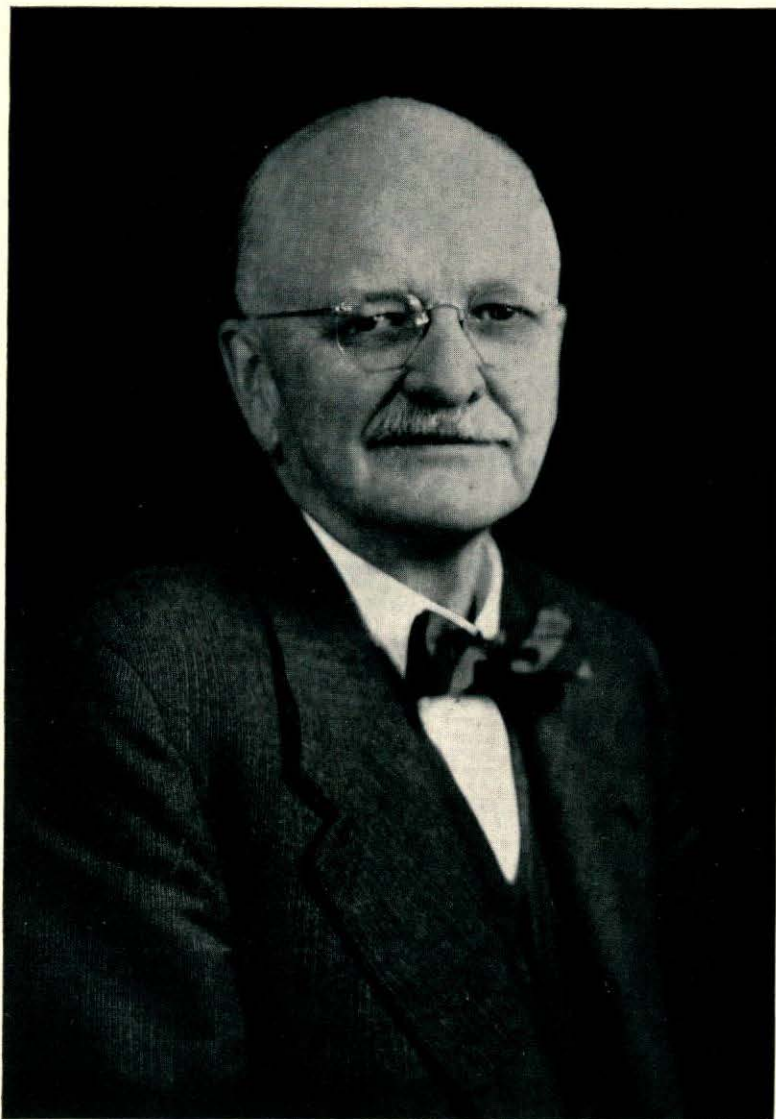
In recognition of our deep need, we, the class of 1944, have chosen for our motto, "God is our Co-pilot." We know that with this maxim there is hope, the hope that with God's guidance our lives may be complete and fruitful in His sight. The awful scourge of war, like all things earthly will pass away, and we would keep our eyes high on those shining things that cannot pass. If we turn to Him for pilotage, all vital principles of life, morals, and civilization will be based on the only solid and the only enduring foundation.

Students of Chelmsford High School:

It is hard to hold to humdrum tasks while the clamor of epoch-making war dins in our ears, to be content with daily duties oft performed while our former mates are journeying to the four quarters of the globe in new undertakings, to continue to walk while so many fly, to do the necessary tasks in the home or on the farm while the war industries play up their importance and call for help. And yet this home front is vitally important. To give meaning to this present conflict, to justify it in any measure, we must preserve intact the best in our American way of life and improve it as we may. To save America, to make life in America more secure and more happy for all, is the reason why our boys and girls are in uniform. We at home at our accustomed tasks have our part to play.

Students in secondary schools and colleges as never before are vital to America's well-being. They will furnish in the years immediately ahead a large part of the professional and industrial and administrative leadership. You are serving your country best in these years by remaining in school and by doing your best. In these strenuous days to sleep at your tasks or to go AWOL is a failure in patriotic duty. America calls on all youth, whether in uniform or in school, to give their best.

George S. Wright



GEORGE S. WRIGHT
Superintendent, Schools of Chelmsford

To Mr. Burns

*Appreciation is hard to express,
Its phrasing is clouded more or less,
But here's a grateful word or two
To pay in part our debt to you.*

*Whenever trouble dimmed our day,
Your guiding hand would show the way.
In work, and play, and every test
You've held us always to our best.*

Class of 1944



LUCIAN H. BURNS
Principal of Chelmsford High School

Life

The way of a plane is the way of life.
Through uncharted spaces it takes its way
In unavoidable, significant flight.
I, the pilot, control it—
I, guiding, judging, choosing,
I, sitting at the controls of this shining thing.
By the touch of my hand I give it purpose,
I give it speed, I give it direction.
I regulate its increasing tempo
From the first uncertain take-off
To the topmost peak of its ascendancy,
Remembering always that at power's peak
There still are limits.
Best judgment and my strongest thought I need.
Sometimes from my cockpit plain I see
The paths between which I must choose,
The one which leads to winning on the clear heights,
The other which leads to losing in the fog and rain.
Sometimes the way is lost,
And darkly clouded, I fly blind.
Let me learn humbly as I go,
Not expecting sudden mastery.
Let my boyhood lessons remain with me,
For all a man is, a youth once had.
Let me choose courage, choose vision, choose altitude,
As One who is timeless as flight itself once showed us,
Himself breathing the rarer air of the spheres,
Himself the path and the highway to Heaven.

ERNEST THURBER '44



The

Faculty

Faculty Honor Roll

We are proud to honor the members of our faculty who are in the service of our beloved country. It is our sincere hope that some day soon, God willing, we shall welcome them back to this school. Until then, let each pupil of Chelmsford High School resolve to do his best and be prepared to work for a just and lasting peace.



ENSIGN EARL J. WATT, U.S.N.R.

Destroyer Duty



ENSIGN GEORGE W. BOYCE, U.S.N.R.

Amphibious Forces
Executive Command



LIEUT. (I.G.) GERALD A. IVERS, U.S.N.R.

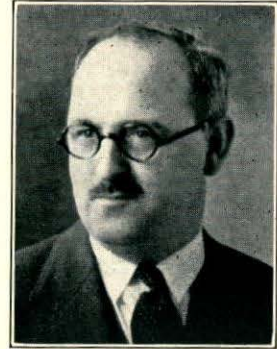
Port Inspector, Office of the Director of the
Port of New York



C. EDITH MCCARTHY, B.S.ED.
Vice Principal
Bookkeeping, Typewriting
Salem Teachers College



F. CHRISTINE BOOTH, A.B.
Latin, Mathematics
Colby College



PROCTER P. WILSON, S.B.
Sciences
Mass. Institute of Technology



DAISY B. MACBRAYNE
B.S. OF ED., A.B., A.M.
English
Boston University



ERNESTINE E. MAYNARD
B.S.ED.
Secretarial Subjects
Salem Teachers College



HELEN R. POLAND, A.B.
Science, Phys. Ed.
Boston University



RITA RYAN CORCORAN, A.B.
English, Phys. Ed.
Emmanuel College



MARY E. POLLARD, B.S.ED.,
M.C.S.
Typewriting, J.B.T.
Lowell Teachers College,
Boston University



CHARLOTTE S. CARRIEL, B.A.
English
Mount Holyoke College



ELEANOR M. DONAHOE, A.B.
English, Mathematics
Smith College



MILDRED M. HEHIR, A.B.
French, Geography
Regis College



MARJORIE B. SCOBORIA
A.B., A.M.
Mathematics, Aeronautics
Wellesley College,
Radcliffe College



JOHN J. SHANNON
Clark University, A.B., A.M.
History,
Baseball



MILDRED W. HILYARD, A.B.
Social Studies, Mathematics
Boston University



M. MARION ADAMS
Supervisor of Music
Lowell Teachers College
Institute of Music Pedagogy



CHRISTINA N. SIMPSON, R.N.
School Nurse
Lowell General Hospital
New York Polyclinic



EDWARD J. SCHULTE
Director of Physical Education
Harvard Summer School,
Springfield College
Summer School



BERNIE LARKIN
Musical Director



Board of Editors

This volume of the Year Book is offered to you with the sincere wish that it will ever be a reminder of the happy days spent in Chelmsford High School. We have enjoyed our work as members of the staff and are most grateful to our advisers for their generous and able assistance in making it a success.

Seniors

Bernard Clark
Mary Coppen
Richard Delmore

Barbara Delorey
Robert Michaud
Eleanor Mochrie
Dorothea Wrigley

Louise Morris
Edward Morse
Arthur Pratt

Juniors

William Barton
William Bellegrade
Jean Bettencourt

Philip Campbell
Leonard Colwell
Louis Croft
Robert Yates

Robert Harmon
Carol Shawcross
Kenton Wells

Literary advisers—Charlotte S. Carriel Eleanor M. Donahoe

Business Adviser—C. Edith McCarthy



The
Seniors



ERNEST ROLAND THURBER

"Bananas"

Graduation Speaker

Class President; Class Marshall '43; Baseball '42, '44; Football '43; Basketball '43; A. A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Slide Rule Club '42, '43; Chemistry Club '42, '43; Stunt Night '40; Inter-class Basketball '42.

"The importance of being earnest."

The scholar—"the gum chewing boy"—three star athlete—enjoys out-door life—period four whiz (?)—ever changeable heart—filling station attendant—that one wave—shoulders—prominent place in the sun.



BERNARD JOHN CLARK

"Buzz"

Class Vice President; Class President '42; Chemistry Club '43; A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Football '41, '42, Co-captain '43; Baseball '41, '44; Basketball '43; Year Book Staff '43, Inter-class Basketball '40, '41; Class Ring Committee.

"Take me out to the ball game!"

Three letter athlete—the trick shoulder—never misses a long shot in basketball—possesses a silly laugh—temperamental—Mary is a grand old name—sleeps in the movies—future mayor of North.



LILLIAN EVELYN COOKE

"Cookie"

Class Secretary; A.A. Board Vice Pres. '43; A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Cheerleader '41, '42, Captain '43; Senior Prom Committee; Senior Dance Committee, Chairman; Booster Day Dance Committee, Chairman; Dramatic Club '40; Dancing Class '40; Operetta '40; Slide Rule Club, Sec. '42, '43; Chemistry Club '42, '43; Reception Usher '43; Dramatic Club Show '40; Stunt Night Committee '40; Class Ring Committee.

"The world is my oyster."

Peppy cheerleader—most popular senior girl—great committee worker—everyone knows Cookie!—versatile—bound for nursing and success—an interesting "bill-of-fare."



ELEANOR HELEN MOCHRIE

Basketball '41, '42; Dramatics '41; Sock Hop Committee; A.A. Member '41, '43; Dancing Class '40; Class Treasurer '43; Year Book Staff '43, '44; Cap and Gown Committee.

"A good laugh is sunshine in a house."

Mischievous gleam in her eyes—horseback rider—spoiled by five brothers—movie fan—basketball a favorite sport—Worthy Adviser of Rainbow—efficient miss—the life of any party.



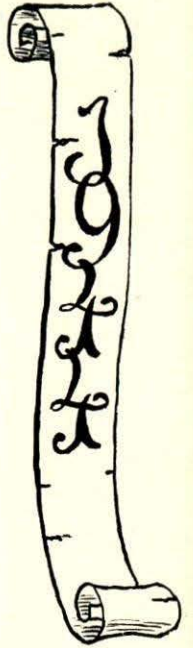
RUTH ELEANOR ADAMS

"Ruthie"

Dancing Class '40; Junior Red Cross '40, '41, '42, '43; Reception Usher '43; Inter-class Basketball; Red Cross Radio Show '40.

"Good as good can be."

A pencil in her hair—secretarial ambitions—expert mathematician—an eye for the basket—hatless through the winter months—could pass speed test in speech—a will to succeed.



BEATRICE MARY AMBLER

"Bea"

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Chemistry Club '42; Slide Rule '42, '43; Debating Club '40; Dancing Class '40; Reception Usher '42.

"There'll always be an England."

Very conscientious student—bound for Bates—active Girl Scout—Miss Scoboria's private secretary—history whiz—New Yorker at heart—active and interested—hostess to the sailors of the Queen's Navee.



EDNA LUCILLE ANGUS

"Eddie"

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Basketball '40, '41, Co-captain '42, '43; Dancing Class '40.

"If friendship is an art, she is an artist."

Star basketball player—live wire—tall and seemingly quiet—winning personality—hearthrob in khaki—part time worker at Newberry's—easy to get along with—vitality plus.



BARBARA ELLEN BEAUSOLEIL

"Bibs"

A.A. Members '42, '43.

"Silence is golden."

Inclined to interior decorating—drum corps member—recent Milwaukee visitor—quiet member of Room 20—would like to join the Waves—pleasantly reserved—affable to all.



LEO BELIDA

A.A. Member '41.

"Another day, another dollar."

Flashy green sweater—favorite pastime is missing school—drives a market truck, "Jennie"—comedian and noisemaker—excuse for everything—frequent trips to Forge Village—"Old Faithful"—ardent horn tooter.

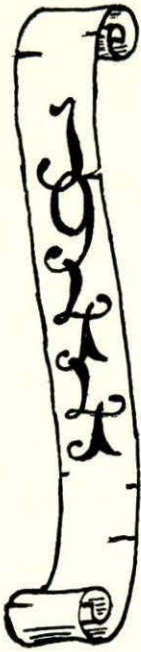


CLAIRE LOIS BURTON

A.A. Member '40, '41; Dancing Class '40.

"They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts."

Cheerful disposition—attractive blonde—Virginia's side kick—a good friend to have—observes all activities—calm, cool, and collected—busy usherette at State.





RAYMOND RUSSELL CAMPBELL

"Sheddy"

A.A. Member '42, '43; A.A. Board, Treas. '43; Football '42, Co-captain '43; Inter-class Basketball '42, '43; Baseball '44.

"Better late than never."

Girl shy (?)—football star—capable manager of basketball squad—better known as "Sheddy"—unrevealed baseball talent—plays Boswell to Clark's Johnson.



RICHARD BROOKS CARKIN

"Cliff"

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Football '43; Slide Rule Club '43; Chemistry Club, Vice Pres. '43; Inter-class Basketball '43; Baseball, Mgr. '44.

"He speaks a great deal of nothing."

"Well, er, aw, I can't do that one, Mr. Wilson!"—what a chest expansion!—Cliff—another sailor-to-be—manages the baseball team—"He multiplieth words without knowledge"—care-free and happy fellow.



MARGUERITE ANN CARRUTHERS

"Margy"

A.A. Member '40, '41, '43; Dancing Class '40.

"She's not noisy, loud or gay
But enjoys life in a quiet way."

Plays the uke—good alto voice—blonde—home type girl—detests being called Maggie—often trips to Centraville—writes to a Marine—constant pal of Betty Connor—a friend of underclassmen.



MARY ANTHONY CINCEVICH

"Cinny"

Honor Student

A.A. Member '40, '41, '43; Basketball '40, '41; Chemistry Club '42; Slide Rule Club '42; Junior Red Cross '43; Dancing Class '40; Graduation Usher '43; Reception Usher '43; Senior Show Committee '44; Stunt Night '40, '41; Class Executive Committee '42; Inter-class Basketball '42.

"I Love Life"

Blue eyed and blonde—artistic poster designer—naïve—enters into the spirit of all activities—faithful to all her duties—looks forward to travel by air.



