1945
...Year Book...

CHELMSFORD HIGH SCHOOL
THE YEAR BOOK
of
1945

Edited by the Students of
Chelmsford High School
Chelmsford High School

"The days and years are like the moods of men. Some are full of sunshine and brightness, blue skies, and the fragrance of flowers. Others are gray with clouds and hints of rain and storm, fretfulness and complaining. Providence has been good to the human race, because hopes of youth, plans of the matured, and memory's medium lend enchantment to the present, and make life very much worth while."
Foreword

Working for a great cause has never been our lot. We have made no soul stirring speeches in behalf of humanity. We have added nothing to the world's progress. As for inspiring deeds, we performed none. Time as yet shows little indication of having marked us for dramatic roles in the theatre of life. Time will have, however, a use for us all. In the meantime, until we are called to do bigger things, God teach us well through little things. We are God's apprentices, learning to go about His business, steadfast in His service.
Steadfast in Service

The greatest use a man can make of his life is to dedicate it to the constant service of his fellowmen. History records the imperishable records of men who have been of service to humanity, and no man can be truly great without such a record. The unselfish love for the common man, to which Lincoln’s life was consecrated has made his name imperishable. Today, brave men by the million over all the world are exposing themselves to the dangers and horrors of war, so that their ideals of freedom may be perpetuated. However, service does not necessarily mean the accomplishment of freeing the slaves or ending tyranny. It may mean living a life of simple obscurity, of quiet accomplishment, and of constant trials, without fanfare or recognition.

If we are steadfast in service to our God, our country, and our fellowmen, we meet all the demands that are put upon humankind. Unselfish service is the only way to repay our indebtedness to those who have gone before us, and to those who here and now labor for us. We in our time have an obligation to make whatever contribution our capabilities permit to the betterment of the world. Let us be steadfast in our service.

Leonard Colwell ’45
To

HELEN R. POLAND

We dedicate our year book in grateful recognition of her friendly counsel, her efficient teaching, and her high ideals of loyalty and service.
George S. Wright

Mr. Wright, for seventeen years Superintendent of the Schools of Chelmsford, has been the guiding light of our entire school experience. Behind our small first grader desks, we were awed by his towering presence, but won by his smile and the fact that he had authority even over teachers! The respect and affection, so early kindled, have grown with us as we grew, and still are the keynotes of our feeling for Mr. Wright. He has been a silent, watchful guardian; a composed and authoritative spokesman; an understanding presence in our classrooms; a just, sympathetic counselor; and a calm influence against hysteria in sudden, small concerns. To us he typifies the spirit of New England, wise, quiet, and resolved.

To our retiring superintendent, we wish to express our gratitude, our admiration, and our good will. The Class of 1945 and Mr. Wright graduate together, we to commence the work in the world for which his efforts have prepared us; Mr. Wright to become "Retired Leisure." He has "worked taskwork and has the rest of the day to himself."
GEORGE S. WRIGHT
Superintendent of the Schools of Chelmsford
"Friendship is the nearest thing we know to what religion is. God is love, and, to make religion akin to friendship is simply to give it the highest expression conceivable to man."

—Ruskin
LUCIAN H. BURNS
Principal of Chelmsford High School
Class Ode

(Tune—Semper Paratus)

Steadfast in service we will be, as we now face this world.
Our trail is cleared, our goal is set, our flag of hope unfurled.
Great is the task that's ours to do, and great will be our aim,
As forth we go, our life we pledge, to quench war's cruel flame.

So on to victory we march, together toward our goal.
A ray of light, our guiding star, the future we behold.
Steadfast in service are we now and ever more will be,
As forth we go, our life to lead,—Aye, Vict'ry, we are for thee!

Steadfast in service we'll remain, as on through time we go.
Our hopes so high, our way so bright, our star its glory throws.
'Tis only this our guiding star that shows which trail to choose,
As forth we go through tempests wild, our life to gain or lose.

So on to victory we march, together toward our goal.
A ray of light, our guiding star, the future we behold.
Steadfast in service are we now and ever more will be,
As forth we go, our life to lead,—Aye, Vict'ry, we are for thee!

Ruth MacPhee '45
Doris Hankinson '45

Class Motto

Steadfast in Service
The Faculty
Faculty Honor Roll

Once again we pay tribute to the members of our faculty who are in the service of our Country. It is our sincere hope that next year we shall welcome them back to our school and that we will show them by our cooperation that we appreciate the sacrifices they have made.

Lieut. (j.g.) Earl J. Watt, U.S.N.R.

Lieut. (j.g.) George W. Boyce, U.S.N.R.

Lieut. (j.g.) Gerald A. Ivers, U.S.N.R.
C. Edith McCarthy, B.S.Ed.  
Vice Principal  
Bookkeeping, Typewriting  
Salem Teachers College

F. Christine Booth, A.B.  
Latin, Mathematics  
Colby College

Daisy B. MacBrayne  
B.S. of Ed., A.B., A.M.  
English  
Boston University

Ernestine Maynard  
B.S. Ed.  
Secretarial Subjects  
Salem Teachers College

Rita R. Corcoran, A.B.  
English  
Emmanuel College

Mary E. Pollard, B.S. Ed.  
M.C.S.  
Typewriting, J.B.T.  
Lowell Teachers College  
Boston University
Charlotte S. Carroll, B.A.  
English  
Mount Holyoke College

Eleanor M. Donahoe, A.B.  
Mathematics, P.A.D.  
Smith College

Mildred M. Hehir, A.B.  
French, Geography, History  
Regis College

Marjorie B. Scoboria  
A.B., A.M.  
Mathematics, Aeronautics  
Wellesley College  
Radcliffe College

John J. Shannon  
Clark University, A.B., A.M.  
History  
Baseball  
Basketball

Rose M. Cooney, B.S., Ed.  
Science  
Framingham Teachers College
MILDRED W. HILYARD, A.B.
Social Studies
Boston University

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

CHARLOTTE L. MACLEOD
Music
Lowell Teachers College

BERNIE LARKIN
Musical Director

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

"There's a lot o' joy in dreaming
Of the days that used to be,
And you turn the pages backward
As you live in memory."

Donald Adams          Winifred Horne
William Barton        Eleanor Lovett
William Bellegarde   Ruth MacPhee
Jean Bettencourt     Richard Mochrie
Philip Campbell       Gladys Monsen
Leonard Colwell       Evelyn Nystrom
Louis Croft           Carol Shawcross
Russell Cummings      Kenton Wells
Doris Hankinson       Robert Yates
Robert Harmon         Helen Zabierek

Literary Advisers—Charlotte S. Carriel, Eleanor M. Donahoe, Rita R. Corcoran
Business Adviser—C. Edith McCarthy
Seniors
KENTON PARKER WELLS
"Wellie"
Graduation Speaker
Class President ’44, ’45; Graduation and Reception Usher ’44; Football ’43, ’44; Basketball ’42, ’44; Captain ’45; Inter-class Basketball ’43; Baseball ’44, ’45; A. A. Member ’41, ’42, ’43, ’44; A. A. Board ’42, 2nd Vice Pres. ’43; Year Book Staff ’44, ’45; Chemistry Club Pres. ’44; Slide Rule Club ’44.
“And ever honored for his worthiness”
King of the court—baseball enthusiast—three letter man—Highland heart interest
Perfect gentleman—Dartmouth bound—busy president—delight of the faculty
Willing worker—carrot chewer—smooth dancer—hearty laugh—Bien fait, Monsieur!

LESLEY HUNTER ADAMS, JR.
“Bud”
Class Vice President ’44, ’45; A. A. Member ’41, ’42, ’43, ’44; A. A. Board Vice President ’44; Football ’42, ’43, ’44; Baseball ’44, Captain ’45; Inter-class Basketball ’43; Basketball ’45; Senior Prom Committee.
“Take me out to the ball game”
Likeable personality—idol of freshmen girls—(many others, also)—loves his nieces
Has consuming interest in sports—hero-type—contagious smile—minimum of homework
All around athlete—“Cap” to the baseball squad—many friends—success assured

CAROL LORRAINE SHAWCROSS
Graduation Speaker
Class Secretary ’43, ’44; Vice-President of A. A. ’44; Cheerleader ’42, ’43, ’44; Year Book Staff ’44, ’45; Graduation and Reception Usher ’44; A. A. Member ’41, ’42, ’43, ’44; Chemistry Club ’43; Stunt Night ’41; Junior Barn Dance Committee; Leap Year Dance Committee; Senior Prom Committee.
“Open, genial, friendly, kind—Friends like this are hard to find.”
Cheerleader of renown—capable class secretary—fashion plate, style leader
Love interest varied—college ahead—personality plus—humorous vein—friend to all
Still striving for a driver’s license—wavy hair—numerous nicknames—versatile.

ELEANOR RUTH LOVETT
“El”
Class Treasurer ’44; A. A. Member ’41, ’42, ’43, ’44; Stunt Night Committee ’41; Junior Barn Dance Committee ’43; Leap Year Dance Committee ’44; Booster Day Committee ’44; Senior Prom Committee; Secretary A. A. Board ’44; Year Book Staff ’45; Class Ring Committee ’43; Reception Usher ’44.
“Good things come in small packages”
Everybody’s friend—always smiling—vitality plus—controls the class purse strings
Rarely is seen alone—that faithful blonde, you know—pert—identification bracelet
Loves the Navy—nothing like the sailor—has few idle moments—alert

DONALD MYRLE ADAMS
“Don”
A. A. Member ’44; Year Book Staff ’45.
“A busier man than he, there was nowhere”
Diligent worker—deep waves—destined to succeed—no spare time
Much mileage on little gas—musical horns—frank—he weighs his decisions
Always rushing—artistically inclined—a smile for everyone—well-trained fountain boy
KATHRYN PALMER ALLEN

"Kay"
Reception Usher '44; A. A. Member '44; Stunt Night '42; Color Committee '45.

"Wisdom is better than rubies"
Kitty Cornell admirer—dazzling nails—pleasant drawl—unique charm
Perfect lady—neatness personified—photographic model—sophisticated
Addition to any group—book worm—flare for style—man situation undecided

WILLIAM ALLEN BARTON

A. A. Member '43, '44; Chemistry Club '44; Slide Rule Club '44; Reception Usher '44; Year Book Staff '44, '45; Junior Barn Dance Committee; Senior Prom Committee.

"Wit like wine intoxicates the brain"
Water colors—delivery truck driver—ambitious—co-ed interest
Allen, the boy artist—specializes in animal cartoons—original night school attendant
Beginning to notice the girls—swimmer of note—slow and easy going—future engineer

MARY LORRAINE BEAUBIEN

"Beaub"
A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Basketball '42, '44; Junior Barn Dance Committee; Leap Year Dance Committee.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine"
Merry waitress—foul shot star at Littleton Tournament—always so neat—efficient
Loves dancing—a date with the Navy—remembers the Prom—happy-go-lucky
Bubbling with laughter—brightens a dull class—songstress—Helen's chum

WILLIAM CHARLES BELLEGERDE

"Billy"
A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Junior Dance Committee; Graduation Usher '44; Year Book Staff '44, '45; Senior Prom Committee.

"The difficulty in life is the choice"
Willing and able—persistent in his demands—sports spectator—night hiker
Cordial with everyone—rollicking roller skater—B. C. patron amateur hunter
Believes in Don's theories—future National Forester—successful Civil Service Exam—refined

DORIS MAE BERUBEE

A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Junior Dance Committee.

