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1946 Year Book



CHELMSFORD HIGH SCHOOL

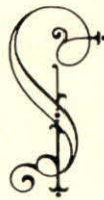
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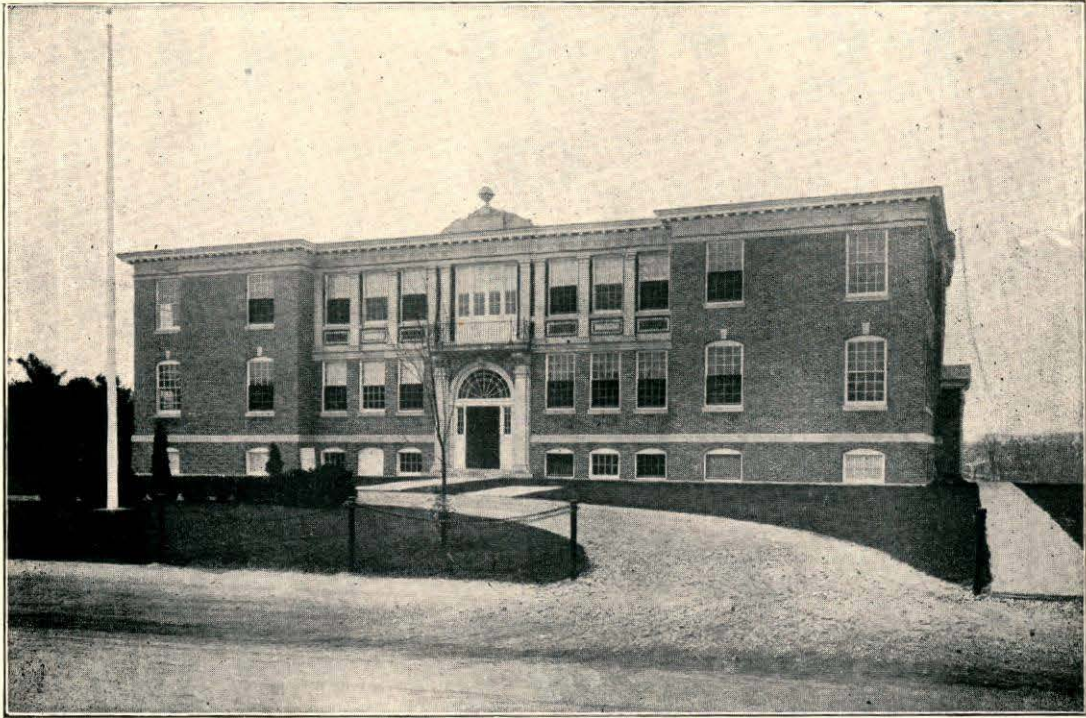
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THE YEAR BOOK
OF
1946



Edited by the Students of

Chelmsford High School



Chelmsford High School

*Within these walls . . .
many happy hours were spent—and
many lasting friendships were formed.*

*The Class of 1946 will treasure its pleasant memories
of Chelmsford High School.*

Foreword

We cannot retrace the steps of our high school days but the chance remains for us to gaze at schoolday memories in the semblance of this book. As the members of the Class of 1946 advance to the successes of their chosen occupations and professions, may they recall with affection the joys, trials, and friends of Chelmsford High School.

Harmony Through Unity

The reader of this year book may wonder why we, the Class of 1946, chose this motto. Here is my answer.

As undergraduates we suffered from the falsely gay, uneasy tide that rose from calamity. Like adults the world over we were nervous, discontented, and upset. From heights of patriotism we plunged to despair. Our minds, confronted with too much that was terrible, refused to think seriously, and the standards by which we lived and worked lowered dangerously. This was an inevitable reaction. Our brothers had departed for service and our mothers had entered industry.

Families were torn apart and discord reigned at home. Thus in severing family unity, we fractured the back bone of our country. Nations fought their gory battles, and individuals the world around felt the reverberation of each deadly blow. There was not harmony in the world then, and no unity; it was an experience we shall not soon forget.

Now we are graduated into a new era. Family life is returning to normal. Brothers are back from service; mothers are home from the factories. Blackouts, rationing, military dictators, and fear of death are no longer our immediate concern. However, if the war has been truly won and if we are to find peaceful solutions for world problems, we realize that the only way is by a universal unity of intention and conduct. The cruel proof of our former deficiencies rising from the war just past has slapped our faces and the imprint is still colored. We have learned a lesson. Because we have no desire to be so disciplined ever again, we dedicate ourselves to the only way of life that can prevent disaster—harmony through unity.

LINDA MARINEL '46



To

MARY E. POLLARD, M. C. S.

We, the Class of 1946, affectionately dedicate this book in recognition of her competent instruction, her unfailing pleasantness, and her wide interest in our outside school activities.

TO THE SENIORS:

High Schools all over the country are bringing their year's work to a close, and the attention of everyone is focused on those young people who have completed their course of study and are about to be graduated. Parents are proud of the achievements of their children, teachers show gratification in the success of their students, and the public in general takes satisfaction in the knowledge that its future citizens have received a sound education. For the graduating student, however, things do not resolve themselves quite so readily. He is conscious of emotional stirrings within him which come with the realization that friendships made may not be easily continued, and that associations with familiar things and places will no longer be a part of daily routine. He is concerned even more for the future however, for graduation closes the gap between the present and the future and makes him definitely a part of that future. In this my message to the graduating class, I should like to write briefly of five qualities or attributes which I think are necessary for success and happiness in the years ahead.

Next to character there is no quality needed more today and in the years ahead than the equality of leadership. Life is much more complex now than it was fifty years ago, and it will not grow any less so in the future. Witness the growth and ramifications of government; the great advances in scientific knowledge with their influence on time and distance, on warfare, on trade and industry, and on communication; and the continually increasing population. People must be governed justly and effectively; scientific knowledge must be used intelligently; and growing populations must be guided wisely. All these facts indicate the need for and importance of good leadership. Those young people who have this quality of leadership or who can develop it are in a position to give great service to their fellows.

In these times we can sit at home by the radio and hear about far away people and distant places. In a very short span of time we may actually travel to these places. The earth has indeed become One World. Today we learn about people in all parts of the world and they, in turn, learn about us. Foreign lands are close at hand and strange people and customs are becoming familiar to us. Thus, while we learn that there are many strange people with ways far different from ours, we realize also that they are individuals just as we are, and have the same lives and problems as we do. To live happily in such a world one must be tolerant of his fellow men. This quality is another "must" for the future.

One can become a better leader and be more tolerant of his fellows if he is an educated person. Understanding and knowledge are basic to these qualities. Too often we think that education ends when school is over, and that graduation from High School indicates the completion of education. Such is not the case, however. We continue to be educated in varying degrees and in different ways as long as we live. In fact, in the modern world a person must continue to learn even after he has finished his formal schooling or he will be lost by the wayside, for life itself demands knowledge. We must gain that knowledge if we expect to get the most out of our lives. Could anyone appreciate fully the significance of the so-called "atomic age" if he were ignorant of some of the fundamental facts of science? Education is, then, another essential for the years ahead.

Good citizenship is fundamental in our plan of government. A Democracy is as strong as the quality of citizenship in the people who compose it. Knowledge of our government and willingness to assume our duties and responsibilities under it are the basic elements of good citizenship. To preserve our government and to make it do most effectively the work it was set up to perform requires the intelligent participation of all. Young people should be ready to assume their responsibilities as good citizens of the community, state, and nation.

No man has ever built a successful life upon an unsound character. This quality has been an essential for generations past and will continue to be for generations to come. Courage, loyalty, reverence, and fair play are some of the hallmarks of good character and your character must be strong in every good way.

I believe that graduation is a time for each young person to think ahead to the future and to appraise himself in the light of that future. In this brief discussion with you I have suggested that the years ahead will require good leadership, tolerance, education, good citizenship, and sound character. Chelmsford High School has done much to help to instill these qualities in you in order that you might meet the future with confidence and success.

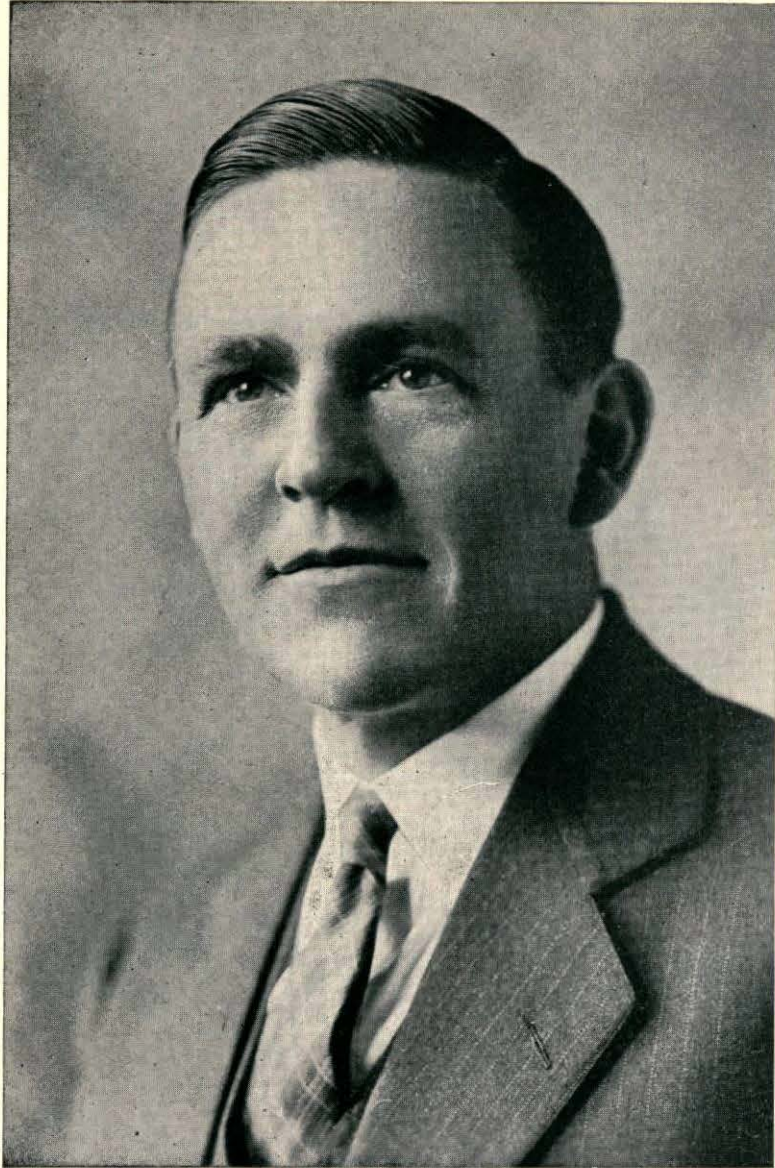
EVERETT L. HANDY,
Superintendent of Schools



DR. EVERETT L. HANDY
Superintendent of the Schools of Chelmsford

DESTINATION

There's no thrill in easy sailing,
When the skies are clear and blue;
There's no joy in merely doing
Things which anyone can do.
But there is great satisfaction,
That is mighty sweet to take,
When you reach a destination
That you thought you couldn't make.



LUCIAN H. BURNS

Principal of Chelmsford High School



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Vice Principal
Bookkeeping, Typewriting
Salem Teachers College



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Salem Teachers College



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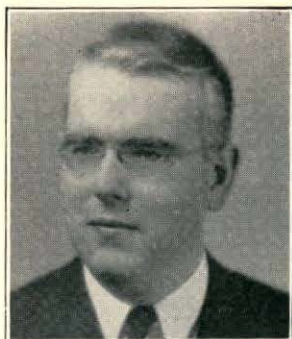
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Clark University



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Science, Mathematics
Massachusetts State College



M. MARION ADAMS
Supervisor of Music
Lowell Teachers College
Institute of Music Pedagogy
(On leave of absence)



BERNIE LARKIN
Band Instructor



B. ANDREA ROUVALIS, B.M.
Supervisor of Music
New England Conservatory
of Music



PATRICK J. PAPPALARDO, B.S.
Director of Physical Education
Coach of Boys
Boston University



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



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Weapons
For
Peace

Harmony
Through
Unity

SENIORS



ROGER ALLAN ANDERSON

"Andy"

CLASS PRESIDENT

Graduation Speaker; Football '44, '45; Basketball '44, '45, '46; Baseball '44, '45; A. A. Member '42, '43, '44, Treas. '45; Band '43, '44, '45; Senior Choir; March of Dimes Concert; Graduation and Reception Usher '45; Year Book Staff.

"I Dream of Jeannie"

Handsome Beau Brummel—famous rendition of "Sally of Our Alley"—able maestro—true blue to her—tops in athletics and our best wishes.



WARREN DONALD WYLIE

"Red"

CLASS VICE-PRESIDENT

Class President '45; A.A. Member '42, '43, '44, '45; A.A. Board; Football '43, '44, Capt. '45; Basketball '44, '45; Baseball '44, '45, '46; Junior Red Cross '42, '43; Senior Choir; Christmas Concert.

"I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire"

Three letter man—laughing cavalier—proud of Dad's car—co-ed fan—likable red head, champion face maker—life is a joke that has just begun.



ANNA MATHILDA MARCOTTE

CLASS TREASURER

A.A. Member '43, '44, '45; Cheerleader '43, '44; Band '44, '45; Drum Majorette; Reception Usher '45; Senior Choir; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert; Junior Dance Committee.

"It's a Grand Night for Singing"

Songbird of an orchestra—ice cream sandwich consumer—snappy drum-majorette—admirer of trumpeters—pleasing manner and resourceful mind.



JANICE MYRA ELWOOD

"Skip"

CLASS SECRETARY

A.A. Member '45; Senior Choir; Band Concert '45; Year Book Staff; Band '44, '45; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert.

"I Don't Care Who Knows It"

Dancing eyes—keen sense of humor and fairness—money-maker—her man "Barney"—popular soloist and band member.

ALBERT COMRAD ABRAHAMSON

"Sonny"

Class Ode Committee; Band '43, '44, '45; Senior Choir; A.A. Member '42, '44, '45; Christmas Concert; Band Concert; March of Dimes Concert; Football '44; Basketball '45; Baseball '44.

"The Dreamer"

Dance-band follower—Bobbie's big brother—career in music—geographically, a westerner—convenient memory—bone-smasher.



BERNICE LOUISE ADAMS

"Bernie"

Senior Choir; A.A. Member '44, '45; Junior Dance Committee; Junior Red Cross '42, '43; Christmas Concert; Softball '45.

"Candy"

Quite the photographer—"my brother Don"—contagious giggle—faithful to the A.A.F.—willing errand-runner—autograph fan.

CYNTHIA MARILYN ATWOOD

A.A. Member '42, '43, '44, '45; Senior Choir; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert; Junior Dance Committee.

"Sweetheart"

Shy and modest maiden—lively, deep-set eyes—great fun when you know her—extra-curricular activities—neatly attired—serious outlook—college career.



