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CHELMSFORD

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YEAR BOOK

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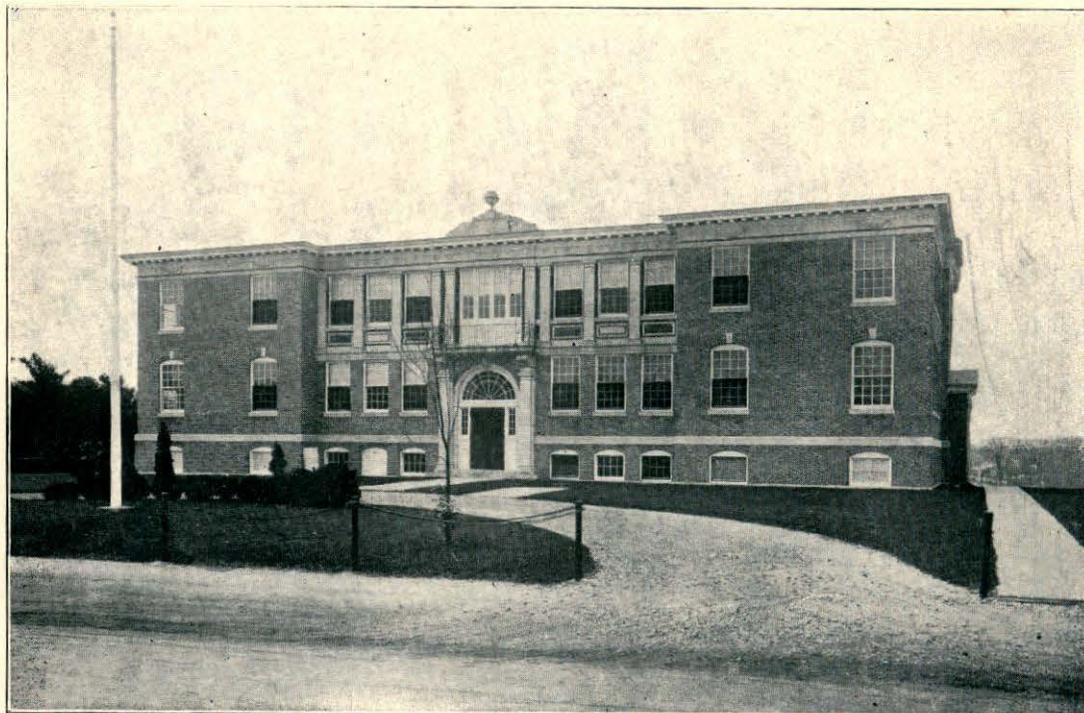
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The Year Book
of
1947



Edited by the
Class of 1947
Chelmsford High School

CHELMSFORD HIGH SCHOOL



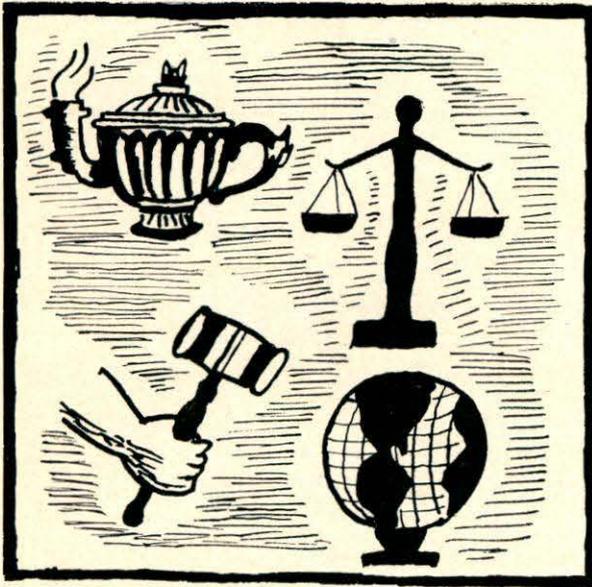
Chelmsford High School

SEEK the courage and confidence that only reliance upon the eternal truths can give.

SECURE the faith with which the Pilgrims faced an unmapped wilderness, the faith of Washington at Valley Forge, the faith of Lincoln . . .

SHARE with the brotherhood of man the spiritual strength and inspiration that alone can give meaning to the future of the world.

ARLENE DEVNO '47



CLASS MOTTO

SEEK

When you start along the way of life
Up the road of hardship and bitter strife,
Before you reach your highest peak
You'll have to strive, my son, and seek.

SECURE

But if you seek and do not stop,
My son, you'll reach the mountain top.
Then you must struggle and endure
To make your place safe and secure.

SHARE

When you have assured your place in life,
The end of the road of work and strife,
Reach down your hand, my son, take care
To lift up the faltering, smile, and share.

KENNETH EDWARDS '47

Seek, Secure, and Share

A wise and good Teacher once gave His followers some very sound advice about living. "Seek and ye shall find," said He. We live in a world which belongs to men who seek.

We, the Class of 1947, believe that no man is more hopelessly misled than he who thinks the world will lay its best gifts on his doorstep, and that without effort on his part he will receive wealth and honor. So to believe is to live in a fool's paradise. The most worthwhile things in life, such as friendship, integrity, and success, come to the man who searches, the man who pursues, the man who is never quite satisfied with his present level of achievement.

It is one thing to seek; it is another thing, however, to secure what one finds. Simply stated, to secure is to move in and possess that which we find. Many men reach the top, but not knowing how to live in the rarified atmosphere of the heights, they fail at the moment of success. The wise possess things; the unwise are possessed by them. It was old King Midas who loved gold so passionately that he wished everything he touched might be transformed into the precious metal. Only when his lovely little daughter became a gold statue at his touch, did King Midas fully realize how completely he was a slave to his possessions. Actually to preserve and fortify what we have sought is to be happy, but to be enslaved by what we have sought is the most dismal failure.

Seeking, securing, sharing—these three, but the greatest of these is sharing. What is good always becomes better when it is shared. Happiness deserts us when we lock it up within ourselves. Love turns to dust and ashes when a man heaps it upon himself and himself alone. The game is won when men share the struggle. If tomorrow is a better day, it will be so because high school young people everywhere have learned to share in a common cause—the building of a new world.

THELMA BURTON '47



We, the Class of 1947, dedicate this book

to

CHARLOTTE S. CARRIEL

*whose guidance and teachings have shown us infinite horizons
in study, vocations, and human relationships.*

Education's Challenge to American Youth

The success of American democracy is so closely related to education that one wonders why at any time people would lose sight of its value and significance in our way of life. Yet, in spite of the dependence of our form of government upon the processes of education, we find ourselves in a period of "educational depression" which has assumed the proportions of a crisis. Two great aspects of this crisis seem to center around the apparent lack of concern on the part of the general public as to what is happening to our schools; and the large number of teachers who have left the profession in recent years never to return, together with the small number of persons preparing to become teachers.

That schools "cost too much"; that our educational program is "good enough"; and that "what was acceptable schooling for my grandfather is all right for the present generation" are remarks often made by those who fail to understand the problem or to measure the consequences if it is not solved successfully. People look at statistics of increasing school costs and decreasing enrollments and wonder where it will all end. They seldom look beyond their own communities to measure the extent of the cost. In our nation as a whole less than two per cent of our national income is spent on education—a small investment for so great an undertaking. If local resources are being taxed to the limit, then state and national governments must bear their fair share, for the value and influence of education are as great as the nation itself. Educational programs can never be just "good enough". They must always be adjusted to the needs of our youth. The same people who argue that the schools of grandfather's day are all right for the present generation would rebel if one suggested that they be satisfied with a 1911 model automobile instead of the smooth running, beautiful, and efficient machine of today.

It was expected that during the war years many of our teachers would leave the profession for industry or service with the armed forces. About 350,000 of the nearly 1,000,000 teachers in the United States left their school rooms in recent years leaving many classrooms without replacements. What we did not realize, perhaps, was that many of these young people would fail to return to teaching at all. Add to this situation the fact that our teacher training institutions are currently graduating only a handful of persons prepared to enter our classrooms and it is not difficult to see that our schools are in a serious plight.

Education needs the best thinking, the keen interest, and the continuous attention of all persons, but most of all it seems to me, it requires the active concern of those closest to it, that is, parents of children in school, and those young people who will graduate from our High Schools in June. High School graduates can do much to safeguard the future of education by actively concerning themselves with the welfare of our schools *now*, not ten years in the future, when thoughts and ideas concerning education are apt to be out of adjustment with the problems then being faced.

Teaching is a great profession. Teachers work with minds and personalities, and the impressions they leave, for good or ill, are never quite erased. The influence of a great teacher is never forgotten and may change the course of many lives, while the consequences of ineffective teaching are tragic to contemplate. Truly, teaching is a profession which demands the best.

If the basis of our democracy is to be safeguarded, our High School graduates should maintain an active and purposeful interest in education even though their formal schooling may have ended. More young people must enroll in our teacher training institutions lest our classrooms go empty and our youth untaught. This is the challenge of education to American youth.

EVERETT L. HANDY
Superintendent



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

It's a good, safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, speaking a true word, or making a friend.—*John Ruskin*



LUCIAN H. BURNS, A.M.
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Vice Principal
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Coach of Boys
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SHIRLEY E. SIMPSON, B.S. Ed.
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Bouvé-Boston School of Physical
Education
Tufts College

Class Ode

Sustain us, Alma Mater, through all the years ahead
Up the familiar pathways whereon we have been led.
Our goal is known and settled, our eyes are on the peak,
The heights we see and long for may we not cease to seek.

Keep us, O Alma Mater, from pitfalls and false ways,
Bind our hearts fast to virtue with wisdom's saving rays.
May we for our high purpose the toilsome climb endure
And with steadfast devotion our triumph make secure.

Help us, O Alma Mater, to share the good we've gained
With those who dwell in darkness, whose hope and faith have waned.
May we be strong to strengthen God's purpose everywhere,
And ne'er forsake our effort, to seek, secure, and share.

In Memoriam



In loving memory of our classmate, Paul Edmund Gervais, we, the Chelmsford High School Class of 1947, dedicate this page of our Year Book.

Paul was an active member of our class, devoted to all our interests, and a tireless worker in inconspicuous positions. He sought no acknowledgment and consistently avoided the limelight. In school he was a serious minded and thorough pupil, and as manager of the football team, he served in his usual faithful, conscientious manner. Outside of school he devoted much of his time to 4-H work, and he had an unusual number of awards for his achievements. Whatever he did was well done, with a smile and a pleasantness that were unailing.

Paul's going was not like the sudden blinking out of a bright light that glares in a small spot and casts heavy shadows, but rather it was like the fading of a soft and luminous glow that radiates into each remote corner. Only gradually have we realized the loss of the warmth and glow of his personality, and the memory of his quiet cheerfulness grows in vividness.

"With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there."



Year Book Staff

Memories are priceless. When alone, away from friends and familiar surroundings, they come and bolster our spirits. This book is offered by us that all who read it may realize how much these years at high school really have meant to us. The real value of these years will be more appreciated as time goes by. This Year Book will, in some measure, add a fond and friendly completeness to our fading memories.

EDITORS

Matilda Capuano
Richard Morrison

Mary Mulcahy
Hollis Wilkins

John Foley

ASSISTANT EDITORS

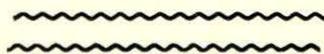
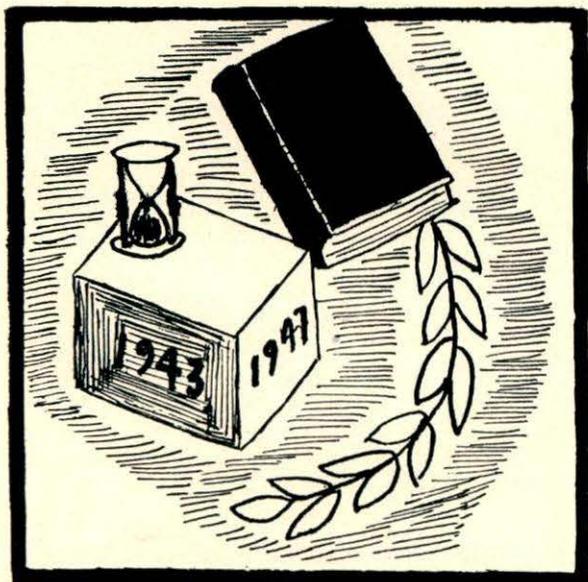
Eleanor Allen
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Estelle Gervais
Hector McDonald

Dorothy Nystrom
Nancy Pickard
Elaine Soutter
Donald Vayo
Charles Watt

Marjorie White

FACULTY ADVISERS

Literary Advisers, Charlotte S. Carriel, Eleanor M. Donahoe
Business Advisers, C. Edith McCarthy, Ernestine Maynard



SENIORS



HECTOR JOSEPH McDONALD, JR.

Class President

Honor Rank

Football '45, '46; A. A. Member '44, '45, '46; High School Representative of the A. A. of the Chelmsford Schools Band '44, '45, '46; Annual Band Concert '45, '46, '47; March of Dimes Concert '46, '47; Year Book Staff; Chairman, Junior Dance Committee; Senior Dance Committees; French Club.

"Wisdom is to the mind, what health is to the body."

Four year Latin student—Physical Ed. clown—accomplished musician—rooter for East—popular with opposite sex—capable usher—enterprising student—destination college.



JAMES WEBSTER WHITWORTH

Class Vice-President

Graduation Speaker

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; French Club '47; Football Manager '46; Junior Dance Committee; Senior Dance Committee; Graduation and Reception Usher; Harvard Book Club Award; Senior Assembly; Chorus '43.

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows."

Charles Boyer of C. H. S.—further educational plans—shy on occasion—"Oh, Muriel"—hurried and harried—interests confined to Woodbine Street—capable football manager.



DOUGLAS JOHN PETERSON

Class Treasurer

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Football '43, '44, '45, '46; Basketball '46 Captain '47; Baseball '46; Band '43, '44, '45; Junior Dance Committee; Senior Social Committee; Senior Barn Dance Committee; Senior Valentine Dance Committee; Chorus '44, '47.

"Better late than never."

"Buddy"—good natured—follows the path of least resistance—"I'm Always Thinking of You, Margie"—basketball star—bright smile—burns no midnight oil.



DOROTHY ARLENE NYSTROM

Class Secretary

Graduation Speaker

Class Marshall '46; A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; D. A. R. Representative; Year Book Staff; Christmas Concert '45; Senior Assembly '46; Intramural Basketball '47; Newswriting Group, Business Editor, '46; Reception Usher '46; Chorus '45, '46; Middlesex Women's Club Award '45.

"Good cheer is no hindrance to a good life."

Hails from West—performs on roller skates—delight of the faculty—fun and frolic—carries a huge lunch—baby sister—flirtatious—conscientious student—capable and amiable office employee.



ELEANOR MAY ALLEN

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45; Cheerleader '44, '45; Glee Club '45; Glee Club Concert '45; Junior Red Cross '43; Junior Dance Committee; Graduation and Reception Usher '46; March of Dimes Concert Usher '47; Year Book Staff '47; Class Motto Committee; Intramural Basketball '47; Senior Dance Committees.

"Pretty as a picture."

Expressive orbs—extensive wardrobe—"What gorgeous jewelry!"—"Eleanor! you'll have to be quiet"—daily letters to Florida—Ticket please?"—works spasmodically—unusual handwriting.

LAURA RUTH BARKER

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45; Band '45, '46; Glee Club '45, '46; Senior Dance Committee; Reception Usher '46; Junior Red Cross '43; March of Dimes Concert '46; Annual Band Concert '46, '47; Glee Club Concerts '45, '46; Newswriting Group, District Editor, '46; Chorus, '43, '44, '45.

"To know her is to like her."

Neat and attractive—pleasing, carefree manner—favorite pastime; sleeping—trumpet player—humorous vein—everybody's friend—guardian of brother Eddie—faithful news reporter.



JEAN WILSON BELL

A. A. Member '42, '43, '44, '45; Glee Club '45; Senior Choir '46; Newswriting Group, Secretary, '46; Easter Concert '45; Chorus '43, '44, '45; Junior Red Cross '42, '43.

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

Tall and graceful—curly blonde locks—prominent Rainbow leader—patronizes the Eastern Mass.—frequently attends Lowell dances—Maureen's companion—waiting for that scrapbook.



RALPH ARTHUR BERG, JR.

Honor Rank

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Band '43, '44, '45, '46; Annual Band Concert '45, '46, '47; March of Dimes Concert '46, '47; Junior Red Cross '43.