"Variety is the spice of life"
Daily letters to the service boys—Fort Devens bound—hair styles galore—Aunt Doris
Makes friends easily—that vicious triangle—never without Merilyn—pride of West
Boy friends at her call—queen of the skating rink—promising future—efficiency plus
LOUIS JAMES CROFT, JR.
Honor Student
A. A. Member '41, '43, '44; Chemistry Club '43; Slide Rule Club '43; Year Book Staff Member '44, '45; Inter-class Basketball '43; Stunt Night Committee '41.

"Go West, young man"
Loyal to the Navy—passed Eddy test—unassuming—intelligent
Jocular—Physics whiz—time for romance—a serious lad
Cultured manner—those English tests—Demolay meetings—rover

RUSSELL JAMES CUMMINGS
"Doc"
Chemistry Club '44; Band Member '44; A. A. Member '44; Year Book Staff '45.

"Good nature is the beauty of the mind"
Ready for all comers—tricks up his sleeve—girl shy—crew cut
Jazz music connoisseur—impersonator—his secrets well guarded—jaunty air
Communes with poetic Muse—knowledge of medicines—soap box orator—optimistic

GORDON PARKER DeWOLF, JR.
Chemistry Club '44; Slide Rule Club '44; Band Member '44, '45.

"He who reads books is wisest"
Grows orchids—accomplished musician—seeks out detail—argumentative
Proudly cynical—booklover—organizer of newly founded political party—conversionalist
Didactic—retentive memory—professor type—choice vocabulary

BERNARD EDMUND DR AUCH
"Ed"
A. A. Member '41, '44; Slide Rule Club '43; Chemistry Club '43.

"Industry need not wish"
Beckoned by the clouds—favors gas models—a future pilot—good luck!
Ever-ready filling station attendant—"Tydol" sign on his door—auto mechanic—obliging to all
Doesn't like women—bachelor to be—will to work—rates 'A' with the class

JANE MUNROE DRYDEN
"Drydie"
A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Basketball '45; Inter-class Basketball '43, '44; Leap Year Dance Committee '44; Junior Barn Dance Committee; Stunt Night '41.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed"
Jack of all trades—long-shot basketball star—capable clerk—horse lover
Member of South Indians—"What was that, Mr. Shannon?" dark eyes—unruffled
Dated to be a nurse—self assured—swimming star—movie addict
ROSE HELEN DULGARIAN

"Rosie"
A. A. Member '44.
"Her ways are ways of pleasantness"
Record collector—domestically inclined—musical—bicycles with Emily
Habits the dance floor—noisy heels—Connie’s pal—ice skates
Dreads blue Mondays—dark hair and brown eyes—painted fingernails—"What’s the temperature, Rose?"

ROBERT MELVIN EDWARDS

"Bob"
A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44, Football '43, '44; Baseball '45.
"Repose and cheerfulness are the badge of a gentleman"
Regular fellow—hockey follower—sports enthusiast—a license, perchance
Made the football and baseball squad—air conscious—big brother—likes that sweater
Ever see him on the coal truck?—Bud’s buddy—refined—Boston commuter

CONSTANCE EMANOUIL

"Connie"
A. A. Member '41, '43, '44; Leap Year Dance Committee.
"And all her paths are peace"
Constant Connie—even thoughtful—enjoys the antics of her bus pals—reliable
Elegant cook—sports spectator—sewing lessons in June—one movie per week

DONALD ERIKSEN

"Nipper"
Football '41, '42, '43, Co-Captain '44; Basketball '44, '45; A. A. '42, '43, '44, '45; A. A. Board Member at Large '44; A. A. Board President '44; Slide Rule Club '43; Year Book Staff '44, '45; Booster Day Dance Committee; Senior Dance Committee.
"Life is a jest and all things show it,
I thought so once and now I know it."
Daring—fun maker—enjoys friends’ capers—quite the ladies’ man
Heave Ho—from white grocery apron to Navy blue—chauffeur for the crowd—candy consumer
Ever on the go—a loyal supporter—here today, gone tomorrow—looking for lost poundage

RITA DOLORES GAUDETTE

A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Operetta '41; Senior Leap Year Dance Committee.
"Good things come in small packages"
Reddens at a sailor’s name—natural—trim—can’t beat that bus
Dances at C. Y. C.—quiet—likes Hollywood creations—baby of her family
Goes to Connecticut frequently—subdued tones—adroit typist
GABRIELLE GONSALVES

"Gabry"

A. A. Member '44

"The unspoken word never did harm"

Greets everyone with a smile—quiet and demure—a perfect lady—loves to type

Giggles—takes school life seriously—never hurries—business career

LEONARD ERNEST HABERMAN

"Haby"

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

"There's no living with thee, nor without thee"

Land lubber, soon off to sea—frequents West—drives grandfather's car—steady girl

Exquisite taste in clothes—"Whiskers"—former P. O. W.—jealous by nature

Had motorcycle—makes model airplanes—smooth dancer—bothered by HER kid sister

WARREN FRANCIS HALL

A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44

"Tis but a part we see and not the whole"

Works earnestly—man of few words—proud of three brothers in service—bus rider

Finds school work dull—thoughtful of others—unostentatious—not a party man

Has a hidden wit—likes baseball—cooperative—has intense desire for success

DORIS MARION HANKINSON

"Hankie"

Reception Usher '44; Basketball Manager '45; Chemistry Club '43; Operetta '42; A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Ode Committee '45; Senior Prom Committee; Year Book Staff '45; Inter-class Basketball '44

"Thought is deeper than all speech"

Dimples—poetically inclined—soft ball pitcher—cyclist

Merry disposition—likes to dance—plays piano—lives in the outskirts

High hopes for the future—ability not rationed—eyes for a senior—horticulturist

ROBERT LEONARD HARMON

"Joe"

A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; A. A. Board '41, '43; Chemistry Club '44; Football '42, '43, '44; Inter-class Basketball '43; Basketball '44; Year Book Staff '44, '45; Senior Prom Committee

"Bring with thee jest and jollity"

Resourceful—"Nip's" assistant—steady worker—sets puns for Yates

Longs for liberty—a teaser—heart in the Highlands—eye to the future

Harmon-izes nicely—poor luck in football—famed fried clams—church league basketball star
WINIFRED MAY HORNE
"Winnie"
Stunt Night '41; A. A. Member '43, '44; Year Book Staff '45; Softball '45.
"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired"
Wishes South Lowell were nearer—"The Skaters Waltz"—Pat's her consultant—popular girl
May she attain happiness—an efficient secretary—worries about her hair-do—neatness personified
Happy-go-lucky—roller skater—even disposition—twinkling blue eyes

ESTELLE MARION HUNT
"Stell"
A. A. Member '44.
"Laugh and the world laughs with you"
Excellent sportswoman—Captain of C.Y.O. basketball and softball teams—well mannered—good at math problems
Melodies and song—Irish airs in study periods—entertains on bus—one who'll be missed
Hoarse from cheering—chuckles—blushes easily—brightened G.E. during summer vacation

FRED WILLIAM JOHNSON
"Swede"
A. A. Member '41, '42, '44; Football '44; Slide Rule Club '43; Chemistry Club '43; Inter-class Basketball '43; Graduation Usher '44.
"A man he seems of cheerful and confident tomorrows"
Famous for "Rastus"—car full of girls—summer fun—impecable dresser
Wholehearted—Lochinvar from the west—"Bang" of the "Bang and Wang" duo—versatile
Journeys to Malden—electrician and stone mason—ethical—worthy addition to '45

RUTH BARBARA KNOX
"Ruthie"
Operetta '42; Junior Red Cross '41, '42; Reception Usher '44; A. A. Member '44.
"A comrade blithe and full of glee
Who dares to laugh out loud and free"
Roaring with laughter—approves of "North" section—practice makes perfect—superstitious
Blonde—dashing—peppy—stylish
Kowtows to none—headed Washington way—chatters constantly—purposeful

RAYMOND EDISON LAKIN
A. A. Member '43, '44; Football '43, '44
"Enthusiastically busy about nothing"
Reserved—lonely in a crowd—the outdoor type— languid
Evades unnecessary work—greenhouse tender—relaxes— grins
Likes to hunt—his eye on a certain girl—valuable friend—former bugle-boy
PAUL VERNON L'HÉREUX

A. A. Member '41, '42, '44.

"It's no matter what you do if your heart be only true"
Persistent—full of ideas—mysterious grin—enjoys ease
Varied hobbies—fisherman—horsebackrider—Navy calls
Likeable—daily hikes with friend Billy—Van Johnson fan—
lucky L'Heureux

RUTH ELIZABETH MACPHEE

"Ruthie"

A. A. Member '41, '44; Year Book Staff '45; Chemistry Club '43;
Slide Rule Club '43; Junior Red Cross '43, '44; Ode Committee '45;
Operetta '41.

"Smilin' Thru"
Red Cross member—observer of nature—poetic flair—poster painter
Energy hoarder—pretty dark eyes—sparkling smile—dreamer at heart
Merry ways—crisp and cool—aspire to be a teacher—sincere friend

THERESA MARIE MERCIER

"Terry"

Operetta '41; A. A. Member '42, '44; Leap Year Dance Committee '44;
Reception Usher '44.

"For the good are always merry"
Tries to be quiet—steady chatter—nursemaid for twin brothers—short and sweet
Makes friends easily—quick smile—two faithful companions—tiny dimples
Maybe has a serious side—chalked up a good record—sincere—future forecast, bright

DOROTHY RITA MINER

"Dot"

A. A. Member '41, '44; Leap Year Dance Committee '44; Reception Usher '44;
Operetta '42; Stunt Night '41.

"Slow to speak, slow to wrath"
Dreams of happy future—proud of her friendship ring—petite—dainty
Rates a good record in typing—enjoys slow waltzes—sugar and spice—movie goer
Many chums—a swift step—aspire to office work—optimistic views of the future

RICHARD D. MOCHRIE

"Mok"

A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Football '41, '42, '43, Co-captain '44;
Basketball '44, '45; Inter-class '43; Senior Prom Committee;
Stunt Night Committee '41; Junior Barn Dance Committee;
Chemistry Club '43; Slide Rule Club '43; Year Book Staff '45;
Baseball '45; Leap Year Dance Committee.

"That is as well said as if I had said it myself"
Rejoices in the open country air—has a car that really goes—wise-cracks—impulsive
Deserving letter man—shines on the grid—participant in all sports—Lowell interests
Makes school by ten—faithful worker at home—Oh! that haircut—sailor stride
FLORENCE LILLIAN MONSEN
Graduation Speaker
Class Marshal '44; Reception Usher '44; A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Junior Dance Committee; Senior Dance Committee; Chemistry Club '43; Slide Rule Club '43; Inter-Class Basketball '43, '44; Basketball '45; D. A. R. Representative.
"Good to be merry and wise"
Faithful to C. H. S.—neat—ardent walker—mainstay of the cheering section
Loves a good argument—giggling gal—leads church choir—brilliant student
Makes friends easily—legislative and judicial powers—can-vasses all corridors—oracle of C. H. S.