PATRICIA ANN BACON

"Patsy"

GRADUATION SPEAKER

A.A. Member '43, '44, Secretary '45; Graduation usher '45; Senior Dance Committee '45; Booster Day Dance Committee '45; Senior Choir; Junior Red Cross Assembly '43; Junior Red Cross Member '43; Junior Assembly '44; Christmas Concert.

"Skater's Waltz"

Special seat on Percy's bus—arrives with her hair in pincurls—"Oh, Stevie!"—shorthand expert—mature thinker—banker by occupation.



STEVE BELIDA

"Stevie"

Football manager '44, '45; Basketball manager '45; Baseball '44, '45, Capt. '46; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert; Senior Choir; Dance Committee '46; A.A. Member '43, '44, '45; Year Book Staff.

"Aren't You Glad You're You?"

Southpaw—Forge Village dances—Klonel's boss—key to the stock room—cowboy pictures at the Capitol—envious charm—blushing boy.





JUNE ELIZABETH DOUGLAS

GRADUATION SPEAKER

Senior Choir; Band '45; Class Ode Committee '46; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert.

"Say It With Music"

Winning smile and personality—neatness personified—a statuesque 5' 10"—welcome addition to the class—enviable report card.



CECELIA FERREIRA

"Ce"

A.A. Member '45; Senior Choir; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert.

"The Shrine of St. Cecelia"

Plans to become a nun—blushes easily—abhors cooking—enjoys antagonizing her sister—quiet and serene manner.



DONALD PEARSON FEYLER

A.A. Member '42, '43, '44, '45; A.A. Board, Member at Large '44; Baseball '45, '46; Junior Dance Committee; Senior Dance Committee; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert; Senior Choir.

"I Get the Neck of the Chicken"

Period 3 antagonist—second Babe Ruth—De Molay button—butter and egg man—teases the girls—little but scrappy.

MARY FRANCES FONTES

A.A. Member '43, '44, '45; Senior Choir; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert; Junior Red Cross '44, '45.

"Sweet Miss Mary"

Infectious smile—aspires to be a commercial artist—illegible scrawl—busy bee in Shorthand class—friendly in a quiet way.



DONALD COLEMAN FOX

"Foxie"

A.A. Member '42, '44; Senior Choir; March of Dimes Concert; Christmas Concert.

"Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning"

Popular Jack of all trades—busy mechanic—early departure—good bet for the future—Aeronautics whiz—another fine Fox.



EDNA ESTELLE GIFFIN

"Giff"

A.A. Member '42, '44, '45; Senior Choir; Christmas Concert '46; March of Dimes Concert '46.

"Because"

Weekly visits to New England Conservatory of Music—ambition—Medical technician—looking ahead to Kents Hill Junior College.



GLORIA MAVIS GLEASON

"Gee Gee"

A.A. Member '42, '43, '44, '45; Senior Choir; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert.

"I've Got a Pocketful of Dreams"

Definite mind of her own—extensive wardrobe—chauffeur to the gang (Destination Devens)—many a beau—clear thinker.



ALMEDA DORIS HAINES

A.A. Member '44, '45; Year Book Staff; Ode Committee '46; Glee Club '42, '43; Senior Choir; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert.

"Oh, What It Seemed to Be"

One of the twins—preference for classical music—creatively poetic—can keep a secret—good word for everybody—pretty and popular—sweet disposition.



ALICE DOROTHEA HAINES

"Duffy"

A.A. Member '45; Glee Club '44, '45; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert.

"My Sister and I"

The other twin—preference for camping—terpsichorean—can't keep a secret—good word for everybody—pretty and popular—sweet disposition.



ELEANOR EILEEN HAMEL

"Ei"

Senior Choir; A.A. Member '42, '43, '44, '45; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert.

"Give Me the Simple Life"

Good sport—refreshingly frank—well groomed—"variety is the spice of life"—one of the partners in crime.





PHYLLIS DOROTHY HARTLEY

"Phyl"

Senior Choir; A.A. Member '42, '43, '44, '45; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert.

"Nobody Knows the Troubles I've Seen"

Clothes conscious—those big brown orbs—partial to Marines—Oh, that laugh—"Oh, my aching back"—one of two bright sisters.



RUTH MARY HILTON

March of Dimes Concert; A.A. Member '43, '44, '45; Christmas Concert; Band Concert Usher; Senior Choir.

"Slowly"

Class baby—a real student of history—likable personality—aims high—unhurried and unassuming.



FRANK RAYMOND HULSLANDER

"Housie"

Football '42, '43, '44, '45; A.A. Member '42, '43, '44, '45; Band '44; Senior Choir.

"You've Got to be a Football Hero"

Rifleman—employed in a local store—snappy wardrobe—and after three years, Frank—good manager—husky football center.

HELEN ALICE JAMROS

Junior Red Cross '42; Class Ring Committee; A.A. Member '42, '45; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert; Senior Choir.

"My Merry Oldsmobile"

Spoiled by fine brothers (but nicely, so)—calling Collinsville—manages Marty's Variety Store—English pen pal—pleasant and obliging.



EVA KARAFELIS

"Evie"

Basketball '44; Cheerleader '43, '44, '45; A.A. Member '42, '43, '44, '45; March of Dimes Concert; Christmas Concert; Senior Choir; Inter-class Basketball '42, 43.

"Dark Eyes"

Farmer's daughter—cute clothes and costume jewelry—moonlight rides—secretly admires a sophomore—dotes on brother Alex.



JOAN KELLY

"Kel"

Senior Choir; A.A. Member '42, '43, '44, '45.

"The Blond Sailor"

Irish colleen—steady customer at Bob and Ray's—true blue to the blues—chatter-box—Eleanor's shadow.



SALLY ANN KINGSTON

"Sal"

A.A. Member '42, '43, '44, '45; Junior Red Cross '42, '43, Secretary '44; Reception Usher; Jr. Dance Committee; Senior Dance Committee; Year Book Staff; Senior Choir; March of Dimes Concert; Christmas Assembly; Red Cross Assembly.

"My Gal Sal"

Bursting with laughter—stunning in a Persian costume—out door type—talented class artist—sweet vendor of sweets.



CATHERINE CLAIRE LOCAPO

"Kay"

Senior Choir; A.A. Member '42, '43, '44, '45; Home Nursing Class '43; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert; Junior Red Cross '42.

"I Don't Want to Get Well"

Timorous soul—nursie, will you hold my hand?—religiously outlines her history—present at least once a week—movie-goer—gracious smile.



DOUGLAS JAMES LOGAN

Baseball '45, '46; Year Book Staff; A.A. Member '42, '43, '44, '45; A.A. Board—Member at Large; Class Ode Committee; Junior Dance Committee; Senior Choir; Senior Dance Committee; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert.

"A Romantic Guy, I"

Senior all star in popularity—Tillie's boy—track champ in Phys. Ed.—remarkable memory—clock watcher—"Slug"—any car will do—sincere and trusting.



ELSIE WENTWORTH MANNING

HONOR RANK

Senior Choir; Year Book Staff; Class Treasurer '44; A.A. Member '43, '44, '45; Senior Dance Committee; Christmas Concert; Junior Red Cross '42, '43, '44; Graduation and Reception Usher.

"School Days"

Lady-like charm and soft little voice—pretty blonde tresses—famous charm bracelet—efficient office girl—energetic bicyclist.





LINDA DOREEN MARINEL

"Butch"

HONOR RANK

A.A. Member '42, '43, '44, '45; A.A. Board, Freshman member '42; A.A. Board, Sophomore member '43; Basketball '44, Co-captain '45; Cheerleader '43, '44, '45; Year Book Staff; Senior Choir; Junior Red Cross '42; Christmas Concert.

"Don't Fence Me In"

Happy with fishing rod and can of worms—delights in poetry, athletics, and the out-of-doors—ardent man-hater—lovely voice—perfect example of all-round girl.



ANN MARY McANDREW

A.A. Member '44, '45.

"Sweet and Lovely"

Department store delovely—studious and reserved—Connecticut correspondent—good common sense—looks forward to graduation.



ELEANOR CLARE McGLINCHEY

"Mac"

Senior Choir; Christmas Concert; A.A. Member '42, '43, '44, '45; March of Dimes Concert.

"Small Fry"

Short and sweet—conferences with Joan—decked with jewelry—captivating smile—photographs exceptionally well—active mind—mature judgment.

LORRAINE ANITA McGLINCHEY

"Mac"

Senior Choir; A.A. Member '42, '43, '44, '45; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert.

"Sweet Lorraine"

Quiet, but look again—competent nurse-maid—exemplary manners—domestically inclined—understanding nature.



JEAN JUSTINE McHUGH

"Farmer"

A.A. Member '42, '43, '44, '45; A.A. Board 2nd V. Pres. '45; Basketball '44, Co-captain '45; Cheerleader '43; Band '43, '44, '45; Year Book Staff; Mach of Dimes Concert; Junior Red Cross '44; Christmas Concert; Senior Choir.

"My Hero"

A natural beauty—"atomic" energy—argumentative—chicken farmer—hair, her crowning glory—makes history with bass drum—talents galore.



BARBARA ANN McMASTER

"Babs"

A.A. Member '42, '43, '44, '45; Junior Dance Committee '44; Junior Decorating Committee '45; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert; Senior Choir.

"Sophisticated Lady"

Music lover—neat blonde coiffure—model material—energetic and able—twinkling laughter—artistic and poised.



THERESA MARGARET McNULTY

"Mac"

Senior Choir; Junior Dance Committee; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert.

"At the Five and Ten Cent Store"

Sensitive and shy—allergic to economics—makes friends easily—movie fan—pleasant to know.



JOHN JOSEPH MEAGHER

"Jack"

A. A. Member '42, '43, '44, Pres. '45; Football '43, '44, '45; Junior Dance Committee; Class Motto Committee; Junior Red Cross '42; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert.

"Oh, Johnny"

Tall, fair, and handsome—looking for his ideal—waiting for the new Dodge—lackadaisical lad—popular football star.



GRACE ELIZABETH MERRILL

"Gracie"

GRADUATION SPEAKER

A.A. Member '42, '43, '44, '45; Class Marshal '45; Year Book Staff; Junior Red Cross '42, '43, '44; Basketball '44, '45; D.A.R. Representative '45; Band Concert; Senior Choir; March of Dimes Concert; Band Member '43, '44, '45.

"Piano Concerto"

Industrious and dependable—popular with students and teachers alike—trombone player—assembly accompanist—not lacking in wit—feminine Isaac Walton.



ELIZABETH ARLENE MESSIER

"Betty"

Basketball '44; A.A. Member '42, '43, '44, '45; Junior Dance Committee; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert; Inter-class Basketball '42, '43; Softball '45; Senior Choir.

"Smiling Through"

A charming mademoiselle—leading stylist—personality plus—good organizer—fond of a red head—asset to any office.





MARIAN ELLEN MORRISON

"Minnie"

Senior Choir; A.A. Member '42, '43, '44, '45; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert.

"I'm Always Chasing Rainbows"

Genial and gay—mischief-maker—"To know her is to like her"—rooter at sports events—sister to be proud of—plenty of dash.



WARREN BRADFORD NORTON

Senior Choir; A.A. Member '42, '43, '44, '45; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert; Junior Red Cross '43, '44, '45; Senior Dance Committee.

"Anchors Aweigh"

Rapid rise in DeMolay—diligent worker at Kydd's—speaks his mind freely—assumes responsibility—general committee man—"Tickets please".



STANLEY WILLIAM OCZKOWSKI

"Starch"

A.A. Member '42, '44, '45; Junior Red Cross '43; Senior Dance Committee; Senior Prom Committee; Inter-class Basketball '43; Football '45.

"My Heart's in the Highlands"

Never stops—movie addict—enthusiastic devotee of all sports, but not books—gullible nature—liked by everyone.

THOMAS LEO PLEIN

"Pleiny"

Football '45; Basketball Mgr. '45; Baseball '46; A.A. Member '43, '45; Senior Choir; Band '43; Christmas Concert; Junior Red Cross '42, '43; Senior Dance Committee; March of Dimes Concert.

"Yah-ta-ta, Yah-ta-ta"

That barbed wire clip—Sacred Heart catcher—brightens a dull class—"But, Mr. Burns"—sleepy head.



BLANCHE GLADYS PROULX

"Foo"

A.A. Member '43, '44, '45; Senior Choir; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert.

"Jam Session"

Demon behind the wheel—vacations at the Weirs—alternately chews and chatters—jazz fiend—appreciates a joke—amiable manner—competent girl.



DOROTHY A. RIOPELLE

"Red"

Junior Red Cross '43; A.A. Member '44, '45; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert.

"I Didn't Mean a Word I Said"

Proud of her Irish ancestry—curly auburn tresses—bubbling gay manner—blushing damsel—conscientious student—"Oh, Mr. Hicks"!



DONALD FRANCIS ROBERTSON

"Duck"

A.A. Member '42, '44, '45; Junior Red Cross '43; Senior Dance Committee; Senior Prom Committee; Inter-class Basketball '43; Baseball '46.

"Take Me Out to the Ball Game"

Runs date bureau for Stan—member of East gang—deep set wave—visits Billerica—easy does it—ever a gentleman.



FOREST ALLEN ROGERS

"Forrie"

A.A. Member '42, '44, '45; Basketball '45; Football '44, '45.

"Come, Josephine, in my Flying Machine."

Keeps up with the Joneses—guilty of absenteeism—anything for an argument—oft seen in Forge Village—amiable and imperturbable.



EARL DAVID RUSSELL

"Rus"

Harvard Book Prize '45; Basketball Mgr. '44; Year Book Staff; A.A. Member '43, '44, '45; Senior Dance Committee; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert; Senior Choir; Baseball '46, Mgr. '45; Junior Dance Committee.

"I Don't Know How He Does It"

The Brain—reads radio manual between periods—what a shine!—detests whiffles—Commander-in-Chief of "Year Book"—high tenor—popular man.



BRADFORD MILTON SANDERS

"Tank"

Football '43, '44, '45; Basketball '44, '45, Capt. '46; A.A. Member '42, '43, '44, '45; Year Book Staff.

"Down on the Farm"

Tips the scales at —??—Could it be those frappes?—Chelmsford's Strong Boy—news commentator—big tease—outstanding basketball Captain—long shot artist.





MERILYN LOIS SCOTT

"Scottie"

A.A. Member '42, '43, '45; Senior Choir; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert.

"My Guy's Come Back"

Taxies to school—Charlie is a big topic—dashes to the lunchroom—jolly Jill—enjoys roller skating.



PATRICIA ANN SHEA

HONOR RANK

Year Book Staff; A.A. Member '45; Senior Dance Committee; Junior Dance Committee; Senior Choir.

"Black Magic"

Sophistication personified—teacher of the art class—temperamental artiste—realistic posters—serious minded miss—intent on success.