"Silence is golden."

Calm and cynical—agriculturally inclined—new plow but no snow—saxophonist—a bit girl shy—lover of old jalopies—success certain—tall, blond and handsome.



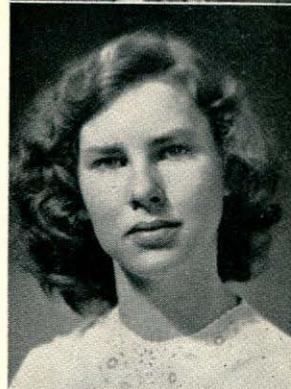
VIRGINIA LEE BILLINGTON

Graduation Speaker

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Glee Club '45, Secretary '46; Senior Assembly; Senior Dance Committee; French Club '46; Graduation and Reception Usher; Junior Red Cross '43, '44; Intramural Basketball '47; Glee Club Concerts '45, '46; Class Ode Committee; Class Day Usher; Chorus '43, '44, '45, '46.

"A good laugh is sunshine in any house."

Ever smiling—Maureen's sidekick—future nurse—pretty and popular—chatterbox—dreamer at heart—worries about hair-do—winning personality—pianist at assemblies—clothes conscious.



LORRAINE THERESE BOUCHER

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Glee Club '45, '46; Chorus '43, '44, '45, '46; French Club '46; Junior Red Cross '45; Reception Usher '46; Glee Club Concerts '45, '46; Senior Dance Committee '46.

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

Smooth dancer—stylish—merry ways—nursing aspirations—interested in a Lowell youth—Math 2A??—very good to her little niece—lively participant at nylon auction.





VERACONDA CATHERINE BRENNAN

A. A. Member '45, '46; Basketball Manager '46; Junior Red Cross '43, '44.

"Never a dull moment."

Conga queen of Allen-Brennan dancing outfit—Saturday night specials—loads of fun—prefers Academy men—celebrated chef of Highland Avenue—Nancy's pal.



DONALD EDWIN BURNE

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Football '45, '46.

"Quiet and shy, yet ever resourceful."

Runs for bus—coached champion team of Church Basketball League—delights in throwing snowballs—often seen with Tommy—Lochinvar from the West—Richard's big brother.



THELMA MINERVA BURTON

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45; Year Book Staff; Chorus '43, '46.

"Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act."

Efficient—one of many sisters—enjoys a good book—fond of little nephew—answers to "Burt"—four years in Room 28—4-H member—quiet—devoted to family.



MATILDA RITA CAPUANO

Honor Rank

A. A. Member '42, '43, '44, '46; Chorus '42, '46; News-writing Group, Business Editor '46; Year Book Staff; Junior Dance Committee '46; Class Secretary '46; Junior Red Cross '42; Reception Usher '46; Senior Dance Committee.

"Here is a dear, a true industrious friend."

"Tillie"—Doug's girl—soda jerk—vim, vigor, and vitality—many admirers—hard worker—his sister's chum—"Number plea-a-se"—envious bowling scores.



THELMA PAULINE CATON

A. A. Member '45, '46; Junior Red Cross '42; Reception usher '46; Chorus '42, '46.

"Above our life we have a steadfast friend."

What a car!—home type girl—oh, those jokes—gift of gab—efficient miss—who is Art?

MAUREEN VIRGINIA CHAGNON

A. A. Member '43, '45, '46; Chorus '42, '43, '45, '46; Senior Choir '46; March of Dimes Concert '45; Christmas Concert '45; Junior Red Cross '42, '43.

"Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy."

Sophisticated lady—Tommy's "big sister"—Jean's shadow—pet peeve is doing shorthand homework—always a friend—neat and attractive dresser—many a beau.



THOMAS FRANCIS CHAGNON

A. A. Member '45, '46; Football '45, '46.

"With his hair around his placid temples curled."

Ear to ear grin—bashful boy but full of mischief—smart when he exerts himself—"Stop leaning on the radiator"—allergic to books—avid collector of warning slips.



ANTHONY CHANCEY

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Senior Dance Committee; Class Color Committee; Class Flower Committee.

"Men of few words are the best of men."

Key to the supply room—Fortin's other half—little giant—girl shy—continual scribbler—conscientious worker—aims to make good—quiet, reserved and resourceful.



SHIRLEY MAE CROWELL

A. A. Member '45, '46; French Club '46; Latin Club '46; Chorus '43, '44, '45, '46.

"As merry as the day is long."

Nurse to be—enjoys Percy's new bus—seen at Hill's—rides the ferris wheel—big sister—elle aime son pupitre dans la classe française.



MAUREEN JOYCE DANE

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Basketball '47; Glee Club '45, '46; French Club '46; Senior Dance Committee; Softball '45; Junior Red Cross '43, '44; Glee Club Concerts '45, '46; Intramural basketball '43; Senior Reception Usher '46.

"In friendship I early was taught to believe."

Full of fun—Ginny's sidekick—baby-sitter—giggles—aspires to nursing career—Senior Girl Scout—inspector of daily menus—rosy cheeks—natural coloring.





EVELYN JOAN DESMARAIS

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Junior Red Cross '43, '46, President '44, '45; March of Dimes Concert '46, '47; Basketball '45, '46, '47; Softball '45; Band '44, '45, '46; Junior Dance Committee '46; Glee Club '45; Glee Club Concert '45; Annual Band Concert '45, '46, '47; Reception Usher '46; Chorus '44, '45.

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

Basketball player—ardent lover of sports—Pepsodent smile—dancing eyes—ambitious—scholar in Economics—many plans for the future—willing to assume extra tasks.



ARLENE JOYCE DEVNO

Honor Rank

A. A. Member '43, '44, '46; Graduation and Reception Usher; Senior Dance Committee; Year Book Staff; Chorus '43, '46.

"Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

Studious—cold hands but warm heart—frequent trips to Maine—bright addition to Twentieth Century—orders clothes from New York—a tearful laughter—culinary ability.



ROBERT CHARLES DINNIGAN

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."

Long and lanky—happy go lucky—flashing red hair—former fiddle player—blushes easily—sleepy man in period 6—catching smile—pharmaceutical plans.



BARBARA ANN DUFRESNE

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46.

"There's mischief in those eyes."

Sports enthusiast—chuckles—nice to know—carefree attitude—late bus pupil—that way the noise is—Sunday promenades—an excuse for every occasion.



EMILE THOMAS DUMONT

Senior Prom Committee; Band '47; Band Concert '47.

"Welcome hither, as is the spring to the earth."

Baseball fan—"The customer is always right"—long live Boston—featherweight—flashy dresser—beautiful wave, oh!—no use for fishing—remarkable memory—clear thinker.

PAUL RICHARD DUMONT

Senior Prom Committee.

"What is life if you don't enjoy it?"

Newcomer from Arlington—helps Tony in the office—fun-loving—makes friends easily—baseball enthusiast—Emile's twin—flashy sweaters—wavy hair, oh!—wears a constant smile.



JOHN ARTHUR EDWARDS

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45; Junior Dance Committee '45.

"Good nature is stronger than tomahawks."

"Artie"—rod and reel interest—solemn faced clown—likes to find answers in science—full of gab and glee—friendly fellow—instigator of much mischief.



KENNETH CONROY EDWARDS

A. A. Member '43, '44.

"Be thankful you are living and trust to luck."

"Pop Eye"—another class clown—star of "Y" league—those tricky shots—dry but effective wit—potential physics whiz—after school card games.



RITA ELSIE FARRELL

A. A. Member '43, '44, '46; Latin Club '46; Chorus '43.

"A quiet exterior concealeth much."

Hard worker—one to succeed—treat to her future patients—quiet member of Room 28—says little but listens well—plays current favorites on piano keys.



EVELYN LOIS FLAVELL

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Junior Red Cross '43; Chorus '43, '44, '45, '46; Glee Club '46; Christmas Concert '46.

"Pleasure and action make the hours seem short."

Lively—many a beau—raring to go—there's nothing like a motorcycle—a vivid imagination—head over heels—spends a fortune on gum—unruffled blonde.





LESTER FLETCHER

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46.

"Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow."
Interested spectator at all sports events—"anybody got a pencil?"—dexterous behind the wheel—milkman, keeping bottles quiet—"well, er, ah, oh, I don't know that, Mr. Shannon."



MILDRED JOSEPHINE FLYNN

A. A. Member '44, '45, '46; Glee Club '45; Newswriting Group, Business Editor '46; Basketball '46; Chorus '43, '44, '45; Easter Concert '46.

"A blush is beautiful, but often inconvenient."

Gum chewer—explosive laugh—chatterer with her special friends—spoiled by her brothers—cheerful disposition—heavy drinker of frappes—speedy bicyclist.



JOHN JOSEPH FOLEY, JR.

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Class Ode Committee; Year Book Staff; Annual Band Concert '45, '46; Band '44, '45, '46, '47; March of Dimes Concert.

"Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading."

Most nominated senior—one of Bernie's boys—girl-hater (so he claims)—musical career in view—bashful yet witty—seldom seen without Wilkins—future pedagogue.



ARTHUR GEDION FORTIN

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46.

"He tells you flatly what his mind is."

"Your friendly undertaker"—so natural, so gay—once a farmer, always a farmer—Mr. Ivers' class politician—argumentative—loves to read Shakespeare?



ESTELLE GRACE GERVAIS

A. A. Member '46; Glee Club '46; Chairman, Class Motto Committee; Christmas Concert '46; Usher of March of Dimes Concert; Year Book Staff; Intramural Basketball '47; Chorus '43, '44, '45, '46.

"My heart is like a singing bird."

Contagious giggle—works to music on Saturdays—"Oh, Mr. Shannon"—basketball enthusiast—lively and lovely—"My shorthand is in my desk."—always cold—numerous suitors.

ISABELLE GONSALVES

A. A. Member '46; Chorus '43, '44, '45, '46.

"A good heart is worth gold."

Quiet, shy, and friendly—a serious nature—seen but not heard—enjoys cooking—soft voice and gentle ways—future nurse—neatness plus.



RICHARD FRANCIS GREELEY

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Band '43, '44, '45, '46; Chorus '44; Junior Dance Committee; March of Dimes Concert '45, '46; Senior Dance Committee; Annual Band Concerts '45, '46, '47; Class Ode Committee.

"Music hath charms."

Chelmsford's Clyde McCoy—drugstore cowboy—taxi driver for Foley—Bernie's right hand man—courteous and clever—Cassanova.



SHIRLEY LOIS HARVEY

A. A. Member '44, '45, '46; French Club '46; Junior Red Cross '43; Chorus '43, '44, '45, '46.

"A light heart lives long."

Cheerful outlook—takes life easy—lends a willing hand—Center booster—efficiency plus—loves Rhode Island; Why?—dreams of happy future—prospective R.N.



ROBERT HENRY HOYLE

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Football '43, '44, '45, Co-Captain '46; Senior Dance Committee; Christmas Play '45; Junior Dance Committee; Chorus '43, '44; Class President '45.

"Jesters do oft prove prophets."

Prejudiced against neckties—all-suburban guard—argues to kill class time—sign collector—scratches his head to help his thinking—murders the king's English—out-of-town girls.



WINIFRED MAUREEN HUNT

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Senior Dance Committee; Junior Dance Committee; Intramural Basketball '47.

"Quiet at first, but look again."

Pretty brunette—lovely tresses—hails from East—intramural basketball star—secretarial inclinations—personality plus—loves old fashioned dancing—Guy Lombardo devotee.





NORMAN ALBERT JOHNSON, JR.

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Football '45, '46; Basketball '47; Senior Dance Committee.

"Here today, gone tomorrow."

All around sport—steady girl—"le's fight"—kickapoo juice presser—rugged—enthusiastic fisherman—kinky hair—dance lover—affable nature—trustworthy.



MARGARET JACQUELINE KYDD

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Basketball '45, '46, '47; Intramural Basketball '44; Junior Dance Committee; Band Member '45, '46, '47; Junior Red Cross '45, '46; March of Dimes Concert '46, '47; Glee Club '45; Annual Band Concert '45, '46, '47; Soft Ball '45; Chorus '43, '44, '45.

"Never shall I let mirth die."

Speaking personality—basketball talent—nursing her goal—runs, owns, and operates Kydd's taxi service—a jolly companion—petite gourmand—sees movies galore.



ROBERT BRUCE LOVETT

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Football '43, '44, '45, Co-Captain '46; Basketball '45, '46, '47; Baseball '45, '46, '47; Junior Dance Committee; Senior Dance Committee; Newswriting Group, Sports Editor '46; A. A. Board Member '44, '45; Flower and Color Committee '47; Class Vice President '46.

"But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man—"

Man of his own mind—"Bump" to us—optimistic—best dressed at Senior "Hick Hop"—collects pennies for unknown fund—future sports columnist—three star athlete.



BARBARA ANN MALLOY

A. A. Member '44, '45, '46.

"A little tucked-in smile."

Owens a diamond—Patty's pal—beautiful clothes—willing helper—pleasing manner—petite brunette—excitable—"My honey"—aunt Barbs, and a godmother, too.



JOAN EVA McENANY

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Band '45, '46; Annual Band Concerts '46, '47; March of Dimes '46, '47; Glee Club '45; Chorus '43, '44, '45; French Club '46.

"Good things come in small packages."

More fun from North—always with Theresa—bubbling, gay manner—sweet disposition—beautiful hair—neat appearance—oh! that laugh!—"sugar and spice and every thing nice."

SHIRLEY CLARA McENNIS

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Newswriting Group, Assistant Business Editor, '46; Junior Dance Committee; Senior Dance Committee; Chorus '43, '44.

"She is bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall."

License from Sears—endless wardrobe—unpredictable future—her friend Spinny—seemingly quiet, but far from that—Hallowe'en prankster—displays a temper at times.



ALICE RACHEL McHUGH

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Glee Club '45; Basketball '45, '46, Co-Captain '47; Intra-mural Basketball '44; Junior Dance Committee; Class Treasurer '46; Band '45, '46, '47; March of Dimes Concert '46, '47; Junior Red Cross '44; Annual Band Concert '46, '47; Soft Ball '45.

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

Chief interest, Army—captain to the basketball team—daily letters to Ray—everyone's friend—cute blond pig-tails—"Okay! Hoyle, I'll get even with you."



MILDRED ELEANOR McMASTER

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Junior Dance Committee; Chorus '46, '47.

"For a light heart lives long."

Little Miss Mischievous—one of three—loves to talk—bus girl—giggles—life of the party—lunch room chorister—progressive ideas—winner of prize dance numbers.

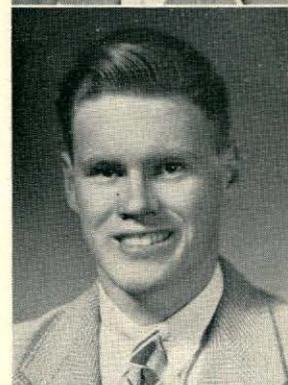


GEORGE LESLIE MERRILL

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Basketball '47; Football '45, '46; Junior Red Cross '43; Band '44, '45, '46; Christmas Play '46; Chorus '43, '44; March of Dimes Concert '45, '46; Senior Dance Committee; Annual Band Concert '45, '46, '47.

*"The more we arg'ed the question, the more we
didn't agree."*

Tall member of the band—argumentative—collects automobile parts—rushes upstairs—temper matches the color of his hair—works hard at studies—positive and persistent.



SHIRLEY LOUISE MILLER

A. A. Member '44, '45, '46; Glee Club '46, '47; Junior Dance Committee '46; Senior Dance Committee '47; Newswriting Group, Business Editor '46; Christmas Concert '46; March of Dimes Concert '46; Chorus '45; Christmas Play '45.

"Happy am I, from care I am free."

Happy-go-lucky—pretty red hair—roaring with laughter—special taxi rates—enjoys bowling—good sport—lots of school spirit—first on the bus daily.





ARTHUR EDWARD MORRELL

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Football '44, '45, '46; Basketball '45, '46, '47; Christmas Play '46; Baseball '45, '46; Class Gift Committee; Junior Dance Committee; Senior Dance Committee; Chorus '43.

"Speaks a great deal and says very little."

Raises havoc with ice-cream sandwiches—variety of nicknames—dangerous man in physics lab—party boy—anti-homework man—tells jokes with vim and vigor—independent.



FLORENCE GRACE MORRELL

A. A. Member '43; Junior Red Cross '43, '44; Chorus '43, '44, '45; Newswriting Group, District Editor, '46.

"Speak freely what you think."