GLADYS EVELYN MONSEN
A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Class Ring Committee '43; Junior Barn Dance Committee; Reception Usher '44; Senior Leap Year Dance Committee; Class Color Committee '44.
"Better late than never"
Goes steady—an addition to any office—never in a dull mood—takes life easy—enjoys Co-ed—expert at cooking eggs—never on time—many admirers
Maiden in distress when "Stewie's" around blushes easily—opera music really sends her—appreciates a joke

THELMA ANN NOON
A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Stunt Night '41; Dramatic Club Operetta '41; Junior Barn Dance Committee; Senior Leap Year Dance Committee '44; Reception Usher '44.
"Some think the world is made for fun and frolic and so do I"
Takes life easy—those Irish eyes—chatterbox—extensive wardrobe
Argumentative—competent sales girl—feather bob—tap-dancer
Neat and attractive—numerous admirers—Hampton bound—a ready excuse

EVELYN MAE NYSTROM
Graduation Speaker
Graduation Usher and Reception Usher; A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Year Book Staff '45; Softball '45; Junior Dance Committee.
"Labor itself is a pleasure"
Excellent bookkeeper—knowledge of figures—orderly mind—guarantees results
Member of scholarly family—semi-weekly visits to rink—"Pete's" patron—blonde tresses
Non-committal—happiness unbounded—advice heeded—roseate outlook

DONALD ALVIN PIERCE
"Duck"
A. A. Member '44; Football '44.
"Men of a few words are the best men"
Dexterous—football letter man—jabbers in physics—home-room reception committee
Answers with confidence—black wavy hair—spontaneous grin—radio fan
Prefers male companions—square beau—waiting line at Post Office—dapper
MARIAN LOUISE PIKE
"Pikey"
Graduation Speaker
A. A. Member '42, '43, '44; Graduation and Reception Usher '44; Orchestra '42; Band '43, '44; Class Ode Committee '45; Chemistry Club '43.

"A thing worth doing is worth doing well"

Material for success—energetic student—affable to all—knits and sews
Lil's loving sister—"Wait until I read it, Mrs. Carrie"—capable—independent
Piano expert—organist, too—just beats the bell—senior scout

ROBERT ARMOUR PONTEFRACHT
"Joe Phonograph"
Football '42, '43, '44; Basketball '44, '45; Inter-class Basketball '43; Baseball '44, '45; Slide Rule Club '43; A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Senior Prom Committee; Class Motto Committee.

"An honest man's word is as good as his bond"

Radio class scholar—races around in the Pontiac—the swain from South—habitually late
Admirer of all girls—three letter man—tall and dark—heart-breaker
Plans to enter the Coast Guard—cat-naps—reserved—chicken farmer

RICHARD GEORGE PROULX
"Dick"
A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Junior Barn Dance Committee.

"He will go places in the world"

Really a hard worker—Bemis boy—varied interests—Isaac Walton of North
Great dancer—noted for his jitterbugging—sheik—gum chewer
Pianologist—speed demon—songbird of C. H. S.—student of radio

STUART CHANDLER ROSS
"Stewie"
A. A. Member '41, '44; Basketball '44; Chemistry Club '43; Slide Rule Club '43; Inter-class Basketball '42; Reception Usher; Leap Year Dance Committee; Senior Prom Committee.

"His wit invites you"

State Guard's pride—Providence correspondent—original compositions—a tease
Colorful wit—summer camper—unsurpassed in height—pork pie hat
Resourceful—Bert Sturtevant's helper—U. S. Coast Guard—lean and lanky

MELVIN FLOYD RUSSON
"Russ"
A. A. Member '41, '42, '44; Junior Red Cross '41, '42; Senior Prom Committee '44.

"A quiet exterior hideth much"

Master of a million jokes—neat appearance—assistant scout master—nature lover
Favorite straight-faced story teller—argumentative type—wit of Physics class—hiker
Reserved until you know him—by-passes work—good turn daily—imitator
PRISCILLA ANDREWS SARGENT
"Sarge"
A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Cheer Leader '42, '43, '44; Reception Usher '44; Junior Barn Dance Committee; Leap Year Dance Committee '44; Stunt Night '41.
"A cheery girl with a generous smile
She makes one feel that life's worthwhile"
Peppy cheerleader—bandbox appearance—photogenic—ever cheerful
Always on the go—the eyes have it—loves to daydream—has imaginary hero
Smooth dancer—radiant smile—knows all the latest songs—most companionable

VINCENT HOUSTON SHEA, JR.
"Vin"
A. A. Member '44; Leap Year Dance Committee '44.
"He lives at ease, that freely lives"
Very gullible—enjoys dancing—long list of correspondents—sociable
Has genial manner—smartly dressed—history student—welcome new comer to C. H. S.
Seen frequently in the Packard—Shea, the singer—considering Mass. State—money lender

WILLIAM HENRY SHEDD
"Bill"
A. A. Member '42, '43, '44; Chemistry Club '43.
"Angling is somewhat like poetry.—men are to be born so"
Willing checker at dances—fashionable haircuts—enjoys crowds—likes a joke
High spirited lad—flashy ties—farmer at heart—apple-cheeked youth
Sighs over history—"What was the question, Mr. Shannon?"
—dependable—robust

RICHARD IVAN SMALL
"Dick"
A. A. Member '41, '42, '44; Slide Rule Club '43; Chemistry Club '43; Senior Prom Committee; Junior Dance Committee; Class Ring Committee; Leap Year Dance Committee.
"And thoughts that make me older than my youth"
Reverend Small—dark wavy hair—mature—official dog-chaser at baseball games
Inspired arguments in English—struggled with math—secretive—masculine mien
Sonorous voice—frank and outspoken—efficient clerk—hardware and haberdashery

CLARICE LOUISE SOUSA
"It is a wise head that makes the still tongue"
Counts days till graduation—disliked gym—natural waves—domestically inclined
Late reaching homeroom—tallest girl—favors blue—shy miss
Sister's companion—knows the screen stars—sympathetic—enjoys dance music
WELDON MERTON STEVENS
A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Chemistry Club '43; Slide Rule Club '43.
"The world is as carefree as the people in it"
Wants postwar college education—heeded Navy's call—not impressed by gold braid—interested
Mechanical expert—carpentry his hobby—more records than Crosby—dancing his specialty
Successfully passed Eddy Test—Radar training now in Chicago—Leapin' Lena—best wishes

KATHLEEN PATRICIA TWOHEY
"Kitty"
A. A. Member '44; Basketball '44, '45.
"When Irish eyes are smiling"
King—conscientious student—methodical—large brown eyes
Perfect lady—aims only to please—winsome—a country lass
Typical colleen—acrobatic dancer—seamstress—outside activities

EDWARD RICHARD VALENTINE
"Val"
Band '42, '43, '44; Chemistry Club '43; Slide Rule Club '43; A. A. Member '42, '43, '44; Stunt Night Committee '41.
"The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more"
East Chelmsford lad—accomplished musician—red head—unruffled—reliable
Remains serene—talent prize winner at Stunt night—standby of music lovers
Variation of instruments—ever a gentleman—home boy—gardener for pleasure

ROBERT MARTIN WELCH
"Chick"
A. A. Member '43, '44; A. A. Board '43, '44; Basketball, Mgr. '44, '45; Senior Prom Committee; A. A. Dance Committee '44; Junior Dance Committee.
"Self trust is the first secret of success"
Relieves one's worries—sunny disposition—service is calling—cousin's keeper
Manager of basketball team—"Going my way?"—desirous of a 120 film—always on the run
Willing supply room clerk—a number of admirers—ideals of a gentleman—untiring worker

ROBERT CHARLES YATES
"Bob"
A. A. Member '42, '43, '44; Football '44; Stunt Night '42; Interclass Basketball '42, '43; Junior Barn Dance Committee; Leap Year Dance Committee; Year Book Staff '44, '45.
"What's life if you don't enjoy it!"
Ready for anything—full of fun—interest in world problems—bit of blarney
Carefree—famed dancer—snappy dresser—super-salesman
Young Sinatra—heartbreaker, too—many relatives—good intentions
HELEN ELIZABETH ZABIEREK  
"Zeb"  
A. A. Member '41, '42, '43, '44; Junior Barn Dance Committee; Basketball '42, Captain '45; Inter-class Basketball '43, '44; Reception Usher '44; Year Book Staff '45; Senior Prom Committee; Leap Year Dance Committee.  
"She's a jolly good fellow"  
Happy-go-lucky—can't keep her tongue quiet—excitable—picture of health  
Enjoys farm life—excellent basketball captain—good sport—remembered for assembly speech  
Zoons into homeroom after the bell—loves polkas—promising secretary—devoted to family

* * *

Our Band Director

B is for Bernie who started our band  
E is for effort, the double A brand  
R is for rhythm, each bar, each measure  
N for the notes we play with great pleasure  
I is for instruments recently bought  
E is for the energy with which he taught.  
L is for labor which brought us renown  
A for applause from all the town  
R for the runs and arpeggios we tried  
K is for knowledge, deep, high, and wide  
I for the impression he left on each mind  
N is for never his equal we'll find!

Russell Cummings '45
A Gold Star Mother to Her Son

Did you hear the bells today, my Son,
As their tones pealed out on high,
Heralds of a better world,
The world for which you died?

Did you hear the bells today, my Son,
As they pealed for Victory won,
To remind us of our task ahead
Our charge not yet begun?

Oh! the bells will ring again, my Son,
And not for Victory’s cause,
They’ll toll for all the mothers’ Sons
Who are safe in the arms of God.

When the bells of Peace ring out, my Son,
Will you hear the glad acclaim,
And guess the fervor of the prayer
That I whisper in your name?

Jane Dryden '45
In Memoriam

George R. Knightly

Donald H. Fogg

★

In humble recognition and respectful memory of our former teachers who gave their lives in World War II.

★

The following is a list of the Chelmsford boys who have died in this war according to the Town Honor Roll as of May 15, 1945.

Ahearn, Frederick G.
Arnold, Thomas F.
Belleville, Walter B., Jr.
Berubee, Wayne R.
Capuano, Ralph J.
Carll, Edmund M.
Clough, Roy F.
Collette, Joseph E.
COURACHAINE, Roland
Fogg, Donald H.
Gay, Donald A.
Holland, James D.
Kiberd, Bryce H.

Lem're, Allen
L'Heureux, Irving A.
Locapo, Abel J.
Lund, Paul O.
McDonald, Ambrose
McKown, Malcolm K.
Petterson, John V.
Reed, Theodore W., Jr.
Smith, John J.
Speed, Harold C., Jr.
Trubey, Clarence A., Jr.
Wiede, Walter G.
A Tribute to Franklin Delano Roosevelt

At ten minutes of six on the afternoon of April the twelfth, American news service teletype machines clattered a tragic announcement in these dire words: "President Roosevelt passed away this afternoon of a cerebral hemorrhage." Death had abruptly ended the career of the nation's chief executive. Everyone agreed that it was untimely. President Roosevelt had died in a period of America's history when the realization of his fondest hope for peace in Europe was rapidly nearing fulfillment. His death came as a shock, not merely to the citizens of this country, but to the world in general. Statements of condolence poured into the White House from all corners of the globe. Frenchmen, Poles, Czechs, Belgians, Dutch, Norwegians, Danes, and Greeks felt that they shared in his earnest desires to assure post-war security to everyone. His steadfast service in their behalf was their hope. America and her great president stood as the symbols of a brighter world.

