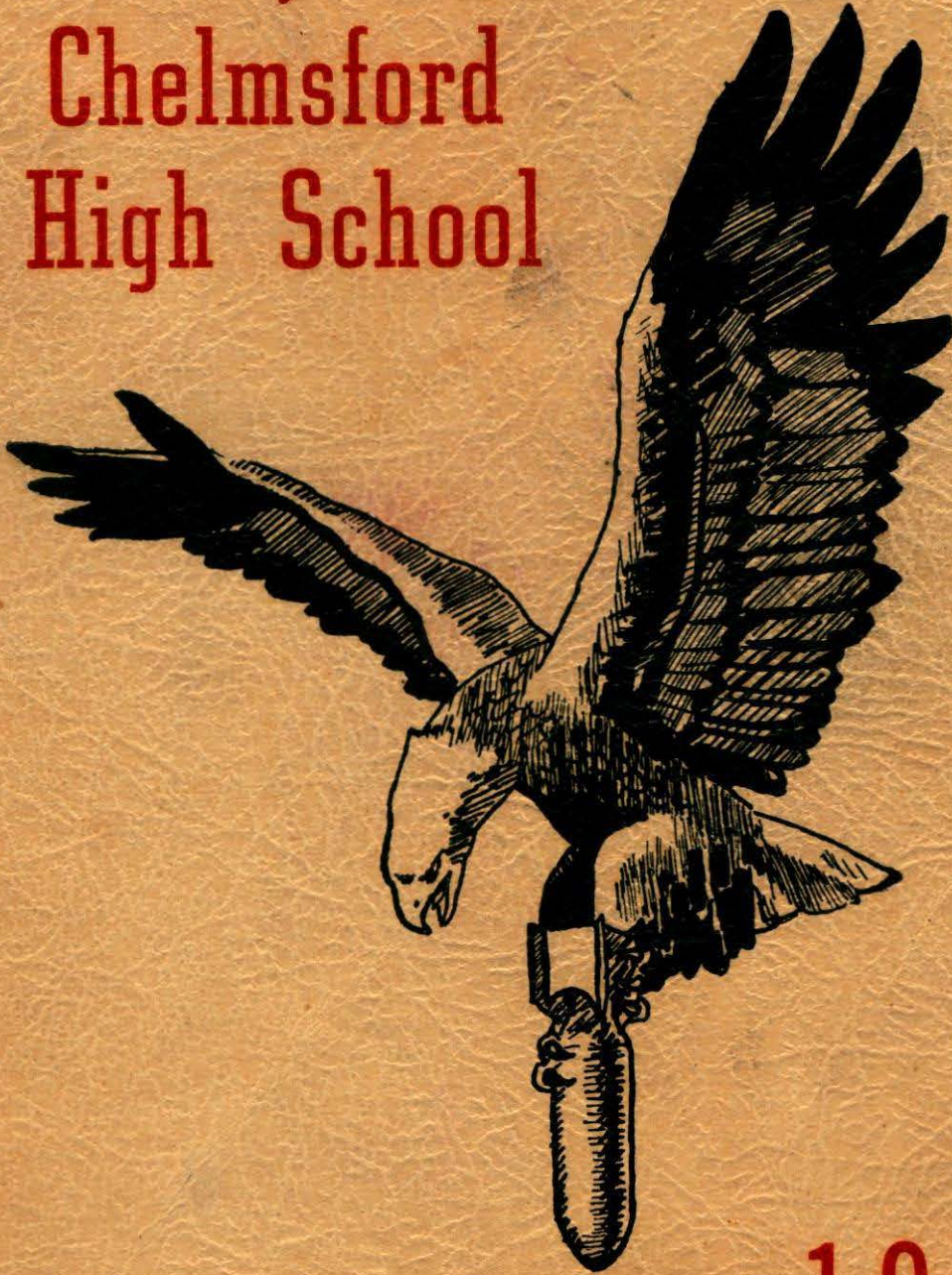


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The YEAR BOOK
of
Chelmsford
High School



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THE YEAR BOOK
OF
1943

*Edited by the Students of
Chelmsford High School*

To our former teacher, coach, and friend,

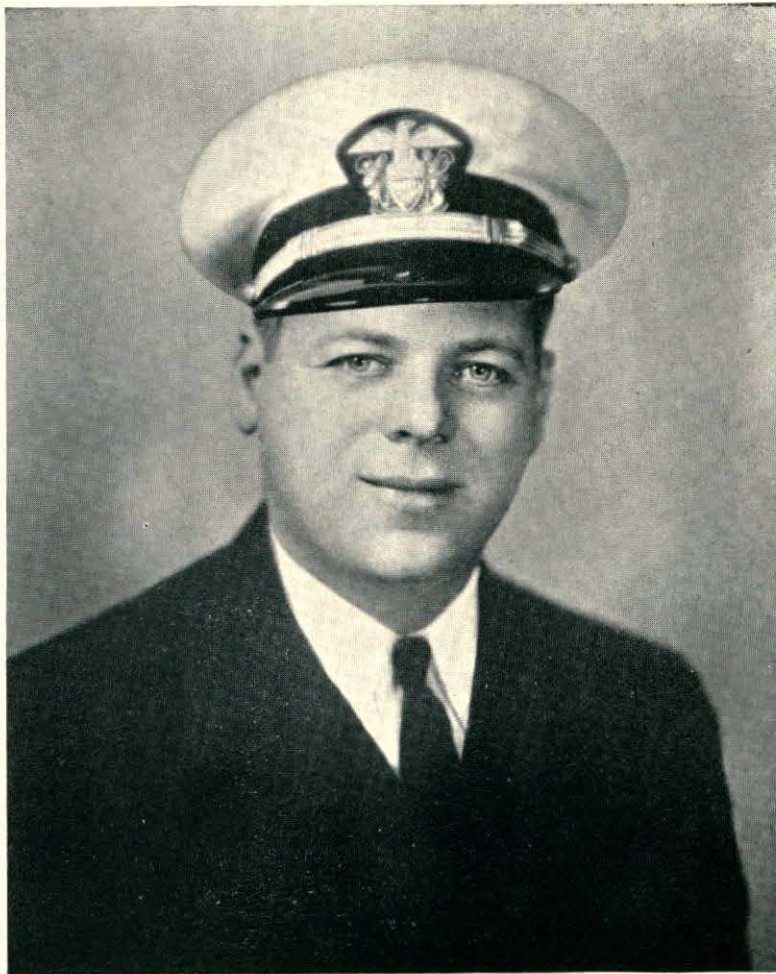
ENSIGN GEORGE R. KNIGHTLY,

We dedicate our year book.

For twelve years Ensign Knightly was a beloved teacher and coach in Chelmsford High School. Elected in 1930, he served as a member of our faculty until the date of his enlistment in the United States Naval Reserve. He went on active duty in the Armed Guard Service on September 10, 1942. On January 8, 1943, his merchant ship was sunk in the Atlantic area. The Navy Department on February 20, 1943, reported him "missing in action."

As a teacher we remember Ensign Knightly's lack of affectation, his never failing sense of humor, and his enthusiastic enjoyment of his profession. As a coach we are proud of his record of outstanding successes and grateful for the deep impression we carry of his exemplary character and love of fair play. As a friend we affectionately hold in memory the whole heartedness of his spirit and the engaging warmth of his personality.

Ensign Knightly never sought recognition or honor. Knowing how well he deserved both, we dedicate our book to him in grateful acknowledgment of our deep respect and genuine affection.



ENSIGN GEORGE ROLLINS KNIGHTLY, U.S.N.R.

(Last letter written by Ensign George R. Knightly and received by his sister, Mrs. Malcolm Wilson.)

January 1, 1943

Dear Folks:

While I have a chance to post a letter in this particular port, I'll drop a line to the Wilson family. Everything is going along smoothly. Am situated quite nicely and enjoying what this sort of thing has to offer. Of course, it has been quite an abrupt change from the quiet and rather monotonous humdrum that I had settled into in pre-war days, but have managed so far to take it in stride with the other millions of American men who are spread all over the globe.

Regulations forbid mentioning anything about the nature of my work or location, but you know that Uncle Sam's men are everywhere, so just picture me as somewhere on the seas, hitting port wherever our work calls.

There are days when time drags, and one thinks of home and every fine thing that America has to offer its citizens—just the kind of thing we are fighting to preserve. I have thought of baseball games with shouting crowds, orderly, yet enthusiastic; of beaches, and autos, and trains, and stores filled with the sort of things Americans love to buy; of pigeons strutting along the walks on the Common looking for peanuts from the hands of nature-loving citizens; of quiet Sunday mornings where worshippers of their chosen faith walk sedately toward their House of God. Then, too, I think of little children totally unaware that their father or uncle or neighbor's son has gone to war, fighting to preserve that priceless heritage—American Liberty—for them and others yet unborn. Often I think of hundreds of other American things that we take for granted and do not fully appreciate until we are faced with the ways that other people live—clean restaurants, hospitals, schools, movies, paved streets, newspapers, magazines and books, the best in varied radio productions, museums and aquariums, subways, lobster and turkey.

All these thoughts may seem disconnected and rambling, but they are what every fellow thinks about when he is away.

Christmas week having just passed and a new year beginning today has given every man aboard the occasion to say at least once, "Do you know where I'd like to be now?" So everyone thinks about the American way of doing things back home.

The one thing that I missed most of all this week was the atmosphere that one feels at Christmas. I always like to go into stores with crowds at that time of year—crowds bent on the same purpose. "What will I buy for Susie or Sam?" The carols play and bells chime. All is gay. Nowhere, I believe, is the spirit more pronounced at that season of the year than in Boston—Boston, even as it is today. I always liked to go there much more than to New York, Philadelphia, or Chicago. There is something about the historical city that the other places lack. I guess it must be the old streets, narrow and crooked, the graveyards in the shopping district, and the Common. Eleanor Early has explained it all in her book, "So This is Boston."

I wish I could write about things in this locality, but that will have to wait until I am home. If in my travels I run across anything that will be of interest in your home, I'll try to make a purchase and get it to you. One has to be careful where he doesn't know values. I have been stuck already on a purchase I believed was a real bargain.

May I wish a happy New Year to you all. In closing, let me say there isn't one thing I need. Everything is furnished and the food is excellent. Sometimes food is a little more highly seasoned than my taste is used to, but "Filis", or Philipinos, like their food highly seasoned.

Love to all,

George

In Memory of Mr. Knightly

Your smiling face and joking ways,
With sadness I recall,
Too few were all those happy days,
You taught us one and all.

When Uncle Sam said you must go,
Your smile was still the same,
And you were proud to fight, I know,
For you were always game.

Today I paused before your door,
Though days have gone apace,
I still find I miss you more,—
No one can fill your place.

M. Rita Sullivan '45

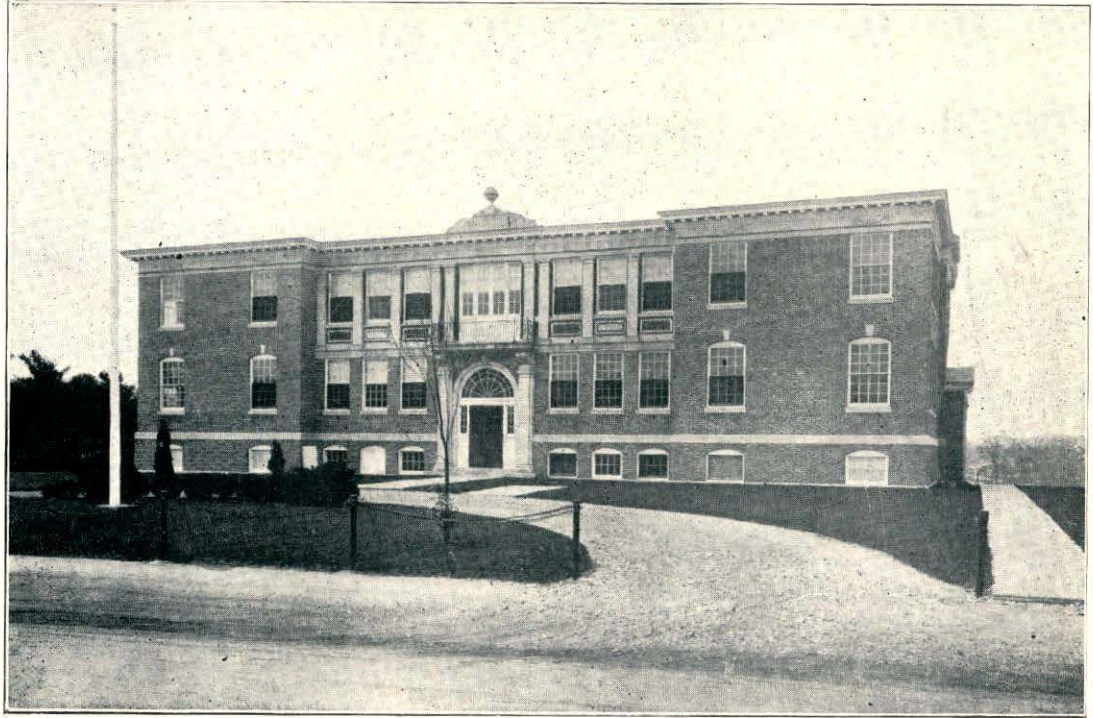
Our Ensign

They say he's gone, missing at sea,
Lost in action—a brave man he.
Can he be gone whom we remember
So vitally alive just last September?

We see him as he was out there,
His smiling face, his wavy hair,
His blue eyes twinkling in the sun,
His shoulders squared, his victory won.

We shall exalt both long and loud,
"We were his pupils; we are proud."
We will honor him and praise him rightly,
Pal, teacher, coach, and Ensign Knightly.

Janice Koford '45



CHELMSFORD HIGH SCHOOL

*All men should long ago have learned
That day succeeds the darkest night:
When all the world seems overturned,
Be sure the wrong will yield to right:
All ages past tell out the tale
That Truth and Justice never fail.*

—Selected

Foreword

We, the seniors of 1943, are surging forward into an uncertain future. Circumstances have decreed for many of us, if not for all, a future marked by the privations and sacrifices of war. As we look ahead, we realize that above all we must have faith if we are to meet the future courageously and accept the disappointments it may bring. The sacrifices entailed by rationing programs are hardly mentionable and relatively simple. The real sacrifices are most evident for the millions in the armed forces. Firm must be our faith on the home front as we daily face the anxiety for absent members of our families and for our friends. With faith we can bravely face whatever the future may bring. It is not easy for any one at any time to accept tragedy, failure, disappointment, or the multiplied evils which the future may contain and which he who lives must face. May our future be guided by our faith. If adversity comes to us, may we not be hardened by our sorrow, but rather touched with gentle resignation and acceptance. Let us remember whatever the future may hold for us, our lives will be successful if we live in docile obedience to the will of our God and stand firm in our faith.