Short and sweet—mind of her own—willing conversationalist—future nurse—humorous expressions—serious about homework—never a dull moment—three periods daily in room 19.



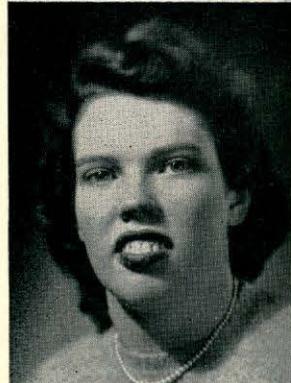
ROBERT MAXFIELD MORRISON

Honor Rank

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Basketball Manager '46; Junior Dance Committee; Senior Dance Committee; Graduation and Reception Usher '46; Latin Club '47; Year Book Staff.

"Regulated by good sense."

"String"—allergic to trouble—conscientious, careful, and studious—efficient scorer at basketball games—overworked committee member—girls??—promising future M.D.—courteous and dependable.



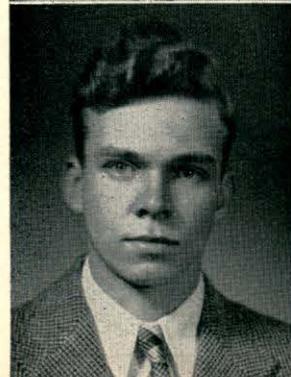
MARY FRANCES MULCAHY

Honor Rank

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; French Club '47; Glee Club '45; Newswriting Group, Editor-in-Chief '46; Graduation and Reception Usher '46; Intramural Basketball, Captain '47; Junior Red Cross '43; Red Cross Assembly '43; Easter and Christmas Cantatas '45; Year Book Staff '47; Chorus '43, '44, '45; Senior Dance Committee '46, '47.

"By the work, one knows the workman."

Attractive personality—4-H worker and leader—gets ahead—can't stand physics—frequent trips to Dracut—often late—brilliant seamstress—future county agent.



EARL JAMES NICKERSON

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Band '44, '45, '46; March of Dimes Concert '45, '46; Senior Dance Committee; Senior Prom '46; Chorus '44; Junior Dance Committee; Annual Band Concerts '45, '46, '47.

"A laugh is worth a hundred crowns."

"Nick"—distinguished attempts to blow up lab—unpredictable nature—versatile musician—prize member of student book guild—leader of mad dash for lunchroom—ever helpful.

RUTH ELAINE PEARSON

Cheerleader '44, '45; Senior Dance Committee; A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Glee Club '45, '46; Newswriting Group, Business Editor '46; Intramural Basketball '47; Glee Club Concerts '45, '46; Chorus '43, '44, '45, '46.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

Lovely red tresses—dancing expert—Abby's sidekick—baby-sitter—Center attraction—fan of all sports—appreciates a good joke—deserted us for Washington vacation.



NANCY ESTELLE PICKARD

Graduation Speaker

A. A. Member '44, '45, '46; Class Ring and Motto Committees '46; Cheerleader '44, '45, '46; French Club '47; Graduation and Reception Usher '46; Newswriting Group, Social Editor '46; Glee Club '45; Intramural Basketball '47; Year Book Staff '47; Junior Red Cross '44; Senior Assembly '46; Middlesex Women's Club Award '46.

"A true friend is priceless."

Pretty, peppy, and popular—Co-ed fan—dance lover—radiant blue eyes—bound for New England Baptist—student guest at Middlesex Women's Club—active class member.

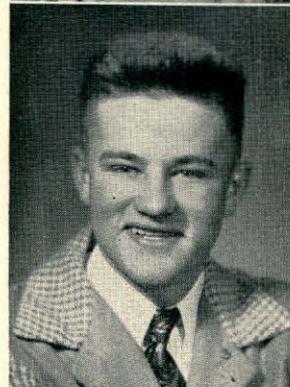


RAY HAMILTON PICKARD

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46.

"Good humor is the health of the soul; sadness, its poison."

Gets a kick out of life—sees all Westerns—how's the "Jeep"?—ardent basketball fiend—buddy to George—hearty out-door worker—good natured—crew-cut.



MARILYN LOUISE PIERCE

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Christmas Concert '45; Glee Club '45; Newswriting Group, Business Editor '46; Chorus '43, '44, '46.

"I'll warrant him heart-whole."

Proudly displays a significant ring—roller skater—weekly trips to Worcester—appreciates a good joke—a far away look in her eyes—eagerly awaits graduation festivities.



LILLIAN ROSALIA PIKE

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Glee Club '45; Christmas Concert '45; Easter Concert '46; Chorus '45, '46; Christmas Play '44.

"A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature."

Quiet—escorted to school by her brother—efficient commercial student—friendly disposition—willingly cooperates—quite a dressmaker and movie fan, too—qualified pianist.





GEORGE ARMOUR PONTEFRACT

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Football '46; Senior Dance Committee.

"He that waits upon fortune is never sure of a dinner."

Cheerful Math 2A student—plausible excuses—those bowling scores—likable farmer—apathetic—sports fan—"The end must justify the means."—comes from South but oft spied in North.



PATRICIA ALICE PRATT

A. A. Member '44, '45, '46; Junior Red Cross '43, '44; Chorus '43, '44, '45; Reception Usher; Glee Club '45; Christmas Concert '45.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Eyes for "Yo" only—oodles of clothes—"dark eyes"—personality A-1—superb dancer—math whiz—Barb's sidekick—beautiful hair—ladylike charm.



BARBARA JEAN REID

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Intramural Basketball '43; Junior Red Cross '43; Newswriting Group '46.

"Most prudent, of an excellent and unmatched wit and judgment."

Here one day and home the next—late bus arrival—champion soda shaker—creative ability—new coiffure—genuinely sincere—studious and able.



SHIRLEY VICTORIA REID

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Glee Club '45; Christmas and Easter Concerts; Junior Red Cross '43, '44; Senior Dance Committee; Chorus '43, '45; March of Dimes Concert Usher '47; Intramural Basketball '43, '47; News-writing Group, District Editor, '46.

"She is a phantom of delight."

Photogenic blonde—spends Wednesday nights at Co-ed—short and sweet—delightful personality—smooth dancer—a smile for everyone—southern belle—favors light blue.



LILLIAN KATHLEEN ROACH

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Glee Club '45, '46; Christmas Concerts '45, '46; Chairman, Valentine Dance Committee; Chorus '43, '44, '45, '46.

"Modesty is of the color of virtue."

Tall, slender, and comely—outside activities—dancing dark eyes—charming Miss from North—enjoys music—loyal classmate—perfect lady at all times.

SHIRLEY ARLENE RUSSELL

Red Cross '43; A. A. Member '44, '45, '46; Glee Club '45; Band '45, '46, '47; March of Dimes Concert '46, '47; Annual Band Concerts '45, '46, '47; Senior Social Committee; Freshman and Sophomore Chorus Pianist '46; Christmas Play '44.

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

Attractive drummer—hails from North—friendly attitude—quiet?—plenty of school spirit—popular at dances—excellent pianist—fourth year Latin sufferer—intramural basketball star.



DONALD WILLIAM SIMM

A. A. Member '44, '45, '46; Football '44, '45.

"I love the world, the world loves me."

Rod and Gun Club member—floricultural artist—energetic worker—Westland's mischief maker—roller skating his meat—a wealth of knowledge from reading—"my Claire"—sleepyhead.



ELAINE NANCY SOUTTER

Graduation Speaker

A. A. Member '44, '45, '46; Junior Red Cross '44; Graduation and Reception Usher '46; Senior Assembly '46; Intramural Basketball '47; Christmas Play '43; Newswriting Group, Social Editor, '46; Memorial Day Assembly '44; Christmas Concert '45; Senior Dance Committee; Glee Club '45; Class Gift Committee; Year Book Staff.

"The grass stoops not, she treads on it so lightly."

Sense of humor—gumchewer—superstitious—constantly on the telephone—Katherine Gibbs prospect—blue-eyed blonde—always laden with books—welcomed the Westlands bus route—independent and clever.



MARY NANCY SWEET

Basketball '45, '46, Co-Captain '47, Intramural '44; Softball '45; A. A. Member '44, '45, '46; Glee Club '45; Senior Dance Committee; Junior Red Cross '44.

"Of credit infinite, highly beloved."

Athletically inclined—claims to be a manhater—doesn't wear lipstick—natural wavy hair—Patsy's big sister—popular co-captain—may attend Lowell State Teachers College.



ROBERT LAWRENCE SWEET

A. A. Member '44, '45, '46

"I will debate the matter."

"Killer"—class politician—debut with "Chelmsford Aces" hockey team—chews pencils—heedless decisions—strong advocate of teachers' strike—2 o'clock shadow—every one's friend.





DONALD ROBERT VAYO

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Year Book Staff; Chorus '43, '44, '45; Newswriting Group, School Editor '46; Senior Barn Dance Committee; Junior Dance Committee '45; Senior Valentine Dance Committee; Senior Social Committee.

"Never at a loss for words."

Dapper Donald—deplores English grammar—Chelmsford's Fred Astaire—an all around good fellow—regular church goer—reasonable arguments—sophisticated giggler—pet puppy.



THERESA VENNARD

A. A. Member '44, '45, '46; Senior Dance Committee; Glee Club '46; Junior Red Cross '43, '44; Christmas Concert '46; Chorus '43, '44, '45, '46.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Friendliness personified—twinkling eyes—Lil's chum—sweet disposition—pleasing smile—a devoted sister—fine seamstress—looks for the best in people—nothing artificial about "Terry."



ABBY MILLS VONDAL

Honor Rank

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Intramural Basketball '44; Basketball '47, Assistant Manager '45, '46; Junior Red Cross '43, '44, '45, President '46; Glee Club '46, '47; Christmas and Easter Concert '46, '47; Graduation and Reception Usher '46; Senior Assembly '46; Newswriting Group, Business Editor, '46; Chorus '43, '44, '45, '46.

"She smiled, and the shadows departed."

Winning smile and a personality to go with it—songbird—minstrel show participant—basketball fan—popular, tall, and slender—expressive eyes—addition to any office—jovial.



CHARLES EDWARD WATT, JR.

Band '43, '44, '45, '46; A. A. Member '44, '45, '46; French Club '47; Senior Dance Committee; Chorus '46; Year Book Staff; March of Dimes Concert '46, '47; Annual Band Concerts '45, '46, '47.

"Give me wings and I'll fly."

Builds model airplanes—summer seaman—behind the wheel of a brand new Ford—excellent trapper—prize waltz winner—faithful band member—big businessman.



ALBERT EDWIN WHEELER

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Junior Dance Committee; Senior Barn Dance Committee; Senior Valentine Dance Committee; Chorus '43, '44, '45.

"He sits high in all the people's hearts."

Witty responses—pencil on ear—noisy leather heels—competent A. & P. clerk—apt typist—likable redhead—the essence of good nature—zealous office boy.

MARJORIE RUTH WHITE

A. A. Member '44, '45, '46; Junior Red Cross '43, '44, '45, Vice President '46; Junior Dance Committee; Cheerleader, Captain '47; Glee Club '46; Senior Dance Committee; Year Book Staff; Easter Cantata '46; Christmas Concert '45; Intramural Basketball '47; Newswriting Group, Sports Editor '46; Christmas Play '44; Chorus '43.

"Sincerity and truth are the basis of every virtue."

Even disposition—physics??—hates to be teased—led the prize winning cheerleaders—oh, that smile—blonde "Marge"—wide variety of clothes—unassuming role—willingly works for many causes.



THOMAS EDWIN WIGGINS, JR.

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Senior Dance Committee.

"A diller a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar."

Attaches Esquire to the end of his name—slow moving—cracks corny jokes—student of the stars—likes to disagree with certain teachers—will follow father's footsteps.



HOLLIS ANDREW WILKINS, JR.

A. A. Member '44, '45, '46; Year Book Staff; Newswriting Group, Literary Editor '46; Senior Dance Committee; Chorus '43, '44.

"Give me the wide open spaces."

Extensive knowledge of wild life—church janitor—insatiable curiosity—my dog, Bugle—nature writer and poet—hunts skunks—regular column in Newsweekly.



WALTER RIDGEWAY WILKINS, JR.

A. A. Member '43, '44, '45, '46; Band '45, '46, '47; Senior Dance Committee; Class Ode Committee; Chorus '46; March of Dimes Concert '46, '47; Newswriting Group, Music Editor '46; Annual Band Concert '45, '46, '47.

"I love life."

"Buddy"—memorable in "Lady Be Good"—flashy ties—legal arguments in class meeting—persistent—school girl complexion—no dust on his little toy drum.



SEEK, SECURE, AND SHARE

Something we should do is seek
Through every hour, day and week,
And we should ne'er relax unless
We have found and we possess.
And then I think we're all aware
That the finest thing to do is share.
Let's follow our motto all our days;
Let's seek, secure, and share always.

THELMA CATON '47

FRIENDSHIP

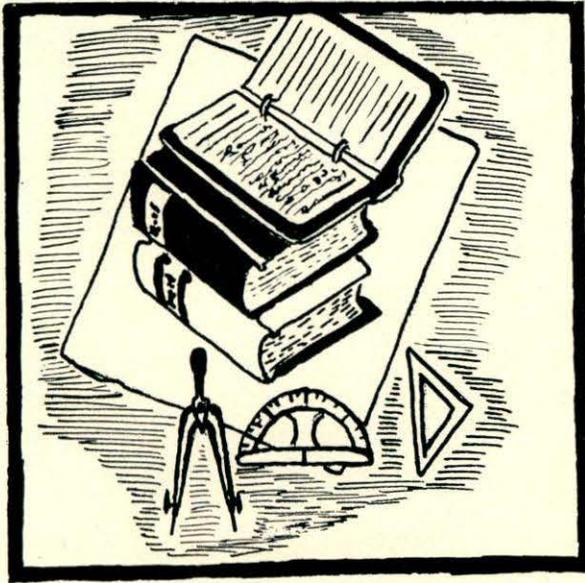
There is something fine in Friendship,
That's what I would like to say,
There is something sound in Friendship
That cannot be washed away.

There is something good in Friendship
When you're tired and sick and low,
There is something strong in Friendship
Which helps you survive a blow.

There is something bright in Friendship
Which makes sunshine every day,
There is something brave in Friendship
When you need help along the way

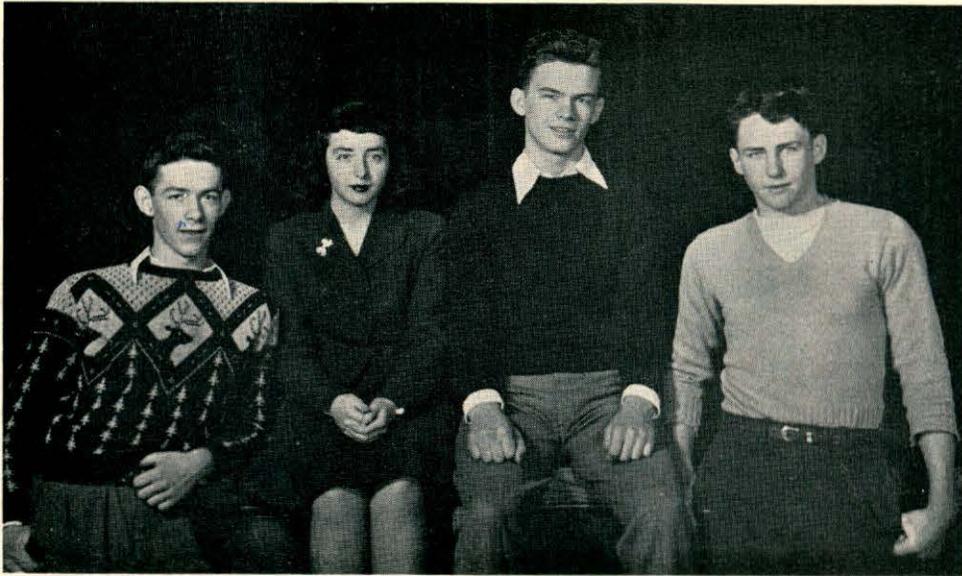
So remember when you're lonely,
And you wish the world would end,
To give thanks to God Almighty
That at least you have a Friend.