Born of a Dutch aristocratic family in New York in 1882, Roosevelt served as Assistant Secretary of the Navy under Wilson and as Governor of New York state from 1929 to 1932. The election of Roosevelt to four terms of the presidency clearly attested to his overwhelming popularity. The laboring man's idol was plainly not a man to be defeated. Those voters who reelected him again and again to serve as their leader considered him the one man who would lead America from depression to prosperity.

What, from the non-partisan viewpoint, constitute Franklin Roosevelt's achievements? In the first place let us consider his temporary emergency measures. These included the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, the National Recovery Act, the Works Progress Administration, the Agricultural Adjustment Act, the Civilian Conservation Corps, and the National Youth Administration. His term of office formed the era of reform and relief legislation. The President, the astute politician that he was, was ever willing to compromise to assure the passage of bills the approved. He will be recorded in the annals of history as the greatest liberal and social reformer of his time. Secondly, he helped to institute such permanent works as Social Security, the Federal Bank Deposit Insurance Corporation, the Public Works Administration, the Tennessee Valley Authority, the National Labor Relations Board, the Wages and Hours Act, the Federal Housing Authority, the Home Owners Loan Corporation and a further long list of agencies of varying degrees of importance. Thirdly, a foreign policy culminated under his guidance which received more unanimous support from all parties than any other of his policies. Time will make known the wisdom of his decisions.

On Franklin Delano Roosevelt's shoulders bore down the cares of twelve years of faithful service in the cause of his people. Men physically stronger than he have shown sooner the strains of the world's most difficult job. Mr. Roosevelt possessed that fortitude which overcame the handicap of the dread disease, infantile paralysis. The same fortitude characterized his public life. His tenure as an executive was filled with trouble of every conceivable nature. His record and policies were subjected by his opponents to the most extreme criticism imaginable. Realize also that ninety per cent of the country's newspapers were against his actions. This spirited opposition had various bases, among them the tremendous increase of the national debt and the creation of manifold bureaus. It may be said of him that no opposition, no transition from peacetime to wartime presidency ever altered his steadfast course in life.

We believe that Franklin D. Roosevelt's name will be enshrined with those of Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln,
Theodore Roosevelt, and Wilson, who have come down as Rocks of the Ages. As he took up that summons to join the "innumerable caravan which moves to that mysterious realm where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death", he went sustained by the knowledge that he had served steadfastly in the great causes his people so unalteringly and repeatedly entrusted in him.

Ernie Pyle

Whenever things got really tough,
The going hard, and the fighting rough,
The short thin man was there with his smile,
He, the beloved Ernie Pyle.

"Hello, you Dogfaces," he would say,
As he started out on another day,
Living the soldiers' life with the rest
In courage always matching their best.

He didn't shirk and he didn't pose,
In the meanest spots his spirit rose,
And he smiled at death on a distant isle—
The gallant, beloved Ernie Pyle.

Stuart Ross '45
Surrender? No!

There blew no breeze o'er woodland rill,
The air hung dark and deathly still,
So deep the night, the trees seemed gone,
Swallowed in the mist beyond--
When through the night there burst a cry,
"Surrender?" "NO!" came the reply.

On desert sands they strove that night,
'Midst choking dust they fought till light.
The god of death seemed everywhere,
'Twas but a few that he did spare,
But they who fought knew but one aim,
"Surrender?" "NO!" the answer came.

Dark figures muddled about the town
'Midst bodies strewn along the ground,
People weak from hunger and toil
Valiantly fought to save their soil--
People who would not think to go.
Did they consider surrender? NO!

For us who ne'er knew battles dread,
Saw not where death had strewn her dead,
There's yet a lesson we must see,
There's yet a peace, a solemn plea
From parched lipped soldiers lying low,
Whispering softly, "Surrender?" "NO!"

Ruth MacPhee '45
Juniors

WARREN WYLIE—President

PAUL COUGHLIN—Vice President

JOYCE BELLWOOD—Secretary

ELSIE MANNING—Treasurer

Abrahamson, Albert
Adams, Bernice
Anderson, Roger
Atwood, Cynthia
Bacon, Patricia
Belida, Steve
Bell, Jean
Bellwood, Joyce
Bishop, Jeanette
Bishop, Teresa
Blackie, Florence
Brown, Evelyn
Buchanan, Warren
Byam, Arthur
Cahill, Margaret
Cantara, Raymond
Carlkin, Joyce
Carlson, Lee
Coburn, Beverley
Coughlin, Paul
Duffy, Richard
Edwards, Walter
Elwood, Janice
Ferreira, Cecelia
Feyler, Donald

Fontes, Mary
Fox, Donald
Giffin, Edna
Gleason, Gloria
Haines, Doris
Hamel, Eleanor
Hartley, Phyllis
Hilton, Ruth
Hulslander, Frank
Jamros, Helen
Karafelis, Eva
Kelly, Joan
Kingston, Sally
Locapo, Catherine
Logan, Douglas
Lundberg, Charles
Manning, Elsie
Marcotte, Anna
Marinot, Linda
McAndrew, Anna
McGlinchey, Eleanor
McGlinchey, Francis
McGlinchey, Lorraine
McHugh, Jean
McMaster, Barbara

McNulty, Theresa
Meagher, John
Merrill, Grace
Messier, Elizabeth
Moorehouse, Robert
Morrison, Marion
Norton, Warren
Oczkowski, Stanley
Plein, Thomas
Prince, Warren
Proulx, Blanche
Riopelle, Dorothy
Robertson, Donald
Russell, Earl
Sanders, Bradford
Scoble, David
Scott, Merilyn
Shea, Patricia
Vennard, Katherine
Webster, Charles
Wylie, Warren
Yoachimciuk, Gertrude
Zabierek, Gladys
Zaher, George
## Sophomores

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<td>Marchildon, Doris</td>
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<td>Marshie, Pauline</td>
<td>Straughan, Rita</td>
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<td>McDonald, Hector</td>
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<td>Nystrom, Dorothy</td>
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<td>Haines, Dorothea</td>
<td>Pearson, Ruth</td>
<td>Wilkins, Walter</td>
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Freshmen

Abrahamson, Hazel
Abrahamson, Robert
Adams, Arthur
Adams, Barbara
Alexander, Mary
Anderson, Phyllis
Avila, Mary
Axon, Gordon
Barker, Edward
Bellegarde, Joseph
Blackie, Bessie
Borden, Joseph
Bovill, Emily
Bradbury, Philip
Brown, Eleanor D.
Brown, Eleanor R.
Buchanan, Loraine
Burns, John
Burroughs, Phyllis
Byam, Elisabeth
Campbell, John
Cantara, Thomas
Cincevich, Nickolas
Colmer, Shirley
Colwell, Lois
Daigle, Theresa
DeGuise, Eleanor
DeLaurie, Robert
Desmarais, Robert
Dexter, Daniel
Duffy, James
Dulgarian, John
Durrell, Norma
Emanouil, Mary
Emerson, Bradford

Miller, Kenneth
Everett, Frances
Farrington, David
Gagnon, Carl
Gonsalves, Rita
Green, Alice
Guiney, John
Hadley, Jackie
Hall, Edith
Hankinson, Donald
Harnish, Lois
Hartley, Joan
Hayes, Mary
Heffer, Clarence
Hodgson, Kathleen
Hunt, Barbara
Hunt, Nancy
Johnson, Roberta
Kilburn, Jean
Kydd, John
Lagasse, Lucille
Leo, Carmela
Lettenev, Ward
Lewis, Roger
Locapo, Elda
Logan, Jean
Logan, Virginia
MacElroy, Douglas
Malley, Robert
McDonald, Robert
McEvoy, John
McNulty, Florence
Meagher, Richard
Mercier, Lorraine
Merrill, Russell
Mills, Jane

Miner, Elizabeth
Monette, Evelyn
Mortham, William
Murphy, Barbara
Norton, Arthur
Oliver, Louis
Olsson, Theodore
O'Neill, Joseph
Parlee, Robert
Pickard, Beverly
Pihl, Roger
Pike, Ray
Randall, Thomas
Reedy, Ralph
Reid, William
Riley, Brooks
Robey, Robert
Rogers, Charles
Rose, Hazel
Scoble, Fern
Sears, Mary
Shea, Joan
Silk, Frederick
Sousa, Isabelle
Stewart, Betty
Stokham, Shirley
Sullivan, Walter
Swanson, Elmer
Thumm, Barbara
Twohey, Madelaine
Vinal, Kenneth
Vinecombe, Kendall
Watson, Barbara
Welch, George
Wylie, Barbara
The year was 1941,
School in Chelmsford had just begun;
An exceptional class came into view—
We were freshmen and nice ones too!

As we began to get around,
This school was quite O. K. we found.
That first year we studied hard,
But it didn't show on our final card.

In September 1942
We came back again, but it wasn't new.
We greeted friends from East and West;
To look nonchalant we did our best.

We scoffed at freshmen's innocent looks,
As they hurried home with a pile of books.
In June it was fun at yearbook time
To get all the seniors their names to sign.

In the fall of 1943
School convened quite regularly.
We grew important as again and again
We were referred to as upper classmen.

With seniors only we ate and talked
And swapped adventures as we homeward walked.
The days were full of study and play—
The junior year always goes that way.

Last year was 1944.
The teachers met us at the door,
As from the buses we gaily descended,
Hoping this year would soon be ended.

And now that the end is drawing near,
We'll graduate, and then, Oh dear!
No more we'll see our pals and friends.
We'd like to go back and be freshmen again!

Doris Hankinson '45
Athletics

Batting is most important of all,
Although you must always be on the ball.
Stealing is always in big demand;
Errors give no one the hearty hand.
Bases on balls can't be given by pitchers,
Allowing of course for an off day of jitters.
Losing a game can cause lots of sorrow.
Leaving stiff practice for all on the morrow.

Fun from the game is all I desire,
Oh! how I squawk if I'm asked to retire!
Once again we run through a play,
Try for perfection on Saturday.
Backing a line is certainly fun,
Admitted it's nicer to make a long run.
Licking opponents—that's most joy of all,
Losing a game or two comes every fall.

Back down the floor we travel with speed;
All five drop back to watch what proceeds.
Soon the opponents try passing the ball—
Kicked from the forward, it smashes the wall.
Ere the referee can grab the sphere,
The opponent is offside. "Hey, give it here!"
Back into play he throws it with might—
Almost got through for a basket all right—
Left guard intercepts—passes down the floor—
Lucky man sinks it—the crowd roars for more.

Richard Mochrie '45
Athletic Association Board

President—Donald Eriksen
1st Vice-President—Leslie Adams
2nd Vice-President—Carol Shawcross
Secretary—Eleanor Lovett
Treasurer—Leonard Colwell

Member-at-Large—Donald Feyler
Senior Member—Robert Welch
Junior Member—Warren Wylie
Sophomore Member—Robert Lovett
Freshman Member—Roger Lewis

Faculty Director—John J. Shannon
Coaches—Mildred E. Hehir, Rose M. Cooney,
John J. Shannon, and Albert J. Lupien
Athletic Association

The Athletic Association of our high school was organized late in the fall. Mr. Shannon generously agreed to act as our faculty manager. The response of the student body to become members was enthusiastic and resulted in 90 percent of the pupils joining. The townspeople were most cooperative both physically and financially in encouraging and equipping our athletic teams.