KATHERINE ISABELLE VENNARD

"Kay"

A.A. Member '42, '44, '45; Senior Dance Committee; Senior Choir; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert.

"A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody"

Radiant blue eyes—numerous admirers—expert seamstress—changeable—"There's no one like Mr.—"—quiet, but mirthful—takes life easy.

CHARLES CLIFFORD WEBSTER

Senior Choir; Junior Red Cross '42; A.A. Member '42, '43, '44, '45; Band '43, '44, '45; March of Dimes Concert; Christmas Concert; Senior Dance Committee.

"Blow, Gabriel, Blow"

Foreigner in our midst—likes a little fun—not lacking in school spirit—bowls and roller skates—Bernie's trumpeter.



GERTRUDE EDITH YOACHIMCIUK

"Trudy"

Junior Red Cross '42; A.A. Member '45; Senior Choir; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert.

"Friendship"

Keeps pet ducks—capable, rosy-cheeked salesgirl—object of much teasing—full of pranks—sailor minded—worthwhile ideals.



GLADYS ELEANOR ZABIEREK

Basketball '43, '44, '45; A.A. Member '42, '43, '44, '45; Junior Dance Committee; Senior Choir; Christmas Concert; March of Dimes Concert; Softball '44; Junior Red Cross '43.

"Can't Make Up My Mind"

Hair stylist—bows and beaux—diminutive and dainty—an interest in baseball—basketball flash—quick witted—able student—cheerful outlook.



GEORGE WASHINGTON ZAHER

"Fuzzy"

Baseball '45, '46; A.A. Member '44, '45; Inter-class Basketball '43.

"How Are You Goin' to Keep Them Down on the Farm"

Fraternal pride, and justly so—late bus arrival—future Red Sox shortstop—confirmed woman hater—classy green limousine—the boy with the torn shirt—Fuzzy Wuzzy.



A CLASS MEETING

We all rush in and take a seat,
As is customary when seniors meet.
There's buzzing and humming throughout
the room,
Stopped by the gavel's sounding boom.

First we discuss the date of the prom;
Boys vote for mid-winter, the girls all
storm.
"Oh, our dresses," they wail, "Our curls
will come out!"
"Who cares, you'll last," the gallants all
shout.

Now mottoes, class colors, and flowers are
in view,
Opinions vary, we're all in a stew.
We mumble and grumble to friends all
around
But no one will stand up and utter a sound.

We glance at the clock, only five minutes
more,
We frantically think of the work yet in
store.
Pencils are chewed in the wildest distraction—
The next time we meet, there *must* be more
action!

Elsie Manning '46

UNDERGRADUATES

*Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.*



UNDERGRADS

JUNIOR CLASS

| | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| Robert Hoyle | <i>President</i> |
| Robert Lovett | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| Alice McHugh | <i>Treasurer</i> |
| Matilda Capuano | <i>Secretary</i> |

| | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| Allen, Eleanor | Foley, John | Peterson, Douglas |
| Barker, Laura | Fortin, Arthur | Pickard, Hamilton |
| Bell, Jean | Gervais, Estelle | Pickard, Nancy |
| Berg, Ralph | Gonsalves, Isabelle | Pierce, Marilyn |
| Billington, Virginia | Greeley, Richard | Pike, Lillian |
| Boucher, Lorraine | Harvey, Shirley | Pontefract, George |
| Burne, Donald | Hunt, Winifred | Pratt, Patricia |
| Brennan, Vera | Johnson, Norman | Reid, Barbara |
| Burton, Thelma | Kerrigan, Mary | Reid, Shirley |
| Carter, Patricia | Klonel, Ronald | Roach, Lillian |
| Caton, Thelma | Kydd, Margaret | Russell, Shirley |
| Chagnon, Maureen | Leedberg, Greta | Simm, Donald |
| Chagnon, Thomas | Ludwig, Allan | Soutter, Elaine |
| Chancey, Tony | Malloy, Barbara | Sweet, Nancy |
| Crowell, Shirley | McDonald, Hector | Sweet, Robert |
| Dane, Maureen | McEnany, Joan | Vayo, Donald |
| Desmarais, Evelyn | McEnnis, Shirley | Vennard, Theresa |
| Devno, Arlene | McMaster, Mildred | Vondal, Abby |
| Dinnigan, Robert | Merrill, George | Watt, Charles |
| Dufresne, Barbara | Miller, Shirley | Wheeler, Albert |
| Edwards, J. Arthur | Morrell, Arthur | White, Marjorie |
| Edwards, Kenneth | Morrison, Robert | Whitworth, James |
| Farrell, Rita | Mulcahy, Mary | Wiggins, Thomas |
| Flavell, Evelyn | Nickerson, Earl | Wilkins, Hollis |
| Fletcher, Lester | Nystrom, Dorothy | Wilkins, Walter |
| Flynn, Mildred | Pearson, Ruth | |

SOPHOMORE CLASS

| | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| Abrahamson, Hazel | Farrington, David | Milton, Alden |
| Abrahamson, Robert | Gagnon, Carl | Miner, Elizabeth |
| Adams, Arthur | Gonsalves, Rita | Morrell, Florence |
| Adams, Barbara | Hadley, Jackie | Mortham, William |
| Alexander, Mary | Hall, Edith | Murphy, Barbara |
| Avila, Mary | Hankinson, Donald | Norton, Arthur |
| Axon, Gordon | Harnish, Lois | Oliver, Louis |
| Barker, Edward | Hartley, Joan | Olsson, Theodore |
| Bellegarde, Joseph | Hefler, Clarence | Parlee, Robert |
| Blackie, Bessie | Hicks, Robert | Pickard, Beverly |
| Bovill, Emily | Hodgson, Kathleen | Pihl, Roger |
| Brake, Nelson | Hunt, Nancy | Pike, Ray |
| Brown, Eleanor D. | Johnson, Roberta | Randall, Thomas |
| Brown, Eleanor R. | Kilburn, Jean | Reid, William |
| Buchanan, Loraine | Lagasse, Lucille | Riley, Brooks |
| Burns, John | Lakin, Joanne | Robey, Robert |
| Burroughs, Phyllis | Leo, Carmela | Rose, Hazel |
| Byam, Elizabeth | Letteney, Ward | Shea, Joan |
| Campbell, John | Lewis, Roger | Sousa, Isabelle |
| Cantara, Thomas | Logan, Jean | Stewart, Betty |
| Cincevich, Nickolas | MacElroy, Douglas | Stokham, Shirley |
| Colmer, Shirley | McEvoy, John | Sullivan, Walter |
| Colwell, Lois | McNulty, Florence | Swanson, Elmer |
| Daigle, Theresa | Meagher, Richard | Thumm, Barbara |
| DeGuise, Eleanor | Mercier, Lorraine | Vinal, Kenneth |
| Desmarais, Robert | Merrill, Russell | Whitworth, Guy |
| Dexter, Daniel | Miller, Kenneth | Wylie, Barbara |
| Durrell, Norma | McEnany, Henry | |
| Emerson, Bradford | Mills, Jane | |

FRESHMAN CLASS

Adams, Doris
Barron, George
Barrows, Barbara
Barrows, Gladys
Barton, Beverlee
Beausoleil, Doris
Belida, Charles
Bishop, Edward
Bishop, Maureen
Blaisdell, Erving
Blott, Margaret
Brooks, Allen
Buonopane, Edward
Buzzell, James
Campbell, Nancy
Carlson, Edward
Carr, Marjorie
Cashin, Charles
Clark, Betty
Clough, Marilyn
Colby, Phyllis
Cole, Muriel
Crowell, Virginia
Cummings, Dorothy
Curran, Christine
Curtis, Nancy
DeLong, Eddy
Densmore, Ronald
DeSaulnier, Vera
Dexter, Lincoln
Dinnigan, Walter
Dryden, Joyce
Ducharme, Joan
Dupee, Phyllis
Durkee, Elizabeth
Dutton, Claire
Edwards, William
Emanouil, Georgia
Enis, Virginia

Etzel, Virginia
Falardeau, John
Ferreira, Theresa
Flynn, Patrick
Gadbois, Lorraine
Gannon, Elizabeth
Gaudett, Victor
Gibbons, Raymond
Gonsalves, Theresa
Greenwood, Constance
Guiney, John
Hadley, Richard
Hamel, Ruth
Hardy, Elizabeth
Harper, Oscar
Hayes, Marie
Hayes, Theresa
Hayward, Richard
Howard, Robert
Hulslander, Irene
Jenkins, Margaret
Kelly, Chester
Kiberd, Myles
Knox, Donna
Kydd, John
Lamb, Nancy
Lambert, Wilfred
Leach, Ronald
LeBrun, Harold
Leo, Concetta
Lessard, Lucie
Lind, Clark
Logan, Ralph
Mann, Joyce
Marshall, John
Marshie, Howard
McClure, Hazel
McHugh, Warren
McMaster, Beverly

Miller, Arthur
Mills, Ann
Morgan, William
Nadeau, Barbara
Nilsson, Elsa
Norton, Robert
O'Neill, Joseph
Palmgren, Phyllis
Parker, Lester
Pederson, Shirley
Pettersen, Evelyn
Peverill, Louise
Pope, Rita
Reedy, Carl
Reedy, Ralph
Reid, Donald
Russon, Jean
Sargent, Sybil
Scrizzi, Dawn
Seavey, Edward
Shea, Nancy
Shedd, Thomas
Smith, Charles
Sousa, John
Spaulding, Esther
Spanos, John
Sweet, Patricia
Valentine, Fay
Vayo, Paul
Vennard, Thomas
Welch, George
Wilder, Elizabeth
Williams, Raymond
Wright, Charles
Young, Alva
Zabierek, Eugene
Zouzas, Paul

FRESHMAN

- F is for fame and fortune galore.
- R is for rumors which sometimes bore.
- E is for effort in all you do.
- S is for socials and studies, too.
- H is for habits both good and bad.
- M is for marks you now have had.
- A is for aptitude in the way you live.
- N is for naughtiness we can't forgive.

SOPHOMORE

- S is for sunshine which you have spread.
- O is for ordeals which you all dread.
- P is for pathways which you must tread.
- H is for hope for your future success.
- O is for opinions you freely express.
- M is for manners in speech and dress.
- O is for orders you must obey.
- R is for reasons for all you say.
- E is for energy used every day.

JUNIOR

- J is for joy in your happiest year.
- U is for unity now to appear.
- N is for neatness you must acquire.
- I is for intellect to which you aspire.
- O is for officers whom you'll elect.
- R is for rules which you can't neglect.

SENIORS

- S is for sedate which you should be.
- E is for endeavors for all to see.
- N is for newer roads of life.
- O is for ideals worth the strife.
- I is for other days now past.
- R is for realism to the last.

FACULTY

- F is for faith in our intellect.
- A is for ambitions you did direct.
- C is for courtesy shown every day.
- U is for union of work and play.
- L is for love we have for you.
- T is for thanks which is your due.
- Y is for you, our teachers, so true.

Teresa Bishop '46



CHEER LEADERS

Seniors

Eva Karafelis, Linda Marinel

Juniors

Eleanor Allen, Ruth Pearson,
Nancy Pickard

Sophomores

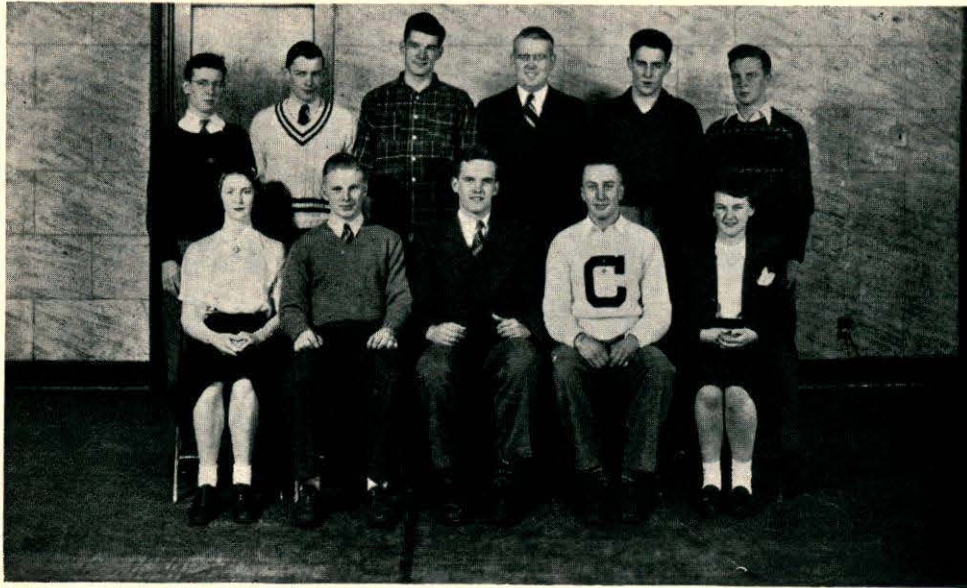
Eleanor R. Brown, Shirley Colmer, Lucille Lagasse

Coach—John J. Shannon



Sports

✠



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION BOARD

Faculty Adviser—John J. Shannon

| | | | |
|-------------------------------------|----------------|-----------------------------------|-----------------|
| <i>President</i> | John Meagher | <i>Member At Large</i> | Douglas Logan |
| <i>1st Vice President</i> | Allan Ludwig | <i>Senior Member</i> | Raymond Cantara |
| <i>2nd Vice President</i> | Jean McHugh | <i>Junior Member</i> | Robert Lovett |
| <i>Secretary</i> | Patricia Bacon | <i>Sophomore Member</i> | Robert Hicks |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | Roger Anderson | <i>Freshman Member</i> | Myles Kiberd |