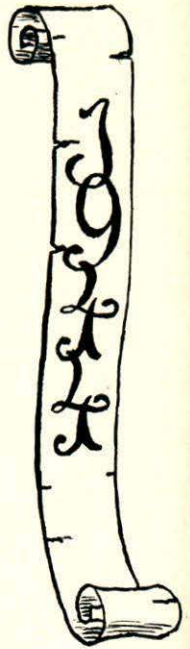
BETTY LOU CONNOR

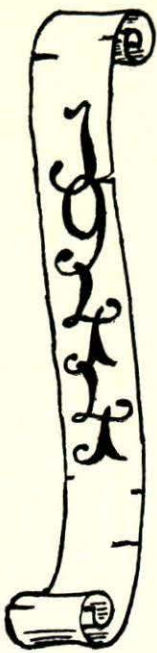
"Betty Lou"

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42; Basketball '40, '41; Senior Prom Committee; Class Secretary '42; Class Ring Committee; Reception Usher '43.

"The melody lingers on."

Elsa Maxwell of C.H.S.—has danced many a night away—pleasant personality—short but sweet—experienced in household management—our own Dinah Shore.





MARY LAURA COPPEN

Honor Student

A.A. Member '40, '41, '43; Year Book Staff '43, '44; Senior Prom Committee; Chemistry Club '43; Class Ring Committee; Graduation Usher '43; Reception Usher '43; Executive Committee '42; D.A.R. Delegate; Cap and Gown Committee.

"She is a phantom of delight."

D.A.R. girl—affable manner—ladylike and delicately featured—conscientious—even disposition—heart interest in the Marines—bike rider—neatness personified—delight of the faculty.



VIRGINIA EMILY DeCARTERET

"Ginny"

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Basketball '41; Junior Red Cross '41, '42, '43; Reception Usher '43; Dramatic Club '40; Dancing Class '40.

"She wins our hearts and admiration
By a winsome smile, no imitation."

The life of the party—pretty blonde hair—nice clothes—Dunstable ho!!—delights in basketball—attractive and friendly—good driver—likes to dance—considering helping out at the Nation's capitol.



RICHARD PERRY DELMORE

"Del"

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Sophomore Dance Committee; Football '42, '43; Year Book Staff '43, '44; Inter-class Basketball, Captain '43; Stunt Night '41; Junior Decorating Committee; Senior Dance Committee.

"He treasures up his bright designs."

Dark curling hair—skillful class artist—loves all sports—model manners—never fickle in his interests—serious minded—essentially sincere—pathway leads to the Coast Guard.



BARBARA ELIZABETH DELOREY

"Barbie"

Year Book Staff '42, '43; A.A. Member '42, '43; Slide Rule Club '42, '43; Chemistry Club '42, '43; Senior Sock Hop Committee; Reception Usher '42.

"Life is fortified by many friendships."

Experienced traveler—hopes to get her driving license soon—what's the attraction in Nashua and Arlington?—always a perfect little lady—delighted with her new sister.



CONSTANCE MARY DESAULNIER

"Diz"

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Chemistry Club '42; Slide Rule Club '42; Sophomore Dance Committee '41; Reception Usher '43

"A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize."

Carefree and happy—toothpaste ad smile—dimples too—loves to dance—taxi driver to games—daily correspondent—feather bob—hospital minded,





ALINE MARIE DESMARAIS

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Dancing Class '40; Chemistry Club '42; Slide Rule Club '42; Junior Red Cross '40; Reception Usher '43.

"If you don't write, you're wrong."

Interested in physical therapy—can take a lot of ribbing—whose M.I.T. basketball medal does she wear?—constant pal of Diz—dark eyed—extensive wardrobe—favorite hobby, writing letters.



JOHN DULGARIAN

"Dul"

Chemistry Club '42, '43; Slide Rule Club '42, '43; A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Stunt Night '41; Inter-class Basketball '43; Baseball '44.

"Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow."

All around mechanic—dark and interesting—future gunsmith—inter-class basketball star—enjoys himself Period 5—likes the girls (?)—careful chauffeur—expert marksman.



SHIRLEY DOROTHY FRENCH

"Frenchie"

Class Executive Board '42.

"A maiden calm and e'er serene,
More perfect lady ne'er was seen."

Shines in shorthand—poised—loves to iceskate—happy possessor of a new ring—capable student—outstanding poetess—rooter from West.



JAMES FREDRICK GANNON

"Jimmie"

A.A. Member '41, '42; Chemistry Club '42; Sophomore Dance Committee '41; Reception Usher '43; Slide Rule Club '42.

"I'll speak between the change of man and boy with a reed voice."

Always laughing—undecided about girls—great vocabulary—star bowler—"Pop's the boss!"—attends all school affairs—welcome member of any group—math class dozer.



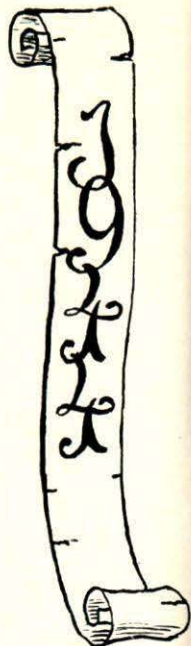
BARNARD LESLIE GEORGE

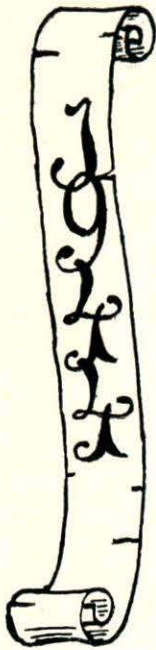
"Barney"

Basketball '40, '41, Captain '43; Football '42, '43; Chemistry Club '42; Class Ring Committee; A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Inter-class Basketball '42; Stunt Night '40; Baseball '44.

"You lack the season of all natures—sleep."

The class joker—three letter man—no girls allowed, not yet—likes movies—always talking about nothing—one of the clowns in "solid"—a very fine fellow—wants to join the infantry, and march, and march, and march.





CHARLES ALLAN GRAY

"Charlie"

A.A. Member '41, '42; Chemistry Club '42.

"What's life if you don't enjoy it."

Dark hair and rosy cheeks—truck operator and conditioner—girls don't worry him—boasts of the town's best horse, "Kitten"—quiet smile—slow to anger—aspires to join the leathernecks.



ROBERT SHERMAN GRAY

"Bob"

A.A. Member '41, '42; Stunt Night '40, '41; Dramatic Club '41.

"Has anyone seen my deferment?"

Quiet, but! — master of the ivories — beguilingly misleading voice—Dick Page's best soda clerk?—on the beam in economics—has waves that really dip—soon to be Uncle Sam's man "Friday."



ROY BARTLETT HINCKLEY

"Hink"

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Slide Rule Club '42, '43; Chemistry Club '42, '43; Stunt Night '41.

"He has carried every point, who has mingled the useful with the agreeable."

Candid-camera fiend — enjoys modern novels — aviation-minded—substitutes convertible for bike—conscientious—smart and logical—unassuming attitude—Air Corps for the duration—law career for life.



ASTRID ELIZABETH HANSON

Dramatic Club '40, '41; Dancing Class '40; Reception Usher '43; Junior Red Cross '43.

"Eyes of blue are always true."

Loves to crochet and make her own clothes—devoted to a tar, or is it a leatherneck?—enjoys the polka—tall, slender, sweet, and demure—has her own little Frank Sinatra.



LOUISE JOANNE HENNESSY

"Skippy"

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Dramatic Club '40; Dramatic Club Show '40; Dancing Class '40; Stunt Night Committee '41; Executive Board '42; Cheer leader '41, '42, '43; Senior Sock Hop Committee; Senior Prom Committee, Chairman.

"The team is re-e-e-d hot!"

Short and sweet—popular at dances—faithful to the Army—enthusiastic worker for class activities—pleasing smile—a quick response to friendliness—an all around girl.





VIRGINIA VICTORIA HYDUSKO

"Hydie"

Graduation Speaker

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Dancing Class '40; Graduation Usher '43; Dramatic Club '40; Music Festival '41; Reception Usher '43.

"A good companion, and as firm a friend."

Those bowling scores—enthusiastic volleyball player—always in hot water—good sense of humor—freshman pigtails—loves Boston and favors the Navy—"Something is always happening to me!"—business career undecided.



BARBARA BROWN JONES

"Jonesey"

Graduation Speaker

Basketball '40, '41; Class Treasurer '42; Chemistry Club '42, '43; Slide Rule Club '42, '43; A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Graduation Usher '43; Reception Usher '43; Interclass Basketball '42, '43; Dancing Class '40.

"Above our life we love a steadfast friend."

Flashing smile—beautiful hair—devoted sister and faithful friend—enjoys summer camp—studious but full of fun—a general favorite—Wellesley bound—aspires to an M.D.



RAYMOND WALTER JUDGE

"Ray"

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42; Dramatic Club '40, '41; Dramatic Club Show '40; Dancing Class '40; Stunt Night '40, '41; Slide Rule Club '42; Senior Prom Committee; Senior Dance Committee; High School Band '44.

"The shadow knows."

"Mr. 6 x 1"—famous for Shangrila ties—on the beat with his tom-toms—has interests in Lowell, too—hopes to be a C.P.A.—alias Tarzan—a generous gentleman—the first half of the Ray-Edward's band.



ERNEST GEORGE KISLEY

"Steve"

A.A. Member '40, '41; Stunt Night '40; Inter-class Basketball '43, '44; Basketball Ass't Mgr. '41; Chemistry Club, Vice Pres. '43; Class Ode Committee.

"Never a dull moment."

Excellent debater—mischief maker—new system of passing tests—future Army man—master of a few successful tricks—enthusiastic basketball fan—proud possessor of a car—wanted: registration, license, and gas.



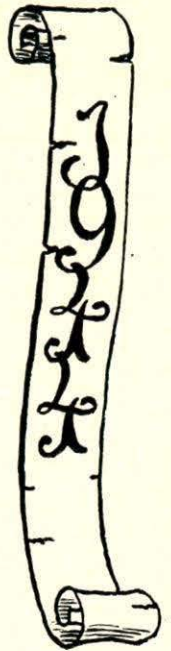
HAZEL JEAN KOLESNIKOFF

"Jean"

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Dancing Class '40; Inter-class Basketball '42, '43.

"And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair."

Delights in basketball, ice-skating and reading—fashionable smartness—pretty blonde hair—softly spoken and gentle—always helpful—impartial opinions—unpredictable future.



BARBARA ELIZABETH LAHUE

"Barb"

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42; Chemistry Club '43; Slide Rule '42; Inter-class Basketball '42; Reception Usher '43.

"Long experience has found thee still so constant, so sincere."

Camay bride type—ardent French student—spends many hours knitting and crocheting—quiet manner—appreciates a joke—plans to attend Eastern Nazarene College next year—passes out pastries.



ALEXANDER KARAFELIS

"Blackie"

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Football '41, '42, '43; Inter-class Basketball '43; Basketball Mgr. '43.

"Me thinks I have a beard coming."

Industrious farmer—a carefree manner but an eye for business—won fame in football—excellent physique—engaging smile—lover of dogs—extensive vacationer—retiring—master in make-up work.



RITA THERESA LAMBERT

"Terry"

Junior Red Cross; Operetta '40.

"A quiet exterior concealeth much."

A friend to all the world—dark haired and modest—"What did we have for homework?"—has a good word for everyone—co-operative and sincere—excellent typist.



CHRISTINE DOROTHY LAPHAM

"Tina"

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43.

"Honour and pleasure both are in thy mind."

Active senior Girl Scout—good drummer—horseback rider—braves Lowell on her bike—"Still water runs deep"—alergic to nonsense—hopes to become a Wave like her sister.



THERESA CLAIRE LONG

"Peanuts"

A.A. Member '42; Reception Usher '43; Operetta '40.

"A trim little lady with plenty of style."

Short, cute, and dynamic—curly blonde hair—dancing eyes—one of the liveliest on Percy's bus—contagious laughter—dislikes solitude.





RICHARD CHARLES LYNCH

"Dick"

Dancing Class '40; A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Slide Rule Club '43; Stunt Night '40, '41; Inter-class Basketball '43.

"I wandered lonely as a cloud."

Dreamer—styles for Esquire—favorite saying, "Jumping Jitterbugs"—happy-go-lucky—coed fan—mistaken for a flirtatious gent—Navy bound—bow tie Sinatra.



ALFRED GEORGE MARCOTTE

"Marco"

Graduation Speaker

A.A. Member '41, '43; A.A. Board '43; Slide Rule Club '42, '43; Chemistry Club '42, '43; Football '43; Basketball '43; Baseball '44; Graduation Usher '43; Reception Usher '43; Booster Day Dance Committee '43.

"Here is a friend, both for earnest and sport."

Mischievous yet scholarly—Physics whiz—superman of history class—interested in rekindling a certain flame—telephone service, unlimited.



BERNARD ROBERT McHUGH

"Mac"

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Slide Rule Club '42, '43; Chemistry Club, Treas. '42, '43; Football '43; Basketball '43; Baseball '44; Stunt Night '40.

"That way the noise is."

Big little man on the basketball court—"Aw, aeronautics is a cinch!"—his backyard is noted for its cars—hails from no place else but South—gets a great kick out of life—"it's the Irish in me."



BEVERLY LOUISE MESSER

"Bevie"

A.A. Member '41; Inter-class Basketball '43; Operetta '41.

"She that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast."

"Bev" to all her friends—high heels, big hair ribbons, and huge pocketbooks—the life of Percy's bus—full of fun—pleasant.



ROBERT ALBERT MICHAUD

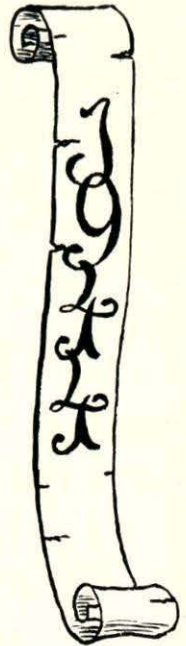
"Bob"

Honor Student

Class President; A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; A.A. Board, Jun. Member '42, Pres. '43; Slide Rule Club, Vice Pres. '42, '43; Chemistry Club '42, '43; Year Book Staff '43, '44; Baseball '44; Senior Prom Committee; Class Flower, Motto, Color Com.; Stunt Night '40; Senior and Junior Dance Com.; Booster Day Dance Committee; Football '41, '42, '43.

"Sunny side up."

Wavy red hair—smooth dancer—beau of beaux—all around athlete—public menace on the highway—future Naval cadet—ever ready with a helping hand—ideal escort—always on the go—gallant and genial.



ELSIE LUCILLE MILLER

"Lal"

A.A. Member '41, '42, '43; Stunt Night '40; Operetta '41; Reception Usher '43.

"Keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue."

Rosie the riveter—blushes and denies it—anxious to work in a defense plant—tall talker and grade A giggler—really red headed.



VERNA LOUISE MORRIS

Graduation Speaker

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Dramatic Club '40; Ass't. Mgr. Basketball '42; Chemistry Club '43, '44; Junior Red Cross '44; Slide Rule Club '43, '44; Dancing Class '40; Graduation Usher '43; Reception Usher '43; Senior Prom Committee; Senior Dance Committee; Year Book Staff '43, '44; Music Festival '41; Sophomore Dance Committee.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Noted for her posters—oodles of clothes—her hobby is painting—partial to red—attends the operas—pianist—"you should see Spikey"—constant chatter—perambulator pusher—animated maiden—talks with gestures.