The following awards were made during the school year:

**FOOTBALL**

Richard Mochrie, Co-Capt.
Donald Eriksen, Co-Capt.
Albert Abrahamson
Leslie Adams
Roger Anderson
Warren Buchanan
Philip Campbell
Raymond Cantara
Leonard Colwell
Robert Edwards
Robert Harmon
Robert Hoyle
Frank Huslander
Fred Johnson
Harold King

Raymond Lakin
Robert Lovett
Allan Ludwig
John Meagher
Donald Peirce
Douglas Peterson
Robert Pontefract
Charles Rogers
Bradford Sanders
Kenton Wells
Warren Wylie
Robert Yates
Steve Belida, Mgr.
Ronald Klonel, Asst. Mgr.

**BOYS' BASKETBALL**

Kenton Wells, Capt.
Leslie Adams
Roger Anderson
Philip Campbell
Leonard Colwell
Robert Lovett
Allan Ludwig

Richard Mochrie
Arthur Morrell
Robert Pontefract
Bradford Sanders
Warren Wylie
Robert Welch, Mgr.
Earl Russell, Asst. Mgr.

**GIRLS' BASKETBALL**

Helen Zabierek, Capt.
Mary Beaubien
Joyce Bellwood
Jean Bettencourt
Florence Blackie
Joyce Carkin
Lois Colwell
Jane Dryden

Linda Marinel
Alice McHugh
Jean McHugh
Nancy Sweet
Gladys Zabierek
Doris Hankinson, Mgr.
Abby Vondal, Asst. Mgr.

**CHEERLEADERS**

Seniors—Priscilla Sargent
Carol Shawcross

Juniors—Donald Feyler
Eva Karafelis
Anna Maroote
Linda Marinel
To our cheerleaders we owe a debt of gratitude for their part in increasing the enthusiasm of the student body and townsfolk at our games. Resplendent in their bright new red and navy uniforms they led the hearty cheering at the games both at home and out of town. The conscientious and spirited leadership of our coach, Miss Hehir, instilled the team with a great deal of pep, new cheers, and drills. Donald Feyler, small but efficient, led the feminine team with his vigorous actions and husky voice. He was ably assisted by the senior leaders, Carol Shawcross and Priscilla Sargent. It made no difference whether it was raining or whether the temperature soared or dived below freezing, they were present at every game to cheer our team to victory. We are proud of our cheerleaders. Their bright smiles and typical Chelmsford good humor made friends in every town.
Football

To open the season, this year’s eleven handily defeated Wilmington and Weston before taking a nose dive. We proved easy prey for Lexington, a class “C” ball club, which overpowered us to the tune of twenty-five to two on fourteen pass interceptions. Tewksbury outplayed us in the first half to score thirteen points which proved too great a handicap to overcome. Numerous fumbles in Chelmsford territory during the first half gave the Andover boys two touchdowns. The team found new drive in the second half and outplayed Punchard too late. Chelmsford returned to the win column by completely outplaying Maynard in all departments and trouncing a small Dracut eleven. A Pinkerton screen pass in the first period was good for seven points. We came back with a touchdown on a trick lateral play, but missed the point and lost the ball game. A game with Westford was scheduled as a tune-up for our objective, Howe. The Academy boys scared the team out of its dreams and nearly won the ball game. Finally came Thanksgiving and Billerica. Howe was outplayed throughout and despite a sporting will to win was sent home defeated. The Chelmsford score resulted from Sanders’ tackle forcing a fumble which was recovered by Colwell. Johnson, Hoyle, Pontefract, Mochrie, and Wylie played the full sixty minutes of the engagement.

The senior letter men which will be missed by the squad next year are: Johnson, Colwell, Edwards, Wells, R. Pontefract, Pierce, Harmon, Yates, Lakin, P. Campbell, Adams, Mochrie, and Eriksen.

Injuries to Harmon, Adams, Ludwig, J. Meagher, P. Campbell, Wells, and Sanders one time or another during the season handicapped considerably.

Adams and Mochrie were choices for the All-Suburban first team with Adams being elected Honorary Captain. Hoyle, Mochrie, and Adams were given honorable mention on the Boston All-Scholastic Squad.

This year’s eleven coached by “Ab” Lupien had a successful season by virtue of five wins, four defeats, and one tie. Steve Belida and Ronald Klonel were the managers of the 1945 squad. Mochrie and Eriksen, this year’s co-captains, retire leaving Wylie as the leader of the squad next year.

Scores:
- Chelmsford 21 Wilmington 6
- Chelmsford 31 Weston 19
- Chelmsford 2 Lexington 25
- Chelmsford 7 Tewksbury 13
- Chelmsford 0 Punchard 12
- Chelmsford 7 Maynard 0
- Chelmsford 19 Dracut 7
- Chelmsford 6 Pinkerton 7
- Chelmsford 19 Westford 12
- Chelmsford 6 Howe 6
The Chelmsford quintet started early in the season to show the brand of basketball which is symbolic with the name Chelmsford. After being edged out by a strong Shrewsbury combine, we defeated Burlington, Punchard, and Howe, before being set back by an under-rated Tewksbury five. Emerging from this upset, the team proceeded to hand-cuff the remainder of the opposition on the regular schedule. These included Burlington, Westford, Dracut twice, Tewksbury, and Howe, the only one which provided stiff opposition.

This year’s five, coached by Mr. Shannon, entered the Fitchburg Tournament. The preliminary game with Groton was won easily, forty-four to twenty. The next night, what was probably the best game of the tournament, was played by C.H.S. against Westford. The game was very close with the lead changing hands often. In this game Chelmsford emerged victor by the narrow margin of one point, but lost out in the final round to Conant High of East Jaffrey, N. H.

With the revival of girls’ basketball only two second team games were played. The second five defeated Shrewsbury, eighteen to fourteen, and lost a close one to Punchard, fifteen to thirteen.

The forty-five squad had a successful season, winning eleven and losing three for a .786 average.

Warren Wylie was the individual star of the team, for he scored 157 points out of the team’s total of 482.

Our rangy center and Captain, Ken Wells, leaves his duties to Brad Sanders, able guardian of the back court.

Scores:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chelmsford</th>
<th>Shrewsbury</th>
<th>Burlington</th>
<th>Dracut</th>
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<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>29</td>
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* Tournament Games
The girls' basketball team began its season with somewhat of an inferiority complex with a two-year lapse because of war conditions. However, after its first pounding defeat, with the renewed zeal of the girls and under the splendid direction of its two coaches, Miss Cooney and Miss Hehir, the team proceeded to win five games and lose four.

The team entered the Littleton Tournament on February 27, and played its first game with Westford. The Chelmsford girls gave a fine showing in the first half of the game, but in the second half their spirits dropped, and the Westford lasses moved ahead to a win of 29-25.

The team played like real sports and possessed great enthusiasm. This was shown by their making the grade as unofficial champions in the Suburban League (winning a defeat from each team it played).

The good natured and able Helen Zabierek captained the team and imparted a spirit of fight and fair sportsmanship to her cooperative and capable teammates.

The scores:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Team 1</th>
<th>Score</th>
<th>Team 2</th>
<th>Score</th>
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<td>Burlington</td>
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<td>Jan. 19</td>
<td>Chelmsford</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>Howe</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 23</td>
<td>Chelmsford</td>
<td>37</td>
<td>Tewksbury</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 26</td>
<td>Chelmsford</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>Burlington</td>
<td>30</td>
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<tr>
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<td>30</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feb. 6</td>
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<td>Dracut</td>
<td>34</td>
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<td>Mar. 5</td>
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<td>32</td>
<td>Tewksbury</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mar. 9</td>
<td>Chelmsford</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>Howe</td>
<td>21</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Baseball

When the call for candidates was sent out this year, thirty players reported to our genial Mr. Shannon. There were seven veterans of last year's team among them. From this group Coach Shannon picked eighteen players for this year's squad. We started our season by beating Wilmington, and went on from there to win five straight games, beating Howe, Wilmington again, Dracut, Tewksbury, and Lexington.

The team was led by Captain Les Adams at 1st base. Artie Byam covered 2nd base, George Zaher was shortstop with Al Ludwig at 3rd base. The outfield was covered by Anderson, Logan, Bob Edwards, Wylie, and Phil Campbell. Bob Pontefract and Dick Mochrie were the catchers. Pitching duties went to Kenton Wells and diminutive Steve Belida.

The seniors leave the club knowing that next year Chelmsford will have another powerful team based on twelve returning veteran players.

The record so far:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chelmsford</th>
<th>Wilmington</th>
<th>Howe</th>
<th>Tewksbury</th>
<th>Lexington</th>
<th>Dracut</th>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Activities
There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays
And every single one of them is right!"—Kipling

After half-a-dozen hectic fall rehearsals the band surprised the townspeople, and itself, by giving a very creditable performance at the first home football game of the season. As the season progressed, so did the band, until the Thanksgiving day game, when the team tied the score with Howe, and the band nearly froze to death.

After Thanksgiving the band moved to the stage in the auditorium and played for the basketball games. At about the same time the desks were removed from room six, and the band moved in. From here, each Monday and Wednesday afternoon, arose the melodic discords which told that world that Bernie was trying to bring order out of chaos.

As the new year proceeded, our conductor produced "Chelmsford High Boogie," the first step on the long road to our band concert. Twice a week for four long months we all but blew our brains out, constantly encouraged by, "cut out the fooling,—put some of that energy into blowing the horns," and "at least blow the instrument, I can't do that for you!" To our amazement and everyone else's delight, the concert on May 18 was a big success.

We are deeply indebted to our superior band leader, Bernie Larkin, for his unfailing good humor and enthusiasm, to Mr. Burns and the faculty for support in school, and to Mr. Thomas Hennessy and the Civic Committee for support outside the school. During the past year and one half the band has been fortunate in procuring, through Bernie and the school department, numerous instruments. These instruments have made it possible for a number of pupils to play with us who would not otherwise have been able to join our band.

Too much credit cannot be given to the band members, too numerous to mention individually, who helped this popular school organization to success by taking up the study of instruments. Their ready mastery of their instruments has amazed everyone.
Junior Red Cross

At the beginning of the school year the Junior Red Cross, under the able direction of Miss Marjorie Scoboria, elected the following officers: President, Evelyn Desmarais; Vice-President, Joyce Bellwood; Secretary, Sally A. Kingston; and Treasurer, Barbara Adams. Homeroom representatives were also elected.

The Red Cross membership drive was the first activity which we undertook. The school enrolled one hundred percent, and the total amount of money collected was $38.63.

Starting in September of 1944, we decorated one hundred Christmas menu folders for the boys in service overseas. Fifty Thanksgiving dance cards were made for the Bedford Veterans’ Facility, as well as dance cards for Christmas, New Year’s, Washington’s Birthday, Saint Patrick’s Day, and Easter.

For the remainder of the school year, from March to June, we worked on fifty Christmas posters and one hundred painted Christmas cards. In addition we snipped scraps of outing flannel to be used later in stuffing fracture pillows for the soldiers in hospitals, and prepared five hundred bedside bags.

Throughout the school year, meetings were held once a week for volunteers who wished to take part in the Junior Red Cross work. Everyone co-operated splendidly. Pupils worked willingly and completed more than the usual number of projects.