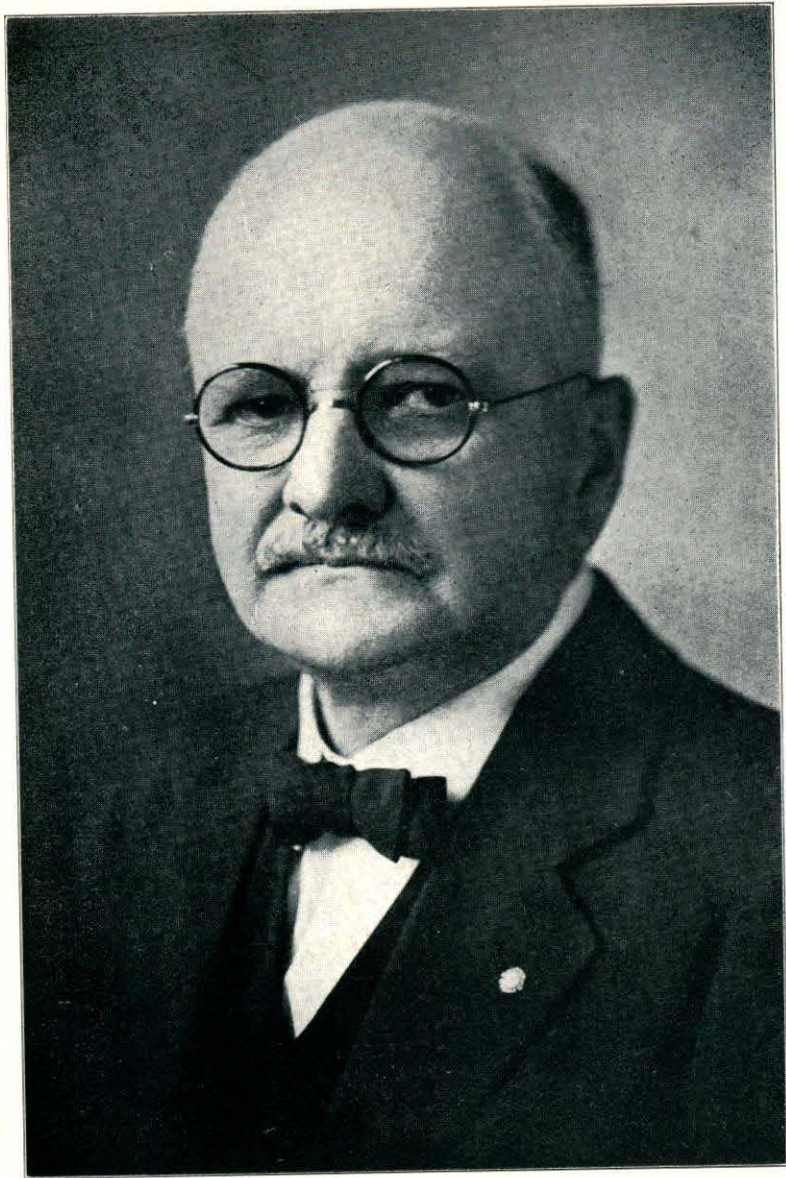
Students of Chelmsford High School:

Your school days have fallen in a period of world conflict, undoubtedly marking the end of an historic era. You have seen the airplane bring the uttermost parts of the Earth within arm's reach. You hear speakers addressing the entire continent. No one is wise enough to foresee what lies ahead. The only safe prediction is that the world in which you will spend your mature years will differ widely from that in which you have hitherto lived.

The progress of Mankind through the ages has been slow, marked by many convulsions. But always the turmoil and confusion have come to an end, and man has again begun the upward climb. The false leaders finally go down. Hitler and Mussolini and Tojo will follow Alexander and Napoleon, and their material conquests, like former empires, will crumble away. But great ideas are immortal. Jefferson's words in support of liberty and democracy are today the inspiration of all oppressed peoples. France is under the heel of the conqueror, but her ideals of freedom, equality, and brotherhood still live. In the midst of war Lincoln expressed charity and forgiveness. His words live in the addresses of Madame Chiang Kai-Chek. The President has enunciated the Four Freedoms, possibly the Magna Charta of the new era.

The many thousands of young men and women who have left field and factory, school and office, to don their country's uniforms, together with you who are still busy with your books in school and college, will build this new era. Do not underestimate the importance of your own part, the completing of your preparation for service. The world will need men of vision, able to lead Mankind to heights never attained before. They must have the support of intelligent, free men, actuated by noble purposes. All can serve in this army. Many who are called into active service have made, or will make, the supreme sacrifice. Can these have died in vain? Only the years to come, in which you are the leaders and the followers, can answer. May your days in Chelmsford High School prove to have given you good preparation for loyal and valuable service to your town, your country, and the world.

Sincerely yours,
George S. Wright

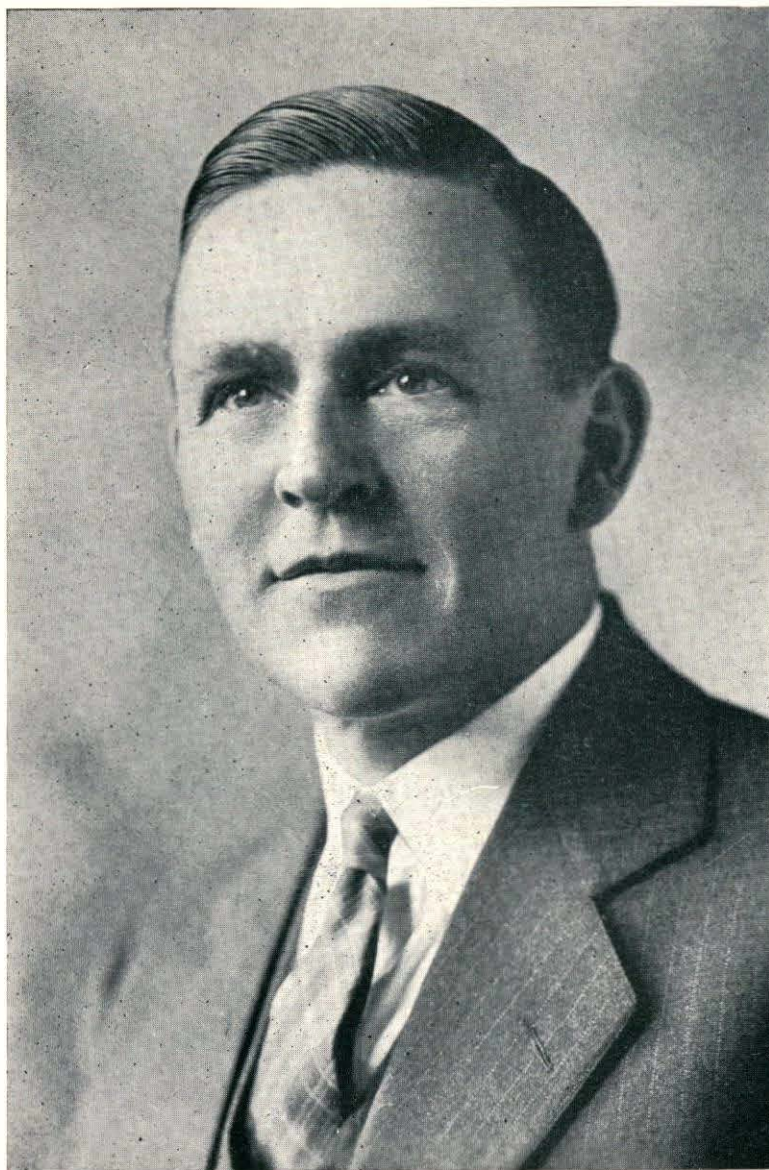


GEORGE S. WRIGHT
Superintendent of the Schools of Chelmsford

SACRIFICE

We learn to save money so that we can spend it. If we are wise, we build up our physical strength so that we can do the things that are in our hearts to do. Our money would be as free as the sands of the sea if we could not use it and we would find no pleasure in being strong if we were slaves. As it is with our wealth and our strength so it is with our lives. If we give our lives for others we shall live, but if we try to save our lives for ourselves we shall die. This philosophy of life with faith in God enables us to make any sacrifice, even to that of giving human life if necessary, that "that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

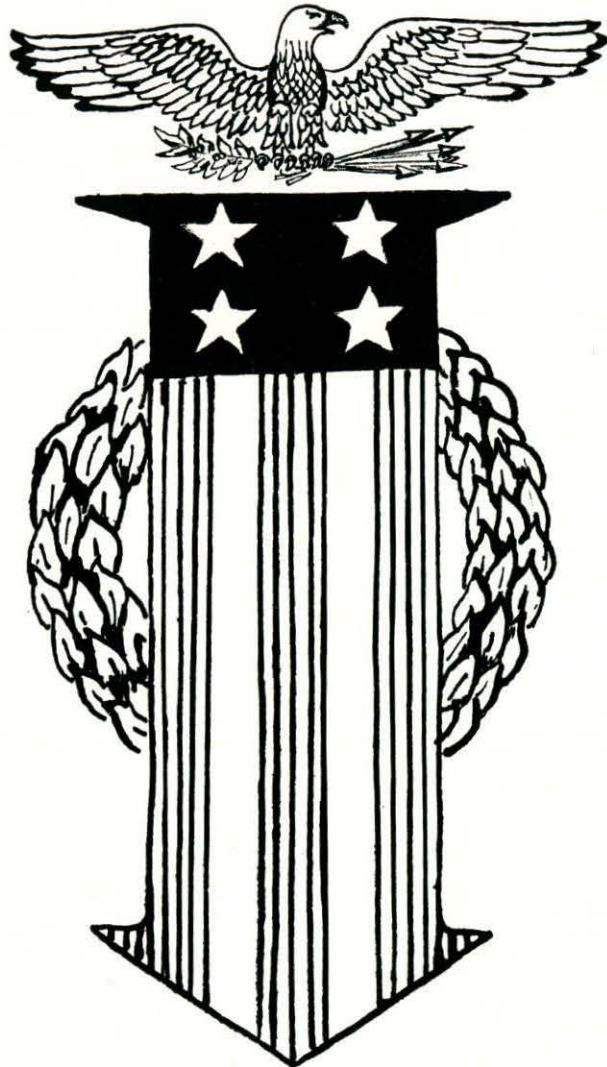
Lucian H. Burns



LUCIAN H. BURNS
Principal of the Chelmsford High School

*In far-flung corners of the world
Our sons and brothers fight and dare;
They hold Old Glory high, unfurled
Above the battle's din and blare.
O God of Hosts, Thy mercy show
Amid the battle's ebb and flow.*

—Selected



Faculty Honor Roll

We are proud to pay tribute to the members of our faculty who are now serving with the Armed Forces. May the God who keeps their feet from faltering guard their steps and guide them safely home.



CAPTAIN DONALD H. FOGG
Co. L, 18th Infantry
1st. Division, U. S. Army



ENSIGN GEORGE W. BOYCE,
U. S. N. R.
Amphibious Forces
Executive Command



ENSIGN GERALD A. IVERS,
U. S. N. R.
Armed Guard



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



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



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



DAISY B. MACBRAYNE
B.S. of Ed., A.B., A.M.
English
Boston University



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



EARL J. WATT, A.B., A.M.
French
Harvard University



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



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



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



BLANCHE E. ROBINSON, S.B.
History
Boston University



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



BARBARA G. CLOUGH, A.B.
Social Studies
Colby College



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



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



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



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



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



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



Board of Editors

The members of the Year Book staff wish to express their gratitude to their literary advisers, Mrs. Carriel and Miss Donahoe, and their special appreciation to Miss McCarthy, whose untiring effort, continued diligence, and sincere interest make this book possible.

Seniors

Robert Campbell	Walter Parker
Nelson Dutton	Gwendolyn Rhodes
Virginia Fox	Richard Rogers
Raymond Harmon	Sallie Swallow
Mildred Leclair	Virginia Welch

Juniors

Bernard Clark	Eleanor Mochrie
Mary Coppen	Louise Morris
Richard Delmore	Edward Morse
Barbara Delorey	Arthur Pratt
Robert Michaud	Dorothea Wrigley

Literary Advisers—Charlotte S. Carriel, Eleanor M. Donahoe

Business Adviser—C. Edith McCarthy



Seniors—

Into the World
Around the Globe
The serious Seniors part
There is no time
For selfish thought
One aim has every heart.



RAYMOND EUGENE HARMON
"Ray"

Class President; A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Second Vice President '42; Football '41, '42; Year Book Staff '43; Chemistry Club '43; Booster Day Committee '42; Inter-class Basketball '39, '40; Senior Prom Committee; Dancing Class '40; Junior Dance Committee.

Rare personality.
A popular choice.
Yes, our genial Mr. President.



THOMAS AMBROSE PALMER
"Tappie"

Vice President; A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Football '40, '41, '42; Baseball '40, '41, '42; Basketball '41; Year Book Staff Member '42; Junior Executive Board Member; Senior Member A.A. Board; Junior Dance Committee.

Takes frequent trips to Forge Village.
All star athlete.
Prefers navy to khaki.
Proved popularity.
Innumerable friends.
Exceptional ability as a roller skater.

MARY VIRGINIA WELCH
"Ginny"



Class Secretary; A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Operetta '39; Concert '40; Dramatic Club '39, '40, '41; Dramatic Club Play '39; Ring Committee, Chairman; Nutrition Class '42; Junior Dance Committee, Chairman; Stunt Night '39, '40, '41; Stunt Night Committee '40; Nomination Committee, Chairman; Graduation and Reception Committee, Chairman '42; Year Book Staff '43; Basketball Manager '39, '40, '41.

Glamour girl with a will to choose.
Intelligence and intuition.
Noted for her congenial manner and pleasant smile.
Non-stop worker on Year Book staff.
Yes, and a perfect lady, too.

DEBORAH JEAN GRANT
"Debbie"

Honor Student

Class Treasurer '41, '42; Executive Board '41, '42; Stunt Night Committee '39, '40; A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Special Choir '40; Senior Prom Committee; Reception Committee '41; Music Festival '40; Junior Dance Committee; Operetta '41; Chemistry Club Secretary '41; Graduation Usher '41.

Duchess—that certain twinkle in her eye.
Ever so attractive, and a good scholar.
Blushes at the mention of the redhead's name.



DORIS EVELYN ABRAHAMSON
"Pee Wee"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42.

Darling of West Chelmsford.
Often seen at basketball games.
Ready for anything.
Intellectual attitude and thoughts.
Smiles in the nicest way.





JEANNETTE BERTHA ALLARD
"Jeanie"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41; Dancing Class '40.

Jokes about everything.
Entertainer of French sailors.
Ambles in on a late bus.
Never in a dull mood.
Intriguing.
Enjoys life tremendously.



FRANCIS EDWIN BALLINGER

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Chemistry Club '41; Slide Rule Club '42; Inter-class Basketball '39; Dancing Class '40

DeMolay firelight.
Industrious, interesting, and intelligent.
Likes a good time.
Lends a willing hand.



JOAN BAXTER
"Joanie"

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

Just a sailor's mate at heart.
Obliging in any situation.
Always a smile and a good word for everyone.
Neatness personified.
If you know her, you like her.
Efficient at office work.



MARY RITA BEAUREGARD
"Beauae"

A.A. Member '41, '42; Chemistry Club '42; Dancing Class '40.

Bugle and Drum Corps.
Enters into the spirit of things.
Anxious to succeed.
Uses spare time wisely.
A kindly miss.
Ever agreeable.



CONSTANTINE STEPHEN BENTAS
"Bensei"

Inter-class Basketball '39; Chemistry Club '41; Slide Rule Club '41, '42; Cap and Gown Committee; A.A. Member '41, '42; Dramatic Club '41.