DON VAYO '47



Undergraduates

CHELMSFORD HIGH SCHOOL



Junior Class

<i>President</i>	Richard Meagher
<i>Vice-President</i>	Robert McDonald
<i>Treasurer</i>	Douglas MacElroy
<i>Secretary</i>	Joan Shea

Abrahamson, Hazel
 Abrahamson, Robert
 Adams, Arthur
 Adams, Barbara
 Alexander, Mary
 Avila, Mary
 Axon, Gordon
 Barker, Edward
 Bellegrade, Joseph
 Blackie, Bessie
 Bovill, Emily
 Brake, Nelson
 Brown, Eleanor D.
 Brown, Eleanor R.
 Buchanan, Loraine
 Burns, John
 Burroughs, Phyllis
 Byam, Elisabeth
 Cantara, Thomas
 Cincevich, Nicholas
 Colmer, Shirley
 Daigle, Theresa
 DeGuise, Eleanor
 Desmarais, Robert
 Dexter, Daniel

Durrell, Norma
 Fletcher, Lester
 Gagnon, Carl
 Gonsalves, Rita
 Hall, Edith
 Hankinson, Donald
 Harnish, Lois
 Hartley, Joan
 Hefler, Clarence
 Hicks, Robert
 Hodgson, Kathleen
 Hunt, Nancy
 Johnson, Roberta
 Kilburn, Jean
 Lagasse, Lucille
 Lakin, Joanne
 Lewis, Roger
 Logan, Jean
 Logan, Virginia
 McEvoy, John
 Mercier, M. Lorraine
 Merrill, Russell
 Miller, Kenneth
 Mills, Jane
 Milton, Alden

Miner, Betty
 Mortham, William
 Murphy, Barbara
 Norton, Arthur
 Oliver, Louis
 Olsson, Theodore
 Parlee, Robert
 Pedersen, Carl
 Pickard, Beverly
 Pihl, Röger
 Pike, Ray
 Randall, Thomas
 Reid, William
 Riley, Brooks
 Robey, Robert
 Scoble, Fern
 Shea, Joyce
 Sousa, Isabelle
 Stewart, Betty
 Swanson, Elmer
 Sullivan, Walter
 Toegemann, Dolores
 Vinal, Kenneth
 Whitworth, Guy
 Wylie, Barbara

Sophomore Class

Adams, Doris	Enis, Virginia	McMaster, Beverly
Barrows, Barbara	Etzel, Virginia	Miller, Arthur
Barrows, Gladys	Fairbrother, Byron	Mills, Ann
Barton, Beverlee	Falardeau, John	Morgan, William
Beausoleil, Doris	Flynn, Patrick	Nadeau, Barbara
Belida, Charles	Gadbois, Lorraine	Nilsson, Elsa
Bishop, Edward	Gannon, Elizabeth	Norton, Robert
Bishop, Maureen	Gaudette, Victor	O'Neill, Joseph
Blott, Margaret	Gibbons, Raymond	Palmgren, Phyllis
Buonopane, Edward	Gonsalves, Theresa	Petterson, Evelyn
Buzzell, James, Jr.	Greenwood, Constance	Peverill, Louise
Campbell, Ann	Guiney, John	Pope, Rita
Campbell, John	Hadley, Richard	Reedy, Carl
Carlson, Edward	Hamel, Ruth	Reedy, Ralph
Carr, Marjorie	Hardy, Elizabeth	Reid, Donald
Cashin, Charles, Jr.	Hayes, Marie	Rose, Hazel
Clark, Betty	Hayes, Theresa	Russon, Jean
Clough, Marilyn	Hayward, Charles	Sargent, Sybil
Colby, Phyllis	Howard, Robert	Scrizzi, Dawn
Cole, Muriel	Hulslander, Irene	Seavey, Edward
Crowell, Virginia	Jenkins, Margaret	Shea, Nancy
Cummings, Dorothy	Kelly, Chester	Shedd, Thomas
Curran, Christine	Kydd, John	Spanos, John
Curtis, Nancy	Lamb, Nancy	Staveley, Doris
Densmore, Ronald	Leach, Ronald	Staveley, Guy
Dexter, Lincoln	Lebrun, Harold	Sweet, Patricia
Dinnigan, Walter	Leo, Concetta	Valentine, Fay
Dryden, Joyce	Letteney, Ward	Vayo, Paul
Ducharme, Joan	Lind, Clark	Welch, George
Dupee, Phyllis	Logan, Ralph	Wilder, Elizabeth
Durkee, Elizabeth	Mann, Joyce	Williams, Raymond
Dutton, Claire	Marshall, John	Wright, Charles
Edwards, William	McDonald, Rita	Young, Alva
Emanouil, Georgia	McEnany, Henry	Zabierek, Eugene
Emerson, Bradford	McHugh, Warren	Zouzas, Paul

CHELMSFORD HIGH SCHOOL

Freshman Class

Abrahamson, Jane
Adams, Janet
Avila, Louise
Bailey, Joyce
Barron, George
Bartlett, Virginia
Blaisdell, Erving
Bomil, Janet
Bonura, John
Bovill, Barbara
Brady, Noreen
Brooks, Lois
Brown, Evelyn
Burne, Philip
Burne, Richard
Burton, Lorna
Burton, Sylvia
Burt, Carolyn
Callahan, Eileen
Carter, Ernest
Chagnon, William
Clarke, David
Cochrane, Beverly
Costello, John
Couchaine, Ronald
Croft, John
Daigle, Dorothy
Dale, Joan
DeGuise, Evelyn
DiRuzza, Clara
Donovan, Dana
Ducharme, Barbara
Duffy, Edward
Dunsford, Anne
Edwards, John
Edwards, Ronald
Eliassen, Donald
Elwood, Robert
Elwood, Ronald
Fitts, Peter
Fontes, Raymond
Forest, Norman
Foster, Gertrude

Gadbois, Pauline
Gaudette, James
Gervais, Alexander
Gervais, Jean
Hanson, Richard
Harper, Oscar
Harvey, Arthur
Hatch, George
Hildreth, Nancy
Hollingworth, Joseph
Howard, Richard
Hunt, Gerald
Jensen, John
Johnson, Edla
Karafelis, James
Kerrigan, James
Kilburn, Barbara
Knox, Donna
Kydd, Robert
Lakin, Marjorie
Leaver, Richard
L'Ecuyer, Elmer
Lemay, Dolorise
Lovering, Dorothy
Lovering, Priscilla
MacDonald, Ruby
MacElroy, R. Bruce
Mackey, Charles
Mainville, Omer
Malloy, Malcolm
Manseau, Gloria
Marchand, Robert
Maybury, Priscilla
McHugh, Richard
Molloy, Barbara
Monsen, George
Morin, Pauline
Moss, Mildred
Mulcahy, Florence
Noel, Irene
Oczkowski, Edward
Oczkowski, Frederick
Ohs, Nancy

Oliver, Vincent
O'Neill, Michael
Page, Robert
Parker, Lester
Parkhurst, Wendell
Parlee, Henry
Pedersen, Shirley
Pelletier, George
Petterson, Sally
Pickard, Donald
Pickard, Jean
Pickard, Ronald
Poland, Janice
Pomeroy, Connie
Proulx, Albert
Reeves, Evelyn E.
Reis, Allan
Roberts, Joan
Rose, Edna
Sanderson, Jean
Shawcross, Gail
Sherman, William
Sidelinger, Jacqueline
Simpson, Dorothea
Simpson, Jaqueline
Smith, Robert
Sousa, John
Spinazola, Mary
Talty, Ronald
Tansey, James
Tousignant, William
Ullom, Marilyn
Vennard, Thomas
Warren, Martha
Waterman, Shirley
Watt, J. Marilyn
Wheeler, Roger
White, Robert
Wiggins, Jeanne
Wright, Florence
Yates, Stuart
Zaher, Charles
Zouzas, Elizabeth

Senior Class ABC's

Attractive	Eleanor Allen
Blushes	Shirley Russell
Cute	Marjorie White
Dimpled	Estelle Gervais
Efficient	Arlene Devno
Fair	Nancy Pickard
Gentle	Thelma Burton
Humorous	Margaret Kydd
Intelligent	Elaine Soutter
Jolly	Alice McHugh
Kind	Evelyn Desmarais
Lovable	Abby Vondal
Meek	Isabelle Gonsalves
Neat	Lorraine Boucher
Optimistic	Dorothy Nystrom
Pessimistic	Shirley Miller
Quiet	Lillian Roach
Radiant	Ruth Pearson
Smart	Mary Mulcahy
Tiny	Mildred McMaster
Up-to-date	Virginia Billington
Vivacious	Nancy Sweet
Winsome	Matilda Capuano
X	All girls
Yawning	Shirley Harvey
Zealous	Maureen Dane

JOAN MCENANY '47

C is for our classmates whom we never shall forget.
H is for the homework that we leave with no regret.
E is for the effort with which we did our work.
L is for our lessons which daily we did shirk.
M is for the movies we enjoyed at our assemblies.
S is for the Senior Prom that brings back golden memories.
F is for the football games that we enjoyed each fall.
O is for the office that was well-known to all.
R is for the reasons which we gave for being bad.
D is for the dances and the good times that we had.
H is for the homerooms where we went day after day.
I is for the intelligence we tried so to display.
G is for the grades to which we all aspired.
H is for the habits which at High School we acquired.
S is for the study hall where we fashioned future dreams.
C is for the captains of our very worthy teams.
H is for the help our faculty bestowed.
O is for our officers and the leadership they showed.
O is for the opportunities which before us did arise.
L is for the luster of the memories we prize.

Elaine Soutter '47

What Sports Mean To An American Boy

Most people consider sports from the point of view of the spectator, but sports are not just games packed with excitement for the entertainment of the onlooker.

Has it ever occurred to you to analyze the respects in which a boy gains as a result of participating in sports? He gains responsibility, teamwork, sportsmanship, and physical exercise.

Responsibility teaches a boy to carry out orders. It teaches him to hold down his position despite the outcome. It teaches him accountability for his own actions, for in the game he sees the immediate results of his own doings.

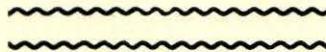
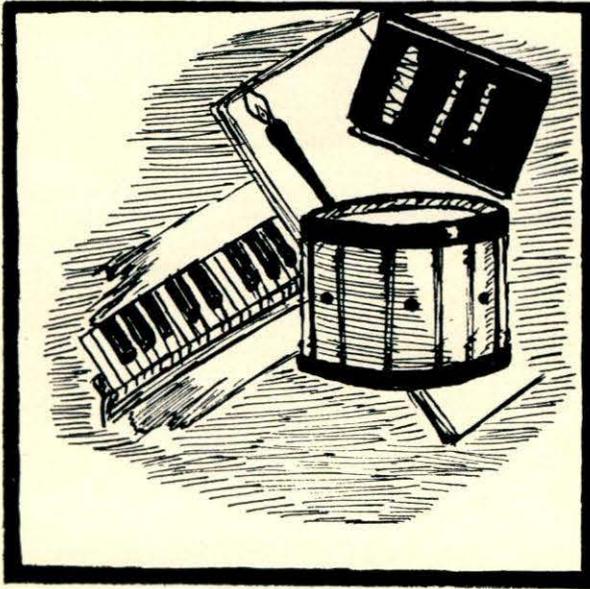
Teamwork puts a boy in a position where he is no longer on the lookout for himself alone but where he develops the care and will to co-operate with others.

Sportsmanship teaches a boy to control himself while losing. It trains him to accept defeat or setback with the poise of a winner, and to accept success with generosity to the loser.

Physical exercise produces a strong, healthy body. It remedies flaws in structure and function, and puts into condition muscles that are not exercised otherwise.

Sports will never fade from the American scene as long as such rewards are forthcoming. A boy often wonders to himself what a dull place this would be without them. Just what would the American boy do and become in his America without sports?

ROBERT LOVETT '47



Activities

CHELMSFORD HIGH SCHOOL

Athletic Association

The new "Athletic Association of Chelmsford Schools" was organized this year for the purpose of initiating a new athletic program which should include the grammar schools of the town as well as the high school.

This association is under the supervision and control of the School Committee as are other Committees and Organizations within the scope of the School System. The policies of the Athletic Association of the Chelmsford Schools, however, is established, subject to review and approval by the School Committee, by a Board of Directors. This Board of Directors includes the following: A student leader at the High School, one member of the School Committee, the High School Principal, two Elementary School Principals (to be selected by the School Committee), the Superintendent of Schools, the Coach of each sport while that sport is in season; and the Faculty Manager of each sport while that sport is in season.

Mr. Hicks served as chairman of the board, Mr. Pappalardo, as secretary, and Hector McDonald as the High School Representative.

ATHLETIC AWARDS

FOOTBALL

Robert Hoyle, Captain
Robert Lovett, Captain
Robert McDonald, Mgr.
James Whitworth, Mgr.
Donald Burne
James Buzzell
John Campbell
Thomas Cantara
Thomas Chagnon
John Fallardeau
Clarence Hefler
Robert Hicks
Norman Johnson

Ronald Klonel
Roger Lewis
Douglas MacElroy
Hector McDonald
Warren McHugh
Richard Meagher
Kenneth Miller
Arthur Morrell
Louis Oliver
Douglas Petersen
George Pontefract
William Reid
Edward Seavey

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Douglas Peterson, Captain
Thomas Cantara
Clarence Hefler
Robert Hicks
Norman Johnson
Robert Lovett

Douglas MacElroy
John Marshall
George Merrill
Arthur Morrell
Robert Morrison, Mgr.
Stuart Yates

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Alice McHugh, Captain
Nancy Sweet, Captain
Elizabeth Gannon, Mgr.
Vera Brennan, Mgr.
Bessie Blackie
Marilyn Clough
Maureen Dane
Evelyn Desmarais

Joyce Dryden
Mildred Flynn
Margaret Kydd
Nancy Lamb
Pat Sweet
Abby Vondal
Barbara Wylie

CHEERLEADERS

Marjorie White, Captain
Dorothy Ayotte, Mascot
Shirley Colmer
Eleanor DeGuise
Peter Fitts
Lucille Lagasse

Harold LeBrun
Nancy Pickard
Gail Shawcross
Fay Valentine
Barbara Wylie



Cheerleaders

With the spirited and tireless assistance of their coach, Miss Mildred Hehir, the Chelmsford High School cheerleaders made an enviable and conspicuous record in 1947.

Attractive in their neat new uniforms of black velvet, the girls became a familiar and welcome sight at both home and out of town games. Marjorie White was a capable and charming captain and with the team's mascot, winning little Dotty Ayotte, it is no wonder that they drew lusty cheers from an enthusiastic rooting section.

The proudest moment for the cheerleaders came when the girls succeeded in winning first place at the Cheerleaders' Tournament at Littleton, bringing a new honor to the school.

CHEERLEADERS

Marjorie White—Captain
Dotty Ayotte—Mascot
Shirley Colmer
Eleanor DeGuise
Peter Fitts
Lucille Lagasse

Harold LeBrun
Nancy Pickard
Gail Shawcross
Fay Valentine
Barbara Wylie

CHELMSFORD HIGH SCHOOL



Football

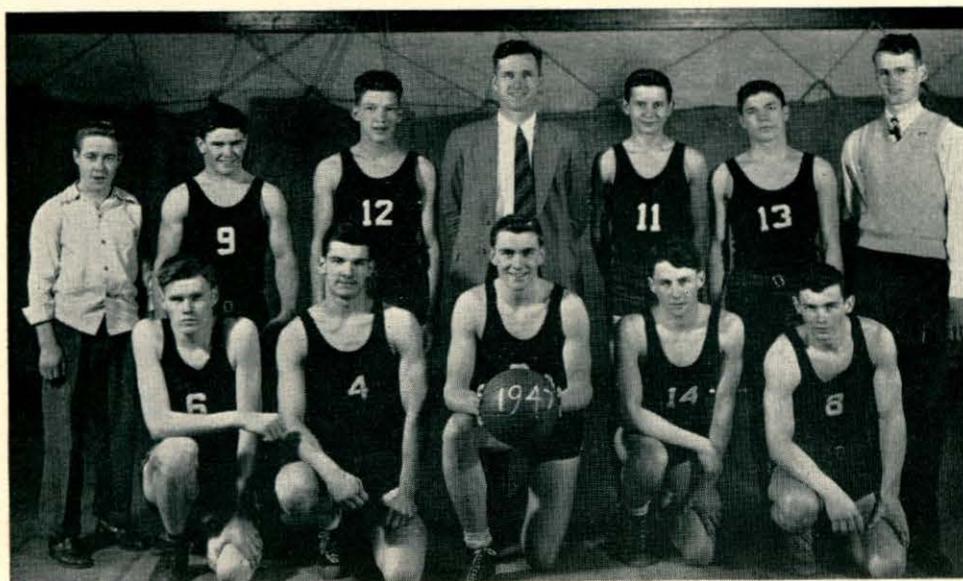
Even though the 1946 football season was not as victorious as Chelmsford's seasons usually are, the spirit of each player was evident in every game, and the team was a real credit to Chelmsford High School. Lack of veteran material was the main reason for the unfavorable scores, the only returning players from the 1945 championship team being Hoyle, Lovett, McDonald, and Morrell.