Junior Red Cross is especially indebted to Miss Scoboria for her enthusiasm and her stimulating suggestions.
PREPARATION FOR WAR

We’re all excited! Jackie’s home on furlough! We are to have a picnic in the woods just like old times. Everyone’s busy getting his own particular clothing, blankets, and necessities. Dad’s putting his fishing tackle and line where it will be ready. Mother’s packing the lunch and seeing that Joan doesn’t get in the way. You ought to see mother! I haven’t known her to be so completely happy since Jackie joined the Air Corps last April. Well, everything’s finally prepared for the big event tomorrow. I don’t think anyone will get any sleep tonight.

Morning’s finally arrived, and it is the first time I ever got up before seven without being called. Dad and Jackie are putting the equipment into the car, while mother and I slip the last perishables into the lunch basket. Of course Joan is everywhere she shouldn’t be, but everyone is so excited, no one even notices.

“All aboard!” cries Jackie, and we’re off. The country looks like a beautiful picture out of fairyland. We finally arrive. We always pick this spot because it brings back memories of the good times we used to have before the war. Jackie takes Joan for a walk in the surrounding woods, while mother and I busy ourselves putting out the lunch. Dad is trying his hand at fishing, but as usual he isn’t having very good luck. Oh! Oh! Joan got too near the edge of the pond. Honestly, if we ever went on a picnic and Joan didn’t fall into the water, the day would be neither natural nor complete.

After we get Joan changed (mother always brings extra clothes for Joan), we start eating. Everything is happy and familiar. Jackie tries to put a spider in my lemonade. Joan spills her milk over everyone. Mother can’t seem to find the pickles or boiled eggs. There is much laughter and much confusion. It is all perfect—just the way it ought to be.

With everyone full up to his ears, we settle down to a quiet, peaceful afternoon. Dad claims he’s going to catch a fish if it takes him all day. Joan falls asleep as mother knits. Jackie and I have a wonderful time swimming and diving off the old log. The afternoon goes by much, much too fast.

As we finish up the lunch Jackie recalls the wonderful times we had before he entered the service, and every remark begins, “Remember the time when,”—remember when—remember—remember. As I leave the spot, I try not to think that Jackie may never be here with us this way again. Jackie knows what I’m trying not to think of, and he’s doing his best to talk about something else. Dad and I know that he goes to camp tomorrow, and overseas. Mother doesn’t know yet, but I think she senses it. Joan has not a care in the world. She doesn’t think of yesterday, nor of tomorrow; she simply lives today. Lucky Joan! This has been one of the most perfect days we’ve ever spent together. Another memory. I look at Jack and I wonder to myself how many times and in what days to come I shall “remember when.”

Jane Dryden ’45

DANCE A LA CHELMSFORD HIGH

At last the night had come. It was the occasion of my first Chelmsford High dance. Should I wear the green or the yellow sweater? Should I curl my hair over or under? Should I wear socks or stockings? Oh! I did so want to make an impression on that senior football player!

Finally, after long deliberation and hasty preparation, I arrived at the door of the Chelmsford High School auditorium. I found to my surprise that the floor was completely empty of rug cutters. All the Robert Taylors of Chelmsford High School were lined up on the right hand side of the hall as on a reviewing stand, while all the girls demurely sat out the ordeal of inspection on the other side. Thus the two groups remained until suddenly, as if receiving a signal, the reviewers all shuffled over to the juke box like a herd of cattle, whence they proceeded to look the girls over from that new angle!

After inspection about fifteen bold men became courageous indeed, and like troopers to battle invaded the feminine territory. Immediately my hopes began to rise. Maybe my Senior would ask me to dance after all! No, he walked right past me without even looking my way.
Gradually more and more "gruesome twosomes" filled the dance floor until I began to feel like a wilted wall flower. I was thankful, though, that I had someone to talk to, even if it was monotonous listening to Jane's mother tell what her Johnny was doing in the army. When I could listen no longer, I made a mad dash for the powder room, only to discover that twenty other girls had sought the same place of refuge.

After I had powdered my face to the point of ghostliness, I decided I'd go out again and try to appear as if I were having the time of my life. Much to my surprise, I had no sooner sat down than I was asked to dance. What if it was that little tease who sat behind me in algebra? What if he did have buck teeth and thick glasses? What if he did pump my arm as if expecting to strike a gusher any minute? I was dancing, and that was all that mattered. At the end of this physical ordeal, I turned to speak to my Fred Astarie, only to discover that he was already back in his position, peering out from the line with a red face, looking for his next catch.

Again I took my place with the wall flowers and listened to their conversation. Poor Gertie, she surely got pulled apart. Margie Saggysocks started in on Gertie by saying that Gertie's mascara was so thick she could hardly lift her eyelids. It didn't take Sadie Stepheavy long to add that her dress was so tight it surely must belong to her younger sister. Just then I saw My Senior go floating by. I wondered what he saw in his partner. Surely he didn't consider Olivia Oomph good-looking! Her hair hadn't recovered from the 1938 blow, and she held her chin so high in the air surely she must have a pain in the neck. Anyway, she gave me one.

I was interrupted from further observation by a sophomore invitation to dance. All the time I danced, I beamed vacantly, but my mind was far away, planning my strategy. Then the moment arrived. My Senior and Olivia were dancing in a corner, so I somehow maneuvered my partner into position nearby. Suddenly I was surprised to hear a loud thud behind me and there was poor Olivia lying flat on her face. I felt so badly! How could she have been so clumsy as to trip over my foot? It was then, while I was helping Olivia up, that My Senior noticed me.

The last dances were ecstasy. I was finally dancing with HIM. Thus pleasantly ended an evening that started with the horror of the stage line. As I always say, you never know what is going to happen. That makes life interesting.

Carol Shawcross '45

ON LIVING WITHOUT ONE'S FAMILY

For a while last year I had an opportunity to live alone and like it. My family had gone visiting for the week-end, and anticipating a period of complete freedom, I was anxious to see them leave.

Formerly all my problems of eating were summarized in the oft reiterated question, "When do we eat?" Now I saw food from another viewpoint, I might even say the maternal viewpoint, for Mother not only has to decide when we eat, but what to prepare, and how to prepare it.

After making preparations for nearly an hour, I was at last ready to dine. What! No table set? More work! You know, I didn't enjoy that meal with my usual abandon because I knew what was waiting—the dishes!

The thought of not seeing the family again at noon further lowered my sinking morale. In this low state I proceeded to start cleaning up the living room... there went the phone!

"Want to play baseball?"

"Naw, can't."

Back to cleaning. I hadn't even got to first base! Then it dawned on me; if I hurried, maybe I could play ball. I made a home run with the vacuum cleaner and zoned upstairs for my glove. I must have struck out because there in front of me were the mussed beds of the whole family, and dirty rugs to boot!

By the time the beds were made and the rugs cleaned, it was time for lunch. I had a sandwich and a glass of milk and left the dishes for that night. Freedom at last! But that afternoon, to make the world a more depressing place in which to live, the gang decided just to hang around. So—we very energetically did nothing. I got home early
and repeated the morning's procedure for supper, only with twice as many dishes this time.

The next day I slaved in the same manner and, on top of that, spaded the garden for, as my father insisted, my health. Late in the afternoon the honk of a familiar auto horn sounded up the driveway. My family had returned, and I, anticipating a long spell of living with them, was happier to see them than I ever was before.

Anonymous

JUST FOR ME
Tuesday has come and I must go
The Dentist for to see,
For the Dentist wrote in his little book
An appointment all for me.

He'll have everything ready when I come,
Shiningly fit for a spree,
There'll be drills, and probes, and his buzzer, and robe,
And the torture that's all for me.

When I climb from the chair with a feeble smile,
I'll mumble, "What is the fee?"
And he'll hand me gayly, officially signed,
The bill that's just for me!

Ruth Knox '45

TROUBLE
Almost every noontime
When we have finished lunch
We get our heads together,
And someone gets a hunch.

To have fun is our object,
It is quite a game, you see,
For if you're apprehended,
You pay the penalty.

You are caught. You go to the office
Where you sit and wait all day,
And all you do is wonder
What HE is going to say.

The hours crawl by slowly
The day is nearly done
And you are tired of thinking
How high the price of fun!

Long, long before HE meets you,
You've meditated much
On the folly of a youngster's pranks,
On foolery, and the such.

And you've made your resolutions
And you've sat until you're numb,
In the principal's own office,
In the cold, well known sanctum!

Warren Prince

There was a young student named Lee
Who got stung behind by a bee.
He was off for the lake
With the bees in his wake—
I'm glad it was he and not me!

Warren Prince

Aunt Helen's hair was mousy brown
Not very long ago,
But now that she's a peroxide blonde,
She's even got a beau!

Priscilla Sargent '45

MEN ! !
Men are deceitful, conceited, and sly.
They're very two-faced and make with the eye.
They kiss you and say you're their very life,
Then turn face about when choosing a wife.

They're flashy, and dashing, and debonair,
Their sighs are so melting, their manners most fair.
They know what to say and when to say it,
The game of love—they know how to play it.

You may be the smoothest in your locale,
But there'll always be some other gal.
Just when you think that he's your man,
You find you're not his only fan.

So beware of the guy with the pleasing smile
Who says he can make it worth your while.
He may have plenty on the ball
But it all adds up to your downfall.

Doris Berube '45

OH DOGGIE! MY DOGGIE!

(With apologies to Walt Whitman)
Oh Doggie! My Doggie!
My sweater's torn to shreds!
Why don't you chew your bone awhile
And please, stay off the beds.
You've spilled your food,
Why aren't you good?
You're naughty and mischievous,
Don't gaze at us with melting eyes,
We love you—but you grieve us.

Doris Hankinson '45

OF MOLES

A mole is far from handsome
With his blind and foolish face
And feet that look like shovels—
He's not welcome any place.

He spoils the landscape everywhere
With humps and bumps and holes,
That's why so many people say,
"Deliver me from moles!"

Warren Prince

SOAP OPERA

Turn your dial any morn
And you'll hear a lot of corn;
Palmolive, Lux, and all the rest
Boast their soapy charms with zest.
Dish-pan hands will ruin a wife;

Tell-tale grey will wreck a life;
And the stories told of Molly
And her falling for such folly
Bring you tears and trembling chin,
'Cause she lost her husband Jim!
When Jack walks in from overseas
Will Mary be upon her knees,
She, whom he does still adore,
Scrubbing at the kitchen floor?
Such tragedies do rend the heart,
Summon tears, and make eyes smart;
So when you hear the usual dope,
You know it's just the same old soap!

Stuart Ross '45

TEACHERS

Teachers are the queerest people.
They demand we do those things
For which we are most definitely
Unsuited by nature, and expect us
To do them well. They tried to make me write poetry!

The Cynic

THE MIRROR LINE

The girls of Chelmsford High School
Are a beautiful, glamorous bunch,
As you can very plainly see
In the mirror line after lunch.

There's a shove, and a push, and a scramble,
And then comes a squeal and a whine
And a senior voice from an uncombed mop,
"Back to the end of the line!"

Oh, from youth to age is a long, long climb,
So all the sages say;
In our locker room it's a four year trip
To the mirror, ten feet away!