Brightens a dull class.
Ear to ear grin.
Necessary part of the senior class.
Show his studious side in the field of history.
Ear splitting shout.
It's the Army Air Corps for Costas.



NATALIE ELIZABETH BERG
"Nat"



Honor Student

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Slide Rule Club '41; Chemistry Club '41; Dramatic Club '39, '40; Orchestra '40, '41, '42; Music Festival '39, '40, '41; Choir '40, '41, '42; Ode Committee '43; Operetta '41; Graduation Usher '42; Dancing Class '40.

Naturally gracious and able musician.
Alert, active and ambitious.
Top-knotch tennis player.

SHIRLEY BOYD
"Shirl"



A.A. Member '38, '39, '40, '41; Debating Club '38, '39, '41, '42; Junior Red Cross '40, Council Member '41, President '41, '42; Junior Red Cross '40, Council Member '41, President '42; Senior Prom Committee; Stunt Night Committee '41; Stunt Night '41; Reception Usher '42; Operetta '39, Usher '40, '42.

Steady worker.
Happy attitude.
Ideal organizer.
Red Cross essay prize winner.
Loves a good debate.
Efficient and dependable.
Yearns to be a practicing physician.

EVANGELINE ESTHER BRAMAN



A.A. Member '39, '40, '41; Dramatic Club '39, '40, '41; Dramatic Club Play '39; Operetta '39; Music Festival '40, '41; Stunt Night Committee '41; Cheer Leader '40, '41; Senior Prom Committee; Red Cross '40, '41, '42; Chemistry Club '41.

Easy to dance with.
Sings beautifully.
Hair-do experimentalist.
Is the sweetheart of the physics' class.
Eligible as a career woman.

BARBARA FRANCES BRIDGFORD
"Barb"



Debating Club '40, '41, '42; Chemistry Club '42.

Best regards to all.
Always corresponding.
Ready to do her part.
Becomingly attired at all times.

NORMAN ROBERT BROOKS
"Brooksie"



A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Stunt Night '40; Stunt Night Committee '40; Dramatic Club '41; Chemistry Club '41; Slide Rule Club '41; Dancing Class '40.

No particular hobby.
Out to please everyone.
Rarely without companions.
Made a record for blushing.
An all round sport.
None other than "Brooksie".





PHILLIS ARLINE BURTON
"Phil"

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

Practical, yet fun-loving.
Her favorite sport—roller-skating.
Intelligent and interesting.
Lucky girl.



ROBERT B. CAMPBELL
"Bob"

Honor Student

A.A. Member '41, '42; Inter-class Basketball '39; Stunt Night '40; Chemistry Club '41; Slide Rule Club '41; Junior Class Dance Committee; Year Book Staff '42; Senior Prom Committee; Graduation Usher '42.

Bachelor for certain.
Outranking student.
Bound for Holy Cross and success.



CAMILLA JENNY CAPUANO
"Cappie"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Senior Prom Committee; Booster Day Committee '42; Dramatic Club '39, '40; Stunt Night Committee; Nutrition Class '42.

Champion of many dance contests.
A very devoted aunt to nephew "Piv".
Proved the life of the party at the football banquet.
Personality rating of A-1 plus.
Influential member of the group.
Everybody is happy with Cappie!



JACQUELYN DORIS CARKIN
"Jackie"

Chemistry Club '42.

Just a happy-go-lucky
Ability to make friends
Casual humorist.
Kindly
Independent manner
Enjoys life



GLORIA LORRAINE CARTER

A.A. Member '39, '40; Choir '40, '41, '42; Senior Prom Committee; Junior Red Cross '41; Music Festival '39, '40; Operetta '39, '40, '41; Reception Committee; Dancing Class '40.

Glorious time at Co-Ed.
Leaves C. H. S. with fond memories.
Often seen riding her bike.
Rushing to school with an armful of books.
In and out of the red with Gloria.
A ready smile for everyone.





WALTER JOSEPH CHAGNON, JR.
"Wally"

A.A. Member '42; Stunt Night '42.

Cheerful.
Has numerous girl friends.
Able bodied clerk of Stop & Shop.
Gentleman.



GLORIA LUCILLE CHAMPAGNE
"Champ"

Graduation Speaker

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Dramatic Club '40, '41; Special Chorus '39, '40; Cheer Leader '40, '41, '42; Music Festival '40, '41; Class Ode Committee; Operetta '39; Dramatic Club Play '40; Dancing Class '40.

Could she be making a trip South?
Her ability as a secretary is indisputable.
Affiliated with a local lumber concern.
Mathematics problems never stump her.
Pedigree of a perfect lady.



SHIRLEY PRISCILLA COBURN

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Junior Red Cross '41, '42.

Skiing is her hobby.
Happy at her new work.
Industrious senior.
Real out door sports lover.
Little, dainty, and sweet.
Eager to succeed.
Young lady about town.

GERALDINE HELEN DALY
"Gerry"

A.A. Member '41, '42; Class Executive Board '41; Junior Dance Committee; Dramatic Club '41; Chemistry Club '41; Junior Red Cross, President '40, Secretary '41.

Good natured.
Ever smiling.
Readiness to help.
Rhythmical.
Your friend always.



FRANCIS LEO DeKALB
"Shrimp"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; A.A. Board Member-at-large '42; Football '41, '42; Baseball '40, Captain '41, '42; Junior Dance Committee; Senior Prom Committee; Chemistry Club '41; Slide Rule Club '41; Dramatic Club '41; Class Vice President '41.

Sunny disposition.
Hard on his father's car.
Real sports lover.
In many school activities.
My! What a hair cut.
Personality plus.





GEORGE RAYMOND DESMARAIS
"Des"

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

Divides time equally between work and play.
Even disposition and earnest thoughts.
Says the army is lucky to "Squeek" him in.



JEREMIAH DIRUBBO
"Jerry"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Stunt Night '41, '42; Senior Prom Committee; Dancing Class '40.

Just a General is his aim.
Enjoys a good laugh.
Really knows swing music.
Rates well with us all.
Y is for the yarns he spins.



BEATRICE ANN DIRUZZA
"Bea"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Dramatic Club '39, '40; Dancing Class '40; Stunt Night Committee '41; Operetta '39.

Busy Bea.
Ever agreeable—always sincere.
A merry laugh and a ready wit.



NELSON ARTHUR DUTTON
"Nellie"

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42; Year Book Staff '42, '43; Special Choir '39, '40; Operetta '39; Football '41, '42.

Never a dull moment where he's concerned.
Enjoys dancing as well as other sports.
Lone Wolf of North.
Likes fun and frolic.
Is a clerk at a local store.
Ear to ear grin.



EDWARD WILLIAM FARRELL
"Star"

Chemistry Club '40, '41; A.A. '40, '41; Football '40, '41.

Successful V-12 candidate
Tidy and thoughtful
Ambitious lad
Ready for anything





BLAIR E. FINNEGAN
"Fin"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Chemistry Club '41; Slide Rule Club '41; Inter-class Basketball '42; Football '40; Dramatic Club '41.

Bright and flashy sweaters.
Ladies man.
A smile to be remembered.
Interesting.
Rather husky.



SHIRLEY ESTHER FLETCHER

A.A. Member '40, '41; Chemistry Club '41.

Fondness for making fudge.
Likes to receive mail.
Excuses for everything.
Tops the list for being friendly.
Comely lass with dimpled smile.
Heart set on becoming a nurse.



MARY VIRGINIA FOX
"Foxy"

Honor Student

D.A.R. Delegate; A.A. Member '39, '41, '42; A.A. Board Freshman Member '39, Treasurer '42; Stunt Night Committee '39, '41; Reception Committee '41; Year Book Staff '42, '43; Dramatic Club '39, '40; Chemistry Club '41; Slide Rule Club '41; Junior Dance Committee; Dancing Class '40.

Fairer than a day in May.
Opportunity awaits her at Canada Dry.
X stands for exceptional personality.
Young children are her specialty.



GERTRUDE THEODORA GENDREAU
"Gertie"

Dramatic Club '39, '41; Dancing Class '40.

Great possibilities.
Endless chatter in the corridors.
Rated as a true friend.
Takes her time with all things.
Is the Period 4 paper cutter.
Enjoys the vigors of farm life.



HAZEL ELIZABETH GIFFIN
"Gif"

A.A. Member '41, '42; Dramatic Club '41; Special Choir '41, '42; Operetta '41.

Having fun at all times.
Admired by many.
Zealous worker.
Entertains plans for Commercial College.
Likes Harry James.





HILDA LOUISE GILL

A.A. Member '39; Chemistry Club '41; Junior Red Cross '42; Home Nursing Class '42; Operetta '39, '41.

Likes gardening.
Often seen, not heard.
Unassuming manner.
Is a leader of 4-H.
Serious and diligent.
Easy to get along with.



LILLIAN ELIZABETH HANSEN

A.A. Member '40, '41; Operetta '39; Concert '40; Dancing Class '40.

Loads of life and fun.
Ideas for travel.
Lovely hair and ladylike personality.



JOHN WILLIAM HARDMAN

Red Cross '42.

Just can't keep his hair parted
Only the best are his thoughts
Has been a friend to all
Now enjoying a little profit making



KATHRYN E. HASELTON
"Kay"

A.A. Member '41; 1st Vice President '42; Basketball '41; Inter-class Basketball '43; Senior Prom Committee.

Kathie—basketball star—grand personality.
Ardent Westlands booster—bicyclist.
Yells (softly) at class meetings.



JAMES JUNIOR HILL
"Hilly"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Junior Red Cross '40, '41, '42; Slide Rule Club '43; Chemistry Club '43; Baseball '42; Senior Prom Committee; Inter-class Basketball '40, '41.

Heart has already joined the Marines.
Indulges in many pastimes.
Loud in his praise of East.
Leaves a pleasant impression.
YMCA fan and favorite.





EDWIN RAYMOND HODGSON
"Teddy"

Executive Board Senior Class; A.A. Member '40, '41, '42, '43; Football Team '41, '42.

Triple threat in football.
Engages in many sports.
Does his bookkeeping first.
Determined to succeed.
"Y" is where you find him.



CATHERINE RUTH JACOBS
"Kitty"

*Graduation Speaker
Dramatic Club '39, '40, '41; A.A. Member '41; Stunt Night '40; Special Choir '39; Operetta '40, '41.*

Kind and courteous.
I. Q. is tops.
Teachers' delight.
Toils diligently.
Youthful aspiration.



MARGARET FLORA KNOX

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41; Dancing Class '40.

Meditative.
Always with Phillis.
Roller-skater.
Gentle voice.
Abundant curly hair.
Retiring nature.
Even-tempered.
Tall and slim.

JANICE VIVIAN KOFORD

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Dancing Class '40; Music Festival '40; Concert '41.

Just right.
Ardent fan of the Navy.
Neat, trim.
Invigorating personality.
Calm, cool, and collected.
Enjoys dancing.



EMERSON EDWARD KOLESNIKOFF
"Curly"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Football '39, '40, '41, '42; Baseball '40; Basketball '40, '41; Dramatic Club '40, '41; Chemistry Club '41; Slide Rule Club '41; Stunt Night '39, '40; Cap and Gown Committee; Inter-class Basketball '42; Dancing Class '40.

Careful about his appearance.
Useful around any house.
Races to the "Y" in his leisure.
Likes to dance.
Invents excuses.
Exceptionally good basketball player.





CORA LUELLA LAKIN

Honor Student

Ode Committee; Orchestra '39, '40, '41, '42; Operetta '39, '41; Concert '40; Music Festival '40, '41; Reception Usher '41.

Conscientious.
Outstanding performances on the piano.
Rhythmical by nature.
Altruistic.



DEXTER WOOD LATON
"Wack"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Chemistry Club '41; Slide Rule Club '41; Inter-class Basketball '42.

What's the news from the friend in Norfolk?
His lunchbox has become a part of him.
Abhors grinds.
Church league basketball enthusiast.
Knack for thinking up excuses.
Young gentleman at all times.



MILDRED MARGARET LeCLAIR
"Millie"

Graduation Speaker

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; A.A. Board Secretary '42; Class Secretary '41; Year Book Staff '42, '43; Booster Day Dance Committee '42; Dramatic Club '39, '40; Dancing Class '40.

Made every minute count.
Intelligent student.
Loyal to the Marines.
Looks neat and snappy.
Is already on a payroll.
Ever friendly and sincere.



DOMENIC WILLIAM LOCAPO
"Dom"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Football '41, '42; Baseball '41, '42; Inter-class Basketball '42; Dancing Class '40.

Dynamite on gridiron.
Of determined nature.
Man of very few words.
Enjoys riding in his Model A.
Never over-enthusiastic
Is often spotted riding his motorcycle.
Chicken farmer at heart.



VIRGINIA ELIZABETH MARTEL
"Ginny"

A.A. Member '41, '42; Orchestra Committee '42; Cap and Gown Committee '42; Stunt Night '41; Stunt Night Committee '41; Junior Dance Committee; Booster Day Dance Committee '42.

Goes to the movies often.
Ideal of a Navy lad.
Neatness personified.
Nonchalant way puzzles many.
Youthful, pleasant, and attractive.





WILFRED ALBERT McMASTER
"Mickey"

A.A. Member '39, '42.

Many mischievous ways.
Is chummy with a homeroom miss.
Chatterbox.
Keeper of sessions ? ?
Enjoys getting into trouble.
Yearning to grow "just a little bigger."



KATHRYN FAY MOLLOY

A.A. Member '41, '42; Dramatic Club '39, '40; Dancing Class '40; Stunt Night Committee; Nutrition Class '42.

Fair as a day in June.
Ardent admirer of one of Bethlehem Steel's personnel.
Yearning to be an aviatrix.



RUTH ELINOR MORRIS
"Ruthie"

Honor Student

A.A. Member '39, '40, '42; Dramatic Club '39, '40; Orchestra '39, '40, '41, '42; Operetta '40, '41; Senior Prom Committee; Slide Rule Club '41; Music Festival '40, '41; Class Ode Committee; Graduation Usher '41; Nutrition Class '42; Dramatic Club Orchestra '39, '40; Dancing Class '40.

Really clever with the clarinet.
Utilizes every hour.
Takes pride in her work.
Hearty laugh.
Innumerable friends.
Easy going.



LOUISE BLANCHE MULLEN
"Mully"

A.A. Member '39; Dancing Class '40; Junior Dance Committee.

Musical—alto voice.
Uncontrollable giggle.
Likable disposition.
Loves to visit Pages Drug Store.
Years for Drum Corps rehearsals.



PRISCILLA RUTH NELSON
"Nell"

Honor Student

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Dramatic Club '40; Year Book Staff '41; Class Ring Committee; Dancing Class '40; Graduation Usher '41; Reception Usher '41; Executive Board '42.

Neat as a pin—and pretty, too.
Early to rise—she's a working girl now.
Leads the list in the Westlands.
Loves good music.





ELINOR MARY NEWTON
"Ellie"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Dramatic Club '39, '40, '41; Slide Rule Club '41; Dramatic Club Play '40; Dancing Class '40; Reception Committee '41.

Expresses serious thought.
Likeable smile.
Lively.
Interesting personality.
Enviably record.



EMIL OSCAR NILSSON
"Oscar"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Dramatic Club '40; Football '42; Inter-class Basketball '42; Dancing Class '40.