The season opened with a dedication of the new football field and also by a loss to Punchard 12 to 0. Another strong team from Andover, Johnson, handed Chelmsford a 19 to 7 setback. Then came the first title game against Tewksbury, a hand-fought contest which was lost 20 to 7. Dracut followed, and determined as the boys were to secure a win, the game resulted in a 0 to 0 tie. Next came a powerful Maynard eleven, who, anxious to avenge the 13 to 6 beating suffered in 1946, piled up a 41 to 14 score. Though outscored, the boys were not outspirited. Spurred on by this defeat, they were anxious to make a come back against Pinkerton Academy, but a rally in the last quarter failed, and again they lost 12 to 6. The next game, the only night game of the season, was a heartbreaker. Even though the Chelmsford team gained 241 yards to Hudson's 20, they came out on the short end of a 6 to 0 count. The boys battered Hudson all over the park, and this was without question a moral victory for them. Concord, the team that easily won the Class D state title, handed out a 52 to 6 beating. Chelmsford had the honor, however, of being one of the only two teams to score on Concord all year. The traditional Thanksgiving Day game was also lost to Howe 12 to 6. The boys played a good game throughout, but again the breaks were not with them.

In spite of all setbacks, Chelmsford High School is proud indeed to see their two valiant captains, Hoyle and Lovett, make the all Suburban team this year.

The departing seniors will always remember Coach Pappalardo and Assistant Coach Hicks whose efforts were tireless and whose faith in their team prevailed throughout a trying season. Even if we have not built winning scores this year at Chelmsford, we feel we have built a spirit and earned an experience which will win for us later.

Lettermen graduating this year who played well throughout the season were Co-Captains Bump Lovett and Bob Hoyle, Don Burne, Tom Chagnon, Swish Johnson, Hector McDonald, Gimp Morrell, Buddy Peterson, and George Pontefract. Special credit is due to our very efficient managers, Robert McDonald and James Whitworth.



Boys' Basketball

Immediately after the Thanksgiving vacation candidates were called out for basketball. With only one week to prepare for the first game, Coach Hicks had to work fast to cut the squad and get the boys into playing condition.

The season opened with a one point victory over Maynard. Then followed a five game losing streak broken when the team hit its stride and emerged victorious in more than its share of the remaining scheduled games.

At the Fitchburg tournament the C.H.S. boys, appearing in the finals, were defeated by a strong Templeton club. Although the long awaited trophy went to the winners, the boys of C.H.S. did receive a runners-up cup.

Special mention should be given to Coach Hicks and to Mr. Ivers, faculty manager, for their splendid job of helping the boys.

Credit is also due to the Junior Varsity boys for holding their own against teams which were out of their class. They ended a successful season with five wins and four losses.

"Doug" Peterson regretfully leaves his honored position as captain to his worthy successor, Clarence "Muff" Hefler.

SCORES

Chelmsford 30	Maynard 29	Chelmsford 30	Johnson 21
Chelmsford 25	Concord 30	Chelmsford 19	Pinkerton Acad. 40
Chelmsford 20	Methuen 26	Chelmsford 34	Tewksbury 43
Chelmsford 29	Concord 33	Chelmsford 39	Pepperell 29
Chelmsford 31	Alumni 64	Chelmsford 56	Burlington 48
Chelmsford 23	Tewksbury 40	Chelmsford 15	Andover Acad. JV 44
Chelmsford 43	Johnson 29	Chelmsford 24	Methuen 21
Chelmsford 44	Dracut 27	*Chelmsford 44	Reed's Ferry 13
Chelmsford 35	Howe 22	*Chelmsford 52	Ashby 27
Chelmsford 30	Pinkerton Acad. 45	*Chelmsford 26	Templeton 41
Chelmsford 37	Dracut 25	Chelmsford 30	Howe 29
Chelmsford 56	Burlington 44	Chelmsford 30	Maynard 35
*Tournament games		Won 13 Lost 11	Average .544

CHELMSFORD HIGH SCHOOL



Girls' Basketball

With only two veteran players, but an abundance of energy, our Girls' Basketball Team started practice under the firm and vivacious leadership of their new coach from Bouvé, Miss Shirley Simpson.

The members of the squad played to the best of their ability, making practices as well as the games interesting and profitable. Joyce Dryden, Nancy Lamb, Alice McHugh, and Nancy Sweet were outstanding players. Nancy Sweet was awarded All Star Team Membership at the Littleton Tournament. Co-Captains Nancy Sweet and Alice McHugh, who were ably supported by Pat Sweet, Evelyn Desmarais, Marilyn Clough, Abby Vondal, Margaret Kydd, Barbara Wylie, Bessie Blackie, Dee Mulcahy, Mildred Flynn, Maureen Dane, Betty Stewart, and Elizabeth Wilder, leave behind as their successors Co-Captains Nancy Lamb and Bessie Blackie, not to mention their managers, Elizabeth Gannon and Vera Brennan.

GAME RECORDS

Chelmsford 9	Alumnae 23	Chelmsford 17	Johnson 15
Chelmsford 26	Tewksbury 24	Chelmsford 18	Pinkerton 15
Chelmsford 20	Johnson 13	Chelmsford 20	Tewksbury 15
Chelmsford 24	Dracut 15	Chelmsford 34	Pepperell 20
Chelmsford 30	Howe 16	Chelmsford 31	Burlington 25
Chelmsford 24	Pinkerton 14	*Chelmsford 29	Townsend 24
Chelmsford 20	Dracut 15	*Chelmsford 28	Pepperell 43
Chelmsford 9	Burlington 13	Chelmsford 36	Howe 26

*Tournament games



Baseball

Now let us look at the greatest sport of them all, baseball. This year's team, coached by Murry Hicks, was one of those trying years that the law of averages seem to demand. However, what the boys lacked in equipment and experience, they made up for in spirit. The team, hampered by bad weather and the lack of experienced players, started the season by facing some of the strongest teams in the circuit and consequently found itself on the losing end of a number of games.

Captain Arthur Morrell, lead-off batter and an extremely dangerous base runner, led the team by his good example. Chelmsford was fortunate in having four capable pitchers, Paul Dumont, Robert Dinnigan, Bob Hicks and Douglas MacElroy. Dinnigan was used in relief roles and he did well in this capacity, while Hicks, MacElroy and Dumont carried the brunt of the work, shifting back and forth between the mound and the outfield. On first base was veteran Bob Lovett, back on the job after an operation, while second base featured a new face in the uniform of Chelmsford High baseball, Gordon Axon. The man with a grin, Eddie Bishop, capably handled the short stop position and on the hot corner was speedy Tom Cantara with the rifle-like arm. Peterson and Reid held down the other outfield spots and shone well on the field. Capable catcher John Campbell proved most helpful with his accurate throwing and powerful hitting.

Scores to date:

Team	Chelmsford	Opp.
Punchard	5	16
Johnson	3	12
Tewksbury	2	3
Howe	1	5
Methuen	15	1
Punchard	4	14
Johnson	3	11
Dracut	11	2





CHELMSFORD HIGH SCHOOL

MY HIGH SCHOOL DAYS

I've gone to high school four long years
And over marks shed bitter tears,
I've crawled out of bed in the early morn
And wondered how it could be dawn.

I've jogged about on rattling busses,
And had my share of silly fusses.
I've worked and studied very hard,
Trying to get a passing card.

I've gone to parties, joined in the fun,
No happier person under the sun.
Of course the social life was gay,
Or maybe I was born that way.

I've made good friends as the years have
flown,
And much true happiness I've known.
I guess folks are right when they recall
School days as the very best of all!

SHIRLEY REID '47

THE SENIOR BARN DANCE

The girls came in trousers rolled up to their knees,
The boys in one corner stood buzzing like bees.
The music began in those fast, jivy paces;
All felt at ease and joy shone on their faces.

The faculty hurried in all out of breath;
The clothes they had on would scare you to death.
Mr. Burns was a sight in blouse and short pants,
And the fun all began when he started to dance.

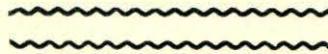
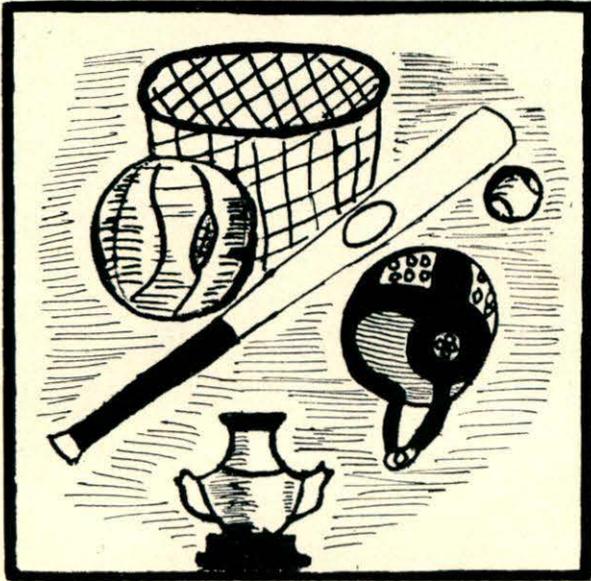
The men in patched shirts and old worn-out shoes,
Looked happily around a partner to choose.
None danced in their shoes, we had a new rule,
"Only dancing in stockings allowed in the school."

The ladies wore stockings as black as could be,
And lo and behold! where those knees we could see?
They wore straw-hats and kerchiefs, and bows in their hair,
And all the odd things that we'd not dare wear.

Intermission with cider and donuts to eat,
Then back to gay dancing in our stocking feet.
You'd have laughed 'til you cried, had you seen this sight
At the Barn Dance the Seniors held that night.

Mildred McMaster '47

1947 YEAR BOOK



Athletics

CHELMSFORD HIGH SCHOOL



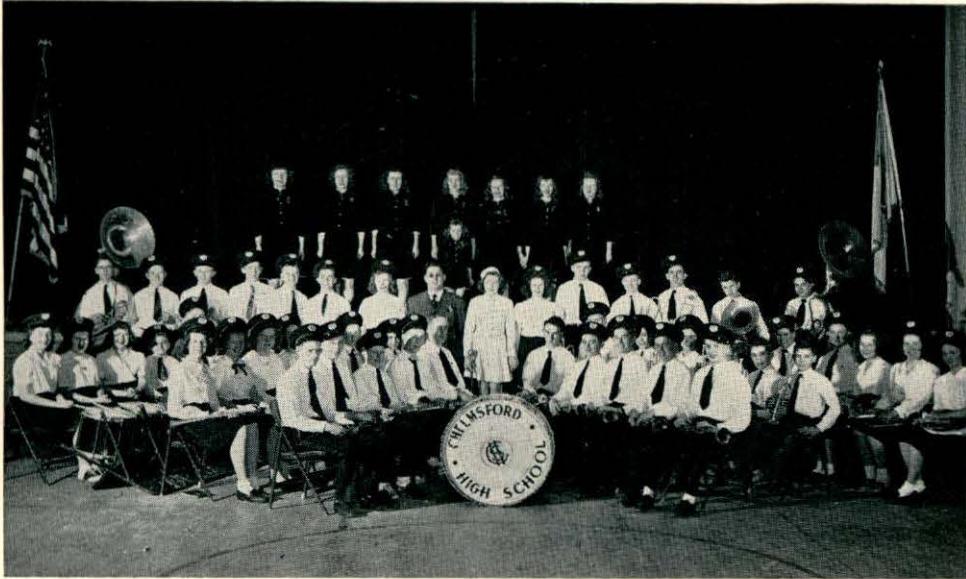
Glee Club

Under the able direction of Miss B. Andrea Rouvalis, the Glee Club has experienced a very successful year. Work started almost immediately on music for the annual Christmas Concert, which was a grand success. The annual spring concert, held in April, developed the unusual theme of songs from many lands and peoples. Various American ballads were featured, as well as sacred and other secular selections. One of the highlights of this concert was the playing of Brahms Hungarian Dance by the guest violinist, Guy Staveley.

The members of the Glee Club feel that they have made progress not only in their singing, but also in their appreciation of good music.

Laura Barker
Barbara Barrows
Beverlee Barton
Doris Beausoleil
Virginia Billington
Maureen Bishop
Lorraine Boucher
Eleanor D. Brown
Eleanor R. Brown
Lorna Burton
Sylvia Burton
Nancy Campbell
Beverly Cochrane
Muriel Cole
Shirley Colmer
Dorothy Cummings
Nancy Curtis
Theresa Daigle
Maureen Dane
Clara DiRuzza
Joan Ducharme
Phyllis Dupee
Ann Dunsford
Claire Dutton
Elizabeth Durkee
Norma Durrell
Virginia Etzel
Evelyn Flavell
Estelle Gervais
Jean Gervais

Edith Hall
Elizabeth Hardy
Joan Hartley
Kathleen Hodgson
Edla Johnson
Roberta Johnson
Jean Kilburn
Joanne Lakin
Jean Logan
Virginia Logan
Rita McDonald
Joyce Mann
Ann Mills
Jane Mills
Barbara Murphy
Ruth Pearson
Louise Peverill
Constance Pomeroy
Lillian Roach
Sybil Sargent
Betty Stewart
Dolores Toegemann
Theresa Vennard
Abby Vondal
Shirley Waterman
Martha Warren
Elizabeth Wilder
Barbara Wylie
Alva Young



Band

The band can declare no day as the official opening of this year's season, for they entertained the townspeople all summer with concerts on the Commons. Rehearsals were held regularly on Monday evenings throughout the warm months in preparation for these concerts. The organization plans to repeat the summer concerts this year for the pleasure of the public.

Mr. Larkin and all the band members were pleasantly surprised when school opened in September to find that a whole period had been set aside on Tuesdays and Fridays for their rehearsals. The year has been an exceedingly active one. For the first time on the Sunday before Christmas band members played Christmas carols out-of-door in all sections of the town. The band and Mr. Larkin would like to take this opportunity to thank the Westlands Improvement Association for the warm refreshments which were served after the night's trip of caroling.

Another "thank you" is due the members of the former Athletic Advisory Committee of the Chelmsford Schools who gave the band a present of three hundred dollars. The money was used to help pay for the uniforms. This generosity was greatly appreciated by the pupils and faculty.

The first school concert was a benefit performance held in January, the proceeds from which were donated to the March of Dimes. This was well received and proved a profitable venture in behalf of a good cause.

The band's third annual concert was held on May twenty-third and was the real success that the two previous concerts had led the public to expect.

The band's last appearance came in June when the band played for the grammar and high school graduations.

All the members of the organization, especially the members of the Class of 1947, wish to thank Bernie for all that he has done for them during the years that they have enjoyed membership in his band. They are once again indebted to him for the privilege of hearing the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the leadership of Arthur Fiedler at Lowell Memorial Auditorium. It was a delightful experience and it is characteristic of the thoughtfulness of their leader. Chelmsford High School thanks Bernie for another year of devoted and inspiring musical leadership.

CHELMSFORD HIGH SCHOOL



Junior Red Cross

Under the capable leadership of Miss Marjorie Scoboria the Junior Red Cross completed a successful year. At a business meeting held in September, the following officers were elected: President, Abby Vondal; Vice President, Marjorie White; and Secretary, Joan Hartley. Representatives were also elected from each home room.

The first activity undertaken by the organization was the membership drive, proceeds from which were donated to the American Junior Red Cross to further their work.

At numerous meetings throughout the school year members made 1250 newspaper disposal bags for hospitals. One hundred twenty-five cups were made for use in veterans hospitals on New Years Day, two hundred twenty-five for Valentines Day, and four hundred for the Fourth of July.

The success of the Junior Red Cross is due to the cooperation and enthusiasm of the members, and to the splendid direction of Miss Scoboria.



Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief—Mary F. Mulcahy
Assistant Editor—Barbara A. Wylie
Secretary—Jean W. Bell
Treasurer—Barbara M. Murphy

Sports Editors

John C. Burns, Evelyn J. Desmarais, Robert B. Lovett, Marjorie R. White

Musical Editors

Robert G. Abrahamson, Elizabeth G. Miner, Patricia M. Carter

Social Editors

Ronald S. Klonel, William M. Mortham, Nancy E. Pickard, Elaine N. Soutter,
Donald R. Vayo

Business Editors

Matilda R. Capuano, Mildred J. Flynn, Dorothy A. Nystrom, Shirley L. Miller,
Ruth E. Pearson, Marilyn L. Pierce, Abby M. Vondal

Literary Editors

Barbara A. Barrows, Hollis A. Wilkins

District Reporters

Center, Laura R. Barker; East, Florence G. Morrell; South, Shirley V. Ried;
West, Walter R. Wilkins, Jr.

Faculty Advisers

Miss Eleanor M. Donahoe, Mrs. Helen R. Poland

NEWSWRITING GROUP

On October 18th the first issue of the Blue and Maroon appeared in the Chelmsford Newsweekly. This was the first in the series of news items to be published weekly on our own high school page. A staff of editors supervised the gathering, editing and publication of news concerning the various activities which took place in the school during the year. Each week a suitable picture of some group in the school was featured. With the helpful cooperation of the faculty advisers, Miss Donahoe and Mrs. Poland, this newswriting group contributed a highly successful "Blue and Maroon" page in Mr. Edward Krasnecki's "Newsweekly."

CHELMSFORD HIGH SCHOOL



La Societe Francaise

Something new has been added in the line of activities. It is a French Club called La Société Française under the supervision of Mr. Earl J. Watt. At the first meeting the following officers were elected: President, Donald Hankinson; Vice-president and Treasurer, D. Roberta Johnson; Secretary, Edith Hall.

At each meeting a program committee was named to select the activities for the next meeting. At these meetings which were held twice monthly, crossword puzzles, plays, movies, and singing were enjoyed.

Members of the French Club are:

Billington, Virginia
Boucher, Lorraine
Crowell, Shirley
Dane, Maureen
DeGuise, Eleanor
Durrell, Norma
Gonsalves, Rita
Hall, Edith
Hankinson, Donald

Harvey, Shirley
Johnson, Roberta
Lagasse, Lucille
McEnany, Joan
McEvoy, John
Mills, Jane
Mulcahy, Mary
Pickard Nancy
Pike, Ray

Robey, Robert
Shea, Joan
Shea, Joyce
Sousa, Isabelle
Watt, Charles
Whitworth, James
Wylie, Barbara



Latin Club

Consuls—D. Roberta Johnson
Joan Shea
Quaestor—Nancy Shea

Aediles—Edith Hall
Joan Hartley
Doris Staveley
Barbara Wylie

MEMBERS

Avila, Mary
Bishop, Maureen
Colmer, Shirley
Crowell, Shirley
DeGuise, Eleanor
Dupee, Phyllis

Durkee, Betsy
Farrell, Rita
Morrison, Robert
Petterson, Evelyn
Scrizzi, Dawn
Shea, Joyce

Due to the efforts of several classical students, the Latin Club, which has been in retirement since 1940, was revived this fall. Throughout the year the members have learned about classical myths and Roman customs, for which time is not allowed in regular Latin classes. They have also spent time singing such Latin songs as "Gaudeamus Igitur" and "Oh! Johannes," and in playing Latin games, such as "Interrogatio Hollywoodensis." Under their able adviser, Miss F. Christine Booth, the club has done exceptionally well in the brief time allotted it for meetings.

Senior Alphabet

A is for Allen with beautiful hair,
A joy all girls would love to share.

B is for Barker, a sleepy gal,
But always a real and ready pal.

B is for Bell who is sweet and twenty,
Of rainbow pins she has a plenty.

B is for Berg, a truck he drives,
Never by walking to school he arrives.

B is for Billington and "oh, my hair,"
For what senior boy has she a flare?

B is for Boucher who just loves school,
Not for homework—just to fool.

B is for Brennan, to North she belongs,
"Jealousy" is one of her favorite songs.

B is for Burne, that guy who is shy,
Could it be girls? Is that why?

B is for Burton, who hails from West,
Comes to school in her very best.

C is for Capuano, a friend in need,
Always helpful, yes, indeed!

C is for Caton whose voice is low,
One often sees her at the show.

C is for Chagnon and her very high heels,
Yes indeed, she has lots of appeal.

C is for Chagnon, that little man,
Who always avoids homework, if he can.

C is for Chancey, the office boy,
With all girls he is bashful and coy.

C is for Crowell who sits at Watt's desk,
In her classes she tries her best.

D is for Dane, the outdoor type,
She loves to eat apples before they're ripe.

D is for Desmarais who loves history,
Her love life is a deep mystery.

D is for Devno with excited voice
Secretarial work is indeed her choice.

D is for Dinnigan who works in a store,
It's a pleasure to know him, he's no bore.

D is for Dufresne, the class tomboy,
She loves a life that is full of joy.

D is for Dumonts, fascinating twins,
In popularity each one wins.

E is for Edwards, Artie by name,
By hunting and fishing he wins fame.

E is for Edwards, Popeye they call him,
He's famous for basketball at the Y.M.

F is for Farrell, Latin's her favorite,
More power to her because she made it.

F is for Flavell whose a dashing blonde,
Of school work she is not at all fond.

F is for Fletcher, who chums with Bo,
He takes life easy, as you all know.

F is for Flynn, Irish at heart,
If you'll but ask her, she'll do her part.

F is for Foley and his clarinet,
We can tell you he's the very best yet.

F is for Fortin who worked in the office,
When it comes to history, he's just a novice.

G is for Gervais, gentle and fair,
She has oceans and oceans of waves in her hair.

G is for Gonsalves, most quiet of all,
She's never noisy even in the hall.

G is for Greeley, the man with the horn,
All of his jokes are just plain corn.

H is for Harvey who's quiet but then
Turn around and notice again.

H is for Hoyle who captains the team,
When it comes to jokes, he's on the beam.

H is for Hunt, who hails from East,
On school work she keeps mind the least.

J is for Johnson and his curly hair,
Delores and he make an ideal pair.

K is for Kydd, who works at the stand,
Also a jolly member of the band.

L is for Lovett, who's all right,
Dates a different girl every night.

M is for Malloy, who loves to sing,
Wedding bells for her will ring.

M is for McDonald, that football star,
In the path of success he will go far.

M is for McEnany, a charming way,
Her mood is always extremely gay.

M is for McEnnis, tall and slender,
She has broken many a fender.

M is for McHugh who's a basketball ace,
At getting in trouble she keeps at fast pace.

M is for McMaster, short and sweet,
Get to know her, sure is a treat.

M is for Merrill of whom we hear lots,
When it comes to basketball he has the shots.

M is for Miller, who's Shorty's soul mate,
While driving in taxis she has special rates.

M is for Morrell who loves to joke,
In lab his classmates he loves to soak.

M is for Morrell, who's full of pep,
She eats her "Wheaties," you can bet.

M is for Morrison, tall and thin,
Bound to be successful, bound to win.

M is for Mulcahy, who's a physics whiz,
She works like a trooper for each "little quiz."

N is for Nickerson, a real class wit,
On every occasion he says his bit.

N is for Nystrom, a gal who is smart,
With her roller skates she'll never part.

P is for Pearson with pretty red hair,
Of a nice personality she got her share.

P is for Peterson, the guy with the looks,
Now and forever misplacing his books.

P is for Pickard, of work he doesn't fear,
When it comes to girls, he just stays clear.

P is for Pickard, she's all reet,
She'll get by with her tiny feet.

P is for Pierce, gal with a ring,
Wedding songs for her will sing.

P is for Pike, who loves to sew,
To school with her brother, she does go.

P is for Pontefract, a popular lad,
With his wiffles he started a fad.

P is for Pratt with a soprano voice,
She goes steady with the man of her choice.

R is for Reid, who is very coy,
No one ever does she annoy.

R is for Reid, who's short and sweet,
Her charming smile is really a treat.

R is for Roach, who's real date bait,
With all the fellows she sure does rate.

R is for Russell, who's a member of the band,
She's always ready with a willing hand.

S is for Simms who's tall and blond,
Of feminine society he's very fond.

S is for Soutter, always with gum,
If you haven't any, she has some.

S is for Sweet with the basketball score,
Never, never is she a bore.

S is for Sweet who enjoys having fun,
When it comes to the books he worries none.

V is for Vayo, who's bound to please,
All the girls he loves to tease.

V is for Vennard, a real slick chick,
Of the boys she has her pick.

V is for Vondal, a wonderful sight,
Just to know her is a real delight.

W is for Watt, who trumpeting enjoys,
Sally prefers him to other boys.

W is for Wheeler, who's truly care-free,
He works very hard at the A. & P.

W is for White, a pretty blond,
We all know the man of whom she's fond.

W is for Whitworth, who's as smart as can be,
That he'll be a success is a certainty.

W is for Wiggins, that bashful boy,
Who never does the girls annoy.

W is for Wilkins, with his poster flare,
For hunting and fishing he sure does care.

W is for Wilkins, whose drumming's supreme,
Many a freshman of him does dream.

Of X, Y, Z's we boast not any,
But even without them we have a plenty!

Mary Mulcahy '47

Nancy Pickard '47

Elaine Soutter '47

YOUNGER SISTERS

What good are younger sisters when
You're down and out or need a friend?

When work around is to be done,
They're out of sight at the count of one!

They always know the latest news;
Your clothes and make-up they abuse.

The two I have are pests, you see,
I'm glad I have just two, not three.

Theresa Vennard '47

ABSENTEEISM

When you have been absent from school,
Your reception is definitely cool.
To get out of a session,
You must bring a confession.
I'm sorry, old chap, it's the rule!

Norman Johnson '47

LINES BY A DRUMMER

When I go out each Wednesday night
With Abrahamson's band,
My mother has to wait and put
My snare drum in my hand.
When all the people have gone home
The leader counts our gains,
But I just sit down and rest because
I've just beat out my brains.

Walter Wilkins '47

THE WINTER SEASON

Winter comes but once a year,
Bringing children fun and cheer.
In their homes the fires are bright,
Burning logs brighten the night.

The world is covered white with snow,
Icicles sparkle all aglow,
Children slide down every hill,
And laugh and shout at such a thrill.

Rain is frozen on the panes,
Trees are glazed with freezing rains,
Winds are blowing far and near,
Telling us that winter's here!

Isabelle Gonsalves '47

A POEM

I bet I stay up half the night,
Trying to think of a poem to write.
I've just begun, and I'm already stuck—
I certainly have the darndest luck.
I've thought and thought 'til my brain's
gone numb;

Maybe it's because I'm just plain dumb.
My father has called me to hit the hay;
When I pass in my paper, it's the devil
I'll pay.

But no one can say it isn't my best,
And after all, I gotta have rest,
There'll be many a trial as life's road I
roam—

But the hardest of all is writing a poem.

Donald Vayo '47

HOUSEWORK

I hate to fill the oil jug,
I hate to sweep the floor,
I hate to do the dishes,
And dusting is a bore.

I don't like washing wood work
And ironing makes me tired,
And if I were a house maid,
I suppose I'd just get fired.

I despise the vacuum cleaner,
I say, "I'll do no chores!"
But when HE calls, says mother,
"A-A-A-huh, no out of doors!"

Barbara Dufresne '47

OUR DOG

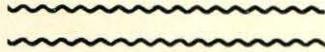
One day last summer my sister came home
From delivering the Sunday papers,
With a little black dog who made us all
laugh
When he started in cutting up capers.

He followed my sister upstairs and down,
And he stayed right close by her heels,
And when she went out and left him be-
hind,
He whined the most plaintive appeals.

He's just a small dog with a woebegone
face

And a handicap, sad as can be—
He can't wag his tail as other dogs do,
There's no tail where his tail ought to be!

Robert Dinnigan '47



Humor

CHELMSFORD HIGH SCHOOL

WINTER SKATING

Blades a-ringing! Hearts aglow!
Bonfires gleam on ice and snow.
Voices singing! Echoes clear!
Merry laughter full of cheer.
It's Winter!

EVELYN FLAVELL '47

JUDY

I love to look at Judy
She is so fair and blond,
Of her eager eyes and teasing ways
I'm growing very fond.

In fact I just love Judy,
She is my dearest friend.
And I find I love her more each day
With a love that has no end.

She is the perfect girlfriend,
She's never cross or cold;
She bears with me in all my moods,
This puppy—three months old.

ROBERT MORRISON '47

AMBITION

'Twas the day of report cards
And all through the school
All the boys were like angels,
Even Hoyle didn't fool.

Their faces were sober,
For A's they did thirst,
And yet they just sat there
Expecting the worst.

Of course they had studied,
Their parents all knew it,
But somehow or other,
Their report cards didn't show it.

But soon it was over
And home they all went,
Wishing on studies
More time had been spent.

Next day they resolved—
And you'll be amazed—
They're going to work hard
For nothing but A's.

MARJORIE WHITE '47

OUR PARTY LINE

Our telephone is the busiest yet;
I lift the receiver but only get,
"Well, Kate, I finally bought that hat,"
And ya-ta-ta, ya-ta-ta, chat, chat, chat.

I read the funnies and try again,
To learn that somebody lost his pen.
Although I listen with naughty glee,
The chatter fails to interest me.

The receiver I put back on the hook,
And I settle down with my favorite book,
When all of a sudden the telephone rings,
And extra special news it brings.

It's my boyfriend asking for a date!
He apologizes for calling so late,
"But believe it or not," I hear him say,
"I've been trying to get your line all day."

I never had time to make that call,
But what does it matter after all?
The important call is the one that came
through;
Why should I grieve that I didn't get you!

ELAINE SOUTTER '47

THE DIFFERENCE

I have a driveway, as you can see
That's twice as long as it should be
It's lovely when the weather's fair
And fragrant blossoms scent the air.

But when the snow is three feet high,
I get my shovel with a sigh.
Shovel, shovel, from twelve to three—
It almost is the end of me.

WINIFRED HUNT '47

1947 YEAR BOOK

REVELATION

My pencil walks a mile a day
A-traveling up and down,
It runs along a paper road
And through a paper town.

It leaves a trail where 'ere it goes
Where you may follow me
And learn my very inmost thoughts
And personality. Evelyn Flavell '47

THE WILDERNESS TRAPPER

I know an old trapper, so lean and hard,
Who lives in the forest on beans and
lard.

He works like a beaver, and small is his pay
As he follows his trapline day after day.

Along high ridges where snows are deep,
Down through the valleys where little
brooks seep,
His traps are all set for marten and lynx,
Those little furred creatures of wooded
pine brinks.

The Indian-devil, so ruthless and strong,
Follows his traps and does him great
wrong.
It destroys his fine furs, all valued so high;
It never gets caught, and refuses to die.

Yet in spite of these troubles, no man can
say
The wilderness trapper is never seen gay.
For he loves the dark forests, tundras, and
streams,
And he lives every day in his boyhood
dreams.

HOLLIS WILKINS, JR. '47

SKIING

One bright and sunny morning
I thought that I would try
To learn a little skiing,
Enough to get me by.

I started out so bravely,
As happy as could be—
I did not know the troubles
Which were in store for me!

My skis were brightly polished
And as shining as the sun;
They were a Christmas present
From an aunt in Washington.

I found a hill quite gentle
And not too very high,
But just right for a beginner,
So I thought that I would try.

I put my skis on swiftly
And I started down the hill.
It never once occurred to me
That I might take a spill!

The hill which looked so gentle
Wasn't really gentle at all,
And halfway to the bottom
Appeared a large stonewall.

My skis they would not mind me,
They wouldn't even stop;
My poles were little better,
So I left them with a drop.

I missed the ball completely,
Though how you couldn't guess,
But the skis which wouldn't mind me
Saved me from that stony mess.

They threw me to the ground, you see,
Before that horrid wall,
And I wasn't even hurt a bit
From that pride-shattering fall.

I picked myself up slowly
And vowed that never again
Would I risk my neck at skiing,
But stay safely in my den.

MAUREEN DANE '47

A DREAM

In my dreams I always see
A car both black and long,
With silver fenders, white wall tires,
As sweet as any song.

A car with looks and lots of speed,
With all the latest frills,
With engine great and powerful
To climb the highest hills.

But when I waken from my trance,
I always look around
To see if this dream car of mine
Is really on the ground.

But I find only empty space
Where my new car should be
And wish I were asleep again
To dream of it, you see!