EDWARD ROBERT MORSE

"Ed"

A.A. Member '41, '42, '43; Year Book Staff '43, '44; Senior Prom Committee; Sock Hop Committee; Slide Rule Club '43; Dancing Class '40; High School Band '44.

"A busier man than he there was nowhere."

Congenial office boy—musical nature—neat in appearance—ambitious to become a C.P.A.—supersalesman—expert mathematician—candid camera fan—second half of the Ray-Edward's Band.



PETER JOSEPH NARUS, JR.

"Pete"

Honor Student

A.A. Member '40, '41, '43; Chemistry Club, President '42; Slide Rule Club '42, Treasurer '43; Graduation Usher '43; Reception Usher '43; Baseball '44.

"A quiet mind, a patient mood,
And not distaining any."

Conscientious worker—mischievous grin—sincere in all undertakings—great baseball fan—Isaac Walton of C.H.S.—especially interested in physics and geometry—a pleasant drawl—a leader.



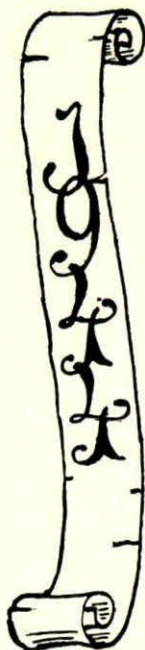
FRANCES MAE NIEMASZYK

"Butch"

Dancing Class '40.

"Blushing is the color of virtue."

Happy giggler—Miss Donahoe's favorite pupil?—can never keep still—nice smile—South Chelmsford air her tax-free rouge—late bus arrival—blushes readily and laughs easily—"How do you do that?"





ALICE CATHERINE NOBREGA

"Cathy"

A.A. Member '41, '43; Junior Red Cross; Operetta '40.

"Tis the greatest folly not to be jolly."

Little, but lively—constantly changing her coiffure—friends galore—never lost for words—future office worker—faithful to East—cooperative with all—invincible spirit.



CHARLOTTE GRACE NYSTROM

"Charlie"

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Reception Usher '43.

"You can't go to Heaven on roller skates
Because you'll roll right past those pearly gates."

Hails from West, but linked to a friend from East—roller-skating queen—hard worker—much ambition—material for success—another nice Nystrom.



DOROTHY MARGARET O'BRIEN

"Dot"

A.A. Member '41, '42, '43; Orchestra '41, '42; Operetta '41; Chemistry Club '44.

"There's mischief in those eyes."

Perfect lady at all times—Florence Nightingale of the future—"There's something about a soldier," about a corporal, to be exact—honors the church choir with violin solos—lover of chemistry!—dozens of pretty sweaters.



EILEEN PATRICIA O'NEIL

"Pat"

A.A. Member '43; Dancing Class '40; Operetta '40.

"When Irish eyes are smiling."

"Teddy Bear"—bashful, quiet, and modest—favors bowling—regular movie fan—goes for sport clothes—devoted to Alice—blushes under freckles—says little, but listens well.

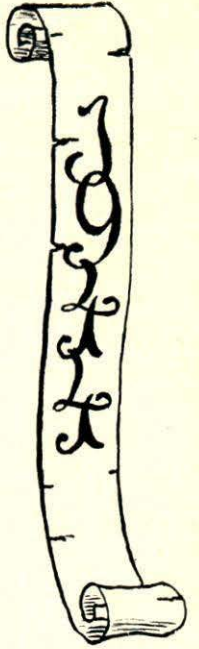


PAULINE THERESA PAQUETTE

Junior Red Cross '41, '42, '43; A.A. Member '40, '41, '43; Dancing Class '40.

"A pleasant face is a good letter of recommendation."

Twinkling hazel eyes—a charming cashier—dance-lover—her heart throbs for the Navy—enjoys basketball games with Virginia—an efficient secretary—haunts the Post Office—beautiful hair and sweet disposition.



ELIZABETH CONSTANCE PENTEDEMOS

"Lizzy"

Dancing Class '40; Junior Red Cross '42; A.A. Member '43; Reception Usher '43.

"True of heart, of spirit gay."

"Dark-eyes"—happy-go-lucky—clicking high heels—never a dull moment—features deep toned lipstick—an even temperament—lady-in-waiting for late bus—understanding nature.



SHIRLEY MAY PICKARD

"Pick"

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Chemistry Club '42; Dancing Class '40; Senior Show Committee; Operetta '40; Senior Dance Committee.

"Some think the world is made for fun and frolic, and so do I."

Neat and attractive—ready with a snappy comeback—interested in a sailor—sports enthusiast—born talking—a flare for style—who bothers her period 4?—lots of school spirit—competent.



ARTHUR DONALD PRATT, JR.

"Joe"

Honor Student

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Slide Rule Club '42, President '43; Year Book Staff '43, '44; Chemistry Club '42, '43; Football '43; Inter-class Basketball '40; Senior Dance Committee.

"Of study took he most care and most heed."

Good student—Dr. Pratt to be—amateur painter and decorator—faithful paper boy—sister Patricia's guardian—no odd prattle from him—successful in the famous V-12 exam.



SOPHIE SUSAN PROWKER

A.A. Member '43; Dancing Class '40; Junior Red Cross '42, Sec. '43; Reception Usher '43; Stunt Night '40; Junior Red Cross Radio Show '40; Red Cross Skit '43.

"To know her is to like her."

Peaches and cream complexion—soft golden curls—plays the typewriter—dresses nicely—placidly pleasant—always busy—Atlantic Rayon employee—ambitious to succeed—takes the war and its problems seriously.



JOHN WAHLERS SARGENT

"Weasel"

A.A. Member '40, '41; Senior Dance Committee; Class Ode Committee; Slide Rule, Treas. '42, '43; Chemistry Club, Sec. '42, '43; Stunt Night '40; Inter-class Basketball '42, '43.

"Let me play the fool."

Partial to pussy-willows—always in trouble and there's a reason—angelic expression, devilish laugh—scholastic results excellent in proportion to effort expended—varied talents—insatiable borrower.





DOROTHY ANNA SHEDD

"Dot"

A.A. Member '42, '43; Stunt Night '40; Reception Usher '43; Music Festival '40, '42.

"Courteous by nature, not by rule,
Warm hearted, and of cordial face."

Brightest future predicted—a favorite French pupil—plans to enter Eastern Nazarene College in Quincy—studious—good company—not born to be a basketball star.



CLARICE LOUISE SOUSA

"Silence doesn't give consent."

Ardent follower of Dr. Bobbs—naturally curly hair—tall, but not the tallest Sousa—deplors house work—loves her biology book—adores gym—binoculars for bus for East.



GEORGE SPANOS

"Greek"

Senior Dance Committee; Inter-class Basketball '42, '43.

"Never stops talking."

Here one day and home the next—consistent late comer—Commodore habitué—slickum hair-do—plausible excuses—noisy leather heels—hopes to reap in the harvest of '44.



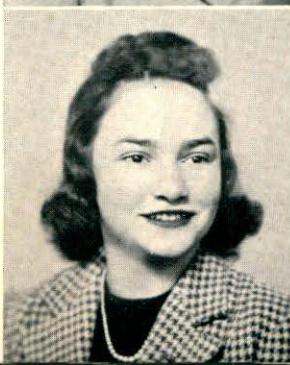
NANCY J. SPANOS

"Nan"

Dancing Class '40; Junior Red Cross '42; A.A. Member '43; Reception Usher '43.

"Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud."

Bit of a lisp—flashy smile—aims to please—accommodating pals of E. P.—Navy preference—earnest student—courteous attitude—nice to know.



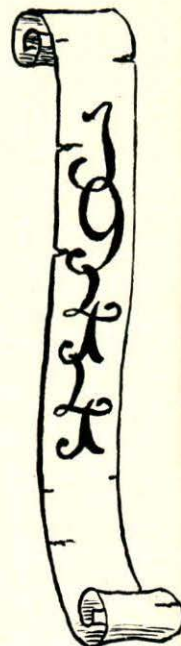
JEANNE LOUISE SWALLOW

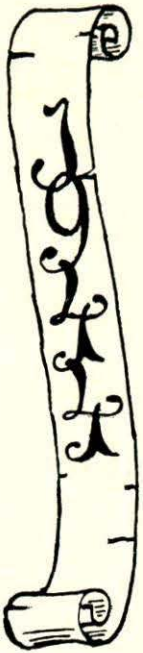
"Jenie"

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Dramatic Club '40; Dancing Class '40; Cheer Leader '41, '42; Operetta '41; Stunt Night '41; Class Ring Committee '43.

"Mischievous sparkles in her eyes
And her laughter never dies."

Faithful rooter from North—domestic type at heart—contagious laugh—true to her Marine—Twi League fan—avid record collector—"Shorty" to her economics pals—never a dull moment—our own little Baby Snooks.





R. ELAINE VAYO

"Dolly"

A.A. Member '40, '41, '43; A.A. Secretary '43; Dancing Class '40; A.A. Dance Committee '43; Reception Usher '43; Inter-class Basketball '43; A.A. Dance Ticket Committee '43; A.A. Refreshment Committee '43.

"A pretty girl is like a melody."

Mischievous—full of fun and pep—jitterbug—sparkling eyes—outstanding typist—will merit success—would there were more like her.



EDWARD ALFRED VONDAL

"Eddie"

Dancing Class '40; Stunt Night '41; A.A. Member '40, '41, '43, '44; Inter-class Basketball '43.

"Take it easy."

Long and lanky—pencil behind each ear—the hand holder of Period 5—a hidden muse—class Mortimer Snerd—good natured—characteristics point to a successful life.



HELEN VROUHAS

Dramatic Club '40; Chemistry Club '42; Slide Rule Club '42 A.A. Member '43.

"A violet by a mossy stone."

Shy and modest manner—blushes easily—Farmerette—conscientious and sympathetic—a wee, small voice—sweet and winning personality—fourth year Latin student—a devoted sister—"Oh dear! I'm so frightened!"



DOROTHEA WINIFRED WRIGLEY

"Bunny"

A.A. Member '40, '41, '43; Dancing Class '40; Dramatic Club '40; Dramatic Club Show '40; Year Book Staff '43, '44; Reception Usher '43; Inter-class Basketball '43; Junior Red Cross '41, '42; Stunt Night '40, '41; Cap and Gown Committee.

"There's a song in my heart."

Pepsodent smile—a real Belle of St. Mary's—a music maker—thoughtful and thorough—beautiful locks with a golden hue—dislikes nickname "Red"—capable and amiable office employee.



CATHERINE EILEEN YOACHIMCIUK

"Kay"

Reception Usher '43; Operetta.

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

Ever smiling—true to the Navy—a diligent economics student—frequents the shows (I wonder why!)—famous giggle—keeps her home room teacher busy searching for her in the morning—loves to read—haunts library.





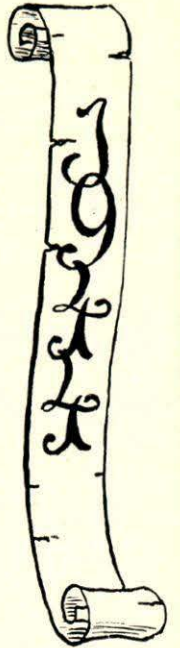
WALTER EDWARD ZABIEREK

"Zabe"

Stunt Night '41, '42; A.A. Member '42, '43.

"Good things come in small packages."

Prominent agrarian—never lacking in corny jokes—jovial character—energetic student—small but often heard—witty replies—an all around sport—taking on weight for the Navy—the last shall be first.



In Appreciation

The Class of 1944 in behalf of the entire student body of Chelmsford High School wishes to extend to Miss Adams, our supervisor of music, their sincere sympathy in her illness. Miss Adams for years has been a conscientious and devoted teacher and her absence this year has been a real loss. We extend to her our hearty good wishes and our sincere hopes for restored health.

Class Ode

Our plane is starting on its way,
 Lifting its wings of silver grey,
 Pulsed by the motors' steady hum,
 Facing the day that is to come.
 Carefully watched by loving eyes,
 Now poised for flight into the skies,
 Pointing into the distant blue,
 Keen for the tasks it has to do.

For all our journey we have a guide,
 One who will always be at our side,
 One who will lead when our eyes can't see,
 Oh God, our Co-pilot, we trust in Thee.

Our journey is begun this day;
 Into the world we take our way,
 Through storm and sunshine, fog and rain
 Over sea and ocean, land and plain.
 We have a war torn world to view,
 A mighty task is ours to do;
 Pointing into the distant blue,
 We're keen for the tasks we have to do.

For all our journey we have a guide,
 One who will always be at our side,
 One who will lead when our eyes can't see,
 Oh God, our Co-pilot, we trust in Thee.

ODE COMMITTEE

V. Louise Morris, Chairman

Dorothea Wrigley

Mary A. Cincevich	Richard Lynch
Betty Lou Connor	Edward R. Morse
Robert S. Gray	Dorothy Shedd

The following letter was received by the class secretary, Lillian Cooke.

March 9, 1944

To the Class of 1944:

I thought I would drop you a line and let you know I am still alive. I am down here on the Fiji Islands. We have many things in common here that we have in the United States, such as, tennis courts and swimming pools which are all in town.

One of the juniors sent me the program which you had for the Prom. I certainly wish I could have been there to help put it over. I understand it was a success and I am glad—bet you could use the money you made on it. I suppose by the time you receive this letter you will be getting ready for the Year Book. This will be the first one I've missed since I've been going to Chelmsford High School.

It is going to seem kind of funny not to graduate with you kids this June but I suppose I will some day—probably by '46. Tell all the fellows I was asking for them and whoever the leaders of our Senior Class are, also. I guess that is all for now.

Hope this letter finds everyone in the best of spirits and good health.

From a fellow classmate,

HERBERT NORTON

Herbert Norton, Jr. 31387939
359th O. R. D. Co.
A. P. O. 913 San Francisco, Calif.

Class History

In spite of the assertion of educators that the transition from grammar school to high school is one of trying adjustment, we, the members of the class of '44, did not find the first days at Chelmsford High School difficult. We made an excellent impression with no effort at all. In those days, girls wore no make-up, no nail polish, no sloppy sweaters, and no dirty shoes. Freshmen boys wore ties, they tucked their shirts in, they combed their hair, and no five o'clock shadow darkened their cheeks. Both boys and girls had manners. To be sure, the school was strange, but with our accustomed adaptability, we easily found our way about, which was in itself unusual, but even more amazing was the short order in which some of our more brilliant members discovered the location of the principal's office! We had been here only a few days when three of or four most promising boys were on sufficiently familiar terms with our principal to be seen sitting expectantly and conspicuously in his office at most any time of day. The only time we, as a class, were even slightly perturbed was when we found it necessary to make the difficult choice of whether to lean against the walls or sit on the floor in the lunch rooms.

The solicitous upper-classmen felt early in the year that we needed dancing instructions. We appreciated their kind intentions and to humor them, we signed up. Of course, Ethelynd and Naomi couldn't teach us anything, but the Dramatic Club was pleased. At the annual Stunt Night, we presented an act which, although it did not apparently impress the judges, was recognized by truly discriminating minds as bearing marks of genius. There was the organ with Beanstalk Sousa for the pedals, Paderowski Zabierek for the organist, and the remainder of us, roasted, for organ pipes. The world was never treated to such music as ours.

We were just beginning to appreciate Miss Mooney, our commercial teacher, when she up and changed her name. We have never been able to understand how she, of her own free will, elected to be married in preference to instructing us. It must have been undue influence!