CHELMSFORD HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

| | | | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|---------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|
| Abrahamson, Albert | Colby, Phyllis | Hamel, Ruth | McGlinchey, Lorraine | Reid, William |
| Abrahamson, Hazel | Cole, Muriel | Hankinson, Donald | McHugh, Alice | Riopelle, Dorothy |
| Adams, Arthur | Colmer, Shirley | Hardy, Elizabeth | McHugh, Jean | Roach, Lillian |
| Adams, Barbara | Colwell, Lois | Harnish, Lois | McHugh, Warren | Robertson, Donald |
| Adams, Bernice | Coughlin, Paul | Harper, Oscar | McMaster, Barbara | Robey, Robert |
| Adams, Doris | Crowell, Shirley | Hartley, Joan | McMaster, Beverly | Rogers, Forest |
| Alexander, Mary | Crowell, Virginia | Hartley, Phyllis | McMaster, Mildred | Rose, Hazel |
| Allen, Eleanor | Cummings, Dorothy | Harvey, Shirley | McNulty, Florence | Russell, Earl |
| Anderson, Roger | Daigle, Theresa | Hayward, Richard | Meagher, John | Russell, Shirley |
| Atwood, Cynthia | Dane, Maureen | Heller, Clarence | Meagher, Richard | Russon, Jean |
| Avila, Mary | DeGuise, Eleanor | Hicks, Robert | Mercier, Lorraine | Sanders, Bradford |
| Axon, Gordon | DeLong, Edward | Hilton, Ruth | Merrill, George | Sargent, Sybil |
| Bacon, Patricia | Densmore, Ronald | Hodgson, Kathleen | Merrill, Grace | Scott, Marilyn |
| Barker, Edward | DeSaulnier, Vera | Hoyle, Robert | Merrill, Russell | Scrizzi, Dawn |
| Barker, Laura | Desmarais, Evelyn | Hulslander, Irene | Messier, Elizabeth | Sears, Mary |
| Barrows, Barbara | Desmarais, Robert | Hulslander, Frank | Miller, Arthur | Seavey, Edward |
| Barrows, Gladys | Dexter, Daniel | Hunt, Nancy | Miller, Kenneth | Shea, Joan |
| Beausoleil, Doris | Dexter, Lincoln | Hunt, Winifred | Miller, Shirley | Shea, Nancy |
| Belida, Charles | Dinnigan, Robert | Jamros, Helen | Mills, Ann | Shea, Patricia |
| Belida, Steve | Dryden, Jane | Jenkins, Margaret | Mills, Jane | Simm, Donald |
| Bellegarde, Joseph | Dryden, Joyce | Johnson, Norman | Miner, Elizabeth | Sousa, Isabelle |
| Bellwood, Joyce | Ducharme, Joan | Johnson, Roberta | Morgan, William | Soutter, Elaine |
| Berg, Ralph | Dufresne, Barbara | Karafelis, Eva | Morrell, Arthur | Spanos, John |
| Billington, Virginia | Dumais, Maurice | Kelly, Chester | Morrison, Marion | Spaulding, Esther |
| Bishop, Edward | Dupee, Phyllis | Kelly, Joan | Morrison, Robert | Stewart, Betty |
| Bishop, Maureen | Durkee, Elizabeth | Kerrigan, Mary | Mortham, William | Stokham, Shirley |
| Bishop, Teresa | Durrell, Norma | Kiberd, Myles | Mulcahy, Mary | Sullivan, Walter |
| Blackie, Bessie | Dutton, Claire | Kingston, Sally | Murphy, Barbara | Swanson, Elmer |
| Blackie, Florence | Edwards, William | Klonel, Ronald | Nadeau, Barbara | Sweet, Nancy |
| Blott, Margaret | Elwood, Janice | Knox, Donna | Nickerson, Earl | Sweet, Patricia |
| Boucher, Lorraine | Emanouil, Georgia | Kydd, Margaret | Nilsson, Elsa | Sweet, Robert |
| Bovill, Emily | Emanouil, Mary | Lagasse, Lucille | Norton, Arthur | Valentine, Fav |
| Brennan, Veraconda | Emerson, Bradford | Lakin, Joanne | Norton, Robert | Vayo, Donald |
| Brown, Eleanor D. | Enis, Virginia | Lamb, Nancy | Norton, Warren | Vayo, Paul |
| Brown, Eleanor R. | Etsel, Virginia | Lambert, Wilfred | Nystrom, Dorothy | Vennard, Katherine |
| Brown, Evelyn | Falardeau, John | Leach, Ronald | Oczkowski, Stanley | Vennard, Theresa |
| Buchanan, Loraine | Farrell, Rita | Loe, Carmela | Oliver, Louis | Vinal, Kenneth |
| Buonopane, Edward | Farrington, David | Letteney, Ward | Olsson, Theodore | Vincombe, Kendall |
| Burne, Donald | Ferreira, Cecelia | Lewis, Roger | Palmgren, Phyllis | Vondal, Abby |
| Burns, John | Feyler, Donald | Lind, Clark | Parker, Lester | Watt, Charles |
| Burroughs, Hobart | Flavell, Evelyn | Locapo, Catherine | Parlee, Robert | Webster, Charles |
| Burroughs, Phyllis | Fletcher, Lester | Locapo, Elda | Pearson, Ruth | Welch, George |
| Buzzell, James | Flynn, Mildred | Logan, Douglas | Pedersen, Shirley | Wheeler, Albert |
| Byam, Arthur | Foley, John | Logan, Jean | Peterson, Douglas | White, Marjorie |
| Byam, Elizabeth | Fontes, Mary | Lovett, Robert | Peterson, Evelyn | Whitworth, Guy |
| Cahill, Margaret | Fortin, Arthur | Ludwig, Allan | Pickard, Beverly | Whitworth, James |
| Campbell, John | Gadbois, Lorraine | MacElroy, Douglas | Pickard, Hamilton | Wiggins, Thomas |
| Campbell, Nancy | Gannon, Elizabeth | Mann, Joyce | Pickard, Nancy | Wilder, Elizabeth |
| Cantara, Raymond | Gaudette, Victor | Manning, Elsie | Pierce, Marilyn | Wilkins, Hollis |
| Cantara, Thomas | Gervais, Paul | Marcotte, Anna | Pihl, Roger | Wilkins, Walter |
| Capuano, Matilda | Gibbons, Raymond | Marinel, Linda | Pike, Lillian | Williams, Raymond |
| Carkin, Joyce | Giffin, Edna | Marshie, Howard | Pike, Raymond | Wright, Charles |
| Carr, Marjorie | Gleason, Gloria | McAndrew, Ann | Plein, Thomas | Wylie, Barbara |
| Carter, Patricia | Gonsalves, Rita | McClure, Hazel | Pontefract, George | Wylie, Warren |
| Caton, Thelma | Greenwood, Constance | McDonald, Hector | Pope, Rita | Yoachimciuk, Gertrude |
| Chagnon, Maureen | Hadley, Richard | McEnany, Henry | Pratt, Patricia | Young, Alva |
| Chagnon, Thomas | Haines, Doris | McEnany, Joan | Proulx, Blanche | Zabierek, Eugene |
| Chancey, Tony | Haines, Dorothea | McEnnis, Shirley | Reid, Barbara | Zabierek, Gladys |
| Clark, Betty | Hall, Edith | McEvoy, John | Reid, Donald | Zaher, George |
| Clough, Marilyn | Hamel, Eleanor | McGlinchey, Eleanor | Reid, Shirley | |

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Not long after school had begun, A.A. dues were collected left and right. The students were most obliging and a good 95 per cent of the school joined the association.

Mr. Shannon, our faculty director, deserves a great deal of credit, for he does all the hard work for us. He has been most faithful and diligent, and we deeply appreciate all his efforts in our behalf.

Part of the A.A. funds were used to purchase new equipment for use in gym classes.

An A.A. Dance was held this year with prizes and refreshments. A large group attended and the dance was a real success.

Athletic Awards

FOOTBALL

Warren Wylie, Captain
Roger Anderson
Arthur Byam
John Campbell
Raymond Cantara
Thomas Cantara
Robert Hicks
Robert Hoyle
Frank Hulslander
Myles Kiberd

Robert Lovett
Allan Ludwig
Hector MacDonald
John Meagher
Arthur Morrell
Stanley Oczkowski
Douglas Peterson
Thomas Plein
Forest Rogers
Bradford Sanders

Steve Belida, Manager

Edmund Gervais, Manager-Posthumous

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Bradford Sanders, Captain
Albert Abrahamson
Roger Anderson
Raymond Cantara
Clarence Hefler

Allan Ludwig
Douglas Peterson
Forest Rogers
Warren Wylie

Steve Belida, Manager

Thomas Plein, Manager

Ronald Klonel, Numerals

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Linda Marinel, Co-Captain
Jean McHugh, Co-Captain
Mary Alexander
Florence Blackie
Evelyn Desmarais
Joyce Dryden
Constance Greenwood

Margaret Kydd
Nancy Lamb
Alice McHugh
Grace Merrill
Nancy Sweet
Gladys Zabierek

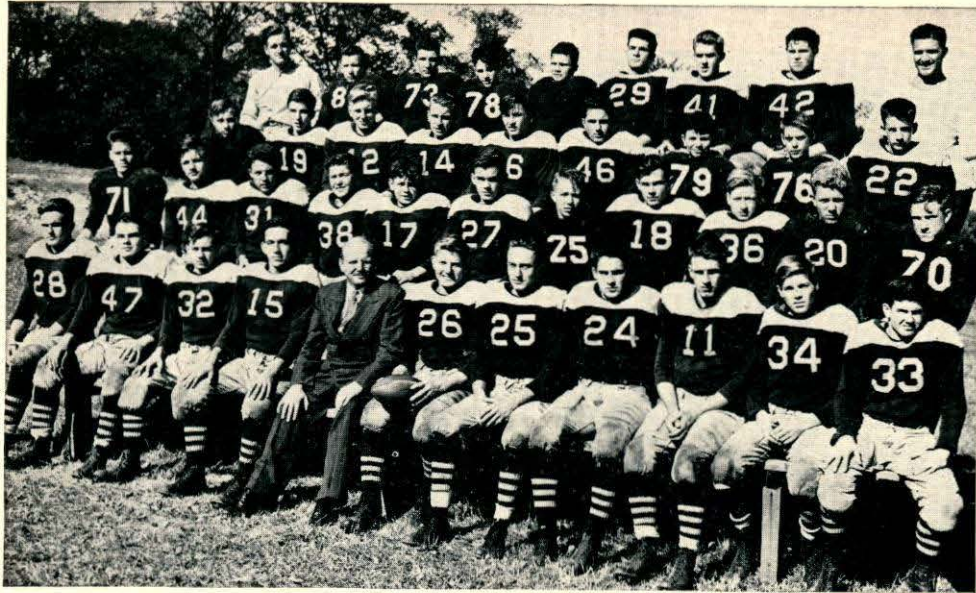
Teresa Bishop, Manager

Abby Vondal, Manager

CHEERLEADERS

Eleanor Allen
Eleanor R. Brown
Shirley Colmer
Eva Karafelis
Lucille Lagasse

Linda Marinel
Ruth Pearson
Nancy Pickard
Barbara Wylie



FOOTBALL

The football season opened with fate against us in the form of inclement weather. Despite this fact, our boys outplayed their opponent, Punchard, and gained a moral victory with a tie game. Then came our rival, Lexington, and we avenged the beating we had taken last year by gaining a decisive victory 8-0.

Tewksbury was slated to win the next game, but our boys had the fight necessary to pull the game out of the fire and win easily. Came Dracut. For a while it was tough sledding, but we came through with a 7-6 victory. The next two games, Maynard and Pinkerton, were victories for us, and our slate was still unblemished.

The flu epidemic laid us low and, by the end of the first half of our game with Hudson, lost us our only game under the lights.

The game with Howe was our final test, and with this game rested the Suburban Championship. The cloudburst on Thanksgiving Day caused postponement of the game until Saturday. The game was finally won in the last forty seconds of play by a pass, and thus ended our career as football heroes until another year.

The sudden death by accident of our manager, Edmund Gervais, was deeply felt by the squad. Every player had many memories of Edmund's co-operative and cheerful manner as he carried out his managerial duties. Ever a gentleman and willing worker, Edmund will long be remembered.

Many of our players will be leaving us and among these are Anderson, J. Meagher, Wylie, Plein, R. Cantara, Byam, Sanders, Rogers, Hulslander and Oczkowski. Our excellent Captain Warren Wylie leaves the team in the capable hands of "Bump" Lovett and Bob Hoyle. Our two new coaches, Mr. Pappalardo and Mr. Hicks, showed us at the beginning of the season that a great deal was expected of us. Their opinions were confirmed by the results of the six wins, one tie, and one defeat. This could not have been done without the co-operation of our very able managers, the late Edmund Gervais, and Steve Belida.

Capt. Wylie, Brad Sanders, and Jack Meagher were the boys from Chelmsford who made All-Suburban this year.

THE SCORES:

| | | | |
|------------|----|-----------|----|
| Chelmsford | 0 | Punchard | 0 |
| Chelmsford | 8 | Lexington | 0 |
| Chelmsford | 13 | Tewksbury | 0 |
| Chelmsford | 7 | Dracut | 6 |
| Chelmsford | 13 | Maynard | 6 |
| Chelmsford | 20 | Pinkerton | 6 |
| Chelmsford | 0 | Hudson | 25 |
| Chelmsford | 6 | Howe | 0 |



BOYS' BASKETBALL

The Chelmsford boys started off in fine style this season by gaining a double victory over Concord. This was the only second-team game of the season and our team earned a 26 to 12 decision. The Chelmsford boys kept right on steam-rolling over their opponents by downing Dracut, Burlington, Wilmington, Howe, Johnson, and a favored alumni quintet, in quick succession. Then came the best suburban game of the season, with Chelmsford coming from behind in the last period of the game to edge out an underestimated Tewksbury combine. The boys then got back to their old style and romped over Dracut and Burlington. The next game with Tewksbury proved a tough battle also. Our team could not get the range and met defeat. Chelmsford finished off by trimming Howe and Johnson and by earning the title of the "Suburban League Champions."

The C. H. S. quintet of 1946 was very ably coached by Pat Pappalardo, who brought his boys to both the Fitchburg and M.I.T. Tournaments.

The members of the team were: Brad Sanders, W. Wylie, R. Anderson, D. Peterson, A. Abramson, C. Hefler, W. McHugh, A. Ludwig, R. Cantara, T. Cantara, F. Rogers, J. Marshall. Warren Wylie won the individual scoring honors with 252 points out of a 541 total. The squad had a very successful season with a record of 13 wins and 3 defeats, with an average of .812. Captain Bradford Sanders, who did a wonderful job, leaves his duties to Douglas Peterson.

SCORES

| | | | |
|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|
| Chelmsford 29 | Concord 14 | Chelmsford 37 | Dracut 24 |
| Chelmsford 34 | Dracut 16 | Chelmsford 40 | Burlington 20 |
| Chelmsford 40 | Burlington 20 | Chelmsford 27 | Appleton 22* |
| Chelmsford 25 | Wilmington 12 | Chelmsford 22 | Conant 23* |
| Chelmsford 39 | Howe 20 | Chelmsford 24 | Somerset 29* |
| Chelmsford 45 | Johnson 22 | Chelmsford 27 | Tewksbury 31 |
| Chelmsford 39 | Alumni 26 | Chelmsford 59 | Howe 28 |
| Chelmsford 28 | Tewksbury 24 | Chelmsford 28 | Johnson 8 |

* Tournament Games



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Packed with vitality, zeal, and enthusiasm, the girls' squad fairly exploded with energy at their first game and landed a decisive triumph. Recharged by each successive victory, they advanced during the entire season, capturing every league game.

What had brought about the success of this team? The first answer lies in the fact that we had a group of girls seasoned in teamwork and friendly spirit. Secondly, these girls were rarely fortunate in having co-captains, Linda Marinel and Jean McHugh, with real qualities of sportsmanship and leadership. The third answer lies in the coach, Miss Katherine Delaney, tiny in person but impressive in capabilities. With her patience, kindness, and innovations she became the key to our success.