Marjorie White '47
THE GENTLE ART OF HITCHHIKING

Have you heard the following words uttered in a coaxing drawl, "How far ya'ar going, bud?" It has a familiar ring if you are an intelligent American hitchhiker.

Hitchhiking, which is distinctly an American art, started back in the days of the Gold Rush. The fortune hunters going West tried bumming rides over the deserts, mountains, and rivers. They traveled in prairie schooners, rafts, and ox-carts. It was a familiar sight to see an adventurer, dressed in pack moccasins and deer hide clothing, jerking a thumb toward the great Pacific Ocean. It took months for the fortune hunters to reach their destination, but since then, however, hitchhiking has kept pace with the accelerated speed of the modern world. Expert thumbers of today think nothing of thumbing just for fun and can take the trip West in two weeks.

There are many types of hitchhiking artists now haunting our highways. The first of these is the war worker who has missed his ride, or who never had one to miss in the first place. Patriotic drivers will pick up anyone at the sight of a lunch pail and overalls, and as yet they are not aware that all who wear this garb are not what they seem!

Secondly come the college boys who regularly thumb home on week-ends because of ever-present financial problems or in the interest of speed. Usually the college boy carries a battered suitcase with the name of sundry colleges and hotels plastered all over it. Alumni, who are always sentimental, never pass the undergrads from dear old I.O.U.

The third type of hitchhiker is the pleasure hiker like myself, who goes out mainly for the excitement of thumbing. There is a pleasure going out riding on someone else's gas which I call downright patriotic. I always feel that I am saving a vital war commodity and helping the boys. In addition, there is a delightful freedom about pleasure hiking. It's fun because you don't care where you go, and you can always get back home by employing the same method that got you out.

The truckdriver is the hitchhiker's friend because he cannot pass a hiker without feeling pangs of conscience. The truckdriver is usually lonely on his trip and likes to have company. Many trucks carry "no rider" stickers, but drivers pay little attention to these. The truck driver is a right guy in the eyes of the hiker.

A little advice to all rookie hikers might be appreciated here. First of all, don't expect a woman to pick you up—she won't. Secondly, always carry some money in your shoe in case the worst happens. Third, and lastly, look the driver over before you get in; common sense will tell you whether or not he is a good driver. Remember in dire necessity, if all other means fail to get you a ride, try lying down in the road. More often than not, this gets one! Good luck, rookie, and remember, "Thumbs Up!"

Stuart Ross '45

MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT BAKING

I have been fascinated by cookery since I first licked a mixing spoon. I have been harboring a desire to display a culinary masterpiece since I first created flour and water icing to top my mud cup cakes. Such is the background for the following incident in the tenth year of my enterprising young life.

Now was the time. Mother was gone. I hummed gaily as I cluttered the table with mixing bowls, spoons, measuring cups, and pans of sundry sizes and various shapes. Blithely I mixed shortening and sugar with unbeaten eggs. Just as blithely I tossed in less than a cup of milk with three cups of unsifted pastry flour, which, incidentally, should have numbered but two, but I did not find that out till later. (I had been looking by mistake at the Lady Baltimore recipe above.) With the stiff batter piled high in the middle of the pan, I was ready to bake my cake.

I had forgotten to light the oven. Oh well, I could put the cake in the cold oven and turn the burner high. It was then that I remembered there were no potatoes for supper. Surely I could run to the store while my cake was baking. When I returned belatedly from the store with the potatoes under my arm, I simply had to peek in the oven. There was my cake slightly burned
around the edges, decidedly humped in the middle, and split down the center by a crack that I could compare to nothing but a glacial crevice.

Mother came home. Her eyes swept across the littered kitchen and the parched and blackened cake in one swift and comprehending glance; silently she chalked it up to experience. My older sister arrived early—in time to be highly amused and to make her amusement known. Brother John swaggered past, investigated my cake with finger and fist, and meditated aloud that it would be swell to carry a chunk of that hardtack in his overall's pocket and that it couldn't be beaten by anything the British Navy put out in the days of "Mutiny on the Bounty."

Dad came last. He took off his things, hung his coat carefully in the closet, smiled at all of us (even me), and finally announced pleasantly that he understood there was to be a cake! He proceeded gravely to devour a piece with the help of much strong coffee, commenting that he didn't see anything wrong with that cake. In fact, it reminded him of some sweet bread his mother used to make. And lo, a miracle! The cold shame was gone and only warm affection left. The creative desire I had harbored flamed again into life, and what was almost dead was thereby released! So faith quickens life.

Marion Bicknell '45

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**Spring Is Here**

Snow is melting from the ground,
Birds are flying northward bound,
Boys with rolled up shirt sleeves walk
Home from school with joyful talk.

The old jalopy is dragged out
Convertible, coupe, and runabout.
Push it, crank it, start it, pray,
We'll have fun in a model "A".

Homeward bound from school we ride
With our books piled at our side.
When our rattling Lizzies you hear
Then you'll know that spring is here.

Donald Eriksen '45
Students’ Vocabulary

Shy Person—Freshman being called to office
Stingy Person—One who doesn’t pass his homework around
Conceited Person—One who thinks he knows more than his teachers
Lazy Person—One who remains asleep when lunch period arrives
Smart Person—One who knows nothing, sees nothing, says nothing
Foolish Person—One who tries to skip classes
Pretty Person—One admired by the boys, and disliked by the girls
Lucky Person—One who knows nothing and passes
Prompt Person—One who awakes from classes when passing bell rings
Boring Person—One who won’t pass notes during class
Clever Person—One who doesn’t get caught whispering in Room 10
Beloved Person—A teacher giving no homework
Proud Person—One who receives one D instead of two
Dumb Person—One who doesn’t appreciate Ancient History

Mary Beaubien ’45

For My English Teacher

I am writing this poem
For my English teacher.
Shall I write about a sinner,
Or write about a preacher?

If I write about a sinner,
Yours truly is the winner.
If I write about a preacher,
The winner is my teacher.

If my teacher is a preacher,
A sinner I must be,
For when I haven’t done my work
She marks me with a D.

If my teacher is a sinner,
Then a preacher I should be
About the sin of teachers
Flunking preachers like me!

William Barton ’45
Gremlins

O little gremlins, go away!
Don’t you see I’m trying to work!
Every time you come around
All I do is loaf and shirk.

You’re always doing something bad.
Now go away from me, I say.
Stop dancing around, get off my books,
Don’t act as though you’d come to stay!

Come now! Turn off that radio.
I have work that I must do.
Pull down the shade, switch on the light.
Now scat! Be off with all of you!

You are why I’m not so smart,
You shouldn’t act that way, I said.
And still you sit right there and grin!!
Oh, what’s the use! I’ll go to bed!

Edna Griffin ’46

To The Undergraduate

The Senior came in his very best clothes
Before the camera to pose.
“That’s fine! Are you ready?” the photographer said.
“Look pleasant and smile, eyes straight ahead.
Nice and handsome, smile for Mother—
Aw! No good! Let’s try another!
Moisten your lips; careful, don’t bend;
Stay like that, do you comprehend?
Lean to the right, just a little bit;
No! so much—there now, hold it!”

After a while came the camera’s click,
And boy, did it do a funny trick!
The lights were shining in the Senior’s eyes,
But little did he realize
That when his pictures should arrive
He’d look more ghostlike than alive.
Should he laugh or should he cry?
He saw his proofs and thought he’d die!
If the Juniors think they are camera bait,
All we can say to them is, ”Wait!”

Edwards and Lakin ’45
In The Service

Remember the boy who is eighteen at last
   And who is waiting for the draft?
Day after day creeps slowly by,
   No word from the Board—he wonders why.

Then suddenly Uncle Sam says, "Come,
   I have some work for you, my son.
But first we'll examine your condition
   To see if you're fit for our expedition."

He is off to a camp that's far from home,
   No good to fuss, and fret, and foam.
Up at dawn, hard work till night,
   But after two months he feels all right.

In time he's due for a pass and a treat,
   Can't wait to see his old home street,
But there's sickness in camp, quarantine comes his way
   He'll be there till he's old and gray.

He knows that these are the soldier's joys;
   They come to each of Uncle Sam's boys.
So he tightens his belt and lifts up his chin,
   Proud of the war he is helping to win.

Helen Cofran '45

The Store Keeper's Lament

Our ration stamps are red and blue,
   The ration board I'd like to sue.
They send us circulars by the score—
   Something they never did before.
Customers come to the store and say,
   "What points can we use for meat today?"
We tell them, but still they don't catch on
   Which points are good and which are gone.
The questions they ask are an endless host,
   And one alone would stump Emily Post.
   "What's happened to blue points X, Y, Z?"
   What you do with your sugar, I don't see!
If the German prisoners had Easter ham,
   Why can't I have some for my old man?
My next door neighbor gets in my hair—
   She got ham, where's my share?
With rationing, shortages, and salvaged fat
   Women shoppers don't know where they're at.
They pick up their goods, in a huff leave the door,
   Oh, running a store isn't fun any more!

Donald Erikson '45
   Robert Pontefract '45
OUR JALOPIES

Another day is dawning
And the sun is rising fast,
So does the plaguing worry
That our gas will never last.

We prepare ourselves for high school,
And we go to start our car,
And with sadness view the crate
That once belonged to Pa.

We step upon the starter
With our fingers vainly crossed,
And the only sputter answering
Is in a moment lost.

We grab the crank up angrily,
Set it firmly in its place,
We advance the gas, and crank
Ourselves blue in the face.

The beads of sweat adorn us
As dew adorns the grass,
Until with loud explosions
The motor starts at last.

Then up the road we clatter,
Yawning in the seams,
Rattling every loosened bolt
And spurring clouds of steam.

With speed, and noise, and clatter
Our presence we make known;
Our jalopies take the corners
While worried parents groan.

Once at our destination
We effect a scraping stop,
And every junk till two P.M.,
Rests in some peaceful spot.

All through the town flies gossip
Of these terrors of the road,
But we owners never bother
With the ill that rumors bode.

We know our cars are "legal"
And their tests have proudly passed,
So we hear the criticizing—
But forget it just as fast.

The hecklers keep on chanting
The names of our old crates;
They amuse themselves with guessing
Their histories and dates.

But we love our dear old "Rastus",
Its wheels will never rust;
What matters is the top is gone,
The "West" still sees our dust.

"Bubbles the Beep" is a dandy—
And how long will it run?
As long as gas is pumped inside
It never will be done.

From ball games, church, and dances,
The drug store, fairs, and bazaars
May their presence never vanish—
Love us, love our cars!

Fred Johnson '45

THE OTHER SEX

Girl's Version

I think that I shall never see
A boy who appeals to me.
A boy who will not flirt or tease,
One who always tries to please;
A boy who will not even wear
Sticky grease upon his hair;
A boy who keeps his shirt tail in,
A boy without a silly grin.

There may be lots of fools like me,
But I think that I prefer a —tree

Boy's Version

I think that I shall never see
A girl refuse a meal that's free,
A girl who will not always wear
A lot of do-dads in her hair;
A girl who doesn't paint her face
As do men of a red skinned race;
A girl who does not fix her nails
By pouring polish on by pails.

Still girls are loved by boys like me—
'Cause who on earth would kiss a tree?