Everybody's pal.
Master of pearl divers.
Interested in a Lowell lass.
Likes flashy ties.



BARBARA ELEANOR NOON
"Bobbie"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41; Dramatic Club '39, '40, '41; Dramatic Club Play '41; Music Festival '40; Slide Rule Club '41; Chemistry Club '41; Operetta '39, '41; Reception Usher '41; Concert '40.

Boy friend in the Marines.
Oh! The pity of it all.
Busy writing and more writing—
Belle of the Ball.
Is seen dancing at the C. Y. A.
Everybody's friend.



FREDERICK WALTER NYSTROM
"Ferdie"

Graduation Speaker

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Stunt Night '41, '42; Dramatic Club '41; Slide Rule Club '41, '42; Chemistry Club '42; Junior Dance Committee; Class Executive Board '42; Assistant Baseball Manager '42; Reception Usher '42.

Full of fun.
Enjoys trips to Boston.
"Rithmetic whiz.
Does very well in his studies.
Invested with corny remarks.
Enthusiastic sports fan.



WALTER NIXON PARKER
"Fat"

Honor Student

Class Executive Board; A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Stunt Night '40, '41, '42; Football '42; Dramatic Club '41; Chemistry Club '41, '42; Slide Rule Club '41, '42; Junior Dance Committee; Senior Prom Committee; Year Book Staff '43; Reception Usher.

Favorite of the girls—famous future.
Always talking—of anything and nothing.
Terrific—so we think—time will tell.





ARTHUR WARREN PATENAUDE
"Pat"

A.A. Member '39, '40; Inter-class Basketball '39.

Worthwhile friend.
An ace at Aeronautics.
Rather quiet.
Radiant blush.
Earnest fellow and a hard worker.
North's own painter.



DONALD ALBERT PELTON
"Muscles"

A.A. Member '40, '42; Football '42; Stunt Night '39, '40, '41.

Master in line of jokes.
Unsurpasses in the art of having fun.
Sure to succeed.
Cramps Bob Hope's style.
Loves apple pie.
Everybody's friend.
Sunny smile aided by dimples.



BIRGER PETERSEN, Jr.
"Pete"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Junior Red Cross, Vice President '40, reporter '41, treasurer '42; Dramatic Club '39, '40, '41; Dramatic Club Play '39, '40; Slide Rule Club '41, '42; Chemistry Club '41, '42; Debating Club '39, '40; Baseball Manager '41, '42; Dancing Class '40; Inter-class Basketball '41, '42; Stunt Night '39, '40, '41.

Plane building as a hobby.
Energetic chemist.
Teases the girls.
Ever so helpful to Mr. Wilson.

HAROLD LEONARD PIVIROTTO
"Pivie"

Football '41, '42; Baseball '41; Basketball '41, '42; Junior Dance Committee; Nomination Committee; A.A. Member '41, '42; Senior Executive Board Member.

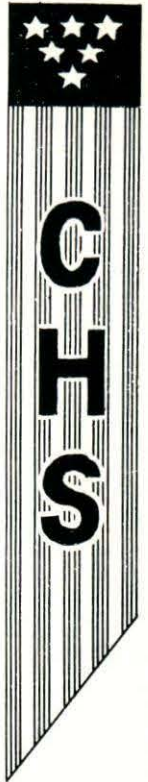
Paints a pretty picture of Navy life
Individual style of dancer
Very enthusiastic record collector
Intelligence personified
Eyes for one certain girl.



JOHN LEONARD QUINTIN
"Red"

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

Refuses to be hurried.
Endless string of answers
Dom's favorite companion.





RICHARD ROLAND RAFFERTY
"Dick"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Senior Prom Committee; Football '39, '40, '41, '42; Baseball '41; Basketball '41, '42; Stunt Night '41; Junior Dance Committee; Inter-class Basketball '41; Booster Dance Committee '42.

Dancing his specialty.
Insists on arguing.
Carries cares lightly.
Knows the value of work now.



SONIA VIRGINIA REENSTIERNA
"Judy"

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42; Dramatic Club '40, '41; Special Choir '40; Stunt Night '40, '41; Junior Red Cross '40, Sophomore representative; Operetta '41; Junior Dance Committee.

Just naturally clever.
Understands the responsibilities of a good secretary.
Dates not uncommon.
Yanks' golden dream.



ROBERT ANDREW REIS
"Bob"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; A.A. Stunt Night '40, '41, '42; Baseball '40, '41; Football '40, '41; Dramatic Club '39, '40, '41; Dramatic Club Show '40; Chemistry Club '41, '42; Slide Rule Club '41, '42; Music Festival '39, '40; Operetta '39, '41; Senior Prom Committee.

Basketball player—Army Corps enlistee.
O-O-O-OW (call of the wild)
Beau Brummel of West Chelmsford.



GWENDOLYN ANNE RHODES
"Gwen"

Honor Student

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Dramatic Club '39, '40, '41; Year Book Staff '42, '43; Senior Prom Committee; Stunt Night '39; Stunt Night Committee '40; Chemistry Club, Treasurer '41; Slide Rule Club, Secretary '41; Graduation Usher '41; Junior Dance Committee; Dancing Class '40.

Grand personality, looks, charm.
Wins the hearts of many.
Entertains in spite of grandfathers.
Never perplexed, always on the go.

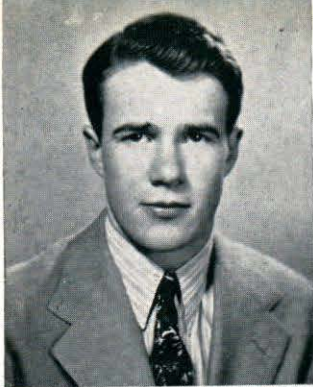


FRANCES LEANORE ROGERS
"Frannie"

A.A. Member '42.

Famed as a danzipator.
Remains a constant and faithful friend.
Always a spark in her heart.
Never without her side kick "Welchie".
Is seen in the corridor queens' clique.
Erudite in the art of home management.





RICHARD PAUL ROGERS
"Dick"

A.A. Member '41, '42; Baseball '42; Basketball '41; Football '41, '42; Year Book Staff '42, '43; Senior Prom Committee; Chemistry Club '41; Executive Board '41; Junior Dance Committee; Inter-class Basketball '42.

Diverse interests.
Is a favorite.
Capable of playing all sports well.
Knack for mechanics.



CORINE PHYLLIS RUSSELL
"Phyl"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Junior Red Cross '40, '42; Dramatic Club '39, '40, '41; Operetta '39, '40; Chemistry Club '41; Slide Rule Club '41; Dancing Class '40; Dramatic Club Play '40; Nutrition Class '42; Concert '41.

Patters childishly.
Hopes to enter college.
Youthful dreams of future.
Little effort needed for success.



EVELYN MURIEL RUSSELL
"Moby"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41; Dramatic Club '39, '40; Chemistry Club '41; Slide Rule Club '41; Junior Red Cross '39, '40; Vice President '41, Secretary '42; Nutrition Class '42; Reception Usher '42; Music Concert '41; Dancing Class '40.

Moby.
Untiring interest in dietetics.
Red Cross member.
Interesting companion.
Exceedingly pleasant.
Latin lover.

MONA JOYCE RUSSON
Honor Student

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41; Dramatic Club '39, '40; Chemistry Club '41; Slide Rule Club '41; Junior Red Cross '39, '40, Council Member '41, '42, Reporter '42; Nutrition Class '42; Graduation Usher '41; Reception Usher '41; Operetta '39; Concert Usher '41; Senior Prom Committee; Dancing Class '40.

Many are her friends.
Orderly—her ways.
Neat and trim—never unprepared.
All of four-feet-eleven.



GEORGE WARREN SARGENT
"Stichy"

Football '40, '41, '42; Baseball '40, '41, '42; Basketball '41, '42; Junior Dance Committee; Ring Committee; A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Stunt Night '41.

Star back on football team.
Thinks seriously.
Is likely to prove an A-1 Navy man.
Constantly bragging.
Handsome lad, too.
Yearning for a large chicken farm.





ARCHIE SEDELNICK
"Archie"

Avid mechanic.
Regular guy.
Chubby.
Happy-go-lucky.
Inventive.
Enterprising.



JANET AUDREY SIEBERT

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42; Dramatic Club '40, '41; Operetta '40; Dramatic Club Play '40; Stunt Night '41; Stunt Night Committee '41; Basketball '41; Chemistry Club '41; Cap and Gown Committee; Dancing Class '40; Nutrition Class '42.

Jinx—but we love her.
A neat dresser, and a red-head.
Never at a loss for words.



EDWARD JOSEPH SCOLLAN
"Eddie"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Assistant Football Manager '40, '41; Football '42.

Eye for business.
Daily dismissals at 2:00.
Department store clerk.
Is a potential All-American tackle.
Ever ready to help a friend.



HARRY FRANCES SHAW
"Shaw"

A.A. Member '39; Senior Prom Committee.

Helpful assistant at Power's Auto Market.
Ardent office boy.
Rather quiet.
Real tennis player.
You all know him.



KATHERINE ELIZABETH SHEA
"Kay"

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

Knack for excelling in politeness.
Ardent fan of Bob Hope, Hampton Beach and Davy.
Yearns to be an office worker and to drive her own car.





ELIZABETH ANNA SHUHANY
"Issie"

Graduation Speaker
A.A. Member '41; Class Marshal '42; Dramatic Club '40, '41; Chorus '39, '40, '41; Dancing Class '40.

Intellect plus industry.
Serious and sincere.
Seen everywhere with her sidekick, Kitty.
Indifferent to praise.
Excels in mathematics.



BARBARA HELEN SIMM
"Barb"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Dramatic Club '40; Dramatic Club Play '40; Junior Red Cross '42; Chemistry Club '41; Music Festival '40; Dancing Class '40.

Beaux and more beaux.
Always well dressed and favors red.
Roller skating fiend.
Better late than never.



THERESA MARY ANN STRAUGHAN
"Tee"

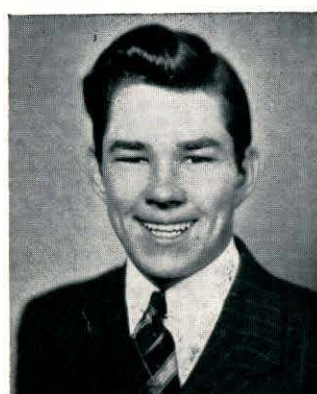
Junior Red Cross '39, '40, '41, '42; Chemistry Club '41.

Tactful—dainty ways.
Earnest student.
Everlasting smile.

PAUL DAVIS SULHAM
"Ham"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Football '42; Operetta '41; Special Choir '40, '41; Dancing Class '40.

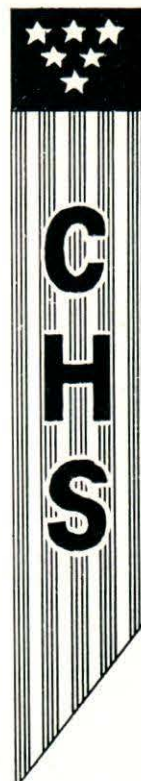
Progressive ideas.
Aeronautics expert.
Unquestionably a good worker.
Loyalty to scout troop 313.



DAVID FRANCIS SULLIVAN, Jr.
"Sul"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Chemistry Club '41; Slide Rule Club '41, '42; Senior Prom Committee; Dancing Class '40; Ode Committee '43.

Definite sense of humor.
A student in History.
Very curly hair—very mature.
Ever present smile.





MARY RITA SULLIVAN
"Sullie"

A.A. Member '39, '40; Dramatic Club '40; Dancing Class '40.

Snappy on the comeback.
Unequaled in poetry writing.
Likes to keep tabs on the teachers.
Lends her charm to any gathering.
Intuitive powers.
Earns her spending money at Kresge's.



CHARLES EDWIN SVENSON
"Charlie"

Chemistry Club '41; Slide Rule Club '41.

Clever in Aeronautics.
Hobby of inventions.
Army man (to be).
Reluctant to leave.
Likes drawing.
Is forever talking.
Enjoys the company of a certain Freshman.



SALLIE LORRAINE SWALLOW

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; A.A. President '42; A.A. Junior Member; Booster Day Committee '41, '42; Concert '40; Dramatic Club '39, '40, '41; Operetta '39; Dramatic Club Play '40; Nutrition Class '42; Dancing Class '40; Cheer Leader '40, '41, '42; Stunt Night '39, '41; Year Book Staff '42, '43; Ring Committee '42; Junior Dance Committee.

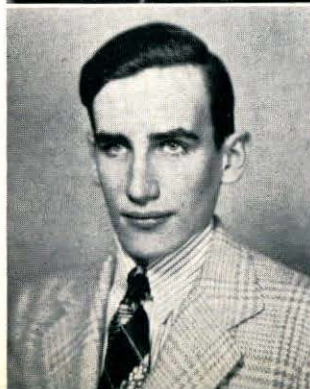
Steals the hearts of many, but
Always faithful
Likes nice clothes and does justice to them.
Likeable lass who won popularity contest as a Junior.
Indispensable worker for the A. A.
Endless volumes she writes in letter form.



DANIEL DAVID THERIAULT
"Danny"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41; Senior Prom Committee; Dancing Club '40.

Delightful to know.
Always on the job (especially with office requisitions!)
Never a dull moment with Mr. Jovial.
Not any interest in the fairer sex.
Yet, he's popular with all the young ladies.



EDWARD FRANCIS TRAINOR
"Eddie"

A.A. Member '41; Chemistry Club '41; Slide Rule Club '41.

Easily found by his silence.
Drawing maps a favorite pastime.
Dreamer at heart.
Indefinite as to his future.
Enjoys writing poetry.





PATRICIA ANN VALENTINE
"Patsy"

Class Executive Board '41, '42; A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Basketball '39, '41; Cheerleading '40; Dramatic Club '39, '40, '41; Dramatic Club Show '39, '40; Operetta '39; Stunt Night '39, '40, '41; Stunt Night Committee '40, '41; Music Festival '39; Senior Prom Committee; Junior Dance Committee.

Prefers Academy boys.
Addition to any group.
Thoughtful of others.
Staunch supporter of all school activities.
Year round version of a pretty Feb. 14 greeting.



MYLES PAUL VAYO
"Frenchie"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Stunt Night '40, '41; Dramatic Club '39, '40, '41; Dramatic Club Play '40; Senior Prom Committee; Slide Rule Club '41, '42; Chemistry Club '41, '42; Reception Committee '42; Dancing Class '40.

Full of life and speech.
Rates the best in life.
Everybody likes him.
Necessary member in the graduating class.
Can he dance!!
Hard to persuade.
In the draft.
Energetic clerk at Fred's.



RITA MARIE VAYO

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Dramatic Club '39, '40, '41; Dramatic Club Play '40; Senior Prom Committee; Chemistry Club '41; Dancing Class '40.

Rushing, always on the go.
Inviting ways, liked by all.
Twinkling eyes.
Attractive miss with extensive wardrobe.

JOHN LEO WARREN
"Jack"

*Honor Student
Chemistry Club '41; Slide Rule Club '41.*

Joking in P. A. D.
Original answers on any subject—optimistic.
History genius—has gracious manners.
Not much to say, but pleasant to know.