But alas and alack, some grief is always mixed with joy. In great anticipation the girls' team entered the Littleton Tournament. They slid over Littleton, 42-19—then Lunenberg trounced them, 38-10. This caused the one blemish on our record. So hope vanished; the championship faded; our career—"finis".

Next year's team will continue winning under the newly elected co-captains, Alice McHugh and Nancy Sweet.

THE SCORES:

| | | | |
|---------------|---------------|----------------|---------------|
| Chelmsford 38 | Dracut 18 | Chelmsford 38 | Alumnae 26 |
| Chelmsford 34 | Burlington 25 | Chelmsford 24 | Burlington 13 |
| Chelmsford 43 | Wilmington 25 | *Chelmsford 42 | Littleton 19 |
| Chelmsford 31 | Howe 11 | *Chelmsford 10 | Lunenberg 38 |
| Chelmsford 39 | Johnson 23 | Chelmsford 35 | Howe 24 |
| Chelmsford 45 | Tewksbury 15 | Chelmsford 22 | Tewksbury 12 |
| Chelmsford 30 | Dracut 16 | Chelmsford 32 | Johnson 14 |

* Tournament games



BASEBALL

About the first of April, Coach Pappalardo, our coach in three sports, called out all baseball candidates. It was expected that there would be at least seven veterans from last year. However, when practice started only five veterans reported.

Coach Pappalardo's main problem was second base. In order to fill it Doug Logan was called in from left field and did a superb job as a base man. First base was the coach's next problem. "Bump" Lovett who played second string last year filled in the position with real finesse. The catching assignments were shared by "Buddy" Peterson and "Gimp" Morrell as the coach was undecided who was the better catcher. Third base was covered by last year's veteran, Allan Ludwig,—and we mean covered! At shortstop there was none other than "Fuzzy" Zaher who tops them all in the league. Tommy Plein, who tried out for catcher, did so well in the outfield that he played left field for the season. That red wonder, "Red" Wylie, patrolled center field without missing a ball. Right field was shared by the monster, Bob Hicks, and Stevie Belida. Stevie Belida, who has lost but one game in his three years of pitching, was not only the captain of the team, but also, the mainstay of the pitching staff. Hicks, Robertson, and Kiberd were the other pitchers. Abrahamson, Bishop, Reid, and Feyler did fine work as substitutes. William Morgan, manager, was ever on the job and did it well.

The scores to date are:

| | |
|---------------|-------------|
| Chelmsford 9 | Punchard 7 |
| Chelmsford 17 | Dracut 6 |
| Chelmsford 10 | Johnson 6 |
| Chelmsford 2 | Howe 3 |
| Chelmsford 11 | Dracut 9 |
| Chelmsford 10 | Tewksbury 5 |
| Chelmsford 8 | Johnson 2 |



HARMONY THOUGH UNITY

Harmony through unity can mean so many things,
Peace and quiet, solitude, and neighborly love
it brings.

All peoples were created by the same great hand above,
Let's share our social burdens then to show our debt
of love.

He made us all to be alike, happy, useful, free;
Though many sad things happen here, it's our own
fault, you'll agree.
If we'd order affairs for the common good, we'd limit
pain and tears,
And live in a world of happiness and not in a world
of fears.

So let us sing in unison a song that shall fill the sky,
Of "Harmony through Unity"—until the day we die.

ELEANOR MCGLINCHY '46





GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Our enthusiastic Miss Rouvalis undertook the organizing of a Girls' Glee Club with characteristic energy and has proven that what she does, she does well. Work was started and with her encouragement, the Glee Club and the Senior Choir jointly presented a Christmas Concert. Because this first public appearance was so well received, we then started what seemed to be long months of toil in preparation for our command performance in the form of an "Easter Cantata." As the year drew to a close, we were all filled with an inner satisfaction that our Glee Club had a promising life ahead at Chelmsford High.

MEMBERS

Adams, Barbara
 Barker, Laura
 Bell, Jean
 Billington, Virginia
 Bishop, Teresa
 Boucher, Lorraine
 Byam, Elizabeth
 Carter, Patricia
 Colmer, Shirley
 Daigle, Theresa
 Dane, Maureen
 Durrell, Norma

Flynn, Mildred
 Gonsalves, Rita
 Harnish, Lois
 Hartley, Joan
 Hodgson, Kathleen
 Kilburn, Jean
 Lakin, Joanne
 Lagasse, Lucille
 Logan, Jean
 Logan, Virginia
 McEnaney, Joan
 Mills, Jane
 Miller, Shirley

Miner, Elizabeth
 Mulcahy, Mary
 Murphy, Barbara
 Pearson, Ruth
 Pike, Lillian
 Reid, Shirley
 Roach, Lillian
 Russell, Shirley
 Stewart, Betty
 Vondal, Abby
 White, Marjorie
 Wylie, Barbara



SENIOR CHOIR

The Senior Choir under the able direction of Miss B. Andrea Rouvalis is something new in musical achievement at C.H.S.

The choir is made up of volunteers from the senior class, and out of a class of sixty-five, sixty-one are members.

The choir demonstrated its ability and talent in two concerts this past year.

The Christmas Concert was a program given in collaboration with the Glee Club. There were many familiar carols and special numbers by the group and individuals.

Our second success was the Infantile Paralysis Fund Benefit Concert. Our spirits had been somewhat dampened due to the fact that this concert had been postponed twice. At last it was given and was of great credit to our director and the senior class.

Members of the Senior Choir are:

Abrahamson, Albert
 Adams, Bernice
 Anderson, Roger
 Atwood, Cynthia
 Bacon, Patricia
 Belida, Steve
 Bellwood, Joyce
 Bishop, Jeanette
 Bishop, Teresa
 Blackie, Florence
 Brown, Evelyn
 Byam, Arthur
 Cahill, Margaret
 Cantara, Raymond
 Carkin, Joyce
 Coughlin, Paul
 Douglas, June
 Elwood, Janice
 Ferreira, Cecelia
 Feyler, Donald

Fontes, Mary
 Fox, Donald
 Giffin, Edna
 Gleason, Gloria
 Haines, Doris
 Haines, Dorothea
 Hamel, Eleanor
 Hartley, Phyllis
 Hilton, Ruth
 Hulslander, Frank
 Jamros, Helen
 Karafelis, Eva
 Kelly, Joan
 Kingston, Sally
 Locapo, Katherine
 Logan, Douglas
 Manning, Elsie
 Marcotte, Anna
 Marinel, Linda
 McAndrew, Ann

McGlinchey, Eleanor
 McGlinchey, Lorraine
 McHugh, Jean
 McMaster, Barbara
 McNulty, Theresa
 Meagher, John
 Merrill, Grace
 Messier, Elizabeth
 Morrison, Marion
 Norton, Warren
 Plein, Thomas
 Proulx, Blanche
 Riopelle, Dorothy
 Russell, Earle
 Scott, Merylyn
 Shea, Patricia
 Vennard, Katherine
 Webster, Charles
 Wylie, Warren
 Yoachimciuk, Gertrude
 Zabierek, Gladys



CHELMSFORD HIGH SCHOOL BAND

The first outdoor concert of the summer season was given at Carlisle for the unveiling of the town honor roll, a tribute to those in the armed services.

On May 30 the band in snappy maroon and white paraded in North Chelmsford. The sun shone brightly and so did the band.

The next big event was graduation, and the class of 1945 marched down the aisle to the strains of "Pomp and Circumstance" played in our finest style. During the exercises the band played a number of selections, including the overture, "Lustpiel".

During the summer we had the privilege of playing at many carnivals throughout the town. St. John's Carnival in North Chelmsford was a particular treat; following an outdoor concert of marches and overtures, we enjoyed free amusements and refreshments. We gave a repeat performance at the North Chelmsford Congregational Lawn Party with the overture "Raymond" highlighting the program. Refreshments were also enjoyed after this concert. The fair at the Center Unitarian Church was postponed on its opening night due to weather conditions, but the band came through with flying colors the second night. We were equally successful at the Legion Fair, limiting our program to the playing of marches.

With the coming of September we returned to our classes, anticipating a successful football season. At the games the band in the form of a "C" proudly played the school song, while rooters cheered and sang. No matter what the weather, Bernie and the band were always present.

Although there were more band members who played basketball than football, the remaining members still boosted the school spirit at the home basketball games.

Between these two athletic seasons the band gave a concert at North Chelmsford for the Parent-Teachers Association. The overture "Trieste" was especially powerful. The bass section sure did boom on that number and the march, "Washington Greys".

During the Christmas Season the band gave a concert at a weekly assembly in the school auditorium. The outstanding number was the medley of Christmas Carols.

For the benefit of the Infantile Paralysis Fund a sensational concert was given. The most popular tune was "Lady Be Good". This performance showed the results of much earnest practicing.

On the evening of March 29 the entire band and their guests enjoyed a dinner at a local restaurant, movies at the high school, and the Boston Symphony Concert in the Lowell Auditorium. We greatly appreciated this wonderful opportunity and we are most grateful to Bernie, who made it possible.

Now we are working diligently for the Concert to be given May 9. Long may our high school band continue on its triumphant way, under the cheerful and gifted instruction of our beloved Bernie.



THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

| | | |
|-----------------------|-----------|------------------|
| <i>President</i> | | Evelyn Desmarais |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | | Shirley Colmer |
| <i>Secretary</i> | | Marjorie White |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | | David Farrington |

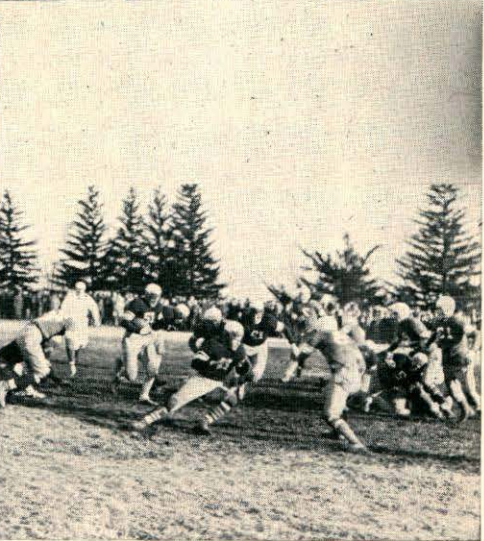
In October of 1945 a meeting was called to order by Miss Marjorie Scoboria, to elect Junior Red Cross officers for the coming year. The above officers were elected, plus representatives from each homeroom.

The high school responded to the Junior Red Cross membership drive one hundred percent, and a sum of twenty-nine dollars was collected.

At an interesting assembly we had two speakers; Miss Ruth Jenkins, Director of the Lowell Division of Junior Red Cross and Miss Helen Comstock, who spoke to us on the necessity of Junior Red Cross even though the war is over.

Our first task was to make fifty Navy menu covers, which were artistically decorated. We then made one thousand bed side bags and also sent used Christmas cards to the hospitals, to be used in handicraft work. The boys collected waste paper. The girls of the Junior Red Cross knitted three afghans. These were very colorful, having every color of the rainbow in them. In April we were asked to make one hundred Christmas cards for the overseas units.

Another very successful and happy year was spent by the Junior Red Cross under the able and versatile guidance of Miss Marjorie Scoboria.



Senior Alphabet

A is for Abrahamson's sunny smile,
Musical heartbreaker—that's his style.

— is for Adams who passes out candy;
When in need of a friend, she's always handy.

— is for Anderson, a glamour treat,
Three-letter man who turns on the heat!

— is for Atwood, shy in a way,
A perfect lady, I would say.

B is for Bacon with the nicest of smiles,
Always gowned in the latest styles.

— is for Belida, that bashful boy;
He's our baseball pride and joy.

— is for Bellwood, a lively girl,
Pretty hair with a bit of a curl.

— is for Bishop, from North she hails,
Seen at the games, never fails.

— is for Bishop, homework's all done,
Scholastic rating A No. 1.

— is for Blackie, oh, so neat!
Basketball star, quite a treat.

— is for Brown, oh, so sweet!
Nice personality; she's all "reet".

— is for Byam, baseball star,
Walks to the Westlands when he hasn't a car.

C is for Cahill, fashion plate,
Seen quite often on a date.

— is for Cantara, nice personality,
Goes for a gal with femme fatality.

— is for Carkin, office girl,
Member of the senior Merry Whirl.

— is for Coughlin, tall dark, and handsome;
Nobody'll hold his looks for ransom.

D is for Douglas, the tallest of all;
Her goal is set for Symphony Hall.

E is for Elwood, everybody's friend,
Sweet voice and manner, a musical trend.

F is for Ferreira, quiet as can be;
Silence is golden, and so is she.

— is for Feyler, bound to win,
One of the packages good things come in.

— is for Fontes, allergic to noise,
Silence remains one of her joys.

— is for Fox, drugstore sheik,
Why must his hair grow to a peak!

G is for Giffin, her lessons she tames,
Faithfull rooter at all the games.

— is for Gleason, full of pep,
Very neat dresser, she's got hep!

H is for the Haineses, a gay duet,
Devoted sisters, a charming set.

— is for Hamel, always on the beat,
Laughing eyes, dancing feet.

— is for Hartley, Eleanor's chum,
Seldom seen not chewing gum.

— is for Hilton, conscientiously set,
Industrious student, you can bet.

— is for Hulslander, studious on the side,
Takes athletics in his stride.

J is for Jamros, a movie fan-ner,
Noted for her pleasing manner.

K is for Karafelis, the farmer in the dell,
Peppy cheerleader, she makes them yell.

— is for Kelly, an attractive "Miss",
Thoughts of a sailor cause much bliss.

— is for Kingston, an artist at heart,
On all posters she does her part.

L is for Locapo, amiable lass,
Suffers with us in biology class.

— is for Logan, always with books,
Me thinks he could get by on his looks!

M is for Manning, friendly and sweet,
Ambitious student that none can beat.

— is for Marcotte, a trim majorette,
Hard little worker, she'll get there yet.

— is for Linda—Marinel,
Bien fait, Mademoiselle!

— is for McAndrew, calm and demure,
For all heartbreaks she has a cure.

— is for McGlinchey, neat little blonde,
Pal of Joan's of whom she is fond.

— is for McGlinchey with the curly hair,
Noisy gal, doesn't give a care.

— is for McHugh, our basketball Miss—
Wait until Ripley hears about this!

— is for McMaster who loves to rumba,
Many admirers, charming number.

— is for McNulty, you think she's quiet?
Not if you know her—she's a riot!

— is for Meagher of athletic build,
An easy mark for the movie guild.

— is for Merrill, a likable lass,
Delight of the faculty, pride of her class!

— is for Messier, the fashion queen,
Nicest clothes you've ever seen!

— is for Morrison, oh, so thin!
Good advertisement for a vitamin.

N is for Norton, professor to be,
Behind those glasses the future he sees.