In all modesty we admit that it couldn't be a simple coincidence that when we came to Chelmsford High School both the basketball and baseball teams won tournaments. We contributed three men to the basketball team which won all the games in the suburban league and which journeyed to the Fitchburg and M. I. T. tournaments. The champion Chelmsford High baseball team was made up of one of our men. Those games and those teams will always be outstanding in the annals of Chelmsford High. Incidentally may we boast that in those happy days buses were supplied for the rooters.

The Dramatic Club smash hit financed the memorable moon-light cruise to Nantasket. It was upon this occasion that the man shortage was first brought to our attention, a mere preview of what was to come. The freshman year came to its close, and we must not fail to mention our scholastic attainments. Our cards were black with A's and B's. Those were the good old days.

September 1941 saw us come to school with even added confidence. Those who had observed us in our Freshman year didn't think there *was* any more and didn't know where we found it. We had quite grown up. We had served our apprenticeship. We had acquired poise. The girls wore painted nails, red lips, "sloppy Joe" sweaters, and dirty saddles. The boys forgot their ties, their pants bagged at the knees, and their socks drooped over their shoes. We had observed by this time that it was not necessary to be conspicuous by saying, "beg your pardon", "excuse me", or "if you please". We had learned to laugh loudly and feign animation, shout to our

friends at the distant end of the corridor, as though we were having a perfectly grand time.

We were greeted at this time by four faculty changes. Mr. Fogg was the first member of our faculty to be called to active service, being a Reserve Officer in the United States Army. This was our first realization that war was imminent. Miss Doyle, who was not new to us, replaced the popular Mr. Budnick, and we were fortunate to have three new teachers, Miss Robinson, Miss Pollard, and our dream man, Mr. Ivers.

This was a year of afternoon socials, the time when we started on our career of sponsoring dances by which means we have achieved fame and funds to a degree unsurpassed by any other class. Halloween offered special opportunities, when we outdid ourselves selling cider and doughnuts.

As Sophomores, we had gained some dignity. If we enjoyed such apparently childish things as flying paper airplanes out the windows of room 31, this merely gave early evidence of the fact that we were air-minded, and merely predicted the popularity of aeronautics during our junior year, and in our senior year, interest in rhymes such as, wings and swings, and flies and skies, and pilots and co-pilots.

On December seventh we were truly sobered by the astounding news of Pearl Harbor, and at the assembly on December eighth we solemnly listened to the United States declaration of war with Japan. The far reaching effects of this grave announcement awed us then, and have been more and more deeply impressed upon us daily since that time.

Every day for months we stepped into English class expecting to find a new teacher. Mr. "Butch" Gauthier resigned, and while waiting for his permanent successor, we reveled in the Irish wit of Mrs. Monahan. Finally Mrs. Carriel came. We immediately recognized her superior quality, and settled down to monotony, instead of variety, in the personnel of the English department. With the loss of Mr. Gauthier, the Dramatic Club couldn't see its way through, and while we were all enriched by the unexpected return of our twenty-five cents dues, we have felt thwarted since that time. We still regret our lack of opportunity to shine in the dramatic world, and, we feel sure that we would have proved a valuable addition to the Little Theater Movement had we not been frustrated by circumstance.

About this time of the year we were blessed with the opportunity to run our last pair of nylons on the new tables and benches in the lunch room.

Once more our basketball team was famously victorious. We again went to an M. I. T. Tournament, this time held at Tufts. Who can forget when we got caught in the blackout on the way home, the boys in one bus, the girls in the other, and let us think—*where* was Mr. Watt? Walter Winchell has always insisted that he was in the girls' bus.

Slacks and pig-tails came in at this time, and high water pants too—and no sooner in than out. We wonder why!

Stunt night rolled around when we presented an army scene. Remember how it opened? Norm Mochrie's feet under the pup tent were all that met the eye of the audience. It made it very simple—we needed no scenery! Little did we realize how familiar army life would come to be!

We were proud when three more of our faculty, Mr. Knightly, Mr. Ivers, and Mr. Boyce, enlisted in the Naval Reserve. Miss Doyle at the same time revealed her plans of resignation to our real regret.

Field Day! We were off to Lowell! We have never been able to understand why they used three pages for the absent notices on this date. We had our fun on Field Day. But the next day there were lots of Johnnies with zeros—and black looks met blank.

Our junior year was one of difficulties—difficulties in transportation, in social life, in man-power, in air raids, and in all else. Things were different this year, they had to be; we were overshadowed by the spectre of war.

Transportation problems made it impossible for us to display our outstanding ability in sponsoring socials. This was a disappointment. We had planned great things for our junior year, but our time was yet to come. Transportation also caused the suspension of athletics, with the exception of football. Here the citizens of Chelmsford came to our aid and again showed their true colors by supplying transportation for our boys to the games.

We thought we'd never live through Phys. Ed. with its deep knee bends, toe touching, reaching stretching, kicking, marching, running, and jumping. Praise be to that man Sloan, we live to tell the tale!! The girls came creeping and creaking into class; the boys, steaming and puffing like so many engines, red of face, tousled of hair, hot and bothered, streams of perspiration running down their faces, dressing as they came. It was, "Please may I open the windows?", "Please may I get a drink?", "Do I haf-ta have an excuse?", and so on, to the teachers' utter distraction. Another *happy* result of the introduction of Phys. Ed. was the lengthened school day, which we all welcomed with great glee!! Even the husky juniors were fagged and faint when the last bus hove in view. We wonder now how we, who pride ourselves on taking advantage of every opportunity, could have slipped up on this rare chance to clean up on "time and a half."

"Variety is the spice of life" seemed to be ever the motto of the faculty. Among the new faces this year were those of Miss Scoboria, Miss Donahoe, Miss Grant, and Miss Hehir. Wedding bells rang for two of the faculty members: Miss Ryan became the blushing bride of Ensign John Corcoran, and Miss Grant went down the aisle with Lieut. Roy Clough. We could really understand *these* two marriages because in this case neither bride had to give up her profession—each got her man and taught us too. At this time may we call your attention to Mr. "Bill" Davis, Mr. Reid's assistant, general bench brusher-offer, window closer, floor duster, head of the maintenance department, and instructor par excellence in home economics.

During our junior year, the seriousness and sorrow of war was brought home to us personally when the news was announced that Ensign George Knightly had been reported missing in action. It is still hard for us to realize that we could have lost anyone so close to us, so full of vitality and high spirits, and so ready to make and have fun. Shortly after this unhappiness, we were further shocked and grieved to learn that Capt. Donald Fogg had been killed in action. We are sad but proud to feel that our small school has made so great a sacrifice in the cause of free peoples. On the battlefield and on the high seas as well as in the classroom our teachers have led us.

At about this time our numbers began to dwindle. Many of our members were employed in war work, and many signed for service in the armed forces. Those of us remaining did our bit by distributing announcements of collections, or by taking part in the collections themselves. What cartons we carted, what tins we tugged, what steel we stole, and what fat we "gat"!!!

In addition to all our other troubles, we had trouble keeping quiet in the air raids, we had trouble getting men, but worst of all, we had trouble putting on liquid stockings. After much experimentation, trial, and tribulation, we feel that "Legs" Dietrich has nothing on us. We had trouble getting our class rings—we ordered them in the winter, expected them in the spring, got them in the summer. But of all our memories of the junior year, the very recollection of our shuddering over the Siberian winter and shivering over the American Constitution makes us still quake, and we marvel at our own constitutions that we survived both.

The first and only social of the year was the Prom, which as juniors should, we supported with a record attendance. For the most of us, it was our first taste of formality, and we took to it like ducks to water.

Then came the first graduation of interest to us. As ever competent, we decorated the auditorium with originality and taste, and ushered with poise and efficiency at the reception. This was the first time that Chelmsford graduated in caps and gowns and we determined that it wouldn't be the last.

With the end of the year came the knowledge that we could not look forward to having Mrs. Clough, Miss Robinson, or Mr. Watt in our senior year. We had never before realized that to us, French was synonymous with Mr. Watt's name. Nor had we realized how much a part of our school life he had been, nor how much he had meant to us. We have given a proud contribution indeed to the war.

With the approach of the autumn season in the year 1943, we, as seniors, took precedence in this hall of learning, intent upon running the affairs of the school and of acting as shining examples to the lesser members of the student body. The faculty had, as usual, undergone changes. In Miss Robinson's place we met Mr. David Hamblin, who led us gently through the mazes of American history from September until December. Our promised Christmas package in the form of Mr. John Shannon arrived late in January. Youthful, distinguished, and prematurely grey, he has brought us lots of hard work, relieved by plenty of jokes. Mrs. Hilyard replaced Mrs. Clough, and became, as did Miss Pollard, one of our long suffering and deeply appreciated senior advisers. In the absence of Miss Adams the music department completely collapsed until it was revived by the animated Mr. Bernie Larkin. No matter how discordant the day, here's one man who always comes up smiling. We take our hats off to Bernie!

This year sports were resumed in Chelmsford High. The basketball and football schedules were carried out successfully. We lost to Howe High, our chief opponent, in the last fifteen seconds of the football game, beat them soundly in the basketball game, and trounced them plenty on the sidelines—and Howe!! This put us in trim for the Townsend Tournament where we won the first game, but were beaten by the officials in the second.

The Booster Day dance, following the game, was most successful. Its unforgettable auction, aided and abetted by our dignified principal, Mr. Burns, netted us a forty-five cent profit on a gallon of cider. Hilarity was the key note of the evening.

One event followed on the heels of another. The football banquet took place at the Town Hall with "Bump" Hadley the guest speaker. The boys on the squad displayed an enormous appetite, received maroon sweaters, ate the girl cheerleaders' share of food, and allowed them the simple compensation of gold engraved footballs.

Colds were prevalent this year. The underclassmen looked so funny with red noses and flushed faces! As in the Great London Plague there were three out of four stricken, and not even the faculty were spared. Speaking of epidemics, we cannot forget the epidemic of homeroom Christmas parties, the contagion originating with the seniors; remedy—one bottle of coke to be downed every fifteen minutes for three doses, and candy and cake continuously as long as supplied. There were no casualties as a result of either flu or Christmas party epidemics—but Percy's bus one morning when the temperature was minus thirty, cut a few capers on the North Road and congealed, only to be coaxed back to life a few hours after various kind hearted persons answered the thumbs of ladies in distress.

At the close of the football season the A.A. Assembly was dedicated to Mr. Knightly. The red roses on the speaker's table, and well chosen and heartfelt remarks of Mr. Burns, and our own memories combined to make this a fitting memorial for a man we loved.

Another victory for the seniors! We sponsored that famous social, the Sock Hop. It was the most generously supported social of the year and by far the most popular. Purchases of coupon 18 were everywhere—under the seats, on the chairs, along the

platform, scattered about the locker rooms—everywhere but in the check room. We publicly refused all responsibility for 4-F'ers on the grounds of flat feet.

Winter revealed the fact that we had leaks in our roof. There were stains on the ceiling, there was the steady drip, drip of water, there were puddles on the floor and *there* was Mr. Burns standing by to keep us from "kicking the bucket."

This year we started selling War Bonds in school. We seniors could easily have led, only not wishing to deny the lower classes the sense of accomplishment, we unselfishly bought our stamps from the sophomores and let them have the glory while we contented ourselves with anonymous contributions.

Knee deep in snow on the evening of February twelfth, the gallant Chelmsford High boys led their fair ladies to the doors of the gym for the annual Senior Prom. "All the ladies were beautiful, and all the men were brave."

After the Prom we seniors began to realize with that foresight which is usual to us, that soon we would be leaving these halls of learning, to the great regret of the teachers and the remaining student body. That our graduation might be worthy of us, we felt that we as a class should prepare to lift our voices in song, because even voices like ours after a long silence need a bit of tuning up. We had previously withdrawn from a general music period as evidence of our feeling that outsiders should not be permitted to clutter up our harmony. We called a class meeting to discuss the matter. "Great oaks from little acorns grow," the great oak in this instance being a decision of the school committee to engage Bernie Larkin for an extra day. We expected to start our chorus right away, but something always happens to us and it was scarcely a month before graduation that we first exercised our vocal chords. We know now that we were able to sing beautifully with no practice. We not only worried about when we could sing but what we should sing. Everything from "Mairsy Dotes" to Brahms' "Lullaby" was suggested as music for the ode. Morning concerts by the class Percy Grainger were a musical treat for the study pupils.

Sitting for the Purdy Photographer was an unforgettable experience. It took courage to accept the proofs, but when the finished product came, we really looked like ourselves, glamour boys and pin-up girls.

Suddenly April was here, and time for Year Book. We wandered about with a far away look in our eyes, waiting for the Muse to descend. We made mad rushes for the rhyming dictionary, and papers cluttered with our literary output snowed upon the teachers' desks. Miss McCarthy wore a worried look, and went around humming "Nobody knows the troubles I've seen". We are sure nobody could have worked more patiently, tactfully, and diligently to make our Year Book a real success.

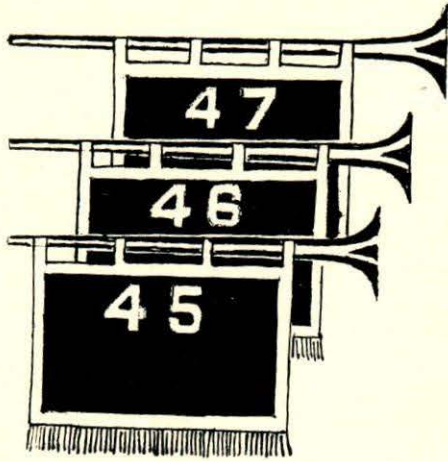
Not content with Year Book activities alone, with prodigious work, we prepared for this elaborate spectacle of the "Street Fair". The boys showed up with bow ties, the girls with bows in their hair, and no one lacked beaux. There was much throwing of confetti, much pulling of pony carts, much giggling over fortunes told, much bursting of grab bags, and much hilarity in general.

As we look back over our four years together, and ahead into the years to come, we realize in part what precious memories we have to store away. We are happy to think that the old school is the better for having had us, and with the expression of our sincere hope that the members of the following senior class may in part live up to the reputation we have set for them, we conclude this modest little summary of our high school life.

In The Clouds

He takes to his plane and departs
To the ultimate ends of the earth,
Alone in the clouds
With simplicities
Of space and light.
And this reminds him that it was in a cloud
That God hid Himself
On Mt. Sinai
When he called unto Moses;
That God led his chosen people
Out of bondage
Using as his sign by day
A pillar of cloud;
And that it was from the depths of a cloud
That a voice spoke,
"This is my beloved Son
In whom I am well pleased."
The time was when clouds dropped down dew.
Clouds are different now.
They reign death and destruction.
The heat of fire has reached them
Burning them inward
Like paper,
And out of their depths emerge—
B-17's.
Against a sky of fire and smoke
Darts the pilot,
Darkness around about him.
Yet the psalmist said,
"Thy mercy, O Lord, is
In the heavens,
And thy faithfulness
Reacheth into the clouds."
Once God set His bow in the cloud
And it was a token of a covenant.