GEORGE MERRILL '47

CHELMSFORD HIGH SCHOOL

ADVICE

To seek and to find
Is what you should do,
And make up your mind
To secure the thing too.

It takes study and work,
It takes patience and time,
It's a task you can't shirk
Till you say, "It is mine."

Don't forget in sheer zest
For your treasure so new
To say to the rest
"Come, you have some too!"

SHIRLEY CROWELL '47

AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU'RE YOU?

Did you ever wish that you might be
A dog, a bird, or a tiny bee,
To live in a kennel, a nest, or a hive,
Getting just barely enough to survive?

You think a dog is a lucky creature,
To have only nature as his teacher?
Just think of Rusty, who roams the street,
Alone and homeless, old bones his treat.

A poor little bird, so you may think,
Gets more than her fill to eat and drink,
But she works like a beaver to feed her
young,
And after work, her songs are sung.

Through the gardens and fields the tiny
bees hover,
Searching for sweets in blossoms and
clover;
They have a lifetime job, you see,
Making honey for you and me.

Do you still think it fun to be one of these,
And not have to learn your A B C's?
Well, consider the facts from near and far,
And know you're lucky to be just as you
are.

SHIRLEY HARVEY '47

SCHOOL

Would you trade your school for a stack
of gold?
Would you give up the fun and the jokes
you've told?
Would you miss the glimpse you've been
led to see
Of the man or woman you ought to be?

Would you go through life with a dim out-
look,
Forgetting your friends, the kids with the
books?
Would all the wealth in the world repay
For what you have gained in the school of
today?

MARGARET KYDD '47

BABY SITTING

Every time I care for children
I have a lot of fun.
Even though there are only three,
I'm always on the run.

First I give young Joe a drink,
Then run to quiet Gail,
And then the baby's bottle warm
Before she starts to wail.

At last when they are all in bed,
And I've settled down with a book,
Then I hear noises in their room
And decide I had better look.

Just as I thought. Joe's up again!
"Oh, Joe! get back to bed.
And please don't wake the baby up
Until she must be fed."

I really love this kind of work
Though it sometimes wears me down,
And mother needs someone on hand
So she can go to town.

THELMA CATON '47

SKIPPING SCHOOL

Everyone knows we break a rule,
Whenever we fail to go to school.
But oh! what fun it is to bum
A ride with an entreating thumb,

To sit in some fine Cadillac,
Against soft cushions rest your back,
To leave the high school in a blurr
No bells, no noise, just the engine's purr!

To be on your way to Fenway Park,
And on a school day steal a lark,
To think of study period four
As some vague, dreamlike distant bore.

To laugh, to be jolly, and have fun
With nary a thought of the time to come.
What care we for a mere detention
Or even our parents' severest attention!

Oh, what fun to break the rule
To do the thing we shouldn't in school,
It's playing with life as with a toy,
It's part of the business of being a boy.

ROBERT SWEET '47

ON WITH THE NEW

My little car is growing old.
Its mudguard's bent, its engine's cold.
Many good times we've had together,
In all sorts of seasons and all sorts of
weather.

But the '46 model sure looks nice,
Although I'll pay a fancy price.
So good-bye little car with the squeaky
brakes,
I've bought a new car that's got what it
takes.

DONALD SIMM '47

REVENGE

From Monday until Saturday—
Five whole days in school!
And all I come here for is so
I won't grow up a fool.

They make me work hard every night;
They make me slave each day.
I sure would get revenge on them.
If I could have my way!

The teachers make me work from spite
And follow every rule,
So just in spite to them I think
I *will* become a fool!

LINCOLN DEXTER '49

SNOWFLAKES

Pretty snowflakes falling down
Spread a carpet on the ground.
Out come shovels, mittens too,
Lots of work for me and you.

Blisters, aches, and groans of pain
Call Sloan's from the shelf again,
But though it brings me work and woe,
I still can't help but like the snow.
Evelyn Desmarais '47

NAIL POLISHING

To keep nails shaped and polished
Takes the patience of a saint.
First you nicely file them down
And then apply the paint.

You try to close the bottle,
Your finger slips and then—
Oh! the trouble that you have
To do that nail again!

At last you put the cover on
And reach to get the cotton.
And that's the time you chance to see
The nail you have forgotten.

The bottle must be opened
To paint that fatal nail.
You make a very vague attempt
And hope it doesn't fail.

Sometimes I really wonder
Why I paint my nails at all,
For when I'm done, I'm sure they look
No better after all.

Mary Mulcahy '47

CHELMSFORD HIGH SCHOOL

'TEEN AGE

We are now sixteen, that glorious age,
When ambition soars high and far,
So we grab the wheel, and gaily begin
To ruin the family car.

The latest beginner is all set to go,
You must move over, Pa,
And grit your teeth and endure the abuse
That's handed the family car.

We're off to the registry, awful place,
With two dollars borrowed from Ma,
And we'll scare pedestrians out of their
wits,
Showing off in the family car.

RALPH BERG '47

THE MUTT

There stretched before the fire
Is a little ball of fluff
That seems to have no eyes or nose,
Just like a powder puff.

But if you care to listen,
I'll tell you what I know,
She's the little mutt at our house,
Whose fur is white as snow.

She's supposed to be a sheep dog;
It's really a disgrace,
For she couldn't even see the sheep
For the hair that's in her face.

We take her everywhere with us,
On rides, and walks, and yet,
She doesn't take to swimming,
For fear that' she'll get wet.

She makes a splendid watchdog
With her loud and fearful bark;
I pity any burglar
Who meets her in the dark.

She's won no bright blue ribbons
And has no pedigree,
Yet one thing I'm cock sure of —
She is the dog for me.

VIRGINIA BILLINGTON '47

TO MY ENGLISH TEACHER

I try to think of better
Things to write about,
But it's hard to think of topics
When my mind is much in doubt.

I could say that school's a bother,
But that would doubtless bore,
Because it's been repeated
So many times before.

I muse, I think, I ponder,
But thoughtfulness won't aid me;
Since I've been taking English
A worried girl you've made me.

I concentrate and worry
But ideas just won't come,
I've practically decided
That I am just plain dumb.

I keep repeating things
'Til they're practically antique,
Things I forgot this morning
I only learned last week.

I mull in my mind choice tid-bits,
To try to find a theme,
But it's absolutely useless,
I'm walking in a dream.

So though I know 'twill flunk me
There's just one thing to do—
Repeat that dear old stand-by,
"I don't know what to do."

MARILYN PIERCE '47

MY BROTHER'S SAX

My brother owns a saxophone,
A brand new acquisition;
He thinks that shortly now
He'll be a real musician.

At night he goes up to his room
And squats upon a chair,
His sax he hangs around his neck
And fills his lungs with air.

The sounds he gets from that old sax
The very ears offend,
The booms and toots jar every nerve
And set the hair on end.

Just when my dad can stand no more,
The solos quickly stop.
It's well it ended as it did—
I was about to pop!

MILDRED FLYNN '47

1947 YEAR BOOK

WINTER

We see winter come,
And our hearts are low;
We dread the cold,
And we hate the snow.

Its stormy days
Bring joy to none,
And all of us long
For spring to come.

The sun is low,
The streets are dark,
And snow lies deep
On the trees in the park.

But soon our hearts
Will begin to ring—
We'll be so gay
To welcome the spring!

Tillie Capuano '47

LEARN BY MY EXPERIENCE

When I arrive at eighteen past eight,
I look at the clock and know I am late.
To the principal's office for a slip I head,
But as I step forth, my shoes feel like lead.
I know what he will say, as I've heard it
before,
And my stomach feels sick as I reach the
door.
I sit on one of those stiff, hard chairs,
And I say to myself a couple of prayers.
Through the closed door I hear a sound;
It seems that someone is moving around.
The waiting seems like a million years,
'Til at the door Mr. Burns appears.
He throws the questions left and right,
But the bark is always worse than the bite.
He says, "All right, but this afternoon
You'll report for a session in detention
room."
I'm back in my room and have faced my
fate,
But I guess I had better stop being late!

Donald Vayo '47

SODA JERK

I'm the red-headed lad whom you will find
Behind Frost's soda fountain.
I can fix up a drink that's tasty and sweet,
Or a sundae as big as a mountain.

I can whisk up a frappe in the wink of an
eye,
Or an icy milk shake in a jiffy.
I can set up a soda all bubbling with foam
And a split that's exceedingly spiffy.

I wash up the wishes and polish each glass,
And the fountain I shine up with care.
I sweep up the floor and dust every shelf,
And tidy the place here and there.

When no one's looking, I wait on myself,
And the sundae I make is a treat.
You may take it from me, I'm telling the
truth,
The job that I have is real sweet.

Robert Dinnigan '47

HUNTING

When I go hunting,
You can safely bet,
Someone will ask me,
"How'd you get wet?"

I'm a brave, bold sportsman,
But I always seem
To wet my big feet
In some little stream.

I'm a treat for the eyes
On a woodland flat
In my snappy clothes
And my nice brown hat.

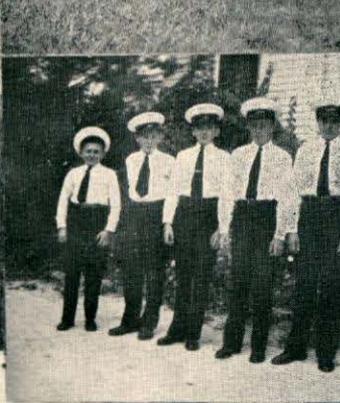
If you want to find me,
You'll have to look hard,
'Cause I can get lost,
In the littlest yard!

When I'm hunting for birds,
I look up at the sky—
Once a twig hit me,
Right in the eye.

But when I go hunting—
This isn't funny—
I never even see
A little bunny.

Robert Hoyle '47





PROSE

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FISHING

Every boy has at one time or another been fishing. Perhaps he had only a freshly cut birch sapling with a string and a pin, or, if a little more fortunate, Dad's cast-off rod and reel; but he went fishing, and that's the main thing, for he has become a participant in one of America's greatest outdoor sports. He has become, literally, one of the thousands of sportsmen who take to the streams and ponds when the open season arrives, in quest of the wily trout, bass, pickerel, and bullhead. He has been initiated into the world-old order of those who "know," as they think, where the prize specimens of their favorite species are hiding, and who hold that knowledge a secret from the world.

There is something about this sport that can be matched by no other. It comes partly from the feeling of being out early in the morning as the sun is just raising its scarlet head above the huge, solemn pines. It comes partly from the sound of the little wandering brook that gurgles its way among the mossy rocks down to the deep, dark pools below. It comes partly from the tang of the frosty atmosphere and the thrill of a fighting brookie thrashing about on an end of a seven foot leader, his splendid body leaping and whipping the blackish waters of the pool. Yes, there certainly is a thrill in fishing that can not be equalized by anything else in this world.

But the actual fishing is not the only fun that comes from this fine sport, nor is its enjoyment merely seasonal. There is the fun of poring over tackle on a cold winter's night by the fireside. There is the gloating over a finely varnished bamboo rod, a maroon-colored automatic reel, and a hundred vari-colored flies. And can one fail to mention the pleasure that is in the pages of simple sporting magazines, where the search for new and better tackle is never ending.

To me the pleasantest invitation in the world is, "Let's go fishing!"

HOLLIS WILKINS JR. '47

SCHOOLDAYS

Do you recall your first day in school, when you entered the first grade classroom with your mother by your side? Do you remember how everyone laughed and

talked, and how self-conscious you felt as you walked into the room?

The boys had on new knickers, with white shirts that weren't too white when they returned home because of a fight in the school yard with a new friend or spilled milk at lunch time. The girls had on new dresses and wore long pigtailed tied with big bows which were no advantage because boys just loved to tease girls by pulling their pigtailed or putting them in nearby ink wells.

The next few days of school were not as difficult as the first because you were getting used to the routine, and maybe you liked the teacher a lot better than you did the first day. Maybe you even liked her enough to bring her an apple at one time or another.

The days and the years soon passed, and the boys went from knickers to long trousers and started to use hair tonic on their hair. And the girls went from long pigtailed to curls, and into skirts and sweaters. Then you graduated from grammar school and started high school, the best years of your life.

More years have passed and soon you will graduate from high school, and some day you will recall all the silly and nice things you did in high school. Not yet, but some day, today will be a lovely memory and you'll say, "Remember when—?" and you will sigh, remembering.

LILLIAN ROACH '47

MY FAVORITE SUBJECT

What is my favorite period? Now let me see, what subjects do I have? There's English? No, I'm afraid that isn't my favorite. Mathematics? Hmm, I don't know, I'm not very fond of math. Well, that leaves me with economics, office practice, history, and typing. Come to think about it, none of them seem to appeal to me at all! I wonder why I took them. Maybe there wasn't anything else, but that's beside the point.

Gee, I'm not getting very far! I can't seem to think right now that I like anything but study period. In study I can do anything I want to—well, almost anything. I can do homework if I have any left over, or if I am sick of school work, which with

all those subjects I usually am, I can read a book or just daydream. Oh! daydreaming, that's the life for me. I love it, but it doesn't get me anywhere. I guess I have to take courses, and they are all equal in my estimation. Now, that leaves me with no theme to write about!

TONY CHANCEY '47

WHAT LICENSE?

Our hero starts to drive a car at a tender age. When I say he starts to drive, I mean he goes through the motions in a comfortably parked car. Soon he can, by successfully stripping the gears, start, stop, and turn around quite well in a ten acre lot. How he got the car into the lot, I really don't know. Suddenly he reaches the stage where he learns to drive into one side of the garage and right out through the other. You see, he makes his own doors. He goes through curves instead of around them, being a direct sort of a chap by disposition.

Having discovered that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, our "skillful driver" proudly exhibits a slip of pink paper, which is known as a driver's license. This license, issued by the Secretary of Safety Last Council, I. M. Reckless, entitles him to drive around, over, or under any car, bus, street car, auto, or freight train, and to frighten old women and children at will. The holder of this permit holds the right of way, is not allowed to drive less than 80 miles per hour through traffic, and is expected to disobey all signals, particularly policemen's whistles. He is entitled to all the road at all times, to make wrong turns at will, and to ignore entirely red stop lights, stop signs and tickets given by the special policemen. Our "skillful driver" figures that his license is good until death—and usually it is!

ALICE MCHUGH '47

MOTHER'S LITTLE MAN

Perhaps at some time in your life you have been deceived by outward appearance. Perhaps more than once you have been fooled by inexperience. Well, whatever blows the Fates have dealt you, remember that I too have been victimized. Here's

what happened to me back in the dark thirties.

It was a typical spring day, bright and sunny. Birds were singing and apple blossoms were in full bloom. You might wonder how even the Fates could be insidious on such a day, but wait and see!

Alas, what misery! what woe befell me! I was suddenly cast from the carefree, joyous state of boyhood into the burdensome, woeful status of maturity. The reason for this calamity? Long trousers! I had reached the masterful age of ten, and Mother—very decent of her—thought her little boy would look manly in long pants. So the short pants, familiar, comfortable, worn affairs, were laid aside, and on came the trousers with suspenders and all the rigging.

My first effort to get properly inside of my new raiment was disastrous. You see, I had very inexpertly inserted both feet in a single aperture, and, unable to proceed effectively, I picked myself off the floor frequently. But getting into the contraption was only one misery; wearing it was a series. Like an elephant trying to climb a ladder, very often I had accidents. Mother had not had too much luck at the "hit or miss" method of guessing sizes and had vastly overestimated my proportions. During the course of the day I was constantly treading the hem. I walked *on* my trousers, not *in* them, and unconsciously beautifully polished Mother's waxed floors. Moreover, I could have dispensed with my shirt, as the pantaloons—doubtless they were tailored by a tent-maker—covered me nicely as far as my armpits.

Neither time nor words did I waste in expressing my resentment, and joy of joys, again I was free! No ball and chain, no fetters, no tripping, no flopping. But happiness is short lived and woe is merely postponed. The time comes to each mother's son when he must inure himself to the dictates of the civilized world, disagreeable though they may be. Eventually I yielded to the inevitable. I slowly accustomed myself to the conventional men's wear, and now, as you can see, I am a slave to the dictum of fashion.

HECTOR McDONALD '47

CHELMSFORD HIGH SCHOOL

ON TAKING CARE OF CHILDREN

Buzz! The telephone is ringing. I dash to answer it, thinking of what I will do this afternoon. "Hello? Oh! Yes. No, I'm not doing anything this afternoon. Certainly. I'd love to take care of Janie and Tommy. All right. Bye." Bang goes the receiver and gone are my plans for the afternoon.