O is for Oczkowski, little, but oh my!
Which goes to prove that he's quite a guy.

P is for Plein, the physics whiz,
Dashing gallant, scoffs at a quiz.

— is for Proulx, a laugh's her delight,
For many an eye she's quite a sight.

R is for Dorothy—Riopelle,
Henna rinses she could sell.

— is for Robertson, a wave in his hair,
Of Kremel and Wildroot he buys his share.

— is for Rogers, our famous substitute,
Devoted to sports, but with books irresolute.

— is for Russell, to the stars he'll fly,
That he'll succeed none can deny.

S is for Sanders, the mightiest of might,
In football and basketball he shines in the light.

— is for Scott, quiet yet gay,
Rates very high in her own little way.

— is for Shea, to her talents no end,
Diligent student, artistic trend.

V is for Vennard with "Time on her"—hair,
For the Navy she has quite a flair.

W is for Webster with the deep bass tone,
For his pleasant manners he is known.

— is for Wylie, that popular kid,
High scores in basketball, touchdowns on the grid.

Y is for Yoachimciuk, nursing's her goal,
A treat for the patients, success will toil.

Z is for Zabierek, we like her lots,
Has a reputation for scoring foul shots.

— is for Zaher with a head of curls
That's the envy and desire of all the girls.

Eleanor Allen '47

A WOMAN DRIVER

Dad said if he ever saw the person who gave me my license, he'd murder him with pleasure. Accompanied by Gertie, my bobby-sock pal, I got my car license last week without my father's knowledge. When Dad found out, he just held his head between his hands and said, "Oh, I'm ruined! What did I ever do to deserve this?" And I'm quite sure he added something under his breath. I don't see why. After all, there are just scads of women drivers, some better than men. I was pretty good, if I do say so. Of course I did bump into Gertie's garage, and all but ran over a cat, but it was downright clever the way I missed the tulip bed. Now I ask you, for a beginner that wasn't a bit bad, was it?

Dad was scheduled to meet Grandma today, but he said he was busy and up to his ears in work. Always glad to be of service, I volunteered to go and fetch Grandma in the car. Luckily it was a beautiful day, and Dad had walked to work. Mother refused at first saying that the only reason I got my license was that the boy who gave it to me was slightly ga-ga over Gertie. I said that was definitely *not* the reason. Just because he bribed me into accepting the license so he could be alone with Gertie meant absolutely nothing of the sort. Well, anyway, I convinced Mom that it was perfectly safe to take the car, partly because of my sudden affection for her, and anyway—it was getting awfully late.

With all the confidence in the world I started out.—Now, I never noticed that red light before. Heck, nobody's around and I'm in a hurry, so I'll just go through it. Funny, I must have taken the wrong turn. There's only one thing to do, back up. I'll stop and step on the gas again. Am I the surprised person when the car starts moving *forward*? Oh, I forgot to put it in reverse. Well, I'm very careful this time, and away I go full speed backwards, when all at once I come to a stop. Now, who ever planted a tree in such a silly place!

Finally, I make the main highway. It's now about 11:50. Must hurry. Grandma can't be kept waiting. Traveling at a nice rate of speed, a blood-curdling yelp pierces my ears. I realize now that it must have

been a dog in the road and I must have run over him. Well, I don't have time to stop and sympathize. Besides, I couldn't have hurt him. Dad often says that our car is as light as a feather. I am really hurrying now. The train is due in five minutes. Suddenly I hear a horn. I thought mine was out of order. No, it's a siren. It's getting louder, but I'm going faster than ever. I can practically feel the car behind me. All at once it dawns on me that it is a police cruiser! Just to show that smart aleck perfect timing, I pull up the emergency brake and stop short with a nerve-racking jerk. Are those my brains out in the road? Oh, no, it's only a chicken. Suddenly there's a terrible crash in back which sends Dad's car ten feet further. Now wasn't it clumsy of that policeman to go full speed ahead when he knew perfectly well that I was going to stop? He certainly brought that on himself. Let him suffer!

Yipes, it's 12:00 noon now. The car seems to be sick or something. No matter how hard I press on the gas, it goes only ten miles an hour. At 12:05, I finally crawl into the station yard only to emerge at 12:10, proud possessor of one police ticket, one grandmother, and the remains of one car. Mission accomplished!

Until my next flight into the Unknown, I hope I'm blessed with HAPPY LANDINGS.

Blanche Proulx '46

LOSING THINGS

There is no person over the innocent age of two who has not lost something, be it only a rattle. People have been losing things ever since they have been possessors of anything at all, bearskins included. As time moved on, it became an ever-present custom of the fairer sex to lose a handkerchief in the hope of attracting the notice of some male victim. As soon as money was invented, it became a human trait to lose that. I figure that at my tender age I have lost at least ten dollars. But then, what use could I possibly have for ten dollars?

Earl Russell '46

OF BABIES

In this day and age everyone knows something about bringing up baby, and even the most inexperienced understands something of the individual differences in infants.

Some babies like to be handled and loved; others are content to be quiet. Some howl from morn to night; others are content to sleep twenty hours out of every twenty-four.

Babies come in different sizes, shapes, and colors. Some are brown; some are white; some are thin and scrawny; others fat and chubby. They also come in two choices, male and female. On appearance "Junior" may "favor" anybody. He may look like daddy, or for convenience, he may resemble his wealthy old Uncle Felix, for whom he should be so named.

It is possible that babies may come in pairs, and most unfortunate are the parents who are afflicted with twins. Two of a kind are really double-barreled trouble—ask the parents who own two!

Dorothea Haines '46

RAISING CATS

The trouble with a kitten is THAT
Eventually it becomes a CAT.

—Ogden Nash

When you make up your mind to raise a kitten from innocent baby-hood to fighting maturity, you are making one of the great decisions of your life. It will either make or break you!

The main reason why a person decides to raise cats is one of sheer necessity. If your cat presents you with a litter of adorable kittens, then you know what I mean. Usually you haven't the heart to get rid of them, so come the question, "Which one shall we keep, if any, and where shall we get homes for the rest?" The neighbors usually come to the rescue after a few subtle hints. If so, your problem is solved, if not, you raise cats!

The number of people who raise cats professionally is comparatively small. They work only with the sophisticated angoras or arrogant Persians, and miss many of the joys of the friendly, short-haired or suspicious strays.

Anyone who is at all familiar with cats knows that it takes a lot of patience and fortitude to produce a moderately well-mannered house-cat. You've got to baby it, discipline it, feed it, and doctor it. It's no party, but when it selects you for its protector, then you know that you didn't have any doubts at all about how it would develop. Perhaps it became a gentle, refined mouser or more probably a devilish, impudent coquette. As my typewriter ribbon is being ripped out by needle sharp teeth, you can have no doubt as to the type I am raising!

Ruth Hilton

OF MAKE-UP

Girls of all ages and ladies, do you want to be radiantly alluring so as to take His breath away—so appealing that it will be love at first fright, I mean, sight? Well, follow these simple directions and I'll guarantee that you'll mix with the best of them. The battle of beauty lies wholly in your make-up. Be chic—be smart. Learn how to tackle this problem from one who knows.

First of all, you wash your pan, pardon me, your face in good boiling hot water. Is your face beet red and rashy looking? Good. Next comes a hefty application of any old grease or used fats you might have lying around. After this has thoroughly lubricated your skin (if there's any left), remove with the little shovel which you will have handy for just this purpose.

Now consider your cheeks. Take a vegetable grater and rub them firmly with an upward motion. I assure you you will have the rosiest complexion imaginable. The final touch is your powder and lipstick. For your powder, it has been said that the flour barrel is an ideal source of supply and purer by far than the fancy variations that come in elaborate little boxes in the beauty shops. Stand in front of the barrel and insert your head slowly—one dip should be sufficient. Now comes the crowning glory—your lipstick. Obtain any violent red paint that dad has lying around in the cellar from last spring's painting. Apply this liberally and oh yes, be smart like the stars, put it on with a brush.

To add to your beauty (?) comb your tresses with the finest rake you can find.

Incidentally, they say apples and cherries make a delightful head decoration this season, especially when wrapped about with frilly lace and a couple of yards of tulle topped with plumes that are particularly fetching.

After all this if you're not fit to kill (and I do mean KILL) see if you can do any better on your own.

Doris Haines '46

OUR DAY

It was all too good to be true! School sessions cut all day—gay surging crowds singing the school song loud and lustily—noisy voices telling everyone that we were going to the M.I.T. Tourney—the feeling that we would win and be back again tomorrow for more fun. After all weren't we tops in the suburban league, and hadn't we won eight games in a row? The station groaned when it saw us coming; papers and magazines sold by the dozen; the platform was covered with the eager milling crowd of us, edging all the other passengers to one side. Excitement ran high as the train pulled in, and we left triumphantly. Once in the great city of Boston and stirred by the pangs of hunger, we stopped our excited chatter only long enough to steal to the nearest counter to munch a sandwich or a hot dog.

Right from the start we loomed the victors. There was no question in our minds. In the Garden we felt even more secure as we watched the tense and worrying Somerset cheerleaders silently bite their fingernails. We screamed and cheered as our team scored again and again. Between halves we stuffed ourselves with stale popcorn, bitter sodas, thin hot dogs, and ancient peanuts. Don't ask us what happened out in the shower-room between halves; all we know is that Somerset got hep and caught up to us, tied the score, topped it! Could this happen to us!

We all sat tired and dirty with that let down feeling on the returning train, singing, not the uproarious school songs, but sad and pathetic numbers like "Genevieve" or "That Little Old Red Shawl". Some looked dejected; others brazenly ignored defeat; a few hung out the window, letting

in the sweet, acrid smell of smoke while they watched the trains go by.

Today's the morning after. Well, we lost a game, but we gained a memory!

Ruth Hilton '46

YOUNGER SISTERS

I dedicate this essay to all who—like me—suffer the affliction of younger sisters.

Younger sisters are "awful pests". Let me quote from my own experiences.

I go to bed at night planning to wear my new green sweater the next day. I rise next morning all ready to go to Boston. But to my surprise—no sweater. "My, where's my new sweater?"

"Oh, Joyce wore that to work this morning." Sisters are really nice people!

Tonight Tex is coming to the house. Everything must be exactly right. My new dress is ready. My hair is combed. My shoes are shined. Yes, everything is perfect.

Tex comes and everything is going wonderfully. Everything, did I say? Oh! Oh! Here comes trouble. What do you want, Joyce?"

"Where did you find this one, sis; he's—ni—i—i—ce!"

"Joyce, for goodness sakes, will you scram!" "Oh, Tex, do you have to go so soon? It's only 8:30." "Well I do have to get up early tomorrow."

Remember what I said before? Sisters are such nice people!

Jane Dryden '46

IDEAL OUTFITS

Down through history the women of every age have developed a specific style of dress. Of course every generation thinks its particular fashion is tops. The cave dweller must have cherished her skimpy wild animal skin, and the ladies of the gay nineties doted on making themselves look like super fortresses topped with heads jutting out for observational purposes.

Now consider the bobby sockers, of my time, and you really will be looking at something. If you're not a "femme fatale" in our drapes, it's your face, not your form.

A girl in our day must look chic, not hennish. Just don a loud, loose skirt, and top it with a long and baggy sweater. Drape your neck with a good string of macaroni, uncooked if you please, and you will really send somebody. Don't forget your wooly bobby-socks and dirty, scuffed up, saddle shoes. They're so-o-o-o important. Finish off with a baker's dozen or so of spangles so you can be heard coming and you will be perfection itself.

If you want to be date bait for this day and age, try our ideal outfit.

Evelyn Brown '46

NATURE PROVIDES ENJOYMENT

Nature affords an infinite number of fascinating, free amusements which exist everywhere for everyone who desires and appreciates them.

To view nature by walking or driving through the woods is some people's enjoyment, but to slip away from the daily routine farm work and go canoeing down stream is my delight. The water is so peaceful and calm because of the stately trees and underbrush which overhang it that the only ripples are those fanning out from the canoe which swan-like glides silently along the water. Not a sound from the dipping of the paddle can be heard. Only the birds' songs are audible, so serene and still is the atmosphere.

After venturing a few miles down stream, the setting sun in all its glory becomes visible. Oh! What a heavenly picture the soft golden sky paints on the stream. As the sun sinks deeper into the darkened earth, the reflection becomes faint and more faint, dyeing the water with yet more subtle magic.

Realizing that this beautiful day is coming to a close, I start to journey homeward, my heart filled with unbelievable joy knowing that in the morning I shall again anticipate this enchantment free, fascinating, and re-creating.

Grace Merrill '46

AN AFTERNOON AT THE BEACH

When you start for an afternoon at the beach, be sure to take only the few things that you absolutely need. Combine your efforts to getting together towels, lunches, bathing suits, a couple of life preservers, beach umbrellas, cameras, back rests, and rubbers—so you won't get your feet wet.

Now you are ready to start. Select a beach that is not too many miles away, and plan your route. If the beach is in New Hampshire, be sure your map does not say Wyoming or North Carolina.

If the beach of your choice is over twenty-five miles away, and your car is pre-ancient, don't take the car. Okay, so you want to take it. You feel that it is part of the family! Well, don't say you weren't warned.

Oh dear! now you're lost. I told you to check the road map before you started, but if you are that stupid, you deserve to be lost. Well, don't just sit there; ask someone where you are.

Now you're on the right road again, thank goodness, and the car is still holding out.

Finally reaching the beach, you see neither sand nor surf—only beach umbrellas. Boy, is this place packed!

Everyone be on the lookout for a small space between two cars, the thing casually referred to as a "parking space." Oh! Success at last after an hour of continuous searching up and down, to the emphatically voiced disgust of other motorists, all looking for the same thing.

So you're back from lunch and a swim, and it is time to leave. Have everybody check the baggage so you won't leave anything behind.

The engine won't start! What does that mean? Don't tell me you examined your car from the front to rear bumper, just to discover that you are out of gas! Everybody get out and push. Do your feet ache? Do they burn. Well, next time don't pass up good advice.

Well, you found a gas station and are now on your way home. You are all worn out after that last vigorous workout. Pushing a car a mile over hill and dale is no cinch.

Now if ever you should have a blowout

near an old cemetery, just leave the car. It is certain to feel at home, and you always walk home. What did you say? You do have a blowout? It is a good thing that you only have a scant fourteen miles to walk, isn't it? Well, start hiking, and let father take the lead. He's not the head of the family for nothing.

The moral of this tale is, never go to the beach for an afternoon, because you will be gone for a day or two, and if you go for a weekend, be sure to tell the boss not to expect you until some time on Wednesday.

Warren Norton '46

THE CUTTING DOWN OF OUR PINE TREE

The pine tree had guarded the entrance to our front driveway as long as I had lived and had kept sentinel many years before me. I stood and watched it today, heard the men yell "timber", and saw it fall. Our pine tree had been part of the family and was now gone. This day will always remain in my mind. It may sound strange to grieve over a pine tree, but that's the way it is.