VIRGINIA HYDUSKO '44



The

Undergraduates

Juniors

KENTON WELLS—*President*

LESLIE ADAMS—*Vice President*

CAROL SHAWCROSS—*Secretary*

JEAN BETTENCOURT—*Treasurer*

Adams, Donald
 Allen, Kathryn
 Barton, William
 Beaubien, Mary
 Bellegarde, William
 Berubee, M. Doris
 Bicknell, Marion
 Borden, Emily
 Brown, C. Deane
 Butterfield, Ina
 Campbell, J. Philip
 Campbell, Richard
 Carr, Eleanor
 Cofran, Helen
 Cole, Francese
 Coluchi, William
 Colwell, Leonard
 Corey, Janice
 Croft, Louis
 Cummings, Russell
 DeWolf, Gordon
 Drauch, Bernard
 Dryden, Jane
 Dulgarian, Rose
 Edwards, Robert
 Emanouil, Constance
 Eriksen, Donald
 Etzel, Robert
 Gaudette, Rita
 Gonsalves, Gabrielle
 Haberman, Leonard
 Hall, Warren
 Hankinson, Doris
 Harmon, Robert

Hunt, Estelle
 Horne, Winifred
 Johnson, Fred
 Knox, Ruth
 Lakin, Raymond
 L'Heureux, Paul
 Lovett, Eleanor
 MacPhee, Ruth
 McGlinchey, Francis
 Mercier, Theresa
 Miner, Dorothy
 Mochrie, Richard
 Monsen, Florence
 Monsen, Gladys
 Noon, Thelma
 Nystrom, Evelyn
 Pierce, Donald
 Pike, Marian
 Pontefract, Robert
 Proulx, Richard
 Ross, Stuart
 Russen, Melvin
 Sargent, Priscilla
 Shedd, William
 Small, Richard
 Stevens, Merton
 Straughan, John
 Thorner, Ira
 Twohey, Kathleen
 Valentine, Edward
 Vennard, Katherine
 Welch, Robert
 Yates, C. Robert
 Zabierek, Helen

Sophomores

Abrahamson, Albert
Adams, Bernice
Anderson, Roger
Atwood, Cynthia
Bacon, Patricia
Belida, Steve
Bell, Jean
Bellwood, Joyce
Bishop, Jeanette
Bishop, Teresa
Blackie, Florence
Brown, Evelyn
Buchanan, Warren
Byam, Arthur
Cahill, Margaret
Cantara, Raymond
Capuano, Matilda
Carlin, Joyce
Caton, Thelma
Chagnon, Maureen
Coburn, Beverley
Cote, Isabelle
Coughlin, Paul
Duffy, Richard
Edwards, Walter
Emerson, James
Ferreira, Cecelia
Feyler, Donald
Fontes, Mary
Fox, Donald
Gleason, Gloria
Grah, Gloria
Haines, Doris
Hamel, Eleanor
Hartley, Phyllis
Hill, Milton
Hilton, Ruth
Hodgson, Doreen
Hulslander, Frank
Jamros, Helen
Karafelis, Eva
Kelly, Joan
King, Harold
Kingman, Jean
Kingston, Sally
Lamb, Harry
Locapo, Catherine
Logan, Douglas
Ludwig, Allan
Lundberg, Charles
Marchand, Gerard
Marcotte, Anna
Manning, Elsie
Marinel, Linda
McAndrew, Ann
McEnnis, Shirley
McGlinchey, Eleanor
McGlinchey, Lorraine
McHugh, Jean
McMaster, Barbara
McNulty, Theresa
Meagher, John
Merrill, Grace
Messier, Elizabeth
Moorehouse, Robert
Morrison, Marion
Mulno, Carol
Norton, Warren
Oczkowski, Stanley
Paquette, John
Plein, Thomas
Proulx, Blanche
Pudsey, Dorothy
Riopelle, Dorothy
Robertson, Donald
Rogers, Forest
Russell, Earl
Sanders, Bradford
Scoble, David
Scott, Marilyn
Smith, John
Straughan, Rita
VanLunen, Richard
Webster, Charles
Webster, Ruth
Wylie, Warren
Yoachimcuik, Gertrude
Zabierek, Gladys
Zaher, George

Freshmen

Allen, Eleanor
Ayotte, Florence
Barker, Laura
Barron, Anne
Berg, Ralph
Billington, Virginia
Boucher, Lorraine
Brennan, Veraconda
Burne, Donald
Burroughs, Hobart
Burton, Thelma
Carrick, Francis
Carter, Patricia
Chagnon, Thomas
Chancey, Tony
Clayton, John
Cohen, Ivy
Crowell, Shirley
Dane, Maureen
Desmarais, Evelyn
Devno, Arlene
Dinnigan, Robert
Dufresne, Barbara
Edwards, Arthur
Edwards, Kenneth
Farrell, Rita
Flavell, Evelyn
Fletcher, Lester
Flynn, Mildred
Foley, John
Fortin, Arthur
Gervais, Edmund
Gervais, Estelle
Gonsalves, Isabelle
Greeley, Richard
Green, Alice
Haines, Dorothea
Harvey, Shirley
Healey, Pauline
Hood, Lorraine
Hoyle, Robert
Hunt, Barbara
Hunt, Winifred
Johnson, Norman
Kerrigan, Mary
Kingman, Robert
Klonel, Ronald
Kydd, Margaret
Lakin, Joan
Lambert, Doris
Leedberg, Greta
Lord, David
Lovering, Anna
Lovett, Robert
Malley, Robert
Malloy, Barbara
Marchildon, Doris
Marqua, David
McEnany, Joan
McHugh, Alice
McMaster, Mildred
Merrill, George
Miller, Shirley
Morrell, Arthur
Morrell, Florence
Morrison, Robert
Mulcahy, Mary
Newhall, Bayles
Nickerson, Earl
Nystrom, Dorothy
Oskowski, Barbara
Oskowski, Lois
Peterson, Douglas
Pearson, Ruth
Pickard, Nancy
Pickard, Hamilton
Pierce, Marilyn
Pike, Lillian
Pontefract, George
Pratt, Patricia
Pudsey, Eugene
Reid, Barbara
Reid, Shirley
Roach, Lillian
Rogers, Charles
Ross, Raymond
Russell, Shirley
Scoble, Hubert
Simm, Donald
Sousa, Isabelle
Souter, Elaine
Stevens, Gilbert
Sweet, Nancy
Thomas, Natalie
Trainor, Margaret
Vayo, Donald
Vennard, Theresa
Vinal, Kenneth
Vondal, Abby
Watt, Charles
Wetmore, Alvin
Wheeler, Albert
White, Marjorie
Whitworth, Guy
Whitworth, James
Wiggins, Thomas
Wilkins, Hollis
Wilkins, Walter
Wilson, Janis



Our

Activities





Athletic Association Board

President—ROBERT MICHAUD

1st Vice-President—LILLIAN COOKE

2nd Vice-President—KENTON WELLS

Secretary—ELAINE VAYO

Treasurer—RAYMOND CAMPBELL

Member-at-Large—DONALD ERIKSEN

Senior Member—ALFRED MARCOTTE

Junior Member—ROBERT HARMON

Sophomore Member—LINDA MARINEL

Freshman Member—JOHN CLAYTON

Physical Education Director—EDWARD J. SCHULTE

Coaches—MRS. RITA R. CORCORAN, MRS. HELEN R. POLAND

ALBERT LUPIEN, EDWARD J. SCHULTE, AND JOHN J. SHANNON

The Athletic Association

The A.A. membership drive got under way a few days after school convened in the fall of '43. Through the extreme efforts of an excellent staff, the membership of the A.A. was soon running on the high standards set in previous years.

This year's Booster Day was successful both on the gridiron and on the dance floor. After holding a powerful Pinkerton High team to a 6-6 tie, the annual Booster Day Dance was held in the high school auditorium. The greatest crowd ever to attend the annual social turned out, and witnessed the liveliest auction ever held on the school premises.

This year the A.A. was unable to sponsor the traditional Stunt Night. Plans were being developed for the occasion, but finally had to be cancelled due to war conditions. Oh well, "C'est la guerre."

Through the splendid leadership of our director, Mr. Schulte, the A.A. is able to look back upon a successful year despite the necessary restrictions because of the war. We wish to express our deepest appreciation for his untiring efforts and sincerely hope that he may spend future years here at C.H.S.

We would like to express our deepest gratitude to our fellow students for their generous backing for without it, sports at this school would be impossible.

In this book we are pleased to record and extend our sincere thanks to the members of the Chelmsford Civic Club and to its able president, Mr. Thomas Hennessy, whose efforts in our behalf are so numerable, sincere, and worthwhile.

Athletic Awards

FOOTBALL

Bernard Clark—Co-capt.

Raymond Campbell—Co-capt.

Leslie Adams
Warren Buchanan
Richard Carkin
John Clayton
Perry Delmore
Robert Edwards
Donald Eriksen
Barnard George
Robert Harmon
Frank Hulslander
Alexander Karafelis

Robert Lovett
Alfred Marcotte
John Meagher
Bernard McHugh
Robert Michaud
Richard Mochrie
Robert Pontefract
Arthur Pratt
Bradford Sanders
Ernest Thurber
Kenton Wells

Allen Ludwig—Mgr.

Ronald Klonel—Ass't. Mgr.

BASKETBALL

Barnard George—Capt.

Roger Anderson
Bernard Clark
John Clayton
Walter Edwards
Bernard McHugh

Richard Mochrie
Robert Pontefract
Bradford Sanders
Ernest Thurber
Kenton Wells

Raymond Campbell—Mgr.

CHEERLEADERS

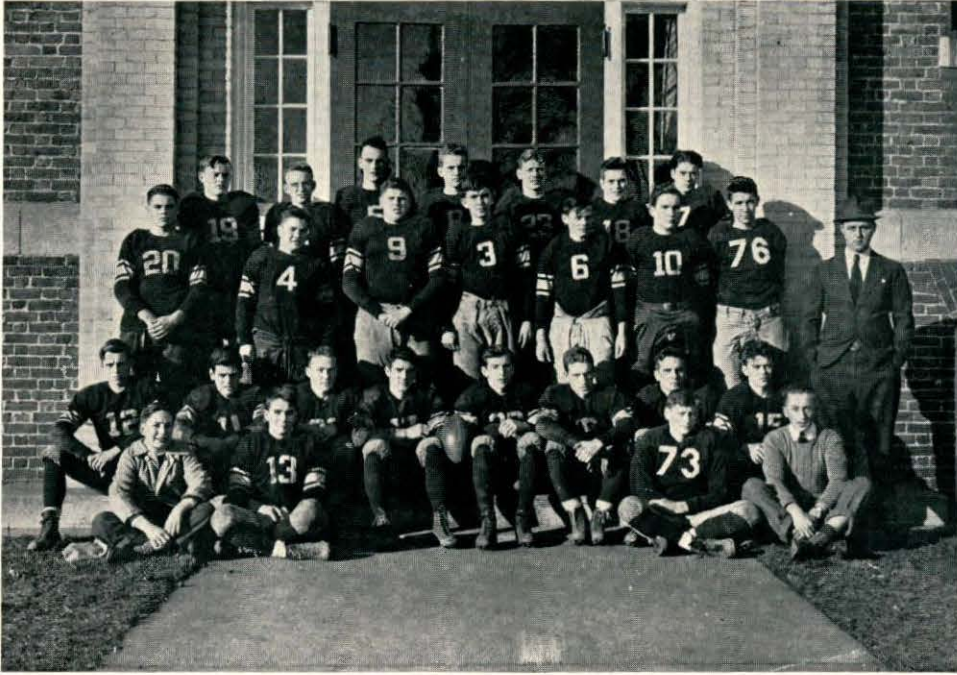
Lillian Cooke—Capt.

Louise Hennessy
Eva Karafelis
Anna Marcotte
Linda Marinell

Jean McHugh
Priscilla Sargent
Carol Shawcross

Athletic Association Members

Adams, Leslie	Foley, John	Morrell, Arthur
Allen, Eleanor	Fontes, Mary	Morrell, Florence
Ambler, Beatrice	Gaudette, Rita	Morris, Louise
Anderson, Roger	George, Barnard	Morrison, Marion
Angus, Edna	Gleason, Gloria	Morrison, Robert
Atwood, Cynthia	Grahn, Gloria	Morse, Edward
Ayotte, Florence	Greeley, Richard	Mulcahy, Mary
Bacon, Patricia	Haines, Doris	Narus, Peter
Barker, Laura	Hall, Warren	Newhall, Bayles
Barron, Anne	Hamel, Eleanor	Nickerson, Earl
Barton, William	Hankinson, Doris	Nobrega, Alice
Beausoleil, Barbara	Harmon, Robert	Norton, Warren
Bell, Jean	Hartley, Phyllis	Nystrom, Charlotte
Bellwood, Joyce	Hennessy, Louise	Nystrom, Dorothy
Berg, Ralph	Hill, Milton	Nystrom, Evelyn
Berubee, Doris	Hilton, Ruth	O'Brien, Dorothy
Bettencourt, Jean	Hinckley, Roy	O'Neil, Eileen
Bicknell, Marion	Hood, Lorraine	Paquette, Pauline
Billington, Virginia	Horne, Winifred	Pearson, Ruth
Bishop, Teresa	Hoyle, Robert	Pentedemos, Elizabeth
Blackie, Florence	Hulslander, Frank	Peterson, Douglas
Boucher, Lorraine	Hydusko, Virginia	Pickard, Hamilton
Brown, Evelyn	Jamros, Helen	Pickard, Shirley
Buchanan, Warren	Johnson, Fred	Pierce, Marilyn
Burne, Donald	Johnson, Norman	Pike, Lillian
Burton, Thelma	Jones, Barbara	Pike, Marion
Butterfield, Ina	Karafelis, Alexander	Plein, Thomas
Cahill, Margaret	Karafelis, Eva	Pontefract, George
Campbell, Philip	Kelly, Joan	Pontefract, Robert
Campbell, Raymond	King, Harold	Pratt, Arthur
Carkin, Joyce	Kingman, Jean	Proulx, Blanche
Carkin, Richard	Kingman, Robert	Prowker, Sophie
Carr, Eleanor	Kingston, Sally	Pudsey, Eugene
Carrick, Francis	Klonel, Ronald	Reid, Barbara
Carruthers, Marguerite	Kolesnikoff, Jean	Reid, Shirley
Chagnon, Maureen	Kydd, Margaret	Roach, Lillian
Chancey, Tony	Lacapo, Catherine	Russell, Earl
Clark, Bernard	Lakin, Raymond	Sanders, Bradford
Clayton, John	Lamb, Harry	Sargent, Priscilla
Cofran, Helen	Lapham, Christine	Shawcross, Carol
Cohen, Ivy	Logan, Douglas	Scoble, David
Cole, Francese	Lord, David	Scott, Marilyn
Coluchi, William	Lovett, Eleanor	Shedd, Dorothy
Colwell, Leonard	Lovett, Robert	Shedd, William
Cooke, Lillian	Ludwig, Allan	Spanos, Nancy
Coppen, Mary	Lundberg, Charles	Stevens, Merton
Cote, Isabelle	Lynch, Richard	Swallow, Jeanne
Coughlin, Paul	Manning, Elsie	Thomas, Natalie
Croft, Louis	Marcotte, Alfred	Thurber, Ernest
Dane, Maureen	Marcotte, Anna	Valentine, Edward
DeCarteret, Virginia	Marinel, Linda	Vayo, Donald
Delmore, Richard	Marqua, David	Vayo, Elaine
Desaulnier, Constance	McEnany, Joan	Vinal, Kenneth
Desmarais, Aline	McEnnis, Shirley	Vondal, Abby
Desmarais, Evelyn	McGlinchey, Eleanor	Vondal, Edward
Devno, Arlene	McGlinchey, Francis	Vrouhas, Helen
Dinnigan, Robert	McGlinchey, Lorraine	Webster, Charles
Dryden, Jane	McHugh, Alice	Webster, Ruth
Duffy, Richard	McHugh, Bernard	Wells, Kenton
Dufresne, Barbara	McHugh, Jean	Wetmore, Alvin
Dulgarian, John	McMaster, Barbara	Wheeler, Albert
Edwards, Arthur	McMaster, Mildred	Whitworth, Guy
Edwards, Kenneth	Meagher, John	Whitworth, James
Edwards, Robert	Merrill, George	Wiggins, Thomas
Edwards, Walter	Merrill, Grace	Wilkins, Walter
Emanouil, Constance	Messier, Elizabeth	Wilson, Janis
Emerson, James	Michaud, Robert	Wrigley, Dorothea
Erikson, Donald	Miller, Lucille	Wylie, Warren
Etzell, Robert	Mochrie, Eleanor	Yates, Robert
Feyler, Donald	Mochrie, Richard	Zabierek, Gladys
Flavell, Evelyn	Monsen, Florence	Zabierek, Helen
Fletcher, Lester	Monsen, Gladys	Zabierek, Walter
	Moorehouse, Robert	



Football

Although Coach "Ab" Lupien started the football season with only four veteran players, he produced a well drilled and coached squad, which proved itself ready to meet any team in its class.