As I ring the doorbell of the darlings' home, bang, a cap pistol goes off in my ear. That's Tommy, Mummy's little man. So playful. Finally my hat and coat are off, and here comes Janie to kiss me with cookie smeared all over her. That's Daddy's little sugar plum.

Mummy leaves with instructions as to what to feed the darlings for supper. Janie, trying to be so helpful, decides to give her kitty some milk. Result, one quart of milk on the kitchen floor.

At last, the children are in bed for the afternoon. Thank goodness. Peace for an hour or two. The dishes are done and put away in record time and I am comfortably on the couch with a good book. My goodness! What's that thump on the stairs? To my surprise there appears Tommy sliding down the stairs on the laundry bag.

Mummy's little man once again in bed, I start down the stairs. Janie decides she wants a drink. As nothing can induce her to go back to bed, I get her dressed.

I hear Tommy cough, so I go in to see him and am met by a room full of feathers. Mummy's little darling got a pair of scissors and cut up a pillow.

Now the three of us are outdoors, swinging. Soon the clock strikes five and time for supper. Janie doesn't like potatoes so she decides to throw them at Tommy.

The food is gone, the dishes done, and there's Mummy. "Were the children good?" she asks. "Oh, yes," I reply. "Wonderful."

Now I'm home recuperating from my afternoon's fun.

MAUREEN DANE '47

WHY PARENTS GET GRAY

When I recall my childhood days of so long ago, I chuckle to myself to think of some of the amusing incidents that occurred. One recollection in particular entertains me.

I was about five years old. My mother called me for supper. As I sat down, I did not fail to notice a delicious chocolate pudding, and my mouth watered. Father proceeded to fill my plate with carrots, steak, potato, and spinach. I began to pick at the steak; I ate none of the carrots and just a small amount of spinach. Mother said, "Brown, you haven't touched those carrots, and you know you must eat them before you can have your dessert."

I squirmed and mumbled sulkily, "I don't like carrots."

My father interrupted firmly with, "Well, you are going to eat them just the same."

I retorted saucily, "I don't tell you what to eat, do I?"

At that moment a large hand reached me. I jumped from the table and ran to my room, slamming every door as I went. In seclusion I made my future plans. I'd show them. I'd run away and then they would be sorry, and when they had hunted for years and couldn't find me, my father would die of a broken heart.

I dragged out my suitcase and began to pack. After finishing this, I went down and told my parents the drastic decision that they had driven me to. Then I put on my coat, took my suitcase, and left with great dignity. Five minutes later found me standing on our front porch. I couldn't decide where to go! I stood there for ten minutes more. I went back into the house, and my mother asked me if I was staying. I said, "No, I just want a glass of water."

After taking five minutes to drink my water, a magazine with colored pictures caught my eye. I asked if anyone would mind if I looked it over. My father gave my mother a peculiar look and said it would be perfectly all right. So I settled down in a big chair and poured over the pretty pictures for nearly an hour, until my eyes began to droop and my head to nod. At nine o'clock mother announced casually that it was time to retire. Her daughter went out on the porch, got her suitcase, hastily scurried to bed, and I don't think Mother ever heard any more from me about running away—or about refusing vegetables either!

FLORENCE MORRELL '47

CONCERNING PIANO LESSONS

Maybe some of you intellectual and clever people from Chelmsford High would like to take up music for a hobby or some other reason. Well, I'll tell you a few of the things I know about it that might encourage you a bit.

In the first place it helps to have a piano, or need I mention that. It's usually better for you if half the notes don't play, so you can blame something for the poor lessons you will present each and every week during your period of instruction.

In the second place the teacher is very important, vital in fact. Be sure you get a good one, the fatter the better, for the fat ones fall asleep more often and don't hear as many mistakes. If by good luck you are successful in engaging such a one, make sure the piano bench is extra sturdy please, as I once had a teacher who had a tough time with ours. He sat down a wee bit too hard, but I needn't go on about that—it's beside the point anyway. Just draw your own conclusions.

In the event that you're allergic to fat people, go to the other extreme and get a young, handsome, and slender young man, unmarried naturally. Then one day while you are resting after a strenuous work-out with the Warsaw Concerto, he might ask you what you're doing Saturday night. Usually this won't happen, for you'll probably never get beyond the scales in D, but you can dream anyway.

After you procure a teacher, be sure to arrange a good day for your lesson, preferably one a year hence, for scales are terribly complicated to learn. I can still remember all the times I had to untie my fingers. They knot so easily!

But the best part of the piano lessons is practicing. I can still recall my happy childhood when I used to spend my happiest hours at the piano. There's nothing quite so nice as practicing when the day is simply beautiful and all your friends want you to come out. It's astonishing that you really want to practice! What else can you do when your mother is standing over you with a firm expression about the mouth and a fierce glint in her eyes?

Probably by now you are ready to push right home and announce that you would

simply adore taking piano lessons. If things shouldn't turn out as well as I have said, by all means don't blame me. The only thing to do is quit and take up something else, the violin, perhaps. I'm sorry I can't tell you about that, but you won't mind, I'm sure. My only advice is tuck it under your chin.

VIRGINIA BILLINGTON '47

HOW TO COME IN LATE AT NIGHT

Of course your boy friend's car can be heard for miles down the street. Let it rumble to a stop with a loud screech on the sidewalk in front of your house.

Shout uproarious goodbyes to the crowd just to let everyone know what a good time you have had, and make sure you bang the car door. By this time every light in every house on the street is lighted. Be sure to drag your feet up the sidewalk, making plenty of clatter. Open the front door noisily, and if it is stuck, just kick it a few times and slam it shut when you get inside.

It is next in order for you to storm into the kitchen. It's only 2:30 A.M. by the clock, and since the evening is young, you open the refrigerator door, and rattle the dishes and milk bottles freely. You eat your little snack and clump up the stairs to bed.

The end of a perfect evening is also the end of all your perfect evenings. Mother awoke—how could she?—to find you were two hours late!

MARJORIE WHITE '47

PURPOSE

The purpose of life is growth. A seed is so strong it can split boulders and push up concrete walks, but like all living things it thrives best under certain conditions.

The first requirement for flourishing seed is good soil, in which there must be included all the essentials of growth. In this nourishing soil the seed is placed. If it is planted too deeply, it rots; if it is planted too close to the surface, it will be burned by the sun. It must be placed at just the right depth. Once the seed is sown, it starts to grow. Now it must have care. It must have water, sunshine, and air to combine with the elements in the soil to make food acceptable to its growth. When the plant

has grown so it has a few leaves, the objectionable weeds must be removed, for they tend to choke its growth. Finally, after much care and trouble, the seed blossoms and bears fruit.

As with the plant, so it is with people. The home into which we are born is like the soil in which the seed is planted. Books, teaching, and all patient instruction are our water, sunshine, and air. Eventually, if we grow well, life blossoms for us into something fruitful and fine. This is the end of life, and to this end our efforts are bent.

GEORGE MERRILL '47

BUSSES

"Convenience and comfort," is a famous slogan of bus companies.

Sure, that is a good idea, I decided. "Convenience and comfort," why not? Since it was necessary that I go to Lowell, I decided to take the bus instead of arguing for the family car. So I started down to the bus stop, wondering how long I would have to wait for "comfort and convenience" to come along. I waited, and waited, and waited. Finally after twenty-five minutes of standing, first, on one foot and then on the other, the bus jolted into view. I was tired from standing, and my feet ached, and I thought to myself what a welcome relief a nicely upholstered seat would be!

Imagine my surprise and chagrin when I turned around after paying my fare, to discover that there were no vacant seats! I lurched to the back of the vehicle and clung desperately to one of the hangers that dangle so deliriously from the roof of every bus.

We went our uneven way, around dizzy corners and over holes and bumps. It seemed as if we dropped off a cliff every time we hit a frost heave. We stopped at every door step to pick up passengers. We started, we stopped, we started, we stopped all the way until we got into the city, and every time we stopped, we stopped with a jerk, and every time we started the bus was more crowded than before. I was pushed, trampled upon, kicked, and elbowed all the way. When at long last I reached my destination, a lot of pushing and shoving, which I now secretly enjoyed, won for me an exit.

No, I won't try to explain how it was coming home, for that would be too much, but if this is what the bus companies refer to as "comfort and convenience" I would much prefer to walk, thank you.

LESTER FLETCHER '47

THE DENTIST AND I

After sitting in the dentist's office for more than half an hour, my turn has finally come!

I now find myself seated in a large, roomy, black leather chair above which hangs a huge light extending from the ceiling. Placed on a white tray in front of the chair are the various odd looking instruments to be used in the approaching ordeal in which I am to play a major part.

There at the left is the instrument that the dentist holds dearest to his heart. This is called a drill, and what a bore that thing is! Suddenly I wish I had taken an aspirin, two aspirins, morphine—anything!

I have never been able to account for the pictures every dentist has tacked up on his wall. Why he selects humorous subjects and enjoys looking at decayed and deformed teeth is too much for me to understand and personally I have never found anything either soothing or encouraging in displays of X-ray irregularities, or in exhibitions of false teeth.

Here comes that man in the white coat now and he seems to be in quite a hurry. I must be cool, and collected, and I am to keep my eyes closed.

Peeking out under half-closed eyelids, I see the long needle he has made ready for me. You just can't imagine how this makes me feel! The man apparently gets a big kick out of punching holes in people's gums with it! I seem to be the only one who feels reluctant about the whole affair.

Well, what a relief, that's over with! Now for the drill! I can see where I'll be here for hours. There's something about the noise of the fiendish contraption that fascinates its operator. Too bad he isn't privileged to try it on himself once in a while. I am really growing quite vicious. I truly wish the dentist were in my place, and I in his.

The fellow even proves to be quite a chemist! He is now putting some silver

crystals into a small machine that grinds the crystals into powder. As you can see, there's no end to his abilities!

Now that he has his substance prepared, he proceeds deliberately and forcibly to fill the man-sized cave that he has dug out of my back molar, and I mean forcibly!

The job is now complete, except for some nasty tasting mouth wash. Boy, what an experience!

And to think that after my going through all this, the man has the nerve to ask me for money in return for his services! And more than all else, he says cheerfully as I leave, "I'll see you next Thursday at 10 A.M."

MATILDA CAPUANO '47

MY GREAT FEAR

People talk about fears. Most people have many apprehensions, and most of them are quite silly. My fear is my one and only, and it is far from being silly.

Every two months we get our report cards, and there is never a sadder day at my house than that. Well, anyway, last marking period I got my card, and what I saw! Not one, not two, but *three* of the most beautiful F's you ever laid eyes on! That's one thing the teachers can do, make beautiful F's. They're always so-o-o neat and so-o-o well written. All I could think of was what my parents were going to say when they saw my card. I knew that they wouldn't appreciate the teacher's hard work to make those F's as I did!

When I got home, my father said, "Hand it over," so that I did, unwillingly of course. One look was all that was needed.

If you haven't guessed what my great fear is by this time, I'll tell you. Oh, you guessed? Yes, that's right. It's my father's right hand.

LORRAINE BOUCHER '47

LATE ARRIVAL

It was the night of the Senior dance. I had left my partner of the evening at her doorstep, after having observed all the formalities to which young gentlemen are heirs. I had danced all my duty dances, held her coat, helped her over two inch steps, stuffed my pockets with the customary lip-stick - handkerchief - rouge - powder puff - mascara - comb collection, fed her refresh-

ments, and paid the proper number of usual compliments. It had been a wonderful evening, and I drove through the town in an agreeable and hazy state of reminiscence. I was definitely pleased with myself. Suddenly and without warning I was awakened from my happy retrospect by a single melancholy note of the village church bell. One o'clock! and, in the midst of my recollections, growing to such dimensions that it overshadowed all else, loomed the memory of my own voice saying, "Yes, Dad. I'll surely have the car home by twelve."

Although I had already exceeded the allotted time by an hour, I stepped on the accelerator. Luckily the house looked as peaceful as Grant's Tomb as I coasted noiselessly through the yard and in breathless silence slid the car into the garage. Then, as luck would have it, alighting, I planted my large foot squarely on the cat's tail. Why felines always stick out their tails directly in the way of my advancing size tens, I never could guess. Fortunately, in spite of all, the house remained quiet and dark.

My key slipped cautiously into the lock, and slowly and gently I pushed open the door. Oh! How I wished I had oiled those hinges the previous week as I had said I would! Climbing up the creaking stairs in stocking feet and with shoes in hand, and quaking at every stealthy step, I passed the closed door of Father's room and sneaked furtively into my own. No lights cast brightness on the familiar objects of my sanctum. In total darkness I dropped my clothes to the floor and crawled between the cold sheets, leaving even the windows undisturbed. Boy! that bed felt good, but I lay there wondering if I had succeeded in my burglar-like entrance, until, unknowingly, I fell into a deep, fitful sleep in which I was chased up and down innumerable stairways in my stocking feet by an outraged bob-tailed cat!

Now I know how "Mickey the Dip" or "Mike McGurk" feels when he has committed some crime which goes undetected. Mother beamed at me the next morning. Father said pleasantly, "Have a good time, son?" but at about that time son was feeling pretty small and saying with fervor to his innermost soul, "Never again!"

ROBERT MORRISON '47

CHELMSFORD HIGH SCHOOL

PHYSICS FOR GIRLS

The most terrible thing that could ever happen to a girl is a course in physics, unless she is one of the rugged modern individualists. Learning the principles of the lever, the laws of motion, and the operation of a generator and a motor are, in my estimation, not only nonessential, but impossible for a lady of the gentler type.

Take me, for instance. I am definitely of the gentler sort. Why rack my brain a whole semester trying to realize that $H = .241^2 R t$? Why should I understand (if I could!) the four strokes of a gasoline engine? And what care I about measuring resistance with the Wheatstone bridge? Be that as it may, I signed up for the course, and in the natural order of events it comes time to do the assignment. I open my book and make a very determined effort to study. The diagrams swim before me, and technical words, such as *armature*, *centrifugal*, *coulomb*, *eddy current*, *electrophorus*, *Fraunhofer lines*, *manometric flames*, *ophthalmoscope*, *stereopticus*, and *synchronous motors* so confuse and scare me that my few simple wits leave me in a complete mental void.

As the book doesn't help me, I resolve to try the notes I took down in class, only to find I noted all the lesser facts and none of the important ones, and anyway I can't read what I do have.

In desperation I go out to the garage to try to match the parts of the car with the diagram in the book. I crawl under the car, and when I gaze at it from the vantage point of a cold cement floor, there are so many nuts, bolts, screws, springs, gears, and so much grease withal on the contraption, I forget all about matching anything in my bewilderment. The nightmare of bolts pursues me to the very end of the day when I try to sleep, and my brain revolves as fast as the generator I'm supposed to know all about.

In spite of all this, don't let me discourage you, girls. But remember when you make out your program for next year, just skip over physics, that is, unless of course, it is your most secret and most cherished ambition to become a professional grease monkey!

MARY MULCAHY '47

SPEAKING IN JUNIOR ASSEMBLY

Nervous excitement can be caused in many ways. To me the surest way is speaking before an audience. Let me recall my experience in Junior Assembly.

The moment arrived. I had been announced, and I bravely walked to the rostrum. I was now before the audience and I gave the name of my topic. I spoke in a clear voice. "Good work, Jimmie," I thought to myself.

Then it was time to start my oration. I saw eyes staring at me from below like a thousand gleaming daggers. I swallowed. My voice faltered and my knees began to shake.

Somehow the most crucial point of my speech arrived. My nervousness increased. If I put my mind upon keeping my knees from knocking, my voice stammered and faltered; if I concentrated upon my voice, I found my self shaking like a tuning fork. My clothes felt like a clinging wet towel. I found myself eagerly but alas, too soon—saying the last few lines of my speech. Realizing my mistake, I started back over the regular course, hurrying until I again arrived at the longed for conclusion. I tried to put that ending over in the effective manner in which I had been coached, but it didn't work.

After the horror was over and I had retreated to my seat, I concluded that no experience life could offer could ever be worse, and having endured such misery, no trial could ever be unbearable! To this day I have never altered that conclusion.

JAMES WHITWORTH '47

BLUE SKIES

Oh, glad we see blue skies break through
The clouds so dull and gray,
The clouds that just this morn we thought
Would darken all our day.

So through the clouds that fret the mind,
The ray of hope shines bright,
The sun of happiness breaks through
And blue skies bless our sight.

ARTHUR EDWARDS '47