Patricia Pratt '47
People II

He that questioneth much, shall learn much, and content much. Bacon

There have been many people who have said, as in Kipling’s “Explorer,”

“There’s no sense in going farther — it’s the edge of cultivation,” whenever someone questioned Aristotle, or his church, or his king, or his father, or any other source that they, in their narrow minded way, have held to be infallible. A few others, heretics if you will—but all knowledge comes from heretics—heard the whisper, “Something hidden. Go and find it . . . .” These few refused to believe that any source was infallible, that the earth was flat, that the world was created the centre of the universe in 4004 B.C., that helpless old women were possessed of the devil, and that the bickerings and quibblings of mankind mattered in the least to a Greater Power. No! Where there was a question, they found an answer. Where there was a mountain range, they climbed it. Where there was an ocean, they crossed it. Where there was a river, they tamed it. And the little men—those who said it didn’t exist—came and took the credit. “He that questioneth much, shall learn much, and content much;” but though he enrich the world beyond measure, ten to one he’ll be burned at the stake.

The Cynic

People VIII

Walk very carefully . . . . make your step hesitant,

One of these babies may someday be president.

Babies are sweet little things. So round, so firm, so fully packed, so free and easy on the squall.

Seven o’clock—the three little darlings are in bed, and, we hope, asleep. At least they’re quiet. We pick up our Latin, and begin to pursue Virgil’s delightful verses.

Seven thirty—we regretfully lay Virgil on the table and go upstairs to remove Michael, aged six, from the throat of Donald, aged seven. At seven forty-five we return to Virgil.

Eight fifteen—we dash upstairs just in time to prevent Donald from beating Michael’s brains out with a toy rifle. After administering the palm of our hand to the place where it does the most good, we return to Virgil. Somehow, strangely we just can’t seem to arouse interest in Virgil.

Eight thirty—silence.

Eight forty-five—silence.

Nine o’clock—faint sounds from baby’s room. Yes, babies are sweet little things except when we have to change their diapers—and then, oh!

The Cynic
People IX

Created to rise and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;

Pope

The world is strange. How little the struggles of man avail him! He sweeps along, and perhaps he finds the world at his feet—a gust of wind, and he has nothing. Or perhaps he is sunk in the depths of despondency, the earth shakes, and suddenly he finds the world at his feet. The mandates of the fates are strange indeed, and the way of the gods is very wonderful to behold.

Moral: Don't bother!

People VII

The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me!—Kipling

People are stupid! Men have been on this earth for a half million years, and still they haven't learned to get along with each other. And yet, generally speaking, man is not essentially bad. He is inclined to be petty, and at times rather foolish. This in itself isn't particularly bad: it is his vanity that is unforgivable.

Consider the colossal conceit of mankind. Of all the vain creatures on the face of the earth, he is the vainest. The physiognomies of most people are not particularly attractive, yet how elated they are when they have their pictures taken, and how proud they are of the resulting monstrosities!

It is this one little characteristic, vanity, that causes all man's trouble. It is this keeping up with the Joneses, having something the Joneses haven't, or doing something the Joneses don't, that gets them into hot water. But why bother—

People are stupid!

The people, Lord, Thy people, are not good enough for me!

All of which goes to prove the vanity of...

People VI

Who, gratis, shared my social glass,
But, when misfortune came to pass,
Referred me to the pump? Alas!

My friend.

Tom Hood

Friend is an empty word. The only friend man has, besides himself, is his dog, and many men have no dog. Oh yes! you can tell about your dear friends who would lay down their lives for you. It sounds wonderful, but can you recall one instance when one ever did? Oh yes! you have many friends now, but when your luck goes bad,—"After all, we have a standing, old man, we're glad to see you, and all that, but—"

Fool!

Through all this weary world, in brief
Who ever sympathized with grief,
Or shared my joy, my sole relief?

Myself.

The Cynic
English D - 3

The days grow warm, we long to be
Every happy and homework free.
But into room thirty-three we troop
And over English books we droop.

Lady Montague drives us wild;
The letters she wrote to "My dear child"
About her granddaughter's education
Are simply too much for our concentration.

But this alone is not enough.
She goes and crams us with the stuff!
"I'd like you to poetic be,
And write a poem now for me!"

"Of all the silly dod-blattered ideas!"
"You'll be sorry," reaches her ears.
Then come old faithful's pet remarks;
"I'll use blank verse," 'the Cynic barks.
"But you want a year book surely,
don't you?"
"Yes, Mrs. Carrie, yes we do!"
And hopeless sighs then fill the air,
You see we've said all that we dare.
And then aside we sadly lay
Jonathan Swift and Thomas Gray.
We thought our English lit was bad,
But oh, a year book drives us mad!

Ruth MacPhee '45

Electricity in Physics

Oh, give me ohm, where the amperes will roam,
Where the voltage is moving all day;
Where the lead of the cells jumps around the door bells,
And watts and joules like to play.

How often at night, when filaments burn bright,
From resisting electrons that flow,
The neon in lamps swims around with the amps,
While calories and protons all glow.

Refrain

Ohm, ohm on the range, (electric)
Where the volts and the amperes play,
Where magnetic force,
Takes the place of a horse,
And the cells are in series all day.


Warnings

WARNINGS come out
And my heart sinks,
The teacher tells me
Just what she thinks.

All the way home
I worry and fret,
Afraid to tell mother—
Know what I'll get.

My sisters and brothers
Will begin to tease,
And I'll wish I were sailing
The seven seas.

If I'd do my work
Instead of yawning,
There'd be no worry
About the old warning!

Rita Gaudette '45
My Motorcycle

The fenders were red, the cross bars were blue,
The motor was loose—but the horn was new.

Around on my cycle I rode and I flew,
And one sunny day I just barely got through.

The brakes were weak, and the lights were bad,
The situation was very sad.

But I was sturdy, and I was strong;
I could take it, but the cycle was gone.

Now that I walk—something I adore!—
Father has a normal pulse once more.

Leonard Haberman '45

Spring

I'll take Spring for my favorite season,
And I'll tell you why, for there is a reason.
The world and I are very gay—
I wish that it could stay that way!
The birds all sing their sweetest songs,
For beauty to the Spring belongs.
The lilac bushes and apple trees
Are filled with the hum of honeybees.
The violets lift their modest heads,
The pansies bloom in little beds,
The lilies grow along the brook,
And daffodils nod in every nook.
I love the very thought of Spring.
I'm glad God lets His whole earth sing;
I'm glad the world is without guile,
That life can be happy this little while!

Melvin Russon '45
Poem For Period Three

Well, this is it. As you can see,
I've wrote a poem for period three,
It's not the thing I wanted to do,
I done it because she told us to.

Now I couldn't think of any theme,
I'm sure you'll see just what I mean;
But as long as there's rhyme and some rhythm too,
I'm sure I done what she told me to.

Now I thought and thought till I wanted to shout,
"I'll be darned if I know what to write about!"
But I gritted my teeth, and I said, instead,
"This is hard to do!" Then I lost my head.

I ramped, and I raged, and I fumed, and I fussed,
Till I figured that I was about to bust—
Then it came like a bolt from the blue to me,
I wouldn't write no poem for period three!

But alas and alack, to my utter shame,
I wrote what's above, and I signed my name.
Though I've traveled fast, I can't get free
From this haunting old poem for period three.

Louis Croft '45
I Was There

Yes, I was there,
I saw it all,
Up in the front line trenches.
I heard the shells,
I felt the rats,
Saw the filth, and smelled the stenches.

Yes, I was there,
I saw boys die,
Heard them cry in pain.
I ate K ration,
I lived in mud,
Slept in fox holes in the rain.

Yes, I was there
I gave my best
Battled for limb and life.
I sweat and swore,
I prayed and wept,
Strove for child and home and wife.

Yes, I was there,
And all the time,
As my father did before me,
I prayed to God
No boy of mine
Should ever know what war must be.

Doris Berubee '45
Going Home

Not last night,
But the night before,
I got home
About half past four.
I turned the knob,
But the door was locked,
So I lifted my fist
And knocked and knocked.
Then very soon
From the upper stair
My old man came—
Trouble in the air!

He opened the door
Grabbed me by the neck—
The maddest man
In the world, by heck!
He hauled me in,
Lifted up the strap—
Where it hurts the most
Gave me a slap.
I hooted and bellowed,
I howled in pain.
If I thought to stop him
It was all in vain.

The moral of this
Is plain to see.
Four is too late—
Try half past three!

Warren Prince '46

My Brother

I have a younger brother
Who isn't bad at all
I wouldn't trade for another,
My own is on the ball.
When Senior Prom came round
I was sore in doubt,
But we were soon Prom bound
And he didn't even pout.

Other girls I know,
Who also have their brothers,
Would never with them go—
They would prefer some others.
But my brother is a sport,
Especially when near Mother
We have rarely ever fought—
I'd never swop my brother!

Eleanor Lovett '45
Pictures No Artist Can Paint

Donald Adams—without his wave
Leslie Adams—without his gum
Kay Allen—not so thin
Billy Barton—not being an artist
Mary Beaubien—without a serious face
Billy Bellegarde—without his red face
Doris Berube— not seen with Alex
Jean Bettencourt—without admirers
Marion Bicknell—in socks
Deane Brown—not looking sharp
Ina Butterfield—without her wiggle
Phil Campbell—without girls
Richard Campbell—with a smile
Helen Cofran—seen without Beaub.
Billy Coluchi—without Ed. Drauch
Leonard Colwell—without his dry humor
Janice Corey—without looking pretty
Louis Croft—not studying his hardest
Russell Cummings—not being a comedian
Gorden DeWolf—not playing his horn
Ed Drauch—without his car
Jane Dryden—no pep at all
Rose Dulgarian — without her math book
Robert Edwards—without his grin
Connie Emanouil — without having chicken in her lunch
Don Ericksen—without his cough drops
Rita Gaudette—making a noise
Gabrielle Gonsalves—doing something bad
Leonard Haberman—on shanks mare
Warren Hall—not so quiet
Doris Hankinson—without her glances for Bob
Robert Harmon—with curly hair
Winnie Horn—without her bows
Estelle Hunt—without a line
Fred Johnson—without a line
Ruth Knox— with her shorthand all done
Raymond Lakin—without a happy-go-lucky look
Paul L'Heureux—in a hurry
Ruth McPhee—with a loud voice
Eleanor Lovett—without Perry's pin
Theresa Mercier—not talking in math
Dorothy Miner—not so short
Richard Mochrie — without his sailor pants
Florence Monsen—not so chubby
Gladys Monsen—seen without Leonard
Thelma Noon—"Alone, Tee Hee, Alone"
Evelyn Nystrom—not so quiet
Donald Pierce—without his car
Marian Pike—idle a moment
Robert Pontefract—not having to milk cows
Richard Proulx—without dancing feet
Stuart Ross—without his hair tonic
Melvin Russon—not in the Boy Scouts
Priscilla Sargent — without a heart throb
Carol Shawcross—without her gift of gab
Vincent Shea—in a Ford car
William Shedd—not being a farmer
Richard Small—without his glasses
Clarice Sousa — without sweater and skirt
Merton Stevens—early to bed
Kathleen Twohey—jitter-bugging
Edward Valentine—without his accordion
Robert Welch—on time
Kenton Wells—with small feet
Robert Yates—without the last word
Helen Zabierek—not being a captain

These pictures no artist can paint,
Even my descriptions are faint.

Mary Beaubien '45