Chelmsford opened by trouncing Weston 34-0. A heavily favored Lexington team was beaten 7-0 on a blocked kick. Overconfidence on our part accounted for the scoreless tie with Tewksbury. The team next traveled to Reading. It was a heavy, superior team we played that day; they were way out of our class. The score 26-6 verifies this fact. Our next opponent, Punchard, was outplayed by Chelmsford, but managed a 7-6 victory. On Booster Day, the Pinkerton Academy team came here to play an evenly matched game with a final score of 6-6. Although Concord defeated us 20-14, that game was the most outstanding of the season. It was classified as "one of the best schoolboy games of the year" by a Boston newspaper. After a hard fought battle on Thanksgiving Day, our traditional rival, Howe High of Billerica, claimed a 6-0 victory in the last few seconds of play.

Campbell, Carkin, and Pontefract played ends and the tackle positions were handled by Meagher, Clayton, and Wells. Buchanan, Eriksen, and Sanders acted as guards while Clark, George, and Hulslander took care of the center berth. The backfield men were Adams, Clark, Clayton, Karafelis, Lovett, Marcotte, McHugh, Delmore, Michaud, and Thurber.

Special recognition should be given to Captain Campbell, Ernie Thurber, and freshman John Clayton for being named on the All-Suburban first team, and to Dick Mochrie and Jack Meagher who made the second team.

Michaud, Harmon, Adams, Pratt, and King were injured during the season and were sorely missed by their team-mates.

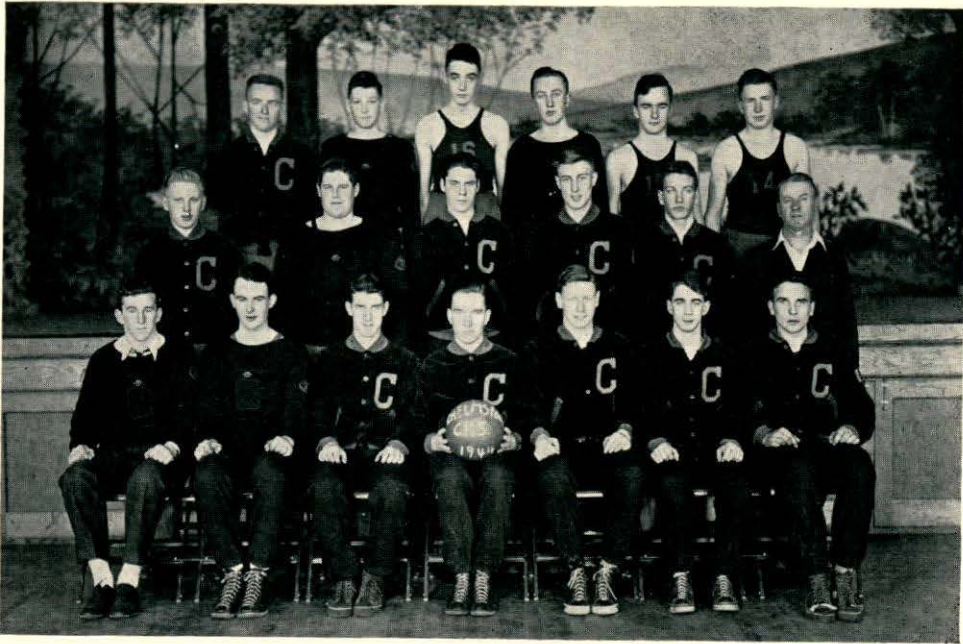
The team was ably managed by Allan Ludwig, assisted by Ronald Klonel.

Co-captains Ray Campbell and Buzz Clark retire leaving Dick Mochrie and Don Eriksen to lead next year's team to victory.

Football Alphabet

A is the ambulance that's waiting outside
B is the bump that gets one a ride
C is the center who weighs half a ton
D is the dent when he falls upon one
E is the end who is towering and fast
F is the fullback who throws him the pass
G is the guard who holds down the line
H is the half and a chance to recline
I is the impact when two players meet
J is the jar from head down to feet
K is the kick one gets in the face
L is the limp from foeman's embrace
M is the mud that gets richer each minute
N is the nose that gets rubbed around in it
O is the opening seen in the line
P is percussion from hips, calves, and spine
Q is the quarterback, refusing to yield
R is the run he makes down the field
S is the score, a million for us
T is the touchdown that made all the fuss
U is for under, one's apt to be
V is for nothing but *our* victory
W is for waterboy, most needed of all
X marks the spot where they piled on the ball
Y is for you, whose cheers help us go
Z is the zero we wish for our foe.

PERRY DELMORE '44



Boys' Basketball

Despite wartime transportation difficulties and the absence of a Lowell Suburban League, the basketball team started from scratch and carried on in true New England form. With outstanding records by three previous consecutive squads in fine showings at Fitchburg and M.I.T. tournaments, the new team set its goal at similar accomplishments. It came through with nine wins and six losses, a .673 average. The team was coached by Mr. Edward Schulte, our able physical education director, who instilled his charges with the value of fair play and the desire to win. Because so many former players are now in the service there was no Alumni game.

The first game of the season was played on our court against a strong Methuen combine, which later in the season entered the Boston Garden M.I.T. tourney. Defeat ensued. We took another loss at Tewksbury before the team entered a three game winning streak at Burlington, at Littleton, and against Punchard at home. Then followed three successive defeats at the hands of worthy foes, namely Methuen, and an underdog team from Pepperell, which defeated Chelmsford twice. Following this losing streak, the cagers gained wins against Burlington and Littleton; revenged Tewksbury, the semi-finalists at Townsend; and defeated Howe, our arch rival, which provided an excellent reversal of our Thanksgiving Day football defeat. This last game brought forth the greatest enthusiasm and largest crowd seen in our auditorium in many years. Receiving an invitation to the Eighth Annual High School Tourney at Townsend, the team proceeded to defeat Wilton, N. H. and then to lose a heartbreaker to Peterboro, N. H.

In each game Chelmsford High School was represented by two teams. This gave experience to many boys and will aid materially next year's squad. The second team produced an outstanding record of seven victories and two losses. Here again defeat was at the hands of a formidable Methuen five.

The first team consisted of Captain Barney George and young but experienced Johnny Clayton at the forward posts; Ernie Thurber and Kenton Wells at center; and sharpshooters, Buzz Clark and Bernie McHugh, at the backcourt. The second team presented Chubby Sanders and Roger Anderson as forwards, Bob Pontefract at center, and Walter Edwards and Dick Mochrie as guards. Other squad members who saw action were Bob Harmon, Phil Campbell, Stuart Ross, Alfred Marcotte, and Leonard Colwell. Eleven members received their letters.

Transportation for players was provided by the Chelmsford Civic Committee, and it can be truly said that the team was well followed by home-town rooters. The school band under the direction of Mr. Bernard Larkin provided music for two of our home games. Although stiff opposition was encountered during the basketball season, everyone enjoyed watching the high caliber play of our boys.

The retiring captain, Barnard George, relinquishes his duties to Kenton Wells, and because a nucleus of twelve players will return in the fall, hopes run high for next year!



Baseball

After the lapse of a year, baseball was revived this spring with great success. Thirty-four candidates reported to their new, energetic, and able coach, John Shannon. Clark and Thurber were the only veterans of the 1942 squad and their sparkling brand of play keyed the team's efforts. Clark held down second base, while Thurber not only served as Captain, but he was also the mainstay of the pitching staff.

Hampered by very inclement weather, Mr. Shannon could hold only four practice sessions before cutting the squad and selecting the starting nine for the season's opener with Tewksbury. Despite these difficulties, Chelmsford, however, swept through to an easy 7-4 triumph. The lineup was Adams, 1b; Clark, 2b; Clayton, ss; George, 3b; Anderson, lf; Michaud, cf; and Campbell, rf. Pontefract and McHugh shared the catching duties, while Belida, Wells, and Marcotte rounded out the pitching staff. The members of the squad who came through with timely and heavy hitting are too numerous to mention in detail; but in the fielding department, fleet-footed Bob Michaud's flawless play in centerfield and John Clayton's work at shortstop were outstanding.

Nine seniors—Campbell, Clark, Dulgarian, George, Marcotte, McHugh, Michaud, Narris, and Thurber—won places on the squad. It can be their proud boast that, starting from rock bottom, fighting many difficulties, they built a winning team which has given Chelmsford a lofty place in the baseball world. These senior boys can also leave, happy in the knowledge that the team mates they are leaving behind them will form the nucleus of another great Chelmsford nine.

The Schedule:		Chelmsford	Opponents
April	25 Tewksbury (Away)	7	4
	28 Methuen	4	9
May	2 Acton	26	6
	5 Groton	16	5
	9 Lexington (Away)	6	3
	12 Tewksbury	12	5
	17 Methuen	3	4
	19 Howe (Away)	4	6
	23 Lexington		
	26 Groton (Away)		
June	2 Howe		
	6 Acton		



Cheerleaders

SENIORS

Lillian Cooke
Louise Hennessey

SOPHOMORES

Eva Karafelis
Anna Marcotte
Linda Marinel
Jean McHugh

JUNIORS

Priscilla Sargent
Carol Shawcross

Rita R. Corcoran, *Coach*

Girls' Basketball

Because of wartime regulations girls' basketball was confined to intramural games. The outstanding event was a game played by the sophomore-senior squad against the freshman-junior team. It proved to be a one-sided affair with Jean McHugh, Edna Angus, and Florence Blackie scoring for the sophomore-senior unit. On the opposing side, forwards Jane Dryden, Maureen Dane, Margaret Kydd, and Jean Bettencourt tried their best to score, but were hindered by the good guarding of Linda Marinel, Barbara Jones, Jean Kingman, Connie Desaulnier, and Joyce Carkin. The junior-freshman guards, Helen Zabierek, Nancy Sweet, Alice McHugh, and Kathleen Twomey, played a good game but had a difficult time keeping up with the sophomore-senior forwards. The final score was 7-1 in favor of the sophomore-senior group.



American Junior Red Cross

Under the able supervision of its new adviser, Miss Marjorie Scoboria, the Red Cross club put in a very successful year. The schedule was changed this year so that almost all the work could be done at the meetings instead of outside of school. At the first meeting the club elected as president, Joyce Bellwood; as secretary, Sophie Prowker; and as treasurer, Pauline Paquette. Later in the year homeroom representatives were named to collect money for the Red Cross drive. A sum of approximately twenty-five dollars was collected from ninety-eight per cent of the pupils enrolled in the school.

The outstanding event in the club's calendar was the assembly given on October twenty-seventh, when Miss Elizabeth Robinson, the adviser of last year, now director of the Lowell chapter of the Junior Red Cross, came to the school and presented Red Cross movies, after which the club presented a program in the form of a question box.

Among the many things made by the Junior Red Cross this year are one dozen Christmas boxes for children in bombed European cities; fifty Christmas tray mats; three hundred decorative Christmas tree favors; one hundred nut cups for Valentine's day; twenty-nine tin boxes for use in the Lovell General Hospital craft shop at Fort Devens; eight writing portfolios; one thousand bedside bags; fifty dance orders, some of which were kept in the Lowell chapter house for display; one hundred Thanksgiving Day nut cups; and one hundred library cards and envelopes. The club also participated in several collection drives, such as those for waste paper, magazines, candle stubs, and razors.

In doing this work the members of the Junior Red Cross have learned the value of their organization and have experienced the satisfaction that comes from serving others.



The Chemistry Club

The Chemistry Club which was originally chartered to allow more laboratory leeway to exceptional students has gradually become a club, the main purpose of which is entertainment. Various sound films were enjoyed by the club members during the year.

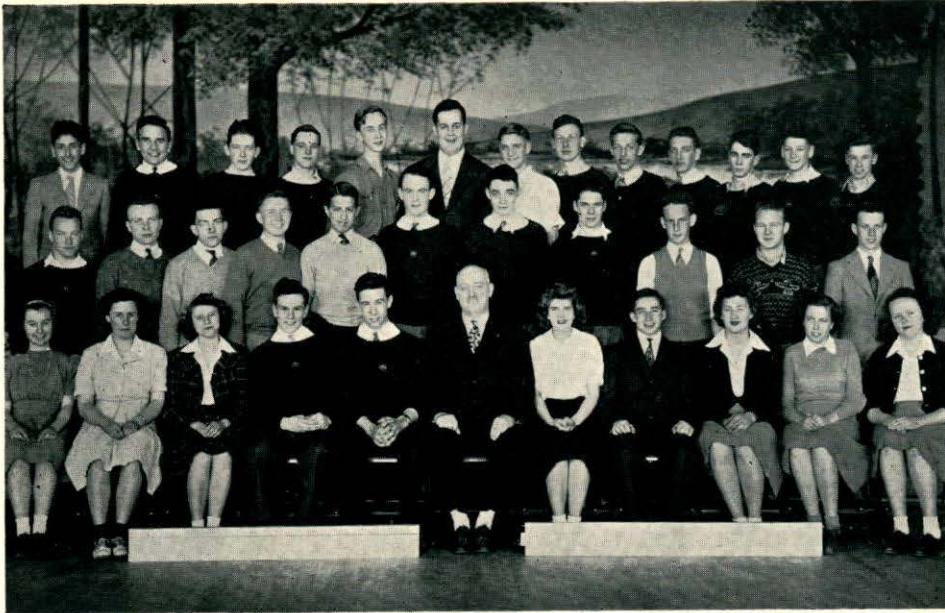
CHEMISTRY CLUB MEMBERS

<i>President</i>	KENTON WELLS
<i>Vice-President</i>	RICHARD CARKIN
<i>Secretary</i>	EDMUND DRAUCH
<i>Treasurer</i>	DONALD ERIKSEN
<i>Faculty Adviser</i>	PROCTER P. WILSON

Barton, William
 Bettencourt, Jean
 Butterfield, Ina
 Campbell, Philip
 Colwell, Leonard
 Cooke, Lillian
 Coppen, Mary
 Corey, Janice
 Croft, Louis
 Delorey, Barbara
 De Wolf, Gordon
 Dulgarian, John
 Haberman, Leonard

Hankinson, Doris
 Harmon, Robert
 Hinckley, Roy
 Johnson, Fred
 Jones, Barbara
 Lahue, Barbara
 Valentine, Edward
 Lakin, Raymond
 MacPhee, Ruth
 Marcotte, Alfred
 McGlinchey, Francis
 Michaud, Robert
 Mochrie, Richard

Monsen, Florence
 Morris, Louise
 O'Brien, Dorothy
 Pike, Marion
 Pontefract, Robert
 Pratt, Arthur
 Ross, Stuart
 Sargent, John
 Shawcross, Carol
 Shedd, William
 Small, Richard
 Stevens, Merton
 Straughan, John



The Slide Rule Club

The Slide Rule Club as in previous years has taught the pupils the use of the slide rule in connection with daily class room computations. Pupils are everywhere using the rule to check their mathematical calculations. This practice on the slide rule tends to make for skill in manipulation and reading of many other scaled instruments based on the decimal system.