It all started back last winter when we had one ice storm after another, climaxed by blizzards. The successive coats of ice and the heavy coverings of snow were too much for our old land mark. It had lost most of its branches on the north side, and you know the rest.

No longer do I look out in the morning and see the sunrise behind that gallant silhouetted tree, or hear the soft sigh of breezes blowing through its pine branches on summer evenings.

In its place this afternoon I have planted a baby pine that may someday, years and years from now, fill this emptiness and take the place of our beloved pine for someone else to enjoy, to love, and to remember.

Cynthia Atwood '46

TYPING

Typing's a hard subject
I'm sure you will agree,
It may be easy for some folks
But it comes hard to me.

You learn to type a letter,
Then no sooner said than done,
You master just the proper style—
Up comes another one!

The room is cold and drafty,
Your fingers stick to the keys,
You check your paper with great pains
And find "i's" instead of "e's".

The margins are uneven,
The spelling's incorrect,
The errors are innumerable,
The whole thing is a wreck!

So you crumble up the paper,
And instead of taking a rest
You start again; it's twice as bad—
You decide the first was best.

Joyce Carkin '46

AUTUMN SUNSET

Along the colorful west with ruddy gleam
A glimmering, misty haze o'er hangs the
stream,
Which gliding through its wild and rocky
course,
Pursues its way with ever increasing force,
As though it fears the coming of the snow
When all the Earth must bear her weight
of woe.

It leaps each crag amid a whirl of foam
And hurries onward to its ocean home.
The stately pine trees softly o'er it weep
As some fond mother o'er her child asleep,
And murmur forth a never ceasing cry
As if her child in death's dire grasp doth lie.
The brown leaves rustle neath the wander-
er's tread,
And all the earth is sleeping seems as dead.

Patricia Shea '46

MAY 15th

My future and the future of many,
Rests up on the Draft, if any.
If it is passed on the Ides of May,
Many a fellow will go away
To be a soldier, sailor, or Marine!
How I wish this was only a dream!

Douglas Logan '46

HALLOWE'EN

It was a lousy Hallowe'en,
This one of forty-five.
No harmful vagrances were seen,
It was with cops alive.

They gave a party at the hall
Which truly was a failure,
And if you sought some fun elsewhere,
The law was there to nail yer.

It's coming to a pretty pass,
Our own town doesn't trust us,
But when it comes next Hallowe'en,
They'll not as easy bust us!

Earl Russell '46

SLEEPING

When I'm tucked in my crib at night,
I always see a lovely light.
It makes a path to where I lie
While mother sings her lullaby.

My mother's voice is soft and low—
I don't know why I love it so,
Or why I love to feel her touch,
But nothing soothes me quite so much.

I see the same things in her eyes
That shine so brightly in the skies.
It must be angels peeping through
To look at me, I think—don't you?

For just as long as I can see,
Those angel's eyes look down on me.
And then, before I realize
The Sandman comes to close my eyes.

Anna Marcotte '46

MY SUCCESSFUL FISHING

With line and pole I was on my way
To catch some fish for dinner one day.
I baited my hook, and I cast my line,
But as for a fish, there wasn't a sign.
I waited, and waited, and sat, and sat
And watched my line just like a cat.

There came a jerk and a gentle tug,
And I wound my line feeling very snug.
I took one look, then closed my eyes —
A devil fish to my surprise!
Oh how, oh how, oh how I wish
Someone would teach me to catch a fish.

Cynthia Atwood '46

SHARPIE!

The day I entered Chelmsford High
Reluctantly I heaved a sigh.
I thought it would be quite a bore—
Until I saw *him* at the door.

His pants were rolled above his socks
With gentle care he'd combed his locks
There was emblazoned on his sweater,
A big romantic football letter.

But alas and alack as you can see
He never even looked at me.
So listen girls, and please be smart—
Don't let a sharpie break your heart.

Eleanor McGlinchey '46

FUTURES

Sitting at peace in my easy chair,
I wonder how the children will fare.

Perhaps a barber our Tony will be,
With Moira Anne collecting his fee.
For nothing is jollier, they confess,
Than making my hair a tangled mess.

As dancing partners they would be cute,
Tony cuts a neat rug in his zoot suit,
And Moira practices her hula-hula
Oddly enough to "Toora-Lura".

I've really decided it's boxers they'll be—
It starts the minute they are set free.
Sister and brother, it certainly shows,
When the two little dears decide to be foes.

Phyllis Hartley '46

MY FATHER'S ONLY DAUGHTER

My father's only daughter
Is just about eighteen.
The first time that he saw her,
He thought her quite a dream.

Two decades bring their changes.
Now father is quite gray.
It's not the times that changed him,
It's the daughter of today!

Edna Giffin '46

PATSY

From eight in the morning till afternoon
I always see Patsy—but I won't in June.
I'll miss her in English, I'll miss her in math,
Miss pulling her, and waylaying her
patte.
She's so kind and gentle, so pretty and
sweet.
There isn't another she couldn't beat.
To think I delighted in getting her mad
By calling "Patricia" makes me sad.
But now it's all over, and starting in June
I'll never see Patsy in my homeroom.

Stevie Belida '46

WHAT SHALL I BE?

What shall I be, I question
When my high school days are past?
It is quite a momentous decision,
And I have to make it fast!

Shall I be a teacher, I wonder!
And pupils reprimand?
Or shall I be a doctor
And have sick folks on my hands?

Shall I start a career in music,
And play a tune for pay,
Or perhaps delve into Physics,
And use my brain all day?

It really is a problem,
Too much for my silly mind,
There just don't seem to be any
Jobs to suit my kind.

Gladys Zabierek '46

MY PHYSICS BOOK

My physics book is very old,
The pages all fall out,
The cover is detached and torn,
It's a disgrace no doubt.

But I would not trade my physics book
For a troop of Bengal lancers,
I love the one I have the best—
You see it has the answers!

Donald Feyler '46

MY WEDDING

I climbed into my bed last night
And had a crazy dream;
It didn't worry me at all—
But I wonder what dreams mean!

I was all dressed in wedding gowns,
I think they numbered three,
But who the lucky man would be
Was then what puzzled me.

My bridesmaids gathered all around
Fussing with my veil.
Mother, dad, and friends were there,
All looking rather pale.

When at last the time had come
To start the wedding march,
My hands were both as cold as ice
My back as stiff as starch.

The handsome groom stood by my side
My heart inside me sang.
"I now pronounce you man and—"
And then the alarm clock rang!

Barbara McMaster '46

LOUD SODA SHOPPEE

We have a little Soda Shop,
All painted white and brown.
It is a favorite eating place
In the middle of our town.

Every afternoon at two,
When high school is let out,
We all head down to "Bob & Rays",
To chat and sit about.

One "black and white", one sundae,
One hot-dog with the works—
Orders flying left and right
Must drive the boys berserk.

When everyone's been waited on,
And everyone's calmed down,
The juke box starts, and someone yells,
"Come on, let's go to town."

So after this is said and done,
And all are on their way,
Our little shop knows peace once more,
Until another day.

Bette Messier '46

NEW ENGLAND WINTER

If it's winter you like,
New England's the spot,
And I guarantee this —
You'll never be *hot*.

Each morning you'll find
The temperature down,
And you'll shiver and shake
As you hurry through town.

The streets always piled
With snow, deep and white,
Keep all the plows busy
Both morning and night.

Schools frequently close
And teachers despair
At lost education —
But students don't care!

They all love New England —
I think you'll agree,
In spite of cold weather
It's the best place to be.

June Douglas '46

THROUGH A TRAIN WINDOW

When I am riding on a train
With nothing much to do,
I find it fun just to relax
And watch the lovely view.

To see the shrubs and trees drift by
Is quite a joy to me,
And stately trees bedecked with leaves
Are beautiful to see.

I see the valleys dotted with
Snug houses neat and white,
From which the friendly home lights gleam
Throughout the starry night.

We speed across flat western plains
That stretch for miles and miles,
And then we come to mountain peaks
That rise like gallant piles.

Then when at last I reach my home
And have to leave the train,
It's with reluctance that I go
To dream of trips again.

June Douglas '46

RADIO

Did you ever listen to the radio
When the actor is on who intrigues you so?
You snap the controls and what do you
hear?
A long commercial on Holihan's beer.

A romantic voice then says a word
Of "Rinso White," which I'm sure you've
heard.
Then, my goodness, someone starts to sing.
But it's not Sinatra, it's only Bing.

But it's no use to get up hope
For the next announcement is all about
soap—
The soap that floats, the soap that smells,
The soap that every grocer sells.

Here comes the voice, he's on again,
And the next announcement is for men.
If you have a scalp that's dry and itches,
Be sure you switch to good old Fitch's.

By this time you're really sick and tired.
But on comes the star you always admired.
He says to you just a word or two,
Then comes Charcoal, the gum to chew.

But really and truly it must be a joke
Now it's "Folks, what cigarette do you
smoke?"
Followed by an ad for Colgate's cream
That will make your teeth both shining and
clean.

Your announcer ups with the latest news,
But you listen if you want to—I don't
choose!

Lorraine McGlinchey '46

GLAMOUR PAINT

What is this stuff called glamour paint,
That makes girls look like what they ain't.
It's mascara and lipstick and other goos,
In the wildest colors you could choose.

The girls can never get enough,
But every boy just hates the stuff.
Oh, why must they put on this paint,
The stuff that makes them what they ain't?

Charles Webster '46

EXPERIENCE

"Oh Mother dear, dear Mother, please
Let me go out to play
One game of football with the gang
That meets just down the way?"

"You know I do not like it, Jean,
But if it's still your wish
Go right ahead and have some fun,
And I will dry that dish."

So out Jean ran to catch up with
The gang around the bend,
And when the boys had picked their teams
She found herself at end.

While rushing madly through the line,
Of course she failed to see
A large, deep hole that tripped her and—
She fell and cut her knee.

That night and many other nights
Poor Jeanie did not sleep.
She missed the annual high school prom
Which made her moan and weep.

In order not to miss a dance
Or have to stay in bed,
Our Jeanie does as Mother bids
And thinks of what's ahead.

Grace Merrill '46

(OH) BROTHER!

A piercing scream in the dark of the night
Made me sit in my bed upright.
"What was that!" said I to my weary
Mother.
"That, my dear, is your darling brother."

There are bottles to warm and clothes to
fetch;
Oh, why do babies have to get wet?
He disturbs my sleep, gets me out of bed
Because he wakes and wants to be fed.

Saturday night especially,
I want to go out, most naturally,
BUT—that well-known phrase I hear from
Mother,
"You can't go out! Take care of brother."

Blanche Proulx '46

LIFE OF A TWIN BY ONE WHO KNOWS

When you're Doris, it isn't fun to be
Called by the name of Dorothy,
And to have the people stand and stare
As if twins were something from out of
nowhere.

It's not a usual life to live,
There's double of things to take and to
give —
This means the good things as well as the
bad
And it doubles the troubles twins always
have.

"Hello, there, Dorothy," and I but grin,
"Hi there," though I'm the other twin!
They'll talk to me as to Dorothy
When it's really not she, but me, you see.

Who's who is the disturbing thing;
Dates comes up and troubles begin.
"I'll meet you at seven", he'll exclaim;
She shows up—Dorothy by name.

How was he to know it was she
When she showed up where I should be?
That's when it hurts the very most—
Dorothy's guest to Doris' host.

Oh well, there maybe will come a day
When being a twin will really pay.
It's not as bad as I've made it seem;
It's really a double featured dream.

Such hardships really don't matter a pin,
I'm proud to be my sister's twin,
And whether joys or troubles brew,
Thank goodness I'm not one, but two.
Doris Haines '46

PORTRAIT OF A FRESHMAN BOY

Here comes a fellow down the hall,
Bright bow tie, green socks and all,
Giddy plaid jacket, checkered pants —
Hair well combed, and slickum enhanced.
Girls, beware; Flee while you can
This bold, commanding, superman.

False alarm! Behind it all,
He's just a fragile China doll.
He's merely a freshman trying to be
Something nice for the girls to see.
Patricia Bacon '46

IS THE WAR OVER?

For us the war is over because the guns are silent, our family has a new car, and our big brothers are home. However, to thousands of G.I.'s, Gobs, and Giriens the war still goes on. To them pain, blood, and mental distress are still every day stuff.

During last summer I met some of our wounded face to face. I talked with them and learned their view points on every talkable subject, and I wish from the bottom of my heart more people would get to know a hospital of G.I.'s. Fewer people would go around with the attitude, "Thanks for fighting for me, soldier; now go fight for yourself."

When you see a wounded boy from Okinawa look up at you smilingly and say, "How's tricks on the outside?" you rack your brain for a fitting answer. When you meet a fellow on crutches in the corridor and hear him say, "It's a wonderful world, isn't it?" you answer words to the effect that it sure is, but you think in your heart how horrible is the world that cripples a boy and compels him to walk on crutches for the rest of his life.

You wonder how people can find courage to joke about their pain. I remember one fellow who looked too young to be a rookie but who had chalked up two years as a war prisoner in Germany. Malnutrition and suffering had made his body a wreck, but nothing had touched his spirit. He had always dreamed of having a red convertible coupe with white side wall tires. So—he painted his wheel chair red and the wheels white, and he laughed.

One day I happened to witness a reunion. A father and a son, both veterans, met each other for the first time since the war had parted them. Each smilingly sized the other up. Then somehow, as though an introduction were over and they were seeing each other not as father and son, but as buddies, they firmly gripped each other's hands. I watched them totter off together, the son on crutches, the father on a still unfamiliar wooden leg.

When you have visited enough, you get so you can read boys' faces and guess at least a part of what is behind those masques. Their spirits always seem to be high, but in almost every G.I.'s eyes, is an emptiness, the emptiness only the loss of a buddy can make. Physical wounds mend readily, but the emptiness is not so easily filled. They are eager to absorb every beautiful, wonderful thing. A peaceful sky, good healthy kids playing ball every day, cars, milk, fresh eggs, things that mean home and someone dear, the love in a mother's welcome, church on Sundays, the gang on the corner—they store these things away, and at night when the lights are out and they are alone with their memories, they tell them to their dead, our dead.

There is much being done for our returning vets, but never will there be enough to repay them for what they have done for us. We still seem to go around with a chip on our shoulders, as if we have given our all. We still say, "The war is over! Why the shortages?" To the G.I.'s, Gobs, and Giriens the war isn't over. And they still have their shortages—shortages of legs, arms, and the lives of their buddies. Yes, the war still goes on for every man who really fought it; why shouldn't it go on for us?

Class History

September 9, 1942, was a crucial day, for we entered the portals of Chelmsford High School like a lot of drowned rats. Wary and unsettled as we were, the heavens added to our discomfiture by turning inside out and showering us with torrents of rain. In spite of wet fineries and weeping curls our spirits were not dampened, and the girls were out looking for new "beaus", while the boys were on the watch for "belles." Of course, the girls would settle for nothing less than seniors. The boys weren't quite so fussy.