MILDRED JANE WHEELER
"Millie"

A.A. Member '40, '41, '42; Chemistry Club '41; Dramatic Club '39, '40; Dramatic Club Play '40; Concert '41.

Maiden fair.
Intent on teaching.
Likes quietness.
Ladylike manners.
Idealistic.
Eyes of blue.





GEORGE CAMPBELL WILSON
"Buddy"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Football '40, '42; Operetta '39, '40, '41; Musical Festival '39, '40; Stunt Night '39.

Boisterous cheerer at the basketball games.
Useful as an office boy.
Devoted Co-Ed fan.
Driver for the A-Ba-Co corporation.
Yearns for his future Army life.



JEANNETTE MILDRED WOODFALL

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41; Chemistry Club '41; Dramatic Club '40, '41; Cap and Gown Committee Chairman '42; Stunt Night Committee '41; Dancing Class '40.

Nice to everyone.
Efficient.
Trained nurse soon.
Tall and slender blonde.
Interesting conversationalist.
English whiz—and she likes it.



LOIS BLANCHE WRIGHT
"Loie"

A.A. Member '39, '40, '41, '42; Dramatic Club '39, '40; Operetta '39; Nutrition Class '42; Junior Red Cross '42; Dancing Class '40.

Lingers on the way to school.
Offers valuable ideas in aeronautics.
Indefinite future plans—artistically inclined.
Soft voice.



In Memoriam

ERNEST KAHN

Born—February 15, 1926

Died—June 15, 1942

*It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make Man better be;
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.*

(The following letter was written by George Sargent to the senior class shortly after his enlistment in the United States Navy.)

Miss Virginia Welch
Class Secretary
Chelmsford High School

To the members of the Class of '43:

Please excuse the writing in pencil; but I find that all the pens here are being used. I miss the class, the school, and the teachers a lot. You people don't really know what it means to a fellow to change his surroundings and step out of civilian life—not knowing whether or not he will return. He feels at times that the world is against him. He may think his officers are cranky because they make him march six miles in the rain, but it is only for the good of the fellow himself. I know because we are taught to think we might have to land some night at a zero hour and take over the particular designated point.

We are given real action moving pictures about war that give you the will and the power to do things. When I was in school and the teacher told me to do this or that, I thought, "Oh, the heck with it". But when you get in the Army or Navy you don't ask why—you do it without hesitation.

Even after all this the Navy is all right—but *stay* in school. You may say, "Well, he went." It's no picnic to get up at 5:30 or 4:30 or even 3:15, if they want to drill you at early morning. The food is swell. Nobody complains—if they do, they wash dishes! When you see an officer approaching, you salute and say, "Good morning, Sir." We are in a Sea Commando Unit. We go with the marines, land with the marines, and fight with the marines. We received inoculations yesterday. Out of one hundred and four men, thirty-seven had to be carried to the hospital that night. We carried them out on our backs all night in the pouring rain. We did not sleep that night. Ask yourself sometime when you start to kick about butter and sugar, "If it weren't for the fellows that give up their civilian life to try to restore the world to order, would I be eating at all?"

This may all sound funny from just a kid who fooled and joked his way through school—but he never thought of what was to come. We are taught that this is our business just like welding, teaching, or coaching. All of us will not come back. We are told that, straight from the shoulder the first day we enter. Everyone should stop sometime and say a prayer for Mr. Knightly who was so unfortunate on his first trip. He never thought when he was teaching sociology that he would go down at sea. Think it over, I wish you would.

Tom Palmer, Frank Delmore, Alfred Deamicis, and I have put down our names for Armed Guard School—the same job Mr. Knightly did so well. Tom wants to be a torpedo man; Frank wants to be a gunner's mate along with Alfred Deamicis. I go Saturday morning at 7:30 to take a test for submarine school. It is a very hard test; many try, few are chosen.

Well, this is a load off my chest. Don't think too much of it. It still may seem funny to you, coming from me. Well, good bye for now. Good luck to all.

Stitchy

Class Ode

Like ships that lose the safety of their moorings
With colors flying high and gallantly,
Like ships that leave the quiet of the harbor
To first combat grave perils at sea,
Go we to meet this new adventure calling.
God, keep us firm in faith to thee.

The voyage will be fraught with challenge splendid,
The storm will rage, the waves will beat astray.
May our firm building of this ship now launched
Keep it secure, and steadfast its way.
God, make us true to that bright star that guides us;
God, keep us firm in faith always.

CLASS MOTTO:

"Firm in Faith"

Class History

In the beginning it was too, too simple. We were here—the girls in baggy sweaters—the male contingent without ties. We were herded together at a double assembly held in the McFarlin gym, seated on rough boards which someone had dignified by the name of benches. Although we were then, as we are now, a most superior class, nobody seemed to notice anything outstanding about us. Everyone assumed we were just so many insignificant freshmen—the usual run who comes to high school every fall.

The new addition, which was then in its final stages of completion was our favorite lunch period hangout. Strict rules instructed us definitely to stay away from the unfinished part so, we naturally accepted the invitation and added in every possible way to the workmen's discomforture and disgust. When, in spite of us, the addition was ready for occupancy, we turned out in our Sunday-go-meeting best to act as ushers for the general public, which was invited to inspect our pride and joy. We must add that it was a great opportunity for our parents and the faculty to discuss us—their favorite subject.

Our first Booster Dance was held at the Town Hall, and that is where we discovered the seating plan, traditionally honored at C.H.S. dances—the boys on one side, the girls on the other. Who said that the age of chivalry at C.H.S. is dead?

In February the basketball bus plowed through the historic blizzard after the Chelmsford-Johnson game. Mr. Burns and three of our loyal fans remained in North Andover overnight and paid expenses by shoveling snow the next morning. We, on the basketball bus, arrived home at one-thirty, drenched, weary, and filled with popcorn, peanuts, and orange skins, but still singing out song of victory boisterously.

Our basketball team was the Suburban League Champion and received an invitation to the M.I.T. Tournament. The girls will always remember Harvard Square and the tremendous impression we made on the college fellows.

When we returned to school in the fall of 1940, all brown, all brawn, and no brains, we screamed at every face we vaguely recognized and blandly ignored those little ones so beneath our dignity. I believe that they call them freshmen.

The football banquet was held in the McFarlin gym and there is still the unsolved mystery of who spilled the squash.

In January the Senior Prom was held on the night of the great snow storm. Each fellow arrived with his date, wet feet, and a shovel—the necessary requirements for admission.

On a dark night in early January there occurred one of the greatest unsolved mysteries in the annals of crime. The greatest minds of the Chelmsford Police and state detectives have failed even to this day to apprehend the criminals. Thieves removed a screen, entered the precincts of the inner offices, and absconded with A.A. candy money and a few student bus tickets. Well we remember that we dared not even to open our Latin books for fear of leaving incriminating finger prints. The cracked safe still awaits removal outside room 17. The truth of the matter is we are still waiting for the criminals to return to the scene of the crime. This time we trust they will take the safe.

On Valentine's Day we superb sophomores produced the prize-winning stunt and copped the award with a mock baby show. No one ever knew how we folded the lanky legs of Reis into the baby carriage, and to this day it is a class secret. Who says a class can't keep a secret? We all remembered him looking like a huge centipede climbing from the perambulator.

Again our champion basketball team went to the M.I.T. tournament, and this time we went as far as the finals. We'll never forget those heart-breaking moments before the last gun was fired. However, the girls greatly appreciated the medals the players were awarded, and rumor has it they can still be seen on certain sweaters to this day.

After a successful basketball season, our boys came through once again with the Suburban Baseball Championship. We went to Fenway Park in the Eastern Massachusetts Tourney, only to be defeated by Norwood High School. We returned depressed, but determined to build a better team the next year.

The great social event of sophomore year was the Moonlight Cruise to Nantasket. Everyone was watchful for unpleasant complications, but nothing happened. Guess we're sailors at heart, after all. Our chaperons were run ragged trying to get everyone safely on and off the boat, but to be trite—a perfect time was had by all.

The fall of 1941 rolled around and we stood on the threshold of a bright new world. We didn't exactly know whether we were coming or going, but what did that matter? Our one difficulty was our inability to cope with those difficult seniors who acted as though they owned the place and us, too.

The Junior Barn Dance was our first social triumph. A scouting party was sent in search of a bale of hay for an added attraction. We finally borrowed one for the night from an obliging goat. About the refreshments—a gross error was made—we evidently gave too much for too little—and ended "in the red."

Once again we were prize winners. Our brilliant intuition and originality won us five dollars donated by Dr. Varney for the second-best performance on Stunt Night. With apologies to the A.A. the cup is nice to own, but the money greatly aided our sinking fund, and that fund needed aid. It was sinking, if you know what we mean. In fact it was practically sunk.

After winning the Suburban League Basketball Championship, we went to the Fitchburg tourney. Our worthy players were proclaimed heroes when they brought home the trophies. While at the tourney, we found a charming spot to dine, which had two noteworthy features. The first was the unquestionably favorable aspect of a five cent cover charge, while the other was a total and complete disregard for cleanliness. This ultra-exclusive place was appropriately christened "Sloppy Joe's". This is not a paid advertisement—simply a word to the uninitiated from those who know.

We again received an M.I.T. Tournament invitation, and so we journeyed to Cousen's Gym at Tuft's College. Our initial experience in a blackout was spent in two buses at the side of the road near Medford. We passed the time telling our love problems to that Mr. Anthony of C.H.S.—our genial Mr. Watt, who supervised us with his knowledge of current romances in the school. How could we sit and listen to him teach French again?? *Je ne sais pas!!—et vous?*

The sturdy old walls of C.H.S. were heard to creak when they witnessed pigtails and slacks arriving for class at one and the same time. The fellows, of course, were generous with their bits of sarcasm, promptly rolled up their trousers much to the disgust of the faculty and fair sex, alike, and our little fad up and died.

At about this time nylons came in.

In May some of us were dismissed from classes to go to the Diphtheria Immunization Clinic at the Town Hall. A few of us returned in less than an hour, but most of the group trotted in sheepishly at quarter of twelve. HE and SHE were waiting for us at the top of the stairs. The looks, alone, which we received all but made us go down backwards. Of course, THEY found out the whole story—we had gone to Kydd's for ice cream and had loitered around for an hour or so more. Study Hall was overflowing that night with all the culprits, and even though the temperature was soaring, we were going to suffer. THEY ordered all windows closed, strict silence, and study period for the whole session time. Thus began and thus ended spring fever.

In 1943 our class dwindled alarmingly. The Army, the Navy, the farms, the war industries and the casualties incurred in newly introduced physical education have all taken their toll, with no respect at all for the invaluableity of high school classes.

We fought our battle with Chaucer's odd prattle, and fought on through Bill Shakespeare's "Much Ado". But lest we be much misunderstood, let us hasten to say that never have we been too studious a class. "Beautiful but dumb" has been frequently suggested as our class motto.

At about this time nylons went out.

Romantic spirits in the school weren't dampened completely. The faculty managed two marriages. Miss Ryan found herself a sailor boy, namely Ensign John Corcoran, while Miss Grant saw fit to plight her troth to the Army and married Lieutenant Roy Clough.

The Booster Dance was a great success for the A.A. Bernie Larkin attracted so many people that we started wondering where they were all going to dance.

The football banquet held at Kydd's proved to be a success, but the squad disgraced us by eating and eating and then furtively tipping the waitress for more food.

An afternoon dance was planned the Friday before the Christmas vacation, but after all the final arrangements were made, it was called off because of reasons beyond our control, well known to underclassmen. But we were seniors and we hoped that our dignity would bail us out in June.

The Red Plague or the Speckled Death sometimes known to lesser minds as the common measles broke out during the year, assumed large proportions, and struck down both the good and the beautiful, as well as the learned, to wit, three faculty members.

We found a ready topic for argument in the question of caps and gowns. In fact, it was a minor bloodless revolution in the history of C.H.S. Classes were disrupted at the mere mention of what to wear on Graduation Day. All available Parliamentary law books were dug up and gone over with a toothpick to see which vote was legal, and why.

The Senior Prom Committee worked day and night continually on details of the Prom. Room 33 was converted into a conventional meeting place during lunch periods, and it was seriously feared for a time that the janitors would ask time and a half for overtime, sweeping up crumbs and carrying out empty milk bottles. A great advertising program was put into effect and the entire student body had to enter into the spirit—or else!! We were all practically overcome by nervous prostration during the last few periods on Friday. Everything seemed to go wrong!! As usual the day brought rain to greet us. Before we fully realized it, however, there we were in the Grand March, calm and reposed. The affair was proclaimed by all those in attendance, including the faculty, and we do here solemnly declare it the greatest success in the history of the school.

We, the class of 1943, face the ordeal of Graduation Day in the dubious regalia of cap and gown, with our ranks depleted, and our returning members unrehearsed, but with no depletion of courage or faith. Somehow we have always managed, and we can do it again.

Virginia Welch '43

Three Young Soldiers

Dedicated to my brother, Ralph Capuano, and his two companions, Frederick Ahearn and James Fells, who were killed on Army maneuvers on October 16, 1941.

May God bless three young soldiers
In uniforms so new
Who eagerly sought service
But whose days to serve were few.

These three young soldiers left us
Not so very long ago
With courage that was soaring
And hearts that were aglow.

Blind to the fate before them,
They laughed and grabbed a gun,
Not for a moment thinking
Their life's span was nearly run.

God bless these three young soldiers
And keep them by His side.
They nobly joined the army,
Young and brave they died.

Camilla Capuano '45



Juniors—

May a peaceful World
Receive these three
May worth and faith
Bring liberty.

Sophomores—

The symbol of freedom
Stands steadfast and true
That it will remain so
Depends on you.

Freshmen—

The meaning of peace
Is freedom from fear
And to us it is certain
No price is too dear.