SLIDE RULE CLUB MEMBERS

President

ARTHUR PRATT

Vice-President

ROBERT MICHAUD

Secretary

LOUISE MORRIS

Treasurer

PETER NARUS

Faculty Adviser

PROCTER P. WILSON

Ambler, Beatrice
Barton, William
Campbell, Philip
Carlin, Richard
Cooke, Lillian
Croft, Louis
Delorey, Barbara
De Wolf, Gordon
Drauch, Edmund
Dulgarian, John

Eriksen, Donald
Etzel, Robert
Hinckley, Roy
Johnson, Fred
Jones, Barbara
Mac Phee, Ruth
Marcotte, Alfred
McGlinchey, Francis
McHugh, Bernard
Mochrie, Richard

Monsen, Florence
Pontefract, Robert
Ross, Stuart
Sargent, John
Small, Richard
Stevens, Merton
Thurber, Ernest
Valentine, Edward
Wells, Kenton



Chelmsford High School Band

BERNIE LARKIN—*Director*

It all began one morning at assembly, as we trailed in listless and disorderly fashion toward the auditorium. Suddenly music met our ears. The effect was instantaneous. We picked up our feet, straightened our shoulders, and looked around in astonishment. What could be happening? There at the front of the hall, bright and gay, with the incomparable Miss MacBrayne swinging her baton, was our own Chelmsford High School Band, making its first unannounced appearance. From this moment on we were band conscious.

At this crucial point, Bernie Larkin, bubbling with pep and optimism, burst upon the scene. Every Wednesday afternoon the hopefuls gathered. Near the back of the illustrious group was Thomas Plein, thumping away on the old bass drum, while Ray Judge tapped delightedly on the snare, and Jeannie McHugh at odd moments crashed the cymbals together in mid-air. On one side of the stage was Gordon DeWolf and "sweetheart", with the rest of the licorice stick group contentedly breathing into their clarinets. On the other side were the golden voiced trumpets, with Dick Greeley and Eddie Valentine missing their cues and blasting into the middle of a musical phrase. In between sat Ed Morse and Harold King expansively extending their "skidbones" in search of an elusive deep-throated note, giving no uncertain impression of great skill and profound importance. Trying vainly to hold things together, Marion Pike, with fire in her eyes, pounded ferociously on the ivories, lapsing absent mindedly at odd moments into "Little Lambie Divey". Yes, and there was poor Bernie, laboring with all his might and main to get just a little music out of the noise and racket.

Little by little the band progressed from infancy to fame. It made its debut at a basketball game and was accorded such praise that it was demanded again at a later date. Even our parents and teachers heard of our remarkable accomplishments, and the Parent Teachers Association of North Chelmsford begged us to appear at their regular monthly meeting in April.

This recognition definitely has put us on the big time circuit. The members of the band feel confident that the Chelmsford Civic Committee is already well repaid for the hundreds of dollars they have invested in instruments for this group.

Serene in the hope that the school is proud of them, and secure in the knowledge that they are proud of themselves, the band proceeds merrily toward a bright future.

Instruments and members:

<i>Alto Horn</i>	Russell Cummings Gilbert Stevens	<i>Saxophone</i>	Roger Anderson Ralph Berg, Jr. Ronald Klonef
<i>Baritone Horn</i>	Frank Huslander	<i>Trombone</i>	Albert Abrahamson Harold King
<i>Bass Horn</i>	Richard Campbell	<i>Trumpets</i>	Edward R. Morse Raymond Cantara Richard Greeley
<i>Clarinet</i>	Gordon P. Dewolf, Jr. John Foley Douglas Peterson Stanley Oczkowski		Charles Watt Charles C. Webster Ruth C. Webster
<i>Cymbals</i>	Theresa Bishop Jean McHugh	<i>Violins</i>	Edward R. Valentine Theresa Bishop Eleanor Deguise
<i>Drum Major</i>	Jean McHugh		
<i>Drums</i>	Raymond W. Judge Thomas Plein David R. Webster Walter Wilkins		
<i>Flute & Piano</i>	Marion Pike		

Men of the Air

How lucky you are,
 You men of the air,
 You who go zooming,
 Tilting and liltng,
 Roaring and soaring,
 Into the blue.
 How sleek is your ship,
 All silver and shining!
 How wild is this child
 Of your fondest designing!
 How dear to your heart,
 More precious than gold,
 An ode to perfection,
 A dream to behold.
 Your winged creation,
 Earth-born for the sky,
 Takes from your spirit
 The power to fly
 Into the blue.
 Oh men of the air,
 I envy you!

Mary Coppen '44

MY VIOLIN

There's an instance I'm recalling
 Just about a year ago,
 'Twas a program most enthralling
 On my six tube radio.
 Oh, the music was the smartest
 But the part I reveled in
 Was a solo by an artist
 On a sweet-toned violin.

Right there I knew for certain
 'Twas the instrument for me—
 Some day before a curtain
 I'd command a handsome fee.
 So I begged and teased and pleaded
 And I finally won out—
 Some family peace was needed,
 That was it beyond a doubt.

When I proudly brought that treasure
 To the home I call my own,
 My joy exceeded measure
 And my eyes like diamonds shone.
 It was fame that lay before me,
 I'd just give this world a treat.
 When my friends came to implore me
 I would sweep them off their feet!

I still have a mental picture
 Of me standing in the glow,
 As I rubbed a resin mixture
 Up and down the graceful bow.
 Then I placed it on my shoulder
 And I tucked it 'neath my chin
 To release the notes that smoldered
 In my precious violin.

By chance you've heard the wailing
 Of a raccoon at a fire,
 Or perhaps the squeaks from nailing
 A strand of chicken wire.
 Could it somehow be related
 To a three week's baby crow?
 That's the sound that emanated
 When I gently drew that bow.

My dreams of fame were banished,
 And I promptly lost the thrill.
 My desire to play had vanished
 Though I can recall it still,
 So I laid away the fiddle—
 It was such a clumsy thing.
 If in music I must diddle,
 Then I guess I'd better sing.

Shirley French '44

DAYS OF THE YEAR

Hallowe'en comes but once a year,
 Dressed in costumes quaint and queer,
 Breaking windows with boys that are
 rough—
 I wish I knew when I'd done enough.

Thanksgiving comes but once a year,
 Bring on the turkey and the deer,
 Plum puddings, cranberry sauce, and
 stuff—
 I wish I knew when I'd eaten enough.

Christmas comes but once a year,
 The time for presents and good cheer.
 Gifts for the family go down on the cuff—
 I wish I knew when I'd spent enough.

But of all red letter days in the year,
 Graduation is most dear,
 For of essays, lectures, books, and bluff
 I surely know I've had enough!

Edward Vondal '44

MONDAY MORNING DEB

On Monday morning she hurries to school,
 Still thinking of her date.
 She dashes in at the sound of the bell
 And just misses being late.

Pity the lad in the seat behind!
 She wrinkles her face in a pout
 And pulls a comb through her frousy locks
 Shedding little strands round about.

Then she grabs from the depths of a mon-
 strous purse,
 The size of an overnight case,
 Her rouge and a tube of "Jungle Red"
 And smears them all over her face.

She giggles and wriggles, when all at once
 Female gewgaws of every kind
 Start merrily rolling down the aisle—
 Oh! pity the lad behind!

Edward R. Morse '44

EIGHTEEN

I am a boy just turned eighteen
With lots of plans in view,
But I don't expect to be free for long—
The Draft has me in view.

I'd like to go to work at the plant;
If the hours are hard, I don't care.
I'd like to work there very much,
But—I've got my questionnaire.

I'd like to go to school some more
To learn a special trade,
I'd try to get a good high mark—
But I guess 1A is my grade.

I'd like a vacation after school,
But the Draft Board's on the ball.
They don't give me much time to myself —
I just got my blood test call.

I didn't know soldiers were so young,
Just guys out of school like me.
Yesterday I was just eighteen —
But now I'm an inductee!

Bernard Clark '44

THE BUTCHER TO HIS LOVE

Will you be my maiden fair?
I'm sure we'd make a lovely pair.
Never fear the price of meat,
I'll get you all you want, my sweet.

Will you come and marry me?
Our food will all be ration free.
We'll have thick juicy steaks each day
And butter procured in a secret way.

Are you game to try your luck,
To dine on ham and fresh roast duck,
To have whatever you wish to eat,
The finest assortment of poultry and meat?

Our meals will boast sugar, cream, and jam
Backed up by turkey and roast lamb.
What should make a life divine
But to boil, to roast, to bake, and to dine!

If this sounds tempting, dearest Joan,
Marry me and keep my home.
Ration stamps go out the door—
There'll be enough for us and more.

Christine Lapham '44

MAN SHORTAGE

On behalf of the Senior girls
I take it upon myself
To tell you of our grievance,
How we are on the shelf.

Our senior year has been quite "short",
I'm sure you will agree.
We've been short of gas, and short of
funds,
And short of men, you see.

Each erstwhile social gathering
Is a girls' school on parade.
And if a male does wander in,
It's like a commando raid.

Do tell me what's a girl to do,
As the summer moons grow bright,
If she's read the books, and the V-mail's
out—
And you can't knit every night!

I'm going to write my congressman.
There ought to be a law,
Another freedom to get us a date,
Or else call off the war!

Elaine Vayo '44

THE JOB OF THE SODA JERK

Upon the job of the soda jerk,
Pray rest your weary mind,
To find out what he does for work
And what his daily grind.

The syrup pumps must be kept clean,
The counter spic and span,
The glasses must be made to gleam
As well as each pot and pan.

The ice cream can must be replaced,
The scoops must shine like glass,
And other duties must be faced,
Such as making carbon gas.

The soda jerk has to be a whiz,
There's nothing he can shirk,
But the soda jerk's main problem is
To make the sodas perk.

Raymond Judge '44

4-F

I am an old 4-F er, folks,
As you can plainly see,
The Navy wouldn't let me in—
I'm allergic to the sea.

The Marines would not consider me.
The Leathernecks laughed and said,
"Come back to us when your draft board
Starts calling in the dead."

The Army likewise turned me down,
But with me there's nothing wrong.
They tell me I'm the best 4-F
That ever came along.

At last I'm helping my country too,
I have a right to shout.
Just yesterday they swore me in
An American Boy Scout!

Ernest Kisley '44

ELMER

Oh, Elmer's in a uniform,
They say he volunteered;
He didn't wait for drafting
Although his time had neared.

You see, he couldn't figure out,
His ration book of stamps,
So our hero thought he'd join the ranks
And eat at the army camps.

Now he has turkey, Grade A beef,
Butter, jam, and the such.
The only thing that bothers him
Is how to eat so much.

Now Elmer's in a uniform,
He's getting fat and fatter.
His book is filed with the O. P. A.
For stamps no longer matter.

Elizabeth Pentedemos '44

OUR MOUSE

The little mouse in our house
Was round, and fat, and gray,
With beady eyes and twitching nose.
He was so smart and gay!

The other night he lost his head
And ventured out too bold.
He met the dog, poor little mouse—
And so the tale is told.

Aline Desmarais '44

SUSPENSE

The dreadful day had come at last
When we must meet this man,
We'd heard him cussed in years gone by
By Bill, and Joe and Dan.

That morning, 'ere we came to school
We dressed with greatest care,
For he was worthy of our best,
Of this we were aware.

At eight-ten sharp we reached the school
And each went to his room,
For there we were to wait the call,
That led us to our doom.

Ten minutes passed without a sound,
Then Jim, the first, returned.
He had a dazed and weary look—
We knew not what he'd learned.

Then I was called to have my turn
To meet this awful man,
He looked at me and smiled, then said
"I'll do the best I can."

He turned me around, he tipped my head
He made me smile at him.
He yanked my tie, and then he laughed
Until I said to him,

"For those who must come after me
I ask of you, kind sir,
Please try to make us less afraid,
Dear school photographer."

Roy B. Hinckley '44

FALL

Of all the seasons of the year, the fall is best suited to my taste. The weather is cool, too cool for the mosquitoes that no longer swarm on the swamps and marshes, but crawl away like sulking, beaten dogs. Gradually the trees change their colors. The birches early take on a yellow tint, until one morning they flash forth a bright, clear yellow. The maples turn to a light crimson that gradually deepens to a rich blood red. The oaks try to hide their change and fight to retain their accustomed state, but then startlingly, almost overnight, break out in sheets of flame. The pines also feel the drowsy effect of sluggish sap, and shed some of their needles, but proudly keep their green. Immune to all this beauty, the birds gather for their long journey; the woodchuck seeks out his den for the winter; and the squirrel, with full cheeks, hoards still further supplies within his winter nest. Now the nights grow frosty, and the ponds crust over. I seize whatever joy I may, knowing well that the wrath of winter will soon rest heavily upon the world.

John Smith '46

SENIOR GIRL

The senior girl is no ordinary person. She is in a class all her own, a creature to be held in awe and respect. She can always be distinguished in a crowded hallway by her distinctive amble, a sort of slow, rolling walk, suitable only for seniors. Her costume is smooth, being made up of a pleated skirt, a sloppy sweater, and a string of pearls. Her hair is worn in a long bob reaching to her shoulders and curled just a bit on the ends. She is up to the minute on all the latest styles, knows all the popular songs, and raves about Harry James and Frank Sinatra. Are they sharp! All the "right" people to know are among her personal acquaintances, and she is on good terms with the teachers. She belongs to that species known as Social Butterflies, and her night life is something that she tells only to her diary. When forced to be in

the company of those odd little creatures known as underclassmen, she is just too, too bored for words, her voluntary associates being only those of equal rank, namely other seniors—especially male ones.

Mary Coppen '44

ON STARTING CARS IN WINTER

Surely sometime during the winter you have had trouble starting your car. If happily you haven't, then in all probability you will have—perhaps sooner than you expect. However, if one follows my simple rules, there is no need for worry. What's this? You're having trouble already? Well, cheer up. Get behind that wheel and we'll have it going in no time.

First, make sure that the car is out of gear. Now pull out the choke a little, and turn the key. There, now step on the starter—h'm, doesn't sound too good, does it? Hold on now! Don't speak to the car in that manner. Speak to it nicely. Get down on your knees and coax it. Now let's try again—gosh, there must be something wrong! My system never fails—well, at least it never *has*. In a difficult and trying situation you must remember to keep calm and cool; above all, don't lose your head. The trouble with too many people is that they give up too easily. Don't let a little engine get the better of you. Remember, if at first you don't succeed, try, try again. There now, hand me that crank, I'll show this engine that I can be just as stubborn as she can—h'm, she sturdier than I thought—hold on now, what's this you're saying? Well of all things, folks, I am just being told the gas tank is empty!

In closing, ladies and gentlemen, I wish to say that if all the above-mentioned methods fail, then by all means take a bus.

Ernest Kiskey '44

TRIBUTE TO A DOG

The one absolutely unselfish friend that man has in this selfish world, the one who never deserts him, the only one who knows no ingratitude or treachery is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and

poverty, in health and in sickness. He sleeps on the cold ground when the wintery winds blow and snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He kisses the hand that has no food to offer, and licks the wounds and sores that come from rough encounter with the world. He guards the

sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he stands fast. When riches take wings and reputation crumbles, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

Deane Brown '45

Flying

Guiding a plane in a clear blue sky
Seems very thrilling to me.
Watching the land beneath go by
Is a pretty sight to see.