We came at once to certain critically discerning observations. The teachers or master minds were so severe! We solemnly resolved to learn, keep, obey, and love the many commandments of C. H. S., but within a few weeks we had become well acquainted with the interior aspect of the main office. The "laws" had been illegally shattered thus early.

Variety was the spice of life in our freshman English class. We were right in the middle of conjugating all the verbs in the English language when Miss Ryan up and left us to become the bride of Ensign John Corcoran. Never will we forget the privileged substitute who came as replacement number one, nor do we think she will ever forget us. During the remainder of the year we advanced rapidly under Mrs. Monahan, Miss Maynard, and Miss Hehir. Marriage must have been in style this year for Miss Grant also became a bride. We waited patiently for the third faculty member to take the vows, and we are still waiting.

Our first dance was the Booster Day Dance, which was a great success for the A.A. Because of the war, we were unable to play in any interscholastic sports, but we made ourselves happy in the gym, the girls inhaling, and exhaling, and deep-knee bending with Mrs. Poland and Miss Ryan. The boys under Mr. Schulte, who arrived daily in the "Blue Beetle", performed feats of agility and great strength, surpassing even Ringling's best.

Never will we forget P. P. Wilson and his *short* sentences, which went something like this: "I realize that the good of the school depends upon the conduct of each and every pupil; therefore, I shall behave myself in school at all times". Some fortunate pupils were allowed to write the above mentioned sentiment two hundred times. The more privileged characters were permitted to do it five hundred times or better. These were the days when school closed at 2:30, but we still had plenty of time left to write such exercises.

In the midst of this year we were saddened by the news that Ensign George Knightly was missing and that Captain Donald Fogg had been killed in action. While we, as a class, were not privileged to know these two men personally, we are proud of their record and deeply conscious of our loss.

CAME SENIOR PROM! We all had hopes that we might be able to attend, but the big question was "With whom can I go?" All the boys waited until the last minute before getting up courage to ask the girls, but it turned out that we were well represented at the senior social.

Now it was time for graduation. We went to class day, and it was swell. We thought, "Gee, what lucky kids," but when they descended from the stage, even the boys who were called "troublemakers" shed a tear or two, then we knew who the lucky kids were—it was us (apologies to Miss Ryan, Miss Maynard, Miss Hehir, and Mrs. Monahan). We were off for the long-awaited summer vacation, having demonstrated Darwin's theory of the survival of the fittest.

When we came back in '43 we learned that we would have to carry on without Mr. Watt or Miss Robinson. Miss Robinson was replaced by Mr. Hamblen who came like the Arabs and as silently stole away. We remember the day we told Mr. Hamblen his car was on fire; he unceremoniously bolted from the room to discover we had given a false alarm—it was only a grass fire. Then, in January, our belated Christmas

present all done up with green ribbon and shamrocks arrived straight from—Clark University—the one and only Mr. Shannon, who has done so much to make the A. A. a success, and history, a delightfully social science.

Those of us who took French really learned what homework is. Then there was the rumpus in the girls' and boys' lunchrooms. While the girls were reprimanded for combing their hair over the tables, Roger Anderson just missed getting hit on the head with a piece of chocolate cake. Those were the days of the Sandwich Fights, and there was butter in "them thar sandwiches", too!

We remember the day we walked into assembly hall to find Miss MacBrayne directing the orchestra with animation, relish, and gusto! We remember "Sock Hop" night. We all wore three and four pairs of socks, which to this day have never regained a wax-free cleanliness. We remember our various and sundry collections of tin cans and old newspapers. We are all well prepared to assume upon graduation the duties and responsibilities of junk dealers. Praise be to modern education!

Thus came the end of our sophomore year. Again, being fit, we survived.

In September of 1944, sure-footed and feeling no little superior to under class men, we became juniors and prepared to spend the best year yet. We elected Warren Wylie, Paul Coughlin, Elsie Manning, and Joyce Bellwood our first class officers.

Miss Cooney came to C. H. S. to teach us science. It was in chemistry that David Scoble with his black apron hypnotized Stevie Belida. It was in chemistry that Tommy Plein drank a bottle of deadly chemical; Miss Cooney could never understand how he lived to tell the tale. It was in chemistry that Douglas Logan demonstrated his famous theory that pockets hold water. The lab in general was constantly bursting with confusion and horrible odors. Is it any wonder that Miss Cooney found it necessary to double her life insurance policy?

In Math 2A we always had an answer and learned never to say, "I can't." We called in the famous Sherlock Holmes to solve the deep mystery of the missing answer book. This is the only case, history claims, to have baffled the famous Sherlock and his Dr. Watson. The book never came back, but from that day forth everyone breezed through math just too—too simply.

Mrs. Hilyard really gave us a hard time in Sociology class. Would that Reynolds had at that date invented the never-fill pen! As you all know this was the year of the great paper shortage and enormous loads of paper were collected. At least half of the matter consisted of sociology notes, and thus we helped to win the war.

In our English classes under the instruction of Miss Daisy MacBrayne we learned a lot about love. We became well informed about the subtle distinction between an old maid and the bachelor girl. How often have we heard "My love is like a red, red rose." After Miss MacBrayne's dinner engagement with the Chinese lecturer, Chick-arichick, we held our breath, remembering our constantly expected third announcement. Still no soap.

We, as juniors, dominated the field of sports. On the first team in football all the players were juniors but two; in baseball the juniors also predominated, and all but one of our classmates made up the basketball first team. We didn't have a track team, but Andy and Steve showed their ability to run when they were chased home from baseball practice by the two fiercest goats one could imagine. Roger wanted to stop and climb up a tree, but Stevie preferred to keep right on sailing.

We shall never forget our wild Christmas party at which Sonny Abrahamson showed his Herculean strength by breaking Joyce Bellwood's wrist against a background of stick candy, empty "coke" bottles, crumpled paper napkins, and all sorts of debris.

We had a chance to show how ambitious we were by presenting the Junior Social. It was a gala event completely overshadowing the other events of the year.

When Bernie Larkin gave the downbeat to the "Chelmsford High Boogie Woogie", Tommy Dorsey became a thing of the past. Even our walls rocked with silhouettes of jitterbugs, musical notes, and alluring lips.

Finally came graduation, and we as juniors decked the auditorium with peonies and iris, thinking what the future juniors would be doing for us in another year.

Mr. Wright's retirement came simultaneously with the conclusion of our third year. We are happy to have spent eleven out of twelve of our school years under the supervision of such a capable and esteemed gentleman.

Finally arrived *the* year. Heads high, noses up, we, the mighty seniors, crept quietly past the McFarlin school and the office of the Superintendent of Schools where-in we knew now sat Dr. Everett L. Handy, to guide our school destinies. However, inside the familiar door we stalked through the corridors. How the freshmen gawked at us in awe and amazement!

Changes had been made in our charming faculty. Mr. Hicks, like "Abou Ben Adhem, may his tribe increase," settled in our little town. Never will we forget his corny jokes, nor his jolly grin, nor the deep affection he displayed for his bedroom slippers for a period of two weeks. Mr. Wilcox, as had Mr. Hamblen, came, and he too, like the Arabs, silently stole away. Mr. Watt returned to us, looking smart and snappy in his blues. His experience in the Navy fitted him exceedingly well for the arduous task of dealing with insubordinate freshmen. Lo and behold, this year under the direction of our vivacious musician, B. Andrea Rouvalis, with her gay airs and lovely voice, we have been blessed with a Senior Choir and Girls' Club in addition to chorus. That she is an inspirational instructor was demonstrated at the Christmas assembly when she coaxed the big he-men of our faculty, untutored, to stand up and gruffly bellow "Silent Night". Is it our fault if every music period she takes one pill to calm her down, and at the same time takes a second one to pep her up—results unknown! Last but not least came our mystery man, our own Charles Atlas, our one and only Coach Pappalardo, bringing with him wonderful athletics and a terrific physique displayed at best in a low cut jersey. And oh, the things he could have showed us how to do had it not been for his aching back!

Another bright morning about Thanksgiving time, we were all bewildered by a roaring noise downstairs. Why were there so many vacant seats in physics class? Why was period four study crowded? Then the rumors began to fly. A big test was due and the boys didn't wish to leave the secluded scene of the locker room! Some magician had locked the dear souls in and the master key couldn't be found! But the real truth finally leaked out. The boys were trapped at their own game! Result—numerous sessions and finally, apologies. Boys learn the hard way!

One ordinary Wednesday, we had an ordinary assembly—so we thought. We settled ourselves in our seats. Somehow we, the seniors were in a light and frivolous mood. The talk was just the opposite, ministerial and moral. So we fidgeted, fumed, fussed, and passed around loafers that tragic morning. We laughed in all the wrong places. How we disgraced the faculty! Woe was us!!! We paid dearly for our folly by lengthy lectures on courtesy, intelligence, the respect due to the clergy, and the need of using our scattered brains, if any!

On opening the school door one bright morning in spring, we were met with what a strangeness! What a fragrance! What rushing through the corridors! What daintily held noses! It was evidently "visitor's day" for our friend, the skunk, and not content to make his presence known one day, he remained until he was forcibly removed and we were properly fumigated.

We never did startle the faculty with our brilliance, but we did manage to wade valiantly through Milton and Chaucer. We rattled off irregular French verbs with some appearance of ease, and our genial Mr. Shannon solved some of the great mysteries of history for us. Never, never, will we forget the Monroe Doctrine, and the echo of the familiar words, "As far as the actual working out of it goes, what do you suppose I have to stand and look at all day long?"

Every last Thursday in the month was a happy half holiday for us. With broad grins and beaming faces we rushed out at twelve sharp, bound for the freedom of the

outdoors, while our more unfortunate faculty plodded wearily to curriculum meetings, there to struggle with the knotty problems of teaching modern youth.

Returning from our Christmas vacation, we were all stunned and saddened by the tragic accident and death of one of our most beloved schoolmates, Paul Gervais. Paul had been active in school affairs and had served as manager of this year's football team. He gave a great deal of his time to the school, doing all that he undertook faithfully and asking no glory in return. It was because of his dependability, modesty, and sincerity that he was mourned by the whole school. Although he was not of our class, the seniors were associated with him in sports and classes and were deeply grieved by his death.

Girls' basketball had an undefeated league season under the coaching of pretty and petite Miss Delaney, who certainly knows her basketball. The girls went to Lunenberg tournament and were victorious the first night, but returning the second night were so shocked at the Lunenberg uniforms that they simply couldn't keep their minds and eyes on the ball. The result was a defeat, but it was worthwhile experience.

Two history making events in one day were almost too much, but it so happened. Purdy's photographer arrived along with our opportunity to go to the M. I. T. Tournament in the Boston Garden. Equipped with peppy cheerleaders and our world startling band, we left Purdy in haste and started on our way. Our team played a breathtaking and close game. We loved Boston and the big, brave, brawny Goliath policemen, who were nonplussed by the little Davids armed with stones.

My, what cheerful and happy teachers greeted us one morning after a town meeting which included a discussion of the little matter of a raise. You know the results.

Every day this year at about eleven o'clock, we have been seized with the dread distress of hunger, mingled with curiosity as to what's on the menu for today. In an eagerness to get to the lunchroom, we surged down the corridors, only ineffectively subdued by the glares of the teachers, who kept aside the unfortunate individuals who got in our way. Digging deep into our purses for a few pennies to preserve the impoverished P. T. A., we succumbed to the earnest plea of Mrs. Wilder and son, John Wesley, Jr., at the assembly and save the day and the student lunchroom.

The Senior Prom was next in view. Deciding to be different, we held it in May. Many an aspirin was taken by the ticket committee. Finally all affairs were straightened out and we had a most enjoyable and profitable evening.

After much haggling, arguing, and scratching of heads, our motto was finally choosed. Our class ode, however, was conceived in a moment of inspiration—Being the pompous type, we decided on cops and gowns for graduation.

We, who so meekly started out with over one hundred members in September of 1942, proudly marched down the aisle on a June evening in 1946 with less than seventy members.

JOYCE BELLWOOD '46
EVELYN BROWN '46
ELSIE MANNING '46
LINDA MARINEL '46



CHEWING GUM

Snap, crackle, pop! You jump with a start. Slowly you turn around in your seat at the rear of the study hall. Sure enough there is the pest, a gum chewer, masticating so fast that you wonder how many Vitamin A pills it takes to supply all the expended energy. As you turn to your books again, there is another loud snap. Squirming, you mutter a few sweet words, slam your books shut, and wish you were never in a study period.

That night being Friday, you go to the show. Once in your seat, carefully selected in the middle of the central section you settle down to enjoy the picture. There comes a noisy munch. At first you can't believe your ears, but it continues, and you find to your discomfort and disgust that another member of the gum chewing clan is behind you. You try to concentrate on the picture, you strain to hear the sound effects, and with every love scene comes a loud crack, leaving you wondering who was shot. By this time your nerves have reached the breaking point; you can stand no more, so you are forced to get up and go out, not knowing who killed whom, why, or if they lived happily ever after.

Naturally I'm a tolerant person, and I don't believe in concentration camps or mass murder, but if I were to make an exception it would be in the case of the "Awful Order of Gum Chewers."

Charles Webster '46

THE MORNING AFTER

How uneasy I feel in the morning
When I know that no homework's been
done,
I repent with remorse in me dawning—
I must work like a son-of-a-gun.
Would that I may be blessed with the
answers
After the test has begun;
Would I'd never attended the dances,
Though I admit that it was lots of fun.
Hoping quizzes aren't sprung without
warning,
Hoping somehow to get my work done—
Though I regret what's passed in the morn-
ing,
No regrets spoiled my yesterday's fun.

Earl Russell '46

A DREAM

I had a dream the other night
And this is what I dreamed,
That this was 1996
And things had changed, it seems.

We lived in houses made of glass
From top to bottom floor,
And every house was filled with new
Inventions by the score.

Our meals were cooked, our work was done
By swift mechanical slaves,
Who looked like monsters, strange to see,
Fresh from historic caves.

Instead of cars in each garage
We had great aeroplanes,
With helicopters side by side
Which flew in wide air-lanes.

The people too were queerly dressed
And had no hair at all;
The women were too short and stout,
The men too lean and tall.

Now this may seem like fun to you
To live and look this way,
But I like things the way they are
And hope they're here to stay.

June Douglas '46

ODDITIES

A railroad track has many ties,
But can not wear a shirt.
Potatoes can not wink their eyes,
So they never, never flirt.

All the pigs there are have pens,
But ne'er a one can write.
It's a well known fact that jet black hens
Produce eggs that are white.

Tables have legs and stand all day,
But I never saw one walk.
Shoes have tongues, but you can not say
You ever heard one talk.

Papers are printed in white and black,
But still they're always read.
A pin can't think; a brain it lacks,
Although it's got a head.

Ray Cantara '46