Juniors

Robert Michaud, President

Bernard Clark, Vice-President

Betty Connor, Secretary

Barbara Jones, Treasurer

Adams, Ruth	Lambert, Rita
Ambler, Beatrice	Lapham, Christine
Angus, Edna	Lindgren, Raymond
Beausoleil, Barbara	Long, Claire
Belida, Leo	Lynch, Richard
Berubee, Jean	Marcotte, Alfred
Bridgford, Barbara	McHugh, Bernard
Burton, Claire	Messer, Beverly
Campbell, Raymond	Michaud, Robert
Carkin, Jacquelyn	Miller, Lucille
Carkin, Richard	Mochrie, Eleanor
Carruthers, Marguerite	Morris, Verna
Cincevich, Mary	Morse, Edward
Clark, Bernard	Narus, Peter
Colmer, William	Niemaszyk, Frances
Connor, Betty	Nobrega, Alice
Cooke, Lillian	Norton, Herbert
Coppen, Mary	Nystrom, Charlotte
Dearth, Freeman	O'Brien, Dorothy
DeCarteret, Virginia	O'Neil, Eileen
Delmore, Richard	Paquette, Pauline
Delorey, Barbara	Peirce, Donald
Desaulnier, Constance	Pentedemos, Elizabeth
Desmarais, Aline	Pickard, Shirley
Dulgarian, John	Pratt, Arthur
Dutton, Nelson	Prowker, Sophie
Finnegan, Blair	Sargent, John
French, Shirley	Shedd, Dorothy
Gannon, James	Sousa, Clarice
George, Barnard	Spanos, George
Gray, Charles	Spanos, Nancy
Gray, Robert	Stanley, Neal
Hanson, Astrid	Stevens, Merton
Hennessy, Louise	Straughan, George
Hinckley, Roy	Swallow, Jeanne
Hydusko, Virginia	Thurber, Ernest
Jones, Barbara	Vayo, Elaine
Jones, Robert	Vondal, Edward
Judge, Raymond	Vrouhas, Helen
Karafelis, Alexander	Wrigley, Dorothea
Kisley, Ernest	Yoachimciuk, Catherine
Kolesnikoff, Jean	Zabierek, Walter
Laferrriere, Theresa	Zaher, Mederick
Lahue, Barbara	

Sophomores

Adams, Donald
Adams, Leslie
Allen, Kathryn
Barlow, Helen
Barton, William
Beaubien, Mary
Bellegarde, William
Berubee, Doris
Bettencourt, Jean
Bicknell, Marion
Borden, Emily
Brown, Deane
Butterfield, Ina
Campbell, Philip
Campbell, Richard
Carr, Eleanor
Clark, Barbara
Coluchi, William
Colwell, Leonard
Corey, Janice
Croft, Louis
Cummings, Russell
Davis, William
DeWolf, Gordon
Drauch, Bernard
Dryden, Jane
Dulgarian, Rose
Edwards, Robert
Emanouil, Constance
Eriksen, Donald
Etzel, Robert
Ferguson, Lawrence
Finnegan, Glenn
Firth, Thomas
Fortin, Napoleon
Gaudette, Rita
Gonsalves, Gabrielle
Haberman, Leonard
Hall, Warren
Hamel, Eleanor
Hankinson, Doris
Harmon, Robert
Hodgson, Doreen
Horne, Winifred
Hunt, Estelle
Johnson, Fred
Kerrigan, Thomas
Kierstead, Charles
Knox, Helen
Knox, Ruth
L'Heureux, Paul
Loiselle, Donald
Lombard, John
Lovett, Eleanor
MacPhee, Ruth
Martel, Frank
McClure, Rita
McEnany, Carroll
McGlinchey, Francis
Mercier, Theresa
Millman, Kenneth
Miner, Dorothy
Mochrie, Richard
Monahan, John
Monsen, Florence
Monsen, Gladys
Morrison, Richard
Noon, Thelma
Nystrom, Evelyn
Pierce, Donald
Pederson, George
Pike, Marian
Pontefract, Robert
Prince, Warren
Proulx, Richard
Ross, Stuart
Russon, Melvin
Sanders, Bradford
Sargent, Priscilla
Shawcross, Carol
Shedd, William
Small, Richard
Smith, John
Straughan, John
Tremblay, Raymond
Tucke, Gerald
Twohey, Kathleen
Valentine, Edward
Vennard, Frank
Vennard, Katherine
Welch, Robert
Wells, Kenton
Wiggins, Lloyd
Yates, Robert
Zabierek, Helen

Freshmen

Abrahamson, Albert
Adams, Bernice
Anderson, Roger
Atwood, Cynthia
Baxter, Lois
Belida, Steve
Bell, Jean
Bell, John
Bellwood, Joyce
Bishop, Jeanette
Bishop, Rita
Bishop, Teresa
Blackie, Florence
Buchanan, Warren
Byam, Arthur
Cahill, Margaret
Cantara, Raymond
Capuano, Matilda
Carkin, Joyce
Carrick, Francis
Caton, Thelma
Chagnon, Maureen
Coburn, Beverley
Cofran, Helen
Cole, Frances
Cote, Isabelle
Coughlin, Paul
Donovan, Forrest
Duffy, Richard
Edwards, Walter
Emerson, James
Fantozzi, Rita
Ferreira, Cecelia
Feyler, Donald
Fontes, Mary
Fortin, Leo
Fox, Donald
Garrow, Arnold
Giffin, Edna
Gleason, Gloria
Grahm, Gloria
Greska, Albert
Haines, Almeda
Haines, Dorothy
Hartley, Phyllis
Hill, Milton
Hilton, Ruth
Hulslander, Frank
Jacobs, John
Jalbert, Ethel
Jamros, Helen
Karafelis, Eva
Kelly, Joan
King, Harold
Kingston, Sally

Laferriere, David
Lakin, Raymond
Lamb, Harry
LeBrun, Lorraine
Libbee, Gertrude
Locapo, Catherine
Logan, Douglas
Ludwig, Allan
Mackey, John
Marchand, Gerard
Marcotte, Anna
Marinel, Linda
Marshie, Mildred
Mason, Nancy
McCaul, Donald
McEnnis, Shirley
McGlinchey, Eleanor
McGlinchey, Lorraine
McHugh, Jean
McMaster, Barbara
McNulty, Theresa
Meagher, John
Merrill, Grace
Messier, Elizabeth
Minde, Elsie
Morrison, Marion
Mulno, Carol
Nobrega, Isabelle
Norton, Warren
Oczkowski, Stanley
Paquette, John
Plein, Thomas
Potter, Francis
Proulx, Blanche
Pudsey, Dorothy
Riopelle, Dorothy
Robertson, Donald
Rogers, Forest
Russell, Earl
Scoble, David
Scott, Marilyn
Smalley, Barbara
Sousa, Alfred
Stone, Valmos
Straughan, Rita
Trudel, Dora
VanLunen, Richard
Vinecombe, Bradford
Webster, Charles
Webster, Ruth
Wylie, Warren
Yoachimciuk, Gertrude
Zabierek, Gladys
Zaher, George
Ziemba, Grace



Activities

*Just as Life
Is joy and strife
So our day—
Is work and play.*

Members of the Chelmsford High School Athletic Association

Abrahamson, Albert	Green, Harry	Morrisson, Marian
Abrahamson, Doris	Hall, Walter	Morrisson, Richard
Adams, Leslie	Hankinson, Doris	Nelson, Priscilla
Anderson, Roger	Hardman, John	Newton, Eleanor
Angus, Edna	Harmon, Raymond	Nilsson, Emil
Atwood, Cynthia	Harmon, Robert	Noon, Thelma
Ballinger, Edwin	Haselton, Kathryn	Norton, Herbert
Baxter, Joan	Hennessy, Louise	Nystrom, Charlotte
Baxter, Lois	Hill, James	Nystrom, Evelyn
Beaubien, Mary	Hill, Milton	Nystrom, Frederick
Beauregard, Rita	Hodgson, Doris	O'Brien, Dorothy
Beausoliel, Barbara	Hodgson, Edwin	Palmer, Thomas
Bellegarde, William	Hulslander, Frank	Parker, Walter
Bell, Jean	Hydusko, Virginia	Pelton, Donald
Bellwood, Joyce	Jones, Barbara	Petterson, Birger
Bentas, Costos	Jones, Robert	Pickard, Shirley
Berg, Natalie	Judge, Raymond	Pivrotto, Harold
Bettencourt, Jean	Karafelis, Arthur	Pike, Marion
Bishop, Teresa	Karafelis, Eva	Pontefract, Robert
Blackie, Florence	Kelly, Joan	Pratt, Arthur
Brown, Deane	King, Harold	Potter, Frank
Butterfield, Ina	Kingston, Sally	Prince, Warren
Byam, Arthur	Koford, Janice	Pudsey, Dorothy
Campbell, Mary	Kolesnikoff, Emerson	Quintin, John
Campbell, Robert	Kolesnikoff, Jean	Rafferty, Richard
Campbell, Richard	Laferriere, Paul	Reedy, Ernest
Campbell, Phillip	Lakin, Raymond	Reenstierna, Sonya
Cantara, Raymond	Lapham, Christine	Reis, Robert
Carey, Mae	Laton, Dexter	Rhodes, Gwendolyn
Carkin, Joyce	Leclair, Mildred	Rogers, Frances
Carruthers, Marguerite	L'Heureaux, Paul	Rogers, Richard
Capuano, Camilla	Libbee, Gertrude	Rooney, Edward
Cincevich, Mary	Locapo, Catherine	Russell, Phyllis
Chagnon, Walter	Locapo, Domenic	Sanders, Bradford
Champagne, Gloria	Logan, Douglas	Sargent, George
Clark, Bernard	Lombard, John	Sargent, Priscilla
Coburn, Beverly	Long, Claire	Scollan, Edward
Coburn, Shirley	Lovett, Eleanor	Scott, Marilyn
Colwell, Leonard	Ludwig, Alan	Seibert, Janet
Cooke, Lillian	Lynch, Richard	Shawcross, Carol
Corey, Janice	Mackey, John	Shedd, Dorothy
Cote, Isabelle	Marchand, Gerard	Shedd, William
Daly, Geraldine	Marinel, Lynda	Simm, Barbara
Dearth, Freeman	Martel, Frances	Small, Richard
Delmore, Perry	Martel, Virginia	Smith, Jean
DeKalb, Frances	Mason, Nancy	Stanley, Neal
Desmarais, Aline	McCaul, Donald	Stevens, Merton
Desmarais, George	McEnnit, Shirley	Stone, Valmos
Dirubbo, Jerry	McGlinchey, Eleanor	Stott, Harold
DiRuzza, Beatrice	McGlinchey, Frances	Swallow, Jeanne
Duffy, Richard	McGlinchey, Lorraine	Swallow, Sallie
Dulgarian, John	McHugh, Bernard	Sulham, Paul
Dutton, Lewis	McHugh, Jean	Sullivan, David
Dutton, Nelson	McMaster, Barbara	Thurber, Ernest
Dryden, Jane	McMaster, Wilfred	Trudel, Dora
Edwards, Walter	Meade, Nanse	Tucke, Gerald
Emerson, James	Meagher, John	Valentine, Patricia
Eriksen, Donald	Mercier, Teresa	Vayo, Rita
Feyler, Donald	Merrill, Grace	Vennard, Katherine
Fox, Donald	Messer, Beverly	Vinecombe, Bradford
Fox, Virginia	Michaud, Robert	Vondal, Edward
Gannon, James	Miller, E. Lucille	Welch, Virginia
Gaudette, Rita	Mochrie, Eleanor	Wells, Kenton
Geist, Lincoln	Mochrie, Norman	Wheeler, Mildred
George, Barnard	Mochrie, Richard	Wiggin, Lloyd
Giffin, Hazel	Molloy, Catherine	Wilson, George
Gleason, Gloria	Monsen, Florence	Winters, Stanley
Grant, Deborah	Moorehouse, Robert	Wright, Lois
Gray, Robert	Morris, Ruth	Wylie, Warren
Grahn, Gloria	Morris, Verna	Zabierek, Helen
		Zabierek, Walter



Athletic Association Board

Faculty Adviser—EARL J. WATT

President—SALLIE SWALLOW

Member-at-Large—FRANCIS DEKALB

1st Vice-President—KATHRYN HASELTON

Senior Member—THOMAS PALMER

2nd Vice-President—RAYMOND HARMON

Junior Member—ROBERT MICHAUD

Secretary—MILDRED LECLAIR

Sophomore Member—KENTON WELLS

Treasurer—VIRGINIA FOX

Freshman Member—LINDA MARINEL

Football

Sports at Chelmsford High this year were not carried on as usual, due to the fact that war regulations would not permit transportation by bus. We were fortunate enough, however, to be able to carry out our football schedule, with the help of a few sportsminded residents of the town, who donated their cars to furnish transportation for the squad members.

Our football team was coached by three men: Charles Foley, Fritz Drescher, and John Rogers. The team enjoyed a fairly successful season, ending up with two wins, one tie, and three defeats.

After the finish of the season the squad members were feted at a banquet and presented sweaters by the town's Citizens' Committee. Later in the year those members who had put in enough time were awarded their letters.

Boys' Basketball

This year, due to the war, Chelmsford High School did not put forth its traditionally famous basketball team. In years past our boys have been reputedly "the team to beat," and although many have tried, few have succeeded.

Chelmsford had a right to expect another winning team this year, but taking all things in their stride, the players proved their skill in intramural games under the supervision of our physical education director, Mr. Edward Shulte, and derived real enjoyment from this competitive sport.

Girls' Basketball

The story of the girls' basketball team is another "might have been." Even basketball was not untouched by war conditions. The girls have not often topped the league in scores, but they have always led the list in sportsmanship. This year in their customary winning manner, they sacrificed their chance to achieve glory on the court as a minor part of their contribution to the war effort.

Baseball

Last year Chelmsford High School boasted an undefeated baseball team with a score of three victories against no defeats. Then the war put an end to baseball. Transportation difficulties made it impossible to continue this favorite sport.

We all know that Chelmsford High would have been well represented on the diamond by our boys, as the team was scheduled to include many veteran players.

We have proved that although war may hinder us from having sports, it will never stop us from being sports.

Physical Education Re-established

After some eighteen years, Chelmsford, in keeping with the trend of the times and recognizing the need of physical fitness decided to inaugurate a real program of Physical Education in its schools, and to conduct as nearly as possible in accordance with the outlines of the War Department, beginning with the high schools and later developing similar work in the grade schools.

During these past years, Chelmsford High has had splendid varsity teams and could, no doubt, have enjoyed its share of victories this winter and spring. It was deemed wise, however, to forego this emphasis on the few in order that the many could be given an opportunity to receive some benefits from physical activities.

Starting January 4 of this year, classes for practically all boys and girls in the high school were arranged on the five period per week basis. Mrs. Poland and Mrs. Corcoran conducted the four girls' groups and have succeeded in interesting the girls and achieving remarkable results. The progress of the girls in general has been most pronounced and likewise a great number of the boys have shown improvement in co-ordination, skills, and team work.

When it is considered that most of the students had no previous training or chance to engage in physical activities, knew very little about drills, posture, games, stunts, races, or teams, other than as mere spectators, we are proud to state that pupil for pupil our students will measure up well with those of most schools our size and even with some of the larger schools in posture, skills, and general agility.

The work has consisted of posture training, semi-military marching, formal calisthenics, setting up exercises, dance steps, mass games, relay races, basketball, relay games, broad and high jumping, dashes, potato races, tumbling and some wrestling for the boys. A basketball league of ten teams interesting sixty-three boys was conducted; basketball for girls was provided two afternoons after school during the season. Volley ball and soft ball were introduced into all the classes, so that where before only a few had ever played these games, most of the students now have more or less skill in these various exercises and games. The work was varied and interesting enough to catch and hold the attention of most of the students. At times the enthusiasm of the more active members of the groups, tending toward too rapid advancement had to be restrained.

Results of the few short months that the program has been in operation show that we have any number of boys who can tumble, wrestle, play basketball, run, jump, and actually assist in leading the classes. The same qualities of leadership have been demonstrated by many of the girls. In addition to the physical benefits derived, the co-ordination developed, the skills mastered, the team-work learned, the joy of taking part with others cannot be overlooked. All in all the program justifies itself by the apparent results.

In addition to the two teachers already mentioned, much credit must be given to the members of the School Committee, Mr. Wright, Mr. Burns, and the many others who inaugurated and supported this work.

The foundation has been laid for even a better, broader, and more rounded work another year.

Edward J. Schulte
Director of Physical Education

Physically You

Your body is all that I can actually see of you. It is the house of your mind and your spirit. You have to carry it, and it has to carry you all the days of your life. Take care of it and it will serve you well. You cannot secure another body on a ration card. It is one of God's masterpieces.

The sort of upkeep and consideration that you give your body can and does reflect your mind and soul, conveys impressions, helps me form an opinion of your character.