Piloting planes isn't done alone,
You see it's a task for two,
For if you get tired or trouble sets in,
Your Co-pilot carries you through.

Edward Vondal '44

Wonder

He sees the world alive with wings,
Swift clouds of shining silver things.

He lifts his eyes beyond the sky
And sees infinity pass by.

As he flies to north and to the south,
Flashing life is in his mouth.

Once or twice this side of death
Things can make one hold one's breath.

Astrid Hanson '44

Corregidor Is Quiet Now

Corregidor is quiet now,
That rock in Manila Bay,
The red of the rising sun now glares
Instead of "Old Glory's" ray.

Corregidor is quiet now,
Save the sound of shuffling feet
And the arrogant heels of conquering boots
Trampling down the street.

Corregidor is quiet now,
But her heights grow slowly bright
As a rising Hope lifts a glowing torch
To burn away the night.

Elizabeth C. Pentedemos '44

Guidance

High up in the heavens where dwells the
Protector

With the heavenly bodies their light and
their guide,

High up in the sky buoy'd by power and
glory

With the Lord our loved Savior e'er close
to their side,

Up there in the clouds, facing dangers
unknown,

Our soldiers are fighting to safeguard our
land.

They fight with assurance when meeting
the foe,

For God, their Co-pilot, upholds every
hand.

Alice Nobrega '44

A YOUNGER SISTER

A younger sister's all you need
 For spoiling all your fun.
 She tags along where'er you go—
 Can't even be out-run.

She somehow knows your every thought
 And watches every move;
 She gives a full report at home
 When you're not "in the groove."

Your mail she never fails to read,
 Which makes your anger mount,
 And every time the telephone rings
 She beats you to the count.

Your cold cream, powder and lipstick too,
 She takes possession of,
 And what she offers in return
 Is known as "sisterly love."

But now the long awaited day
 Is here at last. You see,
 You're party bound, and Mother says,
 "Your sister'll stay with me!"

Barbara Delorey '44

THE DENTIST

I see the dentist once each week,
 I dread it every time.
 I get so scared I cannot speak;
 My pulse rate starts to climb.

He drills and picks, and picks and drills
 Until my mind's a whirl,
 He smears my make-up, wrecks my frills,
 And flattens out each curl.

Some day my teeth will all be fake,
 And I'll be filled with glee,
 Then no more pain, and no more ache,
 And no more bills for me.

But then I may be sorry too,
 Because I've lost my own,
 For uppers and lowers when they're new
 Don't stick as if they'd grown.

The only thing for me to do
 Is anticipate the best,
 And if I lose just one or two,
 Smile sweetly with the rest.

Lillian Cooke '44

PARTY LINE

I've often wondered why it is
 That I have such a time.
 Whenever I want to telephone
 There's someone on the line.

I lift the phone to make a call;
 I pause—"Oh Jean, my dear,
 Did I tell you what Johnnie said?"
 "And Mary, did you hear?"

I try again—a piercing buzz
 Drills through my weary head;
 If this keeps us I know I'll be
 Flat in my little bed.

Once more I swear that I will try,
 In desperation deep.
 This time the idle chatter runs
 "I sure like you a heap!"

The line is out of order now,
 I cannot hear a thing.
 They must have held the wire so long
 The thing just will not ring.

Now this is all that I can stand
 And crazy I will be,
 If I don't hear the dial tone
 At least one time in three.

Ruth Adams '44

DAY DREAMS

I love to sit and think and dream
 Beside a lazy, listless stream.
 My thoughts then wander far astray,
 And dreams come forth in bright array.

I think how I would like to stroll
 Far up a fragrant, wooded knoll,
 To step from tree dimmed forest light
 Into a sky all blue and white.

Upon a cloud I'd love to be
 And, floating on this magic, see
 Wonders and marvels passing fleet—
 The world revolving 'neath my feet.

Mary Cincevich '44

Follies of Youth

Each year our elders murmur
 At the so-called follies of youth,
 Our dress, our manners, our morals,
 They claim are so uncouth.
 Logically, kindly, let me explain
 Why our elders think us insane.

The mammoth rings,
 The songs we sing,
 The bright red lips,
 Scarlet finger tips,
 Dirty saddle shoes,
 And silly hair-dos.
 Boys without ties,
 Self-admiring sighs,
 The flashy socks,
 The slicked down locks,
 Pants that bag at the knees,
 And pushed up sleeves.

All this we merely mention
 With every good intention.
 For though we haven't thought too long,
 We know our elders must be wrong!

Louise Hennessy '44

My Love

I think she's lovely, I think she's grand,
 She's the finest gal a guy could land.
 She starts in a flash and lands on a dime,
 Nice little "Avenger"—she's all mine.

She's a honey, a sweetheart, the queen of
 my dream;
 She's well poised, well balanced, and on
 the beam.
 She's hep and jive, she's simply divine,
 Dear little "Spitfire"—she's all mine.

She's got vigor and vim and pep galore;
 She's saucy and pert and never a bore.
 She's got style, and speed, and perfect
 design,
 Sweet little "Hellcat"—she's all mine.

Mary A. Cincevich '44

Advice For June

Lady, during balmy June
 Do your flirting, sing your tune,
 Plot and plan, and while you can,
 Find yourself a handsome man.

While you still are pink and white,
 Moonbeam fair, a pale delight —
 Dear, in short, before you tan,
 Get yourself a marrying man!

Virginia De Carteret '44

SNOWFALL

The silent snow came floating down
Like feathers in a breeze;
It covered all the barren ground
And pruned all the trees.

It crowned the hills majestically
And filled the vales below;
The world was like a great white sea
Blue-whitened by the snow.

Richard Lynch '44

FLUNKS

Here I am in Chelmsford High
Astride my senior year.
'Twas two short months ago I thought,
"My easy days are here.

They say the senior year's a cinch;
I'll coast the whole term through.
I'm sure to graduate with ease,
No matter what I do."

On Friday last, I got my card
And found to my dismay,
A C was given to me where
I thought I'd get an A.

- My A's have turned to B's or C's;
My C's have turned to F's.
All my ups have turned to downs,
And rights have turned to lefts.

It seems that everything is wrong,
And nothing left is right,
And what will happen if and when
My F's drop out of sight?

With all the dirt of gas and tires
And dim-outs in our parks,
Perhaps the teachers ran across
A shortage of good marks.

If marks are being rationed now
Like sugar, tires, and gas,
The question that I'm pondering
Is, "Am I going to pass?"

I have no stamps for passing grades,
But I know a simple way.
I'll take a trip to Washington
And see the O. P. A.

Shirley French '44

A DOG LOVER

Being sick of faithless human friends
Of women and of men,
I went and bought the pooch I want
To hike with now and then.

A nice, big, ugly looking hound,
With heart of solid gold,
She shows her teeth in my defense;
Her bark is loud and bold.

Yes, a good dog wanders at my side.
When the going is uphill
She looks at me and wags her tail,
And makes my heart stand still.

Virginia Hydusko '44

LONESOME

I've made believe she went along
When I went on a walk.
I've made believe I held her hand
And that I heard her talk.
I've made believe she danced with me
Those lovely nights in May.
I've made believe she thought of me
Forever and a day.

My make believe is a pretty game
But it's getting hard to play.
How can I make believe she's mine
When she is out with Bill each day!

Deane Brown '45

Happiness

Happiness is man's greatest fortune. The word fortune may mean to some people a store of money, property, or other material riches, but it means something deeper when connected with happiness, and refers to a different sort of wealth. He who has happiness may notice the birds, the sky, the flowers, the streams, the trees, and all the beautiful things of the world. Because he is happy, he sees only happy things. He who has not this fortune sees only the fog, the rain, the darkness, the gloom, the clouds, the shadows, and all the dismal things of life. No man is condemned to misery, but anyone with the help of God may possess happiness.

Catherine Yoachimciuk '44

Our Mission

Somewhere out there in the night, a huge bomber swings about onto the runway. Darkness beats against its wings. Its muffled engines throb. Its fuselage is heavy with guns. Its crew tensely awaits the takeoff signal. Through the persistent static, a voice reports, "Squadron three ready for takeoff—Squadron three ready for takeoff." Another voice echoes—"Runway 44 ready—Runway 44 ready—Go ahead!" The plane's engines race at full throttle and the big bird trembles and settles itself into the long, slow roll down the granite runway. It rises slowly from the ground, into the darkness of the unknown, carrying its crew, with all their fears, hopes, and dreams. Apprehension and longing rise in them as they think ahead a few hours, to that time when, reporting proudly, "Mission accomplished," they will be eligible for the rewards of all good pilots.

The name of our plane is no military secret. It is the "Class of 1944!" Its crew

is the student body, who have worked so hard during the four years at Chelmsford High School. As we roll down the runway of our graduation, we are well aware of the dark clouds ahead, clouds of war and trial which we must pass through. We, too, have fears, hopes, and dreams. We, too, trust that with persistent effort, we may be able to report our mission accomplished, and our rewards well won.

Raymond W. Judge '44

Of Clothes

Clothes are cause for worry, for pride, and for pleasure. The chief cause of worry lies in the fact that they *aren't* one-of-a-kind; for pride is that they *are* one-of-a-kind; and for pleasure, that they enhance the wearer. To appear well dressed requires that clothes be chosen well, but for them to appear well chosen is easier for those who have distinction of carriage and self-assurance. To worry too much about dress is stupidity; to be too proud of them is conceit; to be pleased with them is human. Clothes make the man, but they must first be chosen with a discriminating eye, for the right clothes appear right only to those who know, and pretty clothes too easily result in overdress. Fancy clothes should be reserved for parties; tailored clothes for business; sport clothes for school or play; and old clothes for work. Fussy people are vexed by clothes, but average people take pleasure in them. Fret not about clothing, neither be conceited. Feel neither superior nor inferior. Know that clothes can be used to change moods and boost spirits; they can tell tales, and ruin opportunities; they can enhance values and emphasize personality. We are judged by our dress.

Louise Morris '44

Today is Good

Today is good; the sunlight gleams
 On peaceful dales and tranquil streams,
 And from each sparkling golden ray
 Streams life and courage for today.
 These things are good—each day's plain
 task,
 The love that gives and does not ask,
 The simple joys, the bread and meat,
 Companionship, and laughter sweet.
 Each moment of today we see
 As our own small eternity.

RICHARD LYNCH '44

Wings

Our boys are on their wings tonight,
 Aloft and in the dark,
 They've a course to fly, they've targets to
 bomb,
 And each one knows his mark.

The hands of laboring thousands at home
 Shape planes, equipment, and guns,
 And strive for perfection in each detail
 For the safety of their sons.

But more powerful weapons are given our
 boys
 Than these we fashion with care,
 For mightier than the wings of steel
 Are the unseen wings of prayer.

Dorothy O'Brien '44

White Magic

The fields were brown, the trees were bare;
 No sign of life now fluttered there.
 The little pond lay dark and still,
 There came no moon up o'er the hill.

Then down it floated, thin and frail,
 Spread by a nymph o'er hill and dale.
 And on it came through-out the night,
 Noiseless and mystic in its flight!

But then the night gave way to morn;
 The silvery fairy now was gone.
 White magic she had left behind,
 The only trace of her you'll find.

Ruth MacPhee '45

Flight

Slim, silver eagles cutting the blue,
 Mighty the job that they must do,
 The goal and the pathway both obscure,
 Courage the only thing that's sure.

Life is but a plane's swift flight,
 Only I can guide it right;
 Only I can keep it high,
 And chart a pathway to the sky.

—Edward R. Morse '44

My Guide

He's off on a mission, there's danger tonight.
He hopes, but he fears as he faces the fight.
His fingers twitch as he handles the stick;
His touch, like his glance, is both cautious and quick.
His ear phones crackle, the moment is here,
And he stiffens a bit as his trial draws near.
He's praying out loud, going into a slide,
Through lips still with tension—"May God be my guide".

The battle is on, the target below,
His sky blotted out by a vindictive foe.
Like vultures they drive, dark shapes without pause,
Dropping upon him with death in their claws.
Exulting, he laughs and kicks into a roll,
And before he pulls out, he's taken his toll.
There's a power above him, and glory beside,
Exultation within him—"God is my guide".

The bombs have been dropped, the target is gone,
What's left of the foemen cannot fight on.
Re-forming, the bombers speed into the west,
Wings dipped for those comrades now lost to the rest.
The rapture is gone; weary heart, heavy eyes
Are his, as homeward he wings through the skies.
Trembling lips, a full heart, and a mind fortified
All confess with humility—"God was my guide".

Robert Michaud '44

Superstitions

Apologies to Francis Bacon

The simple man cherishes superstitions; the witty man ridicules them; the wise man ignores them. To believe superstitions is folly; to observe them without belief is amusing. To be cautious when a black cat crosses the road is ill advised, but when the black cat is striped with white, to be cautious is indeed well advised. In breaking a mirror, the simple man fears for the ill luck that may follow, but the wise man fears only the expense of replacement. He that hangeth a horseshoe over his door is not inviting good luck, but rather disaster should it become loosened and fall on him. The man who knocketh on wood to prevent catastrophe is in danger of injuring his hand. He who allows three on a match exposes himself to the peril of a burned finger. However, trying to convince the contrary minded of these truths is like trying to persuade a lion he should become a vegetarian. It is harder to dishonor an old and absurd belief than to credit a new and reasonable one. That man is wise who never permits himself to over-estimate a coincidence.

Edward R. Morse '44

Alone In A Plane

We all have the urge to climb. We all yearn to see beyond and above. We feel that in the heights above the clouds, there must be light and clarity and music more beautiful than any we can imagine.

Alone, above the haze that surrounds the earth, in the blue sky, high in the heavens, we long to take the way of the eagle. Alone close to the sun, we seek inspiration. Surely, somewhere here is God.

Jean Kolesnikoff '44

Of Skiing

No matter how you look at it, skiing is a fascinating sport. There are two ways of acquiring the art. The first and more widely followed method is simply to advance firm-

ly to the nearest hill with your skis and poles. By the time you reach the top, you have noticed how steep the hill is and how far away the bottom looks. Now starts the inward controversy, "Shall I, or shall I not?" In the end your more courageous self wins out. You put your feet warily in the clamps, carefully adjust your poles, take a deep breath and bravely shove off. In theory you should now be whizzing gaily down the slope, gracefully dashing in and out among the trees. When you suddenly find yourself with your head penetrating a snowbank by two or three feet, you decide something must have gone wrong. Nothing daunted, you pick yourself up, dig the snow from your eyes and ears, and shake it out of your neck. With a light and jaunty air you try again. After the same thing has happened five or six times you begin to lose confidence and after a dozen times you gingerly gather up your weary bones and creak off home. About this time you begin desperately to hope that there is a lot of rubbing liniment on the closet shelf, plus several soft cushions scattered about the house at strategic points.

To the wiser enthusiast there is open another method of learning to ski. He will gain possession of several books of instruction and practice diligently in indoor safety. He will pore over the charts until the down hill schuss and the slalom are old stuff. He will be able to execute a neat gëländesprung or a perfect Christiania turn. He will be aware that to stop suddenly he should employ the technique known as double stemming, and to climb a steep peak the herring bone would be in order. When he has fully mastered every kick and turn, he then sets out to demonstrate his skill out of doors. To this expert the ordinary down hill run is too elementary, so he now prepares to execute his fanciest maneuver. When he notices that his feet are not going in the desired direction, he thinks maybe his knowledge is not quite complete and the only skiing mark he is going to make is with his sitzmark. As I said before, skiing is a fascinating sport no matter how you look at it, and especially if you are the looker-on, and not the looked-upon.

Mary L. Coppin '44