In fact, your body is so tied up with your mind and your soul that it is difficult to determine where the one starts and the other ends.

Common sense tells you that a good, sound, healthy body certainly should enable you to enjoy a richer and more rounded life, increase your ability to enlarge your contacts, and improve your chances of being able to serve God and man.

Do not allow your body to rust out, grow fat, weak, or lop-sided through lack of care or exercise. Treat it as nature's vehicle for your mind and soul.

Edward Schulte

The Trials of Physical Ed

The roll-call is taken—you're "here" or "excused,"
And then you start marching by fours and by twos.
Your squad is uneven, and you're out of step,
You're nudged in the side, and a voice yells, "Get hep!"
The whistle shrills loudly to call for a halt,
And you know underneath it's really your fault.
You're called on to lead—Oh! what to do?
So you start by a bend to the count of one-two.
By the time gym is over, you're so lame and so sore,
You're sure that you'll die if you bend any more.

Janet Seibert '43

The New Schedule

It happened on a Monday morn,
After a long vacation—
Our daily schedule was upset
By physical education.

Here and there went everyone,
And all things were a jumble.
Loud murmurs filled the corridors,
With deep protesting rumble.

How terrible! I hate the thought!
And what's the idea of this?
"What do we wear and when do we start?"
Cried each young man and miss.

We spoke the count of one and two
And dreamed of, "Right about face!"
Each one unwilling to do the drilling,
And tired at every pace.

We're getting used to the schedule now,
We know that we were wrong—
The grumbling over, we do our part,
For the U. S. needs us strong.

Doris Abrahamson '43





Red Cross

The Junior Red Cross of Chelmsford High School was lead through a very successful season by Shirley Boyd, president; Esther Braman, vice-president; Muriel Russell, secretary; and Birger Petterson, treasurer.

A total membership of over sixty pupils launched the yearly program by holding a membership drive. The school was quick to realize the crisis of war by putting Chelmsford High School at the top of the suburban towns through a donation of thirty-two dollars. The total membership collection for greater Lowell was used to furnish two day rooms in the hospital wards at the New Station Hospital at Camp Devens. In connection with this drive, an all Chelmsford High School cast presented a fifteen minute program over WLLH under the sponsorship of Miss Isabel Doyle, our former teacher.

The officers of the group attended the greater-Lowell Council meetings regularly, while the group met weekly until the introduction of our victory program. At these meetings the members decided by what methods they might best serve their families, their community, and their fighting forces.

During the year a varied program was carried on. Mrs. Frederick A. P. Fiske kindly contributed her time to instruct the girls on knitting garments for the soldiers. Mrs. Fiske also gave generously of quilting supplies which the girls worked into a large number of crib quilts. Other pupils received certificates in nutrition and home nursing courses which were offered to the student body. Miss Christina Simpson R.N. offered her services to the school as instructor for the home nursing course. The girls and boys produced many useful articles throughout the year, such as bridge table covers, place cards, favors, cribbage and game boards.

One of the main features of the year was the collection campaign. Chelmsford High School collected over one thousand books and magazines, as well as toys and clothing for needy soldiers' children, and games and puzzles for the invalid soldiers. Many of the girls volunteered their time as staff assistants at the Chapter House while others read to the children in the hospital wards.

A poster contest was run in collaboration with the March War Fund drive in which Richard Delmore won honorable mention. Shirley Boyd won a twenty-five dollar war bond in an essay contest on the subject, "What Red Cross Means to Me".

Chelmsford High School had a large display at the Junior Red Cross Rally which was held in March at the Memorial Auditorium. Eleanor Carr thrilled the audience with a solo and members of the nutrition class took part in the pageant. Chelmsford High School was well represented in the Memorial Day parade.

(Continued on Page 61)

Red Cross and What It Means to Me

(The following essay won for its author a twenty-five dollar war bond donated to the Red Cross by the Cherry and Webb Company, in competition open to all high school pupils in greater Lowell.)

Chelmsford, Massachusetts

March 8, 1943

Dear Anne:

It's really amazing what a day brings. When I arrived at the Red Cross Chapter House this morning for duty, or perhaps I should say for action, the town clock struck nine.

At the Information Desk, I gathered my instructions for the day. Frankly, Anne, the list practically overwhelmed me, but prompted by the Red Cross motto, "I serve", Shirley was ready.

Heavens, I've forgotten to tell you about our uniforms. One of the girls has designed some extra special dresses and overseas caps for us. We, Junior Volunteers, are smartly dressed.

Each volunteer division has a leader, and the Juniors have been assigned to Miss Beth Hathaway. Her charming personality and her capability have greatly induced her young workers to strive to please.

My first order of the day was "Count and check all afghan squares for proper size". As I was inspecting these, I found myself picturing little children painstakingly knitting each stitch. It's touching to know that even first and second graders are doing their part. Inspection completed, these are sent to another branch to be made into afghans for hospitals.

My next duty was directing visitors to the proper departments. One was a gray haired woman who told me that she wanted to be a blood donor, because her son, a sailor in the United States Navy, was convalescing. It was someone's blood which made it possible for her Tim to recover, and now she wanted to say "Thank you" by giving some of her blood. Another was an aged war veteran who mended toys in one of the Red Cross work-rooms. He said it always gave him pleasure to put new heads and legs on little dolls, and new wheels on a tiny fellow's red wagon. I can't describe the happiness of one woman who had just received a recording from her three soldier sons. Through the Red Cross these boys were able to make a record and send it to their precious Mom. These, Anne, are typical examples of the numerous services of the organization. Of the many admirable qualities of the Red Cross, this fact is outstanding—there is no class distinction. Everyone is an American.

For the next ten weeks the Red Cross is offering three courses, home nursing, nutrition, and first aid. This morning I registered applicants, about thirty for each class. There's no doubt that our town women will become better housewives and mothers. Have you forgotten our struggles in first aid? I insisted that the open hand bandage was impossible. My instructor proved it otherwise. Perhaps I'll renew my course.

At eleven-thirty, the members of the motor corps came to report. Their station wagons were loaded with clothing, sweaters, games, and the weekly collection of books for the Armed Forces. One driver stopped to tell us that she had taken food and clothing to a family whose home had been burned the night before. She described the charred ruins and the faces of the grateful people upon receiving these vital necessities. Stories like this urge me to work harder in the Red Cross.

In the afternoon I drove to the hospital to take some playthings, puzzles, and books to the boys and girls in the wards. As I neared the room, I heard laughing and music. Stepping into the ward, I was happily surprised. It was a playroom with gay curtains at the windows, brightly painted chairs and tables arranged cozily, and a book of colored pictures and a flower or two at each bedside. Turning to a Red Cross Nurse's Aide, I asked, "Is this a dream?" She smiled and explained that the Junior Red Cross sewed and painted for several weeks and one day the hospital room was redecorated and christened "Junior Den". Every day, without fail, a member of the Junior Red Cross drops in to entertain the children for a little while.

When I returned to headquarters, the last of the Saint Patrick's Day favors had arrived. These were green shamrocks for the soldiers and sailors convalescing at the hospital. Each favor will appear on a service man's breakfast tray on the seventeenth, the gala day of the Irish.

Late in the afternoon the express company called for a huge box of surgical dressings to be shipped to a war area. Two days each week women meet for folding these bandages. With the realization that each dressing is needed urgently, these women work untiringly.

Just as I was leaving, Mrs. Ashley came rushing into the hallway to tell me that we had successfully reached our war relief fund quota for March 8, 1943. It is our responsibility to fulfill our cherished hope of attaining our quota for March.

It's late now, Anne, but I couldn't resist writing you about my Red Cross work today. I consider it a privilege to be able to do my duty here on the home front. I am truly indebted for the priceless opportunity of helping and becoming better acquainted with my fellow Americans. Words can't really express my gratitude to the Red Cross, but action can.

Anne, do write and tell me about the activities of your Junior Volunteers in the South. Perhaps our projects may be different, but we are united by the American Red Cross for victory.

As ever,

Shirley Boyd

(Continued from Page 59)

Many of the members have signed up for voluntary summer service. Each one is planning a Junior Red Cross victory garden.

In retrospect, it may well be said that the pupils of Chelmsford High School Junior Red Cross have through their willingness to sacrifice, their enthusiastic cooperation, and diligent application, made a splendid record of service for 1942-1943. Their success is due in no small measure to the leadership and untiring efforts of their sponsor, Miss Blanche E. Robinson, who is also Chairman of Greater-Lowell Junior Red Cross.



Slide Rule Club

Adviser—PROCTER P. WILSON

President

ROBERT JONES

Vice-President

ROBERT MICHAUD

Secretary

LILLIAN COOKE

Treasurer

JOHN SARGENT

The Slide Rule Club this year was made up of seniors, juniors, and sophomores. Regular meetings were held on the first Wednesday of each month. A thorough practice in the use of the slide rule was gained by all the members who attended regularly.

Martel, Frank
 McGlinchey, Frances
 McHugh, Bernard
 Monahan, John
 Morris, Louise
 Morse, Edward
 Narus, Peter
 Nystrom, Frederick
 Petterson, Birger
 Peirce, Donald
 Pratt, Arthur

Stanley, Neal
 Sullivan, David
 Thurber, Ernest
 Tucke, Gerald
 Vrouhas, Helen
 Ambler, Beatrice
 Ballinger, Edwin
 Bentas, Costos
 Cincevich, Mary
 Delorey, Barbara

Desaulnier, Constance
 Desmarais, Aline
 Desmarais, George
 Dulgarian, John
 Hill, James
 Jones, Barbara
 Judge, Raymond
 King, Harold
 Laferriere, Theresa
 Lahue, Barbara
 Lombard, John



Chemistry Club

Adviser—PROCTER P. WILSON

President

PETER NARUS

Vice-President

ERNEST KISLEY

Secretary

JOHN SARGENT

Treasurer

BERNARD MCHUGH

According to custom the high ranking students were chosen for club officers at the first meeting. Educational moving pictures were shown at meetings throughout the year. The Chemistry Club this year was organized more on an entertainment basis.

Ambler, Beatrice
 Beauregard, Rita Mary
 Buchanan, John
 Cincevich, Mary
 Clark, Bernard
 Cooke, Lillian
 Delorey, Barbara
 Desaulnier, Constance
 Desmarais, Aline
 Dulgarian, John
 Gannon, James
 George, Barnard

Gray, Charles
 Harmon, Raymond
 Hill, James
 Hinckley, Roy B.
 Jones, Barbara
 Jones, Robert
 Laferriere, Theresa
 Lindgren, Raymond
 Marcotte, Alfred
 Michaud, Robert
 Morris, Louise
 Nystrom, Frederick

Parker, Walter
 Peirce, Donald
 Petterson, Birger
 Pickard, Shirley M.
 Pratt, Arthur
 Reis, Robert
 Stanley, Neal
 Stevens, Merton
 Swanston, William
 Thurber, Ernest
 Vrouhas, Helen
 Zaher, Mederick

Today's Opportunity

"The wheel of fortune spins; around and around she goes, and where she stops, nobody knows!" In such a situation, yesterday's senior found himself. Today Uncle Sam comes along, puts his hand on your shoulder and mine, and says: "Son, I need you to work on the home front, to turn out planes, ammunition, and weapons. I need you to produce the food that is to feed the world. I need you to fight to preserve freedom on the seas, on the land, in the air. I need you to create out of the chaos of war an aftermath of peace, prosperity, and human brotherhood.

"Daughter, I need you to conserve and to save, to replace your men where you can, to bolster the nation's morale, and as nurses and as help-mates, to cure man's ills and renew the warmth in his heart.

"To all who are graduating in these troublesome times I say, 'Prepare by accepting every opportunity to improve yourselves that you may be ready to give full measure and service at a time when the need is the greatest the world has ever known!'"

Emerson Kolesnikoff '43

Of Music

There is music in the air! Each day everyone hears some kind of music. The high school boy may have listened to the national anthem on the radio as he came down to breakfast; he may have sung or whistled a tune on his way to school, or perhaps he heard a passing songbird trill a sweet call. There are many types of music for people to hear: opera, concert, recital, popular, and jazz. Likewise this art serves many purposes. People sing and listen for enjoyment, and they use music as a suggestive background for plays and social occasions.

Surely dancing could not be enjoyed without music. How do these various types of music affect the minds of listeners? Keeping time to dance music makes lively feet and quickens pulses. Music in the theatre leaves you either sad or happy. At a concert one marvels how players work harmoniously and skillfully together, and so play upon the human emotions. On the whole, opera has little effect on many persons. Not being sufficiently educated to comprehend its words or enjoy its rich tones, a few people attend opera; and although this type of music is being brought before the public by means of popular radio broadcasts, still far too many of our American people fail to find it enjoyable. Popular and jazz songs make some people gay and full of vim, while it becomes nerve-racking to others who enjoy the finer types of song. Sacred music calms the nerves, soothes the soul, and plants love and devotion in the hearts of men. It is our privilege in a democratic country to choose and enjoy whichever type we like best.

Cora Lakin '43



Orchestra

The High School Orchestra has had a successful and enjoyable year. The orchestra played at the opening of the new Westlands School last September, and, as is the usual custom, has played for the High School Assemblies. They will also play for the graduation. For obvious reasons, our activities have been curtailed. Natalie Berg, Cora Lakin, and Ruth Morris, three of our experienced musicians and loyal players, will graduate this June.

M. MARION ADAMS, *Director*

Violins

Cora Lakin
Dorothy O'Brien
Thomas Plein
Teresa Bishop

Clarinets

Ruth Morris
Gordon De Wolf, Jr.
Stanley Oczkowski

Trumpets

Ruth Webster
Charles Webster
Edward Valentine

Piano

Natalie Berg
Cora Lakin
Marion Pike





Firm in Faith

There is a soldier somewhere in Tunisia. He suffers from the heat and the scarcity of water. There is great danger of ambush. He must have faith. He must have faith in his fellowmen that his rifle will shoot, that his canteen will not leak and that his officers will give him correct commands. He must have faith in himself. He must have faith that he can do the things expected of him. Above all, he must have faith in God, that he will be watched over and protected, and that God will not forsake him.

There is a pilot flying over Germany on a secret mission. It is foggy. The ceiling is low. There is great danger of crashing. He, too, must have faith. He must have faith in his fellow men that his instruments are perfect, that his parachute will not fail him in emergency, that each one of the crew will carry out his orders. He must have faith in himself that he as a trained pilot, can show in a creditable performance. And above all, he must have faith in God,—faith that God will lead him over the right trail and carry him through to safety.

There is a worker on the home front. The work is rushed. The demands are great. The time is short. He must have faith in his fellow men that they are doing their share beside him, that they will use his weapons to good advantage, and that they will sacrifice with him and work with him to make a better world. He must have faith in himself that he can do his own particular job and that it will be found good. And above all, he must have faith in God that order, brotherhood, and peace will come out of chaos.

"Faith is the victory."

Frederick Nystrom '43

Hope

Some day I hope that I will see
 The Fuehrer hanging from a tree,
 And "Mussi" hanging just below
 Sharing in the Fuehrer's woe,
 With Hirohito at the end
 To give the limb a dangerous bend.
 And then I hope that there they stay,
 Until, by luck, some sunny day
 The limb which holds the three will break,
 And this will end the triumvirate.

Dexter Laton '43

Students' Memories of Mr. Knightly

We remember him—

As the most informal, and joyful teacher we have ever known.

Walking up and down the aisles, nudging everyone in the way with his elbow.

Orating about his eight wheeled car which would go on production some day. It would be like a bus with no motor in front to block the view and with eight wheels, four in front and four in back, to prevent skidding.

Confiscating apples from session pupils.

Continually knotting the curtain cord.

Ushering in the baseball season by giving out and trying on baseball hats and swinging new bats around dangerously,—inviting the class to “get in the ball game.”

Calling us all by our nicknames—Dot, Diz and Dum, Doc, Del, and Plane Observer.

Inflicting sentence penalties for talking.

Reciting in French with great expression “The Grasshopper and the Ant.”

Detecting gum chewers by the sense of smell and naming the brand in use at the moment by the offender.

Sponsoring and acting as referee in tick-tack-toe contests between rooms 20 and 21.

Presenting athletic awards with apropos comments to each individual.

Entertaining and singing in a one-man act in assembly as a promised reward to the student body.

Stopping class at odd intervals to inquire into the outside activities of Tom, Dick, and Harry.

Giving the annual exhibition of how a French class should be taught to the great delight of all Mr. Watt's usually serious French divisions.

Mimicing radio announcers over our microphone—trying to give us self-confidence.

Taking off the girls' oral compositions.

As we said before—he was the most informal and joyful teacher we have ever known.

Portrait of a Hero

This story starts back just before the first World War. A young English boy had come to San Francisco from England. He lived peacefully and happily by doing odd jobs until one day he learned that war had been declared between England and Germany. Immediately he decided to return to England to serve his country. He had no funds; he was six thousand miles away. One morning he saw an advertisement in a newspaper which read, "Swimming race, three weeks from today. First prize \$1000." This was his big chance. He would win that race and return to England. But there was one drawback—he couldn't swim. On that day and every successive day for three weeks, he went to the swimming association to learn to swim. He practiced fourteen hours a day until finally came the day of the great race. Lined up at the edge of the pool were some of the greatest swimmers in the country, and among them was this youngster who had learned to swim in less than three weeks. The kid wasn't given a chance. The race started. It was fast and furious. No one knows what carried him on, nor by what skill or determination the youngster won that race, but win it he did. The next day he collected his award and started for England. Upon arriving he joined the British Army.

The British had been trying in vain to capture from the Germans a strategic island somewhere in the seven seas. That night a young English lad who had once won a thousand dollar swimming award back in San Francisco, devised a plan. He painted his body black and swam ashore, pushing a light raft on which was set up a machine gun. He landed safely, set up his machine gun, and surprised and confounded the Germans, while the main army moved in. The island was captured. Swimming had made him a hero.

But this isn't the end of the story. After the war, the hero of this tale went back to England and lived in obscurity until war was again declared on Germany. He again enlisted in the British Army. He was little heard of until one night in the spring of '43 after the British in Tunisia had failed to crack the Mareth Line when he devised a daring plan. At one spot in the line was a large lake. That night there swam across that lake a man with his body painted black. In front of him he pushed a raft containing a machine gun. He reached shore, set up his gun, surprised the Germans, and gave opportunity to the main army to move in. When the smoke of the battle cleared, the Mareth Line was broken, and the swimmer who had made this possible was acclaimed all over Great Britain. He was given the highest award England confers upon a hero. That man's name was —! No, I'll not tell you his name, but I will tell you that one day, not long ago, a San Francisco swimming association received a package which contained a medal. With the medal was a note which read. "Here's for teaching an English boy how to swim." The note was signed General Friberg, British Army!

Frederick Nystrom '43

Seniors and the War

This year we seniors, with the full realization of the sacrifices we must make, are heading out into a war-torn world. We have spent four years at Chelmsford High School, and the last of these has been an experiment in sacrifice. Restrictions on the use of automobiles, gas, and tires; upset school schedules, rationing, lack of adequate recreation; and curtailment in the use of money for pleasure—all these have served to awaken us to the solemn fact of war. No longer do we have dances, parties, and shows. No longer do we have the fun of cheering at ball games. Our classmates are leaving us day by day, and we realize that they may never come back. Our number has been sorely depleted since the beginning of the freshman year, and this year we have lost an unprecedented number of students. Our task is clear. Each of us must carry on, doing his duty where he sees it, and educating himself for what is to come. This year, as never before, we must work and fight. Ours is the task of winning the war, and reconstructing the peace.

Robert Reis '43

Grandfathers

Have you ever had two grandfathers,
Who live with you, I mean.
Well, we have two at our house,
The darndest I have seen!

They never seem to be around
From morn until the night,
But when my boy friends come to call,
They're always right in sight!

They peek in all the doorways,
They stand out in the hall,
And when it gets exciting,
For me they start to call!

"Will you come get my slippers, please?"
"I cannot find my pipe!"
"Oh, here it is right over here—
And now I'll need a light!"

Oh, grandpas always spoil the fun;
I long for some relief,
But when they're out, I miss them so—
It's strange beyond belief!

Gwendolyn Rhodes '43

Graduation

Will you kindly tell to me
 Why it is we disagree?
 What shall we wear that happy night—
 Shall it be dark, shall it be light?
 One wants a tux, one wants a gown;
 One wants them up, one wants them down;
 One wants them fancy, one wants them plain—
 All our arguments are in vain.
 One wants this, and one wants that
 Until we have an awful spat.
 But when that fateful night comes around,
 We'll all march in without a sound,
 And everyone will think, "How nice!"
 And we'll all look demure as mice.

Rita Vayo '43

Der Fuehrer

Hitler und Muss vent von day for a stroll,
 Und Mussolini fell into a hole.
 He asked der Fuehrer to help him out,
 But der Fuehrer found der Muss too stout.

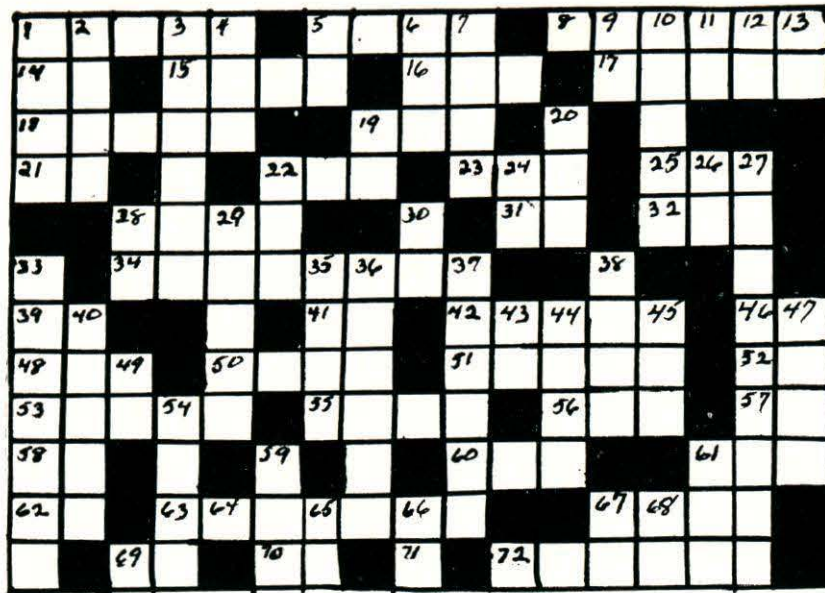
Und der Fuehrer fell in der self-same pit,
 Und so you ask, "Vere did he sit?"
 Derefore ve von't say vere he sat,
 But all der Muss said vas, "Der rat."

Und he hit der Fuehrer in der face,
 Der so-called leader off der master race.
 Der Fuehrer yelled until he panted
 Und his hair vas straight instead of slanted.

Der Muss, he grabbed dot rat by der hair
 Und threw him straight into de air.
 Und American plane vot vas flying high
 Noticed der Fuehrer passing by.

Der Bombardier invited him in
 Den dropped him off mit a bomb marked Berlin.
 Und dis is der end off my beautiful story,
 Off a man who vonted undeserved glory.

Dexter Laton '43



ACROSS

1. Sallie's flame
5. A senior pianist
8. It's the "principal" of the thing
14. Feminine ending of first declension noun (Latin)
15. Monsieur professeur
16. Opposite of subtract
17. A.A. Board President
18. Popular office girl
19. Popular winter rendezvous
20. Article
21. Our genial Physical Ed instructor
22. Cappy's pal
23. Rita Ryan is now a.....
25. One of our athletes in the service
28. Office girl of period 4
31. Who "knocks"?
32. Means yes
34. She left us for a diner
39. Gloria's last two initials
41. "..... apple for the teacher"
42. Point of Hamburg is 8
46. French pronoun spelled backwards
48. Exclamation!
50. Powder is useless without a
51. Another word for rot.
52. Hampton Beach is in.....
53. Charlie Svenson's best girl
55. The time of year to which we all look forward??
56. "KYI" spelled backwards
57. Accusative singlar of Latin word for you.
58. Initials of vice-principal
60. Do the seniors hate to go?
61. Most brilliant math student in period 5??
62. Biology expert
63. Our chicken farmer
67. Stichey's "ear to ear....."
69. Remington bound
70. What Mr. Wilson would write for germanium
71. —²⁰
72. What do Wilson and Desmarais have in common?

DOWN

1. Something we all strive for
2. Ball pitcher from West
3. Miss Nelson's nickname
4. Girls basketball co-captain
5. Initials of a lass in room 19
6. Nickname of class president
7. "..... and Eve"
9. Objective case of "we"
10. Camilla's nickname
11. Prefix
12. Nickname for Alfred
13. State west of Mass.
19. A junior named Catherine
20. One must to sign out
22. Makes explosives
24. Ginny Welch's admirer
26. Abbreviation for "that is"
27. Patsy
28. Peanut eating, giggling senior
29. Football captain
30. Congenial senior class adviser
33. History teacher
35. The senior red head
36. How Miss Booth would say "child"
37. Middle name of senior Miss from West
38. Tall, blonde, and beautiful
40. is her nickname, and she is one too
43. Gwen
44. The girl who is often late
45. A girl says when she sees a mouse
47. Favorite science
49. Article
54. The word Mr. Burns won't let us use.
59. Senior Miss on Boston Road
61. A dance
64. Me, myself, and
65. Chemical symbol for selenium
66. Hydroxide radical
67. Present of "went"
68. Railroad

Walking

When I read how well known characters in fiction liked to walk, it makes me feel that I have something pleasant in common with them. I love to stroll through the woods on a warm summer's day, with my dog at my side. Occasionally, I see a jack rabbit go rustling through the dried leaves, and I hear the harsh voice of a crow calling to its mate. I love to walk down to the old swimming hole where as a child I learned to swim, and where I recall many a splashing frolic. When the fall comes, I go hunting. The woods are full of wild life, and a pheasant is a grand prize to bring home. I travel the dried marshes and swamps looking for muskrat sets, and I set out my traps, for a muskrat pelt brings a fine prize.

Then there is a long dull spell when I do not go far from beaten trails because of the depth of the snow, and the woods are deserted.

At the first signs of spring, the ground softens, the trees turn green; and the starling, with his sleek black feathers, calls his welcome. The birds come fluttering back, the animals come out of holes, and the dogs have a grand time frisking about.

The only time I don't like to walk, is when I get a session and have to walk home after school.

John Smith '45

Period Four Physics

In room twenty-one during period four,
Convenes senior physics behind closed door.
A bright lot of pupils, with a teacher to boot,
At each other's errors chuckle and hoot.

The teacher, of course, is the jovial Pepe,
Whose greatest delight is to make us feel cheap.
His most-used expressions are, "You, are you deaf?"
And, "Gabby, watch out, or you'll have an F."

The tests aren't so simple, your answer's a chance—
P. W.'s problems aren't given in advance.
Then comes the board work, "You, take number one."
"Can't do it? Put your name down, and it is all done."

"You know I'd like to tell you a joke,
But you'd laugh so much I'm afraid you'd choke."
But everyone yells, "Tell us just one, please!"
Then someone in back comes out with a sneeze.

Pepe starts the one about little Nell
And what do you know—we're saved by the bell!
So here's to Pepe's class and those who are in it,
We'll ne'er rue the day that we did begin it.

Walter Parker '43

Fred Nystrom '43

Ode to Number Eighteen

The old bus creaks as we step on the gas,
She groans and sighs when other cars pass,
She steams and storms ascending the hill,
And calms to a pant at the crest of the rill.
The laborious climb makes her alcohol boil,
For many long years of wearisome toil
Have made her grow old and ready to quit.
But these years of work have taught her a bit,
And much advice could she give, I'd say,
On the subject of motor car driving today,
For many a bump and many a scratch
When two cars meet and their fenders attached
Have been witnessed by regal old number eighteen,
Who has proved herself truly and often a queen.

Ruth Morris '43

My Bluebird and My Gate

My bluebird will bring signs of spring;
Upon my gate he'll sit and sing.
But then, maybe, the sunny skies
Will sprinkle rain in tear-filled eyes.

My bluebird once I longed to see,
When winter winds should cease to be.
He'd seem to make a blue world bright—
But he can't make a sad heart light.

My bluebird should come any day—
But soldiers soon must go away,
And I must sit and watch and wait,
And see their last leave from my gate.

Lillian Hansen '43

Busy Street

Down in the East Side, in lower New York,
 Families live, cramped, in a shabby old block.
 And kids run around in a narrow side street,
 And their food—well, you've heard that to steal is to eat!
 It's hot in the summer, and cold in the fall
 When the wind whistles loudly about in the hall.
 Mothers are tired, and fathers worn out;
 Bedraggled grandparents are lagging about.
 The sidewalks are chalked up. In summer they swelter.
 Fruit peddlers have stands piled all helter-skelter.
 So it seems topsy-turvy, and all up-side-down,
 But to folks who live there, it's the best street in town!

Gwendolyn Rhodes '43

A Whim

A woman her age
 Ne'er does confess.
 Why that should be,
 I never could guess.

"Old as the hills",
 Thinks the censor man.
 She'd better be truthful
 As long as she can.

Old age or youth—
 Be that as it may.
 No one's on earth
 To make a long stay.

Shirley Boyd '43

Spring

Look up at the sky, feel the warmth in the air,
 Spring's rushing us now with fragrances fair.
 Our hearts are uplifted, our visions are new,
 For winter's cold hand has waved us adieu.
 And we sit, and we dream, and our thoughts wander far
 As each one of us worships his own guiding star,
 For when trees swell with buds, and birds chirp and sing,
 Our hearts fill with joy at the promise of Spring.

Janet Seibert '43

Be Cheerful

Although you may not happy be,
It really helps a lot,
If you will just pretend you are
Content with what you've got.

For if you sit at home and sulk
And only waste the day,
You won't be helping anyone
And you will troubled stay.

But if you go about your work,
And greet all with a smile,
Your troubles will soon disappear—
You'll find it worth your while.

Elizabeth Shuhany '45

A Year Book's Value

Long years I've been gone from C. H.S.
I can't remember the girl at that desk,
The one who wore yellow bows in her hair,
The miss who sat in the second chair.

I never recall a name or a place,
But I can't forget a pretty face,
So to the past I'll go for a look—
Yes, here she is in my Year Book.

David Sullivan '43

Autographs